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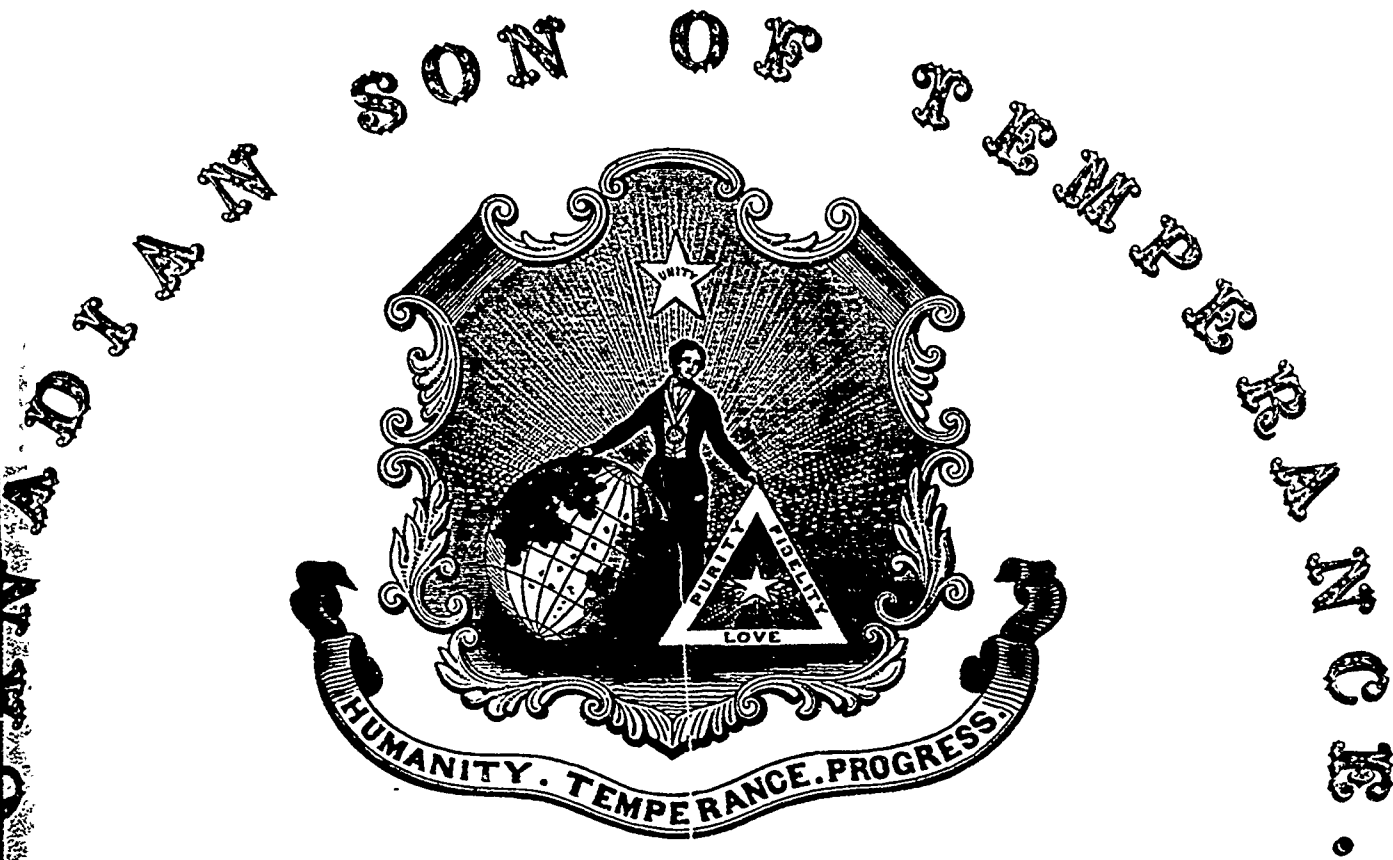
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THE DAISY.

The daisy blossoms on the rocks,
Amid the purple heath,
It blossoms on the river's banks,
That threads the glens beneath;
The Eagle, at his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest,
And in the mead, it cushions soft
The Lark's descending breast.

Before the cuckoo, earliest spring
Its silver circlet knows,
When greenish buds begin to swell,
And zephyr melts the snows;
And when December's breezes howl
Along the moorlands bare,
And only blooms the Christmas rose,
The daisy still is there!

Samaritan of flowers! to it
All races are alike,
The Switzer on his glacier height—
The Dutchman by his dyke—
The seal-skin vested Esquimaux,
Beside with icy seas—
And underneath his burning noon,
The parasolled Chinese.

The emigrant on distant shores,
Mid scenes and faces strange,
Beholds it flowering in the sward,
Where'er his footsteps range,
And when his yearning homesick heart
Would bow in his despair,
It reads his eye a lesson sage—
That God is everywhere!

Stars are the daisies that begem
The blue fields of the sky,
Beheld by all, and every where,
Bright prototypes on high—
Bloom on, then, unpretending flower!
And to the wanderer be
An emblem of St. Paul's content,
St. Stephen's constancy

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—DESTINY.
After Scott, walking one day along the banks of
Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller

throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended on it.—In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is with the machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or alter it; a giant falls by a pebble, a girl, at the door of an inn, changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mahometans have a tradition, that when their Prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave.

Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion, Alexis, escaped the thunder-storm at Erfurt. Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appraisal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle, if Mr Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolutions as to the expediency of charging "certain stamp duties" on the plantations of America, the western world would have still bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the "Fairy Queen" in his mother's parlor; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity had he not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Otes, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep, drawn by him upon a stone, had not attracted the notice of Ciambue, as he went that way.

We trace the same happy influence of Slight Circumstances in the history of science. Pascal was born with a genius for mathematical discovery, no discouragement could repress his eager passion for scientific investigation, he heard a common dancer-plate ring, and immediately wrote a treatise upon sound. While Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, the regular oscillation of a lamp, suspended from the roof of the cathedral, attracted his observation, and led him to consider the vibrations of pendulums. Kepler, having married a second time, and resembling, perhaps, the great Florentine astronomer in his partiality to wine, de-

termined to lay in a stock from the Austrian vineyards; some difference, however, arose between himself and the seller with respect to the measurement, and Kepler produced a treatise, which has been placed among the "earliest specimens of what is now called the modern analysis." The slight circumstance of Newton's observing the different refrangibility of the rays of light, seen through a prism upon a wall, suggested the achronic telescope, and led to the prodigious discoveries in astronomy. The motion of a speck of dust, it has been said, may illustrate causes adequate to generate worlds.

In our common hours of reading, we are affected by slight circumstances, a page, a line, a word, often touches in a large volume. Frederick Schlegel was preparing at Dresden, in the winter of 1829, a lecture which he was to deliver on the following Wednesday; the subject was—"The Extent of Knowledge to which the Mind of Man seems capable of attaining." It was between ten and eleven o'clock at night when he sat down to finish his manuscript. One sentence he had begun: "But the consummate and the perfect knowledge"..... There the pen dropped from his fingers, and when the clock struck one, the philosopher, the orator, and the scholar was no more! There is something solemn and even tremendous in that abrupt and mysterious termination—that dropping of the curtain upon the intellectual scenery, which he was about to display to the eyes of his audience. "The consummate and the perfect knowledge—and lo! even while he is gazing through the glass darkly, the mirror of the intellect is clouded by a shadow, still blacker, and the Angel of Death conducts him into a world where the consummate and the perfect knowledge alone can be found!

The light and shade of life are produced by Slight Circumstances, a little gleam of sunshine, a little cloud of gloom, usually give the tone and color to its scenery. Let us begin with the light. How abundantly are objects of consolation scattered about our feet! Mungo Park in his travels through the interior of Africa, was plun-dered by robbers at a village called Kooma. Stripped even of his clothes, he sat down in despair in the midst of a desert. The nearest European settlement lay at a distance of five hundred miles. His spirits drooped under the vivid sense of his desolation and distress. Still, his confidence in the providence of God had not entirely forsaken him; and he recollected that, even in the wilderness, there was the stranger's friend. At this moment, the extraordinary beauty of a small cove, in

flower, irresistibly caught the traveller's eye. The whole plant, he says, was not larger than the top of one of his fingers. He gazed with admiration upon the beautiful formation of the leaves. "Can that Being," thought Park "who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image?" The thought kindled his dying energies, and revived his fainting spirit. He started up, pursued his journey, and in a short time arrived at a small village. What slight circumstance could be more beautiful than this?

Let us now take an illustration of the shade. It has been remarked by philosophical writers that the slightest annoyances in life are often the most painful. Ridicule stings more than injury. The narrative of Humboldt may supply an illustration. "How comfortable people must be in the moon!" said a Saliva Indian to Father Gumilla, "she looks so beautiful that she must be free from mosquitoes." We frequently hear exclamations of the same character in the walks of life. "Man never is, but always to be blest." Some slight change of situation or of employment would make us happy; and from the want of it we are miserable, and burn in perpetual

Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool.

Slight circumstances are our mosquitoes. Christianity remedies this fretfulness of the mind; it cools that tingling irritability of feeling, which urges us into scenes of frivolity for the mere purpose of change; it teaches us not only to endure the difficulties and annoyances that surround us, but to endure them with placid resignation. In whatsoever situation we may be placed, we are to be content. That one word carries a sermon in it.—*Asiatic Journal*.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

There resides in Bordeaux, a young, rich and handsome widow, who has for six months incessantly lamented the loss of a husband, tenderly beloved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he had embarked, and every soul on board it was supposed had perished. The young widow though surrounded with admirers, observed very scrupulously the rules of decorum; at length however, the persuasion of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company.

Madame St. Amere had one foible—she loved play to excess—and this foible alone threatened to involve her in much trouble. On the evening of her first *fete*, a tall, graceful figure, masked—followed her, paying her innumerable silent attentions. To rid herself of his importunities—she sat down at the card table, and was successful for about an hour.

The mask who had fixed himself behind her chair, then solicited the honor of playing with her, which she granted, and renewed the game with fresh spirits, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the superior skill of the impertinent mask, and staked to an immense amount. Still the stranger was triumphant, and pulling from his pocket a large purse of gold tauntingly dared to risk the like amount. Although absolute ruin might have been the consequence of her imprudence, Madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexation marked her countenance. For some time the game was doubtful; at length the malignant deity decided against her, and the rash widow found her fortune destroyed in one night's folly. Her anguish could not be concealed, she rose abruptly from the card table, when the mask in an insinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that she need not put herself to any inconvenience to make up this debt of honor, as he could wait her leisure, or compromise it, in some other way, with more pleasure to himself, and less embarrassment to her.

She darted at him a look of rage and contempt. "Who art thou! wretch," she exclaimed, "who dares thus to insult me in my own house?"

"Softly, madame," replied the mask, "I am no gambler, nor needy adventurer—there are ladies who would not be ungrateful for such an accommodation."

Madame burst into tears. "Good Heavens must I endure this insolence? quit my house sir; and if you are a gentleman, make good your claim to-morrow."

"No madame, I will not quit your house to-night; my claim is on your fortune, on yourself, and I will make it good, let who will dispute it." With these words, he removed his mask, when madame uttered a shriek of surprise, and fainted in his arms.

The company crowded around her, they were chiefly relations, who immediately recognized the Chevalier St. Amere. The rapture of madame may be easily imagined, when, on recovering, her husband informed her that he had been saved from the wreck by a brave sailor, who had taken him in his own ship, which was bound to Peru—and having been fortunate enough to amass a considerable portion of wealth, had meditated this agreeable surprise, in hopes of curing her of a destructive habit, the consequences of which he had long dreaded.

Madame embraced him with transport, and assured him that she would never again yield to temptations, or continue in a practice of which she now saw the madness in glaring colors.

Having received the congratulations of their friends, the amusements of the evening, which had been so strangely interrupted, were again renewed, and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bordeaux.

[ORIGINAL]

JEANIE L.—

BY THE FOREST BARD

Have ye seen the blushing rose bud,
Have ye seen the lily fair,
Have ye seen the graceful willow,
Bending to the summer air;
Have ye seen the dewpearl'd flowrets,
That deck the forest dell,
Then ye have got my secret,
For ye've seen my Jeanie L.—

Her lips are like the rose bud,
Her neck, the lily's white;
Her hair is like the sunlight's gold,
Her eyes are liquid light,
Her cheeks are like the downy peach,
Where hues of vermillion dwell,
The wild flowers might their tints renew,
When pressed by Jeanie L.—

She's a laughing little Hebe,
Round her brow sweet graces throng,
And my heart has oft been lightened
By the carol of her song.
On her cheek (the throne of childhood)
Mirth with innocence doth dwell,
And modesty a lovely wreath,
Enfolds my Jeanie L.—

Her voice in joyous carols
Sweet as night bird's from the thorn,
Has sung to me "My Mother's Grave"
Or "Cot where I was born."
And oft her gentle music,
O'er my saddened spirit fell,
And sooth'd me as I listened
To my gentle Jeanie L.—

I oft have listened to her,
As with flowing strains she sung,
Or round my neck in merry mood,
Her little arms she flung.
I've kissed her graceful iv'ry brow,
But left no stain to dwell,
For 'twas a brother's lips that press'd
The brow of Jeanie L.—

May Heaven bless the fair one,
May thy way thro' life be peace,
And may no cloud upon thy path
Thy wealth of joy decrease.
And may thou be at last transferred
In heaven's courts to dwell,
For heaven's home is meet for such
As thou my Jeanie L.—

DWARFS.—In Dauphin Co., Va., are to be seen the smallest specimens of humanity probably in existence, viz: two brothers, perfect in every respect, the elder three years old, seventeen inches in height, and weighing only seven pounds; the younger six months old, weighing only three pounds. The parents are very large persons, the father weighing two hundred and four pounds, and the mother four hundred and ninety-six pounds.

