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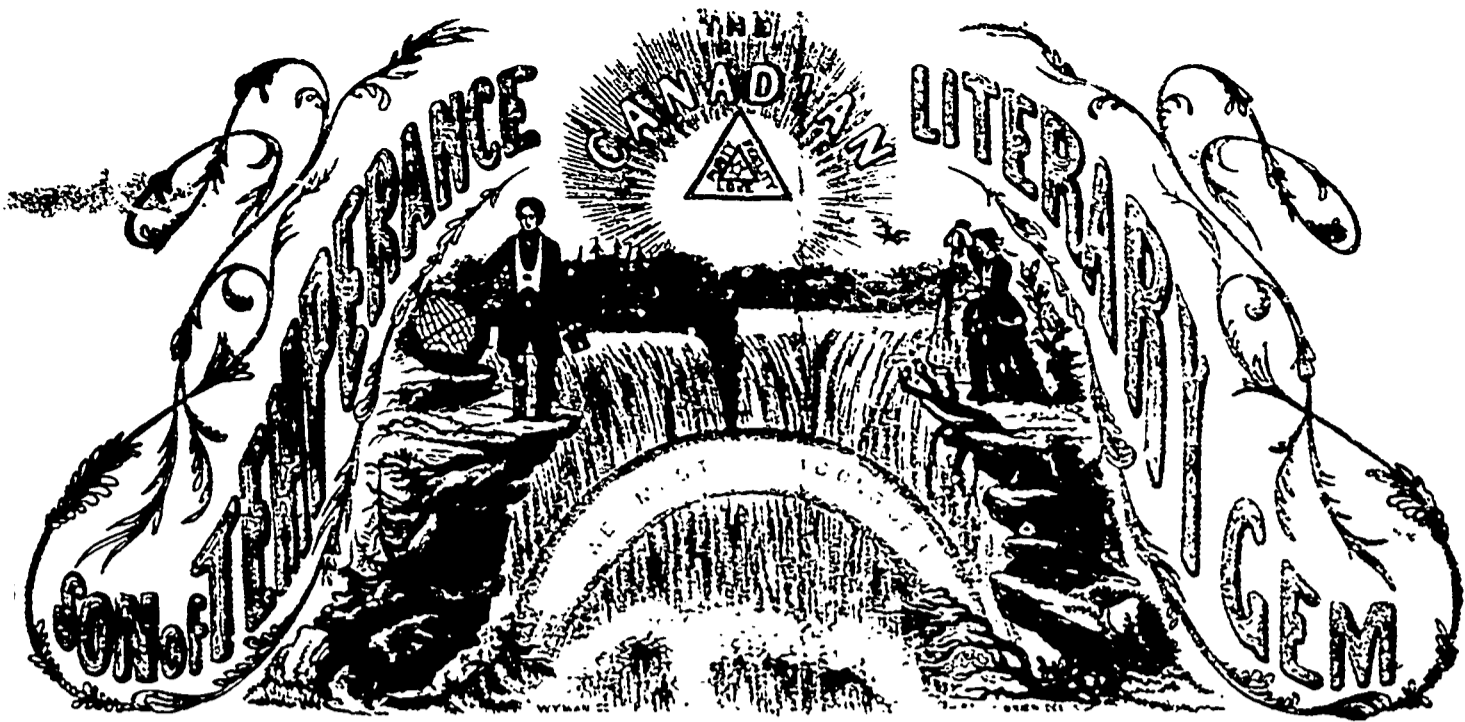
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1853.

ORIGINAL  
LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER HELEN

Helen my sister, like the flower  
Of lovely June's bright morn,  
The flower whose name is morning glory,  
Whose lovely form full many an hour,  
When with the sun it's was new born  
I've seen thy fingers soft adorn;  
Thy youthful beauty's shown!

Ere womanhood and maiden love  
Had graced thy bloom,  
Untimely death like midday's sun,  
The morning glory did remove,  
And send thy body to the tomb,  
Expiring nature's final hour,  
And youth's and age's doom.

The spring returns—the sun will rise,  
Bright as each former one;  
And crimson beauties deck the skies,  
When morning comes and twilight dyes:  
Unfading as the golden sun,  
That through the heavens his courses run,  
But thou art ever gone.

The flowers that deck the mountain's brow,  
The thrush with song so rare,  
Come oft again to greet our hills,  
And mother nature's sweetness show:  
But Helen thou art passed away,  
On thy infant haunts no more to play,  
To mingle with the clay!

Is this man's sure-awarded fate,  
To live, to think, to die?  
To nature see, the universe,  
Behold bright suns, infinite great,  
And yet with dust forever lie?  
If so and we no more shall rise,  
To open other scenes our eyes,  
Lies but a dream, a lie.

Written 29th December, 1835, by C. M. D.

THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

Some years ago I travelled through a portion of Michigan. I set on foot or rode as suited my purpose. I carried rich stores of jewelry to sell to those disposed to buy. My only companion during my journey, was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed. Lion was fit to be the king of his species. He was good natured and quiet, and there was something human in his eyes. He attended to his town business, and never quarrelled like curs of low degree. He would bear an insult from worthless puppies, with a philosophy worthy of emulation. And I never knew him, on a few occasions, resent the audacious liberties of puppies in his growth. When his nie, however, was thoroughly aroused, made such offenders a terrible warning to evil-doers.

When I travelled, he trotted along by my side, and when I stopped to trade, he seated himself near me, and watched as my wares with a business-like expression. It annoyed him a little, but he would see my customers drag the goods from my pack, handle them with scorn freedom, which he expressed by a growl, while he followed every pace with his eyes, to see that they were not appropriated without proper compensation, and about my full consent.

He really took a strong dislike to those who were disposed to cheat with everything, and my prices in particular. I believe he knew the value of everything I carried and the value I attached to them. Be this as it may, he seemed satisfied when I was and tried his tail when I made a good trade. He was an excellent watchdog, and there was no danger of anything confided to his being taken away.

Conspicuous were so scarce and uncertain, that I was often obliged to go on foot from one settlement to another. These journeys were anything but pleasant, and the country was then in the state of society anything but good. robberies were frequently perpetrated upon those lonely roads, and there were those who, to whom the rich stuff I carried would be a sufficient temptation to commit murder. The idea frequently occurred to me, while traveling through the wild woods of the West. But old Lion was always by my side, ready to die in my defence, and so I had no fear to share in my wanderings. I always went armed. An

excellent brace of pistols, steel-barrelled, and loaded with lead, were never from my pocket—save long enough to see that they were in order—and at night they lay under my pillow. I felt quite safe with those and Lion, who was my companion of my nights as well as days. He always laid down between my bed and the door, with his face turned towards the latter. No one could enter without attracting the attention of Lion.

One day in the summer of 1833, I found myself in a small settlement on the border of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next, which was about eighteen miles distant. No conveyance could be obtained without waiting all the next day, which I was not inclined to do, so I set out on foot. It was near night, and I walked forward briskly. I was not long in discovering that my expedient would be by no means an agreeable one. The road—if road it could be called, was very bad, and through the thickest forest in this part of the country. The night too, crept on apace, and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side. I was a smart walker, and was confident I was getting over ground fast; so I didn't mind it much.

The darkness was on me before I was aware of it. It seemed to me that I had already walked eighteen miles, but I could see no settlement. This surprised me a little, for I was used to trading, and knew my ability to calculate distance. But I kept up a good heart and went on, until I was quite certain I had mistaken my way, or been misinformed in regard to the distance. I concluded it would be best to keep the road that I was in until I reached some habitation.

In a short time I was obliged to make the resolution for I saw a light emanating from a cabin. I approached it as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. I thought I would be accommodated there very well. I had the appearance of being very comfortable within. I knocked for admission. The door was opened by a man. Now I am in a position to here in previous events, in-givings and all that sort of thing, but I certainly saw something in that man's countenance that I did not like, the moment I set my eyes on him. In a gruff voice he asked my business. I told him I had lost my way, and was under the necessity of asking accommodations. After hesitating a moment he asked me to enter. A tall female was seated in a corner near a large rock fireplace. She seemed busy in watching a piece of meat sizzling over the fire. It struck me she had never seen a more sardonic countenance than hers. She hardly noticed my entry. She might as well have been a stone. Her face was remarkably ugly, and ranked in a degree to excite curiosity. Her nose was sharp and shining, as was indicated by the fact. The head gear was old and shabby, and beneath it grey hairs were visible. Her countenance was unlike anything I had ever seen. I could hardly keep my eyes off her. She, as well as the man looked eagerly at my pack as I had it down. The latter was a coarse looking fellow, and his countenance appeared more indicative of rapacity than that of the female.

During my conversation with the man, after I entered and he had seen me, I noticed that the woman who had opened the door, had been looking at me from behind the door. I had a suspicion that she was not a native of the place. I had a feeling that she was not a native of the place. I had a feeling that she was not a native of the place.

A short time after I had taken my pack, the man and the woman looked at me with a suspicious expression. I was not long in discovering that my expedient would be by no means an agreeable one. The road—if road it could be called, was very bad, and through the thickest forest in this part of the country. The night too, crept on apace, and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side. I was a smart walker, and was confident I was getting over ground fast; so I didn't mind it much.

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mentioned the dog to go out. Though I have no doubt but Lion understood the pantomimes as well as anybody, he did not offer a stir, but lay at my feet as quietly as ever. At last the old hag grew impatient, and shook a poker at him. Lion showed two rows of white teeth, and uttered a low growl. The pantomime ceased instantly. The door was closed, and the poker returned to its place. I stirred a little. They were quick to observe me. "A fine dog," said the man, thinking probably I might hear the remark. "reckon he wants to get out—he growls as though he did."

A pause followed this remark. He thought I might order him out, but I did not do such thing.

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment; "nice dog," and then she offered him a piece of meat and attempted to fondle him. Contrary to her expectations, Lion utterly refused the meat and put an end to all familiarity by showing his teeth again in a very testy manner.

This was something very strange for him. I never before knew him to refuse meat when it was offered him. Had Lion shared my suspicions? Had his instinct taught him that the head outstretched was not a friendly one?

By this last hostility on the part of my dog, the hag appeared not a little disconcerted. She retreated almost behind my chair, and shook her skinny fist at him, but he did not condescend to express any uneasiness at that, and had energetic expression of her feelings.

