

come bounding in the breeze over its verdant bosom, when we hear the mournful call of the prairie hen, or grouse to his mate, like the rumbling of distant thunder, or in the distance of miles behold the great blue Stork or Crane of these fields of nature, cleaving the air with extended wing and measured and silent flaps—like spectres on the Sea, and when we reflect that these vast fields have so remained for thousands of years—the old haunts of the wolf—the buffalo—the deer—the many birds and the free and dauntless Indian—then we see their sublimity and beauty too. From the western and northern shores of lake Michigan, to the British line, and so on to Red River, in the Selkirk Settlement, to the Gulf of Mexico, and to the shores of the Pacific over the Rocky Mountains, you will find a vast and almost unsettled country, containing land enough to embrace and maintain hundreds of millions of men & empires yet unborn, filled with boundless prairies, in some places ten, twenty, fifty and even a hundred miles wide in all directions, interspersed with scattering clumps of trees, standing like specks in the distant sky or oases in the desert. Here the wild man of nature has for ages loved to roam, mingling with the winds of the west—the flowers of nature that carpet with beauty in summer the expanse, and listening to the distant call of the Stork as he walks in form erect, like a man in the prairie—or the music of the bobolink in these wild meadows. Yes freedom seems seated on all we see. Like the Arab of the desert, on his courser as he flies over the desert of Arabia, so was the Indian on these prairies. The prairies in May, June, July and August are exceedingly lovely. They are covered with a variety of flowers and grasses where the land is high, and where the land is low a gigantic yellow flower something like the sun-flower is seen to cover miles and miles in extent. The common blue flag and the cowslip or butter cup, as some call it, grow abundantly on the low land. The lupin—the red top—the wild flax and a variety of larger and smaller flowers cover the face of the ground. The soil is deep and loamy, and in the distance thousands of Bobolinks, Curlews, Prairie-hens, Storks and other birds are heard to utter their songs or peculiar cries. The winds of the west, floating over vast expanses of verdant land, come fraught with the breath of flowers and the voice of song birds. In the Spring the prairies are full of birds that rest on their way to the north. You will see flocks of wild geese and swans walking the prairies. High in the air the cry of the flocks of wild gulls is heard, and the whistle of the wings of myriads of water fowls going from southern seas to the colder regions. Again in the fall when the tall grass and weeds have died, often at night we have seen the fields of fire in the distance present a grand appearance. We have watched the advancing line of fire for miles in length. So it will burn until rain or low grounds impede it. In the winter again the prairie looks like a lake of ice, bound in frosty chains. At a distance in summer we have often been deceived by the land, which assumes with its undulating appearance meeting the sky, the color and likeness of water. The roads in the summer on the prairies are as smooth as a floor and delightful to travel on. We have often travelled at early dawn upon these lovely plains snuffing the fresh air of morn—listening to the voices of birds. Ah there was something elevating to the soul in all this!!

THE CANADIAN Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Tuesday, June 24, 1851.

"My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his 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.

Original Poetry.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

BY J. G. HAY, OF FORT HOPE.

All hail! the Sons of Temperance,
In glorious armour bright,
Jehovah! God's the recompence,
Of those who walk aright.

Let not the taunts of sneering foes,
Your onward march restrain,
But ever onward, to oppose
Mankind's chief cause of shame.

Think of the homes that once were dear,
The wife, that once was gay,
The children had no cause to fear,
'Till Bacchus held the sway.

But now the wife is left to mourn,
And think of brighter days,
The happy home is now forlorn,
For Bacchus holds the sway.

The children now are taught to dread,
Their (once) dear fathers frown.
The injured wife is almost dead,
Sorrow has bowed her down.

Press on, ye mighty army strong,
Your principles held fast,
And manfully condemn the wrong,
And struggle till the last.

THE RUMSELLER'S LAMENT IN 1860.

BY M. A. CORNWALL.

AIR, Long, long ago.

Here is the grog that you once loved so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Red sparkling Wine, Rum, Brandy and Beer,
Good as they were, long ago.

Here I am waiting day after day,
Bar-Bell is rusting with such long delay,
Give it "a ring," as it once used to play,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Once I had money, tho' wrung from the "Poor,"
Long, long ago, long ago.
Tho' who had none, soon I kicked out of door,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Coffers now empty, my Customers gone
Joining the ranks of "the Temperance Sons,"
Saving the cash which they paid for my Rum,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Lately I dreamed of times that are gone,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Tipplers and toppers were filling my room,
Just they were, long ago.

"What will you have," were the words as they rung,
Cursing and fighting, and drinking my Rum.
Music soul-cheering to me as when sung,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Loud rang the revel as e'er through that room,
Long, long ago, long ago.
What cared I for the wants of their Home,
Full, full of woe, full of woe.

Pale, want and famine—friendless and sad,
Heart-broke, a mother, and children that beg,
For wholesale destruction a "License" I had,
Long, long ago, long ago.

But ah! see that "Handwriting traced on the wall,"
"To the Rumseller woe, bitter woe."
Thou art weighed in the balance with King Alcohol,
Now both must go down below.
Earth's fondest hopes by thy hands have been crushed,
The loving and loved thou hast laid in the dust,
The world is redeemed—no more will it trust
Man's common foe—common foe."
Sharon, April 17, 1851.

AN ODE TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

BY J. W. HORGAN.

Ye Sons of fair temperance, arise in your might,
And prove to your rulers the strength of your numbers,
Around cast the rays of your amiable height,
And 'rouse all the foes of your cause from their slumbers.
Be the sound of alarm,
Both earnest and warm.
Nor shrink from the conflict 'till holier laws,
Obtain over wine,
Their influence divine.
Success to the Sons of the temperance cause.

Ye Sons persevere, and your foes never heed 'em,
Nor listen to radical, whig or old tory,
All tipplers alike, are opposed to your freedom,
Base lucre is ever the rumseller's glory.

O! snatch the poor slave
From the drunkard's dark grave,
And rescue his soul from his devilish claws;
Your reward shall be great,
For averting his fate,
Success to the Sons, and the temperance cause.

Anacreon has sung all the pleasures of wine.
And many a simpleton warbles his songs,
Such treacherous sentiments ne'er shall be mine,
Ah! who could praise drinking, nor shrink at its wrongs,
The red liquid's flame,
Yields sorrow and shame,
And wise is the tippler who quickly withdraws,
All the thoughts of his soul,
From the full-flowing bowl,
Success to the Sons and to temperance laws.

But O! let me quaff, of the clear mountain streams,
And pour all their sweetness, full over my soul,
Such cool draughts enliven, and happiness beams,
More purely than e'er from the bacchanal's bowl.

O Christians! resign,
Your maddening wine,
By swelling the tide of this virtuous cause,
All hail to the time,
When genius sublime
Shall sing the sweet triumph, of 'Temperance Laws.'
East Gwillimbury, School Section
No. 5, March 17, 1851.

To John Terry, Esq., Sharon.

GREAT NATIONAL JUBILEE OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The 18th day of June in the city of Toronto was a day that will long be remembered by its inhabitants, and by the friends of the order and of temperance, as one of the most splendid and enthusiastic, ever seen or known since its foundation. The best index of the strength and popularity of the order in Canada, is the unparalleled numbers respectability and good feeling, that were seen and exhibited in our streets and public walks. The most striking features of the whole occasion and proceedings, were the universal joy and order, peace and sobriety, that prevailed in the course of multitudes. Not a single fight—not a single disturbance or scene of drunkenness, was seen or heard of in the vast assemblage of Sons. The glorious 18th of June was conspicuous alike, for its show and exhibition of physical and moral strength of the Sons, and for the