Poetry.

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR. (From the "King's College Magazine.")

I come on the wing of the beautiful Spring, As she streweth the earth with flowers,
And I pass through the air, with a footstep rare,
To the fairest of Eden's bowers.

I kiss the rose, as she sweetly glows In the earliest blush of morn; And I shake off the dews, which the nightfall strews

On the blossom-bearing thorn, I peep in the bell and the nectar cell Of the odorous honey-flower, And I laugh in her cup, as she drinketh up The drops of the morning shower.

I gently sigh, as I hurry by
The bed of the lily pale;
And I steal her sweet breath, as she sleepeth like death, To impart to my sister, the Gale.

The sweet spirit of Music flies; While her beautiful airs, like a scraph's prayers, Climb up to the starr-gemmed skies; And still, as she sings, on my gossamer wings She merrily floats along, While Echo, her daughter, beyond the blue water

On my wings, as I stray, at the close of the day,

Responds to her airy song. I ruffle the hair of the maiden fair, As she sighs to the silent night; And her cheek I flush with a rose-like blush,

As I pass in my hasty flight. The novice stalks through the abbey walks With a solemn prayerful pace, But I lift the veil from her forehead pale, And look in her angel-face.

When Autumn pours his golden stores
O'er valley, and hill, and plain;
And the meteor flies through the burning skies, I visit the earth again:

And the leaves I strew, in the morning dew, Till the forests and woods are bare; And I laugh as they lie on the ground and die, While I pass through the balmy air. But at length I depart, with a heavy heart,

And I ruffle the trees, as I pass in the breeze, For a dirge—as I mournfully die. C. H. H.

A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE. (From the New York Churchman.)

It was noon-tide when I set out from Warwick, upon my pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, recalling at each step the lingering traditions of the bard. The sun shone bright and cheerful, the fields looked gay and beautiful, decked in their summer vestments, whilst every living object scattered over vale and meadow seemed to partake of the blithe and cheerful, though peaceful, character of all things around them. From the road side I observed several larks rise quickly from the flower-decked hedges and fields, and soar up towards the pearly-looking clouds, singing as they ascended. The sky-loving minstrels seemed to assure me that these verdant meads and vales were once Shakspeare's boyhood haunts. I felt that I was passing over poetical ground, and it awakened in my mind many interesting and cherished passages in the multiform life and writings of the "Swan of Avon."-When I arrived at the town, I sought out the Red Horse Inn, and was quickly ensconced in the celebrated little parlour of this redoubtable hostel.

As I sat musing quietly here, the distant sound of church bells awoke me from my reverie. It was Sunday, and the village bells were chiming for afternoon

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard, Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims Tidings of good to Zion.

I arose and walked down to the church in which of pious thoughts and sober meditations were stealing dream, and the firm, tangible, breathing substance we agents, who invite us to prayers with a cheerful sound! for they seem to waft the tranquil spirit heavenward with the passing breeze, and banish all turmoil and disquiet from the troubled breast.

The church is an old time-worn fabric. The avenue of lime trees leading down to it, imparts a peculiar beauty and shaded sanctity to the building. Around the gray porch, the villagers, old and young, were collecting in little knots, and talking familiarly together. I strolled down to the river which flows at the foot of the old churchyard. After bathing my hands in the "soft-flowing Avon," and gathering a few pebbles from its clear margin, I retraced my steps and entered the church to attend service. How holy and quiet seemed the place, and how calm was the scene around me, as I took off my hat and stepped upon the foot-worn, time-dented stones, beneath the low Gothic door-way! I stood in the cool aisles of this doubly-consecrated temple! The charity children, composing the choir, were singing an old familiar hymn. The silver notes of the organ blended with their treble voices, and echoed among the venerable arches of the vaulted roof. A row of Sunday school boys and girls stood up like files of miniature soldiers near the for this quintessence of precious dust, which has deal of pleasure to see you." "I hope so, my son." entrance. The congregation presented a singular, filled the world with wonder and applause. * * yet pleasing variety, quite an illustration of the "Seven Ages." Here were assembled the aged patriarch, the gossipping old man and woman, the crones of the village, together with the little infant sleeping in its with shining morning face," gazed at me as I followed close upon the footsteps of the sexton, who ushered me into a pew belonging to the authorities of Stratford. I took a seat in this magisterial, cushioned and lined oaken case, with no every-day feelings. Singular thoughts flashed across my mind during that hour .-I felt that I was sitting near the grave of Shakspeare! It was an hour not soon to be forgotten, for there were sacred thoughts, blended with quickened emotions, excited by the scene around me.

