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### INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

That is a beautiful supersuition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of In class. When an indian maiden does they imprison a young bird until it bems to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they its bonds over her grave, in the fellef that it will not fold its wines no close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit hand, and delivered its percious but dea of affection to the loved and lost.

Oct of therefore confined to long.
Residen, within its care it springs.
For it has sung its swretest song.
Now loose its bonds and free its

Now losse its bonds and tree to wings.

It's lossing for the forest air,

'It's sighing for the greenwood tree,

'It's pity that a bird so fair

Should be confined; let it go free!

Twin in which created birth, Was called by death's cold band away. She was too fair to live on earth, We sign not for ber; her pure heart. The spirits earled in the sizes; the spirit entire in the store he was lent to us but to part For brighter hads in Paradoc.

But go sweet bird, nor sin, th; wing.
And speed antil thy feet alight, the shoes giad sends to justin string. Our follogs is those reasons of aght, Tell her, we seler forget her name.
Nor does it sent unshought of here, Tell her, we tilsa to her the same,
Forever in our mem'ries dear.

The pity base a consisted of the it go free!
Should be confined; let it go free!
These so with her in Spring time's day
She of a bright celestial hirth,
Was called by death's cold hand away,
She was too fair to live on earth,
We algh not for her; her pure heart
We algh not for her; her pure heart

eyes, We'll meet lest on that happy shot And dwell with her in Paradae.

## CHASING A FUGITIVE SUBSCRIBER.

ET FALCONERIDGE.

Printers, from time immemorial—back possibly to the days of Faust—have suffered martyrdom, more or less, at the hands of the people who didn't pay! Many of the long-established neaspaper concerns can show a "black list" as long as the militial taw, and an unpaid cath account bulky enough to settle the galaxy, and an unpaid cath account bulky enough to settle the galaxy, and an unpaid cath account bulky enough to settle the galaxy. asso question or take Cuba. Country publishers suffer in this way intensely. About one half of the "subscribers" to the Clarion of Freedom, or the Universal Democrat, or the Ways Charant of Precious, or the Universal Democrat, or the 13 aig.
Shot Tourer, seem to labour under the Utopian notion that printers were made to mourn over unpaid subscription lists; or that they "got up" papers for their own peculiar amusement, and carried them or sent them to the doors of the public for mere pastime! them or sent them to the doors of the public for mere pastime! Every publisher, of about every paper we ever examined, about this time of the year, has told his own story—requested his sub-acribers to came forward—pay ove—belp to keep the mill gring—creditors easy—fire in the stove—meal in the barrel—chadren in bread, butter, and shoes—sheriff at bay, and other tragical affairs connected with the operations attendant upon unsettled eash accounts! But, bow many heed such "notices?" Paying subscribers do not read them—such applications do not appelly to them—thry regret to see them in the paper, and like honesi, commm-sense people, don't probe or meddle with other purpose short comings. The delinquent subscriber don't read such calls upon his humanity—they are disasteful to him; he may squant and grin over the notice to pay up, and chuckles to hims/f—"Ah, umph! dun away, old feller; I ain't one o' that kind that sends money by mail, it might be lost, and the man that duns me for two or three dollars worth of newspapers, may get it if he

Well, the good time has come, Printers; now you may want no temper, the pg's up—they have found out the may to get their money just as easy as other laborers in the beats at se-ence, are, mechanism, law, physic and religios get theirs. Let nater cry Eureka!

the printer cry furrein?

Dr. Pendleton St. Chir Smith, a patron of the fine arts, best amors, barbers, boot blacks, and newspaper press, was a took operator of some skill and great pretension. He lived and moved in modern styre, and though no man could be more desired or industry in "abort credit," no man believed or acted more reasistance. inducting in short en

# -"base is the slave that peys."

"How much does the feller owe you'r quoth Peabody.
"Owes? more than he'll ever pay duting the present genera-

"Perhaps not,"says Peabody . now, i. you it just give the ton particulars of the man, his manners andcustoms, name and size. and seil me your accounts, at a low notch, I'll buy em; I'm con-lect 'em, too, if the feller's alive, out of jam, and any where around between suntise and sunset.

