

men a dove colour—the feathers between the legs and beneath the tail of a milky whiteness. The under parts of the wings—the wing coverlets—the back and top of the head, are of a beautiful dun or sky blue, the tops of the wings are dotted with beautiful black velvety spots—the tail feathers are from six to eight inches long, barred and striped with dun, white, black, red and dove colours. The tail, which in flying is often expanded fan-like, is long and beautiful. The Indian warriors use these feathers for plumes, and the Squaws make fans of them. The tail is long and pointed, especially in the male. The sides of the neck of the male are shaded with the most beautiful changeable pink, emerald and crimson colours, rivaling, or equaling the neck of the humming bird; the feathers on the top of the neck are blue, shaded with a changeable sea green. The eye is red and brilliant in the males. The legs are short, thick, flesh-coloured, and armed with five toes and black claws; the beak is black, gently curved at the point, three quarters of an inch long. The full-grown pigeon weighs about a pound—measures from the beak to the end of the tail about twenty inches long; the neck is long, the wings are strong and muscular, and outstretched, measure nearly twenty-eight inches from tip to tip. The colours of the female are very plain—consisting generally of a light dun colour on the under parts, and of a dark dun and black colour above. The tail is barred with various colours, and is that of the male, and she is one-third less in size.

The pigeon breeds in Canada. It builds a very plain looking nest of small twigs, and lays generally two white eggs, the size of those of the quail in June. At times they build large numbers of nests together, in the manner of the rooks of England; and the place where they thus breed may be called a pignery. The young are of a blackish dun colour, similar to the female. They assume the colour of the old ones in September. The pigeon is the most numerous species of American birds. So great is their number at times in the spring, when flying from the south west to the north and east, that the flocks darken the skies and sun, and extend in lines for many miles in length and width. It has been computed that there must be hundreds of millions in these flocks. They fly in this way for a whole week together, and thus apparently cover an area of country of many thousands of square miles. At such times so tame and weary are they, that thousands are killed with sticks. In these great flocks they generally fly near a quarter of a mile high. The more wary skim along the forests and fields to feed. The pigeon in these flights flies at about a mile a minute, and thus rice and the grains of Southern countries are often found in the crops when killed in Canada. In our climate in the spring they feed on insects, buds, elm flowers, beech nuts, and seeds and roots in swamps. The male makes a loud shrill sound during the time of incubation. In August and September they visit the wheat stubbles of Canada in large flocks, and are caught in nets and shot. Catching and shooting pigeons has always been a favorite and exciting sport of Canadians, and the flesh is excellent food. It is of a dark colour and game flavour. When a large flock of pigeons arises from the ground, it makes a noise like thunder. Large numbers are destroyed by hawks. The pigeons winter in the southern north American States, and about the Gulf of Mexico.

Agricultural.

THE WEATHER during the past week has been beautiful and mild. Some days rather warm—no rain. It is exceedingly favourable to farmers. Large quantities of wheat are coming into the market. Considerable sickness, however, prevails in some quarters, owing to the warm weather of August. Diarrheas are common, also some fever. The spring crops are not very good—fruit is considered rather scarce in this country. We hear of pigeon-shooting being a favourite amusement in many parts of Canada. A man by the name of McGee, at Cobourg, whilst going to shoot pigeons, carelessly held his gun, and it went off and shot him dead. There are many such accidents occurring. People also, in firing across fields at pigeons, run great risks, as those hunting are often on the opposite side.

COOKING TOMATOES.—Tomatoes make but an insipid dish unless well cooked and properly seasoned; but when properly prepared are universally esteemed. After having selected good nearly ripe fruit, scald, peel off the skin and slice them; place on the stove in a tin dish, and cook slowly for at least an hour and a half, two hours would be better, add sugar, salt, and pepper to suit the taste, with crackers or crumbs of bread. We know of a lady who cooks tomatoes according to the above recipe, and many have eaten and relished them to whom before the tomatoe was disgusting.

ROSE.—The green fly which infests your Rose-bush, is the *Aphis Rosea*, and it can be destroyed by fumigation with tobacco. Take an empty barrel and turn it over the bush; then take a common tin square, such as your mother bakes pies in, and cover the bottom of it with *hateshes*; then sprinkle on a handful of smoking tobacco, and slide the whole under the inverted barrel; in two minutes the insects will all be dead, and you can take the smoke away.

The *Ancient City*, published at San Augustine, says that on the 14th of May, a son of Mr. Fitch, while picking whortleberries, was struck by a large rattlesnake—when he started to run, but found the snake had its fangs fastened to his pantaloon leg, and in stumbling and struggling to get loose, the snake struck him six or seven times. The lad was about fourteen or fifteen years of age. He survived but a few hours.

REWARD MEDAL.—His Excellency the Governor General has presented to Mr. David Jones, of Sydney, a gold medal for a specimen of peas shown by him at the Great Exhibition of 1852.

