

A CANADIAN WINTER SKETCH.*

With a half frozen mercury stagnating at 10 or 12 below zero, and seeming much inclined to abandon all attempt at indicating the temperature, and to join most of its kindred fluids in their congealed sleep; with the blast of the cold north-west piping its somewhat chilling morning salutation around the angles of our dwelling, and a dazzling robe of snow covering the earth to the depth of some 18 inches: let us draw closer and closer to the "blaze of the wood piled hearth," go through the necessary process of *literally* thawing our ink, and figuratively attempting the same with our almost equally torpid ideas, and dot down a few rambling observations suggested by the unusual sights and sounds around us as we write.

Strange, most strange to English eyes is the scene presented to the view by the Canadian winter—every thing seems to assume a foreign aspect; the face of the earth has totally disappeared, and will not look smilingly at us for perhaps three months—the merry dancing of the blue waves of old Ontario, as far almost as eye can reach, is changed to the calm and unbroken expanse of the ice-field, spread like a pall over the late playful waters; the naked branches of the forest trees like shivering phantoms of the summer woods, waving in the cold air—the ceaseless "melody rude of the merry sleigh bells," as the grotesque vehicles that bear them skim rapidly and smoothly by, and the uncouth appearance of the bipeds themselves, masked and muffled in endless rolls and wrappers of fur, all tend to convince the new comer that he is, indeed, in a strange land, where nature and her productions alike assume a form unrecognised by his native impressions.

But the wintry sun is climbing higher and higher in the unclouded heaven; the mercury is starting from its lethargy, and is ascending its tube with speedy promise of reaching, if not passing, 34; drops of water, actual water, are positively glistening at the end of those huge icicles pendent from the roof, as the sunshine of the advancing morning gradually pervades the clear atmosphere. Let us venture out in the open air, and well fenced with protecting coverings, take a speculative ramble over the frozen ground with the exhilarating clearness and freshness of the bracing wind to stimulate us to healthful exertion, and shake off the drowsy vapours of the long, long wintry night.

Look up to the sun, it is pouring down a flood of light more dazzlingly, wondrously brilliant than his fairest July splendour, from the refraction of his rays on the snowy mantle of the frost-bound world—not a cloud, not the phantom of a fleecy vapour is to be seen in the bright expanse of heaven, floating over its intense blue. There is little or no breeze to break the calm of the sunlit air. No bird is winging its way through the ungenial atmosphere. And the floods of glorious light seem to fall unheeded on the silent earth, spell-bound and voiceless in her yearly trance.

We may, now that our eyes have recovered from the first dazzle of the light morning, glance at the scene around, and, to obtain the best prospect, will advance a short distance on the vast field of ice spread before us. We are now on the frozen bosom of the Bay of Toronto. A few weeks, nay days since, the waves were curling playfully beneath our feet—a firm, compact mass of ten or twelve square miles in extent now usurps the place of the glad waters; and horses, sleighs, iceboats, and pedestrians are now travelling cheerily over the congealed surface. Landward lies the metropolis of Upper Canada, presenting the ordinary features of an American town of 12 or 13,000 inhabitants. There is but little architectural display to greet the eye, and hardly an object to rise above the level of the roofs or break the monotony of the whole, save the lofty steeple of the cathedral of St. James, with its tin spire literally blazing in the sunlight, and the golden cross over all in strong relief against the deep blue heaven. The gray smoke is curling from the numerous hearths, and losing itself gradually in the clear cold air. The constant ringing of a thousand sleigh bells comes soft and pleasant on the ear, and the hum of busy life sounds cheerful from the distant streets. Beyond the town, and as far as the eye can reach, the pine forest spreads its long array of dark evergreen foliage, and closes in the landscape in its gloomy circle.

Southward, beyond the frozen bay, and the trees of the long narrow strip of land that forms the harbour, we see the vast expanse of Ontario, and his blue waves sparkling in the sunshine in utter contempt of winter and his ice-chains; and further on still, a long white outline on the verge of the horizon—that is the Niagara coast, some 40 miles from our present position, and only visible in very clear weather. Do you catch far away, due south, a thin gray vapour curled upward to the sky, half cloud, half imagination? Well, that is the spray column hanging over the thunders of the great cataract, the "everlasting incense of the waters." The varied folds of the iris-arch are glittering through its misty glories—but to us, worshipping at a distance, there is nought, save that lonely wreath of vapour to tell that Niagara is beneath.