This venerable structure is dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The interior is divided into a nave and two aisles, a transept, and a chancel. The nave is formed by six hexagonal pillars supporting pointed arches.-The south aisle was rebuilt in the beginning of the fourteenth century by John de Stratford, Bishop of Winchester, and at the east end he founded a chapel to Thomas à Becket. The east end of one of the aisles is very curious and ancient. It contains a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monuments of the Clopton family occupy it now, over whose relics hang banners and escutcheons, so venerable that they are perishing with age alone. This is a highly interesting and singular nook. Shakspeare is buried in the chancel, a most ancient part of the edifice, built in the fifteenth century by Thomas Balshall, warden of the College of Stratford. This portion of the building has recently undergone a complete repair, hushed stillness of each passenger whose thoughts for and has been restored, as nearly as possible, to its some moments—at least until the train had passed original beauty, by a committee of gentlemen com- by—gave token of a moment's sober-mindedness, as ill will towards the people of Newbury on account of less comfort of spirits who have wandered far from God. "I posing the "Shakspearian Club." The bard's re- he reflected casually upon his own mortality. True, this treatment: on the contrary, all his descendants will arise and go to my Father," &c. But it is more imme-

which composes part of his monument, are these lines, supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson:-

Judicio Pylium, Genio Socratem, Arte Maronem Terra Tegit, Populus Mæret, Olympus Habet. Stay Passenger, Why Goest Thou By So Fast Stay Passenger, Why Goest Thou By So Fast
Read If Thou Canst, Whom Envious Death hath Plast
Within this Monument, Shakespeare With Whome
Quick Nature Dide: Whose Workes Doth Deck ys Tombe,
Far More Then Cost; Sich All yt He Hath Writt,
Leaves Living Art, but Page to Serve His Witt.
Obitt Ano. Doi, 1616, Ætatus 53, Die 23 Ap.

Over his ashes, near by the monument, on the north own inscription:-

Good Friend for Jesus Sake Forbeare, To Digg the Dust Enclosed Heare; Blest be ye Man yt Spares Thes Stones, And Curst be He yt Moves my Bones.

It was proposed at one time to remove his ashes to Westminster Abbey, but a better taste prevailed, and they remain here, religiously guarded by his townsmen The remains of Shakspeare's wife and beloved daughter Susanna, are also buried here. Beside these, the tomb and quaint effigy of Shakspeare's old friend John Combe, is pointed out to the visitor as a great curiosity. There are several mural monuments, of considerable beauty as well as antiquity, ranged about the church. The church was shown to me by the son of the old sexton who was wont to feel so much pride and satisfaction in showing it to visitors during a long life.

And here, in this interesting and tranquil spot, sleeps the immortal Shakspeare! at whose simple shrine pilgrims from all quarters of the globe have come to do reverence. How truly has Milton said of him, that his honoured bones needed not "the labour of an age in piled stones," or required to be "hid under a starry-pointing pyramid!" No! his time-honoured dust and the few relics remaining of him is sufficient, without the aid of a pompous mausoleum. His works constitute his most enduring monument, which will survive this "solemn temple, the gorgeous palace, and the cloud-capp'd tower.'

