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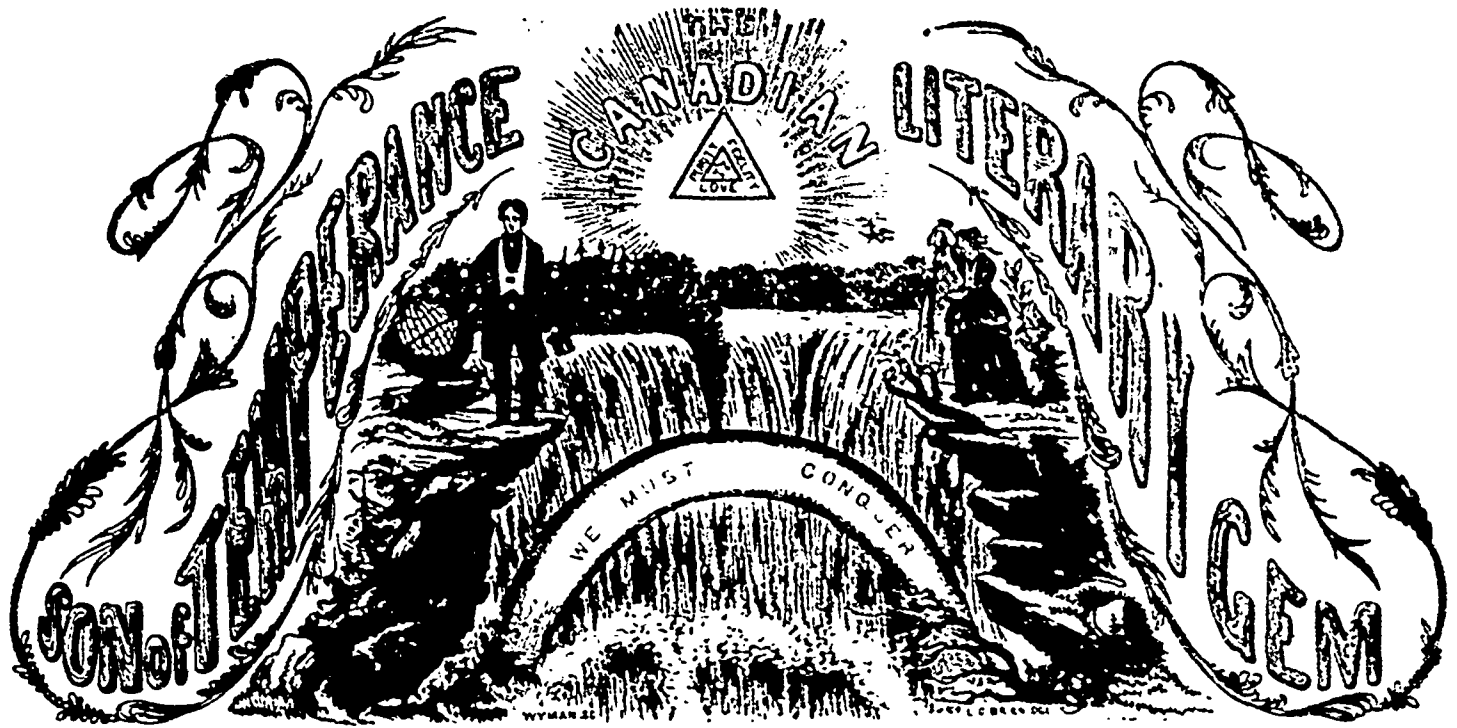
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

BY C. M. D.

[Continued from our last.]

Thus spake the chief, intrepid man,
In council first and combat's van
One feeling thro' his warriors thrill'd,
As all arose, and the heavens fill'd
With one vast shout of wild ascent,
Which far and wide its echoes lent
To the valleys, hills, and forests dear,
A scream terrific to white man's ear.
With hands uprais'd, in which there
gleam'd
A thousand trusty blades that seem'd
To flash in concert with the eyes
Of warriors grim, each bravo replies—
"Tecumseh's name our battle-cry,
In thickest fight shall be—we'll die
Or conquer 'neath his eagle eye!"
One man alone—an aged chief—
Seem'd there oppress'd and full of grief,
His only rais'd his hoary head,
When all the rest, by passion led,
Tecumseh's will and words obey'd;
He look'd most sad but nothing said.
Again he sank in mournful state,
As if his soul had cast too great
For lips to speak, for ears to hear,
Nor cared to chill with future fear.
Tecumseh's deep and piercing eye
The old chief saw, and heard his sigh.
One hundred years had come and gone,
Had o'er his frame a weakness thrown,
His form was bent, his hair was white,
His eye was dim, but his soul was
bright.
His hope was strong that hunting
grounds
Beyond the grave would have no
bounds
That there at least the Spirit Great,
Would shield the red man from his
fate,
That there his pipe he'd smoke in
peace
On lonely prairie would there cease,
Bright springs, and flow'rs, and rivers
clear,
Wide hunting grounds and wives to
cherish,
With dogs and guns there red men
rest,
Their cornfields grow around their home,
Their daughters sing, their wives de-
light,
To welcome home from the hunt at
night.
This chief in days long long gone by,
Full oft had heard that battle cry,
His brayn arm's working aim
With gun and bow had rear'd his
glory,
Fell many a foe had felt his knife
Drip up the side of flowing life,
His scream it oft awoke the wood
And rous'd his country's youthful
blood,
And well old white men knew his
name,
The scalp he took—GRANT PRAIRIE
FLAKE.

"Aged father," Tecumseh said,
"Hold up thy gray and rever'd head
Thy name's a flame of prairie fire,
Beautiful to see, but in its life
Full of swift death, of mighty power,
And with its breath the prairie cloth
scor'd;
Thy ticks and scars are all our pride
Speak out, my father, nothing hide,
Our eyes are open listen with delight—
In length of years is wisdom's light."
"Ah my brave, my generous son,"
The old man thus in speech began,

"I knew your father, he is no more,
He's gone to the Great Spirit's shore,
Oft I've seen him shake his snowy
head,
When we by hasty words were led,
He saw the redmen falling fast,
Like summer flowers before the blast—
The blast of winter's piercing wind—
Leaving their ancient homes behind
He told me oft when my young heart
With prompting vengeance fair would
start,
"Texas folly all—'twas all in vain,
To strive against the whiteman's reign,
For he is strong, girl round with might,
If one fall, thousands rush to fight."
In wisdom great their power is more,
Their treachery worse—their vengeance
sore.
Red men may fight—our warriors die,
White men will laugh—scorn at our
sigh,
Each wind that howls upon the plain,
Brings news of white man's coming
reign.
Oh warriors, soon, our glory's o'er,
Our noblest chiefs are now no more
Our name so great begins to flee,
And soon, my sons, will forgotten be.
A desolate time will shortly come,
When beggars, o'er the land, will roam,
Whitemen will rule from east to west,
My children then will seek their rest.

The best no more will be found in the
land,
Or the elk or the deer fall into our hands,
No more will the forest in Spring-time
rejoice,
Be-echo the Indian's deep mellow
voice;
The forest will yield to the axeman's
loud blow,
Where solitude reign'd strange faces
will glow,
Where the woodpecker made the forest
resound,
The owl lov'd to screech, the deer lov'd
to bound;
There strangers will live in splendour
and power,
Till destiny too shall over them lower,
Oh redmen and warriors, come listen,
alas!
To the edict of sorrow wisdom must
pass,
Tecumseh, my son, you are valiant and
brave,
But glory will lead to an untimely grave,
Your warriors will fight, and around you
will fall,
Beneath the red sword and Kenickian
ball,
The homes that once knew you, ah,
never again
Will see you return or recover the slain,
Amid strangers you'll lie afar in the east
Or form for the wolver or the eagle a
feast."

The chieftain had done, and fell on
the ground,
And the savages stood astonish'd
around.
The screech of the females fell wild on
the wind,
As screams the fierce panther deprived
of her brood.
The eye of each redman was dim for a
while,
Till the life of each bosom found vent
in a smile.

(To be Continued.)

STRANGE SERPENTS AND INSECTS.

BY AUGUSTINE.

This Texas of ours is an astonishing prolific country. Every field stands luxuriant, crowded—so that it can scarce wave under the breeze—with corn, or sugar, or wheat, or cotton. Every cabin is full and overflowing, through all its doors and windows, with white-haired children. Every prairie abounds in deer, prairie-hens, and cattle. Every river and creek is alive with fish. The whole land is electric with lizards perpetually darting about among the grass like flashes of green lightning. We have too much prairie, and too little forest, for a great multitude of variety of birds. But in horned frogs, scorpions, tarantulas, and centipedes, we beat the universe. Every body has seen horned-frogs. You see them in jars in the windows of apothecaries. You are entreated to purchase them by loafing boys on the

levee at New Orleans. They have been neatly soldered up in soda boxes, and mailed by young gentlemen in Texas to fair ones in the old States. The fair ones receive the neat packages at the post-office, are delighted at the prospect of a daguerr-type—perhaps jewelry—open the package eagerly, and taint as the frog within hops out, in excellent health, upon them. A horned frog is, simply, a very harmless frog, with very portentous horns. It has horns, because everything in its region—trees, shrubs, grass, even has thorns—and nature takes it in keeping with all around it. A menagerie of them would not be expensive. They are content to live upon air—and can live, if desired, I am told, without even that.

The scorpions are precisely like those of Arabia—in the shape of a lobster, exactly, only not more than some three inches long. You are very apt to put one upon your face in the towel which you apply thereto after washing. If you do, you will find the sting about equal to that of a wasp—nothing worse. They are far less poisonous than the scorpion of the East, in fact, none except new-comers dread them at all.

But the Tarantula! You remember the astonishing elasticity with which you sprang in the air that time you were just on the point of putting your raised foot down upon a snake coiled in your path. You were frightened through every fibre of your body. Very probably the snake was as harmless as it was beautiful. Spring as high, be as utterly frightened as possible, when you just avoid stepping upon a tarantula, however filthy, loathsome, abominable, and poisonous—crush it to atoms before you leave it. If you have never seen it, know henceforth that it is an enormous spider, concentrating in itself all the venom and spite and ugliness of all spiders living. Its body is some two inches long—black and bloated. It enjoys the possession of eight long, strong legs, a red mouth, and an abundance of stiff brown hair all over itself. When standing, it covers an area of a saucer. Attack it with a stick, and it rears on its hind legs, gnashes at the stick, and fights like a fiend. It even jumps forward a foot or two in its rage, and if it bite into a vein, the bite is death! I have been told of the battle fought by one of them on board a steamboat. Discovered at the lower end of the boat, it came hopping up the saloon—driving the whole body of passengers before it; it almost drove the whole company, crew and all, overboard.

The first I saw was at the house of a friend. I spied it crawling slowly over the wall—mediating murder on the children playing in the room—Excessively prudent in regard to my fingers, I at last, however, had it safely imprisoned in a glass jar, unhurt. There was a flaw in the glass, as well as a hole through the cork by which it could breathe, but in ten minutes it was dead from rage! So, after, I killed three upon my place, crawling about ground, rodden every day by the bare feet of my little boy. A month or so I killed a whole nest of them. They had formed their family, circle under a door-step, on which the afore-said little fellow played daily. Had he seen one of them, he would, of course, have picked it up as a remarkably promising toy, and I would have been childless.

I was sitting one day upon a log in the woods, when I saw one slowly crawl out to enjoy the evening air, and the sunset scenery. He was the largest, most bloated one I ever saw. As I was about to kill him, I was struck with the conduct of a chance wasp. It too, had seen the tarantula, and was flying slowly around it. The tarantula recognized it as a foe, and, throwing itself upon its hind legs, breathed defiance. For some time the wasp flew around it, and then, like a flash, flew right against it, and stung it under its bloated belly. The tarantula gnashed its red and venomous jaws, and threw its long hairy legs about in impotent rage, while the wasp flew round and round it, watching for another opportunity. Again and again did it dash its sting into the reptile and escape. After the sixth stab, the tarantula actually fell over on its back dead; and the wasp, after making itself sure of the fact, and inflicting a last sting to make matters sure, flew off happy in having done a duty assigned in its creation. In an hour more a colony of ants had carried it down piece-meal and deposited it in their catacombs.