Beautiful, most beautiful certainly is the *genuine* Canadian winter day. Bright sun, blue heaven, dry tracing air, and hard frozen ground are all required as necessary ingredients of this most pleasant specimen of transatlantic "winter and rough weather."

The natives complain that of late years their much-prized climate has assimilated to that of England—that there is less snow and more rain in winter, and the continued hot weather of summer has been partly superseded by the variable and humid changes of our island skies.

They are passionately fond of sleighing, which is certainly the only smooth method of land travelling here, and persons, in the interior especially, look forward to a good fall of snow to enable them to come down to the front, as they term the towns and settlements on the great lakes and main roads. Any thing approaching the mud and moisture of an English winter is, consequently, equally inconvenient and unpopular. This year, however, they acknowledge is quite orthodox. The roads and thermometer look as in the "bon vieux temps."

The temperature is generally quite high enough to admit of pleasant and healthful exercise, well protected of course from the rough chances of the atmosphere. Frost generally rules at night with more or less severity, but slight thawing commences when the sun is high in the heavens. Occasionally will come one or two days and nights of unimaginable cold, bursting everything, freezing everything—toss, nose, ears, finger-tips—everything, in short, exposed for a few minutes to its operations—10, 15, 20 degrees below zero, and in short, no knowing how cold it might be, as the Yankee remarked *the thermometers long enough*. These remorseless visitants, however, are fortunately of rare and uncertain occurrence; and this winter, with snow enough to satisfy the veriest Canadian grumbler, has presented but few instances of such severe frost.

The morning of the arrival of Governor-General Thomson we certainly conceive to have been the chilliest of the season; in fact, next to the welcome bestowed on that functionary by the enthusiastic citizens of Toronto, nothing can be imagined colder. The steam-

boat that conveyed him presented a singular appearance, being almost coated and fringed with ice, as the spray of the waves congealed as it struck her in her progress through the wintry bosom of Ontario; and many thought, as they gazed on the vessel and her cargo, that the whole was no unfitting emblem of the chilling gifts bestowed by our whig rulers on the faintly-remembered loyalty of Upper Canada.

But we must not wax political. His Excellency has managed matters most dexterously, has carried the union, will carry the clergy reserve question, or any other thing he pleases; has assured us, with his sweetest smile and most winning grace, that we may make our minds perfectly easy and leave every thing to the judicious care of himself and his worthy coadjutors. We need not trouble ourselves with politics. Mr. Pilot Thomson is at the helm, and we may turn in below and snore comfortably, till awakened by finding our vessel safely steered into harbour, or—foundering among the breakers of perdition.

No mere English tourist can form any idea of the appearance of our forests in the deep winter—animal and vegetable life alike seem to have vanished in those wild recesses. The birds have all winged their way southward to a more genial home. The squirrels have laid up their winter store, and are quietly reposing in their comfortable quarters. Bruin is sucking his paws in his fortress, in the hollow of some ancestral oak; the wolf is lurking in the damp retreats of the inaccessible cedar swamp; and those harmless reptiles, "the spotted snakes, of varied hue," are curled up like twisted icicles in some chosen hiding-place. There is silence, deep silence in the heart of the old forest. If the frost be intense, at intervals you have a report like a pistol-shot, as the branches of the trees split and shiver like living things. Sometimes a lonely deer will flit past, roused from his lair by the intrusion of the hunter. If the day happen to be unusually mild, you may see the black squirrel cautiously descending his tree to take a survey of the world, and look inquiring round to see what symptoms are visible of approaching spring. Perhaps, the worthy gentleman's stock of Indian corn, plundered from the field of the neighbouring farmer last summer, is waxing low, and the wants of a young family have driven him forth to seek some fresh supply.

The pine, hemlock, and cedar, those sturdy despisers of the frost, alone greet the eye with anything resembling a green leaf, but gloomy and funereal is the faded hue of their dull verdure—save when the morning or evening sun is gilding their huge crests and wrapping them in a splendour equally beautiful and evanescent.

