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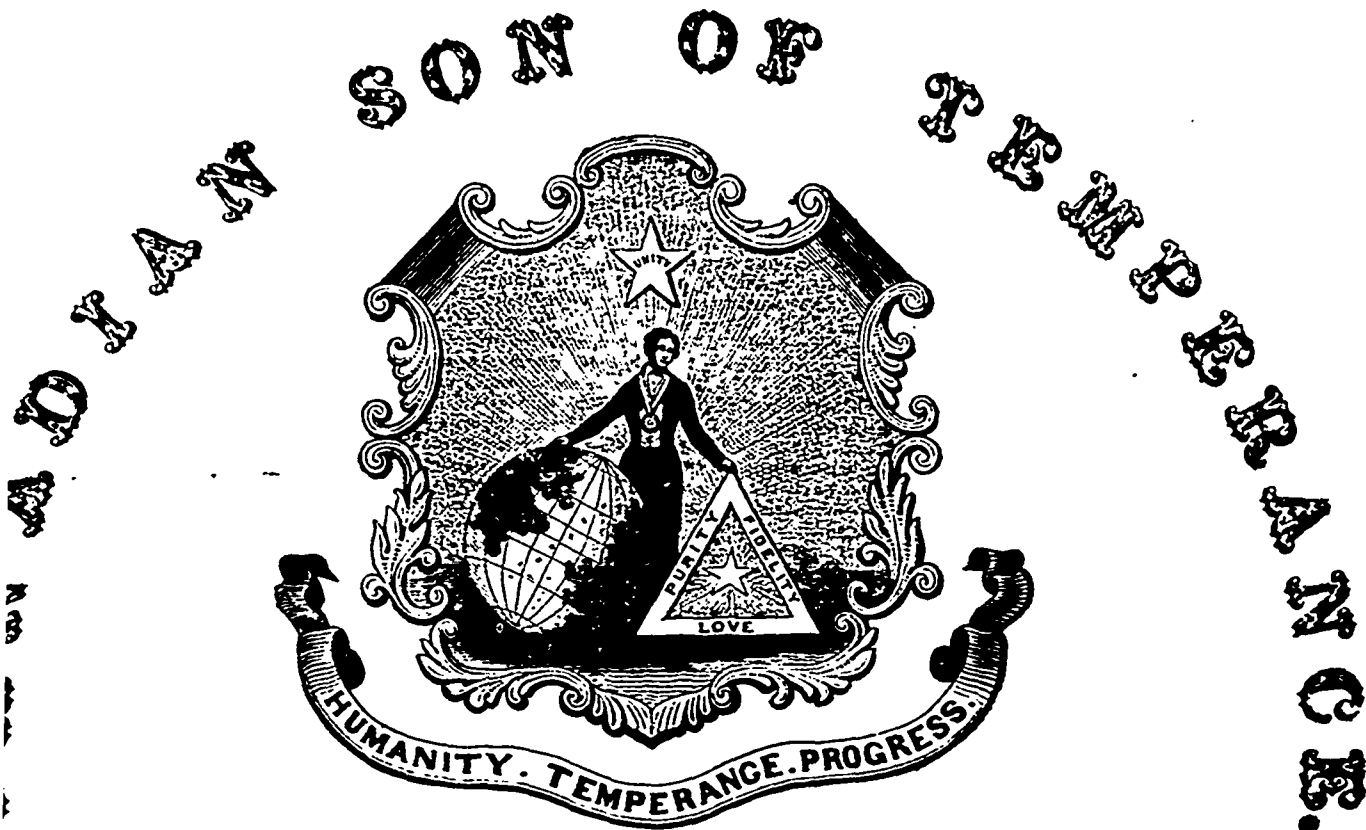
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THE POOR MAN'S BOOK.

BY GEORGE W. RUSGAY.

The winds have blown the smoke away—
Cold is the forge and hushed the mill;
The "toil-worn cotta" rests to-day—
Traffic is mute and labor still.

The unharnessed horse feeds on the green,
The laboring ox rests in the shade;
A holy calm pervades the scene;
And beauty smiles from hill and glade.

The modest flowers that light the ead,
Like drops of sunshine from the sky,
Bow their sweet heads and worship God,
And send their fragrant praise on high.

Heath his fig-tree and his vine,
Beside the lowly cottage door;
The poor man reads the precious line
Of promise to the humble poor.

The Bible is the poor man's law,
A blessed boon to mortals given;
A ladder such as Jacob saw,
With angels coming down from Heaven.

—New-York Tribune.

UNCLE JOHN.

OF THE ROUGH ROAD TO RICHES.

and affords, even in these degenerate days of
passable examples of the class called "lucky"
that is to say, men who have begun life with
school education and a shilling, and are now
in wealth and station. Perhaps it is hardly
appate to good luck what may be mainly owing

to industry, frugality, patience, and perseverance. But after all, one may starve with all these virtues, in spite of all that copy-book maxims may say to the contrary. There is good luck in success, whatever may have been the qualities by which that good luck has been seized at the right moment and turned to good account. Industry, frugality, patience, and perseverance, form a perfect locomotive—good luck is the engine-driver who turns the handle and sets them in motion at the right moment.

Men who have been the "architects of their own fortunes," never admit that good luck has had anything to do with their prosperity. They are pardonable vanity at their own success makes them guilty of a species of ingratitude to Providence. Listen to one of these old gentlemen holding forth to his hopeful son or nephew on his, the said old gentleman's, past life; on his early poverty, his self-denial, his hard work, and his subsequent reward; and the burden of his discourse is ever the same:

"Alone I did it, boy!"

Should the listener at any point be tempted rashly to exclaim "how lucky!" the old gentleman will turn on him with a severe frown and say:

"Luck, sir; non-sense. There's no such thing as luck. Live on a crust, sir; that's the only way for a man to get on in the world."

The old gentleman quite forgets that if his first venture in the *Chutnee* East Indianian had been a failure, or his first dabble in the stocks had not been followed by the battle of Leipzig; or his senior partner, who had nine-tenths of the profits of the business, had not departed this life suddenly in an apoplectic fit, he would have held a very different position in the world, and probably have been now a denizen of the second floor over his counting-house in the city, instead of a resident in Hyde Park Gardens.

An excellent specimen of this class of old gentlemen is "Uncle John." The obscurity of his early days is so great that even he himself finds it difficult to penetrate it. That he had a father and a mother is incontestable; but these worthy people seem to have left this world of us at so early a period of Uncle John's existence that, for all practical purposes, he might as well have been without them. His first juvenile recollections are connected with yellow stockings, leather shorts, a cutaway coat with a tin badge on it, and a little round woolen

cap with a tuft in the middle of it, resting on a head formed by nature to accommodate a cap of double its dimensions. In a word, Uncle John was a charity-boy.

It must not be imagined that the above fact has ever been communicated by Uncle John himself; for the worthy man is weak enough to be ashamed of it, though he will discourse of his early privations in a mystical manner, with the design apparently of inducing you to regard him rather as a counterpart of Louis Phillipe in his days of early exile, than as a common place, though equally interesting (to a right-thinking mind) young gentleman in yellow stockings. It is a fact, however, as indisputable as that Uncle John is now worth thirty or forty thousand pounds.

Emerging from the charity school, and exchanging the leather shorts and yellow stockings for corduroys and grey worsted socks, Uncle John obtained the appointment of office-boy to a Temple attorney. His duties were trifling—sweeping the office and mending writing, cleaning boots, and copying declarations. His emoluments were not large—seven shillings a week and "find himself," which was less difficult, poor boy, than to find anything for himself. But Uncle John persevered and was not disheartened. He lived literally on a crust, and regulated himself only with the savory smells issuing from the cook's-shop, which was not only an economical luxury, but had the advantage of affording a stimulus to the imagination. He actually saved two shillings a week out of his salary, not to mention an occasional donation of a shilling on high days and holidays from his master.

Uncle John was never idle. When he had nothing to do for his master, which was rarely the case, he used to take a pen and any loose piece of paper or parchment, and'de or, or imitate, the lawyer's engraving hand—known as court hand—till he became a good penman in this cramped style of writing. Having accomplished this object, Uncle John determined to "better himself" by getting a situation as copying clerk instead of office boy. He succeeded in his attempts, and was installed in another attorney's office as engraving clerk at twelve shillings a week—a salary which appeared to him at the time enormous. But riches did not turn his head. The only increase which he made in his previous expenditure, was in wearing a rather cleaner shirt and discarding corduroys for some more genteel material. Uncle John was too wise and too self-denying to be seduced inside the cook's-shop yet.

He was now saving at least six shillings a week, which is £15 a year! For four years no change took place in his condition. He still lived in his solitary garret; worked hard all day, and borrowed law books from the articulated clerks in the office, which he read at home at night. At home! poor fellow—what a name for his miserable little room up in the eaves of a house in the narrow court out of Fleet street! But Uncle John was a brave fellow and worked on without stopping to sentimentalize.

A promotion now took place in the office, and Uncle John was made chief common-law clerk at one pound a week. He had rendered himself quite competent for the duties by his midnight studies. He was never absent from his post, never forgot anything, and was never ill; for he had the strength of a horse. It is unsuspected that about this time Uncle John paid one or two visits to the cook's-shop; but it must not be supposed that the visits were more than two or three. As a rule, Uncle John dined on a piece of the cheapest meat he could purchase, boiled by himself in his garret.

He was wise enough, however, to be very neat in his dress, and thereby gained the credit of being a very respectable young man in the eyes of his employer, for it is a very remarkable fact that clerks are always expected to dress like gentlemen when their salaries are not even large enough to buy them food.

Another four years passed away, when one day Uncle John, having duly screwed up his courage, walked into his master's private room, and, after a little preliminary hesitation, ventured to hint that he should like to be articulated!

The master stared—the clerk remained silently awaiting his answer.

"Are you aware," inquired the former, "that the expense of the stamp, &c., is one hundred and twenty pounds?"

Uncle John was aware of it, and he was prepared with the money. He had saved it out of his miserable salary.

The master stared still more. But, after a short time, he consented to articulate Uncle John, and to continue his salary during the term of his articles. Uncle John was in ecstasies, and so far forgot his usual prudence that evening, as to indulge in half a pint of bad port wine—a foolish taste, by the way, which he has retained to this day.

He was now a happy man. Everything was "in train" now to make him one day a "gentleman by Act of Parliament"—as Attorneys are facetiously termed. It would certainly require something more than even the omnipotence of an Act of Parliament to confer the character on some of the fraternity.

During the first year of his articles the managing clerk died, and Uncle John was promoted to that office with a salary of two hundred a year. Here was indeed a rise in life—from seven shillings a week to two hundred a year! Happy Uncle John. But you deserved it all; for you had plenty of the courage which is prepared for all ills, and endures those which it cannot conquer.

Long before the five years of his articles had expired, the clerk had made himself so absolutely necessary to his master, that the latter could scarcely have carried on the business for a month without him. Therefore, when the time arrived at which he ceased to be a clerk and became himself an attorney, Uncle John hinted to his master that he was going to leave him. Cunning Uncle John! You had no such intention; but you knew that your master would take alarm, beg you to stay, and offer you a partnership. Of course—and he did so.

Uncle John's path in life was from henceforth comparatively smooth. He was the working partner in a business which was both profitable and of good quality. Within a few years his partner was foolish enough to quarrel with him, and to demand a dissolution of the partnership. Uncle John readily consented, and all the clients knowing well who was the man that understood the business and transacted it, followed him; and he became an attorney with a practice of two thousand a year, and no partner to share the profits.

His economical habits never forsook him. He married and kept a decent table; but save in a love of good wine (or at least what his undecorated taste considered so,) he had nothing but the ordinary necessities of life. How much he saved each year who shall say? He had no children, and his practice increasing while his wants good still, he became what he is now—a prosperous and a highly respected old gentleman.

It is the fashion of the old to point out such men as

models for the imitation of the rising generation. The young, on the contrary, make them the subjects of their ridicule, for their bad grammar and worse manners. Let us see if we can find out the truth, unbiased by either party. Uncle John is now a rich man, an honorable man, a hardworking man, and in the main a sensible man. He has attained his position in life by patience, perseverance, and industry, favored also by a little of that good luck to which we first referred. But Uncle John is deficient in many of the characteristics which adorn human nature. Is it not natural that he should be so? Where was he to learn the gentler feelings of his kind—affection, sympathy, benevolence? In his garret, alone and unfriended? He is mean and parsimonious. He is worth forty thousand pounds, and his deceased brother's child is starving with his wife in a suburban garret. Uncle John will not aid him with a penny. Who aided him? Did he not live in a garret, and save money too! Was he such a fool to marry before he could keep a wife? Uncle John was guilty of no weakness in those days; he cannot forgive them in another.

His only brother dies, leaving a large family and a widow—unprovided for: for the children have eaten up all he could ever earn. Uncle John does not like the widow (perhaps because she had so many children,) but he gives her £50, a year. His own income is about four thousand.

His only sister is also left a widow without a sixpence. Uncle John gives her £50 a year. "People should not marry imprudently. He can afford no more; he has a great many calls upon him." Perhaps so; but the answer to such calls is always, "not at home."

He has many clerks now. He makes them all work twelve hours a day. Why not? He worked twelve hours a day.