Many persons who visit the antique tomb of Shakspeare, scarcely know how to express by hackneyed epithets, a proper respect for his memory. They wish to bring some offering-

"An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds," to crown his bust with-to repay by outward respect the homage they feel due to his mighty intellect-to utter their grateful sense of the deep pleasure derived from the fountain of his inexhaustible genius. But they are silent-lost in thought, or inwardly expressing their varied, fluttering sentiments. It should be so. Reverence, when deep felt, is noiseless-subdued. It is too full for empty words. We can never repay by passionless, soulless outpourings, our deep acknowledgments for the bard's bright gift "of thoughts that glow, and words that burn." We know there is a load of obligations due his memory for the many hours of weariness or solitude he has lightened or rendered happy. In moments of joy, his pages have sent the gay current of our blood dancing through the veins with a more animated, soul-like feeling in it: and we thank the bard for it. How often has his poetry, like fairy music, floated over our senses, or swept over the memory even like the mighty rushing of some noble river! And we have held our breath, and felt as if we were entranced—our frame has quivered with delighted awe-suspense has enwrapt us in unutterable pleasure. To every object in boundless nature or peerless art, his masterband has imparted a Shakspearian colouring, gorgeous, sublime, chaste, exquisite, or beautiful, as the subject required. Human passion affections-hopes-fears or sorrows; all are laid bare. excite our wonder, and call forth love or sympathy .-The sweet imagery of nature that lies around us, or about our daily path-the fairy landscape, the woodland grove, the sunny dell-or the vast depths of the unfathomed sea-are strangely revealed. Cloud-Shakspeare is buried, whilst these musical assistants land—the unsubstantial, ethereal shadow of a painted gently upon my ear. How I love these melodious fancy we can grasp and cling to, stands before us.— The gathering pageantry of his self-created characters crowd around us, as we stand over his grave-some in the awful, phantom-like majesty of the murdered King of Denmark-others, arrayed in the gossamer hues of Titania and Ariel, float to the sound of enchanted music on the golden edge of a dissolving cloud. We see as many shapes as Puck assumed, that "merry wanderer of the night;" and we flit in imagination over-

"dell, forest, or mead, By paved fountain, or by rushing brook, Or on the bleached margent of the sea."

Can we cancel then our obligations to the Bard of Avon, by costly gifts laid upon his shrine, or relieve the burthen of our hearts' gratitude for the rich "honey of his music," by feeble praise! We feel that we cannot repay it, otherwise than by offering up our humble thanks and adorations to the Great Giver of that god-like intellect which gave token of the source from which all gifts do proceed. And to Him alone should we render praise for endowing Shakspeare

> "With such large discourse, Looking before and after;

mother's arms; whilst many a "whining school-boy, to a turf of fresh earth, is wholesome for the body, ward. Yes, they are ready, mother said, to pick this no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the Indeed, to loiter within a rural churchyard on a calm summer's evening-to ponder and muse over aged and mossy head-stones and osier-bound graves where the sweet-scented thyme and rosemary perfumes the air-is a soothing pleasure to the mind.-In a retired nook of the church-yard was a new-made grave. A couple of grave-diggers leaning upon their spades and mattocks, were awaiting a funeral with characteristic listlessness; whilst a few rustic-looking children stood hand in hand hard by, impatiently

wondering when the expected burial would take place. Presently the funeral train appeared, slowly moving towards the church. It was attended by a number of fair and youthful girls, dressed entirely in white .-The deceased had been evidently one like themselves, as these interesting looking mourners denoted. As Shakspeare's spirit seemed to imbue and pervade every thing here in my mind, I fancied this faded flower of Avon to have been one of those poetical her obsequies marked with-

"virgin crants, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial."

I could observe the funeral procession for some distance before it entered the yard, and noticed the

sober reflections in the mind: nor can repetition or the place and its inhabitants, where their venerable of a peaceful home, and the blessing of such a father as presided untary emotions from springing up within us. The | many of his happiest days. beautiful words of the burial service, now broke the stillness which reigned over the churchyard: those consoling words, breathing the very soul of pathos and sublimity. Whosoever hears them, hears with awakened sensibilities, and feels and acknowledges their sacred import and excellence. Those thrilling words at length died away with the summer's breeze,the mourners departed, - and earth slept with earth, side of the chancel, is seen the flat stone bearing his ashes with ashes, under the protecting shadow of the venerable Church of the Holy Trinity.