The publishers laughed at the idea, unsibly, but finding that abody was up for a trade, they trace out Peabody was up for a trade, they trace out the accounts, day, and for a five dollar bill, Mr. Peabody tax put in possession of an account of some twenty odd dollars and cents against Dr. P. St. C. Smith.

Now Peabody had some time previous to this transaction, established a peculir kind of Telegraph, ahuman galvanic battery, or endiess chain of them, extending an eer the country, for collecting bad debts, and shorking fugitives or stubborn creditors! By a continuation of faculties, causes and effects-shrewdness and forethought peculiar to a man capale of seeing considerably deep into millstones—Peabody couldn't be dodged. If he ever gut his feners on to a subject, the equality was bound to be turning up! It struck him that a collection of newspaper bills afforded him a great field for working in telegraph, and he hasn't been mistaken been mistaken.

The seeme now changes; early one morsing in the pleasant month of June, as the poet might say, Dr. Pendleton St. Clair Smith, was to be seen before his toilet glass, in the flourishing city of Syracuse,—giving the finishing stroke to his highly cultivated braid. The satisfaction with which he made this demonstration, exceeds the secremeness of his mind, and the confidence with and the resistant of regard to his representation. amen he restee, in regard to his newspaper bills in Beston. But a tap is heard at mis door, and at his invitation the comes in, announces a gentieman in the parlor, desirous of speaking to Dr. Smith. The doctor waits upon the visitor.

"Dr. Pendleton St. Clair Smith, I presume?"

"Yeses," stower and suspiciously responded that individual.

"I am conjector, sir," communed the stranger, "for the tirm of Peabody, Grab, Catchem & Co., Boston."

The d——I you are!" says the D stor, sono roce.
I have a small (!) his against you, sir, to collect."
What for ?" eagerly quoth the Doctor.
Newspaper subscriptions, and advertising sir."

"I a.— I a, you a.—wen you can in this evening," says the Diction tremulously fumbing his pockets.—"I'll senie with you; good morning.

"Good morning, sir," says the collector "I'll cair."
That afterioon Dr. Pendicton St. Clair Smith vamosed! He had turnly gut motated in byracuse, before they had traced nim, if he paid one printer a count of other debts would follow, and so season and made a from erre!

"Now," says Dr. P. St. C. Smith, as be dumped himself and hoggage down in the heautiful cave of Chicago, " now I'll be out of the range of the dums, they won't get sight or hearing of me for a white, I'll bet a hat!"

But alas? for the delision; the very next morning, a very uspecious, hatchet-faced individual, made himself known as the deput declineror of certain newspaper accounts, forwarded from Boston by Penhody, Grah, Carchem & Co... The Boston three a very selecte mailiring, he looked quite streaked, he faltered, he then requested the collector to ca'l in the course of the day, a dithe hill would be attended to... The e-elector hoped it would be attended to, and left, so did Dr. P. St. C. Smith, in the wirt mail har.

About one month after the affair in Chicago, Dr. P. St. C. Sauch, was seen stratung ground in Chartres street, New Orleans, confident in his security, smiling in the brightness of the scenes around him; he had just regeniated for an office, had already concocted his advertisements, and aubscribed for the pa-Dr. P. St. C. Smith "slipped up" one day, leaving the well-done pers, when lo! the same due bill appeared to him, in the land of commany of Boston and the environs, for fields more congenia, an agent of Peakedy, Grab, Catchen & Co. The Decide to his pecaliar talents. He stuck the printer, of course. His was amount tempted to pay the bill. Buy then perhaps the agent numeroms subscription accounts to the various neems and interary and a list full of others—from the same pace—for larger journals, in the aggregate amounted to quite considerable; and, the printers defin begin to like it! Now, it takes a Yankee to himself in the picasant town of Betzer, and curring dum from the head off a Yankee, and about this time a live, double-grand-action britton of his heart—he determined to keep clear of them even Yankee named Peakedy, powelly happened in at one of the offices, where two brother pablishers were "making a few remarks" was lis horrer to find, the first week of ina hanging up in Betzer, over delinquent subscribers, and especially were they wronged up, there: The Doctor stryped to Gaireston, on the way he access