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON

In many striking points, the careers of Napoleon and Wellington exhibited a remarkable similitude. Born the same year—following the same profession—passing that dangerous ordeal unharmed, in which so many of their contemporaries perished—and both surviving to gain the loftiest objects, at which "ambition's self" could strain. Beset with dangers, their preservation seemed miraculous—as both exposed themselves recklessly—and from their most perilous situations both had singular escapes, and by the most opposite agencies. When at Acre a shell dropped at Napoleon's feet, a soldier seizing him in his arms, flung him on the ground, and the shivered metal passed harmlessly over the prostrate general, and but slightly wounded his preserver in Paris, the furious driving of his coachman cleared the street before the infernal machine could be exploded. These were probably his greatest perils; and from one he was delivered by the devotion of a grenadier—from the other by the accidental drunkenness of a sentry. Nor were Wellington's escapes less remarkable, for there was rarely an action in which some of his personal attendants were not killed or wounded. At Vittoria he passed unharmed through the fire of the French camp, bristling with cannon, for there were eighty pieces of battery. At Sauron, he wrote a memorandum each night, while the enemy were in actual possession of the village. During the bloody contest that ensued, for some time he sat upon a height within close musket range of the enemy, watching the progress of the battle; and the evening his danger was still more imminent. "I had carried with him," says Colonel Napier, "two Echallars half a company of the 43rd as an escort, and placed a sergeant named Blood with a party to watch in front while he examined his maps. The French who were close at hand, sent a detachment to cut the party off; and such was the nature of the ground that their troops, rushing on at speed, would infallibly have fallen unawares upon Lord Wellington, if Blood, a very intelligent man, seeing the danger, had not, with surprising accuracy, leaping, rather than running down, the precipitous rocks he was posted on, given the General notice, and as it was, the French arrived in time to send a volley of shot after him as he galloped away. It was said of Napoleon that he bore a charmed life—and certainly a special providence watched over that Wellington—God covered his head in battle, and a hair of it was scattered."

THE CUNNING THRUSH.

The following anecdote is published in a communication to the *London Despatch*. We give it for what it worth.

There is much more intellect in birds than we suppose. An instance of that occurred the other day at a slate quarry belonging to a friend from whom we take the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the explosive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to fix her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very crevices which they were constantly blasting the rock. At this she was very much discomposd by the fragments falling in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality; she soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at notice, the workmen retired to safe positions.

In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quit her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to the feet. There she would remain until the explosion was taken place, and then return to her nest. The workmen observed this, narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness a specimen of intellect; but as the rock would not always be blasted when visitors came, the bell rang instead and for a few minutes answered their purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived she was trifled with, and interfered with the process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterwards when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen retreated, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen, I'm not to be coused off my eggs merely for amusement."

Camillo Urso, the young violinist, and her social party, arrived in the Humboldt, and have their rooms at the Irving House.—She gave a concert on board the ship.—*N. Y. Paper*.

[ORIGINAL.]

LIGHT.

Light is a glorious boon,
Commaned by Heaven to shine;
It decks the bright earth and the moon
In beauty unrival'd divine.

It hastens, at coming of dawn,
To banish the hours of night;
What beautiful pictures are drawn,
With delicate pencils of light.

It comes from bright regions above,
Like the hope to the desolate mind;
Thus, rays from the Father of Love
Dispel the dark night of the mind

Colborne, 1852

W H F

For the Canadian Son of Temperance

OBSERVATIONS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY D. CLINDINNING, OF TORONTO DIVISION.

No. III.

In the preceding article, we traced the deceitful workings of intoxicating liquors towards the individual whose career we had under consideration. We showed that they possessed the dangerous charm of extinguishing suspicion, even while delivering the mortal blow. We again bring him before the reader, as a solemn illustration of the hazard of tampering with pleasures that inebriate. His step is now weak and uncertain; his demeanor nervous and alarmed; and, unless reduced to a state of drunken effrontery, he crosses the street or turns round a corner, rather than meet any one who would know him when he was respectable. In the morning his condition is deplorable. A spasmodic twitching of the nerves produces the most frightful sensations. Dismal reflections chase each other through his tortured brain, and the gambols of spectres in a church-yard. His nerves resemble the strings of a broken harp—without tension or tone. He paints, in colors of the strongest contrast, his present faltering gait and downcast countenance with his once elastic step and elevated brow. Bitterly he upbraids himself for conduct that has produced such a disastrous harvest. He feels crushed by the weight of his maddening reflections. He looks with a melancholy eye upon the squandered years of his existence, which have ended in his being wrecked and bruised upon a rocky shore. He knows, he feels—oh how keenly he feels!—that his habits of intemperance are producing nothing but the sharpest pangs of misery. Yet, wonderful inconsistency!—strange infatuation!—his constant efforts are directed to obtain that liquor which has “stung him like a serpent.” His enfeebled will cannot cope with the powerful cravings of his appetite. His judgment is prostrate and vanquished beneath the conquering arm of drunkenness. The first glass of the deleterious stimulant has but a slight effect in bracing nerves so debilitated, or reviving a system so shattered. The second draught impels his stagnant blood to a quicker circulation, and his bloodshot eyes assume a livelier expression. With the third glass the shadow of a smile plays over his seared features, delusive hope is once more his temporary companion, and his meditations lose their character of horror. Through the dismal clouds which so recently enveloped his condition, he now imagines he perceives rays of light that give a brighter tinge to his prospects. The liquor has banished the salutary thoughts of the morning. Although he still decks himself with hopes of amendment, the

performance of his resolutions is always deferred. Shall we follow his faltering footsteps a little further? Behold him clothed in rags, surrounded by filth, the occupant of a hovel, in a state of drunken insensibility. To see an intellectual being thus degraded, is a spectacle of the gravest character. The human intellect thus prostrate! What elevated thoughts rise in majestic grandeur, when we contemplate the sublime achievements of the human intellect! The monuments of its power, the trophies of its stupendous conquests over matter, are as vast as the arts and sciences it has discovered, countless as the stars whose distances it has measured. It has created a horse of iron, whose provender is fire, to which it imparts such tremendous energy and strength, by the agency of a simple vapor, that, if suitably harnessed, the pyramids could be pulled from their foundations, and conveyed over the desert with the velocity of a mile a minute. While it soars aloft on vigorous wings, and marks the motions of the planets, it minutely investigates the physical organization of the humblest insect that fulfils its brief destiny on the earth. The magnetic needle, with its mysterious sympathy for the frozen north, that accurately guides the mariner over the surges of the trackless ocean, amid storm and darkness; the printing press, that produces results luminous with intellectual light, which transcribes thoughts into enduring characters, and multiplies books as unlimited in number as the gems that sparkle in the sky; the intricate and beautiful mechanism of a chronometer, which faithfully chronicles on its dial the passing moments; the unnumbered sciences that elevate and instruct; the many arts that amuse and refine; the numerous useful inventions that relieve the toil, minister to the wants, and promote the happiness of society—are all instances of the transcendent capacity and comprehensive grasp of man's immortal genius.

When we take a just view of the exalted nature of the human mind, we are enabled to form a just estimate of the brutalizing tendencies of intemperance. In the case of the young man whose downward career we have imperfectly delineated, it has reduced him from a state of respectability to an equality with the swine that pursue their researches in the gutters. He is the wretched bondman of his own appetite, bound by the shackles of habit to perpetual servitude. Every lingering trace of manly spirit has been swept away by the vice which enthralled him. The excitement and irritation which the nerves of his brain have undergone, have weakened his intellect. He has no longer that elasticity of will and strength of purpose which he once possessed. He frequently puts forth a feeble effort to regain his freedom, but he has lost the requisite energy of resolution. He looks imploringly on every side for the means of escape, but still continues to be hurried down to the low depths of a drunkard's grave. There may have been stages in his career, when the hand of friendship, if generously extended, would have been sufficiently powerful to conduct the outcast back to the paths of virtue. But there is a Rubicon in the geography of intemperance, the passage of which is almost inevitably fatal. That boundary is easily crossed, and habit erects a formidable barrier against a return. The instances where individuals have permanently risen from

their degradation, after being inclosed within the forceps of intemperance, are so mournfully solitary, that they should be regarded as beacons to warn unthinking moderate drinkers of the extremity of their peril. Experience has demonstrated that the only reliable safeguard against the inroads of the insidious foe, is by renouncing even the limited use of intoxicating beverages. The majority of men, in this respect, resemble Dr. Johnson, so distinguished in English literature, who declared that he could practice abstinence but not temperance. There is danger concealed in every intoxicating cup. The steps are few, short, and tempting, between the moderate use and the injurious abuse of the beverage. The fact that it may not lead in every case to a moral catastrophe, will not invalidate the assertion; for the instances of ruin are numerous enough, the wail of sorrow is sufficiently heartrending, to give a startling tone to the note of warning.

Cases corresponding to the one we have drawn, come under the daily observation of the public. Who cannot find numerous parallels to the picture? Every victim is brought under the power of the vice, by the intermediate process of using the stimulant with caution. Some may contend that a small quantity is harmless, and even beneficial; but the argument loses its force, because the experience of the world shows that it is in every instance perilous. There is danger in treading in the footsteps of those who have sunk in the abyss of destruction. A man who commences his career by forming habits of moderate drinking, places all his interests in hazard. His prospects, however bright, at once pass behind a cloud. What young person would wish to imitate the character portrayed in the previous paragraphs? Assuredly, no one. Nevertheless, the majority heedlessly copy his conduct, cheating themselves with the notion that they are capable of guarding against his excesses.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

CAYUGA, 9th October, 1852.

The Printer he must have his pay,
If I should sell my oats and hay;
It costs me only two days labour,
For twelve months of your little paper.

Enclosed are the *Dimes* for 'another year,
Stuck to your motto without fear;
Should you presume to change or waver,
The next will be, *Please stop my paper*.

Yours sincerely,

In L. P. and F.

PETER McLAREN.

☞ A Chinese New Testament, printed with metal type, and of a superior character, has been forwarded to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, and is sold for four-pence.

☞ Ole Bull has purchased 20,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania, where he intends to form a colony of his countrymen, the Norwegians. A large number have arrived at Buffalo, on their way thither.

☞ BARNUM AGAIN—Miss Catherine Hayes has negotiated an engagement with P. T. Barnum, to give sixty concerts in California, Mexico, Cuba, and British North America. The sum of 50,000 dollars and one half of the profits derivable from the engagement are to be paid to her; he bearing all the expenses. Mengis and other artists are also engaged, and the party will sail for California in November.

☞ There are twelve counties in Kentucky, says the *Louisville Journal*, which have raised this year upwards of one million of hogs. Other counties not heard from, probably contain as many more.



Ladies' Department.

LUCY LEE.—BY JAMES LINES.

She's budding in her early teens,
Sae young and sweetly fair,
What hand wad in her bosom plant
The thorns o' grief and care?
The mother on her bairnie doats
That smiles upon her knee;
But wi' a warmer gush o' joy
My heart loves Lucy Lee.

There's love in a' her wuching smiles,
There's rapture in her een;
I need no aid o' mystic lore
To tell me what they mean.
The world and a' that in it blooms
Wad be a waste to me,
Did frosts untimely nip the flower,
My winsome Lucy Lee.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs, and stay in the closet till I send for you."

And this was a christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison!

It is true an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother. It does not need an angel's powers. The watch must never for an instant be remitted; the scales of justice must always be nicely balanced; the hasty word, that the overtaken spirit sends to the lip, must die there ere it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season; the forward and presuming checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no evasion, no trickery, for the keen and searching eye of childhood to mark; and all this, when the exhausted frame sinks with ceaseless vigils, (perhaps,) and the thousand pretty interruptions and unlooked-for annoyances of every hour almost set at defiance any attempt at system. Still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown; still must she "rule her own spirit," lest the boy, so apparently engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all these duties, faithfully and conscientiously performed, a mother's reward is in secret and in silence. Even he on whose earthly breast she leans is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle; until too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in untrusting motion the thousand springs of his domestic happiness.

But what if, in the task that devolves upon the mother, she utterly fail? What if she be a mother but in name? What if she consider her duty performed

when her child is fed, and warmed, and clothed? What if the priceless soul be left to the chance training of hirelings? What if she never teaches those little lips to lip, "Our Father?" What if she launch her child upon life's stormy sea without rudder, or compass or chart? God forbid there be many such mothers! —
Olive Branch

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE GIRLS.