He has articulated clerks too. They must work twelve hours a day also. He did it. True, Uncle John: but you had your salary for it; while they, on the contrary, pay you for the privilege of working for you.

There is an old adage that a slave makes the worst tyrant. Uncle John exemplifies it. Because he suffered poverty and privation, he thinks that every youth should suffer the same. Because nature had given him the constitution of a horse, he thinks that every one should have a similar one.

Such men as Uncle John are striking examples of certain qualities; and of those particular qualities which conduce to success in life. Their highest praise (perhaps there is no higher praise in the world) is their unflinching integrity. But we cannot bring ourselves to think them—on the whole—models for imitation. After all, there is selfishness at the bottom of their first motives, and this quality grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength, till, in their old age, they are impate at all the enjoyments of youth. The hardships of their younger days are not only to be pitied, but because they have closed upon all the avenues through which the gentler, nobler, and more generous sympathies of our nature find their way into the heart. Their want of education has not been of mind alone, but of the affections; and as it is ten thousand times more difficult to learn a language or a science in old age than in youth, so it is infinitely more difficult (if it be not impossible) to teach the science of the affections, and the language of the heart, to the old man whose youth has known nothing of either. Affliction and adversity teach oftentimes sympathy and benevolence, but to do so they must have followed on happier times, and not have been a lurch portion. You may praise and respect "Uncle Johns," but you cannot love them—neither can they love you.

HARPER AND BROTHERS

It is comparatively but a few years since the influential publishing firm of Harper and Brothers commenced business, with two old printing presses, and half a dozen sets of second hand type. In 1810 the two elder brothers, then country boys, left their quiet Long Island home, and coming to New York apprenticed themselves to the printers' art, with the purpose to gain fame and fortune. When several years had been spent in faithful labour, they opened an unpretending printing office in Dover Street, and after much disappointment and ill success, obtained the first important job from Everett Daychick, the publisher. This was the issuing of an edition of "Seneca's Morals," which was executed in so faultless a manner, as to draw commendation from Daychick himself—for he was said to be very precise

and secured a large portion of his patronage. The same year they ventured, upon their own responsibility, to publish an edition of "Locke on the Human Understanding," which was rapidly sold. Their success was insured, and it only remained for them, by skilful energy, to make constant advances in their progress. Within six years after this, they admitted to the two other brothers. And in 1824 were the proprietors of the largest printing office of a private character in New York.

Since the year 1825 their establishment has been extended in Cliff Street—at the present occupying Nos. 84, 86, 88, 89, and 81, opposite, connected with main building by subterranean passages.

Their operations are all conducted on a systematic method; Mr. James Harper, the ex-mayor, exercises general supervision over the concern, Mr. John Caspary, Mr. Joseph superintends the correspondence, and the mechanical department, and Mr. Fletcher the magazine. Gentlemen of eminent ability in the sciences, philosophy, mathematics, medicine, &c., are constantly employed, each in his own department, to examine and pronounce judgement upon the manuscripts offered to the firm for publication. Only seventy have passed this ordeal during the year just elapsed, it is calculated that eight out of ten are rejected, because unworthy or unsaleable.

Those works which are successful are, in instance, stereotyped, the firm acting on the principle that "everything worthy of publishing is worth being stereotyped." After the plates have been they are stored in the spacious vaults below the building, and it is estimated that there are now \$600,000 worth of stereotype plates in these deep dark repositories. The following statistics will surprise those who are unacquainted with the vastness of the publishing operations conducted in our city. It is calculated that Harper and Brothers furnish employment, directly or indirectly, to more than 1,600 persons, of whom less than 40 are compositors; 60,000 pounds of metal are consumed annually by them in the making of stereotype plates. The number of volumes yearly averages 2,500,000, and the paper alone on which they are printed, costs \$150,000.

The presses, of which they have 22, produce 11 impressions per day. In the binding of volumes following quantities of materials were used in the year:—1,000 yards of muslin; 15,000 sheepskins; 50 barrels of flour; and as many of glue and casein; \$5,000 of gold leaf, besides great numbers of cut and sides of turkey broads. About 15 tons of shavings are cut from the edges of new books, and to be re-made into sheets of paper. The stock of this firm is now estimated at beyond \$1,500,000.

The Harpers have paid Stephens, the American traveller, more than \$50,000 for copyrights, and cost more than \$55,000. They are paying, at present time, \$3,000 to Professor Anthon, and \$2,000 to Jacob Abbott, every year. In short enormous sums have been paid by them to most of the eminent authors in America, as well as many beyond the Atlantic. Am. ex. paper.

THE GIRAFFE.

It is vulgarly said that the giraffe inhabits the deserts, and a astonishment has, naturally enough, been felt that an animal of so large a size can find subsistence on a charlie soil, burnt up with the sun, and which, not a single vegetable grows. But the fact is, that the giraffe, no more than the antelope, lives in the desert. It is true that both animals are seen in large flocks; but it is only a place of refuge for them, as the forest is for the wild boar. They retire to it to be enabled to watch afar off, and to guard their young. As to their food, the giraffes find it in the open and fertile tracts, which form a great part of the country, within reach of which they take care to remain; and which, every time they enter, they commit great ravages. The lion is the giraffe's most formidable enemy, but he never attacks the latter in the desert, but lies in ambush, in the thickets of the forest, in which giraffes come to browse, or on the banks of rivers, at which they slake their thirst. For season, giraffes and antelopes use great caution, they visit places which may conceal their enemies; they perceive him at a distance, they fly, and thus escape the danger; but if the foe be too near, they defend themselves; and find, in the love of life, a resource which frequently proves fatal to the most powerful.

It is generally the one of the two which surmounts the other, that obtains the victory. The graffe is fore-legs against the lion, and strikes him with so violently, that it is with great difficulty he can receive the first blows; if, however, he can bear them, he attacks the graffe at an advantage; for the latter has other means of defence. Sometimes the graffe, kicking in the manner of a horse; but he pressing his fore-feet.

From the *Lucknow Journal*.

THE CHANT OF NIGHT,*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY W. H. BRISTOL.

The pale dun either the stars are out,
Or silver cups they pour, with a shout
Of light, the gentle dew on the flowers
The world below, like crystalline showers.

Soft zephyrs are winging the beautiful air,
Weaving a chorus of music there;
Their pinions they bear the fragrance of earth,
To sweep the broad skies with ambrosial mirth.

Wreathes in beauty and gentlest pride,
Valleys so green, and mountains so wide;
Twines rich rainbows from earth to the sky,
The spirits go climbing to worlds on high.

In the light of day dies out in the west,
Like a charm, from the couch of my rest;
To the silence, like some sweet sprite
In the drowsy hours—and they éail me night!

By beck'ning hand the pale moon smiles,
Glides through the sky with a mien that beguiles;
The glad stars float to her mellow glance,
In gleeful stir and mazy dance.

To mortals I give the nectar of sleep,
To the happy and those that weep;
And their hearts I twine, in hallowed beams,
Beauty and peace of angelic dreams
To the skies I come on these missions sent,
To man I bear, from the firmament,
Rich blessings of his maker above,
I launched me forth from His hand of Love.
BRISTON, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1851.

A STORY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

There was a fine old General once, who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very well about the camp of cupid. He was one of those frank and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost everything, but with an integrity and indomitable bravery. He was fifty years old, and his toils were over, when the Dan Cupid brought him acquainted with a widow-woman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result of the acquaintance.

During his service he had never seen anything worthy of notice in a woman's eye. In fact, he would scarcely have observed whether a woman had three eyes in her face, or only one; for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were ever among "guns, and drums, and wounds," and love was a thing that lived in his story just as he remembered once reading a visionary book, called the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," when a boy.

Well, the General had settled down into an amiable and manly old fellow, living alone, with comfortable things around him, and having little to do, save now and then to entertain an old comrade in arms, which companionship afforded opportunity for him to fight his battles over again. But alas! o'er this calm evening of old General's day, a deal of perplexity was doomed to him, and he soon found himself in troubled waters, depths of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump—such another melancholy fish out of water never swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling of Love. The poor General! We must give him some time, or we can't tell the story, and the best name for such a story is Uncle Toby. Poor General Uncle Toby debated abstractedly about his new position, and he had never given him such perplexity

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied "Othello's Defence," to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure; and he now recollected there was something in this "Defence" very much like he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's with Shakespeare under his arm.

"Madame," said General Uncle Toby, opening his book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar—"Madame—

'Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of speech;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used,
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore—"

Here the General closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said, with a spasmodic gasp,

"I want to get married!"
The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch, before she could utter a syllable, and then she said, with precious tears of humor rolling down her good-natured cheeks,

"And who is it you want to marry, general?"
"You," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madame," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well, then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby, "but one thing I am bound to tell you of, madame, I wear a wig!"

The widow started, remained silent a moment, and then went into a longer and warmer laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the General, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig out, and placed it on the table.

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she never would stop, and the General was about to lay his hat upon his decapitated head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, with a sort of military precision, executed a rapid manoeuvre with her five fingers, pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the General's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity, in front of her accepted lover, quite bald!

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now laughed along with the widow, and they grew so merry over the affair that the maid servant peeped through the keyhole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig, and bobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese Mandarins. So the two very shortly were made one.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

The Memphis Enquirer relates the following curious and interesting occurrence. "Since the commencement of the term of the circuit court for our county, it became necessary for Merrivweather, brother of the gentleman some time since murdered in our county, to attend as prosecutor of Peterson, the perpetrator of the horrible crime. It so happened that he rode the horse that his deceased brother was riding on the day of his murder by Peterson. He was in the company of some friends and travelled the same road. The horse is a very fine spirited bay, docile in temper, and with an intelligent eye. When they approached near the scene of the murder, the horse manifested signs of alarm and restlessness. Observing the singular conduct of the horse, Merrivweather determined to give him the rein and watch his movements. As he approached near the spot of the murder, he elevated his head and tail and appeared to be watchful, and frequently uttered the short peculiar

to spirited horses when apprehensive of danger. The noble animal finally snelt the ground and trailed the course which the body of his former master had been conveyed by his murderer. He finally reached the spot, smelt the ground and pawed and snorted. He then took a circle in the woods at a moderate trot, returned to the place where the body was found, and repeated the same ceremony. This he did several times in succession. And when reined up it was with great reluctance that he was forced to leave the place. Is this instinct, reason, or what is it?"

GETTING INTO A TIGHT PLACE.

During the last brush, between 'Uncle Sam and the Bruisers,' a regiment was raised in Canada, principally composed of ——— and other worthies of that star-spangled. It was called the ——— but was more properly nicknamed the 'Devil's Own,' its advent in a place being more dreaded than an incursion from Yankeeedom. The officers kept up the Satanic fame of their corps with commendable spirit, the 'pillar' being Ensign ——— He was the most consummate practical joker in the army, and his messmates held him in awe in consequence of the repeated successes of his tricks upon them. After an outrageous affair which nearly cost the lives of two or three of his comrades, it was resolved to retaliate at the earliest opportunity, which soon offered itself.

The regiment, on the march to the frontier bivouacked in the vicinity of L'Acadie. It then became a question of some import to know how the mess-table was to be garnished. One suggested a very common expedient among both officers and men, viz: a visit to some neighboring hen coup. Another immediately added that, at about a mile from the encampment, he had noticed an old woman feeding some pretty plump geese.

'Let's have 'em, by all means,' cried D'E.
The party sallied out, and upon reaching the old lady's premises a reconnoissance showed that the geese were penned in under one of those ovens which the generosity of Canadiana build near their houses instead of baking their bread, as in this country.

'Who'll crawl in?' came to be the question.
'D'E—— will; he understands the business, and is the smallest chap among us,' said one of the party.

'Certainly,' cried the ——, who always sought distinction in exploits of the kind; 'I will, but some of you must go to the house and entertain the old woman so she may not interrupt my operations.'

D'E, although a slight man, had to exert his utmost strength in order to squeeze himself half through the little door of the pen.

'Now,' he cried, warding off the attack of a belligerent old goose, 'run to the old woman.'

And they did run.
'Madam! Madam!' they cried—'there's a fellow stealing your geese.' Come quick—quick!

The old lady flew to the chimney corner, seized her broomstick, and called to surprise the —— in the hottest of his bustle with his ferocious antagonist, the fat arch-enemy. She instantly proceeded to intimate her presence by dealing the trespasser a terrific blow, the full force of which sat upon the exposed part with unrestricted effect, as he had on his 'shell jacket, only.

'Halloo, there! Stop that, you fools—you hurt!' shouted the ——.

'Hah, you rascal!' the infuriated woman shrieked.— 'I'll teach you to rob a poor lone widdler of her lorfal property,' and she applied her weapon to the culprit with redoubled energy.

'Murder,' yelled the ——.

'That's it,' whispered a captain who owed D'E a grudge of long standing. 'Give it to the fellow,' he added, patting her encouragingly on the shoulder.

'Whack—whack—' went the broomstick.

'Ough—mough! Murder-r-r!' yelled the deprecator.

'Strike lower, my good woman,' said the vindictive ——, with as much coolness as if he were superintending a military flogging.

The injunction was implicitly followed. —— roared with pain and made superhuman efforts to extricate himself. His comrades, all but the inexorable ——, were rolling upon the grass convulsed with laughter.

'I'll give you a guinea if you'll stop,' cried the ——.