dentally met a traveling agent of Peabody, Grab, Catchem & Co. The Poctor took the Sabine slide for Tampico, there he found the "black vemit." He up and off again for Mobile; his nerrous system was much worked up and ms pocket book sadly do-pleted! There were two alternatives—change his name, size, and profession, and live in a swamp; or settle with the firm of Peabody, Grab, Catchem of Co. Dr. Pendleton St. Clair Smith chose the latter; he sought and soon found in Mobile the verticals. agent dust authorised to receive and forward funds for Peabody, Grab, & Co., and host up and down—fugueres from the printer: The Doctor paid up—fest better, and searned a moral fact, that is inquent subscribers are no longer to be printers' ghosts.—

### WHITE MAN'S MEDICINE, VS. THE INDIAN'S

NO QUA E STORT.

One lovely morning, just as old Sol was shedding the light from his benign "phiz" over the placed waters of Lake Huron and St. Clair River (says a correspondent of the Spirit of the Times,) "might have been seen" two figures and a noble setter dog, quietly seated on the wharf at Port Huron, which everybody should know is a smart town with fort and garrison—now but a corporal's guard, but at the time I refer to, composed of four companies of the gallant 5th infantry.

Whether from want of skill, which could hardly be, or laxis ness among the finny tribe, our friends who were fishing could not get even a nibble. "Can't stand this," says Doctor S. to B. putting his red down, and letting the "Dibbin" take care of jisself, then smiling in his peculiar pleasant way, and passing the

self, then smiling in his peculiar pleasant way, and passing the "Pistol" over to B—old Sancho the setter, looking on approvingly. "But see," exclaimed to Doctor. ingly.

B, look at that Nachee He is the great medicine ks, and will have some fun 

he would have said lost in gutturals.

"But," says Dr. S. "I can do what you can't"

"Ough" says Nache, "believe no white manwant to see."

Dr. S., always ready for a lark, picked up some pebbles from the beach. "Here, you watch me—in my hand," and opening its mouth, appeared to swallow one. Indian started. Another supported in the same way. Indian more and more wide wake, ar getting excited—thus went down eight or tent, 'Now,' sz s the Doctor, "we will get them out;" from his seel came one, out of his ear another out of another place an-

ther, and so on. Just at this moment I sung out, "Doctor! look sharp after

My Grief," said the Doctor, getting to the whatf just in the to save it, and after a sharp fight of a few minutes, landed fine two and a mit-pound black bass. Now our two friends fine two and a milipound black bass. Now our two friends if their hands fun, and after an hour's glorious sport were abtracting, when an increasing year started them. There, down the beach, was the Iodan Medicine Man, writing in agmy, im inquire, they accertained that he had been practising on it pelicies had a great maget them in come and and had an assect of all sizes in him. Here was a caso. Taking pay one poor of the Hoctor had him removed to the barracks, athad to tend him all toat day and right, patiently standing all the pokes and firings from B and the officers.

The gesting sum from each, the Doctor record for a snoose.

fier gening imm "rewred," the Recur rewred for a snoose. Vin he at his quarters, in the evening, in the steps there was Mindran, seem and the another, sampled Br. S. with the similarity, manked in the another, samed Br. S. with the similarity, manked the most his kindness in tending him, a colorantly to the process," and expressed his members of thing for the former as prevention to be medicine man, and the second op me case by offering as a present all his "traps," and the broken forms fluid, and his Jen's harp. The Decise was approach to aid not appear a colo, which the Indian mission descention, and commenced pailing off his Manhet.