We have lately met with the following excellent advice for young ladies, and give it for the benefit of some of our lady readers.

"The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass—who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, and be a lady withal in company, is just the sort of a girl for me, and for any worthy man to marry—but you, ye pining, moping, lolling, screwd-up, wasp-waisted, puffy-faced, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel devouring, daughters of Fashion and Idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraints—more kitchen and less parlour—more leg exercise and less sofa—more pudding and less piano—more frankness and less mock modesty—more breakfast and less bustle. Loosen yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty, and less restraint by fashion—breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed."

A DUTCH CURE.

Ven I lays myself down in my lonely ped room,
And dries for to shleep very sound,
De dreams, oh, how into my het dey vill come,
'Till I wish I was under de ground.

Sometimes, ven I eats one pig supper, I treams,
Dat mine chtomak ish full of sthones,
Und out in my shleep, like ter tvel, I schreams,
Und kicks off de ped-clothes and groans

Den dere, ash I lays, mid de ped-clothes all off,
I kits myself all over froze:
In de morning I vake mid de het-ache and koff,
Und I'm shick from my het to mine toes.

Oh, vat shall pe tun for a boor man like me—
Vat for do I leat such a life!
Some shays dere's a cure for dish trouble of me—
Dinks I'll dhry it, und kit me a—WIFE.

The Annual Session of the Grand Union of the Daughters of Temperance, will convene in Indianapolis, on Wednesday the 27th of October, 1852, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Francisco and Rosa Madiai, of Florence, at the age of 50 years, have been condemned, for reading the Gospel, to four years at the galleys. Their Prince has rejected their appeal for mercy. Their heads have been shaved, they are in the dress of criminals, undergoing punishment in the Maremma, in Tuscany. As the crime of these persons was reading the Bible, the King of Prussia has caused it to be represented to the Grand Duke, who takes a great interest in these christian confessors, and requests a mitigation of their sentence.—Oh, liberty of conscience, how precious it is!!

MODERN PHILANTHROPY—"Jane put the baby to sleep with laudanum, and then bring my parasol and revolver. I am going to attend a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race."

Why should a spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a line at every post.

Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, Two Golden Hours, each set with Sixty Golden Minutes. No reward is offered, as they are lost for ever.

A Lady in town scolded her black servant for some very careless act, when the pious wench immediately ran into an adjoining room, and was overheard praying: "Oh! good massa, come, come quick, and take me right out of this worl'; if you can't come yourself, send the debil, or somebody else."

Laura Addison—This English actress, whose sudden death has taken the public by surprise, arrived in this country about a year ago, under an engagement to Mr Marshall, lessee of the Broadway Theatre. She enjoyed considerable reputation in England. Her first engagement in London was at Sadler's Wells Theatre, under the management of Mr Phelps. As *Evadne*, in Shield's play of that name, she won her first and best laurels. After performing for three seasons, and establishing herself as a favorite with the class of playgoers, who frequent that suburban establishment, she was engaged by Mr. and Mrs Charles Kean, alternating with Mrs Kean in such characters as *Desdemona*, *Emilia*, *Mariana*, &c Her acting both in England and this country, always appeared to us forced and unnatural. She was decidedly over-rated, perhaps *Lady Macbeth*, in Marston's Tragedy of "The Patrician's Daughter," was her best performance, but it was very unequal and could not be considered a success. A certain eccentricity of character, at times approaching to insanity, distinguished Miss Addison in her professional relation, for some years past. On several occasions she has been unable to finish her performance, and the curtain has dropped at the termination of the second or third act. Miss Addison was in her 23rd year, her real name was Wilmshurst, she has a sister in England who is a singer of considerable repute. As her remains were here hastily interred at the Second-street Cemetery, without the knowledge of the proper authorities, a report was spread that her death was owing to foul play, and yesterday the Coroner caused the body to be exhumed and taken to the drug store of Dr. B. L. Budd, No. 30, Second-av., where an inquest was held. Dr. John A. Lidell made a *post-mortem* examination, but without finding anything to warrant the suspicion which had gone abroad, the Jury consequently returned a verdict of death by congestion of the brain. The news of Miss Addison's sudden and melancholy death will cause some sensation in theatrical circles in England.—*N. Y. Paper.*

CHINESE GEES.—A State fair correspondent of the *N. Y. Commercial* has the following poultry item—a pair of Chinese geese (exhibited by W. F. Potter, of Utica), are among the finest varieties in the world, and are eminently worthy the attention of amateurs in the line. There is more difference in the quality of geese than any other kind of poultry. In China, where economy in everything is studied to a greater degree than anywhere else, the raising of geese is much practiced. I have eaten *smoked geese* there, and found them a delicious article of food.

JUST A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN—SHALL WE HAVE THE LAW!

QUEBEC, 22nd October, 1852.

C. DURAND, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I have been deferring an answer to your letter of the 11th inst., from day to day, hoping to have it in my power to send you the desired Bill and make other information—but really I do not see that we can ever get our Bill from the Law Clerk. He says he cannot get through with it in two weeks, as he has so many and such long and difficult measures to prepare for the House.

I will endeavour to keep you in mind, and forward you an account of any progressive movement in the matter. Of this I am fully satisfied, THERE IS A CHANCE of the measure being carried this session, or decided by this House.

In haste,
Yours, &c.

There are probably 55,000 adult signatures in Quebec before the house in favor of the Maine Law, and twice that number could be obtained for it. The House has no excuse in the matter. If it do not pass the law, it is because the public voice and moral wants of the country are disregarded. We do not believe that this House will pass this law, simply because a large majority of them are secretly in favor of the drinking usages of society. If the law be passed then, it will depend on future agitation and the election of men who are favorable to the law. We hope we may be deceived in the prediction.—(Ed Son)



Youths' Department.

LIFE—AN EPISTLE.

Hast thou consider'd Life, my Friend,
 Its origin, pursuits, and end,
 Its brief and shadowy course—its ties—
 Its cares and snares, and penalties?
 If so, I guess you'll wish a better,
 Without a monitory letter
 I thus its whole amount sum up,
 'Tis sipping from a vapid cup
 If Life's a boon, then I conclude,
 The heart of man must be renew'd—
 Aye, that's the point—the heart once taught—
 To estimate it as we ought,
 Will use it as a path by night,
 Conducting to a land of light,
 And so employ its energies,
 As, by the race, to win the prize;
 And find that, after all we know
 Of Earth's unhallow'd scenic show,
 Religion's blossoming and fruit
 Should be Man's paramount pursuit.
 If such should be my friend's career,
 He's soaring to a glorious sphere,
 Where he shall spend without alloy,
 A life of ever-flowing joy.

GRAND SECTION OF CADETS,

MET THE 26th OCTOBER.

Officers chosen for 1852-3.—G. W. P., Dr. Vanormant,
 Wellington Square; G. W. A., Br. Stone, of Oshawa;
 G. W. S., Br. Nixon; G. W. Chaplain, Br. Foss.

There are about 100 Sections in operation in Canada,
 with about 2000 members, some sixty Sections having
 made no return, or been suspended or surrendered their
 charter. Sections should at once send in all their re-
 turns to G. W. S., Nixon, of Newmarket.

LATEST—There were about 30 Cadet representatives
 present at the Session. The Grand Division on Thurs-
 day marched in procession in Oshawa, accompanied by
 about 100 Sons from neighboring Divisions. The Osh-
 awa Division gave the G. D. a splendid repast, after
 which the new and beautiful Hall of the Oshawa Divi-
 sion was dedicated. In the evening an enthusiastic
 meeting was held. The Rev. Messrs. O'miston and
 Ryerson, at the Dedication and evening meeting, made
 most thrilling and eloquent addresses. Over 120 repre-
 sentatives in all attended the G. D. \$100 were voted
 to the widow of P. G. W. P. Burnham, deceased.
 The next Session of the Grand Division will be held in
 St. Catharines. Mrs. Davis of Hamilton is chosen G.
 P. S., D. of T., and Mrs. Jackson G. S.

BOYHOOD IN AMERICA.

I throw down a remark or two on an unoccupied
 page, upon the character which boyhood is taking
 among us or rather upon the new and extraordinary
 relations which are arising in this country between the
 young and the more advanced in life. It is without a
 precedent in all history! There never was anything
 quite equal either to the presumption of the young, or
 to the meekness and acquiescence of the elders in this
 matter. Men advanced beyond the middle of life are
 called "old fogies" by their juniors; and as if this were
 not along unfit for the very street, it is carried up into

Congress, and grave legislators accept the title, and
 bandy it about in their speeches as a good jest. In
 society, and especially in our cities, people are scarcely
 named and settled in life, before they are regarded as on
 "the shady side" of their day, and are treated accord-
 ingly—and by whom? Why, by boys and girls between
 the ages of seventeen and twenty-one! I hear constant
 complaint of this, and my reply is constantly the same—
 "If there is not manly and womanly sense and authority
 enough among you to repress and put down such folly,
 you ought to suffer."

But this extraordinary deference does not stop here;
 it extends to noisy and impudent boys in the streets,
 in public places, at railway stations, and wherever boys
 congregate. The elders say, "this is a free country,
 what rights have we to the street or stations, more than
 they? They may insult us if we interfere—they may
 insult us if we interfere—throw sticks or stones at us—
 what can we do?" It is a fact, this language is used,
 I have often heard it. With a view to satisfy my curi-
 osity on this point, and perhaps to feel the public pulse,
 I put the following question to half a dozen gentlemen
 in one of our cities, and have uniformly received the
 same answer: "If, as you are going down town, you
 should approach a dozen boys on the sidewalk, and ob-
 structing it so that you could not pass, which would you
 do—would you say 'boys, you must not gather here in
 this way and occupy the walk,' or would you get down
 off the sidewalk into the street, go round and come on
 to the walk again when you had got by?" And they
 all said, "we should go round!"

Now, if men choose to abdicate all the rights, all the
 proper authority of manhood, they can do so; but I
 must say that I know of no greater, or more gravitous,
 or more perilous mistake they could commit. Men can
 speak gently and firmly to boys, and be listened to.
 But if not, if every thing is to yield and give way before
 the heedless rush of youthful intemperance, this will
 become, before many years, an intolerable country to
 live in.

But the subject is too vast to be discussed in a note.
 Our democratic deference in some directions is going a
 great deal too far; and our absorption in business is such
 I fear that we have no time for many of our duties, and
 least of all many of our domestic duties.

Rev Orville Dewey.

ORIGIN OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

The late Baron Rothschild was the son of a Jew at
 Frankfurt, of the name of Joseph. He was in humble
 circumstances, but very highly thought of for honesty
 and integrity. At the time the French crossed the
 Rhine and entered Germany, the Prince of Hesse Cas-
 sel came to Frankfurt, and asked Joseph to take charge
 of his money. Joseph did not much like the under-
 taking, but the Prince pressed it so much that at last he
 consented, and the treasures were given him. When
 the French entered Frankfurt, Joseph buried the Prince's
 money and jewels in a chest, but did not hide his own,
 thinking that if they found no money they would be
 suspicious, and search more earnestly. The consequence
 was he lost all his own money. When affairs became
 more tranquil, and he could again enter into business,
 he took some of the Prince's money and transacted
 business with it, as he formerly used to do with his own,
 thinking it a pity it should be quite useless.

The Prince of Cassel had heard of the cruelty of the
 French in plundering poor Joseph Rothschild, and con-
 cluded all his money and jewels were gone. When he
 went to Frankfurt he called on him, and said,

"Well, Joseph, all my money has been taken by the
 French."

"Not a farthing," said the honest man. "I have used
 a little in business. I will return it all to you, with in-
 terest on what I have used."

"No," said the Prince, "keep it. I will not take
 the interest, and I will not take my money from you
 for twenty years. Make use of it for that time, and I
 will only take two per cent interest"

The Prince told the story to all his friends. Joseph
 was in consequence employed by most of the German
 Princes. He made an immense fortune, his sons became
 Barons of the German Empire, and one of them settled
 in England.

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CON- STRICTOR.

