

the hole in the rock; the weight resting on the pin, instead of the charge; the pin being as small as will break off the pin instead of moving the bar of iron. For a match, soak paper in a solution of saltpetre or gunpowder; take a strip an inch wide and four inches long, this will in burning give you time to walk twenty rods before the explosion, when you may return and see the havoc made with the rock which is thrown apart; and the iron bar which you never expected to see again, is where the hole was, not having been moved out of its place. If the hole is horizontal, the weight may be put against the end of the iron bar, and the effect is the same. I have tried this method hundreds of times, and never had a single charge fail of breaking the rock. The common method of charging, by driving stone or brick into the hole, is unsafe, is liable to blow out, and ought to be laid aside. I hope that all papers wishing well to others, will publish this method of blasting; any information that will prevent accidents from the use of gunpowder ought to be given to the world, and used till a better method is discovered.—*Scien. American.*

GREAT CORN.—Mr. J. H. Wilson, of Windham, has left with us six ears of Indian corn, certainly the largest and best we have ever seen. Mr. Wilson last spring got from New York State, only four ears, from which he says he raised 34 bushels, notwithstanding many of the "hills" were destroyed by wet. There are 16 rows, and 49 grains in each row on the corn. We would recommend our farmers to try this species of corn—a specimen of which may be seen at this office. Mr. W. will be able to supply a limited quantity of seed.—*Long Point Ad.*

Youths Department.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

The printer omitted, without our knowledge, a part of the article on the Cadets of Temperance in our last number. The omitted part was an account of a debate in the Toronto Division room at which we were present. The evening alluded to was Wednesday the 19th. The subject of debate was—which country, England or the United States, has produced the most eminent men since the American Revolution of 1776? The debate was between the 'Toronto' and 'St. Lawrence' Sections, but owing to unavoidable circumstances the 'St. Lawrence' Section was not prepared, consequently that debate was put off until the Wednesday evening following, in the Ontario Division room. This, however, did not put a stop to the proceedings of the evening, for it was resolved that the debate for that evening be,—“whether do the Doctors or Lawyers do the most good to mankind.” Several of the boys exhibited great readiness at debate; among them Bros. Wiman, Mason, Rattray, Dillon, and Scott were noticed by us. The decision was not given that evening. Such things cannot help but prove highly beneficial, if gone into and with a determination to improve the mind, to carry them out in a friendly, and amicable spirit. Debating schools foster a taste for enquiry and reading and induce boys to spend hours usefully which otherwise might be devoted to idle play or vicious habits.

Since writing the above we have learned that in the debate, which came off in the Ontario Division room, on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst, the 'Toronto' Section bore away the palm of victory.

As our paper is so published, that it may be preserved or bound for future years' reference;—Cadets of Temperance in this city and in all parts of Canada, cannot act more wisely than in taking it. It would in future years be useful to them for reference and for reading. It is filled with the most beautiful poetry, elegant selections, and literary matter. During the past six months, it has been the only paper in Canada, that has devoted a certain space entirely to the Cadets.

Five Cadets joining together in this city, or elsewhere and sending their names to us, with the money in advance, shall receive of the present or next volume, 5 copies for four dollars—in case the papers shall be sent in one package to any post-office in Canada addressed to the Section; or in the city be left in one package at the residence of the R. S. of the Section. In all these cases the money must be paid in advance.

The following officers were chosen at the last meeting of the Grand Section, on the 25th October, 1851, to preside over the Cadets of Temperance in Western Canada.

John M. Ross, St. Lawrence Division, Toronto, G. W. P.; Thos. Nixon, Sharon Division, G. A. P.; A. Anderson, Brockville Division, G. Sec.; John Leggo Brockville Division, A. G. S.; C. VanNorman, Brockville Division, G. T.; Rev. T. T. Howard, Ontario Division, G. Chap.; C. H. VanNorman, Hamilton Division, G. G.; A. Stratton, G. W.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Down in a quiet, sun-lit valley,
Stands my low-roofed cottage home;
Rushing thoughts around it rally,
Thither waited while I roam.

There in summer, as of olden,
Waves the green-topped maple tree;
There, in autumn, sere and golden,
Shadows flit across the lea.

