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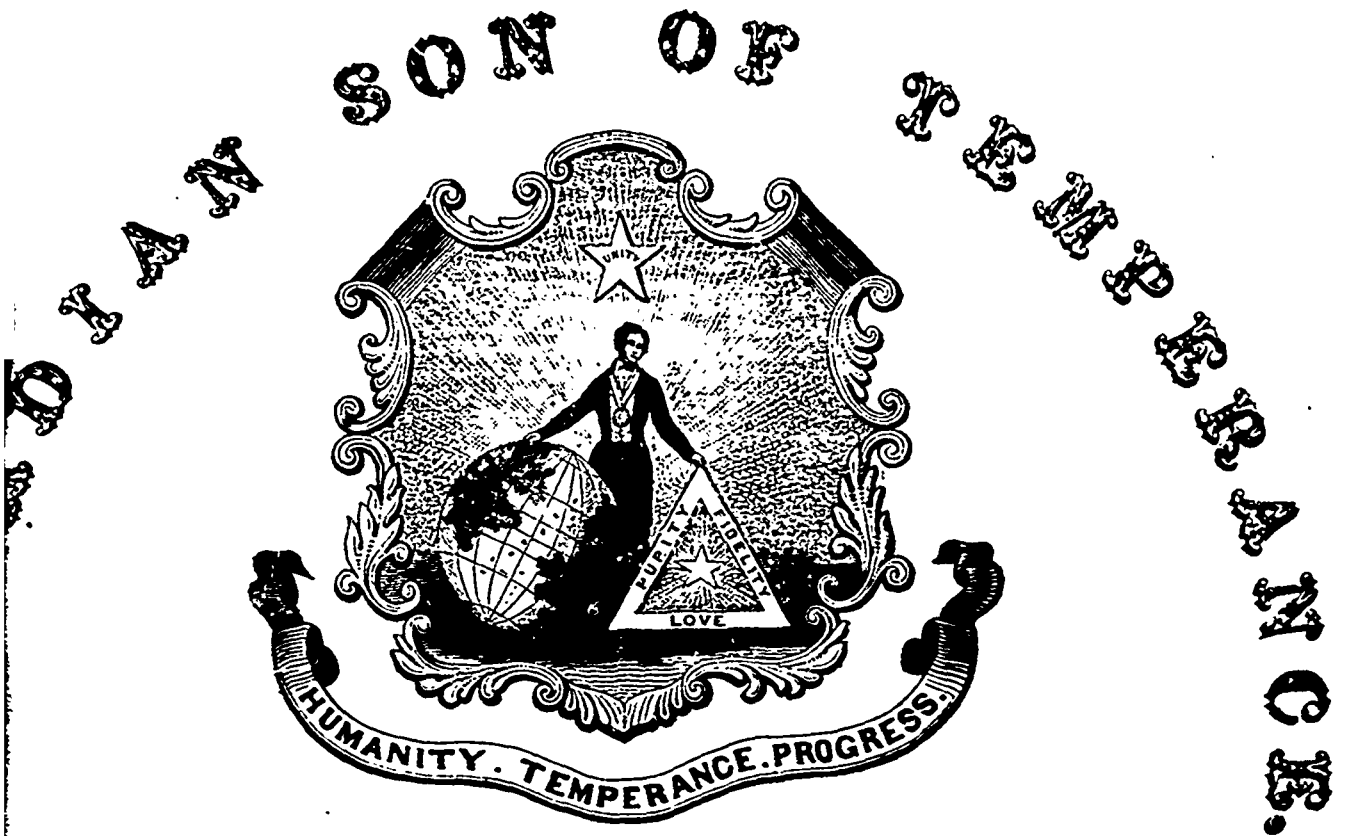
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THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

It is calm on the face of the deep,
 Light is the last look of day in the west,
 Only the beams of its parting glance sweep
 A path that conducts to the land of the blest;
 Blue and green is the sea as it flows
 As just heaving its tide to the shore;
 Blue and blue is the sky as it glows
 Hours that tell us that daylight is o'er.

Rock that hangs o'er the wave,
 Surge heaves and tosses its snow-wreathes
 Takes, gilt with sunbeams, the flowing tide
 Gems that in gardens of sorcery grow;
 Rock, and I watch the light fade,
 Water and fainter, away in the west,
 How I can catch through the mantle of shade
 Glimpses of the far distant land of the blest.

For a home in that land of the soul,
 Hearts always warm glow with friendship and love,
 Ever cloudless still cheerily roll,
 A page of eternity blazing above;
 Friendship unbroken, and loves ever true,
 As on a gay dream of pleasure and rest,
 In the fresh turf, the sky purely blue,
 Smile and arch o'er the land of the blest.

Be of light now is crossing the sea,
 First star is lighting its lamp in the sky;
 At a sweet voice is calling to me,
 And on that pathway of brightness to fly;
 The wave is a green sunny isle,
 The last cloud of evening now shines in the
 And that Spring ever wooed with her smile;
 It is—the bright happy land of the blest.

IMPROMPTU BUFFALO RIDE.

To my feet, flinging aside my blanket. A
 back was before me. Away to the West,
 My eye could reach, the prairie seemed in mo-
 tion, and I rode over its undulating outlines,

as though some burning mountain was pouring down its
 lava upon the plains. A thousand bright spots flashed
 and flitted along the surface like jets of fire. The
 ground shook, men shouted, horses reared upon their
 ropes neighing wildly. My dog barked and howled,
 running around me. For a moment I thought I was
 dreaming, but no, the scene was too real to be mis-
 taken for a vision. I saw the border of the black wave
 within ten paces of me, and still approaching. Then
 on I not until then did I recognize the shaggy crests and
 glaring eyeballs of the buffalo. "God of heaven! I
 am in their track! I will be trampled to death!" It
 was too late to attempt to escape by running. I seized
 my rifle and fired at the foremost of the herd. The
 effect of my shot was not perceptible. The water of
 the Arroyo was dashed in my face. A huge bull, ahead
 of the rest, furious and snorting, plunged through the
 stream and up the slope. I was lifted and tossed high
 in the air. I was thrown rearwards, and fell upon a
 moving mass. I did not feel hurt, not stunned. I felt
 myself carried onward on the backs of several animals,
 that in the dense drove ran close together. These,
 frightened at their strange burthen, bellowed loudly, and
 dashed to the front. A sudden thought struck me, and
 fixing on that which was most under me, I dropped my
 legs astride of him, embracing his hump, and clutching
 to the long woolly hair that grew upon his neck. The
 animal "routed" with extreme terror, and plunging for-
 ward, soon headed the band. This was exactly what
 I wanted; and on we went over the prairie, the bull
 running at top speed, believing, no doubt, that he
 had a panther or a catamount between his shoulders. I
 had no desire to dash him of this belief; and lest he
 should deem me altogether harmless and come to a
 halt, I slipped out my bowie, which happened to be
 "handy," and poked him up whenever he showed
 symptoms of lagging. At every fresh touch of the
 "spur" he roared out, and ran forward at a redoubled
 pace. My danger was still extreme. The drove was
 coming on behind, with a front of nearly a mile. I
 could not have cleared it if the bull had stopped and left
 me on the prairie. Notwithstanding the peril I was in,
 I could not resist laughing at my ludicrous situation;
 I felt as one does when looking at a good comedy.
 We struck through a village of "prairie dogs." Here
 I fancied the animal was about to turn and run back.
 This brought my march to a sudden pause; but the buff-
 alo usual y runs in a "bee line," and fortunately mine

made no exception to the law. On he went, sinking to
 the knees, kicking the dust from the conical hills, snort-
 ing and bellowing with rage and terror. The "prairie
 bluffs" were directly in the line of our course. I had
 seen this from the start, and knew that if I could reach
 them I would be safe. They were nearly three miles
 from the bluff where we had bivouacked; but in my
 pride I fancied them ten. A small one rose over the
 prairie, several hundred yards nearer than the main
 heights. Towards this I picked the foaming bull in a
 last stretch, and he brought me cleverly within a hun-
 dred yards of its base. It was now time to take leave
 of my ducky companion. I could have slaughtered
 him as I leaned over his neck. My knife rested upon
 the most vulnerable part of his huge body—No, I would
 not have slain that buffalo for the Koh-i-Noor. Un-
 twisting my fingers from his thick fleece, I slipped down
 over his tail, and without as much as saying "good
 night," ran with all my speed towards the knoll. I
 climbed up, and sitting down upon a loose boulder of
 rock looked out over the prairie. The moon was still
 shining. My late companion had halted not far from
 where I had left him, and stood glaring back with a
 look of extreme bewilderment. There was something
 so comical in the sight that I veiled with laughter as I
 sat securely on my perch—[The Scalp Hunters; or,
 Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico

CATANIA.

Catania is situated in a valley near the foot of Mount
 Etna, and contains a population of about 47,000 souls.
 The city is built almost entirely of lava—even the walls
 that surround it are built of this material. Shortly after
 the destruction of the ancient city, (A. D. 1693,) the
 survivors reared the modern Catania upon its ruins—
 The streets of the new city are regularly and handsomely
 laid out, are straight and wide, and are paved with
 the lava of Etna. The attachment of the people to
 their native soil and their habituation to the dangers of
 the volcano, are the reasons assigned for building the
 new city on the same old site. The edifices are noble
 and costly, and the university enjoys a very high reputa-
 tion. Catania has very little commerce. The heavy
 deluge of Etna has filled up its harbor and the Spaniards
 of the Government are too scanty to restore it.
 St. Agatha is the patroness of the city, and on every
 emergency her intercession is implored.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

We have heard the following good story of the same specific genus and order of that of the ery-sid bad bachelor, who refused to lend the little girl his bellows, but kindly offered to let her come to his house and blow the fire all day. We are sure our readers will enjoy it as much as we did, which was not a little.

Everybody knows Tom W——, or ought to know him, for he is one of our old and prominent citizens, who has been in business here for a long time—His great hobby is horticulture, and he has a perfect mania for flowers, notwithstanding his name is the hyperborean antipodes of spring.

Everybody, too, knows his friend, Fred H——, probably the youngest of the Cincinnati millionaires who keeps the finest turnout, and the fastest stock in town. He is a good fellow and companionable man, while Tom owns a book—a very rare and valuable work—that his friend aforesaid was desirous of perusing, and as there had been a good deal of "neighboring" between the parties, he did not hesitate to ask the loan of it. From an arduous defect of the owner of the literary treasure, he did not at first hear him. The request being made in a louder tone, the aforesaid proceeded to expatiate eloquently upon the value of the work, its extreme rarity, there being but a small edition issued in the first place, and that being exhausted long since, the book was out of print, consequently its fellow could not be procured for love or money, either in this country or the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In short, the book was so scarce and valuable, a regular Koh-i-Noor diamond in calf-skin, that the owner dare not trust it out of his house on any consideration, but that his friend was perfectly welcome to come there and read it as much as he liked. All of which Fred put in his cigar "and smoked it," but did not follow this "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" farther. He held his peace, but resolved, however, to be even with him, on the first occasion that offered.

A few days only had elapsed, when Tom came to his friend, puffing and blowing like an asthmatic porpoise, stating that he was about to ride out to his farm in the country, and finding his saddle gone, had come to borrow his, expecting, of course, that the reasonable request would be granted instantly, and was breaking for the stable forthwith, when H. brought him up standing with "Mr. W., that is a very valuable saddle of mine it cost me fifty dollars, without the stirrups, which are elegantly silver plated, and cost ten more. It is covered with finely quilted cloth, and I do not believe there is a match to it in Cincinnati. It hangs in the carriage house, as you know—you are welcome to go there and ride it as long as you please, but I cannot suffer it to go out of my stable!"

Tom saw the point of the joke thus fairly saddled on him, and pedestranated. He did not like this mode of "measuring out his grain in his own half bushel."—Cincinnati Commercial.

A TIMELY PARAGRAPH.

The following beautiful passage, by Washington Irving, in the "Home Book of the Picturesque," might almost make a November day cheerful:

"And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer skies with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty.

"Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling snow storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous out-break of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vigorous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds, piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur,

when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder roll from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pump and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky. Surely we may say that in our climate "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

IRON CARRIAGES.

We yesterday examined the newly patented Iron and Steel Carriages, which are for sale by Mr Hague, No 6 Gold-st., near Maiden-lane, and were satisfied, after listening to the inventor's explanations, that in durability and safety from accidents they are very far superior to ordinary carriages, while their cost and weight scarcely exceed those of the latter. In the new carriages, the body, reach, hubs, axles, spokes, tire, &c., are of metal, all but the tire being protected from oxidation by a thick coat of enduring black paint. The spokes are screwed into the hub, and so bolted to the tire as to render the defection of one almost impossible; they are set into the hub alternately some inches nearer to, and further from the body, so that half of them may be carried away by a violent concussion and the wheel still stand firm and steady; while the pressure is so equally adjusted as to bear as heavily on that part of the wheel which is uppermost as to that which is resting on the earth. The lynch-pin cannot fall out, the reach can scarcely be torn from the body; there is no wood to decay or crack but the felloes, which will last longer than those of the ordinary carriage and be replaced with less trouble. We invite the attention of carriage makers and buyers to this improvement. The weight of the substantial Iron Carriages exhibited is between three and four hundred pounds each.—Trilune.

