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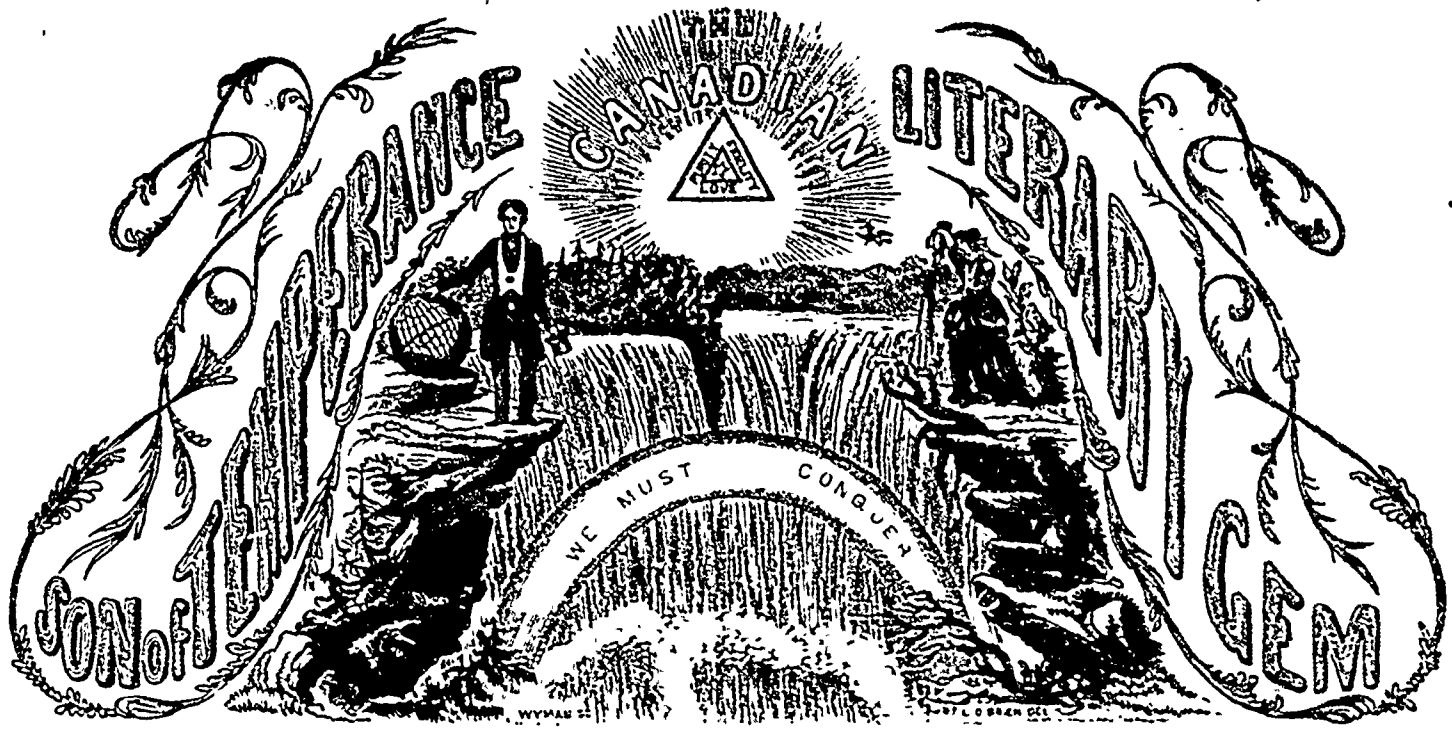
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

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NO. 21.

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

(Continued from No. 19, col. 3)

BY C. M. D.

BEAUTIES OF A PRAIRIE MORNING—THE WARRIORS COMMENCE TO MARCH—THEIR FAREWELL TO THEIR WIVES AND FRIENDS.