A new book called "Kaloola," or Jonathan Romer's
 Adventures in Africa, by Dr. Mayo, has just been pub-

lished at 50 cents a copy. Among other strange stories,
 Jonathan tells us how he dispatched a stupendous snake,
 one hundred feet long:

One night while I was out with a scouting party of
 the natives, I had occasion to go alone to a knoll some
 quarter of a mile from camp. In approaching the knoll
 I encountered what seemed to be a large log lying
 across my path. Without pausing to think of the im-
 probability of the object being a log, when there was
 not a tree larger than a man's arm within ten miles, I
 jumped upon it, and stretched myself up for a good
 look. It gave a little to my weight, like many an old
 half rotten trunk that my feet have pressed in the for-
 ests of the St. Lawrence. It seemed so much decayed
 as hardly to be able to bear me—as if it were about to
 break asunder, and let me down into its spongy interior.
 My feet slipped upon the yielding surface—I recovered
 my balance, and on the instant felt myself elevated two
 or three feet. The whole log was all beneath me,
 and—good heavens! I knew the boa! My feet went
 out from under me, and I fell with my back across the
 writhing monster. For the fraction of a second there
 might have been some question as to which way my
 body was going, but a twist of the animal soon settled
 the point by letting me down upon my head and shoul-
 ders, and leaving my back elevated in the air. I fell
 partly on my right side; my sword flew from my hand,
 but I still kept hold of the pistol. I glanced upwards—
 a huge black object was hovering over and rapidly de-
 scending upon me. It was the monster's enormous
 head with jaws outstretched wide enough to engulf an
 elephant! Instinctively I stretched out my left hand.
 The pistol barrels rattled against some hard bony sub-
 stance, and at the instant my fingers contracting upon
 triggers, both charges exploded simultaneously with a
 loud report, and with a recoil that wrenched the weapon
 from my grasp. There was a snort of agony, and
 instantly a floundering, as if, to use the common Yan-
 keeism, "heaven and earth had come together," amid
 which my feet were thrown into the air, and sent flying
 over my head, my neck twisted almost to dislocation,
 and my body projected through an indeterminate series
 of grand and lofty tumblings to the very foot of the
 knoll. Jumping to my feet, and recalling my scattered
 senses, my first inquiry was whether the creature was
 pursuing me, and the second as to the state of my
 bones. A tremendous floundering about a hundred
 yards off, on my right, that made the ground tremble
 like shocks of an earthquake, relieved me of all fear of
 the first, and a slight examination showed no material
 damage had been done to the second. I was too much
 frightened to attempt to return to see what occasioned
 my misfortune, and I therefore made the best of my
 way to the camp. Early next morning my servant
 Hugh came running to me with the news that the dead
 body of a huge serpent had been found among the
 rocks at a little distance. We went to see it, and found
 that it was the very fellow who, resenting my familiar-
 ity had compelled me to my involuntary summer-set.
 My pistol had been fired into his open mouth, and the
 balls, penetrating diagonally upwards and backwards
 had passed through the palatal bones, and lodged in the
 brain. He was truly a monster, measuring full one
 hundred feet in length, five feet in circumference, and
 with a head like a wine cask.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

KENT, DAWN MILLS, 9th October, 1852.
 I am happy to inform you that our Division, No. 360,
 S of T., which was only organized last Feb., and located
 in a part of the country where the population is
 sparse,—continues in a prosperous state, it now numbers
 thirty-five contributing members, and its officers for the
 current term are: Br. John Boyle, W. P.; Wm. H.
 White, W. A.; Samuel C. Taylor, R. S.; Daniel W.
 Huff, A. R. S.; M. N. Parke, F. S.; Thomas H.
 Griffis, T.; Joseph Crafts, C.; N. L. Blakey, A. C.;
 Willet Ellis, I. S.; Jacob Ellis, O. S.

The above list, with any remarks you see proper, you
 are at liberty to publish,—provided nevertheless, it be
 done gratuitously.

I am Sir and Br.,

Yours, in L. P. and F.
 WM. WHITE.

☞ The House of Assembly has got into quite a mess
 about the Great Trunk Railroad, Mr. Cauchon having
 moved amendments to the plan of Mr. Hincks.

☞ Mr. Webster was quite sensible until within a
 few hours before his death, and bade all a last farewell.



The Literary Gem.

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

BY C. M. D.

Continued from No. 24.

THE SPEECH OF THE PROPHET TO THE WARRIORS.

All the great Indian tribes had their prophets or medicine men. These were a sort of priests, who pretended to know the will of the Great Spirit, and possessed an influence equal to the highest chiefs. Their opinions were even taken in preference to all others. The American aborigines were not an idolatrous race entirely. Some tribes were more inclined to idolatry than others, and all seemed to be believers in two great principles or spirits, the Good and the Bad *manitou*. They believed in the existence of a great Spirit. With this belief they also had a sort of idol or image worship. Man, by nature, when left to himself, is a religious being, and has generally adopted a sort of deistic-idolatrous worship. The Indians before they were visited by the Europeans were evidently semi-idolatrous, having their wooden and stone images. They had in their rude state no priests except the *medicine men*. The Indian skeleton, (probably that of a deceased chief,) lately found in Nelson, had a stone idol in his grave. He had been buried perhaps long prior to the discovery of America by Columbus. He had also brass kettles in his tomb, and sea shells, the kettles perhaps to contain his food on his way through the valley of death to the land of his fore-fathers, who had gone before him; and the sea shells may have been emblems of his tribe, which came from the sea-shore. The Indians paid great reverence to the Sun; and in Mexico and Peru, great and magnificent temples were built, on which sacrifices, it is feared human beings, were offered to the Sun.

"See yonder glittering globe,"—

The Sun, with gold bespangled robe,
That decks with glory nature's view,
As if seems to smile in Heaven's blue;
It thy Sons or the Spirit Great,
Who bade it shine in glorious state,
Tells my soul of whitemen's many wrongs,
The treachery of his pale-faced throngs;
Who o'er our plains, our own loved lands,
Are spreading fast their cruel bands.
He tells these hunting grounds—their deer—
These lakes and streams with waters clear;
These vocal groves, these plains of flowers,
Warriors! fathers! *He* says are ours!!
Yon grassy fields and the rocky hill,
Where bounds the elk—the wolf we kill;
These redmen ought to rule alone,
And hold in peace—secure—their own.
In them the dust of our fathers rest,
On them their children once were blest.
We learn that whitemen came to war
With all our rights o'er oceans far,
Where beams at night the Eastern Star;
There dwells their King—their warriors are—
Why come they thus with friendly guise,
With wampum strings and smiling eyes,
When in their hearts they seek our lives,
To slay our children, debauch our wives;
To burn our woods, affright our deer,
And fill our hunting-grounds with fear;
Our forests plough, our streams to drain,
And cities build on the grassy plain?
They tender us the pipe to smoke,
And keep concealed a galling yoke;
They come with prayers, with Christian peace,

Yet ruin bring—our wigwams seize.
Our minds once clear, our hearts once true,
Content with food and drink our fathers knew;
With fiery waters they've turned to wrath,
And strewed with crimes and vice our path—
Redmen! once our fathers roamed,
Our beautiful lakes in silence foamed,
Undisturbed by whitemen's arts;
His white-winged ships, and busy marts.
The white gull flapped the frothy wave,
The otter then in peace could lave,—
The snowy swan, the speckled loon,
Unscared could float at sunny noon,
On rippling streams, the peaceful lake;
The silent air their wild cries break!
My sons! our fathers saw this state,
Once happy, and blessed the Spirit Great.
They dwelt in wild yet a vague bliss,
Nor knew nor cared for more than this,
Until the palemen sawing came,
Our kindness first—then our lands to claim.
By coaxing words our hearts they caught,
With gew-gaw presents our freedom bought;
They made our braves drink fire and weakness,
And claimed our souls in Christian meekness.
The Spirit's sons they said they were,
And life or death we must prefer.
They bade us pray, we knew not why,
Or what to Him who lives on high;
That He our sins would then forgive,
And we with Him forever live.
They called Him good—we thought Him so,
To live with Him must be so too;
Yet redmen saw—these Christian sons
Each other fight and kill with guns!!
We saw them cheat—that they were bad,
Outside all white—in untruth clad:
These my braves are the foes who spurn,
Who now oppress, our wigwams burn;
These are the wolves to keep at bay,
And drive afar in bloody fray.
Prepare for fight my comrades brave,
Let whitemen's blood your tomahawks lave;
Let well-strung bows send flinty arrows,
To pierce their hearts and drink their marrow.
Warriors! the Great Spirit made us free,
"Conquer now, or lose your liberty."
The prophet spake with uplifted arm,
And by his voice all hearts did charm;
The chiefs then upward quickly sprung,
And high in air their war-clubs flung;
A yell of death rang on the morn,
Five thousand warriors stood in scorn,
And seemed to say with eyes of fire;
We'll freedom have, with it expire.
Th' affrighted babes in their mothers' arms,
Started in fear with wild alarms,
The little birds from their leafy sprays
Looked down in fright and ceased their plays;
And echo's voice brought back again,
The yell of war—the savage strain.
That savage group all painted o'er,
A picture was of war and gore—
The young men looked more wildly still,
Fierce as the panther on the hill.

When America was discovered, powerful tribes of semi-civilized Indians dwelt in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, on the Hudson, all over the New England States, and along the valley of the St. Lawrence, from the city of Quebec upwards. They then inhabited the western States too. Civilization, vice, and chiefly the diseases of white men, and more their beastly habits of intoxication, taught by whites, destroyed them. The Indians are by nature a noble race—brave, athletic, hospitable, generous, love freedom to an extreme, and are capable of great mental culture. Many of their females were beautiful, ardent, faithful in love, and romantic in disposition. In the times of Tecumseh, that is in the year 1812, the bulk of the Indians dwelt in Indiana and westward of it. Kentucky, once their mighty hunting-ground, and called the land of blood and battles, had been entirely rid of the smokes of their wigwams. *To be continued.*

☞ Lose your coat rather than your honor.

[ORIGINAL.] FLUCTUATION.

It rises, and pains, and joy, and sorrow,
Mark each moment as it flies,
What we hope to day—to-morrow
Shows us—would have been unwise.

We weep when friends depart and leave us,
Rejoice to meet our friends again;
Regret when trusted friends deceive us,
That we have trusted them in vain.

We fear the dangers of the future,
Forget the sufferings of the past;
And thus poor flickering human nature,
Becomes the prey of death at last.

Colborne, 1852.

W. H. P.

THE LOON.—I saw in a Geneva paper last year, some remarks respecting the Loon, or great Northern Diver, being taken by hooks 80 or 90 feet under the surface of the water of Seneca Lake, as mentioned by Miss Cooper, in her "Rural Hours," and expressing a belief in the correctness of the statement but there was no assertion from any knowledge of the editor.

I lately met Mr. Wm. Ormond, a boatman living at Geneva on the northern shore of Seneca Lake, by the plank road, who says he has lived there fifteen years, and has himself taken the Loon from hooks 80 feet under water, where they had been sunk for Lake trout.

I consider this evidence as fully establishing the accuracy of Miss Cooper's statement, which is still doubted by some persons.—*Geneva Gazette.*

To the above account of the depth of the Loon's diving, we have to record something that came under our own knowledge; there need be no reason to doubt the correctness of Miss Cooper's assertion of its having been taken in 90 feet of water—this is about the depth of Seneca Lake. But we have seen a Loon taken off Salmon trout hooks in Lake Ontario set in water of 45 fathoms, or 270 feet, and to reach the hook, which lay on the bottom, the Loon must have attained this depth.—*St. Catharines Constitutional.*

The Loon is the largest diver that visits the waters of Canada, being as large as a goose, only of a longer form. It visits us early in the spring and leaves late in autumn. It rises with much difficulty from the water, but no doubt flies well when once on the wing. When closely pursued on the water it will not fly, but rather flutters in a sort of tumbling flight, diving if approached too closely. It is shy, and seated high in the water with its long neck, can see objects at a great distance. It often resembles a floating log at a distance. The colour is speckled black and white on a whitish dun on the breast,—whitish on the the abdomen—dusky on the back, neck, and wing coverlets. The hues of the male are brighter, with something of a shining green and purple on the back. Legs short dusky seated very far back, near the tail—feet very much webbed—wings very short—neck long—eyes large—black.

The cry of this bird on the silent waters of our lakes in spring, on a still day, is truly solemn and melancholy. We have often sat and listened to it, when its form could not be seen in the distance. Its cry in the upper air when flying by day or night is similar. They float together in pairs on all of our inland and northern lakes, and at times utter a wild piercing cry, which like that of the wild curlew of the western prairies, saddens the soul, and seems in unison with the wastes of water and wilderness around. These sounds seem like the ancient voice of nature, for here they have sounded for thousands of years when no human voice but that of the red man startled the desert, and when the mighty mastodons came down to the waters to drink or feed on the vast prairies. There is grandeur and sublimity, innocence and purity in all this.

The loon builds its nest amongst rushes, and breeds in Canada, but we were never fortunate enough to find its nest. Its food is fish, and it is a diver of a most expert nature. There is a diver of a smaller species also very common in Canada, the size of a small duck. In our next we will give a short sketch of the various species of wild ducks seen in our waters.

[ORIGINAL.]
MUSIC.

Oh! music, sweet music has charms!
She sings o'er the shadowy past
A mantle as bright,
As the silvery light
On the object of night,
When it floats from the moon.

Her magical power disarms
The pangs of adversity's blast,
For in colors more gay
Than the flowers in May
Sweet memories play,
When we hear an old tune.

The world is filled full of sweet music
While it floats in its orbit along;
The roaring of seas, the whistling breeze,
And the birds in the trees
Are cheerily singing their song.

W. H. F.

THE RAVEN AND THE CROW.