STEAM CARRIAGES.

It is said that a young man, a native of Newton, in this State, has invented a new Steam Carriage, to be used on common roads, which will be a great improvement in the mode of travelling. He thinks it can be operated at half the cost of horses, to do the same work; that the first cost and deterioration will not exceed that of horses and common carriages; and that a carriage to carry twenty persons can be managed by one man. It is proposed to form a company to test the invention.—Journal.

OLD TIME WINTERS.

In 1664 the cold was so intense, that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

In 1695 the cold was so excessive, that the famishing wolves entered Vienna and attacked beasts and even men. Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and 1699 was nearly as bad.

In 1709 occurred that famous winter called by distinction, the cold winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea for several miles from the shore. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Birds and beasts were struck dead in the fields, and men perished in their houses. In the south of France the wine plantations were almost destroyed, nor have they yet recovered that fatal disaster. The Adriatic sea was frozen, and even the Mediterranean, about Genoa, and the citron and orange groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1716, the winter was so intense that people travelled across the straits from Copenhagen to the Province of Sema, in Sweden.

In 1726, in Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow.

In 1740 the winter was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and thousands of people went over it. All the lakes in England froze.

In 1744, the winter was very cold. Snow fell in Portugal to the depth of twenty-three feet on a level.

In 1754 and 1755, the winters were very severe and cold. In England the strongest ice, exposed to the air in a glass, was covered with ice one-eight of an inch thick.

In 1771, the Elbe was frozen to the bottom.

In 1776, the Danube bore ice five feet deep to Vienna. Vast numbers of the feathered and finny perished.

The winters of 1774 and 1775 were uncommonly severe. The little Belt was frozen over.

From 1800 to 1812 also, the winters were remarkably cold, particularly the latter in Russia, which proved so disastrous to the French army.

SUBMARINE RAIL.—A gentleman of London and Hector Boreau, has proposed to build a submarine road between France and England. The plan is to construct a tube of plate iron, and place it on the bottom of the Channel, which is 21 miles wide between the countries, and the water is not deep in the Straits of Dover. It is proposed to propel the carriages by stationary engines at the end of the tube. It is also proposed to have strong glass windows in the tube to let it up by day, and at night it can be lighted with Air can be forced through it so as to keep the atmosphere pure. A light house placed on each coast with a number of floating buoys will indicate the track of the tube above the water, so as to prevent mariners or anchor near it.

A CURIOSITY.—The "New-York Journal of Commerce" says:—We were shown yesterday, by Captain Lee, of schooner *Elizabeth*, from San Francisco, a most curious and interesting. This was taken by the captain of the bar *Aukland*, from a panose junk, the crew of which vessel, with some effects, were also taken and conveyed into San Francisco as before reported. Capt. Jennings, of the *land*, having been a school-fellow of Capt. Lee, sent him with this singular piece of mechanism, token of esteem and memento of former times, instead of a floating card, like that of the mariner's pass, it has a needle. It has the different pointers on the top of the box, in Japanese characters, being 16 in number. Captain Lee designs sending it to Washington, to be placed in the cabinet of curiosities of the Patent Office.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

It is astonishing to witness the prolific issues of German press. We see it stated in foreign papers, nearly five thousand new works have been issued in many in one half year! Of these, 106 treat of *testant Theology*; 62 of *Catholic Theology*; 102 of *Philosophy*; 265 of *history and biography*; 102 of *gauges*; 64 of the *theory of music and the arts*; 168 of the *fine arts in general*; 48 of *mixed sciences*; and 18 of *bibliography*.

FRANCE AND LOUIS BLANC.

The London correspondent of the *New York Mercantile*, under date of the 12th ult., says:

"At the date of the last packet, it was rumored that Louis Blanc, who had started from London on the eve of the revolution, had been captured on landing in a steamer. This however would appear to be incorrect as he wrote to the *Daily News* on the 9th. He is a state where he then was, but the object of his letter to explain that the great body of the republicans made no effort at resistance, because they were proposed to defend the members of an assembly that cheated and persecuted them on every possible occasion. At the same time they were not the least disposed to overthrow the tyranny of Louis Napoleon at the time to accomplish it was not when he was with 100,000 men in the streets of Paris. In consequence M. Blanc asserted that the plot of which the Emperor is the accomplice, is to form three great European potentates. Austria is to absorb Italy, Russia is to herself to Constantinople, and France is to Belgium. If England resists, she is to be crushed."

TWO MILLION REVOLUTIONARY FUNDS.—It is stated that a German Central Revolutionary Committee has been formed in London, whose object is to revolutionize Germany. In order to push on the movement, have determined to raise, by loan, two millions. Dr. Kinkle's visit to the United States is to be with the raising of this money.

The contributions to the Catholic University have already exceeded £30,000 including no less than 100,000 sympathizers in New-York.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

Sorely smitten, soon she faded,
And, with smileings faint, evaded
Every art to cease remembering

What was wearing life away.
An untimely flower, she perished
Like a blossom overcherished,
That breathes unknown a blighting air,
And drinks its own decay,
For nought was left her here on earth
But this—to weep and pray.

Like a sinless angel sleeping,
When the friends around were weeping
Sheeted, shrouded, calm and quiet.

Lay the maid, to wake no more. ●
Then the sombre mourners gathered,
And the solemn prayer was uttered,
And, in slow and sad procession,
Laid her near to where,
Ice-bound, lay the noble river;
And the forest trees were bare:

But the grass will soon be greener,
And the air around senerer,
Though no mark yet guides the stranger
Where the lovely Sarah lies.

She is laid beneath a sandow,
Where, in autumn, leaves are yellow,
And, meekly bending o'er her,

The dewy floweret weeps;
Where, at night, a guardian angel
Holy watch around her keeps.

January, 1852.

KOSSUTH IN WASHINGTON.—The telegraph from Washington of the 11 inst. says,—The expenses of Kossuth's suite, about 2^d in number, is about \$500 per diem. Most interesting interview took place yesterday afternoon between Kossuth and Mr. Clay. Mr. Clay reviewed Kossuth standing, and after being seated, addressed him for half an hour, frankly expressing his opinion. Kossuth replied but did not combat Mr. Clay's position he simply commented upon the position of affairs in Hungary and France, which he believed would provoke civil war, if not a general war. At parting, Mr. Clay eulogized and bade Kossuth farewell for ever, wishing him speed in his efforts for Hungarian independence. Kossuth replied that he should pray to God daily for Mr. Clay's restoration to health; both were deeply moved.

During the year 1851, there have landed at New York, 2,288 passengers in vessels. Of these 299,081 were in foreign ports, and 18,207 were from California. During the month of December, the number of emigrants landed at the same port 15,416. Of this 9,612 were in Great Britain. The number of deaths in the year, 175 as follows: 4,042 men, 3,653 women, 6,795 boys, 4,524 girls. There were also 346 fires, and 216 crimes. The number of tavern licenses was 2,047, which yielded \$50,470. The amount received from taverns & other licenses, \$50,521.

A strange mode of political warfare has been adopted in Lower Canada by certain persons. Everything which does not please them, they describe as calumnious; and there has lately been a grave official correspondence between a member of the Government and Mr. Couchon, in which the latter argues at clear-gritism, in Upper Canada, is identical with calumnious the fact being that both accusers and accused are profoundly ignorant of everything regarding Socialism except the name. Socialism and Red Republicanism, without one word of explanation as to their meaning, form the shibboleth of the anti-aggressive party in Lower Canada.—[New York Tribune.]

AMERICAN INDIVIDUAL WIT.—The Hon. Edward Everett, when a young man just out of college, was invited to give an oration in the city of Salem. At the dinner, Judge Story called upon Mr. Everett by the following sentiment:—"Fame follows applause wherever it (Everett) goes!" Mr. Everett rose immediately, and gave the following:—"The members of the legal profession! However high may be their aspirations, they can never rise higher than one story!"

SOMEBODY IN THE CASK.

Quite an exciting scene, says a recent number of the *Cleveland Herald*, occurred at one of our wharves, yesterday.

The hands on one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy, these darned nails hurt, I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this."

Holding up their hands, their visuals expanded to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed—

"That beats the d—l."

The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of the delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within, the voice again came forth—

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"What's that!" said the mate.

"Why, it's me!" said the voice; "I want to get out—I won't stand this any longer!"

"Up-end that cask," said the mate.

"Oh, don't—you'll kill me!" said the voice. "These darned nails prick me. Look out! don't!" again said the casked-up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper," said the mate, "unhead this cask and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth—

"Be easy, now! is there any one about? I don't want to be caught!"

Quite a crowd had now gathered around the "scene of action," when, to the utter astonishment of the bystanders, a loud, guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, and the cask was found filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"It really beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow" as we walked off arm-in-arm with the "Fakir of Siva," the ventriloquist and magician.

WHITNEY'S PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Mr. Whitney is indefatigable, and we hope will be successful. If perseverance in a good work commands success, he is bound to victory. His plan is perhaps so well known, as not to require repetition, but it should be kept before the people. He asks no money from government or the public. The lands that are now valueless, would pay for the road, and thus they would be brought into market. The work would furnish employment to thousands of those who are now in indigence, attract to comfortable homes the squalid population of Eastern cities, enhance the value of public domain immensely, pay into the Treasury directly millions of dollars, create a mercantile marine on the Pacific, distribute more equally the population of the Globe, unite more firmly the various sections of our Union, and harmonize, civilize, and Christianize the world together, giving us the control over all, and making ours the universal language of mankind. Mr. Whitney thinks that the only feasible route is that called the Northern one, from Lake Michigan to the South West Pass, thence down the valley of the Columbia.—[New York Observer.]

A HARDY FAMILY.—There is living in the town of Granby, some seven miles from this city, an old gentleman named Ferris Hill, who has raised a family of twelve children, all of whom are married and have children. There has never been a death in his family, and only three in the families of his children. He is 78 years old, and his wife, who still lives, is 80. His children consisted of eleven sons and one daughter, the youngest of whom is now 35 years of age. They were all born in Putnam, formerly Dutchess county. The old gentleman is still smart, and raised during the past season, among other produce, over 500 bushels of potatoes. A case showing such exemption from disease and death, we think will rarely be met with.—[Palladium.]

W. Barclay and Perkins, the great brewers of London, pay the Income Tax Commissioners \$30,000 a year, which estimates their profits at one million dollars a year.!

HUNGARIAN MILITARY SCHOOL.—An engineering school has been commenced in England, under the authority of Kossuth, for the instruction of the Hungarians, and he is reported to have remitted to the London Hungarian Committee, the greater part of the money he has received here.

GALLANTRY AND PRESENCE OF MIND.—We learn that, on Monday last, while crossing the ice at Montagueville, a Mr. Dougall, from Upper Canada, fell through and would undoubtedly have perished, but for the intervention of Mr. Gundlack of the St. L. & A. Railroad, who, seeing the accident, immediately hastened to his assistance. Not being able to reach him from the ice, Mr. Gundlack gallantly plunged into the stream, swam to him and brought him safe to shore. This, we are informed, is the third time in which Mr. Gundlack has saved the life of a fellow-creature, by similar courage and forgetfulness of self. He, certainly, is well deserving of the Royal Humane Society medal, as well as entitled to the admiration of his fellow citizens.—[Herald.]

A blanket, swallowed by a boa constrictor at the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, was disgorged by the reptile on the night of the 8th Nov., after having been five weeks and one day in the animal's body. On examination it was found to be much shrunken in size, and it was divested of the greater portion of the loose wool composing its surface; it was much saturated with moisture, and in many parts covered by a slimy saliva. One of the watchmen assisted in the disgorgement.

THE ACCUMULATION OF MONEY, when placed at compound interest, after a certain number of years, is exceedingly rapid, and in some instances appears truly astonishing. One penny, says the *Constitutions' Lesson*, put out at five per cent, compound interest, at the birth of Christ, would, in 1810, have amounted to a sum equal in value to 357,474,600 of globes of standard gold, each in magnitude as large as this earth, while at simple interest, it would have amounted to only 7s. 7½d. ! It would afford a good exercise to our young arithmeticians to verify the above calculation.

About two o'clock on a December morning, when the thermometer stood in the neighbourhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm-house in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprung out of his warm bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following dialogue occurred:—"Have you any hay?" "Plenty of it, sir."—"Have you plenty of corn." "Yes."—"Plenty of meat and bread-stuff." "Yes."—"Well, we are glad to hear of it, for they are very useful things in a family." The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—The American Temperance Union have issued a stirring four-page Tract for the New Year on Female Influence for the Maine Law, of which, through the City Tract Society, 50,000 copies will be distributed in the Wards of the City of New York.