'I'll give you two—go it,' whispered the captain, urging her on.

She resumed the blow with a castigation that sent the broomstick flying in two pieces. —— grew des-

prate, and with the yell of a Mohawk, he escaped—
with a goose in each hand.
He feasted a me upon the booty that night, but the
others were too delighted to complain of a slim mess in
consequence.—*College Gazette*



Ladies' Department.

TO A FRIEND IN EUROPE.

BY OLIVE H. TRACY.

Come not now! for the fairy flowers
That around my brow were wreathed,
Have faded all, with the hopes of hours,
And the lays of love ye breathed.

Come not now! for the glowing star
We watched at the crimson eve,
Hath fled away to some realm afar,
Where the heart may never grieve.

Come not now! for the sunny vine
That around the lattice hung,
Hath passed away with Past's sunshine,
And the hopes that around them clung.

Come not now! for the soft-stringed lute
That in the days of yore ye heard,
Is crushed and low, with its voice as mute,
As that of a dying bird.

Come not now! for the sunny forms
And the tones ye loved are fled—
They were hushed to rest by cold world's storms,
And sleep with the dreamless dead.

Come not now! for the deep blue stream
That dwelt in the shadowy wood,
Has lost the tinge of the sunshine's gleam,
Is mute when by it you stood.

Come not now! for the glad smiles
With the tones ye loved are o'er,
They are laid to rest in Time's abbey aisles,
With the dreams of the days of yore.

[Utica Teetotaler.]

PARK BENJAMIN ON NINETEENTH.

Park Benjamin is now delivering a course of lectures
in Newark, N. J. He will repeat the same in Detroit,
in a few days. This lecturer thus sums up the requisites
for conjugal felicity.

"I look upon amiability of disposition as the first of
characteristics in one's partner for life—second, good
principles; third, good sense; fourth, good breeding;
fifth, good education. Amiability including good temper
and a good heart; good principles includes decision
of character and religious and moral worth; good sense
comprehends both talents and taste; good breeding
takes in politeness, demeanor, manners; good education,
all other things that are useful to make a perfect woman."

On the subject of female vanity he says:
"Talk of the vanity of woman! Is there no vanity

in man! Show me girl with her pretty head stuffed
full of conceit of her own beauty and consequence, and
I will show you fifty youths, upon whose lips the small
down, by much coaxing, has ventured to appear, and a
hundred hirsute dandies, exulting in a full facial crop of
o spontaneous growth, who are more perfectly possessed
with a self-satisfied estimation of their own irresist-
ible charms than any man in her teens. Each of these
apologies of men fancies every woman whom he hap-
pens to encounter, desperately enamored of him, and is
fully persuaded, in his own mind, that he bears to the
fair sex the same relation which the late Capt. Martin
Scott did to the rascals—"Don't fire," said a colon to
the captain, as the latter was about raising his unerring
rifle, "I will come down!" "Don't pop the question,"
says some fascinated damsel to one of those exquisite
lady-killers, "I will marry you." All that these con-
querors of these fairs, these Cæsars in their own esteem
have to do, is to come and see and conquer.

LONDON DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

LONDON, January 6, 1852.

SIR AND BROTHER:—Enclosed you will find a copy
of an address, presented by the London Division, No.
248, Sons of Temperance, to the Rising Star Union,
Daughters of Temperance, congratulating them on
their organization in this Town, together with their
reply.

When the addresses were exchanged it was consid-
ered by both societies, that it might prove beneficial to
the cause we advocate, by bringing them before the
public through your useful journal. I was therefore
instructed to transmit to you a copy of each with their
united wishes that if you can give them a place, you
will confer a favor by publishing them.

Yours, in L. P. and F.

JAMES DALL, R. S.,

London Division.

London Division, No. 248, Sons of Temperance, to
Rising Star Union, No. 38, Daughters of
Temperance.

LADIES:—We esteem it a privilege, an honor, to
address you on the formation of your Union in this
Town. It is with unaffected pleasure that we see
those having much to occupy their attention within the
bosom of their own domestic circle, still manifesting so
much public spirit as to form themselves into societies
benevolent and philanthropic; but for which societies,
attended often with considerable self-sacrifice, destitu-
tion, and wretchedness would often remain unknown,
and the sum of human misery be greatly increased.

Nor would we rank among the least important the
object which your society has in view: Temperance,
strict, undeviating Temperance!

We offer you our hearty congratulations that you
have at length organized a Union, corresponding to
that to which we have the honor to belong.

While the benefit of your society will be experienced
by your own sex, we doubt not but its advantage to ours
will be great and lasting. Advantages direct and indi-
rect—advantages public and private—advantages per-
sonal, family, national.

Do we speak of direct and indirect advantages? The
very fact that our divisions are esteemed by the Ladies
which the formation of this society assures us of, will
inspire us with additional determination to proceed in
our good cause.

Do we behold our mothers—our Wives—our Sisters,
—advocating by their example and their boundless in-
fluence the cause you advocate—men cannot but be
brought to see the advantages of total abstinence.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not," says the moth-
er to her son. Her precept—seconded as it is by her
example—and made all-powerful by a mother's influ-
ence, has deterred, will deter many a young man; and
he, who might have been a visitor of the tavern,
might have been a degraded drunkard—a cruel husband
and father—a pest to society—is the respectable man,
the affectionate father, the loving and beloved parent.

You know, you all must know, your influence is
great; use it in this noble cause, and the intoxicating
draught will soon be called for no more.

It is said that the Spartan women were so patriotic

and public spirited that in presenting the shield to
sons when going forth to war, they did it with
words, "Return with it or upon it."

Was it any wonder that the sons of those mo-
thers were valiant and noble? Such heroic mothers
have no less sons.

So in every good cause does your example op-
erate. Use, continue to use your mighty influence in be-
half of the noble cause of temperance.

That benefits great and lasting will be the re-
sult of the formation of this Union, we doubt not; and
cannot but characterize those as careless of their
neighbors' good, regardless of the
Church of God, cold blooded and selfish, who can
in cautious neutrality when intestine war is waging,
between holy and unholy principles.

Ladies, the sword is drawn. The war is proclaimed.
The standard of Total Abstinence is unfurled. It
vocates and abettors, are in the field against all intem-
perant drinks.

Can any true patriot or friend to his species, and
to his conscience in remaining a quiet spectator of
combat? Such neutrality would be treason!

Signed in behalf of the London Division, No.
Sons of Temperance,

- William McBride, P. W. P.,
- William Rowland, W. P.,
- Duncan McKenzie, W. A.,
- James Dall, R. S.,
- B. F. Wilsin, A. R. S.,
- John Claypole, F. S.,
- Samuel McBride, T.,
- H. Fish, C.,
- Charles Simpson, A. C.,
- James Kirkwood, I. S.,
- D. T. Ware, O. S.

R R P L Y.

To the Worthy Patriarch and Brethren of the
Division, No. 248, Sons of Temperance.

GENTLEMEN:—We return you our sincere thank-
s for your letter of congratulation which we have had
the honor of receiving.

Next to the approbation of God, and the inward
consciousness of doing our duty, there is nothing can
sustain the mind in the midst of any difficult enterpris-
e, well as the approval of the sober and virtuous.

We know that the position we have taken may
pose us to the ridicule of some, and the contempt of
others; but we are sure that the reflecting, the sober,
the virtuous portion of the community will not re-
gret us as having stepped out of our proper sphere when
we seek to employ our feeble influence for the overthrow
of intemperance.

Much has been said upon the evils of intemperance,
but much will remain for ever unsaid.

The friends of temperance have been accused of
exaggeration, when speaking on this subject; but, as
exaggeration is scarcely possible. It has broken
down hearts, shed rivers of tears, and dragged
crushed hearts tempests of groans. It is a demon-
iac, destroying all that is fair and lovely on earth,
and laughing at the ruin it makes. And if these things
be so, who can deny that it is Woman's duty to en-
deavor herself to the utmost to keep her home free from
the curse of such a destroyer.

We cordially sympathize with you in the wishes
expressed for the final triumph of the temperance cause.
Truth is mighty, and it must prevail. Let us be
steadfast to our principles, and a success the most
glorious shall crown our labors.

Onward! till o'er the gladdened earth
The kindling impulse shall go forth—
Till o'er the farthest ocean isle
Our beacon star shall sweetly smile,
Till Rum is chained, and man is free—
Still onward! let our watchword be.

Signed in behalf of the Rising Star Union, No.
Daughters of Temperance.

- Eleanor Morrill, P. S.,
- Mary Ann Seger, A. S.,
- Elizabeth Raymond, R. S.,
- Cynthia Williams, A. R. S.,
- Christina Atkins, F. S.,
- Maria Westland, T.,
- Jane Wheaton, C.,
- Sarah Jane Burgess, A. C.,
- Anny Wakelin, G.,
- Mary Ann Morgan, A. G.



Youths' Department.

the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

CHILDHOOD.

One evening as I walked along
O'er my native hills and dales,
And listened to the merry song,
Of the blithesome nightingales.

I thought upon my childhood's home,
Where my first years were spent,
And grieved to think that I should roam,
Where home no pleasures lent.

My thoughts reverted to the time,
We assembled round the hearth;
I thought I heard the merry chime,
Of childhood's joyous mirth.

In the trees that over hung the stream,
The birds sang loud and gay;
And I transported with my dream,
Sang just as loud as they.

But now alas, that dream has fled
And I am left alone
My childhood's comrades all are dead,
And I am doomed to roam.

Oh! for an hour, in childhood's home,
Where my first years were spent
I never more would wish to roam,
But learn to be content.

MARIA.

Toronto, January, 1852.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.—A little girl in Yorkshire, Eng., contrived to raise nineteen shillings for the Church Missionary Society in a somewhat curious way. In her neighborhood there are many washerwomen, and it is often scarce, she therefore obtained a tub, and put it and saved as much rain-water as she could. She was accustomed to retail at our halfpenny bucket. The washer-women were very glad to pay this sum for a nice pailful of clean soft water; and she obtained nearly a pound, or almost five dollars, for her cause. When she brought her contribution to the Secretary, she did not wish any name to be attached to it; but he told her that it must be recorded in his book as coming from some one. "Call it, then," said "RAIN FROM HEAVEN."—*Jud. Instr.*

WOMEN—NEW EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.—The Boston Herald says that a large number of their citizens were regaled on Saturday afternoon with the spectacle of some 15 or 20 young ladies in the Bloomer costume skating on Back Bay. The ladies proved themselves most excellent, and graceful skaters, not one of them catching a fall.

CARRYING BUNDLES.

Many persons have a contemptible fear of being seen carrying any bundle, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The trifling as well as weighty appendages must be sent to them, no matter how much to the inconvenience of them. This arises from a low kind of pride. There is a pride still higher, that arises from a consciousness of being something in the individual not to be affected by such accidents—worth and weight of character. This latter pride was exhibited by the American son Napoleon Bonaparte. While he was in College, at Galt, he was one day carrying to his room a broom

he had purchased, when he met a friend, who noticing the broom with surprise, exclaimed,

"Why did you not have it sent home?"

"I am not ashamed to carry home any thing that belongs to me," was the sensible reply of young Bonaparte.

Very different pride was this from that of a young lady whom we know, who always gave her mother the bundles to carry when they went out together, because she thought it vulgar to be seen with one herself.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SMITHVILLE CADETS.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

On the 2nd January, I had the pleasure of attending the "Smithville Sub Section of Cadets," it being the night appointed for the Installation of its Officers. At 7 o'clock the visitors were admitted, and I assure you, it is highly gratifying to the Order, to see the interest manifested by the fairer portion of the community of Smithville, and environs in the cause of Temperance, evincing practically, the love they have for the cause, by gracing the imposing ceremony with their presence.

The highly respected Worthy Patron, B. Emerson, detailed the transaction of the Section, in his usual lucid manner, and concluded with presenting to the Section a *Chest*, to contain their Regalia and their Charter, handsomely framed and glazed. There were several of the Son's present, who enlivened the scene with some good speeches, if they were not so eloquent, as some of our more gifted brethren are in the habit of giving, they were not lacking of sterling worth, and zeal for the cause.

Several of the Cadets, recited some good pieces with credit, and when we remember that the Section has only been in existence six months, it is pleasing to see how well acquainted the officers are with their respective duties, in fact, the whole Section are alert. Woe betide a Son on entering, if he neglect any part of his duty, he is immediately called to order, by several of his junior brethren.

Our justly respected D. G. W. P., B. Morse, presented to the Section, a valuable Bible, (with the motto "Search the Scripture,") the worthy Brother introduced the present, with one of those soul stirring flights of oratory, which I have not power to describe, it must be heard to be justly appreciated. The Present was received by the Chaplain B. Kennedy, who made a suitable reply on behalf of the Section, and, I trust, the remarks of the Chaplain, will be remembered by all that heard them; old and young. The Section then closed in the usual manner, and each one returned to his home, highly pleased with the evening's amusement.

Please give your opinion on the following:—

1. D. B., would it not be for the interest of our Order, if the Sons on Installation nights, were to admit their wives and daughters, under the same rule as the Cadets, you are aware what a mighty lever the females are to our order.

2. Would it not insure a better attendance of Officers and Brethren at the Division, if fines were instituted, and their proceeds set a part, to purchase medals to be presented to all who pass the chair, if they have been punctual in their attendance and duties.