I now thought it time to wake up, which I did, with a preparatory yawn or two. The same spavily came back and out upon the features of my entertainers. I made them understand that I wished to retire. There were but two apartments in the cabin, and both left the one I was in to make some arrangements for my accommodations in the other. They came out at length, and I was told my bed was ready. They watched my movements with considerable interest when I arose to retire. I started first without my pack on purpose. The faces of the worthy pair were lighted up, I returned and took it, and they fell in a moment. This was not all—I passed in first and the woman attempted to shut the door on Lion, but the latter putting forth his strength, sprang after me in an instant, almost upsetting the hag in the operation.

"I thought the creature would like to stay by the fire, said she, by way of apology.

"Call the villain out—'twas likely the gentleman wants to sleep in the room with the beast," added mine host, in a way that expressed a good deal of christian anxiety for my welfare.

"I prefer to have him with me," I answered.

"He won't eat that quarter of meat in there, will he?"

"Oh, no, I answered. You are quite right—he never takes anything that is not his."

They had provided me with a dim tallow candle, and the first thing I did was to examine everything in the room. It was pretty well lumbered up. Various kinds of vegetables occupied different corners, among which were pumpkins, potatoes, melons, &c. and other a quarter of venison, some jerked beef, and skins of animals. It was a poor concern, the frame being made of round poles, in the same state they were taken from the wood; and the cooking upon it was coarse enough for a hermit. But what struck me as being a little singular, was, that the bed was turned towards the partition separating the two rooms, and right opposite the partition was a wide crack, which had the appearance of being left open by design.

I began to feel queer, (and that is not just the word to express what I mean) I had large sums of money about me, enough to excite the cupidity of my entertainers, at any rate, as their actions had already convinced me. How easy would it be for them to show me through the crevice whilst I slept. The idea got possession of me fully, and I could not drive it from my mind. I would have fastened the door, but there was nothing to fasten it with, and I was impressed with the idea that the danger would come in that direction. If it should Lion was there to apprise me of it. I laid off my coat and huddled about me as though I was asleep. I put my pistols under my pillow and laid down, but such an uncomfortable and terrible sense of evil pressed upon me that I could not sleep. Lion, too, appeared uneasy, came and put his fore paws upon the bed every few minutes, then went back to his post by the door, and laid down in a kind of feverish anxiety.

At last I feigned sleep, and moved most unobtrusively, but I did not fail to look through the crevice and see what my host and his wife were doing. They laid down upon the bed which

in the room, and were quiet enough till I began to snore; then I heard them whisper. What were my sensations when I saw them arise softly, and the man take a gun from behind the bed. I saw him, assisted by the hag, draw out a charge of shot which was in the gun, and reload it with a handful of slugs. I turned over heavily, and pretended to have awakened. My plan of action was arranged in a moment. I had worn a wig for several years, on account of losing my hair by a fever. I now determined to make it of more use than it had ever been before. I lifted myself from the bed, and felt around in the dark until I found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig; it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed it in this uncommon manner, I crept back to my bed, and placed it on my pillow in the exact spot which my head had occupied. When it was adjusted in juxtaposition with the long crevice, through which I took another look. Heavens! the fiends were loading a brace of pistols with the infernal slugs.

I can't say but what I felt a little dry about the throat just then I looked towards old Leon. I could just see his great eyes through the darkness; he was still upon the alert. Perspiration began to roll down my face in great drops, not that I felt absolutely afraid—for I flatter myself I was no coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident that I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking my pistols in my hands, I bent over the bed and commenced snoring again, at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse. Every explosion from my nose seemed to give her infinite satisfaction. They looked at each other, nodded and smiled grimly. He took the gun, and in his stocking feet approached the crevice opposite the bed, followed by the hag, with the pistols and carving knife, stopping he peered into the room and brought his ferocious looking eyes to bear upon my wig.

I know it would be dangerous to see any more. I raised my head out of harm's way, and emitted now and then a snore. I directed the muzzle of the gun, and then with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of creeping sensation all over me, I drew back, and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me. What if he should discover the cheat, and elevate the piece? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant. The cold sweat ran down my face in a stream. Thank Heaven! I was not kept long in suspense.

A terrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed, perforating my wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction. "He won't never tell no stories!" I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breech of his gun heavily on the floor. "Now for the dog."

During these operations, Leon had placed himself by my side with his fore feet on the bed, while to keep him still, I put my hand over his mouth. He knew well what I meant, for I had kept him quiet so before. At the moment of the discharge, he gave a low growl. I pointed to the door. He understood my meaning well. His eyes flashed fire, while he waited the moment to wreak his vengeance on the assassins.

"I will open the door a little, and when the cretur' sticks his head out, shoot him," said the sho wolf.

The door was opened, but the "cretur" didn't stick his head out. Leon knew too much for that, and waited his chance. Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time. With a terrific howl, Leon leaped over the head of the woman, seized the ruffian by the throat, and dragged him to the ground, where a great struggle took place. In another moment the hag was writhing in my grasp; her surprise was so great that she made little resistance, and I quickly bound her, hand and foot, with a cord which she had prepared for another use—perhaps to drag my body away into the woods. The next thing to attend to was the man and Leon. The struggle was still going on, but the latter had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all my efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking with blood, and I hastened to save what little of life was left in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left one victim to punish another; for before I could prevent it, he had set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when I released him. His neck was frightfully torn; but he got no pity from me. I bound him as I had his companion in iniquity, while he maintained a moody silence, and she heaped curses upon the dog.

I bound her apron round his neck, which was all the surgical aid he got from me. Leon seemed very well satisfied with the arrangements, and laid down in the corner and watched them with much calm philosophy.

We remained with them until morning. I cannot say but I enjoyed the triumph as much as Leon did, as they were certainly old offenders, as it was afterwards proved in a court of justice. As good fortune would have it, a man passed the next morning, by whom I sent word to the dearest settlement of what had occurred.

Before ten o'clock, the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited their trial, which took place about two months afterwards. They were sentenced to ten years imprisonment, which, all the circumstances considered, was not too much. I believe if they ever here to get out they will kill Leon should he survive their punishment, he is still as strong and healthy a dog as you will find anywhere. No money would tempt me to part with him. He is now looking quietly in my face as I write this. I hinted to him the propriety of having his likeness published with this sketch;—but he shakes his head gravely, as much as to say—"I don't care about it, master—every worthless puppy has his likeness published now-a-days." Grateful for past services, I suffer him to have his own way in this as in many other matters. Let no one despise the dog, as he is the only animal, who forsaking his own species, cultivates the friendship of man.

**A NET FOR PHYLOGISTS.**—Mrs Leeland, of Nora, (Apple River station, on the morning of the 21st ult., was delivered of a fine son, bearing in each hand, or rather attached to the middle joint of each little finger by its proper stem, a perfect tomato. The mother had bestowed unusual care upon her tomatoes in the garden, and hoped to have them ripe before confinement. The specimens brought by the son were about the size and stage of maturity of those in the garden, and could not be distinguished from them by the closest scrutiny. One of these specimens lay by the sea side in alcohol, at the house of Mr Leeland, merchant at Nora.—*Freemont Bulletin.*

**Humorous.**

A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.

**AN OLD STORY**

BY MRS. J. H. SIGOURNEY

SAYS Tom to Jem, as furth they went  
To walk one evening fine,  
"I wish the sky a great green field,  
And all that pasture mine"

"And I," says Jem, "wish yonder stars,  
That there so idly shine,  
Were every one a good fat ox,  
And all those oxen mine"

"Where would your herd of cattle graze?"  
Why, in your pasture fair?"  
"They should not, that's a fact," said Tom;  
"They shall not, I declare!"

With that they frowned, and struck, and fought,  
And fiercely stood at bay,  
And for a foolish fancy cast  
Their old regard away

And many a war, on broader scale  
Hath stained the earth with gore,  
For castles in the air that fell  
Before the strife was o'er

**STREET SMOKING.**

I knew by the smoke that so lazily curled  
From his lips, 'twas a loafer I happened to meet,  
And I said, "If a nuisance there be in the world,  
'Tis smoking a segar in a frequented street."

'Twas night, and the ladies were gliding around,  
And in many an eye shone the glittering tear,  
But the loafer puffed on, and I heard not a sound,  
Save that short hacking cough of each smoke-smitten dear

**FUNNY EXPLANATION.**—An eminent psychologist of London has decided that the spirit rappings are produced by phantom postmen engaged in the delivery of dead letters.

**EMBRACING CHRISTIANITY.**—This is what the King of Siam said the first time he hugged an English gal. Not a bad pun that.

**PUNCH'S PROPOSITION.**—Punch says that it has been proposed to tax stays, but it was objected to, on the ground that it would diminish consumption.

**PROMISING BOY.**—"Jack, what did you do with your new trousers?" said an anxious papa. "I swopped them off."—"For what?" "A slug shot, Boyle's games, and the Pirate's Own Book."

**A FATAL REGION.**—A couple of sons of the Emerald Isle met near the custom-house one day, when, after the usual salutations, one said to the other, "Well, Patrick, poor Horton is dead," (alluding to one of their acquaintances, who died suddenly.) "Oh, yes, it's very sickly here; a great many have died this year that never died before," returned Patrick.

**A DESIRABLE NEIGHBOR.**—"Mother wants to know if you won't please lend her your preserving kettle, 'cause as she wants to preserve?" "We would with pleasure, boy, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since." "Well, you needn't be so sorry about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it; and mother wouldn't a troubled you again, when we seed you bringing home a new one!"

**CATECHISM.**—"Boy, what is your name?" "Ragged and Tough." "Who gave you that name?" "The boys in our alley, darn 'em." "Where do you live?" "With ma." "Where does ma live?" "She lives with pa." "Where do they both live?" "In a house; any more questions to ax?" "My boy, did you know that I am one of the lights of the world?" "No, are you?" "Yes." "Then I wish you were hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a darned dark one."

How late is it, Bill? Look at the Boss and see if he is drunk yet, if he isn't it can't be much after eleven.

The following sign on Western Row, Cincinnati, bears the impress of originality.—Rales, Crackers, Kofsch, and many's Holesale and Retail.