You descend the pine ridge, over the snowy ground, to the glen where you watched the bubbling of the forest rivulet a few weeks since. What has become of that playful wanderer? Has it shrunk into the earth in terror at the advance of the frost king and his maniacs? No. See you not a narrow surface of smooth ice meandering like a frozen serpent through the recesses of the valley? There is the tiny river that lately danced and flashed in the chequered sunlight that struggled through the wilderness of foliage to sparkle on the happy breast of the merry waters. Listen!—it is not all silent—there is a faint murmur of waves, far down under the frozen surface—a half-heard sound of life, like the complaining dirge of an imprisoned minstrel, singing mournfully of hope and freedom in the dark shadow of his dungeon. The wild vine is drooping lifeless over the frost-bound stream. The wandering star comes to its margin for the accustomed draught, and away bounds in disappointment to seek for some unfrozen salt spring or "lick" to quench his thirst.

Out on the icy surface of our numberless lakes and rivers the scene presented to our view, in the early part of winter especially, is frequently of no easily-imagined beauty. Generally a fall of snow will cover the ground before the waters are frozen, and the ice will remain sometimes for weeks perfectly pure and glassy as the fluid beneath. We have been out on one of those vast ice-fields on a mild winter evening, when the sun was setting in cloudless serenity, and the scene before and around us has often been one equally difficult to describe or forget—the whole surface of the lake gleaming like a vast burnished mirror, quivering and flashing beneath the splendour of the almost level sun—the white sail of the becalmed ice-boat glancing brightly in the distance—the sullen gurgle of the imprisoned waters beneath, as they strive to surge up through the occasional flaws in their glassy covering—the snow-clad shore spread silently around—and the distant crests of the pine forest, bathed in the colouring of the sunset heavens.

When the heavy snow falls after the freezing of the waters, much of this beauty is, of course, lost, and land and sea seem alike wrapped in the one monotonous garment.

Our long, long winter night—can we say anything in favour of this dreared period, this terror-fraught visitant of the shivering vagrant?

"Ah! bitter chill it is!
The owl, for all his feathers, is a cold!"

In a wooded country, as this province has been emphatically called—the thrifty and industrious have but little to dread from the approach of frost and darkness. A log-built pyramid of flame, in the recess of a huge chimney, roaring and crackling like a furnace, is admirably calculated to restore confidence to the very chilliest trembler at the blast of winter, and banish all dread of curling up into an icicle, or congealing into a frost-preserved mummy, to be thawed out slowly on the approach of the tardy summer. We can face the enemy boldly, and look out upon the night. Starlight is glittering over the silent world, with an intensity and brilliancy unknown to the blue summer nights of our fatherland. No damp or exhalation is dimming the ethereal clearness of the frosty air, and thousands apparently of stars, invisible through the fog and vapour of duller atmospheres, are looking down upon us. A white light is trembling on the verge of the northern heaven, just where the dim crests of the far pine ridges mingle with the deep blue sky. Now pale shadowing columns are advancing with swift strides toward the zenith, shifting and changing in the kindling ether. Well do we know—gladly do we hail, those quaint masquers of our midnight skies—

"We may tell by the streamers, that shoot so bright,
That spirits are riding the northern light."

and beautiful, startlingly beautiful, are the wild evolutions of those wandering phantoms. For hours together, we have seen the heavens, one instant overspread with the tangled labyrinth of streamers, the next, the pale stars alone gleaming white and wan through the darkening air. Again the columns dash swiftly from the northern horizon, no longer in thin pale lines, but thrown together in a mighty flood of radiance,—deepening and colouring as it advanced, till the zenith was lit up with a glowing ocean of crimson light—and the snowy world kindled beneath the fleeting splendour, as we have seen it glitter at the parting flush of the sunset heaven—

"Like the rose tints that summer twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow."

But it is time that we retrace our steps, and thought of returning from empty speculation by frozen lake and forest river, "or idle star-light reveries," to the busy haunts of active life.

Hark to the eternal tinkling and chiming of the sleigh-bells; every variety of tone and jingle combined

in their endless repetitions. How some of our English whips would delight to exhibit their taste and dexterity over the smooth surface of our now unrivalled roads! That matchless artist, Frost, puts poor Macadam completely to the blush in the formation of those conveniences for travel; and the smoothest turnpike track in the mother country could not for an instant be compared to the noiseless and exquisitely even road afforded to the transit of the sleigh runners, as the winter substitute for wheels is designated. In summer we make no remark on our Canadian thoroughfares, but now we challenge competition or comparison from any country, and assert our measureless superiority.