JOHN LUFFE, W. A.

Smithville Division.

Smithville, January 8, 1852

[We will answer these queries in our next, if room permits.—Ed. Son.]

TORONTO SECTION OF CADETS SOIREE.
JANUARY 16, 1852.

This very pleasant and well got up Soiree, came off according to notice in the Temperance Hall, on the 16th instant. The hall was beautifully ornamented with flags, emblems and evergreens. An excellent repast was laid, and every thing was arranged for enjoyment. We came into the hall after tea, at 8 o'clock, when the speaking was about to commence, and found

the hall perfectly crammed with youths, ladies and gentlemen, all in perfect good humor. There must have been over 400 persons present. Upon the platform a large number of Daughters of Temperance in Regalia were seated, members of the St. Lawrence Union, under whose patronage, the Soiree was got up. A choir of male and female vocalists, assisted by a Daughter of Temperance, who played on the piano, was also seated on the platform. A band of instrumental music was stationed at the end of the hall.

Brother T. T. Howard was called to the chair. We came in late, and were the first called on to address the Cadets; which, although, not altogether prepared to do, we did with the greatest pleasure. It delights us to see, young men commencing the world with good temperance principles; and, we well know, that these principles are the best guarantee for their eventual success in life. Any thing we can say or do to help them, is therefore, always willingly done and said. Br. McDougall, Editor of the North American, then addressed the meeting, remarking that he was less at home on this subject, than in politics. The Chairman then called on the Rev. Mr. Ward, a coloured minister, who gave the audience a most thrilling and excellent temperance speech for half an hour. He exhibited throughout much talent and a warm love for temperance.

The Cadets recited two different pieces, with much applause. One especially; in which, Mr. Rumseller, was arraigned before the bar of justice, for the murder of Mr. Misery, and a jury was empanelled to try him. The Clerk read the indictment, the Judge and lawyers, (Cadets in full lawyer's dress,) went through the regular court forms. Witnesses were called and examined and cross examined, and, finally, the case was left to the Jury under the Judges charge. The evidence consisted of the wife of the drunkard; the doctor who examined him, and the person, who saw him visit the Inn for liquor. Rumseller was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to a long imprisonment. The whole thing, was very well done by boys, and was very amusing. Altogether, the Soiree, was very well got up and attended; and showed, that in Toronto, there is a strong public feeling in favor of the Cadets.

GALT CADET CELEBRATION.

We take no exchange paper from Galt, and did not see until too late for our last issue, a full account of a most enthusiastic meeting in Galt, of the friends of Temperance, male and female, in the latter part of December. Some kind friend there, has enclosed us a copy of the *Reporter*, of the 2nd instant, in which a glowing description is given of the festivities of that evening, which, are sufficient to warm the heart of any man especially, a lover of the Order of the Cadets of Temperance. Over 300 of the flower, and bone, and snow of the beautiful town of Galt were present. A band and stirring vocal Music enlivened the evening. A most excellent request was given to the attendants, and the Rev. Mr. Brame and other speakers expatiated on the evils of intemperance. Hilarity, joy, and mental pleasure of the most exciting kind, every where were conspicuous. The young, the beautiful, the old, and middle aged were there, and with clear heads and full of enjoyment. What a contrast is this, to a wine drinking feast, where decanters and glasses receive no mercy—and ladies dare not stay out the evening.

The young ladies of Galt, it seems, furnished most of the vinous free of any charge to the Cadets, who took \$50 at the doors. A sterling friend of Temperance in this town, Br. Sowers, filled the chair. Br. William Mitchell, presented a banner to the Cadets, with an appropriate address. The evening passed off to the delight and pleasure of all, and the advancement of the cause of all mankind. When we read the thrilling account of such a meeting, where heart strove with heart to further social good and enjoyment, it makes us regret that we were not one of that glorious little festive throng—gathered together to further our cause. Brothers in Galt, although, to us, most of you are strangers, we are delighted to hear of your enthusiasm in the good cause.

St. Streetsville Cadets.—We perceive by the papers that the Section of Cadets in this place held a spirited Soiree a short time since. We have received no particulars of it from any brother there, which is the reason of our not noticing it in our last. Friends recollect, our columns are open to all—circulate the news.



The Literary Gem.

WHAT IS MIND ?

When we turn to olden pages,
When we search in Eastern lore ;
When we study Egypt's sagas,
The works of Moses ponder o'er ;
☞ There is mind.

When the book of Job we scan,
And think of him of olden Nod ;
His grasp of mind : that glorious man ;
Tried by the storms of his God ;
☞ We courage find.

When Sinai's Mount sent forth its fire,
Confucius spoke on China's plains ;
And glorious Homer's thrilling lyre ;
O'er classic Greece gave forth its strains ;
There was mind.

When Cæsar strove, a Roman strong,
Demosthenes with eloquence,
Warned their countries of coming wrong,
With words of fire and words of sense ;
☞ You patriots find.

When Solomon, with golden rule,
And David, with his shepherd's reed ;
And Plato taught in sylvan school,
Sweet wisdom spoke, which now we read,
A balm to every mind.

When Brutus led the Roman throng,
And sought to save with patriot wand ;
When the glories of Isaiah's song
Were heard o'er Judea's land ;
☞ There was mind.

O mind ! thou glorious light divine,
Who dare to bind thy grasping power ;
The noble of the earth are thine ;
Thou alone art Babel's tower :
☞ To limits not confined.

Ambition leads thee up to heaven ;
Thy seat takes in the distant star ;
Nature's mysteries thou hast given :
No prison house, or tyrant's bar,
Thy energies can bind.

Galileo for thee pined,
With thy powers old Milton sang ;
Newton hath thy name engrained,
And from thy magic Luther sprang ;
Glorious mind !

Oh beacon of the soul ! bright light
That shunest on a desert land ;
Arise ! 'tis time ; assert thy right ;
Nature's powers are given to thy hand :
☞ Day overcometh night.

C. M. D.

MAGNETISM.

" STATE OF THE MAGNETIC CURRENT.—A long experience of the Coast Survey, with some dozen different lines of telegraph, established the fact that the velocity of the galvanic current is about 15,400 miles per second. The time of transit between Boston and Bangor was recently measured, and the result was that the time occupied in the transmission was one sixteenth thousandth of a second; and that the velocity of the galvanic current was at the rate of 16,000 miles per second, which is about six hundred miles per second more than the average of other experiments."—[Boston Journal].

There are secrets and wonderful mysteries yet to be discovered in the properties of magnetism. Nothing with which the human mind is acquainted is so nearly allied to spirit as the fluid, or most strange power called magnetism. What it is none really know. Its effects are seen and known: but what the thing is—

whether matter, galvanism, electricity, or qualities of them, none can tell. There seems to be a strange affinity between it and mind; and it appears to be charmed by the poles of the earth. Magic points it to the north and south, as if some mighty power was seated there, forever drawing it by a blind impulse. Some think it is the agent used by the soul, to act along the nerves, when it feels pain; or that conveys the power of the will to the muscles, when the arm is raised, or the body moves; that there is a strange alliance between it and mind; it acting as a sort of medium or conductor, helpmate of mind on matter. Mind acts on matter—moves it through magnetism. It seems with electricity, the main-spring of the principle of life. All this is conjecture. It is evidently a passive substance and a quality of matter the nearest allied to spirit of all. Spirit, mind or thought, however, can use it. The time will come when strange wonders will burst upon the soul of man, from the discoveries to be made in magnetism and electricity. It is, in our belief, a subtle and most extraordinary and attenuated fluid, a quality of, and attendant on matter. Through its agency, and that of galvanism and electricity, (perhaps all mere effects of one fluid,) all life, organic and inorganic, is evolved. We speak of life, as such, apart from the soul. For the soul we believe to be a transcendental and immortal spark from God, that will return to God: as different from matter as is the brightest light from the intensest darkness. Magnetism connects and influences all material nature; and causes, perhaps, a sympathy between us and the sun, as well as the most distant star. It is to matter what God is to the soul—the polar star. Matter hangs upon it, intrinsically, for existence in an organized form. It is the dissolving and the re-forming element.

THE SYMMES THEORY OF THE EARTH.

" THE GREAT POLAR OCEAN.—At the last meeting of the London Geographical Society, Lieut. Osborne, a member of one of the British Arctic expeditions, argued, at some length in favour of the support of the existence of a Polar Ocean. He said that in Wellington channel, he had observed immense numbers of whales running out from under the ice, a proof that they had been to water and come to water, for every one knew they must have room to blow. He further said that there were almost constant flights of ducks and geese, from the northward, another proof of water in that direction; since these birds found their food only in such water. He added that it was his deliberate opinion, from observations made on the spot, that whales passed up Wellington channel into a northern sea. In reference to the abundance of animal life, in the latitude of this supposed Polar Sea, he remarked that while, on the southern side of Lancaster Sound, he never saw game enough to keep his dog, Melville Island, one hundred and fifty miles to the northward, abounded in deer and musk oxen. It was thus clear, he continued that animal life did not depend on latitude, but increased, if any thing, after passing the seventieth degree. Moreover, while in Baffin's Bay the tyde made for the southward, coming from the Atlantic, in Barrow's Straits it made for the northward, which could only be explained on the hypothesis of a sea in that direction. All this seems to us proof of a great Polar Ocean."

Many navigators begin to think there is truth in this once agitated theory of the earth. The facts mentioned in the above observations, of a gentleman who has recently been in these most northern latitudes, would go to strengthen the truth of the theory. By every philosopher and geographer, the earth is supposed to be a globe of matter, nearly round—composed of earth and water. The water is believed to cover merely the surface. None of the great oceans, are over five or six miles deep. The water covers nearly two thirds of the earth's surface. The earth is said to be about 24,000 miles in circumference, and 8000 miles in diameter. The water rolls over the mere outside of the globe according to

the common theory. The great bulk of the then, is solid matter, of some kind. It is either it is water, or a vacuum. Nature, wherever served, works upon a different principle than inutility. If we gaze into the most extreme depths of infinite space with a telescope, we find vacuum, but space filled with worlds of beauty, moons, and planets and systems of stars, simple or different from ours; all, no doubt, teeming with animals, vegetable and intellectual life and movement. Every barren rock or dry leaf may be by the aid of the microscope to be alive with insects frisking about in pleasure for a short hour. The warmest latitudes and the coldest have their animals and enjoyments. The fur-covered Esquimaux and the arctic skinner, with his land animals, his reindeer, and in his snow house, himself as well as the languid Turk on his ottoman in Constantinople, or the swarthy East Indian in the Gauges. The reindeer snuffing the snow, the Polar bear catching the seal, or the great whale blowing the sea water among the ice-bergs of the Seas, seem to enjoy themselves as much as the zebra of Africa, the roaring lion of the savanna, or the bird of paradise of the Southern ocean. Nothing with God exists in vain, and enjoyments, utility, wisdom and variety, seem to reign throughout the wide amphitheatre of nature. It is for this reason that we are inclined to credit to some of the Symmes' theory of the earth. We are satisfied that God would permit a space of 8000 miles in diameter to exist as a dark and everlasting void of silence and inutility. Be his matter solid matter aqueous, vapor, or internal fire, still we believe that if there were no life or vegetation it would seem lost. If on the other hand the earth be hollow, composed of an external crust, say 1000 miles or less in thickness, and a remaining portion 6000 miles in height and diameter, be a world of light, with an atmosphere, water, vegetation, alive with beauty, animal and vegetable life, drinking in the glorious light of the sun; the supposed dark and silent deep would not be a nature carries out its common principle. The world could enter this world of beauty at the poles, as it is separated from us by a barrier of ice which is passed at times by vessels; and may be visited by the great whales, and by birds in their northward flight. Races of men may exist there as with God may have sent them there from the four corners of the upper earth as he dispersed the nations of Babel. Man then sought the south, the east, the west, and the north, and we find him every where. His emigratory spirit may have sent him over the ocean of snows, and into the warm seas of an inner world; there to snuff the spicy gales, and listen to the gentle songs of an inner world. The discoverer of the new world by Columbus, struck the ignorant of men with admiration and all wondered that he had not before thought of it. The great soul of a Spanish navigator alone could comprehend this at first. It may be, that we will during this generation, discover an inner world far transcending the discovery of the great continent of North and South America. We may visit it, if not by sea or land at least by air, when air travelling balloons shall be brought to perfection; and be propelled through the air swifter than the rail road car by steam. All may be fancy, a wild eldorado, but we are not satisfied of its untruth.

BRIEF FACTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

- 1639. First American Printing Press.
- 1704. First American newspaper.
- 1733. First Lodge of Freemasons.
- 1774. Streets of Boston first lighted.
- 1782. First American 74 gun ship.
- 1784. First U. S. Census. Pop. 3,929,326.
- 1790. First Turnpike Corporation.
- 1801. 200 newspapers in U. S.
- 1804. Middlesex—first large Canal.
- 1807. First steamboat on the Hudson.
- 1810. 359 newspapers in U. S.
- 1811. First Steamboat in the West.
- 1826. Am. Temperance Society instituted.
- 1834. 1265 newspapers in U. S.
- 1855. Erie Canal opened.



The Canadian Sons of Temperance.

Toronto, Saturday, January 21, 1852.