The best vegetable pill ever invented is an apple dumplin.—For destroying a ;nawing at the stomach, this pill may always be relied on.

A Yankee down east has made the grand discovery, that a window glazed with old hats is a sure indication that the occupants have seen a rum bottle.

A poet carried some lines to a critic, and desired his opinion of their merit. After reading them, the critic observed—"My dear sir, these lines need fire." And he threw them into the grate.

Reader, did you ever hear of the simple Hibernian, who had clambered to the brink of a well, and then let go his hold to spit on his hands? He was just as wise as the man who stops advertising.

A gallant who was sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor? "I don't know," said she, "unless it's because I'm sitting beside a goosie."

A minister having occasion lately to visit one of his parishioners in the way of condolence regarding her husband who was in a blackaliding condition, remarked, after some conversation, "Well, Janet, could you think of any plan we could fall on to induce Andrew to attend the church again?" "Awroel," said Janet, after a pause. "I ken o' none, air, unless you would set down a whiskey-bottle and a tobacco pipe on the top o' the seat."



**Ladies' Department**

**THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.**

And is the swallow gone? Who beheld it? Which way sailed it? Farewell bade it none!	So the freed spirit flies! From its shrouding clay, It steals away, Like the swallow from the skies
No mortal saw it go, But who doth hear Its summer cheer, As it flutters to and fro!	Whither—wherefore doth it go? 'Tis all unknown, We feel alone That a void is left below

**WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE INNS—PENNSYLVANIA WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.**

IF A circular addressed by an association of women in Newcastle county Penn. to their sisters in other parts of the United States, was read and adopted as the sentiments of the Convention. We quote the following from it, namely:

Dear sisters, let us send up a united and simultaneous prayer for success, to the God of the suffering and oppressed, from the closet of every wife, mother, and sister in Pennsylvania, and we must prevail. Send out your influence to your neighboring towns; let it flow out, wave upon wave, till they, meeting corresponding waves from adjoining countries, there let them mingle, and roll, and surge, till there is a general upheaving of the whole state in favor of the law that will cause thousands to leap for joy. The following resolution passed unanimously:

**Resolved,** THAT ALL OUR PUBLIC SPEAKERS BE REQUESTED NOT TO "PUT UP" OR STOP AT ANY HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT WHERE SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS ARE SOLD.

The women in the United States have lately become very active in the temperance cause, especially in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan. At the recent election in Ohio they formed committees to attend the polls, circulate tickets, and ask voters to vote for the Maine Law. Opposed to them in some places were other women, who worked against the law; strange action this for the sex which suffers everywhere from intemperance. The above determination and recommendation of women in favor of temperance houses is praiseworthy. Temperance inns, where fast are well kept, should be patronized. There are few in Canada, however, worthy of this support. Nothing is more disgusting than a poor temperance house, kept by some dirty low family. In the United States these Temperance Inns are often kept in a most praiseworthy way. Excellent houses of this kind can be found in Buffalo, New York City, Boston, and Washington. A truly consistent temperance man will always prefer a temperance inn to one in which liquors are sold, if he can be decently accommodated there. In Canada there is little hope of the establishment of good temperance inns, so long as the license law exist. Mr. Belnap, of Hamilton, is a consistent man and keeps a very fair house. Mr. Wilson, of Newmarket, keeps a comfortable country temperance house. A well kept house was pay in Toronto. Several attempts to get up mean houses in the city have been made, and deservedly failed. No man should ever keep a clean house, well provided for. The good temperance houses of Canada have been ruined by the bad character of many miserable dog holes that have assumed the name.

IF SHOOTING THEIR SEDUCERS is becoming quite common in the United States. A Miss Clay, who shot her seducer, has been discharged from custody, the Grand Jury refusing to find a bill against her. A young woman in Cincinnati lately shot her seducer dead, who had married another woman, and then gave herself up to the authorities. She will in like manner be cleared of crime. The Cayuga Chief, of Auburn City, we regret to hear, approves of these acts without a regret. Is this the morality of a Northern temperance paper of the United States? If a woman has a right to shoot a man for one injury, why not for another? Is not a woman to blame in these cases too? How many of the innocence on their side? A woman with a proper moral education will not permit a man to seduce her, and to shoot men by girls of easy virtue is a monstrous savage doctrine, one at least that should not be approved. If we are to return to a savage life again, it is all well enough to settle things by the knife and pistol. Every woman that succors her seducer by a showing of partiality on two grounds, she exhibits a blood-thirsty mind, and shows that her morality and religion are at a low ebb. The cure for those things is not the pistol, but moral education. Lyceum law is objectionable in all its phases.

FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.

"To those of the other sex who happen to be addicted to the habit, the hysteric affection is very apt to occur during the paroxysm of merriment. There are few female drunkards that do not experience this; for as pure spirits are easiest to inflame, so slight irritations that ruffle the temper, and excite anger, are seldom quieted without some degree of hysteric passion. In several cases, the frequent appearance of this affection has first led me to detect the unhappy propensity. That modesty which is innate in the female constitution, preserves them from indulgence in company [in respectable circles] and they are commonly solitary drinkers. This delicacy of feeling sometimes carries them great lengths in concealing their situation, and in making them feign complaints to ward off suspicion. I have known a medical attendant acquire much credit from the administration of his cathartic, when a gentle nap had performed the cure of an indisposition of [the cause of] which he formed no conjecture.—*Dr. Trotter.*

**THE POOR GIRL "ABOVE HOUSEWORK."**—We clip from an article on female employment in a Worcester paper, the following remarks, which are well worthy every young laboring American woman's attention. It is a description of the toil of one who was "above housework."

"Seated in a close room, amid a bevy of a dozen, twenty or forty white slaves just like her: she stitch—stitch—stitches away at the same everlasting task, in the same unwholesome room, the same unnatural position, and in the same eternal—monotonous round—week after week, month after month, and year after year; until, when health is gone, and deformity come; eye-sight failed, and spirits broken; she at length finds herself a poor, withered, broken down creature, returning to spend among the friends of her youth the miserable remnant of her misapprehended strength. Let us compare the rate of remuneration. The servant has earned, beside her comfortable living, at least a hundred dollars the year, besides presents which good girls are sure to receive, and may accept without any sacrifice of a proper pride; and which have nearly if not quite sufficed to clothe her. But she has earned infinitely more than this: she has preserved unimpaired a good constitution, a clear eye and erect form, has grown into robust womanhood in a healthy employment, and in a few years, has laid by a comfortable little fund to aid a good husband, or as a provision for old age. On the other hand, our poor seamstress or shirt-maker, has earned by her exhausting toil we have described, her forty or fifty cents per diem; her two dollars and a half, or three dollars a week: nearly every dollar of which she is compelled to spend for the meagre fare upon which she feeds; an occasional illness, or support during the necessary absence from labor."

**HONE POLTENESE.**—Why not polite? How much does it cost to say "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home? To your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgement! If your husband—ah! it is a matter of course, no need of thanks. Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your very, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised. Ah! these are little things, say you. They tell mightily upon the heart, let us assure you, true as they are. A gentleman stops at a friend's house and finds it in confusion.—"He don't see anything to apologise for—never thinks of such matters." Everything is all right—cold supper—cold room—crying children—perfectly comfortable. Goes home where the wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her little almost out. "Do not see why things can't be kept in better order; there never were such cross children before." No apologies accepted at home. Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you," or "you are very kind!"—Doubly, yes thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.—Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority, mingle politeness, give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies. What we say, unto all—be polite.

**FEMALE SPEAKING.**—We had the pleasure of hearing a very accomplished lady, Miss Hollie, deliver an anti-Slavery lecture last week in Detroit. Although we are not reconicited to female speaking, yet we must confess that Miss Hollie did ample justice to her subject. No gentleman could speak more correctly, and very few to such good purpose. She was equally at home in pathos, sarcasm, and argument, and modest and unassuming withal. The audience could not be less than 1000, and all behaved kindly and gently to the fair speaker.—*Sarnia Shield.*

**LOST STONE ON MARRIAGE.**—Lucy Stone has issued her programme showing the legal advantages and disadvantages of married women, which are as follows:—

- GAIN.**
1. The right of protection (1)
  2. The right to be maintained (?)
  3. The right of having her debts paid.

- LOSS.**
1. The custody of her person.
  2. The right of her personal property.
  3. The enjoyment of her real estate.
  4. The advantage of her own earnings.
  5. The power to make a will.
  6. The control of her children.

We copy the above for the benefit of the "15,000 unmarried females of Syracuse." You see the loss doubles the amount of the gain—besides the last item—when married, the woman "loses the control of her children." Just think of that! Remain single, and you can govern them as you please.

**A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.**—A third set of teeth, seven in number, has just been cut by Humphrey Powell, aged 73 years, residing in Marion district, South Carolina.

Parth's Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—*Proverbs, i. 22. v. 6*

(ORIGINAL.)  
THE CHILD TO HIS DEAD MOTHER.

My mother, O my mother wake,  
And tell me what you all,  
I want to see a glad smile brook  
O'er your features sweet and pale.  
Oh raise thine eyes, their look was dear,  
When fondly viewing me,  
I want the kiss my cheek did share,  
That kiss I had from thee

My mother, O my mother speak,  
Thy lips are very white;  
No red is on thy cold, cold cheek,  
I cannot bear the sight.  
Thy tender voice (1), let me hear,  
Thy words once kind and mild.  
I'm weeping many, many a tear,  
Look on thy sorrowing child

My mother, O my mother look,  
The sun shines in the sky  
Fresh flowers from the garden brook  
"pon thy bosom lie

I've kissed thee for the hundredth time,  
And press'd thine icy hand,  
And oft thou said that prayer of mine,  
You bade me understand

"Thou poor forsaken weeping child,"  
Thy once lov'd mother's dead,  
Her spirit pure, so meek and mild,  
Her spirit to God has fled

She loves thee still, and from on high,  
Beholds her little boy;  
She loves thee still, and hears thy sigh,  
"Her God will bring thee joy"

My mother, mother, I will come  
To heaven if thou art there,  
Where thou dost dwell shall be my home,

Thy smiles will make it fair  
I'll ask thy God if I may go  
Dear mother ask him too  
That heaven must be bright I know,  
Which shelters such as you.

MRS CAROLINE DEXY.