But, deadliest and most abhorrent of all our reptiles in Texas, is the Centipede. This is a kind of worm from three to six inches long, exactly like an enormous caterpillar. It is green or brown, or yellow; some being found of each of these colors. As its name denotes, it has along each side a row of feet, or horny claws rather. Imagine that you walk some night across your chamber floor with naked feet; you put your foot upon a soft something, and instantly it coils around your foot in a ring

sticking every claw up to the body in your foot. The poison flows through each claw, and in two minutes you will have fainted with agony—in a few more, you will be dead. The deadly thing cannot be torn away. It has to be cut off, and claw by claw picked out. Even if it crawls over the naked body of a sleeping person, without sucking in its claws, the place will pain the person for years after; at least, so I have been told.

I have seen these things, in which nature corks her deadly poisons, often, yet I have heard of few cases in which they have bitten or killed any one. The kind Being who makes the butterflies to be abundant, in the same loving kindness which makes them so beautiful and so abundant, makes all the deadly creatures to be scarce.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

ADVENTURE WITH LIONS.

Virgil tells us of a youthful hero, who, while enjoying the puny sport of stag-hunting, longed to see a twony lion approach; but even Ascanius might have been taken back had he found himself unexpectedly brought face to face with four; and it was no disparagement to my friend's courage to say he felt, as he candidly confessed, anything but comfortable. He was armed only with a single-barrelled rifle, and his horse, old Schuikraal, was in no plight for a race with the king of beasts, which can outstrip the swiftest antelope. In this emergency, however, his presence of mind did not forsake him, and knowing that any symptom of fear would increase the danger of his position, he pulled short up, and sat motionless, with his eye fixed on his formidable adversaries. The three females dropped quietly upon their haunches, gravely returning stare for stare; while the old manneje, as the Dutch familiarly call him, a splendid fellow with a long black mane, and his sides literally shaking with fat, stood a little in front, ever and anon whisking his tail over his back, but made no movement in advance. Barkley, on his part had no idea of commencing hostilities, and, when this mute interview had lasted some minutes, he turned his horse's head round and rode slowly away. No motion was made in pursuit, and, as long as the spot was in sight, he could distinguish the four figures to all appearance remaining precisely in the same position in which he had left them. In his way back he found the carcass of a quaggo, not a quarter of a mile from our tent, recently killed, and bearing evident marks of his late acquaintance's workmanship. We sent the boys for it, the ribs had been picked clean, but the hind quarters gave the poor dogs two or three hearty meals. We congratulated our friend on his narrow escape, which was the more remarkable as, during this month and the next, these animals are especially savage and unapproachable. Lions are indeed something more than mere bog-tars in this country. Some time before our arrival Hans de Lange had a valuable horse destroyed by them in the very market place of Hartismuth. His native servant on rising one morning, to set about his daily labors, was suddenly heard to exclaim, "Daar leg een zwart ding!" (There lies a black thing,) and immediately afterwards, "Kiek! daar loop een geel ding! het lyk net zoo als een leeuw!" (Look! there goes a yellow thing. It is very like a lion.) And a lion it was, who after deliberately contemplating the "black thing," no other than the carcass of De Lange's black horse, turned round, and trotted away, as if indifferent about pursuit. Hans, however, did not take the matter quite so coolly; but, baring with rage at his loss, and at the impudence of the old skinner, as he called him, seized his trusty ryer, and, throwing himself upon the first horse he could find, without waiting for assistance, started off at a speed that soon brought him upon the heels of the lion, who, finding himself pressed, bounded up a small rant, and, having thus secured advantage ground, faced his pursuer, and stood at bay. A large dog that was rash enough to venture within his reach he caught up, and with one light stroke of his paw, swept him under its chest, when the flowing mane completely hid it from sight. Meanwhile Hans had dismounted, and, now taking a steady aim, lodged a bullet just behind the shoulder. The lion neither fell nor moved till a second bullet from the same barrel had struck him, and in the same fatal spot. He then sprang forward. One bound would have ended the old Dutchman's history, but another of his faithful dogs throws himself in the way, only to share the instantaneous fate of his comrade. The delay is but for a moment; but Hans, whose self-possession has never failed him, takes advantage of it to reload, and, as quick as lightning, the heavy ryer is at his shoulder, the quivering ball finds its mark, and the noble beast sinks slowly down and expires without a struggle.—*Six Months at Axtel, by Charles Berrier.*

OPIUM, ITS CULTIVATION, &c.

This baneful drug is chiefly cultivated in Bengal, and other English East India possessions. The seed is sown in November and produce collected in March. India is said to produce 69,000 chests, weighing from 125 to 140 pounds each, annually.

In 1837 it amounted to between 39,000 and 40,000 chests, valued at \$25,000,000. From 1838 to 1842 the trade was almost entirely interrupted by the war which grew out of the attempts on the part of the Chinese government to suppress it.

The principle use made of opium by the Chinese is in the form of smoking. The wealthier orders do their smoking in their own dwellings, but for the poorer classes there are thousands of shops fitted with accommodations expressly for smoking.

"It exhausts the animal spirits, impedes the regular performance of business, wastes the flesh and blood, dissipates every kind of property, renders the person ill-favored, promotes abscurity, discloses secrets, violates the laws, attacks the vitals, and destroys life."

The Chinese government have made strong efforts to cut off and restrict the traffic in this drug. Public attention was directed to its injurious effects in 1799, and in 1809 an edict was issued requiring all ships discharging their cargoes at Whampoa to give bonds, that they had no opium on board.

In 1820. In 1834 an edict was issued, declaring that the injury done by the influx of opium, and by the increase of those who inhaled it, was nearly equal to a general conflagration, and denouncing upon the seller and smoker of the poison, the bastinado, the wooden collar, imprisonment, banishment, confiscation of property, and even death by public decapitation or strangulation.

But notwithstanding all this, the trade kept increasing, until at length, an Imperial Commissioner was appointed, clothed with the highest authority, to proceed to Canton and endeavor to effect an utter annihilation of the trade. In carrying out this determination, he seized and destroyed some 20,180 chests of opium, and compelled the merchants to sign a bond that they would forever cease trading in the article.

This bold and decided measure on the part of the Commissioner led to the war with England, which is commonly known as the opium war, the result of which is well known. When urged to legalize the trade the Emperor replied in these memorable words: "It is true," said he, "I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the rice and misery of my people!"

One result of the war was the ceding of the island of Hong Kong to the English. In this island, after passing into the hands of the victors, the trade in opium was legalized, and twenty shops for its sale immediately licensed, within gun shot of the Chinese Empire, where such an offence is punishable with death.

It is stated upon the highest authority that the British government in India could not be sustained without the immense revenue derived from this trade. This revenue for the last six years, it is said, has amounted to nearly \$80,000,000. It is also estimated that the immense sum of \$400,000,000 of specie has been drained from China to pay for this single article alone within the last half century.—N. Y. Mirror.

CAPERS OF THE BEAR.

The San Francisco Herald gives us the following amusing item of natural history.—

The bear has even a greater fondness for acorns than the deer; he also is seen in numerous parties during the season. An expedition that took the field against them a short while ago, saw in the neighborhood of Clear Lake, no less than fifty at one time. Of the social habits of the bear, no great deal is known, as the temper of the gentleman does not invite much familiarity from outsiders, men can only treat with him from the top of a tree. The Indians, however, say that after his own bearish fashion, he has some idea of sport. The female cuffs her little ones about much in the spirit of two legged mothers, and the cubs on their part, cut all sorts of queer little antics, very often apparently for the sole purpose of distressing their anxious parents.

Dr Bow estimates the revenue of Japan at \$100,000,000 annually; the standing army at 120,000 men, and the population at 50,000,000.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, is warranted by the wisest men.

The following passionate lines are in the Knickerbocker:

Was I court-plaster, I would be
A patch upon her lip;
To spend a life of vestary,
And sip, and sip, and sip!

Why are country girls' cheeks like french calico? Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.

THE USE OF BAD DEBTS.—An editor off in Arkansas was lately shot in an affray. Luckily the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Even gunpowder could not go through unpaid newspaper bills, and the editor saved his life by the delinquency of his subscribers. Surely it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good.

Blacksmiths, it is said, forge and steel every day, but we think people speak iron-ically of them.

An Irishman in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age of improvement.—American Paper.

A Bangor paper states that an ordinance has been introduced into the councils of that city, for daguerreotyping and hanging up all past, present, and future Mayers in the Aldermen's room.

Some time ago there were an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman in conversation about their respective countries, each trying to supercede the others in his relation of wonders; and the subject of echos came on the carpet. The Englishman said there was one in a certain valley in England that rebounded half a mile, the Scotchman said there was one in Scotland that could be heard a mile distant. "Arrah," says Pat, "there's one in ould Ireland that if ye call out 'how are ye,' it answers 'very well, I thank you, Sir.'" The others gave it up.

Three Irishmen were to have four loaves of bread given to them if they could divide them equally without cutting them. This was a puzzler; but after severe mental exercise, one of them exclaimed "fais, an I have it." "Well Pat, how is it?" "well, sure, an there's two for you two and two for me too."

A man getting out of an Omnibus a few days ago, made use of two rows of knees as banisters to steady himself, at which the ladies took offence, and one of them cried aloud. "A perfect savage!" "True," said a wag, "belongs to the Paw-Knee tribe."

AN OBLIGING DENTIST.—A traveling dentist called at a farm house in Dedham, Mass., the other day, and asked if any one of the family "wanted teeth drawn?" "No, sir," said the farmer, "there is not one among us who has a single decayed tooth." The dentist hesitated a moment, and then added, "I am willing to take potatoes in pay, sir." "Lord bless you! my dear man," cried the farmer, "so you suppose we are going to sit down and have sound teeth drawn out of our heads for the sake of disposing of a few bushels of potatoes?"

PETTER AS GOOT.—My German friend, how long have you been married? "Vel dis is a ting I seldom can't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems to be so long as it never vas."

An afflicted old lady says: "I have buried several children—I've buried my husband—yet in all these troubles, I've found consolation in that passage of Scripture where it says, 'Fret not thy Gizzard.'"

According to law, the survivors of railroad accidents can recover. Their recovery may be safe enough as a matter of law we wish it were equally so as a matter of fact.

TIT FOR TAT.—The Advertiser calls the Union "a certain paper," whereupon the Union says the Advertiser is a "very uncertain paper."

A merchant not over conversant with geography on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed, "Jeopardy, where's that?"

If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a block-head. Remember, the further the razor the more you cut yourself and sweat.

TAKING PAY IN KIND.—Selling whips to a girl and squaring accounts with a kiss.

When is a ship in love? When it is attached to the buoy.

A Dutchman related a misfortune which befel his son, in the following manner: "Poor Hans! he bit himself with a rail-spike, and wash sich into his ped for six weeks in te month of August—and all his cries was Vater! Vater! Vater! and he could not eat nothin' till he complained of being a little poorer so as he could stand upon his elbow and eat a little tea."

EFFECT OF LAQUOR ON A HARD HEAD.—"Sambo was you ever drunk?" "No Josh, I was neber drunk, but I was intoxicated once on ardent spirits, and dat's enough for dis nigger.—Golly, if my head didn't feel as if all de niggers in the world were spium' wood on 'em."

A GOOD OYE.—A young lady at the Odd Fellow's Festival last evening, who was decorated with several artificial flowers about her person, was approached by a young man whose breath gave evidence of his having inhaled a little too freely. He addressed her with—"Miss—have not these flowers lost their fragrance?" "If they have not," she replied, "they certainly will if they come in contact with your breath!"—Troy Times.