We have tandem clubs, skating clubs, curling clubs, &c., all in active operation. The number of occasional idlers from the numerous regiments quartered in the country, devote much of their valuable time to these fashionable amusements, rivaling each other in the elegance, grotesqueness, or oddity of their respective appointments. Civilians, too, of the same "doce far niente" school, turn their attention to excelling in the same accomplishments. Everything, in short, not forgetting the fact of our possessing "two kings of Brentford on one throne," in the shape of our worthy lieutenant-governor, Sir George Arthur, and the silken Mr. Poulett Thomson, combine to produce a gaily and bustling in this remote corner of the empire unknown and unlooked-for in the golden age anterior to the present period of Atlantic steam navigation, reform bubbles, and lord high commissioners.

In those melancholy days of tory despotism and irresponsible corruption, when three hundred soldiers kept the peace through this vast country from Montreal to Lake Superior, the honest Canadian sat under the shelter of his "own vine or fig-tree," and dreamed not of the coming of the glorious advent of reform and whiggery, when the tender mercies of a Durham or a Melbourne would depute thirteen thousand soldiers to guard our remote shores, to protect the working of the great experiment of democratic institutions which their wisdom considered that they prayed for and would rebel for.

But yet a little while, and the summer will be coming "on soft winds borne;" our lakes and forests will be starting from their sleep, and everything will be bursting out fresh and vigorous from the drealed lethargy of winter. So let us look with hope and confidence, that when the spring awakens the green valleys of merry England, the frozen chains of radicalism and infidelity may be unloosed from around her throne and government, and the helm of the freed vessel be grasped by firmer and manlier hands than those of the dastards that had steered the good ship to the verge of the wild breakers of destruction. ZADIG.

Toronto, Upper Canada, Jan. 1840.

The Garner.

HEAVEN.

O, blessed place! Who can but long to be there, where we shall be thus perfectly free from all manner of sin, and, by consequence, from all manner of suffering too; where, as we shall never offend God, God will never afflict us any more; no, this house is kept so absolutely clean and sweet, that there is nothing in it that can in the least molest or annoy those that dwell there, but so soon as any are admitted into it, God wipes away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. So that all the inhabitants of that blessed place live in perpetual rest and felicity; they are never vexed or disturbed at anything, for there is nothing that can possibly do it, everything falling out just as they would have it: as they have no aches, or pains, or distempers about them, so they are never crossed in their designs, never disappointed of their hopes, never interrupted in their business, never surprised by any accident, never lose anything they have, nor want anything they have need;—by which means they are never decomposed or out of tune, but always of the same temper, always quiet and at ease, neither feeling nor fearing anything to disturb or trouble them, for they are fully assured that their condition shall never be altered, but they shall always live just as they do; in that the place they live in is kept and maintained by Almighty God himself, and therefore may be truly called his house.—Bishop Beveridge.

PROOFS OF ACCEPTANCE WITH GOD.

How shall a man know that he is in the favor of his God? Ignorance in such a main point as this, may the melancholy seer, needs deject the heart, and but there is no cure for it, unless there be a way of coming to some certainty of knowledge in the case. But such is the goodness of God, that there is a way; and if we consider things aright, we may have a satisfactory assurance in the case; for, how do any of us know when we are in the favor and affection of our earthly parents? If we are, in general, ready to observe their commands, and to do what is agreeable and pleasing to them; if we, habitually, pay a sincere and dutiful regard to them, though we may sometimes, by mistake or surprise, thro' negligence and weakness, act amiss, and contrary to their inclinations; yet for the sake of our general behaviour towards them, they may reasonably judge, that they look upon us as good and dutiful children. The same way of reasoning will hold good with respect to God our heavenly father; and more certainly so, because He knows our hearts, and is never influenced by mistake, by humour, or any undue passion, which is not the case of our earthly parents. If, therefore, we lead our lives under a sense of His goodness and greatness, and of our obligations to Him; if, in general, we love virtue and hate vice; and are disposed to obey his will, and in the main, and in all the greater points of duty, we do so; if we live in no habits of sin, and commit no single ones of the deliberate and presumptuous kind; or when we unhappily do, if we speedily, readily, and sincerely repent of them; if this be the tenor of our lives, then, notwithstanding we may fall into some sins of surprise and infirmity; yet we have reason to think that God will esteem us according to what we, in general, are;—and what we, in heart, always should be. He will make an equitable allowance for our failings, and will admit our behaviour to be a true copy of His will, our mistakes and errors excepted. If, then, the good Christian be perplexed with doubts about his acceptance with God, he is unjust to his religion, and suffers the vapours which arise from his own disturbed imagination, to cast a gloom over what should naturally be his best and his brightest light.—Bishop Pearce.