There is something inexpressibly sweet in the voice—the sun—the sunshine—the glittering dew-drops—the breathing as of trees, flowers, grasses and shrubs, seen in the morning all temperate and warm climates. The sun for the hundred thousandth time has risen in tinted glories, bright and beautiful, young and glorious—as genial and warming as ever, over the stern horizon. On it time hath had no effect to mar its beauty to lessen its rays, to curtail its eternal splendors. It shines as it shone myriads upon myriads of years ago, fresh from the hands of its Almighty Architect, young and inconceivably beautiful. And as HE gives to HIS mortal creatures the WARMTH and EXCELLENCE of His Spiritual Life and GRACE, converting men into holy angels; so this natural emblem of the Goodness of the EVER BLESSED GOD, sheds upon nature its light and life, causing all things to sing and rejoice—the flowers to spring in beauty, scenting the air, and delighting the eye, looking to God, the flies to flit in its light their tiny wings—the birds to open their joyful throats, and one vast hallelujah to arise from the joyful universe. Morning is beautiful everywhere, but it is especially so in the great western prairie—dotted over with clumps of trees and covered with a measureless mantle of sweet grasses and flowers. The dews of night have fallen sweetly over the sparkling rays of the stars, on these vast meadows, when the warm rays of the rising summer sun lights up a firmness of flowers with the dissipated dew-drops, there arises a sweet cloud of incense to kiss the floating clouds. Such was morning that arose on the army of Tecumseh.

Over the forests bright and green,
Over the prairie's verdant sheen,
The pearls dew-drops falling glitter,
The birds their love songs twitter,
As the shades of sober night
The earth have taken flight;
The day of glory, bright
Upon the tomb of night,
See all nature with his beams
Hills, the vales with golden gleams,
Aromy creation sings,
With concordant rapture rings
Must be holy that POWER
In this His love on us can show,
That shines in mystic round,
That hears these joyful sounds,
That melts away in peace,
Fought with moonlight's slirry
Ree;
And proclaim God reigns in love,
Under far the heavens above,
Pure bears his stamp divine
His works his glories shine.
Beauteous came th fatal morn
Imos skies with oerstars bore,
Redly borne mid songs of mirth,
With joys a happy earth
Savage warriors now perceive
Beh old and equal share

The duties of the great campaign,
Mid scenes of strife and war's dire
relga.
No murmur rose from any heart,
Determined each to perform his part,
But there were two who earlier to
To view the tins sun's beams disclose,
To listen to the first sweet lay,
The robin sings at break of day,
And to inhale the breath of morn,
On air perfumed by zephyrs borne.
O'er an aged man, o'er whose grey
head
A hundred summer's bright had sped,
Who had for eighty fleeting years,
Ne'er ceased to rise when the sun ap-
pears.
The other yet in life's leand bloom,
With soul on fire for coming doom,
His form elate, his eye still bright,
The rising sun was his delight.
They lov'd to view, o'er eastern hills,
Its face of fire, whose splendour fills
The valleys low, the mountain dells,
And at whose glance all nature swells
Tecumseh young, great Preble chief,
To worship meet, and conference brief,
Hold thus at dawn of dawning day,
Ere he should take his eastern way.

pulled his old mare up, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the firm of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Weir—who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise the form vanished.

"Well," exclaimed old Weir, "this is curious, anyhow;" and breaking several branches of a sapling so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart put his old mare into a jog-trot, and soon reached his house.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been a-drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher gone to England? And if he had a come back do you think we shouldn't a heard on it?"

"Ay, Betty!" said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben?" said the old woman "You must be drunk surely, to get on about ghostesses."

"I tell thee I am not drunk," rejoined old Ben, angrily "There's been foul play, Betty; I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than a matter of two miles from this. Egad, it were on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms a folded; just as he used to sit when he was a waiting for anybody coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close as I am to thee; when all on a sudden, he vanished like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben! don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbors will only laugh at you." Come to bed and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning.

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night; on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest, and oft repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated on the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses.

On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged his old mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sidney in return. After this he said to her, "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, anyhow, am I?"

"No," said Betty. "You are quite sober, sensible like, to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghost! Don't believe there's such things."