SHORT AND SWEET

I hate long stories and short ears of corn,
A costly frame house and a shabby barn;
More curs than pigs, no books, but many guns,
Tight boots, sore toes, old debts, and paper duns.

The new Empress of France had fifty-eight splendid wedding dresses made a few days previous to her marriage. Her pocket handkerchiefs, it is said cost 2000 francs.



Ladies' Department.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.
Set slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And eastward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the prying view to meet,
When lovelier flowers are flaunting high.
Oh, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.
So they, who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried;
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.
And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not overlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.
BRYANT.

PRIMITIVE RUSSIAN ASSEMBLIES.

When Catherine Alexowna was made empress, of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage; but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she altered the women's dress, by substituting the fashions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of tulle and damask, and coronets and comodes, instead of caps of sable; the women found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company and visited each other, and were present at every entertainment. But as the laws in this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough to see the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them; the Czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite; an ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding. It is as follows:

- 1st. The person at whose house the assembly is kept; shall signify the name by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.
- 2nd. The assembly shall not be open sooner than 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than 10 at night.
- 3rd. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep their company; but yet he is to find them chairs, candles, and all other necessaries that company may ask for; and is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.
- 4th. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.
- 5th. Every one shall be free to sit, walk or game as he pleases; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint bowl full of brandy;) it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.
- 6th. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies, as likewise their wives and children.
- 7th. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments assigned for the assembly.
- 8th. No ladies are to get drunk, upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.
- 9th. Ladies who play at fortunes, questions, and commands, &c., shall not be refused; no gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss; no gentleman shall strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.

Such were the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire, but politeness must enter every country by degrees, and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown—awkward but sincere.

Miss Fanny Fern, in the Olive Branch, says the only way for a female community to obtain their rights is to pursue the "Crash Heep" policy—look humble, and be almighty cunning. But with submission and then throw a noose over the wail. Appear not to have any choice, and as true as gospel you'll get it. Ask their advice and they'll be sure to follow yours. Look one way and put another. Make our reins of silk, keep them out of sight, and drive were you like.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on water. It leaps from her heart in a clear sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing the wandering voice this very day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill-spirits of the mind.

THE ROMANS AND THEIR WIVES.—The affection of Aurelius Marcus, a Roman soldier, for his wife is evinced by a stone in the

Norman keep at Newcastle, which commemorates "his most holy wife, who lived 33 years without a stain." Another sorrowing warrior perpetuates the name of "his incomparable wife, with whom he lived 27 years without having had a single squabble!" Paley, on hearing at Auckland Castle of a similar connubial phenomenon, exclaimed to his informant, the Bishop's lady, "Mighty dull, Madame, I think."—Gateshead Observer.

The recent marriage of Attorney General Crittenden to Mrs. General Ashley is a general comment, and we see no reason why it should not be, inasmuch as the bride is put down as a gay, dashing wealthy and beautiful widow, and the bridegroom as the personification of homeliness, and a tremendous chewer of tobacco. Mrs. Ashley is the third wife of Mr. Crittenden, and Mr. Crittenden is third husband of Mrs. Ashley. There is this difference, however, between the two, his homeliness is the work of nature, while her beauty is said to be mostly the work of art.—Springfield Republic.

PRICE OF KISSES FROM COUNTESS.—The recently deceased miser millionaire, the Marquis d'Aligre, was called upon one morning by the beautiful Countess de —, with a subscription paper for the sufferers by the recent inundations. "I call upon you, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, with her delightful smile, "in favor of the sufferers of Loire, and I must open my battery upon your heart." "Upon my purse, you mean to say, madam," replied the Marquis; "but whichever it be, I capitulate—and now for conditions. How many pieces like this (showing a gold piece) do you demand for a kiss?" The Countess looked up at his wrinkled face, as it to count the cost, and gravely replied, "For fifty like that I will give you two." One would have better contemned the Marquis, but he stepped to his bureau and brought the purchase money—for twice as much as she asked for receiving upon his bald forehead, as he bowed to put the money into her hand, the soft commodities, valued at twenty-five Napoleons each.—Home Journal.

A person of Catholic faith died in Sandwich, Mass., on Monday last, and by direction of his wife the corpse was interred in a Protestant Cemetery. The following night the parents and friends of the deceased, proceeded to the grave yard, dug up the body, carried it to the depot, and were about to start with it for Boston, when the friends of the wife came to the rescue. The offenders have been held for trial at the April term of the Court of Common Pleas.—American Exch.

Spiritualism has lately created considerable excitement in the village of Tullytown, N. J. One night last week, a "circle" had commenced operations, and a number of the "unbelievers" were permitted to be present. After various interrogations, to which no satisfactory answers were given, one of the party put the following question: "Will the spirit inform us who is present in this room?" A tremendous rapping commenced, so great as to alarm several women present. All were silent and anxious. The spirit finally answered, "The devil!" A dead silence prevailed, while all present gazed intently upon each other. At last one of the "unbelievers" groaned in a very unnatural tone, whereupon the whole party fled. One ran all the way to Morrisville, and declared to his neighbors that the devil had kept close to his heels the whole distance.—American Exch.

A MERRY HEART.

It will to have a merry heart,
Hon ever show we may;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
Whatever the world may say.
Philosophy may lift its head,
And find out many a fault,
But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw!
If life but brings us happiness—
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones
Try.
With all their heaps of gold:
Then laugh away—let others say
Whatever they will of mirth:
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!
There's beauty in a merry laugh,
And moral levity, too—
It shows the heart's an honest heart,
That's paid each man his due,
And lent a share of what's to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fears—
And made the cheek less sorrow
Speak,
The eye weep fewer tears.
The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
And tempest-wrath begin,
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
Its sunlight is within.
Then laugh away, let others say
Whatever they will of mirth:
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

A CURIOSITY SHOP.—Dr. Abbott, a gentleman who has probably seen more of the world than any person in existence, and who has passed twenty years of his life in the land of the Nile—has on exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute, one of the most singular, interesting, and valuable collections of Egyptian curiosities, that has probably ever been in possession of one single individual. Besides mummied men and women, the museum contains three mummies of full sized sacred bulls, and a large number of mummied birds, in perfect preservation. There are eggs, also, and twenty centuries ago, which were found in vases, in places of ancient sepulchre—wheels of ancient chariots, such as Pharaoh rode upon in the bed of the Red Sea—a fine tooth comb, made of wood, but exactly of the same form as those now in use, with fine teeth on one side, and coarse on the other—part of a lady's dress-comb, resembling those now worn—specimens of false hair used by the Egyptian ladies in the most ancient times—a piece of thick rope, differing in no respect from that now used for ship's hawsers—a bronze fish-hook, precisely similar in principle and form to ours. Egyptian gran, fruits, nuts, &c.—slates with wooden frames, just such in appearance as boys now use at school, except that the slate is not slate, but a waxy substance—some games of the draught and chess nature—needles, pins, thread, scissors, walking-sticks, all extremely like those of modern times. One of the most remarkable objects in the collection is an ancient caricature, representing a king in the form of a lion sitting in a ridiculous manner upon a throne—quite in the spirit of "H. B." and Punch. There is, besides, a large number of valuable gold ornaments, principally finger-rings, many of them bearing inscriptions, and some apparently intended to be used as seals. In a word, the collection is, in the very highest degree, interesting and instructive, and we advise our readers to go no means to allow it to pass unnoticed.—New York Dutchman.

EARNINGS OF THE PEN.—It is stated that \$1500 was paid the late J. Fenimore Cooper, for Graham's Magazine, for the "Islet of the Gulf," and \$1000 for ten Naval Biographies, besides \$1200 for twelve other articles. It is said that during the last three years Sartan's Magazine has paid \$46,000 for literary articles. Godey's Lady's Book has also expended large sums in the same way.



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. vi. v. 6.

"INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW WHITE FLOWER."

Innocent child and snow-white flower
Meet ere ye part in your opening hour
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.
White as those leaves, just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart,
Gently passion and calm thy care
Never have left their traces there.
Attend one! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,
Soon wilt it see thy childish eye;
False as it is thou wilt throw it by.
Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw in the ground the fair white flower.
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep, O! white and innocent heart.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRINTER'S BOYS.—The New Hampshire Patriot, the leading Democratic paper in Concord, says the printing office of that paper has been the great training school of a Governor a Senator in Congress, several Representatives to Congress, many Editors, some Ministers, and many other young men who have filled at various times numerous responsible stations in the community. The same may be said of many other printing offices in the country. The printing office is a good school when properly improved—a bad one when perverted.

A YOUNG COMPOSITOR.—On one of the Ferry boats yesterday two gentlemen were talking about the trial trip of the Ericsson, when a little fellow who had been listening attentively, remarked that she had already been two trips, and he supposed she had now gone on a voyage. There was something so engaging in the manners of the child, that one of the gentlemen drew him out on the galley engine, and found him not only to be familiar with its general construction, but capable of conveying to another a clear idea of its plan. His remarkable intelligence and diminutive stature led the gentleman to question him closely, and it appeared that he was exactly eight years old, and supported himself by setting type. His task was 1600 ems a day, and he said that when he chose he could complete it by three o'clock in the afternoon. He showed himself to be perfectly familiar with all the technicalities of his trade:—and who him altogether he is one of the most extraordinary illiputians typos we have ever seen. N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

THE WISE GOAT.—The late R. P. of W was for some time ensnared by the sin of drunkenness, but was at length recovered from it in the following singular way.—He had a tame goat, which was wont to follow him to the ale-house he frequented. One day by way of a frolic, he gave the animal so much ale that it became intoxicated. What particularly struck Mr. P., was, that from that time, though the creature would follow him to the door, he never could get it to enter the house. Revolving this circumstance in his mind, Mr. P. was led to see how much the sin by which he had been enslaved had sunk him beneath a beast and from that time he became a sober man.

IF Rome has a population of 175,000, and amongst them are twenty-six bishops, 1,200 priests, 2,092 monks and members of religious orders, 1,000 nuns, and 337 ecclesiastical pupils.

SAGACITY OF A GREYHOUND AND POINTER.—A gentleman in the county of Suffolk, kept a greyhound and pointer, and being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hare, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over, it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing the hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down, so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping over dykes &c. The animal, however, continued to stroll out to the fields together; and one day the gentleman, suspecting that all was not right, resolved to watch them, and to his surprise, found that at the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the ring in his mouth, and carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for larks as usual. They were followed, and it was observed that whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drew her from her form, but he uniformly returned to assist his companion when he had accomplished his object.

COURAGE OF A BIRD.—About two months ago, on descending a hill from Stock-cross, a weazel, with a mouse in his mouth, was seen crossing the road closely pursued by a roan, which frequently pounced upon the weazel, uttering shrill notes of defiance. The weazel turned many times, and at last, on reaching the grass on the road-side, it dropped its prey, and went back some paces to attack the roan. This was availed by the bird rising in flight, and immediately darting to the side of the mouse, whose cries of distress had doubtless attracted its attention and excited its sympathy. Before the observer could reach the spot the weazel had again seized the mouse, and retreated with it into a hole in the adjoining bank, the mouse being paralyzed with fear, or too severely injured, to avail itself of the chivalrous interposition of its feathered friend. The bird, regardless of the presence of the witness, or trusting to their aid, continued for some time to flit from bough to bough on the edge-row, making the most plaintive queries.—London Paper.

PROCEEDINGS OF GRAND DIVISION—NECESSITY OF AN ORGAN OF THE ORDER.