NEGLECT OF THE LORD'S TABLE.

That universal decay of religion and piety, which we all acknowledge and lament, cannot with so much reason be attributed to any other cause as to this. The memory of our Saviour's passion, and, with that, of our redemption, sensibly decayed in the minds of men, that when that venerable mystery began to be discontinued, which was constituted on purpose to continue for ever a lively representation of it in the Church. Men perhaps may retain an historical remembrance of that inestimable sacrifice which was offered on the cross; may confess and firmly believe that Jesus Christ died for the sins of mankind, was buried, and rose again. But then, I fear, this remembrance will,—without the use of those commemorative rights, which God ordained for our instruction and the complete manifestation of those infinite benefits,—become purely historical, and have little influence upon our practice, and contribute much less to excite that sense of gratitude which might induce us to resign up ourselves to his will and direction, who had done and suffered so great things for us. This is best procured by the use of those most holy mysteries, where the death and passion of our Saviour is in the most lively and significant manner represented to us; where the benefit of it is in particular applied to every one of us; where every single communicant may behold the body of Christ broken, and his blood shed for him; and by descending into a serious consideration of it form a right judgment of the greatness of that benefit; which will then

only appear infinite and transcendent to him, when he is convinced that it reacheth to himself in particular, and may be productive of his eternal happiness. This cannot but raise the utmost affections of his soul, and create such a sense of gratitude as shall not easily expire, but endeavor to exert itself in all those actions which shall be judged acceptable to so great a benefactor, while the lively memory of those benefits continues; which shall ever continue, if often renewed, and increased by a frequent participation in that solemn act of their commemoration.—Rev. Henry Wharton.

DARK PROVIDENCES.

Dark Providences are often the ground-work of some excellent piece of God to discover to the world. His methods are like a plaited picture, which on the one side represents a negro, on the other a beauty. He lets Sarah's womb be dead, and then brings out the root of a numerous progeny. He makes Jacob a cripple, and then a prince to prevail with God; he gives him a wound, and then a blessing. He sends not the Gospel till reason was nonplussed; and that the world, in the highest wisdom it had at that time attained unto, was not able to arrive at the knowledge of God.—"After that the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." (1 Cor. i, 21.)—Rev. S. Charnock.

KINDNESS.

The language of reason unaccompanied by kindness will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain upon the affections, it wants that which is necessary to convince the judgment; but let reason and kindness be united in a discourse, and seldom will even pride or prejudice find it easy to resist.—Rev. T. Gisborne.

Advertisements.

JUST PUBLISHED

By Henry Rossell, Bookseller to U. C. College, Toronto, "LOVE OF GOD AND OF OUR NEIGHBOUR," A SERMON.

PREACHED in the Cathedral Church of St. James's, Toronto, on Tuesday, March 17, 1840 (St. Patrick's day), before the Societies of St. George, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew, by Rev. John McCaul L.L.D., M.R.I.A., Principal of U. C. College, Chaplain of the St. Patrick Society. (PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.) For Sale at the Star Office, Cobourg, price one shilling and three-pence. 47-1f

FAMILY AND INDIVIDUAL PRAYERS.

JUST PUBLISHED, Second Edition, price one shilling and six pence, FAMILY & INDIVIDUAL PRAYERS, FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, by the Rev. James Thompson, Agent for the British & Foreign Bible Society, sold at the Bible & Tract Depositories in Montreal & Toronto, and in Cobourg by Messrs. Gravelly & Jackson. These prayers are recommended by various Ministers whose testimonies may be seen prefixed to the book. 43—6m

MIDLAND DISTRICT SCHOOL.

THE REV. R. V. ROGERS, Principal. MR. C. B. TURNER, B.A., BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, Assistant.