"Well, you are satisfied I am not drunk: but perfectly sober," said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, Betty; I saw Fisher to-night again!"

"Stuff," cried old Betty.

"You may say stuff," said the old farmer. "But I tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night! Sure it is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left his country without coming to bid you and me good bye?"

"It's all fancy!" said old Betty. "Now drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost! I won't hear on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men," said old Ben; "but I'm not going to drink anything to-night. It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I'm now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think;" and with these words he got up, and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half pay, and was a settler in the new colony, he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news in Sidney.

"The news in Sidney, sir, is very small," said old Ben: "wheat is falling, but maize still keeps its price—seven and sixpence a bushel. but I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it, Ben?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "you know I am not a weak-minded man, nor a fool exactly, for I was born and bred in Yorkshire."

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool," said Mr. Grafton; "but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface?"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But after a little consideration the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you saw the ghost."

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the original natives of New South Wales (the race which has been very aptly described "the last link in the human chain,") to remain about his premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Jonny Crook. The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales of tracking the human foot, not only over grass, but over the hardest rock; and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Jonny Crook, was famous for his skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bush-rangers, whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse police.

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief, Jonny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came, and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Jonny Crook who had no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be "White man's blood," and, after searching about for some time, he pointed to a spot whereon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are not uncommon; and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously—not sufficient even to lay the dust on the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither. The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the scraggs and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No one had been washed ashore to show that anything unusual had been sunk in the pond; but, having finished his examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly at the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long sought object, clapped his hands, and pointing to the middle of the pond to where the decomposition of some human substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colors, he exclaimed, "White man's fat!" The pond was immediately searched, and, below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotten white blanket were found near the body, these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth, but on the waistcoat there were some large brass buttons, which were immediately recognized, both by Mr. Grafton and old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn these buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

AN AUSTRALIAN MURDER—FISHER'S GHOST.

In the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Pennrith, about fifteen miles from Sydney, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had become free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character, had acquired for him considerable property, for a person of his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about fifty years old.

One day Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbors—a man named Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years. Smith produced a document purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this document, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during his absence. Fisher was a man of very angular habits and eccentric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of being a surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him."

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Weir, who had a small farm near Pennrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney, one night, when he beheld seated on a rail which bounded the road—Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the road from the middle of the road was, at least, twelve yards. Nevertheless, he saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. They inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr. Grafton to night; Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations, said, "Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell it?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied Smith. "The power I hold from Fisher is a general power;" and he forthwith produced a document purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh, certainly, sir. I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed. When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said, "Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here!" He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, remarked—"These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left his home for Sydney; had murdered him for the gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and then thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank Heaven!" he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell you that I had no hand in his horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and—finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected—had trumped up the story about the ghost—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition and good nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir; but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearance was against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came, and said he had "gone at last," they did not think it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder found against Thomas Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the Supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came; and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The Attorney General very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the Jury, (which consisted of military officers) in his defence. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses, who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He, further, produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost story was entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Francis Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition; and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favor of an acquittal. The jury retired; but after deliberating for seven hours, they returned to the court, with a verdict of Guilty.

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was instantly attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder, and that it was upon the very rail where Fisher swore he had seen the ghost sitting, that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney he likewise confessed was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated to them—Household Words.

BILL JOHNSON'S PLEDGE.

The Rev. John Abbot, the sular preacher, addressed the Washingtonians of Poughkeepsie on Saturday evening, Sept. 17. After animadverting upon the conduct of clergymen and other persons who refuse to sign the pledge, because they love to drink a little wine occasionally, and illustrating the influence which the example of such individuals exerts on society, gave the following simile:—

During the last war with Great Britain, an American soldier expressed a strong desire to have an opportunity of displaying his valor, but when the opportunity offered itself, he was the first to seek a hiding place. His eye caught the sight of an old hollow tree, in which he snugly ensconced himself and watched the

movements of the red coats through a knot hole, with the same interest that the Texan lover did, when he beheld his gal sewing bear skin petticoats though with very different feelings.