In a late number we published a letter on this subject from a correspondent, and promised to make some remarks on it. Room will not permit us to enlarge until our next. There is no doubt, however, that the proceedings of the Grand Division are very imperfectly known by the Order at large. At a very great expense, indeed it is the largest item attending the Grand Division, a few hundreds of copies are printed of the half yearly proceedings of the grand Division, of these copies one or two are sent to each Division, and members of the Grand Division are supplied with copies. It becomes a question then whether it would not be more useful if a certain sum of money were paid to some temperance paper in Western Canada, having the largest circulation, to print and circulate these proceedings for the use of the Order at large. In our next we are going to give an account of some things that took place at the last session of the Grand Division, not heard of by perhaps one in fifty Sons in Canada, and also a statement of the printing accounts of the Grand Division. It is our opinion that the Order in Canada labor under two erroneous usages, one is in leaving too much of its important business to the Grand Scribe, and another is in not having it distinctly understood that the office of the Grand Scribe like all others, shall be rotatory. There are at this time one hundred persons in Canada in the Order who could discharge the duties of this office as well as the present incumbent. The Grand Division should establish a precedent that either one or, at the farthest two years, shall be the term of office of the future Grand Scribe in Canada. We have always understood that one of the cardinal principles of the Order was rotation in office, a democracy of privileges. On the subject of the necessity of an official Organ of the Order we will be prepared to express our opinion fully next week, here merely premising our belief in its impolicy.

IF NORWICHVILLE DIVISION—LIQUOR ADVERTISING.

DEAR SIR.—This Division having referred the question of the propriety of a Son of Temperance to advertise liquors to a committee, passed this resolution— Resolved, That it is the opinion of this committee, that there is a manifest inconsistency in a Son of Temperance giving publicity to the advertisements of liquor sellers, for he thereby promotes the sale and use thereof, we therefore feel it to be our duty to discourage and discountenance such a course in any editor, he being a Son of Temperance. I am therefore directed by the Division to forward to you a copy of the proceedings, which you are at liberty to publish in the Literary Gem.

I remain sir, yours in L. P. and F., HUGHREY BAGWELL, R. S. GUSTAVUS BINGHAM, W. P. By order of March 16, 1853.

RESOLUTIONS FROM THE OROSO DIVISION, NO. 70.

Moved by F. B. Rolph, and seconded by Samuel Copeland, and Resolved, That we highly approve of the conduct of the editor of the Son of Temperance in so nobly exposing to the public, the inconsistency of the conduct of the editor of the Spirit of the Age. Carried. Moved by F. B. Rolph, and seconded by S. Copeland, That a copy of the above resolution be sent to the Son of Temperance for publication. Carried.

TEMPERANCE MEETING ON YONER STREET.

DEAR "SON,"—On the 16th inst. Judge Marshall of Nova Scotia delivered a most impressive and powerful address on temperance, to a large and attentive audience in Cummer's Chapel. The learned and renowned lecturer proved most conclusively, to an untiring mind, the great truth which lies at the foundation of the whole temperance reform, viz. That the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, is not only unnecessary, but, in all instances, positively and seriously injurious. A unanimous vote was taken in favour of a Prohibitionary League for Canada. The meeting wished you to give publicity to their proceedings in your widely circulated organ, for the purpose of calling forth similar exertions in other parts. March 23rd, 1853. D.

IF SONS OF KEMPTVILLE, March 19th, 1853.

DEAR SIR & BR.—I have been ordered to notify you that at the last meeting of our Division the following resolution was regularly made, seconded, and carried. That in the opinion of the members of this Division, the name of the publisher of the Spirit of the Age should be erased from the Constitution of our Order. By order of Kemptville Division, No. 16, S. of T. W. H. FANNIN, R. S.

IF WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?—A man bends behind a bar and tells liquor to customers but drinks none—yet receives money for it!

Another, through his paper advertises this same liquor for sale, for the man, and induces buyers to call there and drink—receives pay for it, but drinks not himself!

IF The last Spirit says the Canadian, a paper that has had an existence of a year and a few months, with a circulation of perhaps 1500, has done SEVEN TIMES AS MUCH FOR TEMPERANCE as the Son, which has been in existence more than two years, and had a circulation of from 2500 to 2500. We will venture the assertion that this paper is read by five times the number of persons that read the Canadian.

THE TORONTO SECTION CAPTIVE gave a social party to the Daughters of Temperance on the evening of the 23rd inst. at the Ontario Division Rooms. Br. J. Gibson was in the chair.

NOTICE—EDITOR'S OFFICE BOX OF TEMPERANCE is removed to the corner of Yonge and Temperance Street next door to Lawson and Clarkson's over B. M. Clarke and Co's new grocery up stairs. Durand editor. All city and county payments for the paper will be received at this office.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

TORONTO, TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1853.

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

STAY! DRUNKARD, STAY!

BY ARIEL.

Stay! Drunkard, stay! touch not the bowl. Lift not the poison up.— There's deep damnation for thy soul, Within that sparkling cup. 'Twill thrill along the sluggish veins,— And touse thy spirit up. 'Twill gently soothe thy aching pains,— That bright and rosy cup.

BACKING OUT.

The Spirit of the Age, of the 11th instant, in its leader, looks very much like backing out from its hitherto bold position as to liquor advertising.

Let there be no mistake. The position of our controversy with this paper, and the cause thereof, stand thus:—

The Canadian newspaper is owned and edited by Mr. Mac-Queen, who professes to be a Son of Temperance. The Spirit of the Age is owned and edited by him, printed and published at the same office, with the same type, and professes to be an organ of strict Maine law and total abstinence principles. He has entire control over both papers, and can insert in or exclude liquor advertisements from one or both.

He says it is consistent and proper for a Son of Temperance to publish the advertisements of liquor stores or inns, and that he as the editor of a strict temperance paper, is acting morally and consistently in doing all this.

Does the Spirit mean to deny that this is his position? Will he as a Son of Temperance and Temperance Editor, now discontinue his liquor advertisements in the Canadian? Does he assert that the Prototype was right as a temperance paper in 1851, in publishing liquor advertisements?

The editor of the Spirit has distinctly said that it is lawful for him as a Son to make his bread by helping, through liquor advertisements, to increase the traffic. The Spirit, and the Divisions his allies in Hamilton, wish to make this matter a personal quarrel with us, and are appealing to the Divisions on this ground, sending about the country circulars containing garbled extracts from articles written some years ago. We want them to answer our arguments and those of the Caledonia Division.

We want them for the good of the cause to cease to help innkeepers and merchants to curse society with Liquor Drinking.

The Son of Temperance and Literary Gem inserted a letter from an officer of the Cornwall Division, which commenced the discussion. The Spirit falsely accused the editor of the Gem with being the author of that letter. The position we have assumed was taken by us in 1851, in reference to the conduct of the London Prototype. The Spirit says the Prototype then a temperance and non-political paper, was right in publishing liquor advertisements, thereby saying that it would be right in the Spirit or Son to do so. We have always assumed the contrary position, asserting it to be inconsistent and morally wrong for a Son of Temperance to publish liquor advertisements in any paper.

The fact of such a Son being an editor of a temperance paper increases the enormity of his inconsistency.

The Hamilton, Stratford, and Simcoe Divisions assert that it is consistent in an editor to do all this. The Cornwall, Trifalgar, Caledonia, Oakville, Crowland, Orono, Norwichville, Victor, Yonge Street, Cumminsville, Kempville, and other Divisions say not. Every Division in Canada should declare it improper in any Son of Temperance to advertise liquor advertisements for a living.

It is not a matter that concerns us as an editor, but one that concerns the good of the Order. It is justifiable for a SON OF TEMPERANCE, an editor, to advertise, it is lawful for him to stand behind the counter and help to sell. There is no moral difference. Both lead to Drunkenness, and help the liquor traffic.

LET US RAISE A GREAT FUND FOR LECTURES.

There is much truth in the remarks of the following letter, and some excellent suggestions. It is true as the writer says, that Canada, as yet, has not been half aroused on the subject of the evils of intemperance. The lecturing has been confined too much to Sons and temperance men, instead of being given to the drunkards and drinkers; also, Sons themselves have been too tame, not consistent, giving cause for remarks by their enemies:—

DIVISION AT THAMESFORD, MISSOURI EAST.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Our Thamesford Division has encountered many difficulties and much opposition during the past year, and many of its members have betrayed strong symptoms of their affinity to the "unclean animal," by returning to their wallowing in the mire. But hope leans confidently upon our anchor, and our bark but rides the storm more bravely by having had some of her superfluous spars blown away. Although few in number we are, at present, in a sound and wholesome condition. As a specimen of the opposition we have encountered I may mention that, some months ago the place in which we kept our paraphernalia was burglariously entered, and our Regalia bodily abstracted, by some of the minions of that ancient gentleman, who is represented to sport a very different kind of badge upon his neither extremities. This was on the eve of a public lecture, and the spirit's design of the burglary, doubtless, was to prevent the Sons from making a respectable appearance. If so, the end was not attained, for at our next meeting we were all found at our posts, arrayed in all the tinsel of office, and the appropriate emblems of love, purity and fidelity. The only inconvenience we sustained was the outlay of \$20 or \$30. I have been lately revolving in my mind, with much anxiety, the

probable causes of the falling off which has been occurring in many Divisions, and the decline of enthusiasm in the temperance movement, which, I fear, is too obvious to be unobserved. That a reaction, or rather a want of adequate action on the vital subject should exist, must have its cause. The agitation of the subject was certainly never carried to the turning point, or to the extent that a reaction should be the necessary consequence. On the contrary, it is my firm belief that the agitation has not been carried to THE FULL EXTENT it should be. A degree of excitement has been created by the efforts of public lectures, and temperance institutions, but it has been very partial, the public sentiment has never been thoroughly aroused to that pitch of enthusiasm, at which the vox populi becomes the vox Dei, and which is necessary to carry out a huge moral reformation, by sweeping away, with one mighty swoop, all the formidable obstacles which selfish interests oppose; and by rooting up the firm prejudices which long usage has implanted in the very foundations of our social structure. To ensure, therefore, the passage of the Maine Liquor Law, and its efficient operations when passed, its friends should direct all their energies to the grand agent of agitation. Agitate—agitate, until the people are thoroughly wakened up to a pitch of enthusiasm which will bear down all opposition. Without this we cannot have the Maine Law passed, without it the law would not work if we had it. But how is this agitation to be carried on? and whence are the sinews of war to be derived? I answer the first question: mainly by public lectures, simultaneously delivered throughout the province. By appeals to the people addressed, not feebly here and there, but powerfully and every where at once. A few lecturers, travelling singly over the country, delivering a few isolated addresses, will never rouse up public sentiment to any efficient burst of enthusiasm on any subject. These may create a little excitement here and there but it will soon pass away for want of stimulus and general sympathy. We must therefore endeavour to BEAR UP the whole mass at once, until it is in a state of ebullition, instead of satisfying ourselves with putting a little leaven here and a little there to raise a few useless bubbles, that may blow up vigorously for a moment, and then sink away into the general apathy that summoned them. To create this simultaneous action, instead of two or three lecturers, as at present, my plan would be to have at least 40, that is, one for every city and county in Canada West, or one for every ten Divisions of the Sons. It would be easy to distribute the appointments of these forty lecturers, so that each lecturer should deliver four lectures in every county and city—all of which four lectures should be delivered in one week—the whole course would thus be completed in ten months, and would make an aggregate of 6,400 lectures. At or shortly before the termination of the course, four or five of the lecturers should meet at some given point or points in each county and city, for the purpose of holding a Mass meeting, and getting up petitions to the Legislature against the next session of Parliament.

To provide the sinews of war, I would suggest a mode which is not liable to serious objection, and which could be easily adopted. Allowing to the 40 lecturers an average of £80 for 10 months' services, the total expense of this mighty simultaneous effort would be £3,200. Now there are upwards of 400 Divisions of the "Sons" in Canada West, with an aggregate membership of over 20,000. One penny per week from each member would, in course of ten months, amount to £3,333, a sum exceeding that required, sufficient to defray the management of the Fund. This penny a week might either be contributed specially by the brethren for the purpose, or it might be set apart for the fund out of the weekly dues of each member just as the several Divisions might decide. The latter method would be the more certain course, and all it would want to carry it out would be such action on the part of the Grand Division as would legalize such an appropriation of the funds of subordinates.