Don, look not thou upon the wine when it is red
It giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth
bright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and
h like an adder."—Proverbs, Chap 23

THE GHOST STORY.

ere stood behind a marble slab
A man with a flushed face,
puring out liquor, day and night,
With bacchanalian grace.

ad round him pressed a crowd of toppers,
On whom he fixed his eyes,
saring that some were interlopers,
Crept in to act as spies.

th day and night, he poured, and brushed
The change into his till;
nd yet is red nosed customers,
Grew dry and drier sullen.

he song went round, and joke and story;
Crowned with the brimming cup—
he Tiptster, he was in his glory,
For his till was filling up.

What's that!" he cried, smitten with fear,
And dropped his fiery glass.
pirt of another sort
Stood up before his face.

le with affright, in haste, he fled,
No liquor more to draw—
nd after him, in hot pursuit,
The Ghost of the Main Law.

From the Life Boat.

IS THERE ANY RE-ACTION ?

December last, the Sons of Temperance in Canada exceeded twenty-one thousands in number. There were upwards of 335 Divisions in operation. There were near fifty Unions of Daughters of Temperance, and about 130 Sections of Sons of Temperance. The Societies are located in all parts of Canada, from Bytown to Amherst and Owen Sound to Dunville. At the same time in 1850, the Orders in number were about half of these amounts. Temperance men, women, and children have, then, doubled in these few years within a year. In that time, vast numbers of Sons, from all classes in society, have joined the Order, and boys, in some instances, have joined the Order from curiosity; others joined, believing it would not cost them so much; and others, yet others, who were not really capable of resisting the appetite for liquor. Taking into consideration these things, with our vast accession, it was to be supposed that there would not be a little reaction. This was as necessary for the well-being of the Order, as it was to be expected in the history of human actions. In all moral, religious, or political

movements there will be found the zealous, the ardent; the half-zealous and the lukewarm; the cool and the secretly inimical. So it is with the movements of these Orders. Out of vast numbers of men, a few have broken their pledges, a few have withdrawn, finding that we had no secrets to tell them, and that humanity and Temperance were our only motives. A few here and there, in some Divisions; who joined us thinking that they would receive all the honours, and make a penny extra; finding that it cost them a few pennies a week extra, and being (although *professed* Temperance men, naturally of that class whose souls might be put into a nut-shell,) have withdrawn, to join, or remain in, as they say, the old Temperance Society, where they know it will cost them nothing. Now, these are the classes who have withdrawn from us, and in some places their withdrawal is called a reaction. They are seed that tell "upon stony and thorny places." They are seed that are choked up of their own appetites, of their interests, and of their selfishness,—seed, in the nature of things, that we might have expected to loose, because the root thereof was not set in a noble heart, an enlarged mind, or in any fixedness of purpose or principle. The Divisions have been thus, in some cases, weeded and purified. Many of them would return at once, if it were not for two things—shame, and the cost of a few shillings a year extra. It is to be hoped they will see the folly and error of their ways; for to join a body of moral men, and then to leave them without any good excuse, is most unpardonable.

The leaving of the Order by a few, upon the grounds stated, was to be expected. We remarked, nine months ago, that some reaction might be looked for: and we doubt not but that it will be all the better for the Order. The organization and principles of all the above Orders are beautiful, and would, (and we trust will,) if carried out faithfully, revolutionize the world, for the better. We stand with one hand upon the triangle, and the other rests upon the globe. For many thousands of years has the great mass of men been kept down, in ignorance and vice, by a certain few. And how has it been? In two ways: by keeping them ignorant and vicious. Under the old Asiatic, European, and African monarchies and despotisms, and even republics, the nations were composed of two classes of men: the few, composed of kings and their sycophants, priests, and the army; the many, composed of the people, who laboured for them, and who, as the people, were distrusted, kept in ignorance, and feasted with games, plays, and bacchanalian riots, revelries, and drunkenness. When Christ appeared on earth, he commenced at the root of the tree. He chose not his disciples from the learned or the rich; nor did he, as the world had done before him, seek to elevate himself, or promulgate his doctrines at the expense of the many, or of the interests of humanity. No. He at once went to work to elevate the poor and humble, and to make them both learned and virtuous. He denounced extremes of all kinds; preached abstinence, and taught that one man was as good as another, in the eyes of God. Humanity, as a whole, was looked upon by him; and by the elevation of the race, through true wisdom and virtue, he sought

to bring them back to their Maker. The monarchies of Europe, for 1,500 years, helped on by mitred priests and armies, such as now rule Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France, have kept the people down in the same way. They indulge them in vice, drunkenness, and a forced education; keeping from them a voluntary education, and general information; in order, at the same time, to amuse and hold in chains their minds, and to shape their thoughts and feelings in unison with their arbitrary notions. England and her people have been a proud exception. As far back as about the year 1200, they forced their king, John, to define their liberties in *Magna Charta*. From Alfred's time, they have been a thinking and progressive people. During many hundreds of years, their stumbling-blocks were ignorance and indulgence in false appetites; and we verily believe their greatest curse now is an appetite for alcohol. What they spend in this way would clothe their children, and feed them with wholesome food. The vice of all northern European nations is drunkenness, to which they fly, poor and rich, to drown, as they suppose, *ennui* and idle time; but, in reality, to destroy the intellectual and corporeal powers. The policy of tyrants is to foster the vice, rather than otherwise. We stand with our hands upon the triangle and upon the world. Our motto is not to destroy the body, the mind, or any civil power or religion. We work to make man know his worth, and the beauty and benefits of Temperance and unity of action, for the good of human nature. No man who ever joined the Sons could justly say that their principles are not good and glorious; but he might say that they are a little burdensome, and clash with selfishness. Money and appetite we do not profess to indulge, and this has caused a slight reaction in our Order, within a few months; but the cause stands upon a firm footing, and there are hearts and eyes, in all parts of Canada, looking upon these lines, and feeling their truth; whose possessors are determined that our standard shall go to head, and that Canada shall be redeemed, by our glorious principles, from the thralldom of drunkenness and ignorance.

CORONER'S INQUESTS.—DRUNKENNESS.

An inquest was held on Tuesday last, near Corruna, in the township of Mober, by Hugh Johnson, Esq., Coroner, on the body of Mary Lock, a woman of very intemperate habits, living in that vicinity. It appeared, on evidence, that the deceased was found dead in her house on Monday morning, she having slept on the floor all night in a state of intoxication. After the examination of several witnesses, the Jury returned their verdict, "died from cold and excessive drinking."—[Lambton Shield.

Nearly every newspaper we take up gives us a paragraph like the above. In all parts of Canada human creatures are dying thus, and coroners inquests are called to sit upon them. Verdict, died from "cold and excessive drinking." Here is a case in the extreme western limit of Canada, at the town of Sarnia. The other day we read, in the Bytown papers, of a case nearly similar, in the extreme eastern limit. A week or two ago, we noticed a case in the extreme south, in the Niagara country. Toronto and Hamilton, within a few months, have furnished several cases of the same kind. Galt, not long since, had a shocking case of the kind. We have in our drawer a selection of cases

that would fill three pages of this paper, which we have thought of publishing, all happening within twelve months. Are these facts not sufficient to arouse the community? Is human life nothing? Is a woman less a woman because intoxicated? Has she not a soul; and might she not, like Mary Magdalene, be reclaimed? In New York City they have, with great wisdom, erected an asylum for poor inebriates, where they are kept at useful work, and reformed. Such an institution in Canada and its large cities would do good. But what causes all this death and distress? The license system, and the curse of moderate tipping. Are the people aware of the enormous tax they pay for all this? Do they not know that every coroner's inquest costs from £3 to £7 10s., according to the trouble? He must summon a jury, and pay them; summon a physician, and pay him; and this bill finds its way into our city or county treasury. This is the tax we pay tavern keepers. Not only do we pay them this tax, but we pay them for destroying our children, our wives, our husbands, and our friends. If poor men and women could not get liquor they would not die thus. So long as they can buy, the money will be got by begging. Many a limping and miserable beggar you meet by day, is merry over your charity at night, in a grog shop. We say not this to prevent charity; but, alas! we fear it is poor charity to feed a low grog shop. More than half the sudden deaths we hear of are caused by drink. Not long since, several poor men were drowned in Toronto Bay, whose bodies still lie unfound. We have reason to believe that had they, on the night of the accident, not visited a place on the island where liquor is sold, such an accident might not have occurred.

ELORA DIVISION, UNION OF DAUGHTERS.

Elora, 14th January, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Yours, of the 26th ult., duly came to hand; and I gladly embrace the opportunity offered by you, for communicating a few facts relating to the progress of the cause in this locality.

A Division, No. 272, was instituted here on the 9th May last; and although Elora has a population of not more than 450, the Sons already muster 53 names on their roll; having lost several from removals, &c., but not one from a return to drinking habits. The Division meets on Tuesday evenings, and is well attended. There is an agitation among the ladies of this vicinity, and they have formed a Union of Daughters, progressing as favorably as circumstances permit, I believe. We have also a T. A. S. in active operation, which is calculated to do much good. Monthly meetings are to be held this winter, under the auspices of it and the Sons; and judging from the first meeting, a considerable number of converts to teetotalism will be the result.

Fergus, a village three miles from Elora, boasts a spirited Division, which has fought a good fight against the numerous grogeries there. It numbers about 60, and meets on Monday evenings. There are more obstacles to overcome in that locality than this, and much credit is due to the Fergus Sons for their courage and perseverance. The Fergus ladies have not yet united as Daughters, but a movement has been made amongst the youth, and a thriving Section of Cadets is the consequence.

A Division is not yet formed in Peel or Maryboro; but doubtless soon will be. There are many sound and intelligent teetotalers in both Townships, who are willing to embark in whatever promises to effectually crush the liquor traffic. Bad roads, and

the distance at which they live apart, are the two difficulties in the way of the institution of a Division. Despite bad roads and distance, several warm-hearted fellows from Peel have joined the Elora Division, and have faced some of the fiercest storms of this winter in visiting it. Peel is fast becoming a model Township, in as far as total abstinence is concerned; and I believe the day is not far distant when it will be able to proudly exclaim, "I hold not a single grogery." It is settled by many intelligent men from Yongo Street, who, having large families, have made a home in the wilderness, for the benefit of their offspring. I need not tell you, Mr. Editor, who knows the "men of York" better than I do, what kind of a settlement they are sure to make. When I have time, however, I will send you a more particular account of Peel and its teetotal spirit.

I send you an order for six copies of the *Son*, and hope yet to increase the number. I would add my humble share of praise, (to that which you are constantly receiving,) of your industry, energy, and evident desire to make the *Son* one of the most readable papers in Canada. You supply just such a periodical as every true *Son* ought to find upon his table; and I doubt not will even improve it. I trust that a discerning public will reimburse your outlay.

Before concluding this hastily written sketch, I would record the fact, that much is owing to D. G. W. P. James Fergusson, for the rapid spread of Temperance principles in this portion of Waterloo. He has a copious flow of language, a logical mind, a fund of illustration, and a sufficiency of that well-pointed sarcasm, which, when rightly aimed, strikes with telling effect upon the ranks of the liquor sellers. His lectures whenever he can find opportunity: and by working near home, "without fee or reward," shows that his efforts are, at least, disinterested.

Hoping that the *Son* will speedily find more subscribers than there are "Sons" in Canada West,

I am yours in the bonds of the Order,

C. Durand, Esq., Toronto.

C. CLARKE.

QUEBEC SONS OF TEMPERANCE SOIREE.

Upwards of four hundred persons were present at the Soiree of the Sons of Temperance in Russell's Concert Hall, last night—the ladies apparently rather outnumbering the gentlemen, and, what with speeches, and music, both vocal and instrumental, it was a brilliant affair. "The sons" were invested with their white paraphernalia, and the officers were distinguished by their collars being of crimson velvet, trimmed with silver lace. The band, speakers, and officers stood on a platform at the upper end of the room, and on the wall behind them, there was exposed to view the banner of the order. The Sons of Temperance, it may be well to mention, are bound together by a species of freemasonry—they are united to each other by a mystic tie like the odd fellows; but their grand secrets are the reclaiming of the drunkard from his drunkenness and the prevention of the young and unemployed from falling into the wretched habit of drinking heavily—by the force of example and persuasion in the first case, by judicious counsel and example in the case of the young, and by affording pecuniary aid to the unemployed.—The Society consists of some 150 members, who pay an initiation fee, and a trifle, monthly, with the view of raising a fund, from which the needy or the afflicted of its members can be assisted. These things were well explained by the worthy Patriarch in the opening address, and by Brother Craig in his excellent speech.—The speeches or addresses were all good; the Reverend Mr. Geikie was particularly happy in what he said and was repeatedly and loudly applauded.

Master Lamb repeated a very interesting and well worded address with considerable ease and effect, and was followed by Brother White, who certainly acquitted himself in the Gough style, most creditably. He told his anecdotes with a minuteness and earnestness which had an admirable effect, his confidence and self-possession never for a moment forsook him. Master Fitch too spoke, with wonderful fluency, and grace, of the star of temperance, which he represented as being in the ascen-

dant, and sat down, amidst protracted cheering the speeches were good—the singing was inferior, as the reader will readily believe on being told, the choir was that of the Methodist church. The tenor of the deep bass of that choir was as usual appreciated, and a young lady's bell like no musically in the ear. "Ye Sons of Temperance" so harmoniously and so effectively executed & encouraged; and afterwards a catch took the house by storm at the other end of the room—"Follow me the Misses Fitch, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. C. capital.