SIXTH OF CLOVER ROOTS.—Caleb K. Hobbs, Esq., of Iron-quoit, N. Y., dug up a root of red clover (probably of the small variety) that was five feet ten inches long. It was from a sandy loam, and grew perpendicular to the ground.

COUNTY OF PERTH.—The County Council of Perth has voted £30,000 for the improvement of a public roads in that County! Other Counties might do worse than follow this example.

The capital invested in the tanning business in this country is estimated at about nineteen millions of dollars. There are about six thousand five hundred tanneries in the different states, which turn out annually at least twelve millions of dollars. Add to this one and a half millions of hides, imported every year, and we have some idea of the extent of the leather business in the United States.

The Shingle trade of Chicago amounted last year to over seventy-seven millions. The increase this year has thus far been 25 per cent., and it is quite safe to estimate this year's business at over one hundred millions. They are shipped to the West and South in great quantities, thus furnishing freight for canal boats, and increasing the canal revenue.

THE NAPOLEON GRASS.—One day last week, Mr. Allison Rockwood, of Belgrade, brought us in a bunch of blue joint, that has fairly and fully taken the shine from anything we have seen, heard of or read about. The stalks were *eleven feet in height!* It grew on a low wet spot. Eleven feet grass! Think of that. Why, the stalks would make good fishing rods.—*Mine Farmer.*

A hauler of pure native copper was discovered in St. Anthony, Minnesota, a few days since while digging a cellar. It will be recollected that another was discovered some time since, two or three miles back of the town. The ore is nearly pure, and bears evidence of having been detached from a large mass.

Miss Augusta M. Hitchcock, employe in the mill of the Conway Manufacturing Co., at Conway, wove in two looms, in one week last month, 460 yards of satin cloth, for which she received \$6 90. During the whole month she wove 1634 yards, and was absent from the mill two days, making her month's wages \$24 52.

A WONDERFUL LOCK.—The *Scientific Mechanic* has the following notice of a very wonderful lock:—"The most perfectly secure and efficient, unpickable, unbreakable, and unobtainable lock ever introduced, has recently been invented and perfected by Mr. S. L. Chase, of Lockport, N. Y. It is susceptible of 743,000,000,000 changes of adjustment; has no accessible aperture into which gunpowder can be introduced, and could not be picked or unlocked in seven years, even by the manufacturer thereof, with the key in his possession, unless he had locked it himself; and as to thieves, the more they would examine and investigate this lock, by indents, impressions, or otherwise, the more they wouldn't know how to open it."

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—The Lynchburg Virginian says—A gentleman wishes us to publish the following for the relief of humanity. He says he has known a number of cures made by it, and all of them in a short time: Half an ounce of pulverized salt-petre, put in a half pint of sweet oil, bathe the parts affected, then a sound cure will be speedily effected.

Some one says that the first weeping willow in England was planted by Pope, the poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket, ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree; and that from this stock all the weeping willows in England and America originated. Some one else has said that the weeping willow may be propagated by bending the tops of the common willow to the ground and burying them. The tops will take root, and the trees growing from them will have the graceful flowing branches of the weeping willow.

COFFEE GROUNDS FOR THE PEACH WORM.—A correspondent of the Western Horticultural Review, recommends coffee grounds as an excellent application to prevent the ravages of the peach worm. The writer says he takes away a little of the top soil from around the body of the tree, putting the coffee grounds in its place, in the proportion of a quart to a large tree, and a pint to a small one. This is done twice a year, in the early part of June, and the first week in September. The remedy is simple, and any family who raises peach trees, could easily save enough of it to preserve a large number of trees. The writer, who signs himself "Fruit Grower," says if properly attended to, it is a sure preventive.

"THE PERSONAL LIBERTY TO DRINK."—Yes, that is it—don't touch my liberty to drink. This is the sweet spot of the *Leader*, the *Colorist*, the *Spectator*, the *Admirer*—*et cetera*. You have no right to close the taverns, because this infringes my private right to drink. At bottom it will be found that all men who advocate this principle are selfish—lack principle. Old rosy Tories of the *Colonist* or Robinson school—salesable writers—marketable men, such as those connected with the *Leader*—men found of worldly views, whose God is self, and who never think of religion until death stares them in the face; whose gods are gluttony and gold—such as Hucks and men of that school, and such as the NOBS of Boston; all such, we say, speak of *personal liberty to drink* at the expense of humanity. The world has always been full of men who, professing to be Christians, act like heathens—practically deny in their lives every doctrine of Christ. The great ruling feature—the grand characteristic of Christ's religion—was, *deny thyself, love thy neighbour's interest as well as thine own.* The Maine law supports this feature—its opposers oppose it. A *Blackwood's Magazine* said, "because my neighbour Nobbins gets drunk, is that any reason why I should not drink my wine or beer at publican Thompson's inn?" "What have I got to do with my neighbour's stomach?" "You might as well ask me to wear my coat short because he does." So said the Levite who passed the wounded man. So says every