EQUITY.—An eternal rule of right, implanted in the heart. What it asks for ourselves it is willing to grant to others. It not only forbids us to do wrong to the meanest of God's creatures, but it teaches us to observe the golden rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

HOW KOSSUTH MASTERED THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—It is stated that in 1837, when condemned to three years imprisonment by the Austrian government, Kossuth at the end of the first year was offered the office of one book for his amusement, provided that it should not be political. He selected the English Grammar, Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and Shakspeare. Having obtained these books he commenced the study of the language, beginning with the translation of the first scene of the "Tempest," which occupied him about a fortnight. This was in 1837. How well he understands the Language, is shown by his speeches.



Ladies' Department.

A POETIC GEM.

Lines written by the late Rev. C. Wolfe, on the death of his wife.

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
That never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
That I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I cannot brook
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left unsaid;
And when I feel, as well I may,
Dear Mary! thou art dead.

If thou could'st stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill bleak corpse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But as I lay thee in the grave,
I feel that I'm alone!

I do not think where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgiven me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

THE REPLY OF THE SONS OF AYLNER TO THE LADIES ADDRESS.

RESPECTED LADIES, Jan. 1852.

It is with heart felt pleasure that we receive the rich gift you have so kindly offered us. When we look at the costly material of which this beautiful Cobson is made, with the ornaments which surround it; and also this splendid Bible with the superior workmanship, both of its binding and plates; we consider it a gift which does honor to the donors.— We value this gift, Ladies, because it comes as a testimonial of your approval of our Order. But we place a still higher value upon this Bible, because it is the blessed Bible, book of books, the word of the living God, able to make us wise unto salvation through faith in Christ. This book Ladies, as you

seem to intimate, teaches most clearly the grand principles on which our order is founded; viz, Love, Purity and Fidelity. Love to all mankind, even the poor unfortunate inebriate, whom we seek to save from degradation and woe. Purity of motives in all our movements. To labour not simply for our own good, but for the benefit of the whole race of man. Fidelity to our principles, and to the solemn obligations we have voluntarily taken upon ourselves. We, Ladies, do not take a stand against Religion; neither do we intend that our obligations to the order shall ever on any occasion interfere with our religious duties. And we wish you to understand, that we are not hostile to Religion. We give Religion the preference in all things, and under all circumstances. We do not wish to insult you Ladies with any thing like flattery; we believe you possess too much good sense and intelligence to be pleased with such tolly, but still we wish you to know that we value your friendly co-operation, and are glad to see your smiling faces here to-day. We are not insensible of the great amount of influence you are capable of wielding; but it gladdens and encourages our hearts to know that you are prepared to place your powerful influence in the right scale. We rejoice also to learn that you have noticed with pleasure the happy results of our movements. We shall feel more than ever encouraged and determined to persevere, since we have evidence that our self-denying efforts have proved conducive to your happiness. You have no doubt with sorrow observed that some few who once stood in our ranks have gone back and taken sides with the fell destroyer. This has been a source of deep regret to us.

Some of those unfortunate men we felt great sympathy for; knowing their former habits; the strength of their vitiated appetites; and the many temptations and snares which surrounded them; and we did all we could to save them. But for some others we felt but little sympathy; when we saw that they were to all appearance, staunch Sons of Temperance; while it was for their interest so to be. But as soon as they imagined that they could make money faster in some other way, they turned their backs on the good cause; and went to throwing fire brands, arrows, and death, by selling Rum. But, Ladies, you may rest assured that we have not a few among us, who could not be hired with money to abandon our principles; or turn their backs upon our order. Men who act from principle; who pay their weekly dues; and make many sacrifices for the cause, from no other motive but that of doing good; and who consider it a privilege to do good. Since the novelty and excitement of our first movements has passed by, we have lost a few of our members. But this was no more than we expected. This you know is the case in nearly all great movements.

When Religious excitement runs high, many enter within the pale of the christian church, in consequence of an excited state of feeling; but when the excitement passes off, they not having the principles of Religion deeply rooted in their minds, soon turn their backs on the cause they had so recently espoused. If this is the case in religious matters, we need not marvel if it should be so to some extent with our order. But, Ladies, our loss has been much less than we had reason to expect. And our hearts are still cheered now and then with new accessions to our order. Notwithstanding the novelty and excitement has passed by; we flatter ourselves that those who join our beloved Brotherhood now, do so from principle, and will stand fast. You are well aware Ladies, that the multiplicity of grog shops forms the greatest barrier we find in our way. We feel surprised that our government should legalize so many of these nuisances; these sinks of Sin.

We feel indignant with our American neighbours for legalizing Slavery. We look upon it as a dark stain on their flag, but, Ladies, a thousand times darker stain is to be seen on the banners of our beloved country. Slavery is nothing in comparison to the license law. For the poor degraded slave is generally well fed, if his fair is coarse, still it is wholesome; and although his body is in bondage, yet his soul may be free. But here is a traffic upheld by the strong arm of government; which enslaves both body and soul, and runs them forever, by sending them to perdition by thousands. How long O! Lord, how long must the Banners of this proud nation be stained with the blood of her sons. If the foul destroyer would be content to lay hold of none but the worthless and the vile; we could bear it with more patience. But, alas, he often strikes his deadly fangs into the hearts of some of our best Citizens; and some of our most useful States-men have fallen by his hand.

In fact he spares neither the high nor low, but has entered every circle, and destroyed men of all professions, and he cannot be fully stopped while our government pursues the sinful and impolitic course they now do. License all sorts of men who can burrow money enough to pay the fee, and thus spread the temptation before men to drink.

The very fact that the government patronizes a shameful and disgraceful business of making men drunkards, leads many to think it polite and fashionable to drink. We think that our government has just as good a right to sell a man a license to commit the most atrocious crimes, as to allow him to sell alcohol as a beverage. But, Ladies, we look forward with pleasure, believe if temperance people will do their duty, crying evil will soon be removed. The State of New York has set a noble example, and let us strive to follow. It may be asked how are we to proceed in order to do so desirable an object. We answer in the language of the great Irish States-man, who is now no more, "Rate, agitate, agitate." Let us speak out plainly, boldly, and fearlessly. Some good men are afraid to speak out the sentiments of their hearts, for fear of giving offence. But, Ladies we feel ourselves bound to speak the truth plainly, let the consequence be what it may. Truth is omnipotent, and must prevail. We must not shrink from saying both publicly and privately, that our government is verily guilty before God for legalizing the unhallowed traffic in rum. Alas! she repent not, God will ere long visit her for her iniquity, and she will feel the rod of his wrath. But we love our government, and wish it prosperity, let then as an expression of that love, entreat them in the name of all that is sacred, in the name of all that is dear to put away this destructive evil; and thus wash out the foul blot that now stains the Banners of our nation. Now us in conclusion Ladies, to assure you that it is with thankfulness and pleasure that we receive this splendid Bible and costly Cushion from your kind and friendly hands, while we assure you that a portion of this Book shall be read every time our Meetings. As to our perseverance we are resolved to do like Lois wife, but our motto shall be forward and onward. We have attacked the enemy, and we are resolved to conquer or die: we believe our cause is a righteous one, and that God is on our side, and we are not afraid. Permit us before closing to say that we are much surprised that any well disposed persons should be willing to deny themselves the pleasure of helping a cause which we believe to be so just. Some prophesy that our order will go down, but we believe them not, for they are false prophets, God does not send them. Such an event is impossible from the very nature of things. For the foundation of our order is firmer than even the pillars on which our government rests. If the government should be unbecomingly removed, it would still live in the hearts of the benevolent of our country. And, Ladies, we shall still depend on your friendly co-operation and aid. And so long as we are favoured with your patronage, we have nothing to fear. With your influence in our favour we must succeed. And finally may you be richly rewarded for your praiseworthy and self-denying efforts on our behalf. May you at last be received into the mansions of the Patriarch above.

AMUSING CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

A curious and somewhat amusing case of somnambulism is reported to have occurred in Springfield not long since. A lady, whether married or single I have not learned, left her lodging in the somnambulant state, without other clothing than her night-dress, and proceeded to the residence of one of her neighbors, a physician, requesting him to call at her residence, as soon as it was morning, to call at her residence, as she was sick and needed medical attendance. The physician inquired what was the matter, but her only answer was, that as soon as it was morning he must come to see for himself. By this time he had arisen, and his visitor in her night-dress, suspected her unconsciousness of what she was doing, and invited her in, and upon a shawl was thrown over her shoulders and a pair of shoes offered, which she immediately put on, and returned for her home. The physician answered the call in the morning as requested, but the lady denied all knowledge of her night walk and errand, and only was convinced of the fact by finding in her sleeping room a shawl and a pair of shoes, which were identified as belonging to the family of the physician.



Youths' Department.

WAS THERE EVER SUCH A CHILD?

Georgie, now my dear,
Be a little quiet,
I can scarcely hear,
You're making such a riot;
Bless me! will you never
Leave off being wild!
I don't believe there ever
Was another such a child.

Only notice now,
Quietly he's sitting
At the work-box now,
Pulling out the knitting;
Now he's on the chair,
And his prattle ceases,
Gracious! I declare
He's torn my book to pieces!

All my threats and calling
Seen of slight avail,
Stop, sir don't be hauling
Fussy by the tail:
Now you cry for pity,
I thought you'd find your match,
If you had not hurt the kiddy,
You'd not have had a scratch.

Oh! you needn't smile,
And think that none are looking,
I've seen you, all the while,
Lumps of sugar hooking,
Oh, you mischief-making
Noisy little elf,
You shall have a shaking
If you don't behave yourself.

Carpet Bag.

THE VOICE OF THE YOUTH OF CANADA.

It gives us deep pleasure, to hear of the Youth of Canada, devoting their early years to the good cause of Temperance, virtue and knowledge. As a boy we read the literary, civil and religious progress of our native land, and advancing years, have not effaced this recollection. Temperance we always viewed as the crown and glory of youth, and when combined with industry and energy, it will ensure any young man's success. Among the first supporters of this paper, was the noble little son of the Franklin Section of Cadets of Uxbridge, whose zeal in the cause of Temperance and humanity, gives us pleasure. The immortal Franklin, whose name is named, was one of the most eminent instances of success in life, ensured by sobriety and industry. My young friends ever follow his example, and persevere in the glorious principles of your order. This Section have thought proper, voluntarily, to send for publication in this paper, the following resolution: We wish to see and every section to know, they have no better or more willing friend in Canada, than the Editor of this paper. The temptations that surround youth are numerous. It requires such an organization as that of the Cadets, assisted by the wise advice of parents, to preserve them pure. Within 20 years we can recollect hundreds of young men, who started as in a bright

morning to run the race of life with us, and who lie in a drunkard's melancholy grave.—Ed Sox.

RESOLVED, That in as much as the Cadets of Temperance have an "Organ" published under the title of *The Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem*; which has been the unfettered index of the principles, and the "modus operandi" among the "Cadets:" that this Section has experienced much pleasure, and derived great benefit from the perusal of the "Son" and that if the Son had a wider circulation among both "Cadets" and others; an *incalculable* amount of good might be accomplished, not only to the Cadets, but to the cause of humanity generally: Be it therefore resolved, That this Section views, with feelings of deep regret, the lukewarmness evinced by us in regard to the circulation of the Son among us: that in future we exert our influence to gain for it an unparalleled subscription list—thereby insuring to every family a vehicle of information dressed in the plainest—most truthful—and most enrapturing style; that we congratulate the Proprietor and Editor of this paper, on the success that has attended his able exertions to further the glorious cause in which we are all engaged: and hope he may long live, and ever continue to be the fearless advocate of the rights of our fellow beings—and that this Resolution, etc., be sent to the Son for publication

JOSEPH BASCOM, Secretary.

Franklin Section, Jan. 28, 1852.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel:—

"What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered, failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached her own door.

"It is school time now," she said. Go my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

I shant go to school, said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied, firmly.

"Certainly you will go, Alfred. I command you."

"I will not!" said I, with a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," said I "you cant get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—oh, my soul hear me!—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels, as the torment of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. Oh! Heavenly Father," she cried "forgive him—he knows not what he does!" The garden just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in. "Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his own room," said she, and turned from me. Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me—it was a look of agony, mingled with the intensest love—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought, for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window, and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed, and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach the door. It was my sister.

"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry—let me tell mother that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you.

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's, disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating at the moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled thro' me, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened, from my uneasy slumber, by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute!—Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying.

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up, melancholy, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she had been seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech.—She looked at me, and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother," I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me!"—She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting up her thin white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling by that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had left me forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

HOW TO LAY UP MONEY.

A number of years ago, Charles and Clara S— were wealthy, and he in good business: very comfortable circumstances for a young man, which tended, of course, to develop his naturally liberal disposition. Feeling thus happy and independent of the world's frowns, he proposed to his youthful bride one day during the honey-moon to give her five thousand dollars, for every scion of the house, which was so engrafted upon the family tree—an arrangement, as may be supposed, the lovely Clara made not the slightest objection to. Time passed on, Charles faithfully performing his agreement and making no inquiries as to the disposition of her money by his better half, until they had been married some ten years; when for one, which had smiled with constancy, suddenly turned her back and left him, apparently high and dry among the breakers of Wall Street. When the crisis arrived, he went home with a heavy heart, to announce the sad news to his wife that he was an irremediably ruined man—that his property had all gone to satisfy his creditors, and nothing was left.