If these suggestions seem worthy of a place in your Son, or calculated to be of any service to the cause, you are at liberty to publish them.

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

March 14th, 1853.

THE "STAR IN THE EAST."

AIR.—Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon. BY ELIZB ELLISTER.

That Eastern Star,—that Eastern Star, O bid it rise, to zenith skies,— We hail with joy its glorious beams: And let it spread its glories far, To millions gazing from afar, Till all our land with grateful eyes, Like Bethlehem's Star of Peace it seems, Admire this beautiful Eastern Star.

WE see here an instance of a good man being frightened from the discharge of his duty. It is really lamentable to see the truckling spirit that exists even among many Sons. There are some Divisions, such as those of Hamilton, who from factious or improper motives, because they have an editor there located, will persecute us for standing up for the consistency of the temperance press—holding us against us that it is right for a Son of Temperance to advertise the grogshops of HAMILTON.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL OF LONO.

RESPECTED BRO.—I regret much to have to state, that after our Township Council had both law and gospel on their side, they condescended to give their power into the hands of the unprincipled, who have reversed our fairest prospects.

The petition that I spoke of in my last, of the freeholders to obtain license, and which by the by, was only signed by about 150 of our Council treated with due indignity. Our Reeve then, no doubt with an intention to be liberal and fair—as he is a very fine man, consented, upon the appearance of a requisition signed by 12 freeholders, to call a public meeting and leave the decision to the majority whether license should be granted or not, which took place last Monday, when a majority of twenty were in favor of licenses, the day being the most blustering we have had during the past winter; which no doubt prevented very many in favor

of Temperance from coming out. But on the day that our Reeve received the requisition for the public meeting, he also received a lawyer's notice of a prosecution, that had been instituted against the Council, on account of their refusing licenses, by the grog-sellers, which however, they were very willing, apparently, to withdraw.

Now Sir, I do not wish to censure our Reeve, whom I believe to be a most excellent and able advocate of the temperance cause, yet I do think that while he had justice and mercy both on his side in withholding license, he had no occasion to yield his position. Yours, in L. P. and F., S. J. LANCASTER.

March 16, 1853.

LINES ON TEMPERANCE—BY H. K. BALLOU.

These lines with a little alteration were written by a youth of sixteen, and he says they are his first.

Turn, turn your steps, oh youth to that bright way, Where peace and pleasure reign to thee unknown, Let glorious Sons of temperance win the day, Their principles prevail, doctrines be sown.

Then man would prosper, wives would cease to weep, And old and young rejoice to tell the glorious tale; Babes in their cradles then would quiet sleep, And health and wealth result from Adam's ale.

Hear ye all—oh man, come join and be a Son, And bid defiance to the serpent's hiss; Let all mankind for good unite as one; Be temperate—love peace—in others good seek bliss.

Be free at once from that which will destroy, A wife—a home—thy children all invite; Let fell intemperance no more annoy, Or dim the brightness of the fire-side light.

I am no Son of temperance, yet I feel, Although a boy, some good the world I owe; These lines to write from work a moment steal; Resolv'd to join the Sons when I older grow.

—Cayuga.

Whereas, the Hamilton Divisions Sons of Temperance, have passed resolutions justifying the conduct of the editor of the Spirit of the Age and the Hamilton Canadian newspapers, in inserting in the latter, various LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS of INNS, SALOONS, and STORES; asserting in and by such resolutions, that such editor in so doing is, as an avowed Son of Temperance, conductor and owner of a temperance periodical, acting consistently and proper.

Now, we the undersigned Sons of Temperance of Toronto city and its vicinity, do entirely differ from the Hamilton Divisions and said editor, believing their doctrines subversive of the interests of the Order, and of the temperance cause; and, we hereby publicly challenge them to debate this question in its two fold aspect—upon these terms. The question shall be put and argued in this form:

“Is it consistent and proper for a Son of Temperance, being an editor and proprietor of a political newspaper, to insert therein for his livelihood, intoxicating liquor advertisements of inns, saloons, and groceries?”

Secondly:— “Is it consistent and proper for the editor and proprietor of a strictly temperance paper; seeking the patronage of Sons and teetotalers, to advertise for his livelihood, the inns and liquors of rum-sellers in any other paper of which he is proprietor?”

Said questions shall be argued by nine speakers from Toronto, and nine from Hamilton, at Oakville, in the Sons Temperance Hall—between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of May, in the presence of twenty-four judges—to be chosen by ballot from the Oakville, Wellington Square, Cumminsville, Waterdown, St. Ann's, Palermo, Milton, and Trafalgar Central, Stewarttown, Georgetown, Port Credit, and Hornby Divisions,—each Division sending two judges. Each speaker to occupy 20 minutes in first speaking, and ten minutes in reply, to speak alternately. The Hamilton speakers take the affirmative, and the Toronto speakers the negative side of the questions. A speaker not occupying the whole time allotted to him, the same may be occupied by another on the same side.

- Names of Toronto speakers: CHARLES DURAND, ALEXANDER MCKINNON, E. V. WILSON, ROBERT MOORE,—St. Lawrence Division, HENRY LATHAM,—Toronto Division, SAMUEL ALCOCK,—York Division, ABRAHAM DIAMOND,—Yonge Street Division. Other three names will be added in our next.

THE NEW PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.

This proposed Canadian Liquor Law is now generally published, and is lying on our table. We had hoped to have been able to insert it in this week's issue but cannot until our next. The features are nearly similar to the Maine Law, with which our readers are all familiar. In a few particulars it varies. We may issue an extra tomorrow, if so, we will insert it in the extra, as well as in next Tuesday's number. It has not as yet been read a second time, as erroneously published in some papers. Mr. Cameron on moving for a second reading, merely prefaced it with some remarks. No general discussion has as yet taken place on it. Indications from below seem to go to show that it will not be passed this session. We should be sorry for this, as we think the House should be fairly tested on this question. It is a question of far more importance than many that are making a great noise in Canada. The report of the committee on the liquor traffic is drawn up, and will be shortly published. Further remarks will be made in our next on this subject.



The Literary Gem.

(ORIGINAL.)
SPRING.

O, for the bright and sunny days,
When Spring beams round us fall,
The wand'ring zephyr wanton strays,
Along each forest hall;
When nature waking from her sleep,
Rends winter's chilly chain,
And golden sunbeams southward sweep,
The icebergs o'er the main.

O for the bright and sunny hearts
That Spring days will disclose,
When verdure from cold torpor starts,
And with fresh glory glows?
When violets bursting into birth,
Are by the wayside seen,
And sunny showers kiss the earth,
And clothe the woods in green.

O for the bright and sunny time,
When through the woods we'll stray,
And watch the red-robed squirrel climb,
The beech-trees old and gray:
When bud and blossom bursting are,
And warblers tune their tongue,
To Him who keeps them in his care,
And feeds their feeble young.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

AMERICAN POETS AND POETRY—BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant, the greatest American poet, was born in 1794 at Cummington, in Massachusetts; his father being a respectable physician. He exhibited poetical talents, and composed several good pieces at the ages of 10 and 14. The "Embargo," a poem, and the "Spanish Revolution," were written and printed in 1808-9, when the author was only 12 and 13 years old; and were at the time spoken very highly of as evidences of coming genius. Bryant generally wrote in rhyme, but he at times wrote also in blank measure. He used various measures, and tried his hand at all kinds of poetry. His poetry, however, may be called lyrical; it is very easy and natural.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent hall of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.—"THANATOPSIS."

By examining this measure it will be seen the same number of feet are not uniformly used in the corresponding lines; ten, eleven, and twelve feet verses are alternately used in the above lines. His "Thanatopsis" is a short but beautiful poem; "An Indian Story;" "The Yellow Violet;" "Innocent Child and Snow White Flower"—the two last, which we insert in this number, are very beautiful, truly poetical. "The Prairies," a short poem is, within our personal knowledge, true to nature; we have often seen and admired the beautiful things he therein describes. "The Song of Marion's Men," and the "Arctic Lover," are very good. Bryant may be called the Burns of America; his mind, however, was much more cultivated. Edgar A Poe was the Shelley or Byron of America, both of whom in many respects he resembled. It is easy to perceive that the best of poets allow themselves the license at times of varying one and even two feet rather than spoil a beautiful thought—to carry out a poetical idea.

'Tis said when life is ended here
The spirit is borne to a distant sphere;
That it visits its earthly home no more,
Nor looks on the haunts it loved before
But why should the bodiless soul be sent,
Far off, to a long, long banishment?
Talk not of the light, and the living green!
It will pine for the dear familiar scene;
It will yearn, in that strange bright world to behold
The rock and the stream it knew of old.—
"THE TWO GRAVES."

In the first line above there are eight feet, in the second ten; in the fifth line there are ten feet, in the sixth nine only. Again, in the last line there are nine, and in the one next to it, with which it should correspond, eleven feet. Bryant published his first volume of poems in 1821, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, comprising the "Ages," "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," "Green River," &c. He was admitted to the Bar in 1815, and practised as a lawyer ten years. In 1825 he was married and removed to New York city, where he has since resided. In that city he became editor of the New York Evening Post, of which he is still editor. He also assisted in various literary works and publications in that city. The "Ages," a philosophical and moral poem, is his longest and most elaborate one. It begins thus:

"When to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the good man goes;

Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
His silver temples in their last repose;
When over the buds of youth the death wind blows,
And blights the fairest, when our bitter tears
Stream, as the eyes of those who love us close,
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest Goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

In this poem the same license in measure is taken, the last verse containing twelve and the corresponding ones only ten feet. In Bryant's poetry there is great simplicity, and true poetic imagery—fine moral feeling. Bryant is also a good prose writer. His late work—"Travels in Europe"—is said to be very interesting. Mr. Armour of this city has it for sale.

THE LARGE AND SMALL CANADIAN BROWN BITTERN.

There are three species of the Stork or Bittern in Canada. Only two of which we now speak of. Of the large blue species we will speak at another time. The large brown bittern is found in the marshes, rivers, and swamps of Canada, very far north. It as well as the smaller kind lives on frogs, fish, and snails. It will set for hours in a perfectly stationary position, with head and neck erect, perfectly motionless. I and my wife at Dunville in July 1851 were sitting in an Inn looking at the Grand River opposite, which is there very wide; on a log near the further edge of the river in a marshy place, we observed something erect standing up perfectly motionless. We waited it for an hour, without perceiving the slightest motion in the body or neck. It was a quarter of a mile away and looked like the broken limb of an old tree lying in the water. At last we observed motion in the neck and perceived it was a bird. The legs and neck are unusually strong, thus enabling it to stand erect and motionless for hours together. It will stand in this position and watch its prey in the water. The smaller kind, which is not larger than a thrush, though nilar in make and colours to the other, confines itself to the thick reeds and bogs of swamps. The bittern is nearly two feet long from the end of the beak to the end of the tail, the neck and bill being about nine inches. From the point of the bill to the end of the foot, the length is over two feet. The wings are round and short, causing a clumsy flight. The tail is scarcely visible—the feathers being about two inches long. The beak is over two inches long, very strong, yellowish, ending in a point, both mandibles being curved. The beak is bare of feathers beyond the eyes, except above. The eyes seem set in the thick part of the bill, are very large, of a bright yellow—showing the sight to be very strong. This is necessary, owing to its manner of watching its prey. One can easily see the wise provision of nature, in thus making the eyes of this species of bird as well as the eagle species, and the kingfisher large and powerful. The legs are yellow, bare above the first joint—very strong—six inches and upwards long, feet slightly webbed. The colours are, white on the throat, a dirty yellowish brown on the breast and abdomen, and a chestnut brown dashed with black on the back, neck, wing coverlets, and tail. It is very light in make, weighing much lighter than one would suppose from its apparent size. These birds are said to be good eating. When shot, if not killed, it is very fierce, and will strike with its beak with good effect, aiming always for the eyes of its foes. It appears in Canada in the latter part of May—builds in the reeds in marshes—the colour of the eggs we do not know. The small species is about nine inches long—legs two inches long, yellow, the bill one inch and upwards long, plumage form and manners exactly similar to the large species. In size it is not more than one fifth of that of the larger kind. It is very seldom seen, confining itself to the thick reeds and grasses, from whence it is driven by the canoes of the hunters.