In former years the raven frequently came under our notice, and from the year 1820 to 1830 it was very common in the country lying about Brantford and westward of it, yet strange to say, we have not seen a bird of this species for many years past, and at no time in the county of York or north of Lake Ontario. The Raven is a ravenous bird of the vulture species, resembling the common crow but about twice the size, with a beak more hooked. The crow lives on worms and seeds, but the raven lives on carrion and dead animals. It measures over three feet across the wings from tip to tip, and is the size of a large hawk, wholly of a black colour. Its habits are very shy and resemble those of the vulture. A couple and sometimes the brood of the raven, numbering four and sometimes six birds, may be seen together. On the other hand the crows aggregate in large flocks and fly from the north to the south in the autumn. We saw a flock not long since near Toronto, numbering perhaps a thousand, flying over the fields. We have often driven the ravens off the carcass of a dead animal in the woods, and they as well as the eagles, are sometimes caught in traps for dead animals. This bird builds in high forests, and lays four or five green coloured eggs, spotted with brown. The raven, like the eagle and crow, may be seen in Canada in the summer and winter. We have seen them sit for hours in high trees and answer each other with strange loud harsh cries in the neighbourhood of dead animals. Their cries are very different from those of the crow. We have for hours watched the strange actions of the raven, and listened to his curious conversation with his mates among the pine trees. The crow is not a rapacious bird but feeds on seeds or insects like the large blackbird, which is of the same species. It may be that the crow will feed on dead animals as the butcher bird, or even large black birds would, but animal food is not its natural food. It measures about two feet and a half across the wings—builds its nest of sticks in high trees, and is the most common bird of Canada, visiting all parts of our country and at all seasons. It is not common in the winter—but is one of the last to leave us, and the first to visit us in the spring. It is said to resemble the magpie, and like it will eat grain, corn, &c., in the ground. The large blackbird, to which we will allude at another time, has similar habits, but is only one-fourth its size. The crow has four young in its brood in June. Its colour is wholly black—its beak being long, strong at the base and pointed. We have found its nest. The raven was known to the ancient Hebrews, for we read in the Bible that under the Providence of God, the ravens fed Elijah in the desert with bread and flesh.* The first bird that we remember to have seen in our infancy was a raven killed on the carcass of a dead animal by our father in 1814, near Hamilton, and which by its cries and black colour attracted our infant imagination.

* See 1 Kings, Chap. 17, verse 6

Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Saturday, October 30, 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.

THE NOBLE LAW OF MAINE.

Raise high the glorious banner, the banner of the free,
And gather all beneath it who slaves no more will be,
Unfurl it proudly to the breeze, that far o'er lull and plain

The world may see our motto—the noble Law of Maine.

Already in the east has the golden dawn begun,
And darkness gloom, and sorrow, fly the near approaching sun;

His noon-day beams shall shine upon the fiend intemperate slain,

If we hold fast to our watchword—the noble Law of Maine.

But the struggle lies before us, and our foes are in the field,

And with the Tyrant at their head, determined not to yield;

Let them with all their wealth and power, regard us with disdain,

We're certain of the vict'ry, by the noble Law of Maine.

Then high up raise the banner, the banner of the free,
And come ye all beneath it who slaves no more will be;

One more united effort will break the cursed chain,
And give our country and our homes the noble Law of Maine.

BE ACTIVE—BE VIGILANT.

Men are too apt to do things by sudden ebullitions, and to faint too soon in a good cause. They think if they work hard for a time they may lay idle afterwards. Some dislike the American system of government because they have to hold so many elections. The cause of the energy and *go-aheadness* of those people may be found in their constant exertions to maintain their rights, to remedy their defects of government. Action of the mind is the life of intelligence, as action of the body is of health. In Canada, as temperance men, we must be continually active, striving to increase our numbers. A sad spirit of slothfulness is arising in many Divisions; Divisions which number 300, 200, 100, less or more, can seldom get one-tenth of their members to attend; Many Divisions having over 100 members are hardly able to get a quorum to do business. Now, we say this is absolutely disgraceful. A more noble and worthy, christian-like and honourable society than that of the Order of the Sons, was never established among men. Its whole tendencies and aims are to purify, and in every way better the condition of men physically, mentally and morally. It leads men to think of their families, their personal good, and their God, in and out of the Division Room. Why is it neglected? Why is it neglected by those who were once drunkards, and who, but for its healing balms would have been in their graves? Is the beastly *debauch*, the stench of the bar-room, with its *smoke*, *sourness*, and *cursing* preferable? No! no! there is a *holy*, *pure*, elevating atmosphere about a Division Room, that leads all men to do good. We preach not what we do not practice; for although no man in Toronto has been more busy for two years

past than we, and imperative business, and family duties have often called us home, we have never failed in the course of two years and a-half to visit our Division, when in health, once a week. Often have we hurried from necessary business in the country to attend it; and for nine months served it constantly in various offices. We feel it a duty to carry out an example. The Division Room, so far as we are personally concerned, in a temperance point of view, did us no good, for we have always been temperate in our habits; and during fifteen years past no intoxicating liquor ever passed our threshold. No, we have felt it a duty, and all should feel it a duty to attend their Division Rooms. Remember a God reigneth, and we are not to omit duty to attend to our own whims and business. The night cometh when no man can work, and let us do what we can, and do it in view of the approbation of a living God, whose eye is on our moral existence. There are thousands of Sons who from one month's end to the other will attend to business at home—gossip at a neighbour's house, lounge at a store, workshops, grocery or barber-shops; lounge too in a bar-room, and look on while the poison of rum is poured down the throats of incipient drunkards! when they should be in their Division Rooms. Oh shame! oh shame where is thy blush!! Can't you attend once in two weeks? This, if carried out, would fill every Division Room in Canada respectably. No you cant. No you dont. Months, and even quarters, elapse before you attend; and many of you will not attend for fear you may be asked for dues, that as *honest men* you should at once pay. Remember there was a time when many would not once use the death dealing bar so. A *rum bill*, like a *gambling bill*, is honourable said you, and it must be paid. Oh what infamous inconsistency. The glorious Division Room; the place where good thoughts and intelligence—resolves for family and human happiness should be ever made,—deserted for a bar-room! Are destruction and vice—vice that poisons mentally and physically, preferable to innocence and purity, that lead to happiness? More pledges are broken by this habit of absenting oneself from the Division Room than in any other way. If some members in Division Room act factiously, attend there and discountenance them. We say, and say sorrowfully, that the crying evil of our Divisions and American divisions, is a lack of a proper attendance.

And Sons, if they really value the institution to which they belong, must awake from their lethargy and do their duty, or at once quit the Order forever. The few paltry shillings you pay for dues in a year, if you prefer it, go and pay over a bar that deals out beer and drugged liquors; or, if you would rather spend it in some useless luxury, some idle amusement, at home. It is a great deal to give for humanity and your own good truly. No, friends and readers, Sons are too supine, and reform at once is called for. Let us resolve and do it this month.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

QUEBEC, October 12th, 1852.

DEAR SIR AND BR,—I herewith enclose an extract from my report to Gough Division, as R. S. for the last quarter, which you will have the kindness to give a place in the columns of your "Gem." Our Division is in a healthy state, considering the varied population and

language of Quebec. Since our charter two years ago, we have initiated 228 members and admitted 3 by card—making a total of 231, of which two died. We have had a considerable number of withdrawals—some to Australia—some to the United States, and Canada West; and some of our military Brethren to England. We have had on the whole very few expulsions. And we look upon our loss by withdrawals as gain to other Divisions. The present strength of our Division is 169, and that of St. Lawrence Division over 40. Our Division room is calculated to accommodate 200 members very comfortably, and we hope it will be filled this winter.

The officers installed on the evening of the 4th inst., were:—B. Cole, Jr., W. P.; Jno. Morphy, W. A.; H. Jackson, R. S.; Jno. Anderson, A. R. S.; P. LeSuer, F. S.; C. Brodie, T.; Geo. Morgan, C.; P. Johnston, A. C.; Wm Brodie, I. S.; T. White, O. S. I was speaking to the Hon. M. Cameron a few days ago on the subject of the Maine Law. He says the delay of the house is caused by waiting for all the petitions to come in as they still continue to pour in. The number of signatures to the petitions as reckoned by the clerks of the House, last week amounted to over 52,000.

Yours in L. P. and F.
JOHN MORPHY.

GOUGH DIVISION, QUEBEC, October 12th, 1852.

At a regular meeting of this Division held on the evening of the 4th instant, it was moved by P. W. P., Le Suer seconded by P. W. P. Brent and Resolved.—That the report just read be received, and that Brother Morphy be requested to prepare the same for publication in the *American Temperance Magazine*, *Toronto Watchman*, *Canadian Son of Temperance*, and *Canada Temperance Advocate*.

The following is an extract from the report alluded to:—“To the Worthy Patriarch, Officers, and Brethren of Gough Division No. 2, Sons of Temperance—

I beg to submit the following statement and report—as your Recording Scribe for the quarter ending September 30th, 1852.

(Here follows a detailed tabular statement of the working of the Division during the quarter.)

By the foregoing statement it will be seen that we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the strength of the Division and on the state of our funds, which is owing to a scrupulous guard in our incidental expenditure, and few calls for sick benefits which is the best criterion to judge of the health of the Division, and a cause of gratitude to the Giver of all good.

According to the strength of the division our attendance should have been better, and in proportion to our initiations our numbers should be more on the increase, the cause of which may in part be hereinafter explained.”

(Here follows a compendious statement of the general working of the Division since it was chartered—2 years ago.) “It would seem to be and certainly is a cause of regret that we are sometimes driven to the painful necessity of expelling members for breach of pledge after trying to the utmost extent the means afforded by our regulations for their restoration, on the other hand bearing in mind the beautiful simile:—“As one stain would suffice to discolor this whole element of purity so would one unworthy member dishonour our whole connexion.” Parting with incorrigible characters at once disreputable to our Order, and the means of preventing worthy members from joining us is not to be regretted, for “although charity is the most prominent feature of our Organization, self-preservation impels us to guard a-

gainst the vicious and unprincipled.” Yet the question arises, have we done all in our power to save our erring brethren? I heard General Carey in the Toronto Temperance Hall, say, that the Division-room is our arsenal or magazine, from which we should be supplied from week to week with ammunition, to enable us to war against intemperance; make captures from the enemy, and bring additions to our ranks at every regular meeting; that he is only a very middling Son of Temperance who merely attends his Division regularly; I presume the General is hardly aware that in many Divisions so much time is absorbed in internal discipline that there is little or none left for serving out ammunition.—Lengthy debates, caused by an over anxious desire on the part of the movers or opposers of trifling resolutions to gain their point, and various unimportant topics, to the exclusion of the great principles we are banded together to propagate, are much to be regretted, as they hold out no inducement to bring brethren a considerable distance, or cause them to dispense with some trifling business to come to our meetings

Introducing subscription lists into Divisions, ought to be guarded against as much as possible, as many of our brethren see a retrieving needless value of money for themselves and families, which others cannot see, and which they themselves have not before seen; and judging from the experience of the past, and the negligence evinced in the prompt payment of dues, it is obvious that brethren generally, will be inclined to desert rather than be good attenders in Divisions where subscriptions are constantly on the tapis, and the gain or loss of members is of more importance than subscriptions. Recrimination or fault-finding for opinions expressed, or for one questionable trait of minor importance in the character or conduct of a brother, while perhaps nine good parts are overlooked, partakes more of pusillanimity than the broad principle of charity which should characterize every Son of Temperance, and is subversive of that constant excitement which is so especially required among Sons of Temperance. Many of our brethren having lately deserted the enemy's camp, are struggling against old habits and customs—craving appetites and inclinations, and temptation in all its forms, held out to allure them to return to imminent danger, perhaps inevitable ruin, they have therefore stronger, more serious and lasting ties to bind them to the order than the initiation fee and dues they have paid; they want to be encouraged and strengthened in the principles of Temperance—not by shewing a spirit of ingratitude towards each other, nor by factious debates or extraneous oratory, all of which is a loss of time—cramps the freedom of discussion on the part of the less gifted brethren, places the W. P. in a peculiarly unenviable position, and tends to drive brethren from the Division, by card or expulsion. They want to be kept in mind of the great evils they are from day to day escaping, the benefits they enjoy by health, reputation, and the approving and confiding smiles of their families and connexions—the examples they are setting to those around them, especially to the youth respectively committed to their charge, the bright prospects of the future—the calm and pleasing retrospect in after years, when arriving at the isthmus that separates the future from the past, of a life spent in sobriety and usefulness, and thanks for their escape from sickness and sorrow, pain and death, caused by cursed intoxicating liquors, and that the only requirements to attain to the happy end is a little self-denial in the outset. How important then is it that those of our brethren who are strong in our noble principles, and gifted with a degree of intelligence above their fellows, should give this subject their serious attention, and use their best

exertion to cultivate such a spirit of harmony in the Division as will cause a secret pleasure to be felt by all in the approach of each meeting—then the difficulty very sensibly felt by the W. P. in appointing Committees out of thinly attended meetings, and the grounds of complaint of brethren who attend regularly, for being so frequently selected for Committees, will be removed, as the W. P. will be enabled to select efficient Committees of energetic brethren out of full meetings, who will promptly carry out the duties entrusted to them without question or delay; making all due allowance for the press of business that sometimes crowd on a numerous Division, yet this great end need not be lost sight of. Ontario Division, Toronto, in the spring of 1851, was composed of about 300 members, yet they frequently set apart half an hour of their regular meetings for speaking on the benefits of our Order—the evils of intemperance—the dangerous position of the moderate drinker, and various topics subservient to the advancement of the cause of Temperance. The brethren were encouraged—set aside bashfulness, and told simply in the Division as they would to a few neighbours at their own fireside, their own experience of intoxicating liquors—why they were induced to join the Sons, &c.—this was done by getting through the order of business “in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace,” and then a Brother, perhaps notified from a former evening, either read or delivered a few remarks, or perhaps, some were prepared and waiting the opportunity. Such was the effect of such a course that they had few (if any) expulsions. Five Divisions branched from it, and the numbers in all those Divisions amounted latterly to something about 1500. By pursuing such a course we will have few (if any) expulsions—a great increase of initiations, and a more punctual payment of dues, which is the natural consequence of good attendance, and on which the prosperity of the Division mainly depends,—buried talents will be called into action—we shall look on our Order as widely differing from all others, inasmuch as it tends to promote health, wealth, happiness, and long life; and a real hitherto unknown for its extension will be the result. Making due allowance for the varied population and language of Quebec, it is well able to afford our two Divisions, 500 members, in good standing. If the following is not a good criterion to judge of good members it will shew a great degree of proportionate zeal. For the year just ended candidates were proposed—each by Brothers (and so on to the brother who proposed the highest number.)