> AQUILA CHASE. (From the Reminiscences of Bishop Chase.)

AQUILA CHASE, according to a tradition among his descendants, was a native of Cornwall, England, and was born in 1618. It is certain from the records of the town of Newbury, at the mouth of Merrimack river, that he was the first captain who in a regular vessel ever sailed into that port. By reason of his nautical skill and enterprising character, he received an invitation from the inhabitants of that infant settlement to bring his family from Hampton, not far off, where they had lived a few years on coming to America, and make his home among them; and to ensure his compliance, the "select men," who acted as (what is called in other places than New-England) a town council, tendered him the donation of several lots of land and some other immunities. He complied with their wishes, and became an inhabitant of that then promising maritime village.

It appears from the records which the writer caused to be examined in Newburyport in 1826, that Capt. Aquila Chase had several children and an affectionate wife, who made home to him more than ordinarily agreeable. Connected with these facts and circumstances there are recorded on the town books many events, which, being put together, fully justify in its main features the truth of the following singular story of this venerable ancestor of most of the New-England

It appears that the captain and his industrious family had improved the lots, which had been presented to him by the "select men" into a pretty garden; and while the enterprising and hardy parent was at sea, buffeting the waves and enduring the hardships of a voyage across the Atlantic, the wife and children felt that they could do no less than try to make him comfortable on his return and during his stay (short enough always) on shore.

It happened on a year of peculiar vernal forwardness in gardening, after the captain had been absent a great part of the winter, and had delayed his return beyond the expected time, that this most affectionate family mutually conferred together on the great question how they could most acceptably, by their skill in gardening, welcome his return whom of all earthly beings they loved most. The boys proposed to force forward the potatoes; the girls thought the sweet flowers of May would please him best; but the mother observed that she knew of something that would gratify him more than all. "Green peas are your father's favourite," said she; "and it is my wish that we try to force them forward to the utmost of our power."

There was something more than that met the eye in this expression. Mrs. Chase had often heard her husband complain of the danger to bodily health, in long voyages at sea, from the want of vegetable diet; for acids at that era were not known as a means to obviate this evil. She therefore could not but mingle with the motives which prompted her to treat her labour; and in the harvest, when the sun is gone down he is husband with kindness, in presenting him with the wetted with the dew of heaven. While he is labouring upon first fruits of her garden on his arrival, something be- the ground, others are condemned to a harder sort of labour side the mere pleasure of seeing him regale his appe- underneath it, digging out the bowels of the earth, and exposed tite, and that was a settled conviction that the same to the danger either of its falling in upon them, and burying would be for his health. "He must have been a long them in its ruins; or to the deadly effects of poisonous steams, time at sea," said she to her children, when cultivating and combustible vapours. A considerable part of mankind are the favourite bed of peas; "and who knows but this employed in works of heat, and their brow is sweating on a precaution may prevent some deadly disease?"

commands than were those of Captain Chase in all and occupy their business in great waters." When the storm seen crowding all her sails to get into port.

laid his ship 'long side of Newbury old wharf.

This indeed was a reality, and the grateful father was soon on shore surrounded by his sons,-full of talk, of questions, and of glee. "But it is the Sabbath," said the youngest boy; "we must not talk loud; the deacon will hear us if we do." "Suppose he do, my child." said the father, tenderly embracing him; "God hears us too, and knows our hearts and thoughts, and how thankful we all are for being permitted, after so long a voyage, to meet in peace and health."