THE NORTH AMERICAN WEASEL.

This most diminutive though not least admirable, of the feline species is one of the rarest animals of the country; and, on account of its activity, is seldom seen, though possessed of a most daring spirit, which seems almost to disregard the approach of man. Its boldness appears to result from instinctive consciousness of its ability to escape in the last extremity, for there is nothing of stupor or listlessness in its constitution—hence the old adage, "catch a weasel asleep." The weasel of this country is something larger than the red squirrel, though very differently proportioned, being naturally longer, and capable of extending its spine about one fourth in the length of the body. This tenacious facilitates its habits, as it is thereby enabled to pursue smaller animals into their holes and to gorge without inconvenience. It subsists principally upon animal food, if not wholly carnivorous, and its voracity is almost incredible. It aims at the jugular vein, with the accuracy of a practised anatomist and revels on the blood of its victim. I have heard the brown and white weasel spoken of; but this is an erroneous impression taken from the circumstance of its color changing with the season. In summer it is of a dark brown, and in winter white, with the exception of a broken line of brown running along the back and on the tip of the tail. When irritated it emits a pungent fetid odour, at other times hardly perceptible. The skin is said to contain strong medical virtue, and is preserved by some in great care. A minute zoography of this animal would doubtlessly be highly interesting, as it is of an extremely eccentric disposition, but the above sketch contains all the features that I have been enabled to draw from ordinary observation.

The following reminiscence of my boyhood may serve to illustrate the character of this little animal, and I therefore pen it as much for my own amusement as for the instruction of others. An old weasel had long been a welcome occupant of my father's dwelling and outhouses, to the no small annoyance of the mice, rats, and other predatory intruders. In the necessary revolu-

tions of the wood-house and corn barn, I have frequently found a litter of young rats, with their dam, murdered in the nest, where the merciless assassin had drunk the vital blood, and left them with their throats cut, the monuments of his impartial cruelty. In one of his eccentricities, this old domestic turned traitor to the cause of his patron, and awakened in me reasonable apprehensions that his transactions among the poultry were dishonourable. Eggs began to be broken and partly devoured, and several chickens were found with their necks horribly wounded. This skirmishing, assisted by his native boldness, soon gave him confidence to wage an exterminating warfare against the whole cackling generation, without respect to age or sex—even the venerable Chanticleer was irreverently butchered in his sentry-box. At length one winter evening, the male members of our family were summoned from the fire-side by cries of consternation in the hen-roost. On arriving at the scene, we found the weasel clinging like a leech to the throat of a vigorous young cock which made desperate, resistance, while the arena was strewed with several dead fowl and others complaining sadly of sore throats. As the weasel persisted, he was a fair mark to strike at; and one of our company, having procured a choice club, made several passes at the rascal, but he eluded them with the celerity of thought, though seemingly buried in his debauch when the club received its impulse. Nothing could induce him to desist more than a few minutes, when he again returned to his victim. The fowls were all removed, except one badly wounded, which was left as a bait. I then placed this invalid near a crevice through which the weasel had several times escaped; and on the side of approach set a small steel trap, and retired. After a short time I returned to the spot and found the little gourmandizer still apparently gorging on the fowl, though he exhibited signs of restlessness and irritation. On closer observation, I found him fast in the jaws of the trap which firmly hugged the body a little behind the middle. I attempted to take up the trap, but he would turn suddenly upon my hand till withdrawn, when he would again fasten upon the fowl; when at length, I took up the legs, raising the trap and weasel by his teeth, and in this manner transported him to the place of execution.—Canadian Garland of 1832.

A BLACKBIRD PURSUED BY A SPARROW HAWK.—A rather singular occurrence took place at Letham Grange House, near Arbroath, the residence of John Hay, Esq., a few weeks since. While Mr. Hay was engaged writing in his library, two panes of the window were simultaneously broken, and the glass scattered upon his writing table and about the room. Mr. Hay's first impression was that a couple of shots had been fired, occasioning the crash, but, on further examination into the matter, discovered that a blackbird, which had been pursued by a large sparrow hawk, had, in its eagerness to escape from its fell pursuer, dashed through the window, and taken shelter, in a terrible state of trepidation, between two panes, which were lying on the rug before the fire. It would seem that the hawk had been no less anxious to get at its prey than the blackbird to elude its pursuer; and that so determined had the bandit bird been to secure a victim, that in its desperation it had also flown against the window, broken a pane, and precipitated itself into the room, at the further end of which it lay extended. The poor blackbird after a time recovered, and was set at liberty; but Mr. Hay awarded the punishment of death to the barbarous hawk.—Dundee Advertiser.

SOLUTION OF MR. FERGUSSON'S EQUATION,

By H. Dundas Academy March 19th, 1853

$$x-1=2+\frac{2}{x+1}$$

$$(x-3)x^2=2.$$

Consequently—

$$\frac{2x-6}{x^2}=1.$$

$$x^2=2x-6.$$

$$x-3=\frac{2}{2x-6}$$

$$x^2-6x+9=1.$$

$$x=4$$

LIQUOR ADVERTISING.

We insert with pleasure the following letter from one of the best Sons of the County of Durham.

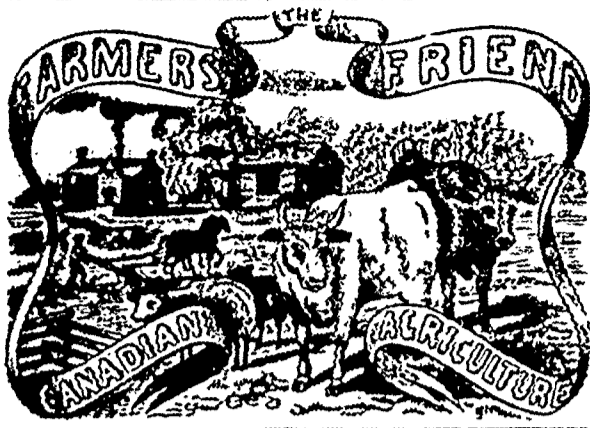
Oxoxo, March 17th, 1853.

DEAR SIR & BR.—I am truly glad that you have taken so noble a stand as you have against the iniquitous practice of Editors, who profess to be Sons and advertise liquors. I envy not the man, his moral feeling, who with ONE HAND will raise the tri-coloured flag of our glorious Order, and with the other OPEN THE FLOOD GATES OF DESTRUCTION upon his fellow man. Oh! tell it not in Canada, publish it not in the streets of Toronto, that we have a Son who will bow at the altar of the trio of noble virtues "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," with a heart untouched by the cries and wails of suffering innocence, and will lend his influence to the cause of our common enemy. "O! tempo! O! Mores!" "Consistency thou art a jewel." If ever there was a time when Sons should be consistent with their profession it is at the present time. We want no trucking to the enemy, no flying out of the track, no saying art thou in health my Brother, and then smiting us under the fifth rib. Sons must now push the battle to the very gates of the enemy, and soon the victory will be ours.

Yours in L. P. and F.
F. B. ROLPH.

THE TORONTO DIVISION SOCIAL TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The Division held a very pleasant social party at their Division Room on the 2nd inst. A tea with refreshments were served up to the company, and a choir of singers were in attendance to amuse Br. S. Rogers was in the chair, and the audience was agreeably entertained by several speakers.

BR A. H. ST GERMAIN gave a very good lecture on Calumnies, on Friday the 15th inst., in the Temperance Hall to about 200 of our citizens, all of whom were highly entertained.



Agricultural.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

Access to the jolly old farmer,
Who sings at the tail of his plough—
The monarch of prairie and forest,
'Tis only to God he may bow?
He is surely a fortunate fellow—
He raises his bread and his cheese—
And though hard is his labor in summer,
In winter he lives at his ease.

When the reign of winter is broken,
And spring comes to gladden and bless—
When the flocks in the meadow are sporting,
And the robin is building her nest—
The farmer walks forth to his labor,
And joyfully and firm is his tread,
As he scatters the seed for the harvest,
That yields to the nations their bread.

His banks are all chartered by nature—
Their credits are ample and sure—
His clerks never slop with do-poult,
Pursued by the curse of the poor—
His stocks are the best in the market—
His shares are the shares of his plow—
They bring the bright gold to his coffers,
And pleasure and health to his bow.

When his fields with rich harvests are teeming,
And the reapers go forth to their toll,
None so happy and free as the farmer—
Possessor and lord of the soil—
He sings to his wife his broad acres,
As none but a farmer can sing,
And would not change his condition
For the splendor and pomp of a king.

THE WEATHER AND MARKETS.—March weather as usual has been very fluctuating since our last. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week were very beautiful sunny days, with splendid moonlit nights—wind south, west, north west. Thursday and Friday were colder, wind more north, with some flurries of snow, cloudy, frost at night, but thawing during the day. Saturday was wet, flurries of snow and rain, at times darkening the air, wind easterly. On the whole so far the month has been cold. Navigation at Toronto is open, although there is some ice in the bay yet. The first sailing vessel came into our port from Lewistown with stone on the 20th inst. The markets are dull, provisions still very high. Vegetables come in freely. Potatoes, turnips and apples sell well at moderate prices. Lambs begin to come in, although as yet they are small. They fetch from \$2 to \$2½ each readily. Calves are in good demand at from \$4 to \$6 ready sale, beef rising. On Saturday last our market exhibited (to the credit of the Toronto butchers) a fine display of meat of an excellent description. Toronto will beat all Canada in its markets. Butter and eggs are scarce and high as yet. This is too bad for our rich county. Why don't the farmers go into egg and poultry raising more, and also into the dairy business. Oats are in good demand at 1s. 8d. to 1s. 9d. Hay also commands a good price. Sunday was cloudy but mild. Monday was sunny and mild—a light flurry of snow having fallen the previous evening. Robins, sparrows, and early spring birds have been seen for a week past, and on the other side of the lake in the Niagara country since the middle of the month.

THE RACCOON AND RACCOON HUNTING.

The Raccoon is a very common animal in Canada, being a link between granivorous and carnivorous animals, living like the bear, equally well on vegetables or animal food. Its teeth are like carnivorous animals, similar to those of the wild cat, its claws being more like those of the ground hog or badger. Its feet resemble somewhat the human hand, the claws being sharp and strong, and the legs muscular, enable it to climb trees with ease. On being pursued in the woods by dogs or other animals, it takes to trees at once, climbing to the tops, and there secreting itself. Its fat clumsy make—short legs, and flat feet prevent it from running fast. This animal when full grown is about twice the size of the common ground hog or of a large cat, having a round body, small neat head, long tan, and short out strong legs. It may measure, including the tail, which is about a foot long, three feet long in body; and the largest specimens would weigh perhaps 25 lbs. These animals when caught vary so much in size at different seasons that it is impossible to give any thing exact. In the spring after the sleep of winter, for like the bear they remain in a torpid state during our cold winter months in hollow trees, they are thin and light. In the autumn on the other hand, when they live on nuts and corn, they are at times excessively fat. The fat very much resembles that of the bear. The flesh, like that of the bear is considered by many good eating. The colour of the raccoon is blackish grey mixed with a brown tinge—the under parts being whitish. The tail is of greyish colour, with alternate rings of black, bushy, and very pretty. The nose is black pointed, and the head sharp and of a very neat make, covered with shorter hair of a whitish and blackish colour, in alternate patches. The fur is long, coarser without, than next to the skin being more woolly. It is looked upon as one of the American fur animals sought for by hunters, and the fur is used by hat-makers in coarse work. The raccoon is caught in traps, by

putalls, and also by night hunting with dogs. Some twenty-five years ago in Canada we have participated in the hunting of raccoons by night with dogs. The annual visits the farmer's cornfields in the early part of September; also may be found in low grounds where it lives on frogs, clams, snails, and in valleys where the Canadian thorn grows, eating the rich berries that lie on the ground. Birch and chestnut ridges are also frequented by it. The nuts of these trees are very tempting to it and the bear. In our next we will give in common with some further remarks, and also a short account of the sport of night raccoon hunting. **TREES.** A **COX** has become a common Canadian political expression, when applied to a man who has forsaken his former opinions, and is titled by such well-to-do as we have in our House of Assembly.