"Not exactly so bad as that my dear," said Clara. "Wait a minute and see what I have been doing."

Thus saying, she ran up stairs and soon returned with a deed, in her own name, of one half of an elegant block of houses in the neighborhood, worth thirty thousand dollars.

"You see I have been industrious," continued she, "and have laid up something for a rainy day. If you had been as smart as your brother, we might have had the whole block by this time."—[Keenebec Journal.]



The Literary Gem.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Farewell to thee—home of my childhood, farewell!
I have left thy protection and wandered away;
Far away from thee now amongst strangers I dwell,
Far away from thy scenes, so enchanting and gay.

Farewell! I have severed the chain that hath bound me,
Though still in my mem'ry thy scenes I retain;
The ties of affection still linger around thee,
And steal away thoughts that I cannot restrain.

Adieu to the home which I once loved so dear!
Each fond recollection embitters my joy;
Thy hills and thy vales still in beauty appear;
But alas! thou art changed since I was a boy!

Farewell to the hamlet which now is forsaken,
And moulders in ruin alone in the vale;
How sweet were the pleasures its charms did awaken
In a heart that now bids it forever farewell!

Its paths are untrodden, its tenants are fled,
Its grandeur is mouldering away;
There in silence it stands like the home of the dead,
Uncared for, forgotten, and left to decay!

Farewell to the days when with youthful emotion,
Our moss-covered mountains I bounded along;
When echoed all praise with the sweetest devotion,
To the sweet soothing strains of the forest-bird's song.

Ah! home of my childhood how much I regret thee!
The dreams of my youth still unfading remain;
Long have I been absent, but ne'er can forget thee,
For mem'ry steals back to review thee again.

Farewell to the days which forever have flown;
Farewell to each spot which in boyhood I knew;
Farewell dearest home,—I will wander alone,
Forever, forever, I'll bid thee adieu.

R. C. B.

Toronto, Jan. 23d, 1852.

THE SNOW BIRD.

During the cheerless months of a Canadian winter, few have failed to notice, flocks of the little snow-birds on our roads, in our fields, and about our barns.

With a few exceptions they are the only birds to be seen in our coldest winter weather. When the weather is the coldest, and the howling northern winds are driving the snow in clouds into the air, these wintry visitors sport amidst the blast and snow in play, seeming to delight in the fury of the storm. They will alight on the snow-covered-road in hundreds, to feed on seeds and fallen grain, and the refuse of teams, hopping at some distance before you. When closely pressed they suddenly arise on sportive wing with twittering notes. The cold seems to have but little effect upon them. They never visit us except in cold weather, and as soon as warm weather approaches they leave. Whether they go or whence they come we know not. It is to be presumed that their summer residence is the extreme north, perhaps at Hudson's Bay, in Iceland or Kamtschatka; where they sport amid the icebergs of Northern regions. The colour of this bird is white interspersed with black or greyish plumage, its beak being dark. In size, it is a little larger than the common chip bird, or about the

size of the common red-breasted blue bird, of a plump make. This bird does not remain in Canada during the summer, at least we have never noticed it. We know it only from its habits observed in the winter.

The blue jay, the spotted wood-pecker, the black-headed tom-tit, the butcher bird, the pine bird, the owl tribe, the bald eagle, and a few others remain to cheer us in the dreary months of winter but the white breasted sportive snow-birds are the most common.

The winter is going and spring time will come,
When the forests again will be dressed in their green;
These bright little snow-birds in a far northern home,
Will sport with the whales, with the reindeer be seen.

Bright songsters will sing where the snow late was drifting,
The harvest all golden will wave in the wind;
Oh, birds of the air like our friends ye are shifting,
The friends of to day, to morrow we strangers may find.

REMAINS OF THE MASTODON.

The Telegraph from Hamilton on Friday, says, that the laborers working on the Great Western Railroad, on the Burlington Heights, found part of the Head and the Tusk of an Elephant, beneath a strata of stone and gravel. The Tusk measures in length, six feet nine inches, and thirteen inches in circumference.

We cut this from an exchange paper. Here is another proof of the antiquity of the age in which the Mastodon lived. Burlington Heights consist of a ridge of stones, pebbles and sand, over a mile long thrown up by the action of water into a high hill; the top of which is over 120 feet higher than the level of lake Ontario. The ridge is no doubt all made ground, similar to many other sand-banks, to be found in or near the great lakes, and very similar to the ridge separating Burlington Bay from lake Ontario. But it must have been made when the lake water or Sea flowed over the site of Hamilton, and when the falls passed over the gap near Brock's Monument. The animal whose remains were found in the sand and gravel, sixty feet beneath the recumbent gravel beds, must have perished in the great lake of antiquity; perhaps tumbling over the shores, which were then the mountain ridge of Hamilton on the one hand, and those of East Flamboro and Esquesing on the other. It may have tumbled into the water and settled down upon this sand bank, where countless ages, washed over it an accumulation of Stone and Sand. At that time the great lake covered the sites of Dundas, Hamilton and Toronto, and must have been a hundred and fifty feet or more higher than it is now. We hope these remains will be preserved in some museum in Hamilton. Some years ago the remains of a Mastodon were found in the county of York. Whenever found they are at a great depth below the soil. Many thousands of years have elapsed since they lived in America. The Mastodon seem at one time to have been very numerous in all parts of the temperate zones of the earth, lying in Asia, Europe, and America. When the forests are cleared away thoroughly between Lakes Erie, Huron and Ontario, and the soil generally stirred and cultivated, we have no doubt that many remains of these mighty animals as well as others, will be found. The island or peninsula of Canada, lying between these great lakes and forming a table land, was for thousands of years a feeding ground for mastodon, buffalo and Elk.

Then these mighty herds slaked their thirst out of the limpid waters of Huron and Ontario, and gazed over the wilderness of waters lying beneath them.

Worldly joy is a sunflower, which shuts when the gleam of sunshine is over; spiritual joy is an evergreen—an unfading plant.

The following extract from an English paper show that our remarks in the third number of this on Magnetism, were fully justified. We are on the of great discoveries in this and other abstruse sciences [EDITOR SON]

MAGNETISM.—Most extraordinary and inexplicable discoveries have been made, and are making, as experiments irrefragably prove, in regard to magnetism. They have been performed in Brighton, to the conviction of persons of the highest science, both foreigners and British—and yet altogether so incredible, we almost fear to allude to them as realities. It will, however, come before the Royal Society at its next re-assembling, and be stated in all their details. Meanwhile, what will our readers, and especially scientific readers, think of the fact, that the magnetic force runs in transverse directions as it may be employed by the male or female sex; that is to say, that if the hands of a male operator it proceeded from east to west or west to east, the same current in the hands of a female operator immediately changes to from north to south, or south to north, and cuts the former line at right angles. Thus magnetism is shown to derive different influences from the two sexes! But this is not all. A letter written by a woman, weeks before, produced an effect upon the current of a like peculiar nature. Again any part of a dead animal, as the horn of a stag or a bit of ivory and a dead fly held in the hand of an individual in contact, stops the magnetic action, and silk, the material from living worms, does not interfere. In fine, there are wonders the most astonishing in nature, and it does seem that we are, indeed, on the eve of a discovery for some time been prophesied, viz: penetrating deeply into the profoundest secrets and mysteries of a pervading agent in the whole economy of the universe, the globe we inhabit, and the human kind.—*London paper.*

EARLY RISING.—The winter season, in a Canadian climate, may not appear opportune, in which to commend this desirable and most valuable habit. The resolution and imagined self denial involving the formation of this habit, constitute some of the most useful and important elements of human character. Early rising is naturally conducive to health of body, clearness and strength of mind, and success in the various pursuits of life. To witness a season of the revolving year that glorious phenomenon, the rising of the bright orb of day, only affords us the full natural advantages of the either for study or business, but to the refined mind may help us to perform its duties, and man bear its burthens. We hear people constantly complaining of the shortness and uncertainty of life; yet how few make the most and best use of the time that is mercifully allotted them! Young men would find it to their improvement and happiness to ponder well this matter. By forming the inviolable habit of early rising, they secure a large amount of mental and physical enjoyment, and practically lengthen out the span of their existence.

Dr. Doddridge, an English divine, highly distinguished for piety and learning, has the following mark in reference to this subject. "The difference of daily rising two hours earlier supposing the same time of going to rest be observed, and the person maintained for forty years, adds six years to a man's waking life!"—and states that his great work, "The Family Expositor," was the fruit of early rising. Well might he adopt the sentiment of his motto, *Dum Virimus Virimus*—"While we let us live," on which he composed the following lines, pronounced by Dr. Johnson "the finest grammar in the English language:"

"Live while you live, the Epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee."

You can't prevent the birds of sadness flying over your head, but you may prevent them stopping at their nests there.—[Oriental Proverb.]

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Wednesday, February 11, 1852.

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

From the Maine Temperance Watchman.

EDITOR: The following lines are intended for a
class of men, who hold their "liberty" very dear.

THE LIQUOR LAW OF MAINE.

For "liberty" our fathers fought,
And we will do the same;
We'll bring the liquor law to nought—
"The liquor law of Maine."

Our "liberty" is quite too dear
Such statutes to retain;
A law like this is too severe—
"The liquor law of Maine."

The "constitution" is the guide
To raise our state to fame;
But now another thing is tried—
"The liquor law of Maine."

Its votaries are fighting, true,
But they will fight in vain.
The lovers of this law are few—
"The liquor law of Maine."

The Watchmen are our greatest foes
To fight that now remain;
They to support this law arose—
"The liquor law of Maine."

There are no other foes we fear;
All others we can tame;
But they will lose their weapon dear—
"The liquor law of Maine."

O, it will be a happy day
When "liberty" we gain;
When we shall put this law away—
"The liquor law of Maine."

Then can our fathers get "right,"
Our mothers do the same;
To see such happy days we fight—
"The liquor law of Maine."

Could all our legislators feel
What we have felt, true pain,
Then would they willingly repeal
"The liquor law of Maine."

FABER.

THE RISING GENERATION—PREVEN- TION BETTER THAN CURE.—IT IS DIFFICULT TO RECLAIM THE INE- BRIATE. ☐

Many true friends of the Temperance cause in
Canada and elsewhere, despair of reclaiming the
inbriates or determined moderate drinkers of our
land. To some extent we have ourselves indulged
in the belief. The good results of the work of the
Sons of Temperance amongst us, have, however, with
a great extent done away with this sad reflec-
tion, yet daily experience in every division and
locality in Canada, proves to every true friend of
the cause, how difficult it is to reclaim the drunkard,
rounded as he ever is, by kind brothers and the
members of the division room. Too many divisions
seem to mourn the disgrace brought upon the cause
by the fallen brothers, by sudden relapses into the
depth of drunkenness, of sons who were once an
ornament to division rooms. Now and then we
hear of brothers who have held high offices in divi-

sions, been patrons of Cadets, and spoken power-
fully and written too, in favour of the glorious
cause of temperance humanity ☐; falling alas!
into old habits and becoming what they were of old;
☐ degraded depositories of filthy whiskey or beer.
We pity them to the bottom of our heart and join
with tears would bring them back to the green pas-
tures of peace and pleasantness; where surrounded
by a happy family; with the conviction that God
was looking with pleasure on their conduct, they
would enjoy that clearness of mind and sobriety of
soul, produced by a constant habit of total abstinence.
No society ever established to advance temperance,
has effected so many cures of the desperate inebriate
in the world, as that of the Sons of Temperance.—
The excellent institution of the Rechabites and the
Society of Washingtonians, we know, have done
wonders; but their influence was more limited than
ours. The order of the Sons is a world wide one;
extending across the wide Atlantic to the shores of
England, and located in every city and prominent
locality of North America; the divisions of the Sons,
in connection with their co-workers, ☐ the Unions
of Daughters and Cadets of Temperance, have
saved within a few years, thousands from the greedy
grave. Some of the brightest ornaments of our divi-
sion rooms, are reclaimed drunkards; and they are
men with noble hearts and bright minds surrounded,
with lovely children and gentle wives.