All of which is respectfully submitted,
in L. P. & F.
JOHN MORPHY,
W. A.

Certified,
H. JACKSON,
Recording Scribe.

Division Room, }
October 4th, 1852 }

THE Brother is in error in this number. It is true, five, if not six Divisions, branched from Ontario and two Unions of Daughters, four Sections of Cadets and a company of Guards of Honour, resulted therefrom; but in all of them not over 900 Sons have been initiated, 100 Daughters, and probably 400 Cadets—EDITOR SON.

FACTS.—We received a gold dollar, a few days ago from the FORESTWAKE Division, No. 62 Sons of Temperance, North Carolina, for a copy of this paper. We thank our distant southern friends. We of the off North have hearts as warm in the great Temperance cause, as those of the sunny South. The Son of Tem

perance now visits all parts of England, the Isle of Man, France, California, and even Australia—Br. E. Poole, of the Lambton Division, who, with Br. Rogers, have just gone to Australia, have taken many numbers of this paper with them, and promised to open a Division of the Sons there—Brothers M. Harg of Ancaster, Atkins of Markham Reeds Corners, Baldry of Toronto, and other subscribers of this paper, have gone, or are going to Australia. May they never forget their pledges on the distant seas or lands!—Br. Black, long a prominent member of Ontario Division, has gone to California, and promised to send an account and subscribers. Hundreds of our Sons are now there; may they let their light always shine!

Br. St. Germain, of Ontario Division, has gone to England, to spend the winter there, and will give us some account of English Sons. Sons in distant parts would oblige by writing to us of all that interests the Order and Temperance.

Persons wanting copies of back numbers of this paper, to complete volumes, can now get them at 3d. each. Apply soon, as we intend to bind all left over—The whole volume of 1852 can be had for 3s. 9d. cy. or the half volumes of 1851, bound, for 3s. 1d. cy. Sent by post to all parts of Canada

THE MAINE LAW V. MORAL SUASION.

This is a utilitarian age. The speculative has in all things yielded to the practical. Words are mere noise unless they are things. Perhaps there is no subject within the range of discussion more sternly requiring words of pregnant and decisive meaning than that to which this Magazine is devoted.

In this sense, moral suasion is moral balderdash. Words, my lord, words—worse than words, they are a delusion. How long have they been sounded in the public ear, and sounded in vain? The drunkard's mental and physical condition pronounces them an absurdity. He is ever in one or other extreme—under the excitement of drink, or in a state of moral collapse. Will it be said that words of moral suasion will commend themselves to a drunken man? Will he hear or heed them, or, if he hear, will there not be a prompting devil within, jeering at their blessedness? Reason with a man when all reason has fled, and it is doubtful whether he or you are the greater fool. But take him while in the sober mood. Does he then heed your counsel? Who can impart a bitter poignancy to his memory? who can picture to him remorse deeper than his own? who can impart to the past revel a character of horror darker than his own racked brain? Self-reproach is his one echoing feeling; reformation his single purpose. He is to himself a subject of abhorrence. He shudders to remember the actual debasement to which he reduced himself. His whole frame is in revulsion. He feels in his disgust great strength. He never believes it possible that any inducement or temptation would lead him into the same disgrace and ruin. Still he is sure to fall, and fall he does. Why? Temptation meets him. He hesitates. He is lost. He concludes that one glass, or it may be less, would restore the tone of his nerves. But beyond that he would not go. He drinks, and feels an agreeable heat pervade him. Surely another would heighten the sensation of delight this one had given rise to. His hesitation this time is short—he drinks again, and the old appetite is once more awakened. There is no longer any hesitation; another and another follow, and the feeling of the morning becomes a subject of mockery to him. He scoffs at his own want of heart. He laughs to scorn all the counsels of prudence. He comes into the maniac. Moral suasion! Bah!

Place this man we have been describing out of the reach of temptation. He will have time to ponder. His mind and frame recover their native vigor. The public-house does not beset his path. Another and another day dawn upon him and find him clear and collected, confirming his purpose, and imparting joy as well as firmness to his resolution. This is true suasion. Thus, and thus only, will reformation and temperance be secured. And how is this accomplished? Never except through the instrumentality of the law. If it were possible to reason the drunkard into sobriety, it would not be possible to make the rum-seller forego his

filthy gains. Try your moral suasion on him, and he will point to his wife or children, or to the prospect of a carriage and a villa. That will be your answer, and it accords with a rule of social morality at least half acknowledged by the majority of our people. The only logic he will comprehend, in some such ordinance as this, coming to him in the shape and with the voice of law—You shall not sell. The object of law and government is the public safety—*salus populi suprema est lex*—and you shall not accumulate wealth by driving a trade resulting inevitably in the ruin, mentally and physically, of hundreds; and the equally inevitable ruin of thousands in point of comfort, respectability, and worldly station. You shall not sup luxuriously and wear silks and scarlet, that ruin may sit grimly on the cold hearthstones of the poor, beggared through your infamous calling. This is the language which the rum-seller will understand. He will understand none other, or if he hear he will not heed it. He would sell the seeds of fever, or make money by sowing them in the paths of the people. There is no vulgar prevailing notion more unfounded than that which would turn liberty into license. And the stronger and more impensable the foundations of liberty, the more careful should the law be to preserve it from the character of excess. The more unfettered the liberty of speech, the more criminal its abuse. Under despotic governments freedom of speech is interdicted. To tell the truth is a deadly sin. If you tell it of the government, it amounts to flat blasphemy. The liberty to speak God's sacred truth to and before and of all men, is the greatest of even liberty's prerogatives. When you abuse it, you commit a double crime: the first against law and morality, and the second against liberty herself, who has no greater foe than the reckless libeller. He gives her enemies a handle whereby to hang their calumny. So of every other abuse of privilege, it is criminal in proportion to the unrestricted limit and sacred character of liberty. The republican whose arms should be tied would be no doubt indignant. And justly. His liberty to use them he regards as sacred—sacred. But he does not demand the liberty to use them at the expense of his neighbor's eyes or nose. And if he did use them so, and could not control them, they should be tied. And if it so took place that when he took hold of a particular weapon, it was out of his power to keep from beating his wife and children, and even beating out his own brains, then it would not be a restriction, it would be a mercy, to take it by law from his clutch. Moral suasion, indeed! Try it with the incorrigible man above hinted at. Try it with the murderer. Try it with the thief. Try it with the libertine. Is it for one moment supposed it would succeed? If so, why not apply it? Why not dispense with law? Why punish the criminal? Why not leave all vice to the control of moral suasion? We answer: simply because to do so would be deemed an absurdity. No sane man would trust it. All history repudiates the experiment as futile, ridiculous, puerile, and contemptible. Yet no lover of the constitution, none of the fathers or even mothers of the country are invoked to guard the sacred right of the citizen to murder whom he will; to rob, maltreat, and ruin whom he will, except in one particular instance, where these things (not one, but all) are effected through the sale of rum.

No man will sell arsenic to every person that calls. No sensible or well-advised man will sell it without satisfying himself that it is to be used legitimately. Still, it is a well known fact that a certain small quantity of arsenic will not kill. On the contrary, it has been established that it heightens the complexion, and superinduces good looks. Besides, by increasing the dose insensibly, it can be increased to a most extraordinary extent, with perfect safety. Nobody pretends that alcohol is not poison, as sure and as deadly as arsenic. The difference is not in kind, but degree. Alcohol will kill as undoubtedly, though not in so small quantities or so soon. But, on the other hand, the system cannot be so well trained to its use as it can to arsenic. And furthermore, it has no useful effect in any quantity as arsenic has. It does not give a ruddy, but a rubicund complexion. The drinker does not grow plump or fat, he gets bloated. Compared one with the other, the difference is every way in favor of arsenic. And, what, the most vehement stickler for liberty would scarcely argue that there should be arsenic stores in every locality, where the champions of right may find means to die, if they so willed it. On the contrary, if such a thing were proposed to them, they would scout it with derision. What's the object? they would ask. The arsenic men might answer as the rum men do now, first, the vindication of a principle; and secondly, the making of money. Thereby it might well be retaliated, but both must be at the cost

of the lives of the people who vindicate your right and swell your purses. Oh, but (the arsenic vendors reply) they have a right to kill themselves if it so please them; precisely so, say the rummies, precisely so may argue any abettor of any villain. He has a right to do what he pleases with his own. Leave him to moral suasion.

More appropriately might he say, leave him to cant. Let humbug rule. Give up the government of mankind to the Latter-day Saints. Let us pray for the Millennium, or a new golden age, when the gallows will rot for want of work, and jails crumble through lack of inmates. This was the stale and barren philosophy of Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, Cabet—hollower than the very noise it made.

In this one maxim, most men agree—prevention of crime is better than punishment; all men believe that the law should either prevent or punish it. Well, we scarcely think the strongest advocates of the liberty of drink would insist on pure impunity for the prunks of a drunkard. They admit, as a general rule, that when he violates the liberty of another man, he ought to be punished. Granted, then, this position, and grant also the truth of our first maxim, and we have at once established the right and the excellence of legal enactments against the sale of liquor. This is at once the basis and the vindication of the Maine Liquor Law, and of all such laws. The law cannot prevent suicide by direct and active interference. When committed it cannot punish it, and hence the reason that persons can attempt it with perfect impunity. But while it cannot prevent and punish it in the suicide, it does punish it in an accomplice; and most wisely. If an apothecary, or other vendor of known poisons, could be proved to have sold them to a person about to commit self-destruction, knowing the use to be made of it, he would be an accessory to murder, and punished accordingly. Here the application of the rule arises. Where it would be just and lawful to punish, it is just and lawful to prevent; and, therefore, though a law to constrain a drinker cannot well be enforced, or to punish him as far as his folly is confined to himself, still the accessory to his suicide is punishable, and should be prevented.

In all times, all lands, and all laws, crime has been nearly the same. With the idolater, the Bhuddist, the Mahommedan, the Christian, murder and theft and robbery are punishable. For these and other such offences, morality erects no standard. It tacitly admits they are outside its control, and the secular arm is called in aid. Drunkenness is not a crime with all people, but it is with some, and severely punishable. But we believe that all moralists consider it a heinous offence; and while we do not here urge that a law should be passed punishing the actual immorality of drunkenness, even where the drunkard's folly affects none, or is offensive to none but himself, still we maintain that a law is the only sure means of its prevention. Apostles of Temperance may do good (alas, how often only temporary); preachers of Temperance may serve the cause, and high examples of Temperance may advance it; but it is only law that can secure the permanent and general suppression of drunkenness—*A. T. Magazine.*

TORONTO, October 11th, 1852.

MR. EDITOR,—The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by our Division. You will much oblige by giving it a place in your excellent journal.

Yours, in L. P. and F.

R. J. OLIVER.

R. S., Ontario Division, Sons of Temperance, No. 26.

Moved by Bro Durr-J, seconded by Bro. Wilson, That whereas this Division has heard, with deep regret, of the death of Bro. W. S. Burnham, P. G. W. F., of the Grand Division of Canada, which took place very suddenly at Chicago, on the 30th day of August last, occasioned by cholera:

Resolved that this Division do hereby express their deep sorrow at this melancholy event, and tender to the family of the deceased their heartfelt commiseration.

Resolved further—That this Division having, on several occasions, had the pleasure of the attendance of the deceased amongst them; and knowing his zeal for the good of our Order, in Canada, and his efforts to advance the great Temperance movement; do hereby bear testimony to the sterling worth of our departed friend, both as a SON OF TEMPERANCE, and as a citizen.

Resolved further—that a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the wife and family of the deceased, and be published in all the Provincial Temperance papers.

WHO ARE THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE?