As they were walking to their home, another of his sons said, "Dear father, it will give mother a great "But she will be additionally happy when she sees I now stood without the wall of this venerable you eat her green peas." "What green peas?" said building, and lingered about its consecrated burial the captain. "Some that we have all been raising, ground: for the words of Fuller, the Church histo- at mother's particular request, to regale you on your rian, at that moment occurred to me:-"To smell arrival. No one else in Newbury has any half so formoment; and when we came away she said she wished you had come on a week day, for then you should have them for dinner." "Suppose we were yet to have them?" said the father. "Did not the disciples of our Lord pluck the ears of corn, and rub them in their hands, and eat them too, on the Sabbath day; and may we not pick and eat the green peas without incur-

ring the Divine displeasure?" This was reported to the ear of the mother, and consent was obtained to prepare the peas. And now comes the difficulty. Some one who was going home from "meeting," (for it was thought sinful to sav 'going home from church' in those days,) sew the captain's family in the garden on the Sabbath day, and that they were gathering peas! The next day he was cited to appear before the minister. The captain pleaded his own cause, -it seems one against many,and cited the passage alluded to in his justification. At the close he alleged that he had been long at sea, and that the peas were necessary to his bodily health, creations of the poet's mind, and expected to behold and would be adjudged so by the physicians. It was unfortunate for him that he attempted to draw a con- brance of a father's house which haunted him in his exile, and trast between his accusers and the ancient Scribes | followed him through all the stages of his misery; -it was the and Pharisees. This shut the door of mercy on him, and they pronounced him "guilty." They did not texture of his soul; -it was the magic influence of that thought, punish him corporeally, as in those days was common, the rising of that solitary star in the darkness of the hour of

> fine upon him, and compelled him to pay. It does not appear that Captain Chase retained any

unacquaintance with the departed, stifle these invol- ancestor was invited to reside, and where he spent so over it, which kept the elder son from ever seeking amidst the

The Garner.

MIRACLES OF OUR SAVIOUR.

They are all of them works of mercy as well as wonder, enevolent in their motives and beneficial in their effects; tending in every instance to relieve or remove the miseries of man. The deserted horrors of demoniacal madness, the agonies of convulsion, the foam of epilepsy, the burnings of fever, the fallings of faintness, and the corruption of death; the tears of the widow, the afflictions of the father, the speechlessness of the dumb, the sightlessness of the blind, and the helplessness of the decrepit from their mother's womb-all the sad destinies of man experienced, in their turn, from the Son of Mary, an alleviation of their woes. The miracles of Jesus were the tenderest mercies of the most tender and compassionate of all human beings (that is a testimony borne to him even by his adversaries), who mightily humbled himself to lift up the heavy hand of suffering from them that were bowed down under their griefs, and, in more than one sense, took upon his own shoulders the burthen of our sorrows and the load of our infirmities .-Search as strictly as you will, and you will find but two instances recorded in the New Testament-the blasting of the fig-tree and the transferring of the legion of devils into the herd of swine-which bear even the appearance of being inconsistent with the most perfect purity and goodness; and in both of these the moral or the doctrinal lesson imprinted upon the minds of men in all ages of the world, is infinitely more than a sufficient balance for any individual loss which might be sustained .-Rev. C. Benson.

FEAR OF GOD. By the Fear of God, I would be understood to mean, not the superstitious dread of an arbitrary or cruel being, but that awe and regard, which necessarily arises in the mind of every man, who believes and habitually considers himself as living and acting in the sight of an omnipresent Governor, of perfect justice, holiness and purity,-who sees every thought as well as every action,-who cannot be imposed upon by any hypocrisy,-who, as certainly as there is any difference between good and evil, cannot but approve the one, and detest the other .and whose government, as certainly as he has any power at all. consists in rewarding what he approves, and punishing what he hates. Of such a Governor as this, though we are sure he is indued with infinite goodness, yet may it justly be said, with the greatest reason, and without any tendency to superstition, "When I consider, I am afraid of him."-Dr. Samuel Clarke.

UNITY.

A very charitable tie, but better known than loved. A thing so good, that 'tis never broken but by the worst men. Nay, so good it is, that the very worst men pretend best when they break it. 'Tis so in the Church; never heretic yet rent her powels, but he pretended that he raked them for truth. 'Tis so in the State; seldom any unquiet spirit divides her union. but he pretends some great abuses, which his integrity would remedy: Oh that I were made a judge in the land, that every an which hath any controversy might come to me, that I might do him justice: (2 Sam. xv. 4:) and yet no worse than David was King, when this cunning was used. Unity, then, both in Church and Commonwealth, is so good, that none but the worst willingly break it; and even they are so far ashamed of the breach, that they must seem holier than the rest, that they may be thought to have a just cause to break it .- Abp. Laud.