Yet with all this before us, the thought will recur,
to depend not too much upon the cure of the inebri-
ates. Habit is so powerful, associations are so
strong, and boon companions, and old haunts have
such influence on the minds of men, weakened in
mind and body by the long use of ardent spirits; that
many will at times fall away. Let not any one, or
any division, however, on this ground relax labor to
save the victim of strong habits. Our humanity as
well as duty to God require exertion, unremitting
to snatch men from vice and folly. Our duty to society
and to the country in which we live, would make it
incumbent on us to elevate and save fallen men, and
to prevent pauperism and crime. The drunkard in
this land of *tarrens, whiskey stores and groceries* ☐;
this land in which even *Newspapers* ☐ (owned
and edited by Sons, in various towns of Canada, who
sit in division rooms, ☐) hold up to the gaze of the
poor inebriate ☐ *wines and liquors for sale*; impel-
led by strong habit finds it difficult, long to continue,
in the bright road of *love, purity, and fidelity*. We
said our duty requires constant exertion to save such
men. Yes for the great example that God has held
up to the world, the example of Christ, is before us,
to show that degraded humanity was his constant
care. After all we can say and do, wisdom loudly
cries, *depend on prevention more than on cure*.—
Teach your young men and women to love strict
temperance; teach your moderate tipplers to let
the one glass alone; teach your little children to drink
the beverage of nature when they are thirsty. Mothers
listen not to the advice of doctors, advising the
use of beer in the nursery. Mothers give not your
little ones the first glass. Gentlewomen think it not
the acme of gentility, to give your friends a glass of
adulterated wine, when they call to see you. Gentle-
men, ☐ ye office seekers, and ye office holders,
give up the custom of the *parlor treat*—the *bar-room*
treat—and the *go-to-bed-toddy* ☐. Men and wo-

men of mature years let your young sons and daugh-
ters, see no *little or great* tipping about your houses,
and bid them spend their money and idle hours in re-
creation more rational, than that of tipping at parties,
weddings or holidays. This is an age of mind, of
thought, humanity and religion. Bury with the
darkness of the past, the appetites thereof. Our
children—our children!—let us bring them up all
pure, all temperate and wise. Here is the cure—
the ark of safety. Let us discourage in all ways,
the sale of ardent spirits in *finns, stores or groceries*,
and avoid *bar-rooms and temptation*. A young man
of Thornhill, has sent us the following letter. We
wish all in Canada were like him in temperance.

For the Son of Temperance.
THORNHILL DIVISION.

January 14, 1852.

SIR AND BROTHER:—In perusing your paper I
found an invitation given to divisions to give you
short accounts of their proceedings, which I most
cordially consent to do in behalf of Thornhill divi-
sion. Although it may be in such a manner as not
to give much satisfaction to the reader, as I do not
by any means think myself competent to write mat-
ter for publication, but the one great desire I have is
to see the onward progress of the cause which your
most noble Gem is valiantly endeavoring to maintain.
I do not wish to be asleep on so great a movement;
one which is of such vital importance. May every
friend of temperance stand forth and proclaim the
glad tidings of the temperance reform.

As there has been but little said about our order
here, I would say that we are still in the land of the
living.

Although some bitter enemies
Our cause do here assail;
We fearing not will onward go,
With temperance colors sail.

We have been many in numbers and many have
been expelled through the awful influence of the
curse which prevails in our land. I am glad to in-
form you that our hopes are again revived; the tri-
fling disputes that once prevailed is I believe settled,
and I trust forgotten. Propositions for membership
are again beginning to be the business of the eve-
ning. It is one year and ten months since my name
with eleven others was enrolled on the Charter of
Thornhill division, No. 82, S. of T. Being just 18
years of age I thought it a good time to guard myself
against the intoxicating glass; thinking what an
achievement I would make if I could persuade oth-
ers of my young associates to adopt my example;
which I am happy to say has been the case.

With respect to attending the weekly meetings, I
have been absent but four nights since our being
organized. I have always found it a most noble
place for spending the evening; although a little
unpleasantness may sometimes mar our peace.—
When this occurs apply the remedy; think on the
three great principles on which we lay our founda-
tion, Love, Purity and Fidelity. Fearing, Mr. Edi-
tor, that I am wearying your patience, I will conclude
by informing you that Bro. J. W. Cook is our W.
P., William Snowden, W. A., and J. P. Rupert, R. S.,
for this quarter. We number about forty mem-
bers.

Yours, in L. P. and F.,
J. P. RUPERT, R. S.

The friends of temperance in Jersey city recently
opened a Sunday School for neglected drunkards' chil-
dren, and they soon had 125 pupils, some of them not
being acquainted with a single letter of the alphabet,
and some of them regular drunkards.

A petition signed by nearly 140,000 persons has been
presented to the legislature of Massachusetts, praying
for the adoption in that state of the Maine liquor law.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

BY F. SHERIDAN.

God's blessing I'll seek through, this year fifty-two,
To inspire my mind a good course to pursue,
To guard me from ills and keep me from harm,
To implant in my soul a sweet heavenly charm;
To guide me in truth his laws to obey,
For a waver I am and have wander'd astray.
I have run the full rounds of folly's career,
By drinking vile brandy, rum, whiskey and beer;
I propose to myself to drink coffee and tea,
And a glass of pure water at noon-time of day,
Wine, spirits and beer, from my lips I'll preclude,
Which will give to my actions a different mood.
May thy mercy, O God, descend on my soul,
To inspire this resolve, establish control,
My lips now to seal against spirits and ale,
For they vanquish the reason and cause me to wail;
The maddening draught from my lips I'll expell,
'Tis the straight road and gangway to hell!
It leads on to crime, to sin and disgrace,
The soul's noblest thoughts it is sure to deface;
It infuses false passions, all pregnant with crime,
It pollutes and degrades man in every clime,
In the home of our sires and land of the stranger,
'Tis a snare and delusion all pregnant with danger
It causes inertness of every action,
And empties the purse from the pound to the fraction,
Its baneful effects, when possession it gets,
All holy desires it surely upsets.
I've thought with surprise, when reason sublime,
Illumin'd my soul, inspired my rhyme,
Why man in his greatness, submits to its sway,
As certain it is, to lead him astray;
Sin, guilt and dishonor, and everything vile,
Are clothed in its garb and decked in its smile.
The haggard appearance and bear of the eye,
The delirium tremens, by which many die,
Proclaim to mankind to destroy every sinner,
They're the soul's deadly foe, and cause every ill,
That comes upon man, if the truth he would tell.
For a home oft they lost, their estate had to sell,
Then comes apoplexy with sudden surprise,
Brought on by vile drink, then it's votary dies,
His widow and children bewail their sad lot,
But 'tis well for them all to get rid of the sot,
Then shoeless and coatless, drink poisons of whiskey,
Which madden their brain and makes them quite fireky,
They beg for a penny, one glass to procure,
And crave for a copper at every door.

Toronto, January 1, 1852.

QUEBEC DIVISION.

QUEBEC, January 26th, 1852.

DEAR SIR,

As some of your "Gems" have found their way to Quebec, and now shine upon the tables of a fair proportion of "the Sons," they have introduced us to your acquaintance, which it is hoped will be of mutual benefit. The object more especially of this communication is, that of giving you some information relative to the progress of our noble Order in this Canadian Gibraltar; as we find it but incidentally alluded to in your last number, it looks as if we were but partially known in the Upper Province. About fifteen months back "The Gough Division No. 2" was established under the auspices of the National Division, at first numbering only the Charter names, and notwithstanding apathy and opposition from many quarters, we now number 150 members in good standing, meeting every Wednesday evening, and each meeting still adding to our ranks.—I have to report also a very promising band of Cadets, about 100 members, who are working well under the Presidency of their Grand Patron, P. Lemeur, F. S. of our Division; and last, though not the least, the Ladies have come out with their usual devotion in a good cause, and have organized "The Leading Star Union No. 1;" they also meet on Wednesday evening, and number about 40 members. From this cursory statement, you may gather that the cause is working, and the little leaven is leavening on, until

the whole will be united in our Bonds of Love, Purity, and Fidelity; and that the demoralising agent we are leagued against is driven from society to obscurity, and even from that to nonentity.

I may mention also that last year we got up a Soiree which passed off so well that when "the Sons" announced one this winter it set all upon the "qui vive." On this occasion we hired Russel's large Concert Hall and suit of Rooms. Above 400 persons attended and the Meeting was ably presided over by our present W. P., Mr. R. J. Shaw. Col. Moore kindly permitted the fine Band of the 51st to attend, (and I am happy to add that the Bandmaster and some of the Band, have been initiated into the "the Sons," since their arrival here.) Br. McLeod supplied the Refreshments, so full, varied and excellent, that the most fastidious taste might be gratified. Speakers employed the intervals, and a Choir of about 50 Ladies and Gentlemen, filled up the spaces, making Temperance delightful by melody. Some excellent pieces were sung, and sung excellently. To our esteemed Br. P. W. P. Cole, great praise is due, for so efficiently training the choir. The universal feeling was that "the Sons," could get up the thing in a style, and with a comfort and pleasure, second to none, and it is hoped that this demonstration will not be without its proper impression in the public mind. I fear, I am trespassing on your space, by too long a letter, hoping that success may attend your efforts to spread our doctrine as portrayed on our Badges.

I am, dear Brother,

Yours, in L. P. & F.

JOAN H. CRAIG, R. S.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

GRAND RIVER DIVISION, No. 184 S. of T.

Paris, Jan. 22nd, 1852.

DEAR SIR,

I am instructed to request that you will give the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by this Division, on the 13th of the present month, a place in your columns; this I feel satisfied you will the more readily do, as it will have a tendency, if generally adopted, to prevent many individuals from leaving the Order altogether, because compelled by necessity to remove from one locality to another, thereby subjecting them to the payment as it were of a second initiation fee on entering into another Division by card:—

Resolved,—"That members of the Order on removing, from other Divisions, and applying for admission by card, into this, shall be entitled to benefits, by paying to this Division the sum of one shilling and three pence currency, and otherwise subscribing to our By-Laws, provided, the Divisions from which they withdraw, grant our members the same privileges. Believing that a general adoption of the above resolution will be of incalculable benefit, to the cause of Temperance, we would solicit the cordial co-operation on every Division of the Sons of Temperance, to remove an evil so detrimental with regard to transient members."

Permit me now to say a few words respecting the progress of Temperance in this Village. It is now a year since our Division was organized, and in that time, there have been about 155 members initiated, and although the formation of another Division within five miles, reduced our numbers somewhat, we still continue to progress, and I am happy to say we have but few cases of expulsion on record; nor does the infliction of fines often become necessary.—We have however one cause of regret—the want of good accredited lecturers,—a most effective assistance in the good cause, still however it must be both gratifying and cheering to every Son of Temperance to note the decided change of public opinion with regard to the position the Order so deservedly holds in society, and that instead of it being considered disreputable to be a Son of Temperance, it is now acknowledged by those who still hold back from us that we

are justly entitled to their respect and good wish thereby giving us room to hope that our number will be increased from their ranks, and thus the glorious cause of Temperance be rapidly advanced.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours in L. P. and F.

SAM. R. REYNETT,
R.

UNXBRIDGE DIVISION.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

On Saturday evening at a regular meeting of Division the enclosed Preamble and Resolution brought forward with an eloquent address by our J. W. Caldwell Browne, F. S., and ably aided by Brother William Smith, R. S., which met universal approbation of the Division; which now transmit to you for publication.

Alow me, in the meantime, to say that our Division numbers but 23, instead of 33, as estimated your last issue, (Jan. 14th.) We are working in a harmonious manner, and are benefited and edified frequently by discussions: and by appeals in behalf of the cause of suffering humanity; particularly on behalf of the Sons, by Brother Browne, whose quence has gained for him an immortal fame, as well as the universal esteem of all who have had pleasure of hearing him. Permit me, also, to say that we have a W. P. in the person of Brother Gould, D. G. W. P., who from his extensive knowledge of transacting business in a systematic manner, is eminently qualified to carry out in the best manner what is for the benefit of the order.

A. SON OF I'

Unxbridge, January 26, 1852.

WHEREAS, there was, during last year, a paper commenced and carried on, under the most adverse circumstances, and whereas, such paper ("The Canadian of Temperance and Literary Gem,") has been conducted in a manner highly creditable to the Editor and proprietor; and eminently beneficial to the order of "the Sons" in general; and it is to be published again this year, and whereas, there are to be thirty Nos. issued, at an unprecedentedly low price of one dollar, per 30, and such paper has been and is still to be, the most promising and indomitable advocate of the rights and privileges of the "Sons," and whereas, such paper, (from its cheapness,) should be a regular visitor to our house, cot and hamlet in the country:—It was therefore moved by Brother J. W. Browne, F. S., and seconded by Brother Wm. Smith, R. S. and

Resolved, That the *Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gem*, has been, during the past year, a noble and fearless exponent of the feelings, views, opinions and movements of the "Sons;" that it has met the hearty wishes of this Division for its success; and that we are willing and cheerful co-operation of us to make success sure, that, we as a Division, individually and collectively, pledge ourselves to use our utmost efforts to extend the subscription list, and make "Gem" of every house in our section of the country, and that this preamble and Resolution be transmitted to the Editor for publication. Unanimously adopted.

LASKEY DIVISION—KING.

King, Feb. 2, 1852.

SIR & BROTHER,

As you have not received any statement of our Division, I take the liberty of sending it to you. Our Division was instituted the 14th Feb., 1851, by a charter members and has been labouring against opposition until the present quarter. We have had public meetings in the neighbourhood in January the result is, that we have received eight new members during the month; we hold another public meeting on Thursday the 5th inst., and we feel confident much good attends these meetings. Sons of Temperance must be up and doing to overcome opposition meeting night is Monday. James Bowman, W. P. Ham Irvine, R. S.