THE NUNNERY SYSTEM.

Below there is given an account of a recent escape of a nun from her earthly prison. She is young and beautiful, and belongs to a distinguished family of Corunna. It is easy to imagine what must be the horrid nature of such a system as that which keeps up the female garrisons or dungeons called nunneries. A girl is entrapped into them in her full bloom of youth by artful representations of their happiness, the pleasure she will enjoy in company with sisters, and in talking of religion. She is told of the beautiful ceremonies she will go through, and that she will be looked on as a martyr to God and the Holy Virgin. By such artifices, &c. used by priests and women, she offers herself, **HEAVENLY VIRTUE AND LIBERTY**, on the *Juggernaut of Catholicity*. Once in this prison or female inquisition, under the surveillance of old women and priests, she can no more easily escape than can a prisoner from a penitentiary. She is guarded night and day, and in Roman Catholic countries, even the soldiers are subservient in arrests of fugitives, as was the case in this instance. Parents cannot withdraw their children once immured, but they have become voluntary slaves, and when repentance or remorse comes for their folly, as it assuredly ever must; for what human being can withstand the pain or misery of eternal imprisonment, then these poor female prisoners thirst again for personal liberty. Alas, death alone can free them from the chains of the heathen superstitions and monkish forms that surround them! Then youth and beauty are sacrificed to religious mummeries, and often to vile lusts and vices. Who knows the secrets of these pent up houses of female prisoners? All are interested in keeping them a secret! Who can tell the sorrows and sighs, the groans, that arise from cells therein located that have arisen for the last 1400 years. Tens of thousands of women have died in them without any one to tell their history. Yet these institutions are encouraged by the legislature of United Canada, and there are even two in this city. Our present ministry have lent themselves to increase such institutions. It is alleged by those who retain these female prisoners, that they are necessary for charity and in case of sickness. This is all nonsense. In Lyons in France, for instance, there are 5000 nuns. Not one in fifty of these women have any call for the exercise of their charity. The same proportion of nuns exists in Spanish and Italian cities and for an equally useless purpose. Marriage is the destiny of woman, pointed out as well by nature as by all true religion.—[Editor.]

**ESCAPE OF A NUN.**—Great sensation has been caused in Galicia, in Spain, by what is considered a great crime by devout Catholics, the flight of a nun from a convent at Compostella. A nun in the Carmelite convent of that place let herself down, a few nights ago, from her cell, by means of towels and napkins sewn together, and formed into a cord. The descent must have been attended with danger, though the nun took the precaution of tying knots at intervals in her cord. The moment the escape was known a search was made after her both by the police and the gendarmes, but no trace of her could be discovered, and it is supposed that she succeeded in reaching Corunna, and embarking on board a foreign vessel. She is only twenty-two years of age, belongs to one of the most distinguished families of Galicia, and is remarkable for beauty and talents.

**THE SULKY BOY.**—This is a species of ill-temper with which you are all familiar. We see persons afflicted with it, almost every day—and a sad affliction it is, too, both to themselves and to their neighbors. There is Robert, for instance; a good boy in many respects; but once in a while he has a desperate fit of the sulks, which nearly if not quite balances the credit side of his character, and leaves him with more demerits than merits. So long as he can have his own way, everything goes on pleasantly; but let his father interfere with some plan he has formed, or set him about some job he does not like, and you will soon find out what his temper is. For hours after—perhaps for a day or two—he is sulky, morose, and gloomy. He says but little, but when he speaks, he snaps and growls like an angry wolf. He pouts, scowls, and looks sour at everybody, friends as well as foes; and should you attempt to reason kindly with him on his folly, he frowns more obstinately sullen than ever. Do you ask what good all this does? I do not know. There certainly can be no pleasure in thus punishing one's self, on the contrary, he greatly aggravates his disposition. A cheerful sprightly temper makes its possessor happy; but a sulky one can only

render its owner wretched. The lad I have described indulges only occasionally in these fits; but there is danger that this sullen state of mind will after a while become permanent with him. If he does not soon break himself of the habit. He is gradually souring his disposition, and the habit is growing upon him. It will be well if he does not turn out in the end a more Nabal—the churl whose character is described in 1 Sam. 25.

A TEETOTALLER'S BELIEF.

1. I believe that drinking may very properly be likened to a tree, which bears drunkenness and all its attendant evils for its fruit.
2. I believe that as long as strong drink is used at all, drunkenness, and its results will remain to demoralize and curse the world.
3. I believe (with the Rev. W. Jay) that next to the glorious gospel, God could not bless the human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating drinks.
4. I believe that these drinks will be abolished before that good time can arrive, for which the Christian prays and to which he looks forward with so much joy.
5. I believe that this good time will not be brought about by a miracle, but by the instrumentality of men, and that to pray for the abolition of drunkenness without waging war against the cause of the evil, is inconsistent and useless.
6. I believe that the best way to battle against drunkenness is to totally abstain yourself and do all in your power, by advice and example, to discontinue the use of strong drink under every circumstance.
7. I believe it behooves especially ministers of religion, church members and Sabbath-school teachers, to abstain, as the example of one professor of religion in upholding the drinking customs does more than the example of a dozen drunkards to perpetuate the evils which those customs produce.
8. I believe a person is no more justified in refusing to become a teetotalter on account of the rash conduct or inconsistencies of some teetotalters, than he is in refusing to join a Christian church on account of the inconsistencies of some professors.
9. I believe that by signing the pledge, a man manifests his freedom, and that he is the slave who acknowledges teetotalism to be right, and wishes it well, and yet all the time cannot refuse to take a drop when his appetite or friends require it.—*London Temperance Chronicle.*

NAPIER AND THE INDIAN SWORDSMAN.

We give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword, as well as of Napier's simplicity of character. After the Indian battles, on one occasion a famous juggler visited the camp and performed his feats before the General, his family, and staff. Among other performances, this man cut into with a stroke of his sword, a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword, so small an object, without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott in his romance of the Talisman. To determine the point, the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial. "Let me see your left hand" The left hand was submitted, and the man said firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat." "But why the left hand and not the right?" "Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less." Napier was startled. "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate workship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have reared from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and held out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it; and so much (he stated) for the brave swordsmen of India, whom our noble fellows defeated at Meernee. This anecdote is certainly a proof of the sincerity of an honest mind, ready to acknowledge error, and of bravery and calmness in expiating that error.

METHODISM AND TEMPERANCE.

**SIR AND BROTHER.**—Your editorial article of the 11th inst., entitled "THE EDUCATED AND GENTLE CLASS IN CANADA;" is in the main, strictly true, and while this is admitted, fairly and freely, exception must be taken to one assertion, which is, that "two-thirds perhaps or more of the influential Ministers in the Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Churches opposed to or lukewarm in this cause," &c. It is known that some of them are opposed to the Order of the Sons, and perhaps to Total Abstinence altogether, but that two-thirds or more are so, is probably saying too much; for it is on record that at the Conference at Hamilton in June last, the following resolution was passed:—

"Resolved, That this Conference, while it cordially approves of the principles of the Temperance Reformation, is deeply convinced that the license system, as it at present exists, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the success of that cause, and viewing a prohibitory law as the only effectual remedy for the evils of intemperance, most respectfully and earnestly urges upon the Legislature of Canada the necessity of enacting, at its next Session, a law similar to the provisions of the Bill which was introduced at the last Session of Parliament, for suppressing the ordinary traffic in intoxicating liquors."

This resolution will be found in the published Minutes of Conference, page 33, to which you are respectfully referred.

I could probably give you the principal reasons why some, perhaps most of the preachers, are opposed to the Order of the Sons and keep aloof from them, while they at the same time are favorable to the Temperance Cause generally, as evinced by the foregoing resolution, but I will not now extend my observations.

Your insertion of the foregoing will much oblige.

Sir and Brother,

Yours in L. P. and P.

J. BALLARD, P. W. P.

Montreal, October 17, 1853.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS.

This paper will be issued on TUESDAYS, weekly during the year. It will contain eight pages—the two last being devoted to advertisements, and will give all the news of the day, political and otherwise. Subscription price for 1853, \$5.00 in advance. Or within one month after subscription. If not so paid at the end of six months, the paper will be discontinued. Half yearly subscribers will be taken at the above price, provided it be distinctly understood that the subscription was intended to be a half yearly one. All subscriptions must end with the year. No paper will be discontinued (unless at the option of the publisher) until the subscription price is paid up. No paper after the known receipt, and detention of the first number will be stopped without payment for the current year. New agents sending six new subscribers with their subscriptions, or guaranteeing due payment, shall receive a copy gratis. Old agents sending 10 old subscribers, or 10 partly old and partly new, with the money or a guarantee, shall receive a copy gratis. The circulation at year did not please well owing to the postage. Upon consideration we have concluded to send to clubs, if any of our friends wish to form them, upon those terms—5 copies for \$4; 10 copies for \$6; 20 copies for \$10; 30 copies for \$15; but in each case the money must be paid down, and the papers put in one package and addressed to one person in all cases, otherwise the full charge will be made. Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates. All postage must be paid, and communications addressed to C. DURAND, Editor, Toronto, C. W.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1853.

HAMILTON AND ITS TEMPERANCE INTERESTS.

We paid Hamilton a flying visit the week before last, and are happy to see that it continues to improve. Since we were there last the Great Western Railroad has been run nearly through the centre of the site of the city, midway between the Bay and King Street. The canal through the heights has also been dug and finished within a year past. A large stone school house, quite an ornament to the city, has been built on the beautiful hill that divides the estate, that was, of the late Peter H. Hamilton, Esq. Business in the city is very brisk. Temperance interests in this city, as indeed in all of our cities and large towns, have retrograded within a year. There is now but one Division in Hamilton, the original Division, No. 25. A year ago there were three. The Hamilton Division, however, is now doing well, constantly increasing. The chief of Police, the clerk, and a number of the Policemen, also seven members of the city council, are Sons of Temperance. One of the inspectors is a Son. There is a very good temperance inn kept here by Mr. Belnap, who through good and ill luck has kept on, carrying on his inn upon temperance principles. A person who lately kept a temperance inn there by the name of Knowlton, suddenly turned the same into a liquor inn, to the disgrace of the Division to which he belonged. The Division itself was not to blame for this act, but he certainly brought disgrace upon it, and probably was the cause of its being broken up. We would judge from travelling over the city, that there is a great deal of drunkenness in it. It appears to be filled with small grog-shops and groceries where liquors are sold. Yet Mr. Walker, a very worthy mechanic, and one of the most exemplary of the Sons there, informed us, that he thought there was not more drunkenness in Hamilton now than a year ago, indeed rather less. A quarterly Session of the Grand Union of Daughters of Temperance, was held there last Tuesday. There is a good Section of Cadets in this city. Land speculation has raged some in here during the year, but not to as great an extent as in Toronto. We will give further particulars in our next.