keeper of the liquor hells of New York or London. Christ said, "I lay down my life for man"—"I deny myself every pleasure for his good." Paul, His apostle, says, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will not eat whilst the world lasts." This Christianity, the other is sheer selfishness—is the religion of death. It may be, and probably is the case, that these *love-drinks* men, seeming to comply with Christian rules, yet are heathens. God will reward them as they act. Now, we think that men should act for the good of humanity. If the moderate drinker sees that the license system is injuring his country—injuring the majority, or even thousands of his fellow-creatures, he should once consent to its abrogation. Man, as a rational creature, should not act for himself, but in view of the greatest good of all. It is true, I may sip my gin or whiskey today all my life, and go to the grave a well-soaked, yet apparently sober man—and yet I may have this right in the eyes of the world—yet I should reflect, that whilst I held fast, thousands stumbled around me. Must I gaze on my neighbor's fall with indifference, or as a cause? Why came I into the world? Surely it was to do the good I could.

TORONTO MARKETS at the close of the week, Sep. 3rd.—Flour (Miller's extra superfine) per barrel, 23s 9d to 25s; farmers' per 100 lbs. 22s 6d to 23s 9d; Wheat—Fall, per bus., 60 lbs., 4s 10d to 5s 10d; Oatmeal, per barrel, 23s 9d to 25s; Rye, per bushel 56 lbs., 2s 3d to 3s 6d; Barley, per bushel 49 lbs., 2s 6d to 3s; Oats, per bushel 34 lbs., 2s 4d to 2s 6d; Peas, per bushel, 2s 9d to 3s 9d; Potatoes, per bushel 4s to 4s 3d; Apples, per bushel, 2s 6d; Grass Seed, per bushel 4s 5s; Butter, tub, per lb. 9d to 11d; Fresh, per lb. 1s to 1s 3d; Pork, per lb. 6d to 7d; Turkeys each, 2s 6d to 5s; Geese, each, 1s 10d to 2s 6d; Ducks, per couple, 2s to 2s 6d; Yowls, per pair, 1s 9d to 2s; Cheese, per lb. 4d to 5d; Beef, per 100 lbs. 25s to 30s; Beef, per lb. 3d to 5d; Hams, per 100 lbs. 40s to 42s 6d; Bacon, per lbs. 37s to 40s; Wool, per lb. 1s 7d to 1s 8d; sheepskins, best singed, 1s 6d to 2s; Calskins, fresh, per lb. 6d 6d; Hides, per 100 lbs. 2s 6d to 2s 8s; Eggs, per dozen, 7d to 8d; Veal, per lb. the quarter, 3d to 4d; Mutton, per lb. by the quarter, 3d to 3 1/2d.

On Saturday morning early, a large Storehouse on McLeod wharf, in which were stored 10,000 bushels of wheat, some Indian corn, and a quantity of hay, fell westward into the water, carrying with it that part of the wharf on which it stood. The wheat, &c., will be nearly a total loss. The accident resulted from the insecure manner in which the wharf was built, and the large amount of produce in the building. The wheat we belonged to Mr. Wilmut.

NOTICE.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH, by virtue of the authority vested in them, have directed the City Inspectors to inspect all premises within the City of Toronto and Liberties, and to insist on the

Cleaning and Removal of all Nuisances that may be found therein, and from time to time to report to the Board of Health all such Buildings, Cellars, Lots, Alleys, Sacks, Vaults, Privies, Public or Private Docks, or Slips, as in their judgment require to be cleaned, altered, or amended, for the security of the health of the city.

By order of the Board, CHARLES DALY, C. C. C.

Board of Health Room, Toronto, Aug. 13th, 1853.

SPLENDID TEMPERANCE TALE!

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co. HAVE in press and will publish about the first of September, the most thrilling TEMPERANCE TALES which have ever been published since the immortal series by SARGENT. It is said to be written by a Clergyman of New York—ennobled.

THE MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT, OR SATANIC LICENSE.

It will be a 12mo. volume of about 300 pages, bound in cloth. It is written with great power and beauty, and depicts, as with letters of fire, the dreadful evils which follow in the train of distilling, vending and drinking adulterated spirits, and the absolute necessity of prohibitory laws to prevent its sale and use. The contents of this thrilling work, which is destined to cause a commotion in the world, are as follows:

- CHAPTER I.—Usages of Society—Effects.
II.—Shocking Results.
III.—Entering the Vortex.
IV.—The Villa.
V.—The Lewy Car.
VI.—The Board of Excise.
VII.—The Satanic License—Horrible Dream.
VIII.—The Temperance Meeting.
IX.—The Changer.
X.—Resuming the Work of Death.
XI.—The Petition.
XII.—The Issue.
XIII.—The Experience Meeting.
XIV.—Villainy Developed.
XV.—A Pocket Argument.
XVII.—Force of Public Sentiment.
XVIII.—Legitimate Fruition.
XIX.—The Closing Scene.

We bespeak the co-operation of Temperance Organizations, individual friends of Temperance, in a vigorous circulation of the work. Place a copy in every family in the land, and dram-drinking will soon cease. Early orders are solicited by the publishers. JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., 17 and 19, Cornhill, Boston.