Yours fraternally,

JAS. BOWMAN, D. G. W. P.

the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

FAREWELL BROTHERS!

BY HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Farewell Brothers, we must part,
As in youth's bright hour we start,
O'er this cold and friendless sphere;
Without one to wipe the tear,
Which perchance may dim the eye,
'Neath some foreign sunless sky.

Farewell brothers, we must leave,
Ere to-morrow's coming eve,
Home and kindred, country, all,
Youthful hearts, their own can call;
Ev'ry object we most love,
We must leave and from it rove.

Farewell brothers, tho' we part.
Still between us let one heart,
Join us in fraternal bands—
'Tho' between us distant lands,
May be stretched, and still let each,
Loving thoughts to others reach.

Farewell brothers, row farewell,
Hearts like ours alone can tell,
How that cold word chills the blood,
Pales the brow, that dangers wood'd
And serves but to inflame it more,
Whilst wandering on some distant shore,

Farewell farewell, perchance we
Each others face no more shall see;
Nor in friendship's circle meet;
But in hearts where love does beat;
Love which sighs at this farewell,
Brothers it will ever dwell.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY J. D. HAYES, D. G. W. P.

AT COLBORNE, JANUARY 7, 1853.

BROTHERS AND GENTLEMEN,—

The subject of Temperance has been so long and argued by men of commanding talents and abilities, it scarcely becomes me to attempt to throw new light upon the question, or to influence the minds of those who are yet stubborn to its benefits, or whose appetites leading them willing captives to the drunkard's snare. However, there is still an old saying, that "while there is life there is hope," which, we may, apply to the king of seas of community. While there is liquor, there are drinkers, and where there are drinkers, there are drunkards. Therefore, I hope, and trust, that there are temperance men and societies, they are not be afraid, nor ashamed, to meet the enemy on their own ground, and maintain their own characters as men, and do their utmost to forward the cause of Temperance, which, I believe to be a humane and benevolent cause. But, says the man of moderate drinking, "tell us what temperance is, if it is not the moderate use of the luxuries of life." Now, there may be, some men to-night, who will expect me to answer this question, if so, then I answer in plain and simple language; *Temperance is the moderate use of all articles, that are beneficial, and total abstinence from all things injurious, to health, to your own peace, or the happiness of the social circle in which you live.* I am, well aware, that there is a difference of opinion existing, with regard to the nature and effect of alcohol upon the human system. But all agree, that it will make men drunk, but the operation of drunkenness, and the precise quantity of alcohol that it takes to make men drunk are questions which are left quite in the dark, and are only answered in the various ways which suit the views and appetites of those who answer the question. For the man who gets intoxicated, has no definite views of the precise quantity of alcohol he has taken, than a man has of the precise moment in which he falls to sleep. The one merely closes his eyes in the light of day, to rest from the cares and toils of the day, to awake in the morning, refreshed and with renewed zeal and energy to prosecute his daily avocations. The other, when he puts the poisonous cup, to his lips, closing his eyes, to his moral condition, and turning his ear, to his own welfare, to the wants and

claims of his family: and his obligations to his fellow men, and above all, he is forfeiting his claims to Heaven.

Therefore, as this is a matter of doubt to some minds, it may be expected, that I should make an effort to dispell the gloom, and say what constitutes intoxication. In order to do so, I shall be obliged to call your attention for a few moments, to the wonderful construction and operation of the human system. God as our CREATOR, has seen fit to form our bodies in such a way, as to enable us to act, as our wills may dictate. He has placed us here and given us forms composed of flesh and blood, which are so wisely arranged, as to give the blood the power of supplying the strength of the body, together, with a will, to govern this wonderful piece of machinery. We move and act, by the contraction and expansion of the thousands of different muscles, which are sustained by the operation of the blood. We find the heart of man to be the general reservoir of the blood, when the muscles of the heart contract, the blood is forced with tremendous velocity into the arterial system, which leads from the heart to the very extreme ends of the body and extremities. These arteries may easily be known from the veins from the sudden and rapid motion, causing that throbbing sensation, commonly called the pulse, which can be felt at the wrist or in the temples. After the blood flows through these arteries in pure and healthy state, it is taken up by the small veins and carried back in a slow and impure state, until it reaches the air cells of the lungs, (which are located above the stomach,) thereby the operation of breathing we draw in the air which comes in contact with the blood, and is there purified by the air, and prepared for passing into the heart to be thrown out again through the arteries. Thus, is it, that in a clear cold day, when the air is pure, our bodies are more active, and when the air is impure, and not capable of cleansing the blood sufficiently we feel a *dull, oppressing and cheerless* feeling. Now, having shown you the operations of the air upon the blood, I leave it for reason to teach you, whether or not, if this air be brought into contact with alcohol in the stomach, it will silt the blood. I am well aware that it does, and when a man is said to be intoxicated, then his blood has become affected by alcohol, and instead of furnishing the body with that nourishment which it ought; it deposits the poisonous dregs of alcohol instead, which weaken the nerves and muscles until they are not capable of performing their required office, and the man is obliged to give up his vain efforts to sustain himself, and lie down for rest, either in the princely-parlor, the bar-room, the barn, the road-side, or a mud-hole. It matters not to him, where he is, who are his friends, or his enemies, he is ready and willing to extend his arms to embrace the world, and shake hands with kings, princes, friends, foes, or pump-handles; it's all the same to him, and why, only because his blood is poisoned. Alcohol has got the ascendancy—reason is debarred—and that man whom the CREATOR, made and constructed in such a wonderful manner and exalted above all living creatures, has through his depravity become intoxicated, and allows himself to sink beneath the lowest of all the brute creation, and as the song says, "And all for love, yes, love of whiskey." He then remains in this sad and deplorable condition, until the pure air is again brought to act upon the blood in the air cells of the lungs, and as the blood completes a circulation once every six minutes or ten times an hour, the drunken man recovers by degrees. Now, in order to show, when a man is intoxicated it remains only for me to remark that as soon as any man takes alcohol into his stomach, he begins to be intoxicated, and is in that state just in proportion to the amount of alcohol which comes in contact with his stomach. Having shown the certainty of drunkenness, being the result of drinking alcoholic drinks, let us now look to the magnitude of this evil and its consequences. And in order to place the matter beyond contradiction, I will take the report of the British and Foreign Temperance Society. We there find that from the 5th January 1835, to the 5th January, 1839, there were imported into England, Ireland and Scotland 14,795,793 gallons of liquors, and there were used 72,743,718 bushels of malt. Now, allow one bushel to make two gallons of liquor and you have 145,497,436 gallons, add to this the amount of wines and liquors imported, you have the sum of 160,293,229 gallons, which cost the consumer upwards of £40,000,000. We next find 55,655 acres of land used in cultivating hops, which were used, together, with what was imported for beer, ale and porter, and as those drinks are known to be favorite drinks, we cannot estimate them at less than one half the amount of other drinks, say £20,000,000, which added to the cost

of the others, make upwards of £60,000,000. Then there is the rent of this 55,645 acres of land. We next find 216,345 brewers, distillers and others, connected with the manufacture and sale of these drinks, allow 512 working days to the year, and it will show 67,562,040 days spent in one year by the people of that country alone, for what only to make beggars and villains.—The city of Dublin, alone, has 60,000 street beggars. In Glasgow, there was a time, when there was a public house for every thirteen families, and a retail spirit shop for every twelve families. We find it costs the consumers of alcohol upwards of 68 million of pounds annually, besides the public expense of bridging jails, prisons and workhouses, and paying police men and officers to guard the public from depredations committed—(To be Continued.)

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

WESTON DIVISION.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

It would be a general benefit to all the Divisions of the Sons of Temperance; if you would be so good as to publish in the *Gem*, an answer to the following questions, viz:—

1st. Can a Division sue for dues owing or debts contracted to the Division, before they were incorporated?

2nd. Can a Member be sued for previous arrears to a Division, after his expulsion?

Yours, in L. P. & F.

JOHN PAUL, W. A.

Weston, January 26, 1852.

SCOTTS DIVISION.

DEAR SON,—

I am most happily disappointed in your appearance, your manly stature, fair complexion and many noble qualities. With many hopes for your success, I would offer my patronship and have an eye to your future.—If your proprietor consents.

The cause is in an unusual prospering condition in this vicinity. Several N-w Divisions are coming in, and those already organized are filling up.

I enclose 5s, which I think is low for your paper, but I dare say, it is better policy for yourself and the cause. Please consider me a Subscriber and Agent, and send me a few extra copies for a week or two, and I will do what I can for you. Though my time is occupied in professional duties.

I remain, very truly,

Personally, and in F. P. & L.

GEO. WADSWORTH.

Prescott, January 31, 1852.

To the Editor of the Sun.

FARMERSVILLE DIVISION, No. 4.

SIR & BROTHER,

I am truly gratified in reading the interesting accounts of the progress of our order in the western parts of this Province, and I sincerely hope that it will still prosper and increase. This Division was organized on the 11th of January, 1849. We have had to strive against prejudices of all kinds, but in connection with the old Temperance Society, we have routed out the monster. Nothing stronger than beer is sold in our place; bad enough yet, but we hope that ere long this will be done away. Separate being taken to establish a section of Cadets here. We believe them to be a great help to the cause. May the great Patriarch above help us, and may our cause prosper throughout the world.

Yours in L. P. & F.

A TEMPERANCE MAN.

January 19, 1852.

We are glad to learn that a Temperance Home has been established at Frankford, a thriving village at the mouth of Cole Creek on the west side of the Trent, and near the Trent and Rawdon Plank road. The Home is kept by a Mr. R. N. Sherriff.

We wish the proprietor every success in his praiseworthy enterprise.—[Napanee Bee.

MILITARY TEMPERANCE. [1]

We copy the following interesting items from the *New Scotia Athenaeum*. No class of men for a hundred years past, has suffered more through the use of Alcohol than soldiers. What a Waterloo or the climate of the East or West Indies, could not do, a few years of peace have done; that is to kill the bravest fellows that ever lived, by the evil custom of constant tipping.—The Highland regiments seem very favorable just now to temperance. Many Officers and Soldiers in Niagara and Toronto, favor the good cause.

"The following correspondence between Mr. J. Shields, Quarter Master Sergeant 42nd Royal Highlanders, and the Rev. P. G. McGregor, President Halifax Temperance Society, has been handed us for publication:—

Halifax, N. S., January 5, 1852.

REV. SIR,—The enclosed sum of £6 8s. 9d., I beg you will accept from some of the non-commissioned officers and men of the 42nd Royal Highlanders as a donation to the funds of the Halifax Temperance Society.

The hearty desire evinced by yourself and others connected with the Society over which you have the honor to preside, for the welfare of the Soldier, has induced this expression of their regard for the cause you advocate; and those who now contribute towards this offering, would also make grateful acknowledgments for the kind attentions received.

I have the honor to be, Reverend Sir,
Your obedient humble servant

J. SHIELDS,
Qr. Mr. Serg't 42nd R. H.

The Rev. P. G. McGregor,
President of H. T. S.

Halifax, January 5, 1852.

SIR,—The success of the friends of Temperance in this City in enlisting so many supporters of the Total Abstinence principle among the Non-commissioned officers and men of the 42nd Regiment Royal Highlanders, is more than a sufficient reward for any exertions made or attention shown.

The gift which you have now placed in my hands, affords another evidence that these attentions are more than appreciated. Please to assure those who have contributed, that this sum is thankfully received, and will be credibly applied to advance the Cause which I trust will be ever dear to us.

I am, your's respectfully,

P. G. MCGREGOR,
P. H. T. S.

To J. SHIELDS,

Quarter Master Sergeant of the 42nd R. H.

"We are truly glad to learn, that only one man of the 42nd Royal Highlanders was put in confinement on New Year's Day for being intoxicated. This is unprecedented in the Garrison—New Year's Day is a dangerous time to those who have been brought up in the habit of social drinking which has characterized the sons of Auld Scotia in time past; and in a community like this, where so many reside in the neighbourhood of the Barracks who are licensed to decoy and kill, the above named fact is indeed worthy of being recorded."

NIAGARA.

"Three of the resident Clergymen in Town have agreed, amidst their numerous other duties, to deliver alternately a lecture every month on the subject of temperance. The Rev. Mr. Young commenced the series on the evening of the 9th inst., and, as far as I have heard, acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all who were present. The Hall was nearly filled, and he was listened to with the most marked attention. The members of the "Order" were there regaled on the occasion, as did also the Cadets. It is supposed the Daughters of Temperance will also attend in future, dressed in their distinguishing ornaments."—[Mail.

We cut the above from the correspondence of the Mail, and are pleased to hear that the energetic temperance men of old Niagara are not flagging in their endeavor to advance the good cause. The Division numbers over 150 here, and have acting in connection with them a fine Section of Cadets and a large Union of Daughters.