We spent a very pleasant evening indeed, and we feel assured that we were all satisfied away. The refreshments were both abundant and indeed were in every sense. Mr. McIndoe Confectioner St. John Street, provided. Unfortunately the room was too small to accommodate more than fifty or sixty at a time, excellent management of the stewards none convinced got off without their cup of coffee.

The splendid band of the 5th Regiment permitted to attend by Colonel Moore, contributed much to the evening's entertainment.—[Chronicle.]

INNISFIL TEMPERANCE MEETING.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—

On New Year's day, the brethren of Innisfil, No. 177, Sons of Temperance, held a teetotal meeting, at which they were much enlightened and soul-stirring music of the Bradford Brass Band, joined by many of the brethren of the Bradford Division.

The good Ladies of Innisfil took the opportunity of presenting the Division with a splendid copy of Holy Scriptures, together with a pair of superb sticks and snuffers.

Mrs. Clinie, Sen., presented the Bible and following address. Mrs. Rogers, assisted by Mrs. Ellis, presented the candlesticks, &c. After dress being read, the Chairman, D. D. Hay, Esq., read the reply. The day was unusually fine, and a large concourse were in attendance. T. John Clinie, D. G. W. P., and brother J. King, R. S. elect, delivered animated addresses, and a large concourse were in attendance. This very interesting meeting separated highly gratified.

Yours, in L. P. and F.,

Innisfil, Jan. 5, 1851.

SAMUEL WALKER, R. S., pro

To the Editor of the *Son of Temperance*.

ADDRESS.

WORTHY PATRIARCH AND BROTHERS.—In the Ladies of this vicinity, and others, we be entrusted with the distinguished honor of presenting your division with a copy of the Holy Scriptures, accompanied—a gift, from its intrinsic value fitted to express our deep sense of the value of your lives, in the great cause of temperance and morality.

Your efforts to restore and preserve the fallen, to secure peace and hope to the worse than widow—prosperity and happiness to the homestead earth, which, have been made desolate—your respect for the memory of the dead—and your care over the interests of the widow and fatherless, are our admiration, and claim our warm and hearty support.

Your vocation is a high one—your "Order," raised up by Providence as a breakwater, to be a progress for the desolating plague of intemperance, and to encourage "whatsoever is pure, and report" and to form an important element in the struggle of social progress.

The necessary effect of the adoption of your principles, is to make better husbands and better wiser parents and more obedient children—to elevate by purifying his character—to purge society by the example of a life, based on the fundamental principles of your Order. Love, Purity, and

Our sex are deeply interested in your success, because many of them have suffered cruelly and from the blighting evil of intemperance. Your success is our triumph, and your defeat ours.

long in the Lord and in the power of his might
at glorious refuge made known in the volume
ent you, become to each of you "the shadow of
rock in a weary land."
ly, we earnestly pray that, owned and accepted
author, you may at last exchange the cross for
win. The regalia, with all the other armor
ing, for the palm of victory, and a coat in that
where your beverage shall be the Pure Water of
then the death knell of the Traffic shall have
your ears, and the drink of the drunkard shall
be used for ever.

REPLY.

—In the name of the Division I thank you
valuable and unperishable gift, and for the as-
of your co-operation and sympathies expressed in
and complimentary address.

! We rejoice to know that you entertain so
appreciations of our mission—a mission worthy
men and of abler advocates and more general
ersal success. We meet you this day within
alls with feelings easier felt than uttered, as co-
in this great cause. You will forgive us for
ing our earnest and settled conviction that under
ore depends upon you for its ultimate and per-
triumph, than upon us. You are the mothers
ers of our future temperance men; they are in
nds as clay in the hands of the potter. See to
right impulse, and a right impress be given, so
en both the givers and the receivers of this so-
lumen shall have passed away "to the dark
nd long sleep," a race right in heart, strong in
e, and strong in numbers, may fill the place we
ltingly occupy.

magnify without attributing too much importance
principles. We are not a religious association,
association is based upon religious principles.
restly repudiate the oft repeated accusation,
perance is magnified by us into the importance
igious and saving instrumentality, or that in our
d efforts we encroached upon the territory that
ore properly to be occupied by the church.

im is not to effect directly the spiritual, but the
nd physical elevation of our race, or rather to
that which so much obstructs and retards the
s of both, and so far from occupying the position
rossing the labors of the church, our platform is
n which the Christianity of our land of whatso-
me or peculiarity can associate for the common
of purifying society from that taint which is at
e great obstacle to her onward progress, altho'
claiming the assumption of spiritual functions
ual ends, it is yet our privilege and our glory
al to the sacred oracles of God as the basis of
rations, and to sanctify by religious observances
public and our private acts in the work of faith
or of love in which we are engaged.

our address you very appropriately observe that
we are put forth to help the needy as well as re-
e fallen. It may indeed be said that the most
if not the most useful end of our association,

Cheer the widow in affliction's strait,
Console and heal the sick, the maimed."

Conclusion, Ladies, permit us again to thank you
interest you have manifested in our Order, for
cess gifts, for your admiration of our efforts,
r professions of identity with us. Be assured
shall not easily forget your kindness, and that
our of trial and of weakness, the consciousness
have with us your prayers and your sympathy,
th strengthen our hands and encourage our
in prosecuting with renewed earnestness the
bject of our mission, a mission which, whether
to see triumph or not, must ultimately triumph,
a moral point of view, the "wretchedness and
ry place shall be glad, and the desert shall
and blossom as the rose."

FORGIVE IF NOT FORGET.

The Montreal Temperance Advocate was re-
o in our last number, as having made a vio-
e, and unprovoked attack on this paper.—
e in type a balance of an article written on
ect in continuation of our remarks, which
to the subject fully. We have, upon second

thoughts, determined for the present to forbear in-
serting it. It seems to us most unseemly for pa-
pers engaged in the same good object to be writ-
ting each other down. At home, abroad, in di-
visions, and out of them, and as a public writer, we
love to live in peace. A few short years will convey
us all from this mortal scene of strife, and we have
little time enough to do good below. There is
abundant room for all of us to do good. "Forgive
it not forgotten" should be our motto. We can forgive
this wicked attack, but we cannot forget that we
have been wantonly attacked and maligned by a
stranger whom we would have served sooner than
injured. The Advocate seems to have taken offence
at two things: One, that we said this paper had been
read in Upper Canada by at least 20,000 people, during
the last six months. Another, that we said that
ours was the first that had ever been success-
fully carried on for one year in Canada West, as a
Temperance paper.

Now, both these assertions are true on our part.
The first is quite within bounds. We have circula-
ted over 2,200 copies for six months past. Most of
these copies are taken in families where there is a
wife, husband, and growing up children. Not
over 300 are taken by young men. Every family
would average say four readers, and every young
man would permit his to be perused by at least an-
other. Thus we have 8,200 readers. But we hap-
pen to know that in dozens of places neighbors lend
this paper to neighbors. Many Divisions having
100, less or more members, have taken a few copies
each, and the few copies have thus been circulated
in the neighborhood, and in some places fifty have
read this paper who did not subscribe. We are quite
within bounds in our estimate; and we did not know
before that it should be a cause of offence to a tem-
perance man that temperance information was cir-
culated widely.

Where is the temperance paper in Upper Canada
that ever lived one year besides our own? The
Advocate is a Lower Canada paper.

It is easy for all to see the cause of this attack. Some
men will allow envy to get the better of their moral
feeling and good sense, and they will make all
kinds of assertions without any foundation. Recol-
lect, friend Advocate, that every man has his feelings,
and a regard for reputation. Let us be temperate in
the remarks we make, and above all things, say
nothing in anger and envy. He that controleteth his
anger is mightier than a Napoleon.

NEWCASTLE DIVISION.

SIR AND BROTHER:—I am much pleased with the
improved appearance of your present volume, and shall
feel a pleasure in recommending it to the favor and
patronage of the Order of which it is the acknowledged
and efficient organ, and to the public generally. I am
satisfied that it is a "Gem" which will endure unscathed
the attacks of avowed foes, and, if needs be, the false
sarcasms of wolves in sheep's clothing. It is to be re-
gretted that any man who is professedly attached to the
great work of reformation in which we are engaged,
should so far lose sight of principle and expediency, as to
seize the weapons of slander and abuse, and deal out
unmerited strokes, at effective and successful laborers
in the temperance ranks. Such an article as recently
appeared in the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, amount-
ing in no measured terms upon the *Son of Temperance*
and *Literary Gem*, betokens a weak and ungenerous
mind, and cannot be too highly deprecated by those
who wish to propagate the principles of temperance, be-
nevolence and brotherly love. When we see such a
spirit evinced by those in whose integrity we have re-
posed confidence, we should only learn to rely more
unitedly upon instruments and agencies which are pecu-
liarly and fraternally our own.

I volunteer these observations which I think har-
monize with the feelings of the friends of temperance
here generally, to show you that we fully appreciate the
manly, consistent, and independent manner in which
you have hitherto conducted the *Son of Temperance*
and *Literary Gem*, and to convince the editor of the

Advocate, that in the estimation of some of his patrons,
at least, he has been "biting against a file."

Our beloved Order in this vicinity is gradually increas-
ing in numbers and usefulness. Last Monday evening
we had two addresses and five propositions, some of
which have excited most sensible the interesting
"bite of the serpent and sting of the adder."

Our good brothers in Orono are still waging a pro-
gressive war upon our common foe, and have effected a
very perceptible change in the moral aspect of their
interior. May the work go on and prosper in every
portion of the earth, where the baneful effects of alcohol
have been felt or feared, until the vice of intemperance
shall be numbered among the things that were.

Yours Fraternally,

C. S. P.

Newcastle, Jan. 17, 1852.

For the *Son of Temperance.*

FRONTENAC DIVISIONS—GOOD NEWS
FROM THE EAST.

Louvainville, Jan. 14, 1852.

On Wednesday, the Sons from Kingston, Sydenham,
and other places, met at Scott's Corners, and formed a
new division. We now have five divisions on the road
from Kingston to Sydenham, a distance of 16 miles
north. On the road to Napanee, westward, there are
six more divisions within a distance of twenty-four
miles. On another road to Bath, from our village, there
are three divisions. We have seventeen divisions within
a circuit of twenty-four miles, and only one temperance
house in the vicinity, which is situated at Mill Creek,
and is kept by Benjamin Clark, a Son of Temperance,
his wife being also a Daughter of Temperance. This
house is patronized by the very best men in the commu-
nity, and is doing well.

THE LOUGHBORO DIVISION

I doing well. It had the honor, lately, of receiving
from the ladies of this place, a beautiful banner, present-
ed with a becoming address. We also have a brass
band which can play beautifully for the time they have
been in practice. Sons of Temperance are fond of
music, and must have it when they can.

On the last Town Meeting day here, we formed
a procession of sleighs loaded with people, accompanied
by our band and newly elected Councillor, and drove
eight or nine miles, and then stopped at an Inn, took
refreshments, and again drove off to Scott's Corners,
and back to our homes, with our beautiful band playing
tunes, drums beating, all of which filled our hearts with
joy and gladness. So much for our division and elec-
tion.

PORTLAND DIVISION

Is still increasing, and has taken on some fine men lately
again. A new division has been formed lately a few
miles north of them, which is doing well.

THE INDEPENDENT DIVISION,

In Kingston, have lately obtained a charter from our D.
G. W. P. here, and have become chartered members in
our Order, and under our glorious Canadian Grand Di-
vision. (This is most gratifying news)—[Ed. Son.]

We have every thing to encourage us in the good
cause. I think our Editor would do well to send some
Printed Petitions against the license system, well got
up, to every division within his knowledge, and try pub-
lic opinion on the subject.

Yours, in L. P. and F.,
A SON of Loughboro Division,

The above news are very cheering from the East—
[Ed. Son.]

LONDON, C. W.

SIR AND BROTHER:—I cannot allow this opportunity
to pass without telling you how much I admire the *Son*
of Temperance. I have been a subscriber since its first
appearance, and must say that it has always been a
welcome visitor to Sons of Temperance; it has the
highest claims for support. The hints and suggestions,
together with the statistical information concerning our
Order contained in it, are well worth the subscription
money to all truly interested Sons of Temperance.

Yours, in L. P. and F.,

JAMES DALL, R. S.,
London Division.

MAINE.

"Away Down East, in the State of Maine,"

Where the ripe fields wave with the yellow grain,
Where the waters hurry in headlong glee,
And the wavelets dance so joyous and free,
Be it mine to dwell by her rivulet's side,
And to make my home by her sparkling tide.

She's that land of the forest, the land of the wood,
The land of the streamlet, the land of the flood,
The land of the dam, the land of the mill,
The land of the river, the land of the rill,
The land of the leaping and bright cascade,
Where the sunlight danced and the moonbeam played.

She's the home of the freeman, the land of the brave;
And stout hearts are trained by the brink of her wave;
She's the brightest of jewels in all the fair crown
That decks young Columbia's rising renown.
On her high mountain top, by the brink of her wave,
She's the pride of New England, the boast of the brave.
(Boston Times.)