AN EXCELLENT MOVEMENT.

THE DIVISIONS IN THE COUNTIES OF LINCOLN AND PELHAM have adopted the plan frequently recommended in this paper—that is of forming County Associations or Conventions of all the Divisions. The Association of these two Counties consists of all Divisions therein. It meets at stated periods in various parts of the two counties; the Convention is composed of all persons who are now in the Chair or have heretofore passed through it, and of one delegate chosen quarterly from each Division. This association meets (we believe monthly) to concoct plans for reviving temperance—exciting Divisions to action and forming new Divisions. We know of no better movement than this just now. It is one that should be universally followed throughout Canada by immediate action. This plan in connection with useful lectures is the desideratum of the Order. We have no objection to the League movement, so long as it does not destroy a better one. Let those who are opposed to the Sons, or those who desire to act upon different principles; such as are associating drinking men with total abstinents, carry on the League movement; but it will prove an evil if it destroys the influence of a better organization. We have no great faith in the durability of any organization which is not composed of men who practice faithfully, what they recommend and wish to see others practice.

THE COLOURED AND SWEET CIDER QUESTIONS.

These questions are continually exciting discussions in Divisions. Below it will be seen that the New Market Division has taken up the subjects and issued circulars. When the National Division of America pronounced sweet cider a prohibited article, they trampled upon the rights of the whole order—usurped a jurisdiction, an object and unarrantable, as that taken in reference to the colour of a man's skin. They pronounced a man of

a dark skin, or rather any one having negro blood in his veins, incapable and unfit to be a member of the order. They had no constitutional right to do and trampled upon justice in so doing. As to sweet cider, containing as it does, no intoxicating properties, the National Division should have said nothing. Even the Maine Law permits its use, sale, and manufacture in Maine. This question has already destroyed many Divisions in Canada, and will destroy many more. A majority of the country Divisions in Canada are in favor of its use. As well might the National Division forbid the use of coffee or lemonade as sweet cider. It was done, it is said, to prevent the possibility of Sons using fermented cider as an excuse. If men cannot be trusted this far, and are to be put into such straight jackets as this, it is time they ceased to be Sons at all.

To the Subordinate Divisions of S. of T. of Canada West.

THE NEWMARKET DIVISION S. OF T., NO. 108,

SENDETH GREETING:

Whereas, the National Division of North America, and the Grand Division of Canada West, at their late Sessions, confirmed certain Resolutions, adopted by the Ohio Grand Division, making it necessary for Sub-Divisions to reject a man, otherwise qualified, on account of Color; and this Division believing such action to be unjust, arbitrary, and striking at the fundamental principles of our Order, gave the subject a free, unqualified, and impartial discussion; after which, the annexed resolutions were adopted.

The question, also, in reference to the use of Sweet Cider, previous to its possessing alcoholic properties, was fully discussed, and this Division arrived at the conclusion contained in the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That this Division considers any interference by the National or Grand Division in restricting sub-Divisions in reference to the receiving or rejection of any man, otherwise qualified on account of Nationality or Color, as an unconstitutional infringement, and without effect.

Resolved, That this Division views the declaration of the National Division in reference to the use of sweet cider, making it a violation of the pledge to use the Article, previous to its possessing Alcoholic properties, as arbitrary and unconstitutional.

Resolved, That this Division instruct their Representatives to the Grand Division to use their best endeavors with that body to adopt resolutions praying for the repeal of the resolutions preventing persons of color from entering sub-Divisions, believing the same to be unjust, arbitrary, and infringing upon the constitutional rights of local Divisions, ceded in their Charters, and leaving the matter an open question with Subordinate Divisions.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the various sub-Divisions in Canada West, requesting them to take immediate action in the matter, that this unjust infringement may be repealed.

S. BRIDGLAND, R. S.

AN AMERICAN AND A CANADIAN JUDGE'S OPINION.

The following is the common sense opinion of an American Judge on the effect of the liquor traffic, and the use of spirituous liquors. Who cannot see that it is full of sterling sense—of arguments borne out by every day's experience? How strangely does it contrast with the opinion of Judge Robinson, whereby all the rum shops and bar rooms of Canada have been lately thrown open on Sundays?

JUDGE SHEPLEY AND THE MAINE LAW.—The following opinion of Chief Justice Shepley was concurred in by a full bench of the Supreme Court of Maine. It covers the whole ground of the law—seizures, forfeitures, and destruction. Read it:—"The State, by its legislative enactments, operating prospectively, may determine that articles injurious to the public health or to morals shall not constitute property, within its jurisdiction. It may come to the conclusion that spirituous liquors, when used as a beverage, are productive of a great variety of ills to the people, both in their individual and in their social relation. That the least use of them for such a purpose is injurious, and suited to produce, by a greater use, serious injury to the comforts, morals and health; and the common use of them for such a purpose, operates to diminish the productiveness of labor; to injure the health; to impose upon the people additional and unnecessary burdens; to produce waste of time and of property; to introduce disorder, and disobedience to law; to disturb the peace, and to multiply crimes of every grade. Such conclusions would be justified by the experience and history of man. If a Legislature declares that no person shall acquire any property in them for such a purpose, there would be no occasion for any complaint that it had violated any provision of the Constitution."

Here we see unsophisticated common sense—truth uttered without prejudice—the law construed for the public good. Old wicked customs overruled for the good of all. On the other hand Chief Justice Robinson, although he knew the Legislature of Canada intended to invest all the city, town, and township municipalities with powers to wholly forbid the sale of intoxicating drinks on the Sabbath to all classes, yet overrules this intention, and virtually (and as time has since proved) effectually destroys the legislative intent. He says, whilst Municipalities may prohibit all Sunday tipping, and the sale to residents, or the opening of the common bar, yet they cannot prevent the innkeeper from selling liquor to travellers, because it clashes with the old common law of England!! Thus the evident intention of the Canadian Legislature, because it does not expressly allude to travellers, and take away the common law right to furnish refreshments to them, is set aside by this Canadian Judge! A consequence of this decision has been, that Municipalities, not knowing how far they could go, being left in the dark by a sophistical judgment of our highest court, have repealed their bye-laws, and the flood-gates of drunkenness are opened on the Sabbath. The common law right to sell to a few travellers was

superior to the best interests of man—to the peace and harmony of man on the Sabbath. Municipalities are not told what they ought to and may do. No remarks are made on the evils arising from this Sunday traffic—but great stress is laid by Judge Robinson on the misery and deprivation the poor traveller would undergo if he could not get his BRANDY TUSCH, his beer, wine, or whiskey! As the head of the highest court of Canada no recommendation is thrown out to the Legislature to pass more explicit or stringent laws, but the only one existing is frittered away by sophistry. Now it may be, and we are not going to say it is not so, that Judge Robinson was sincere in giving this judgment, but we must say, that it shows a want of foresightedness and forethought for the moral interests of society. The effects of his judgment have been so far very evil—filling the land on the Sabbath with profanation and drunkenness. This prejudice in favor of the right of travellers to drink at inns, is deep rooted among our gentry classes. Is it not of far more importance that tipping and lounging about taverns on the Sabbath should be stopped, than that an old common law right, musty with the mists of ten centuries, allowing travellers to call for liquors on the Sabbath, should be upheld? Judge Robinson, although a Canadian by birth, is too fond of the old musty acts of the barbarian times of England.

The greatest source of evil now existing in Canada is Sabbath drinking. More incipient drunkards, especially among the young are made from drunken frolics on this day than from all other causes. A few weeks since we saw a boy of fourteen lying drunk in the college avenue on this day. Yet with all these facts staring the public in the face, some so our judges, high and low, encourage this practice.—[Ed. Sox.

SABBATH DRINKING.

Paris, October 14, 1853.

MR. EDITOR,—Since leaving my quiet home on the shores of the beautiful and romantic Lake Ontario, I have traveled to a considerable extent through the western part of Canada West. In my travels I have met with many things which are calculated to awaken feelings of pleasure in my soul; but there is one thing which sits like a Leprous spot on the fair face of Canada, I mean "Sabbath drinking." It is a fact that a majority of the rum holes are kept open on the Sabbath day. Men of whom we might expect better things, men who possess noble minds, minds which must live when the glowing stars will fade, are found in THESE SINKS OF DEATH on the Sabbath, BEASTLY INTOXICATED. It is enough to make shame mantle the cheek of humanity to think that we have men in our midst who will, for the sake of a few pence, open the flood gates of death upon their fellow men. In the vicinity of Paris on the Sabbath I have seen the not stranger in the street, I have seen him senseless by the side of THE ROAD; yet with all these facts staring us in the face, we know men who will not vote for the Maine Law, men too, who will plead for the sale of Alcohol on the Sabbath.

F. B. ROLPH.

The following letter speaks in words of energy and warms the hearts of all who are determined to be true. It comes from one of the few sterling Sons of Canada. It is a pity that the thousands who are nominally in our ranks were not as enthusiastic as Br. Rolph.—[Ed. Sox.

BR. DURAND,—We are truly glad that your voice is still heard and that the Son of Temperance still lives to visit our homes and firesides, and cheer us with its presence. We feel thankful that there are still some few who dare defend our noble cause, a few who have raised the standard, unfolded their silken banner on the breeze, and on its folds have inscribed in unpeniciled letters "we surrender." Our cause must be victorious. A voice from ten thousand bleeding hearts cry, "GIVE US THE MAINE LAW." The free, the noble of Canada, cannot be bound. Their voice is still for war. A few like the Leader of Toronto may try to stop the progress of the cause, but it will be of no avail. As well might the bubbling brook try to wash out the golden lamp of truth. All good and great causes have met with opposition from evil and selfish men. Our's is a good and glorious reform. Let us awake and arise in our might and victory will be ours.