TERMS.—For Day Scholars, fixed by the Trustees. The quarter having been entered upon the whole will be charged. For Boarders, £40 per annum. A limited number only will be taken.

It is therefore requested that a quarter's notice be given previously to the removal of a pupil. Each Boarder is to provide his own washing, bed, and bedding, and silver dessert spoon.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post paid, to the Principal.

A Candidate for the Ministry would be taken on the same terms, if willing to render occasional assistance in the School, as a compensation for the superintendence of his studies by the Principal.

N.B.—The next Term will commence on Monday, May 4th, 1840.

Kingston, U.C., April 30, 1840. 44-1f.

THE JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT SCHOOL.

The Principal of the above Institution respectfully informs the public, that in consequence of the increasing number of his pupils, he has engaged an Academy the large and handsome edifice on "Court-House Avenue," Brockville, lately known as the Commercial Hotel. The accommodations are of a most superior description; the situation is airy and healthy; and the playground is unsurpassed by any in the country. Mr. William Miller, late student of Trinity College, Dublin, has been engaged as second Master. The terms for boarders are as follows: Theological pupils, £50 per annum; other pupils £30 per annum. Various extra charges, exclusive of school-books, from £2 to £3 per annum. Pupils are required to furnish their bed materials and towels; and to provide for their washing. The quarter consists of eleven weeks. No deduction for absence except in case of sickness. All payments for Board and Tuition must be settled quarterly in advance. Address (post paid) the Rev. H. Caswell, M. A., Brockville. 18-1f

A YOUNG LADY who has received a liberal education is desirous of engaging as GOVERNESS in a family of respectability. She will instruct in the usual branches of a polite female education. Application (if by letter, post paid) may be made to the Rev. R. V. Rogers, Midland District School, Kingston, U. C. 30—1f.

REMOVAL.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO. IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, MANUFACTURERS OF CHAMPION'S WARRANTED AXES, AND AGENTS FOR VAN NORMAN'S FOUNDRY,

HAVE removed their business from 22 Yonge Street, to 110 A King Street, where their friends will find a well assorted Stock of Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c. suitable for this market. Toronto, December, 1839. 26-1f

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, (from London.) King Street, City of Toronto. All Carriages built to order warranted 12 months. Old Carriages taken in exchange. N. B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-1f

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

THE Court of Directors hereby give notice, that a half yearly dividend of fifteen shillings sterling per Share, will become payable, on the shares registered in the Colonies, on and after the 14th day of April, during the usual hours of business, at the several Branch Banks, as announced by circular to the respective parties. The dividend is declared in sterling money, and will be paid at the rate of exchange current on the 14th day of April, to be then fixed by the Local Boards. The books will close, preparatory to the dividend, on the thirtieth day of March, between which time and the fourteenth day of April, no transfers of shares can take place. By order of the Court. G. DE B. ATTWOOD, Secretary. London, 7th December, 1839. 4w39

VERY EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SPRING DRY GOODS.

THE Subscribers beg to intimate to the Trade, that they are now opening out a more extensive and general assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Than they ever before imported.

This stock was laid in during the autumn,—a period of the year when goods not suitable to the coming Winter Trade can generally be picked up much lower from the English manufacturers than in spring, when such fabrics are in active demand; and last year, the extremely depressed state of the Home markets offered unusual inducements to purchasers, able to lay in stocks nine months in anticipation, and having a trade to justify their buying large lots.

The subscribers have been determined by the heaviness of the operation, and by the present prospects of the country,

To offer the greatest inducement to small as well as large cash buyers,

appearing in Toronto with the opening of the navigation, to avail of the advantage now for the first time secured to the trade of Upper Canada, of being able to procure stocks of Spring and Summer Goods

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON, instead of after the proper time for sales is more than half over.

ISAAC BUCHANAN & CO.

N. B.—I. B. & Co. will also receive an assortment by the Spring ships, containing the newest styles in FANCY GOODS.

Fruit Street, Toronto, }
16th Feb. 1840. }

13w96

BRITISH SADDLERY WAREHOUSE,

Removed to Wellington Buildings, King-St. Toronto.