There are few places in Canada where the Sons have done more good than in this town. The above movement on the part of three of the resident clergymen is highly commendable, and worthy of imitation every where. Let the powerful influence of clergymen and the Press unite, and the evil of intemperance and curse of alcohol will soon disappear.—[Ed. Son.

QUEBEC SONS.

The following letter was kindly handed us for publication.—[Ed. Son.

DEAR EDWARD—I beg to enclose you a programme of a soiree which we attended last night, also the Morning Chronicle, with a short account of the proceedings. I think I scarcely ever attended so pleasant a meeting, it was productive of much good, and I think will be the cause of a great accession to our Order. The low price of tickets is a great inducement. We don't calculate on profits, but to do good, to show the public what we are in our aim. In fact it is "Casting our bread upon the waters." The Sons who appeared in regalia were scattered over the meeting in a room like your St. Lawrence Hall, and all stood up at the first tone of the band of the 54th Regiment. The attendance at the refreshment tables was excellent. About fifty or sixty were taken off the front seats first in the Refreshment Rooms, where tea, coffee, cakes, apples, jelly, &c. were served, and so on in rotation. The speeches were the most appropriate I ever heard—practically explaining the nature of the Order, the difference between it and the old total abstinence society—why the Order was required—answering objections to joining it, and showing why it was absolutely necessary that it should in a measure be a secret society—that the greatest part of the secrecy was in hiding the faults of our brethren—that we went after them after default until they were beyond all hope of amendment or saved.

Bro. T. White, late of Toronto Division, is one of the most promising young men I have ever heard. He has made two or three public speeches here, which have endeared him to the inhabitants generally. His speeches are well delivered and very appropriately interspersed with anecdotes. Taking into consideration the great majority of French Canadians who do not mingle with any other people, I think we deserve credit for having 150 members in our division. A new division is to be formed in a week or two. The Daughters number about 50—the Cadets about 120. I never heard any thing more delightful than the Cadets last night; they had their appropriate speeches so well, and delivered them so manfully, that every person seemed delighted. About six of the band are Sons; and I saw four sergeants with the "White, the Red, the Blue" over their red jackets.

I think it would be well if you would submit to Ontario Division the propriety of getting up a musical soiree in St. Lawrence Hall. Calculate so that you will be no losers, and it will have a good effect. You may show them the enclosed programme and newspaper, if you have time, under the proper head at your next meeting.

JOHN MORPHY,
Of Gough Division.

TEMPERANCE IS PRINCE EDWARD.—The Sons of Temperance held a Convention on the 26th ult., at Picton, in the County of Prince Edward, when the following resolutions were passed.—"Moved by J. P. Roblin, Esq., seconded by Calvin Pier, Esq., and Resolved.—That in the judgment of the convention, public opinion in this country is not prepared to abolish at once and immediately all the public houses within the county; but that it is the opinion of the members now present that an effort should be made to put a stop to the tipping by neighbors in the several public houses, and that therefore application be made to the Municipal Council of the town of Picton, praying them to pass a by-law to prevent the Inn-keepers in the town of Picton from selling spirituous liquors to any person living within the limits of the corporation, and that application be made to the various Township Councils, praying them to prevent Inn-keepers in country places from selling spirituous liquors to any person living within a distance of three miles from their respective houses."

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance

PINE DIVISION—VIENNA.

DEAR SIR,

Amongst the many notices of Divisions, to you so large a space in your excellent periodical is voted, I find nothing of Pine Division, No. 131, located at Vienna, in the Township of Bayham, and therefore, with your permission, make a remark with a view to supply that deficiency.

Vienna is pleasantly situated in the valley of Otter, three miles from its mouth; and has, for last few years, experienced a more rapid growth than, perhaps, any other place in Canada West owes its prosperity to the trade in pine lumber which, manufactured in large quantities at the vicinity, is exported to New York and American markets. Previously to the introduction of the Order of the Sons in 1850, the old Temperance Society had for some time been defunct, Intemperance with its attendant vices, had increased to such an extent as to obtain for the village an enviable notoriety throughout the surrounding country. At this time a few reflecting individuals, concluded to make an effort to stem the flood of intemperance so rapidly setting in, by introducing the organization of the Sons, and in July 1850, Division was formed. The success of the experiment was soon the theme of general remark; Order, contrary to expectation, became highly popular, and so rapid was its growth that the Division at its celebration and festival on New-Year following, numbered one hundred members, possessing a large share of the wealth and respect of the place. The salutary change, too, effected the community through its influence, was the just alike of surprise and congratulation. The character of the Village was redeemed. An Anniversary Celebration, which passed off with great eclat, the ladies presented the Division a banner and Bible which cost sixty dollars. For last two quarters the Division has been undergoing a pruning process which will always be necessary after the first excitement has subsided and in consequence has not increased; but it is a 130 good members, and will henceforth experience growth more healthy though, perhaps, less. In fine, with a commodious hall well furnished a fund of \$300, protected by an Act of Incorporation, this Division may be considered as permanently established—a beacon light, throwing its rays over the dark and stormy sea of Intemperance to point the shattered bark to the calm and a haven of Total Abstinence.

FILL

Vienna, 27th Jan., 1852.

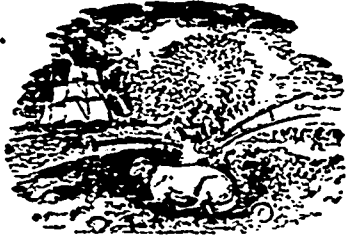
HORRIBLE.—About three weeks ago, a woman by the name of McCarthy, who owned occupied a house in Sandy Town, Bayham, fell from the fire when in a state of intoxication, and burned to death. It may not be amiss to add the house of this victim of Alcohol, stands in that in which the Town Council, a majority of whom are "Sons," will shortly meet to License Town, wonder if these Sons of Temperance, when legalizing the sale of the destructive poison, think of the widow McCarthy!

ANOTHER FACT.—A short time ago a named McQuiggan, who resided about a mile from Vienna, after a two or three days spree around taverns, started for home at night with a bottle of whiskey in his pocket. His body was found the next day within call of his own house with the bottle by his side.

Verdict: "Died from the effects of cold Whiskey."—[Fillis.

OSWEGO DIVISION.—The following are the officers elect for this Division:—D. McBrogue, W. E. Mark, R. S.

ED. NATHANSON, Spencer, who lately nearly died at London, is said to have been intoxicated the night of the misfortune.



Agriculture.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY F. D. GAGE.

O, a jovial farmer's boy I'll be,
As fresh as the birds that sing,
And carol my merry song of glee
Among the flowers of spring.
With a whoop 'who hay,' to drive my team
Before the rising sun,
To slake their thirst in a silvery stream
Shall be my morning's fun.

To see the hungry porker fed,
And hear him grunt his thanks;
To rouse the calves from their grassy bed,
To shake their drowsy flanks;
To draw from the generous cow her store,
With young hands strong and free,
Till the brimming pail is running o'er
With the foaming luxury.

To haste to the garden with hoe and seed
While the dew is on the spray,
To plant, to trim, to hoe and weed
The morning hours away;
To raise the flowers for the honey bee,
With their petals bright and fair—
O, I love the budding flowers to see—
In my garden here and there.

Or away to the fields, with reapers he,
And toil the livelong day.
And think of the happy time when I
Shall be a man as they.
To plough, to harrow, to plant, to sow,
The rich and fertile lands,
To reap and bind, to pitch and mow,
With strong and willing hands.

O, I would not live in the crowded town,
With its pavements hard and gray,
With its lengthened streets of dusty brown,
And its painted houses gay:
Where every boy his ball may bound
Upon his neighbor's door,
And every shout and every sound
Disturbs some other's home.

The squirrel that leaps from limb to limb
In the forest waving high;
Or the lark that soars with his matin hymn
Is not more free than I.
Then give me the trade of a farmer boy,
From city traumas free:
And I'll crack my whip, and cry "who hay?"
O, a farmer boy I'll be!

NEW BRICK MACHINE.

On Thursday last, we visited the Steam Brick Works of Telford and Burden, in Scarsville, to witness the operation of a machine for making bricks from dry clay, invented and patented by Woodworth and Mower Boston. This machine is of iron, simple, compact, powerful, weighing sixteen tons, and was made by Messrs Kingsley, Esq., at his extensive works at Canton, Mass., and is a good sample of the substantial and perfect work for which Mr. Kingsley's establishment is celebrated. It works with great rapidity and precision, and turns out three thousand bricks per hour. The machine and the clay pulverizer are operated by a steam engine of twenty horse power. The clay is first cut into ground, by passing between heavy rollers, is screened or sifted and passed into the machine in uniform state, where it is subjected to the immense

power of the machine, and a beautiful perfectly-faced brick is produced, almost as smooth and dense as polished marble. The bricks are taken from the machine and immediately set in the kiln ready for burning, thereby obviating the necessity of spreading on the yard to dry before burning, as well as injury or loss from wet weather. By this process, a superior faced brick can be produced at less expense than the coarsest common brick by the old method.

This machine is the result of three years' close application and hard study on the part of the patentees, Messrs Woodworth and Mower, and may justly be considered one of the most valuable and important inventions that have been made. No one can witness its operations, and compare it with the old-fashioned way of brick-making, without being filled with surprise and admiration.—*Boston Journal.*

PAISLEY BLOCK PORK.—This morning several loads of splendid Pork were brought to market from Paisley Block. The largest load consisted of 15 Hogs raised by Mr. R. Laidlaw, and averaged 418½ lbs. each. Mr. Gideon Hood also sent a load, the heaviest weighing 478 lbs; and Mr. John Shortreed sent a third load, the heaviest weighing 431. The whole of this Pork was splendid. It was purchased by Mr. W. Hood at \$4.31 cents per cwt.—[*Guelph Advertiser.*]

WILD TURKEYS.—We are informed by Mr. W. H. Morgan of this town, that he shot yesterday, near the plank road between this place and Woodstock, a wild Turkey weighing 23 pounds. Rather late for Christmas.—[*Branford Corner.*]

EXTRA WEIGHT OF PORKERS.—Mr. Nathaniel Lucas, of Sidney, lately killed three hogs, nineteen months old, whose united weight was 1760 lbs. A sow, the mother of the above, and having raised a litter of pigs last summer, weighed 440 lbs. Total, 2200 lbs. One of the three hogs, weighing 530 lbs, sold for \$5½ per cwt.—[*Hastings Chron.*]

PROFITABLE FARMING.—Mr. Wm. Woodhall, the owner of a farm of less than one hundred acres, in the town of Madison, has grown 7700 pounds of hops which netted 30 cents per pound, about a million of trawls, worth seventy five cents per hundred, and will sell about \$400 worth of grain, besides a fine crop of grass.

The sale of his crop this year will amount to \$3,600. This is the most profitable farming of the day.—[*Can. Whig.*]

SECRET FOR A FARMER'S WIFE.—While the milking of the cow is going on, let your pans be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk into one of the pans taken hot from the kettle; and cover the same with another of these hot pans, and proceed in a like manner with the whole mass of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter.

CURE FOR CANCERS.—A gentleman who has for years been afflicted with a cancer on his face, informs us that after having followed the prescriptions of some of the most skillful physicians, at the expense of more than seven hundred dollars, having twice had it cut, he has been effectually cured by simply bathing it three or four times a day with brandy and salt. Those afflicted with these violent ulcers will do well to try it.—[*Maine Cultivator.*]

A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—Mr. Samuel Barber, of the Waterloo Road, laid a Hog, on Tuesday last, the 30th inst., weighing 390 lbs., Richard Jackson, Esq., and other neighbors, being present. It was killed on the 2nd March last, consequently averaging upwards of 1½ lbs. per day.

PORK.—Sprenter, March, Esq., of this city recently purchased of Mr. Kennedy, of Acacia, twenty-seven hogs, the aggregate weight of which was 15,068 pounds. They brought a little less than six hundred dollars.—[*Chicago Messenger.*]

EXTREME COLD.—Monday morning the thermometer was 16 degrees below zero, which was the lowest for the season. During the day the weather moderated, and at 9 o'clock that evening the thermometer stood 10 degrees above zero.—[*Id.*]

On the 23d, the Ohio river at Cincinnati was so solidly frozen over that sledges, loaded with merchandise, &c., were passing to and fro, and a herd of four hundred and eighty cattle was driven over from the Kentucky shore.

THE CROUP.—How to prevent it.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Mirror, a medical practitioner, is an article on this subject says:

"The premonitory symptom of croup is a shrill, sonorous cough. The patient is not sick—has no fever, so often in a common cold—so rarely, perhaps even gayer than usual; his hands are cool, his face not flushed, possibly a shade paler than usual. The solitary symptom may last for a few days, with no material increase or abatement, and without attracting any notice, suddenly, however, the disease hitherto latent, bursts forth in all its fatal fury, and too often continues its ravages, unchecked, to the dreadful consummation. The remedies for this symptom of croup are simple, and in most instances perfectly efficient. They are, a mustard plaster, or a strip of flannel dipped in oil of turpentine, or spirits of hartshorn, applied to the throat, and nauseating doses of Hives' syrup to be continued as long as the cough remains. By this timely employment of mild agents, I unhesitatingly assert that a multitude of lives might be saved every week, that are now lost through negligence and delay."