Still the streamlet cleaves the meadow,
Bordered by the mandling vine,
Where, beneath the tall oak's shadow,
Then I threw the hempen line.

Thoughtless childhood! happy childhood!
I would journey back to thee;
Roam again the "tangled wildwood,"
Sport beneath the maple-tree.

There no busy sorrows fashion
Phantoms in the path of youth,
Nor pale care nor purple passion
Taint the bloom of love and truth.

Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, President of her University, used to say to his students, "Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that 'dirty grease spot' on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change, and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears, it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not an odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Every thing you call dirt is worthy of your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! It will all separate into very clean elements. Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt; particularly if she whitens her skin with chalk or fuller's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt."

THE KOH-I-NOOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Winthrop, in an address delivered on last Thursday week, at an agricultural dinner at Northampton, thus happily alluded to the Common Schools of that State:—Other nations may boast of their magnificent gems and monster diamonds. Our Koh-i-noor is our Common School system. This is our "Mountain of light," not snatched, indeed, as a prize from a barbarous foe—not designed only to deck a royal brow or to irradiate a Crystal Palace; but whose pure and penetrating ray illumines every brow, and enlightens every mind, and cheers every heart and every hearth stone in the land, and which supplies, from its exhaustless mines, "ornaments of grace unto the head and chains on the neck" of every son and daughter of Massachusetts.

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children and makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and beautiful deportment towards their parents and friends.

MILTON'S DAUGHTERS.—The Chetam Society has published documents, showing that Milton's eldest daughter, Annie, could not write; that his second daughter, Mary, could not spell; and that his third daughter, Deborah, was much in the same condition, though it has been so often said that she was her father's amanuensis, and that she read to him in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Italian, without understanding the meaning of the different languages.

BEARDED WOMEN.—In 1791 a woman was taken in the battle of Pultowa, whose beard was said to be one and a half yards long. A woman is recorded to have lived in Paris whose body in addition to a large beard was covered with hair. Such specimens are rather cases of the "lusus naturæ" than otherwise, and appertain not to the "fair of our day."

FILE YOUR PAPERS.—Having occasion a few days since, to look into the files of this Journal, published twenty and twenty-five years ago, we could not but think of the satisfaction every man would enjoy in the possession of such a record. A newspaper is the daguerreotype of its time, and in those diminutive, dingy sheets, we had before us our present village in full life, as it existed a quarter of a century ago. The men of business, and merchandise, and wares, and produce, each eulogistic as now of their stock in trade; the politician, zealous in the maintenance of the right centered solely in him and his party; the competition and strife, the fears and hopes of all were before us as in real life. Here was the announcement of the marriage of those who have long passed the meridian, and are now in the "sere and yellow leaf" of age; and here, too, was the record of the departed, whose afflicted successors are among us still. The newspaper itself, with its grotesque advertisements and general typography, is the impersonation of the mechanic arts of those days, and exhibits the contrast between that period and this.

If every young man who takes a newspaper now, will file it carefully, in his old age he will not only have a substantial mirror of the events with which he was cotemporary, to gratify his curiosity, but will have a record of important facts to be obtained from no other source. The trouble and expense of filing and binding your newspapers is slight, and will be well repaid.—*Jamestown Journal.*

DECIDEDLY COOL.—A very cool answer from a sophomore is indelibly recorded among the memories of our college days.

Professor — had a peculiarly red nose; so red, indeed, that it was usually deemed a sign that the interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the Professor was peculiarly sensitive.

One day a chestnut, propelled by some invisible hand, hurled across the room, and came so violently in contact with the learned gentleman's bald pate, that, glancing off, it span almost up to the ceiling.

"Mr. F.," thundered out the Professor, "that was you, sir; I know it, sir; don't deny it, sir, your blushes betray you, sir."

"Do you think that I blush?" modestly asked the student.

"Blush!" retorted the professor, "Your face is as red as a beet."

"Pardon me, sir," replied F. —, "I think it's only the reflection of light; perhaps you looked at me over your nose!"

HOW TO KNOW A FOOL.—A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things:—Anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger and not knowing his friends from his foes.

It is shameful for a man to live as a stranger in his own country, ignorant of her affairs and interests;—therefore read the newspapers.

Said the distinguished Lord Chatham to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your bed chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'"