At last when they passed, he sighed, "I hope every one of them will be taken prisoners!"

His whole heart was in the cause, like many people who say they are the friends of temperance; but when kindly solicited to lend the influence of their names and examples to the good cause they advance reasons for refusing to do so, as futile and cowardly as the soldier of hollow-tree memory.

Mr. Abbott concluded with the story of Bill Johnson, who was raised from the pit of inebriation through his instrumentality.

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must be permitted to sign the pledge his own way, which he did in these words: "I, William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no intoxicating liquor for one year." Some thought he wouldn't stick three days; others allowed him a week; and a few gave him two weeks. But the landlord who knew him best, said he was good stuff, but at the end of the year Bill would have a real bender.

Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbot, "Bill, ain't you going to renew the pledge?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but what I will, I have done pretty well so far, will you let me sign it again my own way?"

"O yes, any way so that you wont drink rum."

He writes, "I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for nine hundred and nine-y-nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to make out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his old landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken. "Oh landlord!" whined Bill, accompanied with sundry contortions of the body as if enduring the most excruciating torments, "I have such a lump on my left side."

"That's because you have stopped drinking; you wont live two years longer at this rate."

"If I commence drinking, will the lump go away?"

"Yes. If you don't yo will have another just such a lump on the other side."

"Do you think so, landlord?"

"I know it, you will have them on your arms, back, breast and head; you'll be covered all over with lumps."

"Well, may be I will," said Bill.

"Come, Bill," said the landlord, "let's drink together;" at the same time pouring out the red stuff from a decanter into his glasses, gug, gug, gug.

"No," said Johnson, "I can't for I have signed the pledge again."

"You hain't though! You're a fool."

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I could'n't get off."

"I wish the devil had that old rascal; well, for how long a time do you go this time?"

"For nine hundred and ninety-nine years," whimpered Bill.

"You wont live a year."

"Well, if I drink, you are 'sure the lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"And if I don't drink, I will have just such a lump on the other side?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I wont drink, here is the lump, continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it, "and you say I'll have more such lumps—that's what I want!"—Michigan Temperance Advocate.

Humorous.

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

A Mrs. Boots, of Pennsylvania, has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume these pair of "boots" are rights and acts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots is "right," but there is no mistake Mr. Boots is "left."

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said—"In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.—A young lady has been turned out of society at New Jersey, for having upon the thapody of the moment, exclaimed at a tea-table, "How pleasant it is to travel! When you are at sea, what can be more delightful than a smack—or on land than a good 'bus."

A very neat method of asking subscribers to pay up is adopted by an editorial friend of ours, who says—

"We had sweet dreams the other night, When all around was still— We dreamed we saw a host of folks Pay up their printer's bill!"

"Go it, old fellow," said two of the scapgraces to an honest laborer at work—"Walk away while we pay—sow and well reap!" "Very likely, my lads," replied the old man coolly, "I'm sowing hemp."

The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvanian has heard an amusing definition of "old tozy." It is one who sits on the short tail of progress and cries—wo!

When woman's rights are stirred a bit, The first reform she pitches on, Is how she may, with least delay, Just draw a pair of breeches on.

THE REASON—"Say, Sammy, why don't your mother mend that rip in your breeches?" "Oh! she's gone away to the sewing circle, to make clothes for the poor children."

A singer in the northern corner of Iowa, recently dislocated his jaw in attempting to sing "high B." It appears there was a contest between the victor and a rival teacher as to which should be employed to teach a certain singing school, and the former made such desperate efforts to astonish the natives as led to the lamentable result above mentioned—but he got the school.

"Madam," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."



Ladies' Department.

CORSET RHYMES

When I was over by your town A week ago, or more, I saw a very snug pair there, I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window-esse, I put a string in a striddle— Look'd something like an hour glass, And something like a saddle.

I asked of several city gents, Who chanced to be at hand, "What was it?" but their gibberish I could not understand.

One fellow called it "a restraint, On certain parties placed, Like a decree in Chancery, To stay the tenant's waste."