NEVER despair in adversity. Work and persevere. When a wheel is going round, the bottom must turn upward—some time.

A MAN writing an anonymous note is like a puppy inside an enclosure, barking at you with his nose under the gate.

A Wisconsin drunkard lately dug into his wife's grave to get a gold ring which he supposed was on her finger, to get the means of buying whiskey.

There are 193 places in Lowell where intoxicating drinks are sold, of which 133 are kept by foreigners and 65 by Americans.

WOLFE ISLAND CANAL.—We understand that there is every likelihood that this important work will be commenced at an early date. Kingston, good old Kingston, will in a few years be the envy of her sister cities in the Province. A few such men as Wm. Ford and John Counter, and Kingston would go a-head.—[*Kingston Herald.*]

An Irishman said if a few gooseberries gave so fine a flavor to an apple pie, "that it would be a darling of an apple pie which was made of gooseberries entirely."

There were 263 marine accidents on the lakes during 1851, involving a loss of over \$700,000, exceeding all former years. 79 lives were also lost. Most of this destruction was on Lake Erie.

HASTY WORDS.—Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

A young student of medicine, out in Michigan, having courted a girl a year and got the mitten, has turned around and saved her father for "the visit" he paid her.

A KNITTING MACHINE, in operation in Philadelphia, knits 380 stitches at each turn of a small crank, while a crank may be easily turned by hand from one hundred to one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, making from sixty to sixty thousand stitches per minute, or at the rate of about three million per hour.

Mr. Clay first took his seat in the U. S. Senate forty-five years ago (1806). His second appearance there was in 1810. He served but one term in each body, and after 1810 began his brilliant career in the House of Representatives.

The mercury was 27 degrees below zero on Saturday, December 27, two miles south of Poughkeepsie. In the village it varied from 20 to 27 degrees below zero. The coldest weather in fifteen years.

OUT OF SEASON.—A beautiful Butterfly, alive and apparently in good health, may be seen at this office. It was found a few days since by a workman employed on Mr. Street's new dwelling at the Rapids, between some boards which he was taking from a pile. It is of a rich variegated greyish color, and apparently not full grown.—[*Chippewa Advocate.*]

JOURNEY TO GUELPH—MEETING AT CUMMINSVILLE—GREAT SOIREE AT WEST FLAMBORO.

We noticed in our last that we had spent a few days in a tour to the neighborhood of Guelph and Flamboro, during the latter part of January. A few facts in connection therewith are now given. The Cumminsville division kindly invited us to attend their anniversary meeting on the 27th ult. Knowing the zeal of the brothers of this division, and having experienced their personal kindness, we could not refuse to attend. On a very stormy day we left Toronto and arrived at Cumminsville, a country village, situated in the northern part of Nelson, and surrounded by romantic hills and valleys. It is situated on a creek which affords numerous mill privileges. There are several mills there, and but one tavern. We arrived at the meeting about 2 o'clock, and found the house quite full of farmers, artisans, and their families, listening to an able and energetic speech from the Rev. Mr. Dick, of Toronto, who, as usual, ever warm and devoted to temperance, was explaining our principles. The brother spoke for near an hour. He was succeeded by myself. Although quite fatigued with a journey of near fifty miles, travelled over in ten hours, we must say we felt a warm pleasure in addressing this division. This arose from a conviction that our listeners were sincere and devoted men. The Choir was filled by a very excellent brother, John Mathews, one of the earliest patrons of this paper, and one of the leaders of the division. The Sons were in full regalia, and the meeting was full of persons of various views as to temperance. For the first time in our travels, we met here with the Rev. Job Moxom, a minister of the Baptist persuasion, and feel gratified to have met with a brother so warmly engaged in furthering temperance principles; and who is at once so talented, candid and zealous. He addressed the audience for half an hour in a speech to us original, for it was one that combined funn with argument, education and deep feeling. His style of oratory tells well in a miscellaneous audience, for whilst there is argument in it, it is free from pomposity or pedantry; it comes from the heart freely, sincerely, and naturally. We wish Canada had more of such friends, not only of temperance, but of religion and human rights. The meeting broke up at about 11 o'clock. Some 300 persons were in attendance, and we doubt not that the division here will be increased by it. We met here with Leobers Tynen, Galloway, Newton, and others, Sons in the Cumminsville division, who are intelligent and active men, looked upon in the community as the best men in it. The following morning we took breakfast at the house of bro. Newton, a worthy and intelligent mechanic, living on the Nasagawya road. He is a native of England, and shines in the neighborhood in which he lives, as a patron of temperance in a very drunken community, and also a worthy and industrious citizen. He is surrounded by an interesting and intelligent family. There might be a large Union of Daughters formed in the neighborhood. We wish this kind brother and his family every success in life. From this locality we visited Milton, in Trafalgar, and the village of Fern, calling on many Sons. The brethren in Milton seem to be doing well. The division contains 42 members, and a Section of Cadets. A Union of Daughters should be formed here. Go to work, ladies, and see that it is done within a few months. Bro. Joseph Harrison, a respectable farmer, is W. P.—Some of the brethren live in Fern, a village two miles away. We met with Bro. Cruise, there, a good friend of the cause. Milton is situated in a very fertile country, and has grown very much since we were there some years ago. It has several large mills, and at least three too many inns.

We then turned our way to Nasagawya, and passed through its verdant pine woods; as old as the cascades, passing through its romantic valleys and over its hills. The mountain ridge here that comes from East Flamboro, seems to have been the play of some mighty convulsion; for it is torn into gullies and hills of all shapes, rising into conical forms to the height of two and three hundred feet. Upon these hills and cliffs, the number of henlocks and towering pines are seated, looking upon the valleys beneath in a frowning attitude. Among the hills we paraded of the hospitality of bro. Alexander McCam, and his family. He has just started at the village of Sisters, a fine cloth and carding mill, in which he manufactures blankets and cloths; thus consuming the farmer's wool. He owns also a large steam saw mill, now owned by Messrs. Mann & Rogers, who,

we hope, will meet with a due reward in this pine country. The vicinity abounds in pine of the best kind.—May success attend all such noble enterprises as our prayer. Men who go into back settlements, with their interesting families, deserve, at all events, to get rich.—A sitting little vantage is springing up at the Sixteen. It is indebted a good deal to the enterprise of Mr. McCam. Growing up with it, we are happy to say, is a young division of our Order, No. 334, just opened, and in which we found some active brothers. We hope they will keep united and increase. If they are all actuated by the same zeal that appeared to move those with whom we spoke, the division will do well. A post office is now established there. Wheeler Torrey is the W. P.

We thence wended our way to Guelph, passing up through Nasagawya and Eramosa. The sun sat in a most beautiful hood of crimson clouds, the ground work of which was a deep blue sky. We stopped for a minute on a high hill, and gazed on the beauty of that scene. If God on this earth can exhibit such beauty to his creatures, how much more glorious must that world be, where his spirit shines forever before the souls of the good! Seidon have we gazed on a more glorious sky; and thus, too, on the 29th January, 1852. The shadows of night, however, soon set in, and we saw the gorgeous beauty fade like the vanities and glories of life into oblivion. 8 o'clock found us seated in Mr. Thorpe's Hotel, in Guelph. We enquired for a temperance Hotel but found none. There is, however, one in prospect.—Guelph has grown greatly of late years. The houses and stores in it are generally built of stone, and are large and respectable. The style of architecture in Guelph does credit to the taste of its inhabitants. The very best of free stone is found beneath the soil affording an inexhaustible mine of building materials, of which the inhabitants usually avail themselves.

We observed many genteel residences and several fine churches, especially that of the church of England, just finished. The Court-house and Jail are built of stone. This town contains about 2,000 inhabitants, and is well watered by the river Speed, and abundantly situated on gentle hills. We will allude to it more fully in our next, in an article to be written on the Grand River Country. The division here is very large and flourishing, as well as the Section of Cadets and Union of Daughters. Our crowded columns this week prevent more detail. We omit noticing many things to which we will again allude.

The West Flamboro Soiree.—The brethren of Mountain Division, West Flamboro, had kindly invited us to attend the anniversary of the formation of the division, of which we availed ourselves. It came off on the 30th January, and the attendance here prevented our prosecution of a journey to Fergus, Leora, and Berlin. Our kind friends in these places will bear this in mind, and thank us not long for. Leora and Berlin, as well as Fergus, we wished much to visit. Business called us home on Saturday. Passing through the thickly settled township of Passaic, we arrived at Flamboro and the place of meeting, at 7 o'clock, P. M. The 30th and 31st of January were cold and extremely businessous; quite the opposite of the lovely day to be seen there. Here we found assembled in a Chapel a gay and joyous assemblage of temperance friends ready to enjoy the creature comforts and luxuries, least before them. The church was densely crowded with men, women, and children. Sons, Daughters, and Cadets, were every where conspicuous, and in the gallery was seated the well skinned Dundas band. The gallery was full of youthful faces, wearing the badge of Cadets. In front of the platform and near a goodly row of the fair faces of ladies appeared, wearing the badge of the Daughters.—They belonged to the Dundas Union. The regalia of Sons were every where to be seen over the meeting. One had of course, we should judge, of the persons present, were Sons or members of their families. Around the point we found assembled several of the trading Sons of Hallow, among them the Rev. Mr. Braine of Guelph, Moxom, of East Flamboro, and Clutton, of West Flamboro, and Messrs. Regan, of Ancaster, and Lazar and Barton of Dundas. The Rev. Bro. Clutton filled the Chair. The company partook of a sumptuous repast, well served. The evening's entertainment commenced with the presentation of a beautiful banner by the Sons of West Flamboro, to the Sons of Mountain Division, accompanied by an able and well read address delivered by Mrs. Wright. To this address the Rev. Bro. Clutton replied at length in an able manner. The same lady then, on behalf of the same ladies, presented to the division a beautiful gilt Bible, and all and rever-

cushion, delivering at the same time a neat short. To this speech, bro. Moses S. Deunick replied promptly, in a peculiarly impressive and eloquent. The band then struck up a beautiful tune. Bro. in an exceedingly becoming speech opened the of the evening. The addresses, we trust, the will forward to us. The Rev. bro. Braine then addressed the audience for near half an hour in a logical and impressive style. We had never before met this who is doing in the surrounding country great to our Order. It affords us great pleasure to have met an acquaintance with so talented and zealous friend of our cause. Bro. Regan, W. P. of the division, then entertained the meeting with a but argumentative and effective address, for fifteen. Again we had the pleasure of listening to a meeting with bro. Moxom here, who spoke well the point for twenty minutes. The speaking was by himself; having been kindly invited to address excellent people who dwell in this neighborhood can assure them that any thing that we can do to their social comfort shall be most willingly done. We felt deep pleasure in meeting for the first time with our kind friend, bro. Clutton, and only regret so little time was afforded to converse with him, however to be hoped that this is but the beginning of a better acquaintance. Any one looking on the blage at this soiree might well be proud of the of the Sons, Daughters, and Cadets; for taking a sample, it will be found that the bone and sinew of the division, and the precious portion of the people of Upper Canada on our side. The sturdy old yeomanry and their faithful children—the manly, industrious artisans, and well clad families, and not a few of the professional classes walk beneath our banners of Love, Faith, Fidelity. This meeting suffered some inconvenience from the great crowd. There must have been some persons present. The evening was enlivened by excellent band. The addresses we hope to give in future number. Sons and Daughters of Flamboro, a distance wish you success in the great cause of manly, and every earthly and spiritual blessing, will not allow us to enlarge on a few other things reserved for our next.

¶ *The Montreal Temperance Advocate*, has referred to this paper in a most unbrotherly manner. It is a pity that Upper Canadians cannot agree with in taste, for they generally think our paper wants general support. Interest causes an obliquity of view. We are quite willing that this should be compared with his in style and matter. Comparison will injure us none. A tiresome and want of energy will not be found in our journal. The Sons, Daughters and Cadets of Upper Canada of Quebec too, choose to patronize this Journal. It is no body's business but their own. We ever find us their friend. They will also find are too well versed in the principles of the order to do indecent epithets or make insinuations against the moral character of a brother to gratify malice. It is a pity that any Son in Lower Canada, so far from duty as to do so. The good opinion of a Division of 330 intelligent men like the Ontario Division, and others in Upper Canada, most of whom know socially, is a sufficient offset to the bad opinion of Printer Becket of Montreal. His opinion is gathered from a few contemptible bigoted papers of Canada, and he appears to know too little of his duty as a Son to refuse to listen to exparte slander against a brother. Go brother and examine the Blue Book. Have more regard for the good of the cause, than to commence a quarrel and then refuse to do right. We never spoke in unfriendly terms of the Advocate; let the order generally, treat of would commence mischief as he deserves. Our columns shall not be filled up with editorial dissertations by a thoughtless contemporary.

The last survivor of the Boston Tea Party, Mr. Kinsman, is now living in Chicago at the advanced age of one hundred and fifteen years.