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

GLANFORD, SEPT. 24, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Having a few leisure moments, I thought I would employ them in writing a few lines to trouble you and the readers of the *Gem*, (if you think proper to publish what I may write), with a few remarks on the following question, viz: *Who are the friends of Temperance?*

The following query has often come into my mind: By what can we judge a friend to Temperance, for I believe there are staunch friends to "our cause" that do not belong to the "Sons." But how are we to judge them? Is it by their professions of love for it while they are in the presence of its friends? By their disputations about it? Or by their manifestations of zeal, and that too, for the purpose of showing to its real friends that they are one of them? Is such the motive and such the evidence necessary to convince one that they are consistent and truth-loving men? Reader, would you deem such proof sufficient to satisfy you of the honesty and sincerity of one who fain would make you believe that he is a friend to a cause you highly esteem? Would you ask and demand nothing of him, but his professions and pretensions, and they too, made while there were no opposing influences? Would such satisfy you, and warrant you to believe him what he professes to be? Or rather would you not believe him sooner for his work's than his profession's sake? Would you not feel disposed to wait and see his honesty and love of truth tested, by opposing influences and adverse circumstances? Men are sometimes strange and inconsistent beings. When the sky is clear and weather fair, they are ardent friends; but when clouds lower and storms gather, their professions of friendship are like the "sound of the brass." When all is prosperity; when they can avow their sentiments without injuring their popularity, or diminishing their coppers, they are warm and firm friends, but when the avowing of their sentiments will cost them the loss of the esteem of one whose esteem is of little or no worth, or cost them a penny or shilling, will keep back or disown their real sentiments, and curse and swear that they "know not the man." Reader, know you not men of this character? Professing Christians, have you not seen persons of this stamp? Are you one? You may think you are not,—I do not accuse you. I hope you are not one of these. But have you had your love of Temperance tested, by influences brought to bear upon your character? Your love of popularity? Young men have you had such tests applied to you, for the purpose of trying your honesty of intention, your love of Temperance? If so, how have you endured them? Has the temptation found you an honest man?—a lover of Principle. Or has it found you weak and unstable? Have you adhered to principle, despite of every influence to win you from it? If you have been thus regardful of principle, yours is a moral courage honorable and honoring to its possessor, and well worthy the imitation of all men. Honesty in Temperance matters—in avowing on all proper occasions one's peculiar opinions, is what should be expected by and of all men.

This is a subject on which mankind should be honest. *Dishonesty here is dishonesty everywhere*, (being convinced that it has to do with our present and future welfare. A man who will be dishonest in matters of so deep and vital importance—will be dishonest in matters of a less important nature, unless his selfish interest requires him to be otherwise. Mark this when and where you will, you will find it to be true. A man, who, to gain the respect, and secure the esteem of some, will drug his honest sentiment and pretend to be something else; will sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, for a glass of whiskey,—and resort to means low and dishonorable to effect his selfish purposes, i. e., if he thinks he will not be found out, and detested in his hypocrisy and meanness. Is such a man—if man he may be called, a friend to "Our Order?" Is he of any use to community? Of any benefit to any society? It may be said that, so far as he contributes of his means, he may be of worth to sustain a society. Yes, but how far will he give of his means? Any farther than to cover his meanness and foster a show of honesty? A hypocrite of all men is the most to be despised. His conduct is the most unreasonable and uncalled for of anything I can conceive of. His garb is so thin that a man with half an eye can see through it. And even those whose praise he seeks, who openly profess to honor him, quite as hypocritical as himself, secretly abhor and detest him as a base, unprincipled tool. How much has the cause of humanity suffered from such a man or from such men. And how much will it yet suffer, unless the real friends of Temperance seek to discriminate between true and false appearances, and judge and deal with men not according to their professions, but according to their works.

Brethren of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, the question then, at the head of this article, returns and presses itself upon our attention. Who are the friends of Temperance? Is that man its friend who professes to be one thing here and another there? Who is a Temperance man when in the presence of Sons, or temperance men, but something else when with some other one? Would you call that man a friend to Truth who thinks more of his coppers than he does of his Religion? and more of his popularity than he does of his God? Brethren, is that man a friend to "our cause" (though he may be one of us) that will keep away from our meetings because all do not think as he does? or because he cannot have everything done as he wishes? Is that man a friend to "our cause" who will absent himself from our meetings, for months, yea, for quarters, for fear he will be called on for his dues, or who, when he is called on pays no attention to the call? Or is that man a friend to Temperance who will seek to bring reproach on a brother who publicly and privately confesses his conscientious opinions? Does not such an one seek by his sneers and reproaches to intimidate and prevent him from an honest and fearless confession of his real sentiments. Brethren, are we all friends to Temperance? Are we willing on all proper occasions to fearlessly avow our honest sentiments in respect to his cause? Are we willing to make and put forth every exertion within our power, and make every laudable effort to advance what we believe to be Heaven's

own cause? If so, do we put forth that exertion and make that effort. Methinks that some of us are a little slack, that we have come to the conclusion that our work is done, or was when we joined the Division, we do not look around us enough, we keep our eyes too much at home. Are we not a little selfish Brethren? Do we not think that we need not trouble ourselves about others? Do not some of us think that we are in danger of going too far in the Noble Work? especially when we speak about the Maine Law. Such things ought not to be. Beware, lest we get lukewarm, or dead. Let us arouse and put on the whole armour and enter the arena fearless of the contest, for victory will be ours. Let us grasp the drunkard ere he drops in the grave, and when we get him let us stretch around him the "cords" of our Order, and keep him; deal gently with him, not too rough, resting assured that God smiles upon, and will continue to smile upon our humble endeavors.

JOHN W. FERGUSON, P. W. P.,
Glanford Division, 269, S. of T.

THE DESOLATION OF DRINK.

Drink is the desolating demon of Great Britain. We have spent in intoxicating drinks during the past century as much as would pay the national debt twice over! There are 150,000 gin drinkers in London alone, and in that city three millions a-year are spent in gin. In thirteen years 249,000 males, and 183,920 females were taken into custody for being drunk and disorderly.

In Manchester, not less than a million a-year is spent in profligacy and crime. In Edinburgh there are 1,000 whiskey-shops, 160 in one street; and yet the city contains only 200 bread-shops. In Glasgow the poor-rates are £100,000 a-year. "Ten thousand," says Alice, "get drunk every Saturday-night, are drunk all by Sunday and Monday, and not able to return to work till Tuesday or Wednesday. Glasgow spends £200,000 annually, in drink; and 20,090 females are taken into custody for being drunk." And what are some of the normal results of such appalling statistics?—*Jazzamity, pauperism, prostitution, and crime.*

As to the insanity affiliated on drink, the *Tisbeo* of London states, "that of 1,271 maniacs, whose previous histories were investigated, 649, or more than half of them, wrecked their reason in drinking." As to pauperism, it is estimated that not less than two-thirds of our paupers are the direct or indirect victims of the same fatal vice.

As to its prostitution, its debauching influence is remotely traceable in the 150,000 harlots of London, and their awful swarms in our large towns and cities.

And as to its relation to crime. In Paris last year, it is calculated that 400 out of 500 juvenile prisoners are immured there as the incidental results of parental debauchery.

The Chaplain of the Northampton county jail lately informed the writer, that "of 302 prisoners in this jail during the last six months, 176 attribute their ruin to drunkenness. Sixty-four spent from 2s. 6. to 1lb. a-week in drink; fifteen spent from 10s. to 17s.; sixteen spent all the time savings." "Is it not remarkable," he adds, "that out of 433 prisoners in this jail, I have not had one that has one shilling in a savings bank; and above six that ever had a sixpence in one. On the contrary, I have many members of friendly societies, of course insurance ones, which, with two or three exceptions, all meet at public-houses, and there they not only learned to drink, but became familiarized with crime."

The influence of the alehouse in consolidating the anti-domestic habits, which lead men into evil companionship and crime, is strikingly illustrated in the case of the canal and railway "navvies," as they are called. The peculiar nature of the employment of these men leading them to strange and distant places beyond the homes, where being unknown, there is little compunction of character, induces a nomadic course of life, as wild and irresponsible as that of the Tartars. Great numbers of them have been recently employed in Northamptonshire, and the county chaplain tells me, "nearly every

second man in the jail for the last six months, has worked on the railroad."

Perhaps not less than two-thirds of the whole number of "navvies" in the kingdom have passed through the pits since the cessation of railway labour. Yet the wages of these men to the number of 240,306 averaged £40 a-year each, in the aggregate £10,260,366 a-year, but when the railways were done their money was done, their character was done, their good habits were done, and themselves done in every way—*Rev. J. B. Owen M. A., in Meliora, by Viscount Ingestre.*



Agriculture.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

By the wall lean the ragged weeds,
Like plebians at a poor-house door,
While on their downy pinions spreads,
Above them the young seeds they bore,
Up through the golden air they sail,
Like splendid fops in silk balloons,
Changing their course to suit the gale
That drives them to the wall of stones.

Unmindful of the last night's frost,
The butterfly has left its bower,
And will not stop to count the cost,
Of vain displaying for one short hour;
Vain lady butterfly behold!
Thy neighbor, the industrious bee,
He has a city full of gold,
Is there no nectar left for thee?

A sad heart in a sobbing breast,
Where hopes have fled that used to be,
Is the gay hang-bird's lonely nest,
That swings in silence on the tree,
Near where the gentle water flows,
And yellow corn is bound in sheaves,
Like cinders, drop the thieving crows,
From the tall tree-top's blazing leaves.

No bud to bloom—no beak to sing,
No flower to greet the eager eye,
No Oriole with sunny wing
No song between us and the sky,
There stands the serene storm-stricken bhar,
No berries on its faded stem,
Its leaves are red as flakes of fire,
And hectic cheeks are red like them.

Its radiant crown of fragrant bloom,
The winds have stolen from the bee,
Soon winter's winding sheet will come
To Mary and the wild-rose tree.
The woods are robed in rain-bow dyes,
A veil hangs over all the scene,
How calm the lake, how bland the skies,
Where the incendiary sun has been.

—*Cryuga Chief.*

FACTS IN AGRICULTURE.—Since our last issue the weather has been very fine in Canada—what is called beautiful Indian Summer weather—many days have been very warm. The forests look very gay, and in some places are still green. The grass in the fields is growing well. The frosts as yet have been very light, and so ice on the water. Blue birds in flocks, robins, dick-birds, crows in flocks, and fall birds are still common. Insects and flies are still common. Fall wheat looks well, and the roads are good. Prices of all farm

produce very high in Toronto—butter sells well at 9d to 10d. We see it is very scarce in the United States. Over a million pounds have been ordered for California. Poultry is very high in all our Canadian markets, and farmers should raise more. Pork is coming in and also wheat in abundance. Bouding in Toronto is quite brisk. The whistling of the iron horse is heard every day on the northern railroad for ten miles. Canada is one of the healthiest and best agricultural countries in America. It is well watered and well wooded, and we have plenty of salt stone and iron. We want the Maine Law and an honest common sense government, determined to carry out the peoples reasonable desires. Our people have now a very commendable emulation to excel in agriculture.

CLEAN BRASS KETTLES.—Often do tidy housekeepers complain over the severe and long-continued scouring, polishing, and boiling with soap, sand, and suds, elbow-grease and patience, which are required to remove the coating on the inside of new kettles. The oxidized surface of the brass stubbornly resists all their enchantments. To all such we recommend a table-spoonful of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), diluted in about three or four times as much water. If the rust does not come off add a little more acid. Rub it on with a rag, and the kettle will shine like a new pin in less time than we have been writing this paragraph. Care should be taken not to have the acid too strong, or there will be burnt fingers in the kettle.

THE QUEEN AND THE SHEPHERD BOY.—It is said, on the authority of the *Northern Warder*, that, one day last summer, her Majesty was sketching on a public road, when a flock of sheep came up, driven by a boy, who, seeing some one in the way, shouted with stentorian voice, "Stan' out o' the road, 'oman, and let the sheep gae by," and no heed being paid to him, he exclaimed, still more rudely, "Fat are you stannin' there for? Gang out o' that, an' let the sheep pass." In answer to one of her Majesty's attendants, who asked him if he knew whom he was addressing, he said, "Na, I neither ken nor care, but be fa she likes, she shudna be j' the sheep's road." "That's the Queen," said the official. "The Queen 'Od fat way disna she put on claes that foulk can ken her, then."

WATER.—Some four-fifths of the weight of the human body are nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucous, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that liquid. All the soft, solid parts of the frame may be considered as ever temporary precipitates, or crystallizations (to use the word but loosely) from the blood, that mother-liquor to the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved, the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment, so that the flesh is only a varnishing solid, as fluent as the blood itself. It has also to be observed, that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood-vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in the economy of the little world, the body of a man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three-fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes, its mountain crests are covered with snow and ice, its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams, its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous vapour is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in portions and at intervals in dews and rains,

hails and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature, it is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of European speculators, pronounced it the mother-liquid of the universe. In the latter systems of the Greeks, indeed, it was reduced to the inferior dignity of being only one of the four parental natures—fire, air, earth, and water; but water was the highest in rank.—*Westminster Review.*

BACKWOODS BALLAD.