Another, just the queerest chap Of any in the swarm— Said, "It wasn't the glass of fashion, but 'Twas the mould of form."

Another said, "'twas a nichelao A lady used to her, To bring her life and form into The very smallest figure."

At last a little girl came out, And think of my amazement! She asked me "If I would please To buy a pair of stays."

Of course, I'd heard of 'stays' before, But strike me dead and dumb, If I see I until that hour, Suspected "them was um."

Well—Isn't it exceeding strange, That any maid or wife, Just for a "little taper," should Put out the "lamp of life?"

I know that lunatics must have Strait jackets put about 'em, But women in their wits should make A shirt to do—without 'em!

A MATRIMONIAL HINT.—We remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth who, hesitating in his choice between two ladies, by both of whom he was beloved, was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day, as all the three were wandering in a garden, that one of the girls, in attempting to pluck a new-blown rose, wounded her finger with a thorn. It bled freely, and applying the petals of a white rose to the wound she said smiling, "I am a second Venus. I have dyed the white rose red." At the moment they heard a scream; and feared the other lady, who loitered behind, had met with an accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had by en called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so pertacious and fretful a lamentation over her wounded finger that the youth, after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome, but more amiable of the two friends. Happy would it be for many a kind-hearted woman did she know by what seeming trifles the affection of those whom she loves may be confirmed or alienated for ever.

MAN'S WEAK PART.—In the course of a book lately published at New York, entitled the "Reveries of an Old Mad," we are told that the weapons to subdue man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen! "The weakest part of the alligator is his stomach. Men is an alligator. Let the young wife fascinate her husband with the teapot! Let her, so to speak, only bring him into habits of intoxication with that sweet charmer, and make honey-suckles clamber up his chair back and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearth-rug be a bed of heart's ease for the feet in slippers, and the wickedness of the natural enemy must die within him." What excellent wives some of those old maids who write books would make!

MONKEY STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.—The Cleveland Herald says that on the 1st instant, some thirty women well backed by gentlemen proceeded to the grocery of Anthony Jacob's, in Ashland, and asked him to discontinue the sale of liquor and the use of a bagatelle board which had injured many of the youth and some of the married men from their homes. He refused and the ladies chopped his bagatelle table into kindling-wood, and emptied his liquor into the street. They then visited another grocery and a tavern both of which capulated.

THE FOLLIES OF GREAT MEN.—Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed color, and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or a fox. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost. Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar, or under ground, to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one, he would shake out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to walk at the table, nor would he be helped himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished. The story of the great Frenchman, Malesbranche, is well known, and is well authenticated. He fancied he carried an enormous leg of mutton at the tip of his nose. No one could convince him to the contrary. One day a gentleman visiting him adopted his plan to cure him of his folly. He approached him, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! your leg of mutton has struck me in the face!" at which Malesbranche expressed regret. The friend went on "May I not remove the encumbrance with a razor?" "Ah, my friend! my friend! I owe you more than life. Yes, yes; by all means cut it off!" In a twinkling the friend lightly cut the tip of the philosopher's nose, and adroitly taking free under his cloak a superb leg of mutton, raised it in triumph. "Ah!" cried Malesbranche, "I live! I breathe! I am saved! My nose is free, my head is free, but—but—it was raw, and that is cooled." "Truly," but then you have been seated near the fire; that must be the reason." Malesbranche was satisfied, and from that time forward he made no more complaints about any mutton-leg, or any other monstrous protuberance on his nose.

ARABIAN COURTESHIP.—An Arabon having brought a bush of a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My feet have planted roses in your cheeks, why forbid me to gather them?"—the law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

[ORIGINAL] FOR MISS EMMA

I scarce can choose my theme to write / On this fair album page, / There youth so soon is out of sight / Behind the cloud of age...

Professor Silliman, in an address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, remarked that the best diploma for woman is a large family of children, and an honored and happy husband.

A young lady in Albany was lately married to Mr. William Tongue. Isn't she Tongue-tied! We hope she will be happy and hold her Tongue many a long year.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE NEWS.