F. B. ROLPH.

Paris, October 13, 1853.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, Br. Rolph, which will prevent this victory from becoming ours unless remedied. These are, petty factions in Divisions and want of principle in Sons. What our Grand Division sustains the National Division in excluding men with coloured skins from the Order—when it tacitly winked at the practice of Sons advertising spirituous liquors in papers owned by them, little true enthusiasm for principle can be looked for.—[Ed. Sox.

DEATH OF M. ARAGO.

This distinguished French Astronomer died at Paris on the 1st October. M. Arago was born at Estagel, in the South of France, and near the Spanish frontier, on February 26, 1791. His age was accordingly 67 years and 7 months. He took a leading part in all the Revolutions in France since 1793, and had, in consequence, to undergo many severe deprivations and sufferings.

The discoveries of Arago in Science have been numerous and important. His determination of the Diameter of Planets was subsequently adopted by Laplace. His discovery of Caloric Polarization, and that of Magnetism by Rotation, gained him the Copley Medal. As Secretary of the Academy of Sciences he had a vast field for research, and published many notices of his applications and discoveries. He was a member of nearly all the scientific societies of Europe and of some in this country. A paper on the Physical Constitution of the Sun, submitted by

him to the French Academy, embraced many of his own investigations and results, and comprised some remarkable observations on the True Plan of the Sun in the Universe, the conclusions of which may be generalized in his assertion that "the sun is a star, and its physical constitution is identical with that of the millions of stars with which the firmament is strowed."

In addition to his regular duties as Royal Astronomer, M. Arago was in the habit of delivering, each season, a course of popular lectures at the *Observatoire*, on astronomical subjects. These discourses were delivered extemporaneously, but they were gathered by Belgian and English publishers, and attained a wide circulation. One series of the lectures was published in New York in pamphlet form in 1845, with annotations by Dr. Larder.

It was not alone as a scientific man that Arago achieved celebrity. He was distinguished in literature, in oratory, and in politics. Since the advent of Napoleon III., M. Arago has not been known politically, but has devoted himself with his accustomed industry to the pursuits of his profession.

In his death, Science loses an earnest laborer, and France a profound and accomplished scholar.



The Literary Gem.

LINES,

WRITTEN WHILE STANDING ON BURLINGTON HEIGHTS, MARCH 30, 1831, BY C. M. D.

Those who were once familiar with this scene, know that in the Spring, a deep gloom often rested on the Bay occasioned by the the cold fogs. This gloom was only disturbed by the cries of wild ducks and water fowls or by gulls, thousands of which, at that season used to swim over the Jay.

The fog hung o'er in misty clouds  
The water's breathless level,  
Naught was heard 'mid its thick'ning shrouds  
Save wildfowls playful revel.

Tow'ring clouds of vap'rous air  
Entomb'd the gloomy deep,  
As awful as the pitchy glare  
Of death's eternal sleep.

The gentle rippling of the lake  
Broke softly on its shore,  
And naught this stillness seem'd to break,  
Save when gliding o'er,

The white gull bath'd his flapping wing.  
In waters cool and bright;  
Or the loons afar did wildly sing,  
Before approaching night.

LINES,

ON A BEAUTIFUL EVENING IN SPRING, BY C. M. D.

Written in April, 1831, on Burlington heights, whilst looking to the west over Coot's paradise, towards Dundas. This sight I have often enjoyed; it was once one of real beauty. You stood on the green sloping banks of Burlington—on each side of you arose high woody and rocky terraces that form the mountain gorge, running into a point above Dundas. Beneath your feet, guttering like a sea of gold lay the waters of Coot's paradise, fringed with wild fowl and swallows. Myriads of flies danced in the sunbeams, and the little fishes arose to the surface and rippled the still bosom of the waters. The sun shone in glorious beauty over the distant mountain forests, westward ten miles. The sun shone on the mountain cliffs and on the waters at the same time.

The sun was setting in the western sky,  
And smil'd upon the waters deep,  
Whose golden bosom glittering fry  
Broke from its breathless sleep.

The feather'd tenants of the main  
Sat there in white array;  
Or through that glowing sunlit plain,  
Paddled their rippling way.

The twittering swallows darted through  
Spring's sweetly scented air,  
While the sinking rays of Phœbus woo  
The eagle's rocky lair.

No breeze disturbed the fading sky,  
All nature seem'd to smile,  
The sun then set—and the moon on high,  
With stars the hours beguile.

(ORIGINAL)

TYRE

Her riches have vanished her beauty is o'er,  
Her sun hath gone down on oblivion's dark shore,  
On her sands now slowly washed by the wave,  
No more shall asset the mighty and brave

Time hath swept o'er her and wounded its blast,  
With a fier appendages hurried her past;  
His ravishing jaws here have sated their lust,  
And all her proud pillars lie low in the dust.

No more shall a wall encompass her power,  
No more shall the watchword be passed on her tower,  
No more shall her daughters awaken the lyre,  
To sing of thy glory, Oh desolate Tyre!

J. D.

THE LOON.

WRITTEN ON MAY 6TH, 1831, IN HAMILTON.

I am this day furnished with a Loon, and proceed to give an account of it:—Alas extent as near as I could tell four feet and a half, length of body two feet and a half, including tail and bill; the former being scarcely perceptible. Its weight would be something less than that of a common goose; the wings are longer than those of a goose. They are strong, the quills being rather small in size. The colour is white beneath the wings, black above, spotted all over with small white spots the size of a shot; the long feathers are black, the back rump and sides are black, spotted with white spots the size of a bullet—particularly the longer feathers on the shoulders of the wings—the spots near the tail are smaller. The tail feathers are black and two inches long. On the back and upper parts there is a green variegated shade. The breast is white, the upper part bordering on the lower part of the neck streaked with white and black curved lines on a reddish ground: the belly and abdomen milk-white and covered with a very thick coat of feathers. The head and neck are beautifully variegated with changeable colours, green, blue, and crimson tints, the feathers being short. On the middle of the neck, which is moderately long, there is a white ring of feathers a little longer than the rest, and curly. There is a little white under the throat. The legs are whitish and blackish; feet unfit for walking, being placed very far back by the sides of the tail. The feet rather large and armed with four toes. The bill is black, thick, and hard, something like that of the heron's, being three inches long; the upper mandible sloping, the under one sloping from the middle to the point; the bill is three quarters of an inch in diameter at the base, remarkably strong and quite pointed. It is said these birds defend themselves resolutely with their beaks when wounded. I have seen them dive and stay under the water for five and even ten minutes, and come up again perhaps a hundred yards from the spot where they dove under the water. They appeared to be very shy, and went either singly or in pairs and sat very low in the water. Their cry is truly wild, being composed of several loud shrill sounds, some of which are repeated twice, perhaps like this, O-ee-tee-tee O-ee-tee-tee taw-oo-oo. They have also a peculiar cry when flying in the air at night, something like the neighing of a horse. I saw them on the Burlington Bay on the first of April, 1831.

This one I believe was a male, I dont know that there is any difference between them. I have been since told the hen or female is brown where the male is spotted, and is less in size and not so beautiful in colour.

HAMILTON, May 6th, 1831.

THE GANNET OR SMALL GULL.—I had an opportunity of seeing one of these birds this morning, it was shot several days ago and wounded, and is still alive. The colour on the head is bluish dun, its back dunish white, as are the rump, neck, breast, belly, tail, wings, and sides; some of the wing feathers tipped with black. The longest wing feathers are lined with black,—smaller feathers on the top of the wings dunish white. Tail feathers seven or eight inches long, twelve in number. Bill black, something like that of a pigeon's, only stronger; upper mandible more curved, the under one having a bony erection in the middle like the loon. Nostrils lateral, bill an inch and a quarter long, eyes bright, with a white tag of feathers round them; legs red, the colour of a pigeon's, three inches or more long, webbed in the feet—toes four as in the duck species, though the toes are more visible and distinct—legs bare a little above the first joint. Alas extent three feet, length of body a foot, wings very long and slender. This bird is a little larger than a pigeon, or nearly the size of a tame one, which it resembles in shape and many other things.

These birds generally visit us here the last of April or May in large flocks, they are continually on the water or flying, making a noise, and playing. They depart further north I suppose in June or the last of May. They are seen often in the winter and in the fall.

A PIGEON'S NEST.—I was walking along at the foot of the mountain when I observed a bird sitting among the boughs of a pine, about eight or ten feet from the ground, which at first sight I thought a Jay, but immediately after saw it was a pigeon. She flew from her nest and fluttered on a neighbouring tree, and then flew a short distance farther and did the same, endeavouring to entice me away. I immediately climbed the tree and looked at the nest which contained one egg which appeared to be hatching,

It was of a long round shape, an inch and a half long and three quarters of an inch in thickness, round at one end and a little pointed at the other, rather large, white, the nest was composed of a number of sticks laid across two boughs six inches apart, these sticks were the size of a small pipe stem and several layers thick, however, I could easily see the egg through them, there was no straw in the nest. I stopped as I came back, and perceived the male sitting in the female's place, which I had soon fly through the woods to feed I suppose.

Written in May 1831, at Hamilton.

(ORIGINAL)

PHAROAH'S FIRST-BORN.

Proud Pharaoh sought his regal bed,  
When night he wrapped his realm in gloom,  
Nor knew that the avenger sped,  
To execute the deed of doom  
His heir, the proudest first-born one,  
Beside the monarch safely slept.  
Upon his hip a smile had gone,  
Now slowly from his features crept;  
I was chased away by some strange fear,  
And in a pace stole down a tear,

The sovereign bent above his boy,  
To kiss the sparkling tear away,  
And wondering thought what could annoy  
The sleep of one so young and gay.  
He knew not that a bighting power,  
Unknown, unseen, but seeing all,  
Would desolate in one short hour,  
Each lowly cot and haughty hall;  
Would wait the waviest wails of fear  
Aloft, to Heaven's then deafened ear!

He slept—he dreamt a regal dream—  
He saw his kingdom's pride and heir,  
Led onward by ambition's beam,  
His kingly crown and seat to share.  
That throne he thought was proud and high,  
And tormented of many a rainbow hur,  
Now hung suspended in the sky,  
Before his gazing subject's view;  
But oh that son, so proud and vain,  
Fell from it heading to the plain!