A HEN STORY.—About the first of December last, one of my hens, who had "stolen her nest," hatched a brood of nine chickens, and as they made their appearance so late in the season, it was thought they had a cheerless prospect before them, and if any of them survived the winter, it would be at the sacrifice of sundry toes. But they had the run of an empty barn, with the rest of the fowls, some thirty in number, and it was observed that one of the roosters very complacently assisted dame parrot in caring for her little family, and, as every husband should be, was the principal purveyor for the little ones; but after a few days he retired from his new vocation, and his place was immediately supplied by a hen, whose incessant care of her sister's chickens was only rivaled by the veritable mother herself. A friend wanting one of my hens about this time, I included in the number I sent him, the volunteer mother, as I thought one hen was able to take care of a brood of nine chickens; but it appeared I was out there, at least in the judgment of hens; for no sooner had the mistress and supernumerary nurse made her exit, than there came forward another hen to supply her place, and both hens took mutual charge of their little family, in perfect harmony, during the day, and at night sat close together, with the chickens under their wings.—*Traveller Cor.*

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—The following incident is related by the Edinburgh Weekly Register: "The animal belonged to a celebrated chemist, who tried upon it the effect of a certain poison, with the effort of preserving the creature's life. The next day another dose was offered him, but he would not touch it. Different sorts of poisonous drugs were presented to him, but he resolutely refused all. Bread was offered, but he would not touch it; meat, but he turned from it; water, but he would not drink. To reassure him, his master offered him bread and meat of which he himself ate in the dog's presence; and of that the sagacious animal hesitated not to partake. He was taken to a fountain, but he would drink nowhere but from the spot where the water gushed free and fresh. This continued for several days, until the master, touched by the extraordinary intelligence of the poor creature, resolved to make no more attempts upon him with his poisons. The dog is very gay and very happy, but will eat nothing that he does not first see his master touch, nor will he drink except from the purest spot in the fountain."

GALLS ON HORSES.—A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, writing from France, says it is the practice in that country, when horses get their hair rubbed off, or the skin scarified, to apply a blister to the part at once. This, if applied as soon as the injury is done, will, it is said, restore the growth of the hair. He states that it has never been known to fail when applied in time.

INDIAN CORN.—Indian corn contains about sixty per cent. of starch, nearly the same as oats. The proportion of oil and gum is large, about ten per cent.; this explains the fattening properties of Indian meal, so well known to practical men. There is besides these a good portion of sugar. The nitrogenous substances are also in considerable quantity, some twelve to sixteen per cent. Sweet corn differs from all other varieties, containing only about eighteen per cent. of starch. The amount of sugar is of course very large, and the nitrogenous substances amount to the very large proportion of twenty per cent., of gum, from thirteen to fourteen; and of oil, to about eleven. This, from the above results is one of the most nourishing crops known. If it can be made to yield as much per acre, as the hardier varieties, it is well worth a trial on a large scale.

WOOL IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Economist says:—"By recent scientific researches on the part of Peter A. Browne, Esq., of Pennsylvania; it has been established that the United States can rival the world in wool as in cotton. Thus Spanish sheep, yielding naturally wool 2000 to the inch crated to England, degenerated to 900 to the inch, and brought to the United States recovered 2100, or finer than the original. The fact being once established that our climate and soil produce finer wool than other countries, will give to our manufacturers inevitably the superiority in cloths, if the manufacturer is aided to the grower."

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE NEWS.

Neal Dow lately lectured to a very large audience in Bangor, Maine and was very successful in showing the advantages of the Maine Law.

The *Cruiser*, of New Hampshire, says that the Temperance people there are again agitating the cause in view of a new bill in Massachusetts, it is considered that the law is perfectly safe.

It is at present in contemplation by the Temperance people of the United States to hold a World's Temperance Convention, at the New York World's Fair to be held in May next.

What has become of the *American Temperance Magazine*.—We never see or hear of it now.

A moderate anti-liquor bill has passed the Indiana House of Representatives, by a vote of 53 yeas to 41 nays. Georgia has had a strong Maine Law Convention. Congress held a Temperance State Convention at New Haven on 12th.

An immense temperance gathering was held in the Melodion at Boston about ten days ago on the meeting of the State Temperance Committee. Over 3,000 people attended and the audience were addressed by numerous speakers. Boston was shaken to its centre.

John C. Clure spoke at the recent State convention at Boston and lecturing in some parts of Massachusetts. He has been collecting facts in Boston in relation to the rum traffic for some months.

NOTICE DIVISIONS.—Some of the Sons of Hamilton connected with the Divisions there, to inquire and annoy the editor of this paper, and to place the subject of discussion between us and the Spirit of the Age in a false light, have scattered among the Divisions a low and scurrilous circular. That circular is low and false, because it mistakes facts and gives garbled extracts of extracts from this paper, written more than a year ago, without giving the whole of the article or explaining the cause or merits of the matters then discussed. If we are to be attacked by a few Sons, allies of the Spirit, for trying to keep our pledge and Order pure from the liquor traffic when it is time for such persons to be held up to public reprobation. In that circular a low and slanderous anonymous letter is inserted from some enemy in London, who is afraid to give his real name. By example and precept we have tried to keep our motto pure, and for this a few selfish men are attacking. If Sons like others, wish to mix themselves up with the traffic in advertising liquors, let the world know it, and we may soon strike our tri-colored flag. In this Hamilton circular, allusion is made to our remarks on the Grand Scribe's interference in favor of the Spirit and the use of the Grand Division seal in his papers, written in favor of that paper to Divisions. Are we wrong? Let any Division to whom the circular was sent refer to its August minutes and examine that letter, and see if the Grand Scribe did not use the seal, and act in a semi-official capacity. Within a month past, he has in writing to D. G. W. P's, with his official letters, enclosed others, recommending the Spirit and his own publications, professing to act as the GENERAL AGENT of the Spirit. Is this right and proper in an official? He is paid \$500 to attend to his official duties, not to be canvassing for, or mixing himself in newspaper squabbles or patronage. If he can do it for one paper, his successor may do it for another, and we will then have the land deluged with rival papers. The late Grand Scribe never took this course, knowing his duty was to stand aloof and be impartial. Another thing which this circular wishes to make Divisions believe, is, that the editor of the Spirit is not the owner of the Canadian in which the liquor advertisements appear. How utterly unfair is all this! He is the owner of that paper, and can to-morrow say that all these ADVERTISEMENTS shall be discontinued if he chooses. But he, the SPIRIT EDITOR, prefers the PATRONAGE OF RETAILERS to the credit of TRUE CONSISTENCY as a temperance editor. ONE SIGHT of his paper may ruin a family—may induce a Son to break his pledge. BUT WHAT OF THAT? my livelihood, says he, is in the way.

The LONDON TEMPERANCE LEAGUE of London, Canada West met on the 21st March, the attendance appears to have been small. We will refer to their proceedings in our next.

The ST. LAWRENCE DIVISION by a vote lately taken, has agreed to support the Spirit. This Division is the smallest in this city, and is composed of Sons some of whom are inimical to us on personal grounds. The vote was based too, on the erroneous ground that the Canadian is not owned by the editor of the Spirit. This is not true. The editor of the Canadian is the owner of the Canadian.

Look at the proceedings of the large Divisions of OROSO, NORRISVILLE, and KEMPTVILLE.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The people of Brockville are actively engaged in trying to have a Railroad between that place and Bytown. The people of Bowmanville are about to erect a monument in honour of the late Mr. Reid. A shake of an earthquake is said to have been quite perceptible at Hamilton and St. Catharines about ten days ago. The ground vibrated so as to be easily noticed in the motion of large objects. Mr. Bell, Barrister, of this city during last week and the week before was engaged in Goderich investigating, under a Commission from the Government, certain charges preferred against Judge Ackland, of the Huron County, for "conduct in his office—various derelictions of duty being set up. A new paper called the Cayuga Sachem, is about to be started at Cayuga on the Grand River. In Galt it seems the Town Council made a By-law, saying that the tavern keepers should close their bars on the Sabbath. At this reasonable regulation, which is only carrying out a statute of the Province (forbidding the sale of liquor on the Sabbath,) the inkeepers were so enraged, that they came to the sudden determination to close their houses and stables entirely on that day, so that persons coming to church from the country were put to great inconvenience. Such peevy revenge, illegal conduct too, should have deprived these men of their tavern licenses. The Quebec Gazette of the 15th inst. and next number contain the elaborate speech of C. Dunkin, Esq., on behalf of the seigniors of Lower Canada, giving a full history of their original grant under the French Kings. The Steam Propeller Ogdenburgh arrived from Oswego on the 21st March, at this port, bringing a very large amount of European goods via New York. A Galt has been elected for Sherbrook to the Canadian Parliament. Parliament it is said will break up in May. The Brandon Town Council have petitioned Parliament for a Maine Law. Mr. McKenzie says the Law has only just been printed and not read a second time as erroneously stated in a Cay Temperance paper a week ago. A Bill has been introduced into the House to set off the eastern part of Halton into a new county, with Milton for the County seat.

Mr. Richards has introduced a Bill to amend the School Law. Mr. Brown's new Usury Bill is a very lame affair after all, it merely does away with the penalty attached to usury, nothing more. 20000 persons have petitioned parliament to appoint a commission of inquiry into the affairs of the Canada Company. It is said the Stratford and Buffalo Railroad will be finished in July next. The first boat by the Hudson River arrived at Albany from New York, on the 21st March. The REPRESENTATION BILL has passed a third reading and will become a law. Mr. Richards has introduced a Bill conferring equity powers on County Courts, a very good bill. An Indian lately died at an Inn from exposure, after being made drunk, at Onondaga on the Grand River. On the 21st inst. Mr. Cairns brought up the discussion of the Anti Liquor Bill moved its second reading, and spoke for an hour on it. The debate was adjourned. There is no person in the present House who feels deeply on this subject. See our remarks on it elsewhere. Mr. Bowes has been served in Quebec with a Subpoena in Chancery about the £10,000 job, and it is said Mr. Cotton has commenced an action against him for slander on the same ground. Mrs. Baker, who jumped out of the four story window of the Robinson Hall, London, is a 6' of height.

GREAT BARGAINS!

BRITISH WAREHOUSE.

J. C. ARMICHAEL, 68, KING STREET EAST, 2 Doors West of Church Street.

Preparatory to making extensive alterations in his premises, he is now selling off the whole of his extensive stock of Staple and Fancy...

Dry Goods and Millinery.

As he expects large importations of Spring Goods, he has reduced his present stock to such prices as will ensure a speedy sale...

NOTICE.—Such as are exclusively Fall and Winter Goods he will sell at COST PRICE AND UNDER!

rather than keep them till next fall, or have them on hand to be destroyed by plaster, &c., in time of altering the shop.

His Bonnets & Cloaks, Ribbons, Flowers, Blankets, Cloths, Lonskins, Shawls, Scarfs, Hose, Flannels, Gloves, Orleans, Cobourgs, Stuff Goods, Plaids, Prints, &c. &c. he will sell on these terms for cash.

CHARLES BAKER, MERCHANT TAILOR.

No. 37, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, begs leave to inform the public, that in addition to the above business, he has on hand, (or will make to order) ALL KINDS OF SUIT...