The Grand Jury of Boston has found bills of indictment against some half a dozen persons in Boston, who are keeping inns in open violation of the law. The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a law in amendment of the Maine Law, making all persons (landlords) who permit their premises to be used for the sale of intoxicating drinks, liable to a fine of \$100.

We learn by the Minnesotaian, that a prohibitory liquor law has just been passed by the territorial Legislature. It has been prepared in accordance with an opinion, previously requested, from their Chief Justice.

In Alabama there was a State Temperance Convention held on the third Monday in May. The Crystal Fountain Temperance paper is to be enlarged. In Maryland a bill has been proposed to the Senate, submitting the question of the propriety of the passage of a prohibitive law to the people.

New Brunswick.—It is gratifying to see by the Telegraph that the Mayor of the City of St. John's just elected is a Son of Temperance, and was chosen on account of his abstinence principles.

Distressing Calamity.—On Tuesday last the 11th inst., an accident occurred on Lake Simcoe which has rarely been equalled as regards the loss of life thereby incurred.

Highland Division, Scarborough, will hold a grand soiree on Tuesday the 31st May, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the farm of the late Edward Cornwall, about ten miles from Toronto.

Ontario Division Open Meetings.—This plan is succeeding well; the Division has now held two open meetings, both of which have been well attended.

Ontario Division Paid Delegates.—This Division appointed two paid delegates to St. Catharines, on the 16th instant, viz., Bro. C. Durand and J. W. Woodall.

Notice.—The editor of this paper will be in St. Catharines the greater part of this week, at the Grand Division.

The Markham Division of Sons have passed a resolution declaring that it is inconsistent in a Son of Temperance to advertise spirituous liquors.



Youths' Department.

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

[ORIGINAL] LITTLE KATE

BY THE FOREST BARD

In eve's balmy hour, / In the pleasant bow'r, / I sat, I knew I meant, / For I was the fortunate state, / Unconscious of art...

A TRUE STORY.

We are going to tell you a true story of two little girls of eight and six years old, whom we shall call Grace and Lizzie. These children had one sister, Fanny, much older than they were; and two sisters, Annie and Netty, in their own age.

Lizzie, in the meantime, was quietly putting on her stockings; and suddenly she looked up in Fanny's face and said, "I might wear the colored stockings, dear Fanny, and let Grace have mine."

"So you might, dear; but do just as you like about it," was Fanny's reply.

Lizzie sat thoughtful for a few moments, and then asked Fanny to take her in her lap; and she put her head on her sister's shoulder and still remained thinking.

"So do I, darling; but you must make up your mind about it."

Lizzie could not quite decide; but, at last she said, "I cannot sister Fanny—I cannot. All the girls will wear white stockings; and they will think I am not a neat little girl."

While this struggle had been going on in Lizzie's mind, her desire of gratifying herself had been strengthened by Annie and Netty, who said repeatedly to Lizzie, "Don't give them up. If Grace is such a naughty girl let her stay at home."

"I am not as well pleased with you as if you had given Grace the stockings; but I am not displeas'd with you," answered Fanny.

Fanny left the room shortly after; and when she returned, Lizzie was just tying her slipper-strings over the colored stockings, and grace was drawing on the white ones.

Dear little child! her act of self-denial and disinterestedness had made the colored stockings more beautiful in her eyes than the fairest white ones, and made the whole afternoon one of enjoyment.

While we admired the beautiful, unselfish spirit of little Lizzie, and watched the hard struggle between right and wrong in her breast, we could not but feel with how much judgment Fanny acted, in letting the child work out her own trial without a word from her to turn the balance, and how richly she was rewarded by her little sister's self-denial.

We hope our little readers will all remember this story,

which is true in every particular. The stockings belonged to Lizzie; we had a perfect right to wear them, and a great many children would never have thought of such a thing as giving them up, but she chose to make her sister happy, and the happiness returned ten fold upon her own heart.