The monarch wakens from his sleep,  
His regal dream has faded now;  
Yet, why do shudders o'er him creep,  
Why stares he on that marble brow;  
Or why in horror does he start  
And raise aloud the wild alarm,  
While pressing to his heavy heart  
His first-born's fond encircling arm.  
Why does he drop it thus in dread?  
Because its clammy, cold and dead!

Wild are the withering wails of woe,  
That echoing through his realms afar,  
In mournful cadence slowly flow,  
Borne on by midnight's windy ear;  
Death, death in stumbers hours had stole  
In felon tread through every home,  
Had cut the cord that keeps the soul,  
A prisoner to its earthly doom;  
And with each hour of every grade,  
The foul assassin's post had play'd!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

We take the following information from the *Globe* of last Saturday a week. Our readers know that great efforts have been made and hardships endured by various navigators to discover a north-west passage, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific in this direction by water. Commander McClure, of the British Navy, now in search of the long lost Captain Franklin in the polar seas, has just succeeded in achieving this great feat. It seems that a northern tribe of man have been visited, whom no previous navigator had seen. No tidings of Franklin were heard of. This fruitless search has now become absolutely romantic, something like the old Spanish search for the *Eldorado*—the land of everlasting youth. It will be seen that in this extreme northern latitude, deer (reindeer we suppose) and other game, like partridges and ducks, were found in abundance. This discovery is one more of curiosity and satisfaction to geographers than of utility to commerce. The ice and coldness of the climate will always prevent the passage being safely made or of any use to mankind.—[EDITOR.]

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE DISCOVERED!

Just as the Asia was about to sail, despatches had been received at the Admiralty from Commander McClure, stating that he had succeeded in accomplishing the long problematical enterprise of the Northwest Passage. Commander McClure sailed in December, 1849, in search of Sir John Franklin, in H. M. S. *Investigator*. We regret to say that no traces towards success in the main object of his mission have been discovered; but Commander McClure writes under date H. M. S. *Investigator*, Bay of Mercy, Baring's Island, April, 1853, announcing his success in accomplishing the long feat of sailing through the Northwest Passage. The gallant writer states, that during the winter of 1850, his vessel wintered in pack, without sustaining any damage (and surprising to say, he had to report the same result at the end of the third winter, and without the loss of a single man of her crew), in the frozen waters called Prince of Wales Strait, and communicating with Barrow's, as he ascertained on the 26th October of that year. In July, 1851, it states, "such a body of ice came down upon us with a strong east wind, and set the vessel so far to the south, that we determined to attempt a passage by the east end of the cliffs of Banks Land, forming the north entrance of the large sound under which we now are." The difficulties and dangers of this passage say

be estimated from his statement that the ice floes encountered, measured from 46 to 70 feet beneath the water, only 6 or 7 above. Inhabitants have been discovered further northward than known previously, at Wellington and Victoria Lands, and northward still on the tract designated as Prince Albert's Lands. These were exceedingly kind and friendly, and great quantities of copper were found, apparently in a very pure state. This metal is used by the natives for edging their weapons, &c., but they appeared to be amused at seeing pieces of it picked up by the crews, as possessing value.

In April, 1852, Commander McClure went to Melville Island on sledges, expecting to find there one of Captain Austin's vessels, or, at all events, a store of provisions; but was disappointed to find only a notice left by Lieutenant McClintock, saying were provisions were, and giving the position of their ships. It was inferred that the search was supposed to be abandoned, and no other vessels expected to have come thus far.

Since October, 1851, the crew of the Investigator is stated to be put on two-thirds allowance—half a pound of meat per diem in a climate where their commander states they could readily have consumed four. On the hills adjacent to the bay from which the letter is dated, large numbers of deer and other game have been found; which must have contributed a welcome relief from the short-comings of the previous polar sojourn.

In connection with this we may notice that Commander Englefield, who sailed in the spring with supplies to Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, arrived at the Admiralty on the 8th inst., but brought no news of Franklin's Expedition. Still further—Letters from Berlin of the 1st inst. state "that it is currently reported "at St. Petersburg that several bottles, hermetically sealed and "air-tight, but not containing any memoranda to indicate their "origin, have been picked up on the highest latitude of the Si-berian coast, and forwarded to the Russian Government, which "has not only communicated the circumstance to her Majesty's "envoy, but delivered to him several of these bottles. An "impression has consequently arisen that these bottles belonged "to Franklin's expedition; and it is hoped, feeble as these indices "may be, that they may tend to throw some light upon the fate "of our countrymen, by producing a search in a new direction "corresponding with the set of currents that have thrown those "bottles on the Siberian coast. A letter from St. Petersburg, "received in Berlin on the 30th ult., states that the Queen's "messenger, who embarked on Saturday at Cronstadt, was "charged to convey one of the bottles to the Admiralty, with "divers memoranda relating to the subject, drawn up by, or com-municated to, the British legation at St. Petersburg."

FURTHER DISCOVERIES AT HERCULANEUM.

The Government at Naples have recommended excavations at Herclaneum, on a small scale to be sure; but some twenty men are constantly at work. A recent letter from Naples speaks as follows of its discoveries:

"The new excavations commenced in January last, have already brought to light a part of the old arsenal, near the port of Herclaneum, so famous in the times Augustus and Titus. Formerly the sea washed the walls; it has now receded some half a mile—so that the bare mention of the Port of Herclaneum is enough to awaken a smile of incredulity on the face of one who is unacquainted with the changes that have taken place on the coast of the Mediterranean. On visiting this spot a few days since, I went into a series of small rooms or apartments with kitchens attached: apparently they had been quarters for mariners. The entrance was over a roof which is on a level with the present surface of the ground; and, descending a few steps, on the left, we found four or five other steps, at the bottom of which was an entrance, to probably a cellar over whose roof we had entered. Here there was found so much salt water surging up, that the work had been for a moment suspended. Our direction, therefore, lay straight forward, into the small rooms of which I have spoken. The roof is vaulted and very lofty, whilst the partition-walls are very low, showing that one large hall or space had been hastily or rudely arranged with the view to convenience of numbers. In the first small room which was a kitchen, still exist the stoves and grates, precisely the same form as are now to be seen in every part of Magna Grecia. Beneath the stove lay fragments of pottery, which a slovenly cook might have thrown there an hour before, whilst the bones of the poor cook, it might be, were found mixed up with dishes and the instruments of his trade. In the same place, also, were found bones and minute fragments of iron plates; indicating, in the opinion of Cavalier Bonucci, that in the awful moment of this city's destruction, some men were surprised and overtaken in this very spot. But few remains could be preserved—so utterly destroyed where they by time and so mingled and moulded en masse with the ash, which had not been perhaps carefully enough removed. All, indeed, that I could well distinguish were portions of ribs and skull bones. Yet, what a melancholy interest have these, especially as connected with history. It is said of Piny, the elder, who, at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius in '79, was admiral of the Roman fleet in the Mediterranean, that he went to a "thurnicra" from Museum to save some "cassian." His nephew, writing from Tecium, says that all the efforts of his uncle were useless in consequence of the raging of the volcano, and that he was obliged to turn the prow of his vessel to Staban (now Castellum), where he died a victim of his love of natural science. From the kitchen on which I have so long dwelt, we passed through a small room and entered another kitchen. On the grate or stove were lying pieces of charcoal; the mark of the smoke was fresh upon the stove. Below and by the side of it was a sink for receiving dirty water, and the hose which carried it off was still entire. Beyond this were one or two other small rooms—and then our progress was stopped by a mountain of indurated ash. In this they were mining or harrowing a passage—and of the discoveries in this direction I shall have to speak, I hope, in some future article. Of ornament, these rooms appear entirely destitute; indeed the only trace of anything of the kind was an entrance passage wall, whereon I discovered faint traces of perpendicular painted lines. I must not omit to say that some silver and bronze coins, of the time of Augustus and Titus, have been found here, as also a bronze coin, with Punic characters. It was doubtless part of the commerce which was carried on between this coast of Italy and the opposite African Carthagenian coast.

The Great Western Railroad between Hamilton and the Falls will be opened this day.

Agricultural.

OCTOBER.

- O the misty, bright October!
Misty bright on the brown hill side—
Setters hunt the stubble over—
Scream the crane and the golden plover,
Through the moorland waste and wide.
O the golden-crowned October!
Golden, gorgeous in decay;
Through the woods the leaves for ever
Fall, and in the sluggish river
Yellow and brown they drift away.
O the chill and pale October!
Colder winds are whirling now;
All the champagne wide they deaden,
Will not suffer the leaves to reddens—
Hanging lone on the wintry bough.
O the merry and glad October!
Heap the hearth with loads of fuel,
Blaze away both log and splinter
Hail to the coming of healthful Winter!
Hail to the festive joys of Yule!

THE WEATHER during the last week has been very fine with the exception of Tuesday which was very cool with a high western wind. Friday and Saturday were particularly fine. As yet, the frosts have been very light. The water has scarcely been skimmed over with ice. The air is still, at times filled with flies. The trees are now nearly naked. Sunday was cool—wind north-west with a little snow. Monday was again a beautiful summery day—wind west.

MORE FAT CATTLE FOR THE STATES.—A drove of about 80 fat oxen, passed through the city on yesterday, for the States. Most of them were small animals, and none of them weighed over 1,500 lbs. live weight. We could not learn the price. The system of purchasing by live weight, adopted by the States cattle dealers, appears to give great satisfaction to all parties. It is estimated that the difference between live and dead weight, sinking, the offal, is just one-third;—so that an ox weighing 1,500 lbs. alive, would be estimated at 1,050 lbs.—Ham. Spectator.

GREAT SQUASH.—A coloured man named Arnold Green, residing near this town, grew from one Squash seed, 44 Squashes, the united weight of which was 2,500 lbs. These he disposed of for \$11 Beat this who can.—Dunville Independent.

HEAVIEST WHEAT IN CANADA.—David Peiter, of North Dumfries, near Galt, raised this year from one bushel sowing, obtained from the World's Fair, not less than thirty two bushels of the Australian wheat, weighing sixty seven pounds to the bushel. This wheat was not sown till the 15th October, and that, too, after barley. Some of the Soule's wheat sowed at the same time alongside of it, only yielded one half as much. Wheat sixty seven pounds to the bushel! Who can beat that?—Dumfries Reformer.