Up, up, up, up, up and away,
We must start for the bee by break of day,
Come Jack, yoke up old Buck and Bright,
We must log up an acre before the night.

Then we quietly jog through the gay green wood,
Ourselves and our oxen in cheerful mood,
Till glimpses we get of the stirring scene,
And the noise spreads far through the forest green.

Well neighbour, how goes it! a lovely day,
How much do you hope to log to-day?
Oh, twenty good acres before the night,
If oxen and men should all keep right.

Come Jack, haul in another good stick,
We'll hoist him up, be quick, be quick,
Heave with a will, that's it, well done,
Hurrah for another big log, my son.

Thus we cheerily toil, till the well known sound
Of the dinner horn is heard through the ground,
And oxen and men repair to the feast,
Which refreshes the heart of both man and beast.

Then at it again till the coming night,
Is scared away by the bright red light,
From a thousand heaps which crackle and spark,
Illuming the shades of the forest dark.

Though labor and toil are the woodman's lot,
Though hard be his fare and humble his cot,
Yet at length with success all his efforts are crowned,
And abundance and peace in his mansion are found.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—The Paris correspondent of a St. Louis paper says:

"And now let me tell you of a most beautiful discovery, which has lately been made by a celebrated Parisian horticulturist, by the name of Herbert. I was persuaded to go to his rooms a few days since, and I assure you I had not reason to regret the long walk I had taken. Beneath a large case, four or five feet in height, and as many in circumference, were placed pots of roses, japonicas, pinks, dahlias, china asters, &c., all in bud. By means of a certain gas invented by himself, and which is made to pass by a gutta percha tube to any pot required, Mr. Herbert causes the instantaneous blooming of the flowers. The ladies in the room asked successively for roses, dahlias, and japonicas, and saw them burst into full bloom in a second. It was really wonderful.

Mr. Herbert is now trying to improve on his discovery, and to make the gas more portable, and its application less visible. The secret is, of course, his, and his rooms are crowded every day with the most delighted spectators. I wish I could send you the lovely camelia which I received, which, when asked for was so tightly enveloped in the green leaves of its calyx, that the color of its flower could not even be guessed at; and yet the request was hardly out of my lips when the beautiful white camelia was in my hand. When he has made a little more progress, Mr. Herbert intends to get out a patent and deliver his discovery to his friends and the public."

GRAND DIVISION SESSION,
SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1852.

Met at 11 o'clock, A. M. Present.—G. W. P., Purder; G. W. S., Br Jackson, G. W. T., Br Leggo; G. W. A., Dr. Sutton, G. W. C., Nixon. About 35 members were present at the opening of Division. 45 members were initiated in the forenoon and 15 in the afternoon. First days attendance about 95. In the afternoon the Grand Division elected as G. W. P. for 1852-3, Br. W. H. Lillibeck.

Among the delegates there was an Indian from the Rice Lake Division

Br. Farwell was elected G. W. A., Br. Jackson, G. W. S., Br. Leggo, G. W. T., Br. E. Perry, of Ernestown, G. W. C., A. W. Taylor, G. S.

W. had no further particulars on going to press, but will furnish all the particulars of the meeting of the Grand Division in our next.

¶ We direct attention to the able letter that appears in this paper, on the past and present state of the Gough Division of Quebec. This Division is one of the most talented and enthusiastic in America, and the advice and suggestions thrown out in this letter fully coincide with our own, and should be thoughtfully considered by every true son in Canada. One thing in particular we refer to and that is, the part of the report that shows the name of each Brother who proposed members, rising from the lowest to the highest. The true test of the energy of a son is an activity in bringing into the Division room good members—saving his fellows from the drunkard's grave. How many sons can lay their hands upon their hearts and say that, I have saved and kept in the Division room one son in 1852. Our Order in Upper Canada, in the beginning of this year, numbered at least 15,000. If every one of these on an average had brought into some Division but one member our numbers would stand at 30,000. Has this been done? We fear not. Our numbers have increased, but we do not reach 20,000. Go to work then, and unceasingly do your duty.

¶ We draw attention to the able letters of Brother Chudanning. They are well worthy of perusal.

¶ The poetry of the "Forest Bard" in this number we really consider very beautiful, and a high credit to his usually talented muse. What has become of Sylvicola?

¶ An able letter from Brother Ferguson will be found in this number, it contains good advice.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

CROWLANDVILLE, October 19th, 1852.

Sir,—I take the liberty of sending you for publication the names of the officers of Rescue Division Sons of Temperance, for the present term, viz.: Gilbert Wm. Cook, W. P.; Wm. Vanalstine, W. A.; James Benedict, R. S.; Geo. Davis, A. R. S.; John Glover, F. S.; Henry Bochner, T.; Wm. R. McKinney, C.; Francis Benedict, A. C.; John Dean, I. S.; E. G. Brookfield, O. S.; John Henderson, Chaplain.

ONE OF THE ABOVE NUMBER.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

A terrible accident happened on the Montreal and Concord railway, on the 9th October, by the collision of two trains, whereby six persons were killed, and numbers wounded. The cause is at the bottom of this accident, as indeed nearly all that have happened during the year on the American steamers and railroads. The good people of Woodstock and Norfolk are agitating the idea of having a railroad, to run from the first place to Lake Erie, a capital idea by the way. Brother Ed. Foote and Rogers, of the Sambton Division Sons of Temperance, left Toronto for Australia on the 20th October 1852.

¶ A large and enthusiastic missionary meeting was held on the 13th instant at Quebec, at which Dr. Routh acted as chairman, and made one of his usual philosophical and beautiful oratorical efforts. His remarks were worthy of a perusal, as were for their beautiful ideas as for their christian truths. The Rev. Peter Jones, and other missionaries, addressed the meeting. The Rev. Peter Jones made an interesting speech on the subject of the religious customs of the Indians.

25,000 have been voted by the Councils Council of Huron, Bruce and Perth, to fund the Bradford and Buffalo railway.

¶ A submarine telegraph is in contemplation, to be built from England to America by a new route.

¶ Daniel Webster, the great American statesman, is dead. Thus one by one the great men of the earth pass away. It is said he has been very much addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating drinks.

¶ Lord Brougham is also injuring himself in the same way. The learned men of the earth, though strong in intellect are weak in this habit. How loudly do all these things call upon all to abstain from drink for example sake! The bill of Mr. Cameron to create a Bureau of Agriculture passed a second reading by a vote of 53 to 17. Mr. Fillmore, President of the United States, is a total abstainer. The Grand Division of the State of New Hampshire met on the 27th of October.

An attempt was made to raise the ill-fated Atlantic steamer by Mon. Mandlest, but the steamboat he had being too small he has sent to Buffalo for a larger one. One of his divers descended 144 feet to the sunken boat and examined it.....The Board of Trade of Toronto met on the latter part of September, and drew up and passed a resolution remonstrating against the retaliatory policy of the Government.The earthquake in Cuba on the 31st August was very destructive, destroying one million dollars worth of property.....Bills of indictment for manslaughter have been found against one of the owners, the captain, and five of the officers, of the *Henry Clay*, destroyed by fire on the Hudson. We have not heard the result of these bills.....A free Public Library, costing £12,000 has been opened in Manchester, England, lately. A meeting of some 100 of persons took place at the opening, and it was attended by many of the aristocracy, and by some of the most learned men of England. The Earl of Shaftesbury moved the first resolution, and in his speech afterwards attributed the pauperism and ignorance of the working classes of England to the use of intoxicating spirits. 25,000 in Manchester, from all classes in society, have contributed to establish the library.

TEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—In these countries continual efforts are being put forth to stay intemperance, but so long as the license system is kept up, and the middling and aristocratic classes, and members of the clergy of all denominations indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks, and most of them think it use compatible with morality and christian charity and benevolence, little headway can be made. We have little hopes of England or Scotland until organizations like those of the Sons and Watchmen Clubs of this continent are spread all over the kingdoms. What the friends build up one month is pulled down the next. Still they must proceed to do what they can and hope for better days.

¶ The Scotch Temperance Review has not come to hand for some time, why is it? We earnestly advise temperance men in Great Britain to encourage the order of the Sons, which in America now numbers about 250,000 enrolled members.

The most engrossing subject in the United States, after the Presidential election, is the Cuban affair. It seems the *Crested City* steamer, in attempting peaceably to land American citizens and the American mail at Havannah, was prevented from doing so by the authorities, and compelled, amidst a great storm, to return to New Orleans. An immense meeting was thereupon called in the latter city, numbering, it is said, 20,000, to protest against the proceeding. The American government have sent a ship of war there, to protect the rights of their citizens. An extensive secret organization is on foot in the United States to aid the revolutionists, who are supposed to be numerous, in Cuba. Something serious will yet grow out of this matter.The Presidential campaign waxes warm. Recent events are rather against Scott, and the defection of Webster in Massachusetts with his Boston friends, and of Southern Whigs and Fillmore and his friends, may turn the scale in favor of Pierce. Recent elections, too, are in favor of the democratic party.....Money is very plentiful in the American States, labor and provisions are in consequence high, and everything prosperous.....Lynch law continues to be carried out in a fearful way in California on murderers and criminals, often no doubt, on the innocents.....General Scott has just passed through Western New York, and was well received.....We see that General Thomas Jefferson Sabinland, of patriot notoriety in 1837 and 1838, is dead. He died in the distant territory of Nebraska westward. This man meant well, but was unfortunately very unskilled in principles of war. He was imbued with the tendency of this age—too much chargeableness of disposition.

In China, the rebellion of the Chinese opposed to Tartar dynasty continues, and it is supposed the revolution will be successful. The Empire appears in a weak and distressed state. Everything tends toward the opening of China and its secrets to the European world.

In France, Louis Napoleon is about to assume an Imperial Crown,—the miserable people everywhere have forgotten their love of Republicanism..... Fears of begin to revive in England of an intended French invasion.An attempt to destroy Napoleon by an infernal machine, supposed to have been done by the government for effect as a pretence to hurry the Empire, has been made. Russia and Austria view with angry feelings the assumption of the Imperial purple by Napoleon..... Constant and heartrending persecutions are being carried on in all parts of Italy against the patriots by the Austrian soldiers.....The cholera is making great ravages in Poland and Prussia, and has reached Holland. Great fears are entertained of its visiting England this fall. In England political circles are quiet. The topics of conversation in private and of discussion in public, Wellington's death and exploits, and the doings of Napoleon on and his future policy. Great respect is shown the memory of Wellington in Austria and Russia, as even France. It is said carelessness was exhibited in his physicians in treating his disease.Parliament meets, it is said, on the 1st November, instead of the 11th.....Australia and emigration to it are quiet and going still. Recent accounts say that persons go thither do not meet with as much success as was anticipated. Probably eight out of ten, as in California could have bettered themselves by coming to or remaining in America in the United States or in Canada.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The trial of Mr. Benjamin in Bellevue for misconduct as Register, took place on the 18th inst., and they could not agree and were discharged..... There were 152 civil cases entered for trial at the Toronto Assizes and some twenty criminal cases took place of little importance..... The men who beat Mr. Blackstone at Hottiana Landing, were tried for manslaughter but acquitted, it appearing very plainly that the deceased died of *destrum tremens*. What a terrible end for a respectable man to come to! In his last moments he desired that those who were at him might not be punished if his name should be dragged before the public, as his friends earn his last most miserable and degrading hours.....The criminal docket of Hamilton is but there being several cases of murder there. Generally Canada this fall the civil docket has increased, and the criminal docket decreased..... A large meeting has been held in Toronto to erect a statue by subscription in memory of the Duke of Wellington.An accident happened on Lake Huron, whereby several lives were lost by the upsetting of a small schooner,—among the lost was Br. Morrison, late of Cooksville, a member of the Lambton Division..... Judge Marshall of Nova Scotia, gave an interesting lecture to a crowded hall on the 22nd October, in the Temperance Hall in that city. He has written a very able pamphlet on the subject of Temperance and the evils of drunkenness in Great Britain, for sale at Leslie's book store.

PARLIAMENTARY.

Nothing of importance has transpired within the works in the House of Assembly, except the discussion on Mr. Young's resolution as to free trade, and debate on the Legislative Council question. Mr. Brougham brought into the House a resolution asking for the suspension of the law empowering Government to fill vacant incumbencies in rectories. Those who are down such measures may see things in a different light, what the people do, but the people generally do not understand the meaning of such conduct of reformers. Mr. Richards has introduced into the House a Bill to reform the practice and pleadings in our Superior Courts of law, its main feature, it is said, is copied from the New York State code. The measure is in many respects no doubt good. Angry discussions are being carried on in Montreal and Quebec, in respect of the railroad schemes of Mr. Jackson, and of Messrs. Galt & Holton. Mr. Hincks' name is brought into discussion as a party concerned in railroad jobs. In this respect the North American, who all recollect was terribly rabid two years ago about the alleged Hincks & Co. case, has come out as the apologist of Hincks and his friends. We know nothing of the real facts of the case discussed by Messrs. Galt & Holton, but in our