THE LONDON TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

The Second Monthly meeting of this recently formed Association was held in the Exeter Hall on Monday evening, Nov. 17th. The attendance was large and respectable. The chair was taken at seven o'clock by J. SILK BUCKINGHAM, Esq., President of the League. Prayer for the Divine blessing having been offered by the Rev. W. W. Robinson, A.M., Incumbent of Christchurch, Chelsea.

Among the speakers who addressed the meeting, was our friend and brother, F. W. KELLOGG, whose speech is thus reported in the *London Patriot*, of Nov. 20th:—

Mr. F. Kellogg, from the United States, observed, that many persons in the present day were professing great sympathy for the working classes. He believed that the working classes did not look up to such persons with gratitude, as might be expected, and the reason was, that all they asked for was their rights, which they thought they had reason to believe had long been withheld from them. (Hear.) He believed that the interests of employers and employed were reciprocal, and that the doctrine of universal brotherhood was no fable. Vice and immorality to a vast extent prevailed, and hence many were afraid of "the people." And why? Had they not been accustomed to look upon them as beasts of burden, and were they not now reaping the reward of their own folly? Was not prevention better than cure? In England seven millions and a half sterling was paid for the support of paupers; seventy per cent of that was caused by crime, and who had to pay for it? Of course, those who had the property. Such persons, then, were deeply interested in the Temperance Reform, and ought zealously to promote it. (Hear.) He had lately seen a large gin-palace, called "The Miscell"—a most appropriate title—(hear)—and underneath the title was written, "Wine and spirits, ale and porter"—that was the cause of "the mischief." And how was a reform to be effected? Not by Acts of Parliament, but each must reform himself; and if men would not do their duty, they must pay the penalty. If men of power and influence would promote the Temperance cause, they must be consistent. It would not do for them to ask men to give up beer and gin, while they continued to use their wine. (Hear.) If they would but help on the temperance reform, it would proceed most rapidly, and they would be among the first to reap the benefit. We (said Mr. Kellogg) are ready to undertake the work, and then those men say, "Oh, what a folly! it is impossible for you to put an end to drunkenness." To believe that there must be drunkenness in the community was nothing short of a libel on Divine government, and a libel, also, on human nature. It was not necessary. If we were to have drunkards thirty years hence, that would only be by making the children of the present generation drunkards: and how was that to be done? Way, by cheating them into drunkenness; by persuading them to take "just a

little, and then to leave it;" by persuading them that it is necessary. Now those who wished for a sober population, should be careful not to place temptation in the way. And as they got cheap bread by getting the tax taken off, so they should unite to get their great men to take off the tax on tea and coffee. Dr. Cumming, he understood, bewailed the intemperance of the country; he said "Be temperate, but don't become teetotalers." (Hear.) He might as well have said, "Put your fingers in the fire, but don't burn yourselves." (Hear.) By the temperance movement thousands had been reclaimed from intemperance, and thousands more had been preserved from becoming intemperate; and thousands who were once irreligious, had now altars in their families and worshipped God; and yet men who were looked up to as authorities by large congregations said, "Oh, pray don't become teetotalers!" (Hear, hear.) "Be temperate, but don't be teetotalers." He would like to see the drunkards who had been made sober by such doctrines. (Hear, hear.) Let editors who sneered at Teetotalism look through their offices, and see how many had fallen by attending to that advice, "Take a little, but be temperate." Dr. Johnson, that strong minded man, once said to a lady who pressed him to take a little, Madam, I can't take a little!" (Cheers.) That was the case with thousands, and yet it was said, "Take a little, be temperate, but don't be teetotalers." This advice was given to please deacons and rich members, and thus the Church seemed to be built on barrels and bottles. Mr. Kellogg then referred to a lecture delivered by the Rev. Thomas Binney, in Exeter-hall, entitled, "Sir Thomas Forcill Buxton, a study for young men," and to Mr. Binney's remarks upon teetotalism in that lecture. He "did not," he said, "consider the teetotal theory true, nor its practices binding, though he acknowledged and rejoiced in the good it had wrought." Strange, to rejoice that good was done by a practice which was neither good nor binding! Mr. Binney admitted that the maintenance of such large public-house property could hardly be a happy subject of contemplation—that it might operate as encouragements to a bad state of society—and that, in short, nothing like such establishments would exist in the millennium. Why, after all these admissions, did he undertake to defend Buxton's brewery? The terms in which he had done that ought to be written in the blackest characters.—(Hear.) Where did the Rev. gentleman get his authority for such a line of defence? Why had he not imitated the candour and fidelity of the sacred writers, and told faults and inconsistencies as well as virtues? What was the effect produced on the minds of the hundreds of young men who heard that lecture? They treated teetotalism with contempt and ridicule. (Hear.) Had not ministers been deposed from the pulpit in consequence of their use of strong drink? And as to learning, where did intemperance prevail to a greater extent than in learned Scotland? And why? Because that doctrine had been so extensively preached, "Be temperate, but don't be teetotalers." The minister says so from his desk, and the editor says so from his stool, because he would not be wiser than the minister.—(Hear.) And the mother says to her child, "Take a little, my dear, be temperate, but don't be a teetotaler." Dr. Cumming and Mr. Binney say you should not" (Cheers.) The great cause of misery and ruin was spreading in the land, and how was it to go on? In the name of poor drunkards, in the name of wives, in the name of children, he besought them, he demanded of them, to do all they could to remove that great curse from the land. (Long-continued cheers.) (Nova Scotia Athlete.)

TO REMOVE GREASE OR OIL FROM SILK.—Remove all the oil, &c., from the surface of the silk, by rubbing it smartly with a clean cotton or flannel cloth, after which apply quite liberally with a soft brush or clean sponge, the common Staring Fluid or Eucalypti Oil used for burning in portable lamps. (not camphene.) In a few minutes repeat the operation with pure alcohol, and the most weighty spots of oil or grease will be removed without injury to the most delicate colors.

OUT OF THE TAVERN, ETC.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night;
See! you are caught in a very bad plight.
Right hand and left hand are both out of place
Sweet, you are drunk, 'tis a very clear case.

Moon, 'tis a very queer figure you cut:
One eye is staring while t'other is shut.
'Tis, I see, and your greatly to blame—
Old as you are, 'tis a terrible shame.

Then the street-lamps, what a scandalous sight—
None of them soberly standing upright.—
Rocking and staggering! why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion: now is it odd!
I am the only thing sober abroad.
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain—
Better go into the tavern again.

A COMPARISON.

I was contrasting my condition with that of
ther of the same trade as myself, to-day, who
to drink a quart of whiskey everyday. He has done
much work through the summer as I have
saved nothing. I was told this by a person
who lent him a quarter of a dollar.

I tried to get him to join the Sons, but could
persuade him to do it. Now, I have saved a
enough to buy a quarter of an acre of land a
dollars per acre, and he might have done the same.
Now, Sir, I am not boasting of what I have done,
but merely showing the difference between the
that drinks and the man that does not.

Yours, &c.,

A SON.

Of the County of York.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

BROOKLIN DIVISION.

BROOKLIN, JAN. 7, 1848.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Permit me to
through the columns of your paper, the position
the Order in this place. The Sons are not in
ing here as in some other places, but still
doing a work unparalleled in the temperance
ment, while we admit our inefficiency in getting
remaining members, still we have the pleasure
seeing our work prosper. We have members
all other societies could not reclaim; we have
that once frequented the tavern, but now the
ion room. We initiated them that were always
ber, they are sober still; they loved their
they love it still; they once were members, but
are not; they loved their money better than
ance, they loved it better than their fellow crea-
they kept their money, their names were
from the Constitution.

But notwithstanding all this, our Division
we have patriotic souls with us; their
their hearts together go to forward on the
ance cause toward the meridian of glory.

The Daughters are doing admirably well.
Have received several members of late.

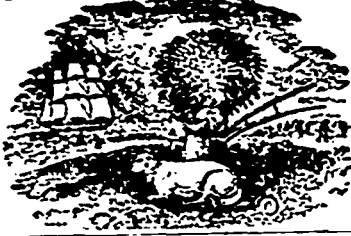
The Cadets are also doing well. Their
are full and every thing is prosperous.

I would furthermore state that a Temperance
house has recently been opened in the village
and fitted up in a manner superior to any in
the place. It is doing a good business.

Yours truly,

A S.

A woman has recovered, in an action before
Supreme Court, in session at Cambridge, \$1400
grs. of the city of Lowell, for injuries received by
falling upon icy sidewalks of that city, by which
her thigh bone was broken, and she confined to bed
several months.



Agriculture.

SONG OF LABOUR.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reapers cheerful song,
The driver's oft repeated shout,
As he spurs his flock along.
The bustle of the market man,
As he hies him through the town;
The halloo from the tree top
As the ripened fruit comes down.
The busy sound of the thrashers,
As they clean the ripened grain.
And the huskers' jinks and mirth and glee,
'Neath the moonlight on the plain.
The kind voice of the yeoman,
The shepherd's gentle call,—
Those sounds of active industry,
I love, I love them all.
O, there is good in labour,
If we labour but aright,
That gives vigor to the daytime,
And sweeter sleep at night.
A good that bringseth pleasures,
Even to the toiling hours,
For duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers.

EXPERIMENT WITH ASPARAGUS.

The London Gardeners' Chronicle gives the following mode of growing asparagus, at Nice. Take a quart glass bottle, invert it over an asparagus root, just rising from the ground, and secure it to its place by three wires. The asparagus will grow up into the interior of the bottle, and being stimulated by the unusual heat and moisture, will speedily fill it. As soon as this has taken place the bottle must be broken, when the asparagus will be found to have formed a thick head of tender, white shoots, all eatable, and as compact as a cauliflower.

INSTRUCTION IN AGRICULTURE.

In the kingdom of Prussia there are five agricultural schools, and a sixth is about to be opened; in these schools, by both theory and practice, the highest class of science connected with the culture and improvement of soil. (Agricultural schools of a more elementary order there are ten; there are also seven schools devoted to the culture of flax; two especially adapted to instruction in the management of meadows; one for instruction in the management of sheep; there are also forty-five model farms intended to be introduced better modes of agriculture, in all the principal establishments for agricultural education, to mention others of a kindred nature at those schools where the art and science of good farming is taught. Prussia is a monarchy, with fifteen millions of people. Prussia is a republic with three millions, and a territory which, though not quite half as large, is richer and better situated, with means of transportation incomparably superior. Prussia has seventy-one public establishments to instruct her people in farming, the science of bees, and the art of arts. New York has not one; Prussia to establish a single agricultural college again and again has voted down in our legislature, but so shameful a contrast to exist between thatucky and this republic!—*New York Tribune.*

THE BEST ROSE was first brought from the shores of Tagus, and was cultivated in gardens, on account of its elegant leaves and the rich red color of its roots, a hundred years before it found a place on our tables in a cocoon of luxury.

THE TWO GARDENERS.—Two Gardeners who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by frost; one of them came to condole with the other on his misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we are neighbour! do you know I have done nothing but lost ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up already; what are these?" "These!" cried the other gardener, "why these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What coming up already?" cried the first. "Yes; while you were fretting, I was working." "What; don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes; but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief." "Why then you have no need at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that's the very reason."

A VALUABLE TREE.—There is a tree in Mexico called the *Chitol*, a very fine wood, which according to a writer of the National Intelligencer, (W. D. Porter), becomes petrified after being cut, in a few years, whether left in the open air or buried. From this timber, houses could be built that would, in a few years, become fireproof, and last as long as those built of stone; the wood, in a green state, is easily worked, it is used in building wharves, forts, &c., and would be very good as railroad sleepers or plank road stringers.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE HOG CROP OF THE NORTH WEST.

From the Peru Democrat, Nov. 25.

The Louisville Courier compiles a table of the aggregate weight of the hog crops of the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Missouri, for the years 1849, '50 and '51, from which we make extracts below. The Courier gives the amount in these States for '49 at 321,624,000 lbs., and for '50 at 227,629,440. The figures given for the three years named are, the Courier says, an accurate estimate of the crops of the two past seasons, and the probable result of this season's operations throughout the West. It is calculated that in point of numbers the result this season will be equal to the last, but the hogs will be 10 or 12 per cent heavier this year.

It is pretty generally conceded, says the Courier, that the coming crop in the same States is not larger in numbers, but better in quality than last year's. We will, however, for the sake of the calculation, put it in round numbers at 1,300,000, at an average of 200 lbs., equal to the crop of '49 and '50, which was undoubtedly a good one, and by the same rule of calculation find the result as follows:—

Crop of Hogs in 1851, '52, 1,300,000, averaging 200 pounds, equal to 260,000,000 pounds.	
2,600,000 hams, at 15 lbs each.....	39,000,000
2,600,000 shoulders, 16 lbs each.....	41,600,000
25 lbs leaf lard to a hog, at 220 lbs to the hd, 147,727 lbs, or.....	32,500,000
8 lbs mamp to a hog, at 200 lbs to the hd, 52,000 lbs, or.....	10,400,000
70 lbs side meat to a hog, at 200 lbs to the hd, 455,000 lbs, or.....	91,000,000
25 lbs head and feet.....	32,500,000
10 lbs waste.....	13,000,000
Total.....	200,000,000

We have been unable to ascertain for exact stock of old pork on hand in the United States on the 1st instant. But during the month of July last, there was a very large deficiency, as compared with the same period the year before, say about 140,000 hds., equivalent to the side meat of 440,000 hogs, and it is but fair to suppose that this deficiency has been restored. It would seem, then, that high rates have not checked consumption, and our traders can draw their own inferences as to the probability of prices this coming season being sustained or receding, as compared with last year. It is true there is a continued stringency in our money market, and dealers in hogs, as well as in all other kinds of produce, must feel the effects of it.