ALEXANDER DIXON,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MANUFACTURER, RESPECTFULLY informs the Gentry and Public of Upper Canada that he has just received [direct from England] a very extensive and Fashionable assortment of

SADDLERY GOODS,

equal in quality to any in the first Houses in Britain, which he is resolved to sell at the lowest cash prices, viz:— Ladies' Saddles, improved pattern.

Ladies' Fancy Bridles of every description.

Hunting Saddles, improved.

Saddle-trees, with Spring Bars, &c.

Silver mounted Carriage, Tandem, Jockey, and Ladies' Whips, in great variety.

Silver plated, Brass, and Japanned Single and Double Harness Furniture, latest Patterns.

Horse and Carriage Brushes: Nostril's Silver Plated, Brass and Japanned Spurs.

Horse Clothing and Blankets, of the finest quality.

Breaking Bridles, Cavasors, &c. &c.

N. B.—Every description of single and double harness, manufactured with English Leather, constantly for sale, with every other article in the Trade.

Toronto, August 29, 1839. 15-1f

CUTLERY, MILITARY & FANCY STORE.

NO. 120, KING STREET, TORONTO.

THE Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous customers for the liberal encouragement he has received since his commencement in this City, and respectfully informs them, that he has received direct from England, a well selected Stock of articles in the above line, partly consisting of:— Infantry and Cavalry Regulation Swords; common Cavalry Swords; Frog & Sling Belts; Staff Officers' Belts; Sabre Dashes; Cavalry and Infantry Shells and Seales; best quality Infantry and Cavalry Regulation Buttons; Navy Laces; Gold and Silver Laces; various qualities and patterns, Light Infantry and Battalion Sabres; Gold and Silver Sword Knives; real Silver Epaulettes; Gold and Silver Plated do.; Gold and Silver Cords; Gold and Silver Cap Bases; Cap Mountings; Brass, Steel, and German Silver Military Spurs; Ivory, Buck, and Buffalo Handle Knives and Forks; best quality Razors; Penknives; Scissors; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases, and Work Boxes; with almost every other article in the above line too numerous to mention, which he offers on as reasonable terms as any other House in Upper Canada.

N. B.—The Subscriber having now in his employment some of the best workmen he flatters himself that he can manufacture Cutlery, Military Goods, and Surgeons' Instruments, in a manner superior to any thing heretofore done in the Country, and as good if not superior to any imported from Europe.

Razors, Knives, Scissors, Surgeons' Instruments, &c. &c., with every other article of Steel, Brass, or Silver, repaired in the best possible manner.

Toronto, Sept. 12th, 1839.

SAMUEL SHAW. 11-1f

TO BE SOLD OR LET

IN THE

TOWNSHIP OF SEYMOUR.

THE South-East half of Lot No. 16 in the 7th Concession, containing 100 acres more or less of good hard-wood land, 25 of which are cleared and well fenced, with a small house and barn thereon. Apply to B. Dougal Esq., Belleville, or to Robert Elliot, Cobourg. If by letter post-paid. January 1st, 1840. 27-1f

FOR SALE OR TO LET

IN THE

TOWNSHIP OF SEYMOUR.

A FARM, beautifully situated on the west bank of the River Trent, consisting of 245 Acres of Land, 70 acres of which are under cultivation—with a new fallow of 7 acres just cleared and ready for a crop.

THE BUILDINGS CONSIST OF A GOOD LOG HOUSE, 36 by 28 feet, with good cellars and kitchen bench. A back kitchen in the rear, a large wood-shed, store house and boiling house, and good piggery and poultry houses. A CAPITAL FRAMED BARN, just erected, 60 by 40 feet, with stabling and extensive accommodation for cattle beneath.

A beautiful living stream of excellent water runs between the House and Barn, and is well calculated for a Distillery, Tannery, or other works requiring waterpower.

This Farm from being situated in the centre of the Township, and opposite to the only Ferry across the river for many miles, is admirably calculated for a Store or Tavern. The Post-Office is now kept there, and would be a great advantage to a person keeping a Store. There is a good Grist and Saw-Mill within a mile and a half of the premises. A portion only of the purchase money would be required to be paid down, the remainder to be secured on the Property.

For particulars apply to D'Arcy E. Boulton, Esq., Cobourg, or to the Proprietor, on the Premises. ST. JOHN C. KEYS. Seymour-West, Oct. 14th, 1839. 24-1f

The Church

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