LAROUR THE LOT OF ALL.

First of all we behold the husbandman, whose hands are pardened, and his back bowed down with holding the plough; in the spring of the year the sun when it rises finds him at his double account, from the labour of their craft, and the violence Never were children more mindful of a parent's of fire. The sea swarms with men who "go down to it in ships, things relating to the cultivation of the garden peas wind ariseth they are carried up to heaven, and down again into meant to greet him on his expected arrival. The dark the deep, while their soul is melting within them because of green vines of this delicious vegetable grew apace; the the trouble. And many thousands more in all nations of the flowers put forth, and the pods formed and swelled; earth expose themselves to the dangers of war, and are driven and, just as they were ready to pluck, a vessel was by a strange necessity to support their lives, at the hazard of Earthen, China, and Glassware Establishments losing them. Those who are exempt from labours of the body, It was Sunday morning. The news came that she are exercised in various ways, with other labours of the mind had passed the bar; -then that Captain Chase him- and understanding; and people of the highest stations, who self had been descried as if giving cheerful orders to his are blessed with affluence and splendour, must bestow some men; -again it was reported that he had arrived and thought and pains in overseeing their affairs, that they may preserve the plenty God has given them, and must sometimes aste of that care and anxiety too, which is the necessary consequence of providing for a numerous family. And if we look back to the original of their wealth and honour, we come at length to some laborious ancestor whose life was spent in arms, in merchandize, or in some of the learned professions. But supposing after all that there is no difficulty in acquiring, yet how much is there frequently in using, the bread which God hath so freely bestowed. How many people are troubled all their lives with infirm and critical constitutions, which bring them into a perpetual state of fearfulness, and restraint, and who therefore cannot, with any degree of comfort, partake of that plenty which the bountiful hand of Providence hath poured out before them. Thus are all places and all professions, witnesses to the trouble and sorrow of man; nor is any station in life altogether exempt from that care and labour which is annexed as a penalty upon his abode in this world: and the necessity of bread to the support of this mortal life, is plainly the cause and source of it all .- Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland.

IMPORTANCE OF A HAPPY HOME. The main endeavour of those who desire their children's spiritual welfare, should be to provide them with a happy home. It is vain to expect that young persons can be brought to love what is not amiable in itself. If religion be presented to them disfigured and deformed, as it too often is, how can it be imagined, that they will prefer it to the smiles and blandishments of the world? If, at each return to the domestic circle, they are met with moping melancholy, and dismal looks-if fireside squabbles, and petty provocations-if a constant wear and tear of family rudenesses, unkindnesses, and affronts, which make up in multitude what they want in magnitude-if this be the repast prepared, to satisfy the ardent longings of the youthful soul for pleasure, no wonder that it should fly to forbidden paths, and take refuge, wherever it can, from so comfortless and intolerable a scene. It was not of a cheerless home like this that the prodigal bethought himself, when "he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." It was the rememimage of his home drawn upon his heart, and wrought into the with "forty stripes save one," but they laid a heavy his extremity;—it was this which struck out the last spark of life within him; which converted memory into hope, and hope into that resolve, which stands on record, to the great and endmains have been well preserved. Beneath the bust, the sight of a funeral does, or ought always to, awaken have had and still have a traditionary affection for diately to our point to observe, that it was the sweet attractions 31, Cheapside, London

dangers of the world that repose which he had found in the bosom of a happy family .- Rev. H. Woodward.

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Clergymen's and Barri Toronto, July 14, 1841. BRITISH SADDLERY WARE HOUSE, AND STORE STREET, KINGSTON.

A LEXANDER DIXON respectfully informs the Mile tary and Gentry of Canada, that he is always supplied with a superior assortment of Saddlery, Harness, Whips. Sec. Sec. imported direct from the best Houses in Great Bertalli, and which constitutes

FIRST-RATE ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT. N.B.—Every description of Harness, &c. made to order, from the best English Leather, by very superior workmen. 51-17 BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 1, PRINCES STREET, BANK, L CAPITAL, ONE MILLION, STERLING. (Empowered by Act of Parliament.)