J. H. GOWAN, Carver and Gilder Looking-Glass & Picture Frame Manufacturer.

The subscriber respectfully informs the Trade in general, that he has on hand a large assortment of Pier, Chimney, Table, and Shaving...

ALSO PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES.

Which, from his new and extensive Machinery, he is prepared to sell at New York Prices. Wholesale and Retail.

JOHN PARKIN, Plumber and Gas Fitter.

Adelaide St. East, 2 Doors from Victoria St. Copper, Brass, Lead, Iron, or Cast Iron Percha Pumps, fitted up and repaired...

T. WHEELER, ENGRAVER AND WATCHMAKER.

COMPANY and LODGE SEALS executed in the best style, and designs furnished if required. COATS OF ARMS found and emblazoned.

BRASS BANDS FOR DIVISIONS, Instrument and Music Establishment.

MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHEIMER Beg to inform their friends and the public in general, that besides their large stock of Flutes of the best makers and Mutes, which they keep constantly on hand...

Niagara Temperance House, NEAR THE LIBERTY POLE, BUFFALO CITY.

J. H. BAYLEY, Proprietor. Good accommodations can be had at all times at this house at moderate charges.

NEWMARKET TEMPERANCE HOUSE, H. H. WILSON.

Begs leave to announce to the Travelling Community, the Friends of Temperance, and the Sons in particular, that he has opened a convenient House in the village of Newmarket, C. W., a few doors south of Mr. Davis's Store...

DR. N. BURNIE, BRADFORD,

MEMBER of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Honorable Society of Apothecaries, London, England, formerly Assistant Surgeon in the Service of the Honorable East India Company...

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!! H. BROWNSCOMBE,

REGS to return his thanks to his numerous Patrons and the Public generally, and to acquaint them that he has removed to the Premises late in the occupation of Mr. C. Fisher, 190 Yonge Street NEXT ELGIE'S HOTEL...

BOOTS AND SHOES

H. B. solicits an early call from purchasers, as he is determined to sell CHEAP FOR CASH. N. B. — All orders promptly attended to at the sign of the RED AND BLACK BOOT, 190 Yonge Street, next to Elgie's Hotel.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN,

Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House, Toronto, have on hand THE LARGEST, THE CHEAPEST, AND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF READY-MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS IN CANADA WEST.

We have on hand a complete assortment of New Fall and Winter Goods which, upon inspection, our customers will find to be composed of the newest and most Fashionable materials, and in great variety.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Table with columns for Men's Brown Holland Coats, Men's Black Cloth Vests, Men's MoleSkin Trousers, etc. with prices listed.

Men's Paris Satin Hats—Black and Drab. New Style Business Coats—in all materials.

DRY GOODS.

Table with columns for Muslin deLaines, Table Linens, Factory Cotton, etc. with prices listed.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN,

NO SECOND PRICE. Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House. Toronto, January, 1853.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

FRESH ARRIVALS, WINTER DRY GOODS.

WILLIAM POLLEY,

66 King Street, three doors west of Church Street.

DEGS to call the attention of the citizens of Toronto and surrounding country to his large and well selected stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

Imported expressly for this trade, and is replete with every article in the line, including all the latest styles in dress goods, colouring cloths, velvets, curcasian cloths, gala plaids, prints, ladies wool scarf shawls, wool polkas, (all sizes,) ribbons &c. A full assortment of Staple Goods, viz. Grey cottons, white cottons, heavy stripe shirtings, red, white, blue, and pink flannels, plaids, derry, ticks, Hungarian cloths, Bloomer cloths, Beaver, Elephant, Whiteny, and B. F. cloths, dookins, cassimere, tweeds, satinetts, Canadian grey cloths, Etuifos, &c. &c. Buckskin mitts, gloves, hosiery, wool sleeves, Bonn. cravats, &c. &c. This stock will be found large and well assorted, with fresh, seasonable goods, which for QUALITY & CHEAPNESS is not surpassed in the city.

1853. WINTER. 1853.

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS & MILLINERY,

AT THE TORONTO HOUSE,

Victoria Row, No. 60 King Street East, 6 doors west from Church Street, TORONTO.

J. CHARLESWORTH has pleasure in acknowledging the very liberal share of public patronage afforded him since his commencement in business in the city, and would now call the attention of his numerous customers and the public generally, to his large and well-assorted STOCK OF DRY GOODS FOR THE WINTER,

with great inducements in Bonnet and Cap Ribbons Bonnet Ribbons worth 9d selling for 6d per yard Cap do worth 7d selling for 5d per yard; and a great variety in the same proportion. Also a large lot of Cashmere Cloths, Cobourgs, Orleans, Printed DeLaines &c. &c. for Ladies' Dresses, Woolen Hosiery, Gloves, &c., Woolen Scarfs and Square Shawls, Silk Velvets, &c. J. C. has within the last few days bought at very low prices a large lot of BLANKETS and FLANNELS, which will enable him to sell them to retail buyers at wholesale prices—thus effecting a saving for the benefit of his customers. His

will be found well furnished, and offering great Bargains, having been bought with in the last two months with nearly the same advantages as the Blankets and Flannels already mentioned. Particular attention is called to the Bleached Sheetings, Grey Factory Cotton and Sheetings, Striped Shirtings, Prints, Derris and Denims, Drills, Rough Hollands, Dispers and Huckabacks for Towels, Grey Cloths and Satinets &c. His Millinery Department will be found replete with all that can be requisite for the season, in Cloaks, Caps, Head-dresses, Bonnets, in Silk, Satin, Plush, Silk and Cotton Velvets, Terries, &c. and for price and quality he has no hesitation in saying that in an honest way of doing business, no house in the Province of Canada can under sell him, and beyond an honest way of doing business, he makes no comparison whatever. The whole Millinery Stock being manufactured on the premises, with every advantage in cutting and making up, is best calculated for giving satisfaction to buyers.

J. C. has a few maxims in the management of his daily increasing business, which, from principle, he cannot deviate from, viz. On all occasions speaking the truth, whether in favor of himself or otherwise. Serving a customer in a way that secures their calling again, should an opportunity present itself. Dealing with others in a way that he would wish others to deal with himself. Asking the lowest price at once. A nimble steppe is better than a slow shilling. Small profits and quick returns make a heavy purse.

An examination of Stock and Prices is respectfully solicited. RESPECTFULLY THE TORONTO HOUSE, No. 60 King Street East. NO SECOND PRICE. J. CHARLESWORTH.

G. HARCOURT & Co., TAILORS, CLOTHIERS,

AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS, 11, North Side of King Street, Directly opposite the Globe Office, Toronto.

The subscribers keep always on hand a large assortment of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doekings, Tweeds, Vests, and Summer Cloths of the newest Style of Pattern and Material. A choice selection of Vestings of the richest style, consisting of Pais and Figured Velvets, Silk and Cotton Flashes, Satin and Figured Material of almost every description.

READY-MADE GARMENTS, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders, Buffers, and Gentlemen's Wear in General.

Judges' Barristers' and University ROBES,

Of every Degree and quality, made to order. G. HARCOURT & Co. Toronto, January, 1853.

J. MURPHY, PAINTER AND GLAZIER, GRAINER, PAPER HANGER, SIGN WRITER, &c. &c., No. 13, Adelaide Street, West of Yonge St.

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEONS.

VETERINARY FORGE AND BLACKSMITH'S SHOP HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES DISPENSARY—Queen Street, near Yonge Street, Toronto.

WILLIAM WHARIN, WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWELLER, &c., No. 17, Church St., 1 door South of King St.

Clocks, Watches, Time pieces, and Jewellery, of every description repaired, cleaned and Warranted. A variety of Clocks, Watches, Jewellery and Fancy goods constantly kept for sale. Toronto, January, 1853.

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddlery Warehouse, 95 Yonge St., Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Collar.

W. S. returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal support he has received. He still continues to manufacture a superior article, such as he has received so many premiums for at numerous fairs in Canada, and which has been honorably mentioned at the World's Fair in London. W. S. will sell very low for cash, and every article warranted to be such as sold for—GOOD AND CHEAP. Remember the sign of the Collar.

YONGE ST. POTTERIES, NEAR TORONTO, JOHN DAVIS, PROPRIETOR.

Manufactures 2,500 pieces per week, producing 30 to 250 worth of goods on the average per week, through the whole year. These Potteries excel all other potteries in the Upper Province for quantity and quality. They took all the three prizes at our Toronto Provincial Show, and have done so at other Fairs. Orders can be promptly supplied with our unsurpassable Brown Ware, and Bronze Glaze, Milk Pans, Crocks, Bottles, Pickle Jars, Garden Pots, and Ornamental Ceramic Toys, on short notice. J. D., having secured a large quantity of clay superior to any ever manufactured in Canada before, he can recommend it as being far better for Dairy purposes, than the miserable yellow and dirty white looking trash made in some places. January 1853.

Dr. James Hope's Vegetable Purifying Health Pills and Oriental Balm.

Tris Valuable Family Medicine, of long-tried efficacy, for correcting all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and those Diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood. The usual symptoms of which are Costiveness, Flatulency, Spasms, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Sense of Fullness after eating, Dizziness of the Eyes, Drowsiness, and Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, Pains in the Side, in and between the Shoulders, Indigestion, producing a torpid state of the Liver, and a consequent inactivity of the Bowels, causing a disorganization of every function of the frame, will, in this most excellent combination of Medical Agents, by a little perseverance, be effectually removed. A very few doses will convince the afflicted of their salutary strength. The stomach will soon regain its strength; a healthy action of the Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys will speedily take place, and instead of listlessness, heat, jaundice, and jaundiced appearance, strength, activity, and renewed health will be the quick result of taking these Medicines, according to the instructions which accompany them. As a pleasant, safe, and easy aperient, they unite the recommendation of a mild action, with the most successful effect, and require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use; and for elderly people they will be found to be the most comfortable Medicine offered to the public. Females at a certain age should never be without them. They are warranted to contain no Calomel or any other deleterious ingredient.

- For Sale by Butler & Son, London; Johnson & Co., Edinburgh; McLaughlin & Son, Glasgow, and the following Foreign Agents: Calcutta, East India, Melastock & Co. Madras, F. Corbyne. Sierra Leone, M. Loub. St. Petersburg, Russia, J. F. Moroff. Vienna, Austria, Dr. J. Kubini. Rome, Italy, Dr. F. C. Mulden. Berlin, Prussia, Dr. E. VonJugend. Canterbury, New Zealand, John Teakson. Hamburg, Holland, Dr. J. N. Muller. Paris, France, F. N. Watson, M.D. Havana, Cuba, Dr. J. Harris. New Orleans, U. S. A., C. H. My, M. D. Charleston, S. C., H. Cohen & Co. New York, Dr. R. B. Douglas. San Francisco, Al Stan & Co. Antigua, West Indies, J. E. Fraser. St. Peter, D. C. Wells. Havana, N. S. W., John Kenney. Hobart Town, V. D. Land, J. H. Roberts. Launceston, J. W. Mackay. Adelaide, S. Australia, John Hoskin. Smyrna, Turkey, W. H. Morton. Valparaiso, Chile, A. L. Webster. Rio Janeiro, Brazil, John Hill, and S. F. URQUHART, Toronto, Canada, General Agent, British North America.

JOHN BENTLEY, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER, 71, Yonge Street,

Has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Genuine Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Patent Dryer, &c. ALSO. WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPERS, School Books, Account Books, Pocket Books, Portfolios, and GENERAL STATIONERY.

N. B.—Wholesale Depot for Bentley's Baking Powder; Smith's Improved Kat and Vermin Exterminator; Jolly's Pills; Farrell's Arabian Lintment, &c. &c. &c. RAGS BOUGHT FOR THE PAPER MILLS AS USUAL.

Toronto, January, 1853. TORONTO. PRINTED BY BREWER, McPHEE & Co., 45 KING STREET EAST.