The Whitby Reporter says that Mr. J. Dow of Whitby, sold on Thursday last, two heifers at £25 each, to Mr. Robert Pearson, of Woodstock, and on the same day of the Ontario County show, for the same amount to another party. These heifers are by the well known thorough-bred Durham bull, Marnock, imported by William Dow, Esq., two years ago, from Scotland.

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights referring to ingredients in general use by every house-wife, the following may be used;—

- Wheat flour, one pound in one quart.
Indian meal, one pound two ounces is one quart.
Butter, when sold, one pound one ounce is one quart.
White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart.
Loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart.
Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart.
Eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound.
Sixteen large table-spoonsfull are half a pint, eight are one gill, four half a gill, &c.

A GOOD COW.—Hon. David Pierce, of this village, is the owner of a cow that gave last summer, in forty-five consecutive days, 2049 pounds of milk—being an average of forty-five pounds per day. She took the first premium at the recent Windsor County Fair. Can she be beat in Vermont?

GREAT CRANBERRY CROP IN MINNESOTA.—The papers speak of the abundant yield this year of this valuable fruit. The berries are gathered both by Indians and whites; the former generally pick them by hand; the latter use cranberry rakes. Where they are very plenty, on a smooth marsh, we have known one man to rake twenty bushels in a day.

They are worth from \$5 to £7 a barrel in Minnesota. There are a great many cranberries in Indiana and Michigan, near lake Michigan. The regular price there a few years ago was 50 cts. a bushel; now it is \$2 to \$3. So much for railroads.

ROMAN CATHOLIC TYRANNY IN MONTREAL.—We regret to hear that the Roman Catholics in Montreal are determined to carry things with a high hand. There are 12 Catholics on the Grand Jury and 11 protestants, just sufficient to find bills of indictment against protestants. As a consequence, the Catholic party, or those guilty of commencing the riot, get off with no bills being found against them. No bills have been found against the soldiers or officers. Two protestants, Augustus Heward and Murdock Morrison, who were active in repelling the Catholic assailants, have been indicted by the priest-ridden jury. After this who can consider himself safe where Catholics have the power? This act convinces us more than ever that these people want watching by all true friends of religion and liberty. They must be taught that on North American territory at least, they shall not intrude their Italian princely dominancy!! These two men in Montreal will not and must not be sacrificed to please the dark designs of papist tyrants. It is said there is intense excitement in Montreal on the subject.

President Pierce has dismissed Mr. Bronson, Collector of the Port of New York, said to have been a faithful servant. One of the great evils of the United States General Government is its vast patronage, by which it may corrupt partisans. This is the great evil of our Government too. DECENTRALIZATION of power is the cure. The Crown does not make appointments under the British system of Government, but a few partisans called the Ministry, who thus perpetuate their power.... An accident is said to have occurred on the Great Western railway, by the collision of two cars—and some persons were injured.... The New York Tribune says a discovery is about to be made which will create a revolution in the paper trade. It is the discovery of a French chemist, that excellent paper may be made out of straw, which by a chemical process is reduced to a pulp and thus converted into paper. Rags are becoming dear, and the consumption of paper is greatly on the increase.... Oshawa has been proclaimed by Government ware-housing port.... Mrs. Webster, wife of Professor Webster, who was hung for murder in Boston, is dead.... A new Bank called Molson's Montreal Bank, under the provisions of the Bank act, has been established in Montreal.... It is stated that the Hon. John Ross has bought up a quantity of land near Presque Isle, about to be made a port of entry. This is mere Government official speculation. Mr. Ross is receiving a large salary with nothing to do. Would it not be an excellent movement to abolish the offices of Attorney and Solicitor General and have local Prosecuting Attorneys with small salaries paid out of the County Treasuries? The criminal business is now all attended to by second or third rate lawyers.... Small Pox is destroying the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. General Sir Neil Douglass, a veteran of the British army, is dead, aged 74. He fought in many of the hardest battles in the French wars of Napoleon.... The Delaware Temperance Herald says that at the late Pennsylvania State Election in Philadelphia, candidates favorable to the Maine Law were triumphantly elected, and that the next Legislature will probably submit the question of a prohibitory law to the people.... The Quebec Gazette says that Malcolm Cameron as Post Master General, has withdrawn from its columns the little patronage of advertising uncalled for letters. This is the act of Malcolm Cameron the great champion of temperance. It will be remembered that it is the only paper in Quebec truly friendly to the cause of temperance and the Maine law. Here is consistency in Mr. Cameron! What say our enemies to this? This is done because the Quebec Gazette has nobly advocated the cause of oppressed protestants against priests and a corrupt Government. Will the Peterboro Review add a feather to the cap of Cameron for this.... We hear from our country exchanges that County Agricultural Fairs are becoming very common, and are patronized well. It is a strong indication of a healthy spirit of enterprise among farmers.... Mr. Gowan, one of the Grand Masters of Canada, has received a letter from the Earl of Enniskillen, Grand Master of Ireland, acknowledging Gowan as the rightful Grand Master of Canada West.... An aged woman was lately burnt to death at Kingston, supposed to have been drunk at the time.... The Apaches Indians are committing many murders on the Mexicans in Sonora, Mexico.... A strange rumour is afloat in the United States that England has consented that slaves may be imported into Cuba upon condition that they shall be emancipated by degrees, all within 50 years.... Judge Edmonds, of New York City, has issued his work on "spirit rappings." Col. Benton has issued his work, "30 years in the American Senate.".... The New York State Election will take place on the 8th November inst., when the temperance question will be brought prominently before the electors.... The new Ritual of the Sons is now published and ready for delivery by the Most Worthy Grand Scribe of the United States.

Snow to the depth of an inch fell above Richmondhill and about Streetsville last week... Last Wednesday and Thursday a general smash of the telegraph wires in the various New York offices occurred, also between Cornwall and Montreal.... It is rumoured that Dr. Rolph has resigned, and that David Christie will take his place.... The Hon. Malcolm Cameron is in Upper Canada on business.... A step-daughter of S. G. Lynn, Esq., Magistrate and a Catholic of this city, took the veil a few weeks ago in this city. The ceremony is said, by those who saw it, to have been a real farce. There is a large nunnery in the upper part of the city.... A destructive fire was raging in the woods in the vicinity of Detroit last week.... It is rumoured that there is to be a desolation soon.... A new paper called the Freeman, in the interests of the Irish Roman Catholics, is just started in Montreal.... The Jesuits have been restored to all of their rights in Mexico.... It seems there has been a revolution in one of the States. The Cholera is also there.... It is rumoured that there is to be a plan laid before the British North American colonies for a Grand confederation under one Government. It is said Lord Elgin is now agitating the project in England. The plan has its good and bad features. A better plan would be to create a grand confederacy of the British Colonies and the northern, eastern, and western American States.

AGENTS FOR 1853.

- C. W. Robinson, Woodstock William Hill, North Williamstown
John Q. Broad, Brantford—John Tyner, Cumminsville—Robert
Rahmar, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Boston,
Dundas—Robert Baker, Waterdown—John Clinton, Perseverance
Brisson, Birmaham—M. Chavert, Glanford—H. A. Graham, Canal
Trasfalgar J. H. Crowe, Pelham—J. Rapelger, Chippewa—Robert
Connor, Niagara—George Gilmore, Beamsville—George Darius,
St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Cobourg—James Clint, Cornwall—C. Leg-
go, Brockville—John Vert, Lambton—James Fraser, Bytown—Wm.
Hargrave, Osnabre—R. M. Stephens, Port Dover—William McCre-
lan, Middleton—William McCrory, Ferris—Wm. H. Carney, Owen
Sound—Alonzo Sweet, Walpole—S. J. Lancaster, Lobo—John
Murdock, Avimer, Elgin—S. Newcombe, Vienna—J. Russell, Norfolk
Gower—L. D. Marks, Berford—Charles Taylor, Port Sarais—C. I.
Johnson, Osnerville—J. W. Coulson, Guelph—George Graham, Rich-
mond Hill—Felix Lawrence, Orangeville—D. D. Hay, Ingersoll—Wm.
Hamby, Nobleton—J. Bowman, Alaska Division—E. B. Bate,
Kilnberg—James Shaw, Port Credit—Joshua Vanallen, Georgetown
—Thomas Wilson, Markham Village—Moxam Jones, Steelesville—
D. G. Wilson, Duffin's Creek—John Boyd, Oshawa—Elihu Bell,
Newtown—John Nott, Prince Albert—Rev. Mr. Climpie, Bow-
ville—C. S. Powers, Newcastle—Robinson Rutherford, Peterboro—
G. C. Choate, Warsaw—Wm. H. Fanning, Kemptville—Wm. Redow,
Kingston—Dr. Thomas Ashton, Bath—Francis Finn, Scarborough





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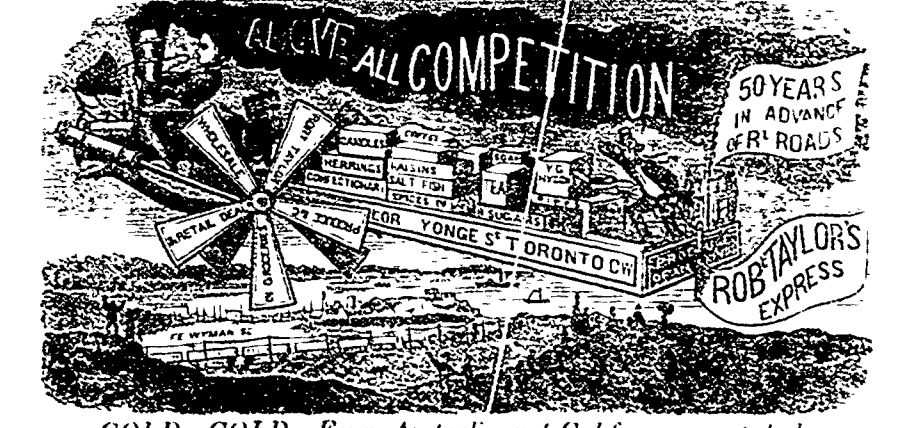
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