Prices of hogs are considered by many as far too high for purchasers to buy at with safety. The asking rate is \$4.50 per cent, and buyers are offering but \$3. Last season a speculator in this city invested about \$10,000 in hogs, at \$4.25 per cent, which were slaughtered and packed here, and the entire product sold in this Louisville market, at a profit of a little upwards of \$1,000. This may not have been the result if he had either tak-

en his pork to a bad market, or had sold at an unfavorable season, as the present is considered to be in regard to money matters, demand, &c.

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF THE APPLE.—Baked apples and milk is a luxury, excellent food and medicine. We knew a gentleman who, ten years ago, was in a hopeless state of consumption, and long and exclusive use of this dish, and a little bread for nutriment, he was cured. As the evidence of the severity of this case, and waste of lungs, one side of his breast sunk in. This diet would cure thousands suffering from diseases caused by high, rich, constipating food. It is also good for dyspepsia.—*Cole's American Fruit Book.*

THE POULTRY OF THE UNITED STATES is valued in the statistics at twenty millions of dollars—the State of New York having over two millions invested in it. In the egg trade the city of New-York expends nearly a half a million of dollars annually. The farmers of the country are bestowing a greater amount of attention on the raising of poultry, and it is probably one of the best sources of revenue which they can have.

GROWTH OF POULTRY.—Great attention is now being paid in this vicinity to the cultivation of poultry. Several of our citizens, men of enterprise and property, are making extensive preparations for the growth and traffic in the various kinds. Experiments are being made in importation, and crossing breeds. We learn that one gentleman has recently made a purchase of a cock and hen, for which he has paid the nice little sum of \$40. And of another we learn that from one pair during the past twelve months, he has realized six hundred and fifty dollars. Not a hard story to believe, when it is known that the pairs were sold at five dollars. It is beginning to be well understood that poultry can be raised and sold fully as cheap, if not cheaper, than beef or pork. This result is attained, of course by including the eggs, which can be had at all seasons of the year by a proper selection and cultivation of the improved breeds.

Wool Growing.—By the census it appears that a capital of \$25,000,000 is invested in woolen manufactures in the United States, that this employs 30,120 hands that nearly 71,000,000 of pounds of wool are annually consumed, that the value of the entire product is \$43,200,000. The capital invested is about one-third of the amount employed in the manufacture of cotton, and the value of the product over two-thirds of the value of the cotton product. It is estimated by Mr. Randall, of New-York, that the profits of raising sheep for wool are about 18 per cent on the capital. But the profits on mutton, lamb, pelts and sort are from 20 to 40 per cent, in the Northern States. The supply of wool in the United States has been so much smaller than the demand for the last seven or eight years, that the importation of the article, which in 1844 was 3,500,000 pounds, valued at \$230,000, reached, 1850, 18,600,000 pounds, valued at \$1,684,000.

THE CHINESE OPIUM TRADE.—Rev. Mr. Bridgman, writing from China, says the number of chests of opium, each containing 133 lbs., taken to China the present year, will exceed 70,000,000, and that in exchange for these 70,000,000 chests the Chinese will pay to foreigners more than \$36,000,000—and most of this in silver.

WHERE THE CORN COMES FROM.

The State Register says.—Our experimental readers, especially, will have noticed the unusually large amount of corn which has reached the tide water this season. A very large portion of it comes from the lake ports, as follows:—

Chicago,	2,418,004
Saukemy,	2,017,540
Toledo,	1,940,355
Total,	5,600,000

As soon as the interior and southwestern parts of Illinois are put in communication with Chicago, by railroad, the shipments at that point will be vastly augmented, and the present shipments will be regarded as comparatively small.—[Overgo Palladium.

Cereals and grains, when sent to a long distance, should be conveyed in barrels of oil cloth. This preserves them from the action of the air.

□ A NEW DIVISION IN OXFORD, □
VISIT TO THE SONS BY BROTHER COOK.

Glanford, December 24, 1852.

SIR AND BROTHER,—

It is with feelings of gratitude to God, that I thus at this time, take up my pen, to address you as a Son of Temperance.

Brother, when we remember the command of our God, "remember me in all thy ways," and, the promise is, that he will direct our steps. I have been watching the past year, the movements of our Order, and am perfectly satisfied from the class of men and talent that we have among us; that our cause will under God's Providence succeed, and that this land, which now groans under the curse of the liquor traffic, will become like the Garden of Eden, when distress and misery (the fruit of intemperance) are known not. Thus, I have no doubt, will be the case, if we are all faithful as Sons to our obligations. You wished me, to give you, some account of my journey to the West, of this, to form a new Division I will do so now, in short, detailing the warm reception I received every where. First, I visited Brantford, D. G. W. P. Wade, the principal officer, there received me cordially. I found it in a flourishing condition. I then visited Woodstock Division, and was kindly received there by brothers Dixon, D. G. W. P. and Burke, W. P. Beechville and Ingersol were then visited by me, both of which places, I found progressing with their divisions, and advancing the cause.

I then went to East Zorra, 12th and 11th concessions, lot 25. This is a noble township and excellent land, settled principally by Scotch people; all inclined to Temperance principles. I hear there is only one tavern in the township. This augurs well for the cause. It is in size 12 miles long and 8 miles wide. Our little township of Glanford, is only six miles square, and our Council last year, allowed this township to be jestered with 10 taverns □; half of which, had not the legal qualifications as taverns, and were mere rum-holes to make drunkards.

In Zorra, I reported myself a Son of Temperance.—I was requested to hold a public meeting, which I did, and although, I have been a Methodist Local preacher for seven years, I never yet attained the faculty of lecturing publicly. A meeting was held according to notice, and after I had spoken of the origin, use, and progress, and benefits of the Order, and the benefits which flow from our principles, eleven men of good standing, came forward to form a Division, who were afterwards on the 25th October, duly organized and installed by myself, and brother Dixon, D. G. W. P. of Woodstock.

Officers of this Division for the first quarter, Albert W. Hill, W. P. Robert Archibald, W. A.; Robert Webber, R. S. Their night of meeting is Tuesday, and their number 33. Please notice it in your paper.

I next visited the Pioneer Division in London, which is a very large and growing one. The brethren received me very kindly. On my way home I visited the Temperance Division, on the 5th concession of Hambleton. This is a good division, and has an excellent brother for its W. P. Paré, was then visited in my tour, and found to contain a large and enthusiastic band of brothers. It shows as much respect to strangers as any division I ever met in, and the leading members are persons of great influence. I wish to say to the Order, through your valuable paper, that there is a great advantage in being a Son, in now travelling about the country. Nothing is more refreshing to the soul, than to meet after a hard day's ride, in a pleasant Division town, where all look on you, as of the same family. Finally, allow me, to say to all, who take your valuable paper, let us all as Sons of Temperance, be faithful to our obligations in and out of the Division rooms, and our work will flourish, notwithstanding its enemies may frown. God will be magnified and the community at large greatly benefitted by our labours.

In concluding these remarks, let me say a few words about our

GLANFORD DIVISION. □

"We now number 90 good members. During the past quarter, we took in five, and expelled five. This year we held our own, keeping the division also pure. Our present officers, are Brothers Philip Shaker, W. P.; Alexander Watson, W. A.; F. A. Macdonald, R. S. We expect this quarter, to do a good deal. Your valuable paper, will soon have, twice its number here, as it is thought, a great deal of, by every one. Our Divi-

son has adopted the advice of Brother Deek, in holding friendly meetings, □ to discuss Temperance subjects by our own members; which plan, will work well.

You are at liberty to publish the above.

Yours, in L. P. & F.

JONATHAN COOK.

To the Editor of the Son, Toronto.

From the Guelph Herald.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL IN FERGUS.

New Year's day the Festival of the Fergus Cadets of Temperance took place. It was well attended, especially by the younger class of society. Of biscuit, sweet cake, and tea, there was abundance, and the orderly serving and disposing of all did credit to the house-keeping talents of the Ladies, and the good health of the assembly as developed in the speedy exit of the currant cake. When the carnal man was satiated, Mr. James Ferguson was called to the chair, when we had an address and appeal peculiar to himself. Well for the nerves of the poor crockery they had been removed prior to his speech, for hands, feet, and heads of the company seemed to have discovered the perpetual motion, and were practising a wee whill, reminding one of a glorious meeting of the Shakers. We had many other addresses, edifying indeed; one particularly, from the Rev. J. Waldron, which can never be forgotten. His arguments, in the most happy manner drawn from Eternity, sobered the feelings, till every heart sighed and every judgment responded to their truth. On the whole, sir, between the speeches, the manly singing of the Cadets, and the well performed music of the Elora Band in their beautiful military dress, it was a meeting which must tell powerfully for the future interests of Temperance in Fergus.

Guelph, Jan. 3, 1852,

TEMPERANCE SOIREE AT SARNIA.

On New Year's evening a Temperance Soiree came off in the Rev. Mr. McAllister's church in this town. At the hour of meeting a large company, both from town and country, assembled to pass the evening in rational and friendly intercourse. The "creature comforts" were supplied in great abundance and the evening was spent very agreeably.—Several excellent speeches were delivered, and the intervals were filled up by several appropriate pieces by the choir.

The entertainment was got up by a joint Committee of the "Sons" and the Temperance Reformation Society, and the proceeds, (after defraying expenses) are to be added to the Charity Fund, in connexion with these bodies.—[Lambton Shield.

TEMPERANCE SOIREE AT HAMILTON.

The Burlington Division, S. of T., celebrated their Anniversary by a Soiree in the City Hall, on Thursday evening last. The attendance was very large and respectable. Mr. Jos. Faulkner, W. P. of the Division occupied the Chair, the duties of which were ably fulfilled. The Choir, under the management of Mr. E. J. King, sang some very beautiful pieces which were highly applauded by the numerous company. Refreshments were served in abundance, and as to quality and variety, we think could hardly be surpassed. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, R. Spencer, Esq., Warden of the United Counties, and others. Everything passed off to the satisfaction of all present, and the Burlington Division may well be proud of the success of this their first Soiree. The proceeds we understand amounted to upwards of \$100, which will be divided between the Daughters and Cadets of Temperance of this City.—[C. C. Advocate.

□ The Grand Division of Eastern New York were in Session in Albany on the second Wednesday in this month.

THE GREAT MASS MEETING AT A

Comes off next Tuesday and Wednesday. gret that we cannot go. The most eminent and friends of the temperance cause in the States will be there; Neal Dow, of Mass. Jewett, General Carey, and others. The of Honor, Good Samaritans, Rechabites, W. mians old Temperance Society, and Sons the Grand Divisions will be represented the Daughters, too, are to be represented their Grand Union is to meet there in Session. to be a grand mass meeting and demonst. Mighty rolls of petitions are to be presented fathers, daughters, and children of New pass a Maine law. Success to these glorious ments.

Toronto, Jan. 12,

MR. EDITOR:—In improving your kind of Cadets of Temperance, I take the liberty of you a few lines relative to the domes of our S. Last New Year's eve our Section presented ing Worthy Archon with a splendid Silver B. one side of which was beautifully engraved th of "Virtue, Love, and Temperance," in trian on the other side "Presented by the Toronto No. 15, Cadets of Temperance, to their much and respected W. A., Erasmus Wiman." T. was presented by Bro. Jones, on behalf of the with an appropriate address, which was respo. Bro. Wiman at some length.

On last Wednesday evening we had the p installing the following officers for the ensuin. Bro. Peel, of Ontario Division, W. P.; S. D. A.; J. Jones, V. A.; J. Beatue, W.; M. L. W.; J. Agnew, T.; J. Duffin, A. S.; D. Row J. Tennant, A. S.; E. Rodden, G.; R. Walk. We have now about 80 members—our number greatly decreased in consequence of two new being formed therefrom; but we are steadily in and can say with the Poet—

"Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Our cause is progressing, new brothers we

I remain yours,

In Virtue, Love, and Temperance.

"AMICL
Of Toronto Section, C.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temp.

MIMICO DIVISION.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I am well pleased with the first number paper for this year, and consider it an high- edging periodical, I sincerely hope it will still wider circulation this year. Our Div. though small, is steadily increasing. We are vouring to form a Section of Cadets here, and we will succeed, which will be truly grati, hope the day is not far distant, when the Temperance shall float proudly over all our and villages, until it shall embrace in its whole human family.

Yours in L. P. & F.

H. COLWELL.

Mimico Div.

January 12, 1852.

□ The *Nepereur Rev.* says that a Tea Union of all picketed Temperance men, is to be formed in that neighborhood and county. says, that at a recent dinner given to Mr. no intoxicating drinks were on the table, are gratifying facts.

□ The putting of Wine and Brandy on the table at public dinners or suppers, is a great magnitude. It seldom happens that some attending at such feasts do not get the liquor—fuddled or make fools of themselves. custom for many years past, has been the stumbling block in the way of total ab. among the gentler classes of Society.