FRANCIS LEWIS, General Agent.

144, King Street, Toronto.

THE PHENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COM-PANY OF LONDON. A PPLICATIONS for Insurance by this Company are requested to be made to the undersigned, who is also authorised to receive premiums for the renewal of policies.

ALEX. MURRAY.

ALEX. MURRAY.

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, KING STREET.

THE Subscribers are now receiving, at the above premises, an extensive and choice assortment of every description of WAR in their line, among which are handsome China, Tea, Breakfast Dinner and Dessert Sets, Japan and fine Printed Earthenward Sets of ditto, fine Cut and Common Glassware, and a large supply of Ware suitable for Country Stores. Persons wishing to purchase will find it their interest to call.

JOHN MULHOLLAND & Co. Toronto, October 30, 1840.

NEW STATIONERY WAREHOUSE,

THE Subscriber respectfully acquaints his friends and the publication that he is now receiving from the Home Markets an extensive and well-selected stock of

and well-selected stock of

S. T. A. T. I. O. N. E. R. Y., & c.

and that early in June he will open the above premises. His stock
has been purchased on the most advantageous terms, and he will
thus be enabled to sell at very reasonable prices.

The Subscriber will also offer for sale a selection from Chambers'
CHEAP RE-FRINTS OF STANDARD WORKS.

HIGH SCOBIE. HUGH SCOBIE.

British Colonist Office, Toronto, May 26th, 1841.

AXES! AXES! AXES!!

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that in addition to his former business, he has commenced the manufacturing of CAST STEELAXES, of a superior quality which he can recommend with confidence, as they are manufactured under his own inspection, by first rate workmen. which he can recommend with connence, as they are manuscribed under his own inspection, by first rate workmen.

Storekeepers, and others in want of the above article, will please to call and examine for themselves. Every Axe not equal to the guarantee will be exchanged.

SAMIFL SHAW. SAMUEL SHAW, 120, King-Street.

Toronto, 10th October, 1840.

HAT, CAP, AND FUR MART. CLARKE & BOYD, grateful for past favors, respectfully announce the arrival of their Fall and Winter Stock of LONDO HATS, from the most approved makers, and of the very lates London and Paris fashions, with a choice stock of FURS, suitable King Street, Toronto, 18th Sept., 1840.

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, King Street, To ronto, and Store Street, Kingston. All Carriages built order warranted twelve months. Old Carriages taken in exchange N.B.—Sleighs of every description built to order.

STEAM BOAT NOTICE. THE Steamer GORE will until further notice, leave Toronto for Rochester every Sunday and Wednesday evening, at a o'clock, and Rochester for Toronto every Tuesday and Friday morning, calling at Cobourg both ways; commencing on Sunday seeping the 4th fact.

SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES.

NOTICE is hereby given, that in pursuance of certain Writs, under the hand and seal of the Clerk of the Peace for the Home District, to me directed, I shall attend at the Court House, in the of Toronto, on Wednesday, the 6th day of October next, being second day of the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for Home District, and then and there expose to sale such portion of the Home District, and in the townships of Albion, Adjala, Brock, Estable to the sale of the Home District, and in the townships of Albion, Adjala, Brock, Multiple of the Session of the Peace of the Home District, as being the sale of the Home District, as being in arrear for Assessments, as at the price of two shillings and sixpense in arrear for Assessments, as at the price of two shillings and sixpense per acre, will pay the Assessments due on the respective lots.

W. B. JARVIS, Seriff.

Sheriff's Office, Toronto, July 1, 1841.

TS published for the Managing Committee, by H. & W. ROW-SELL, Toronto, every Saturday. TERMS:—Fifteen Shillings, Currency; or Thirteen Shillings and Six-pence, Sterling, per annum. AGENTS—THE CLERGY in Canada, and Samuel Rowsell, Esq't. 31, Cheapside, London.

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