A CHILD AT PRAYER

BY ALICE CAREY

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes, / When the winds are low, / Brighter than the spring time blushes, / Reddening out of snow, / Were the voice and cheer so fair, / Of the little child at prayer

Like a white lamb of the meadow, / Climbing through the light; / Like a priestess in the shadow / Of the temple bright, / Seemed she, saying, Ho! One, / Thine and not my will be done

To the Editor of the "Son of Temperance" Glandford, May 9th, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—Being absent from home I did not see until this date Mr. Kennedy's letter, or I should have replied to it before, but lest he should think that his last shot has totally annihilated me I will reply now, though late. He seems bound up in mysteries, his language is so ambiguous that it is hard to get at him.

I am Dear Sir, yours in haste, JOHN W. FERGUSON.

Glandford, May 4th, 1853.

Sir,—If Mr. Kennedy in his erudite communication which appeared in the Gem of the 5th of April last, means to convey the idea, that Algebra is that branch of the Mathematics in which calculations are performed by means of symbols, I think all will agree with him; but if he intends to maintain that Algebra is the science of symbols, then I, for one, will not contend about trifles, but will cheerfully permit Mr. K to remain in his glory.

Given (x+y)^2 / xy + 1 = 18 xy / (x^2 + y^2) / xy + 1 = 208 xy^2 to find x and y by quadratics

Yours truly, &c, P.

BRITAIN IS GETTING AWAKE—THE TRUE REMEDY SEEN.

"This is a question—the question which British philanthropists must now prepare themselves to ponder, and ere long to answer. And who that has soberly reflected upon, or taken any pains to investigate, the character, tendency, and results of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, but will be at once prepared to form and declare their emphatic decision?"

The above is an extract from a British temperance paper of influence, and it shows that the light of NEAL DOWISM, has reflected on the East from the West. The mother, in these COLLEGE DAYS, has got to learn from her children. America is teaching England the beauty of truthful legislation.

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, MAY 21, 1853.

SONG OF THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN

BY DAVID RUSSELL.

From the bright crystal fountain
That flows in beauty free,
By shady hill and mountain,
Fill high the cup for me!
Sing of the sparkling waters
Bling of the cooling spring—
Let freedom's sons and daughters
Their joyous tribute bring

From many a happy dwelling,
Late misery's dark abode,
Now the dark pool is swelling—
The hymn of praise to God—
Hear the glad song ascending
From many a thankful heart,
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending,
And each their aid impart

'Twas the pure pledge of Eden,
Ere sorrow's notes were heard,
Ere our first mother heeding
The subtle serpent's word—
Forgetting their Creator,
Plunged her long race in woe,
And caused o'er beautiful Nature,
The seeds of death to grow.

We'll join the tuneful chorus,
And raise our songs on high;
The cheering view before us
Delights the raptured eye,
The glorious cause is gaining
New strength from day to day,
The drunkard's lust is waning
Before cold water's sway.

—American Union.

The Steamer "Mazeppa" for St. Catharines, on Wednesday Morning next.

Captain DONALDSON, of this boat, informs us that he will leave Toronto, to accommodate passengers going to the meetings of the League or Grand Division, at Seven o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday morning next. This will enable many delegates to arrive there much sooner, than by going by the morning boat to Niagara, and thence to St. Catharines; therefore, we advise all to avail themselves of this arrangement.

THE TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—A branch of this association was formed in this city, on Wednesday the 11th instant, and resolutions were moved by several gentlemen. Strange to say, not one of the movers was a DRINKING MAN, nor was there a SINGLE DELEGATE from THAT CLASS, the DRINKING PORTION of the community, to gain over whom and to receive the money and votes of whom this NEW ASSOCIATION is ostensibly formed—verifying fully what we have always said, that drinking men will not associate thus to put down intemperance. In a few instances, no doubt they will, but they will only be the exceptions, whereas the great bulk of every Branch of the League, will be composed of old teetotallers or sons. If this be the case, why injure our good name by changing the feature of all modern temperance associations—TOTAL ABSTINENCE? Of the officers and managers of the County of York Branch, not one of them is, or has been for some time past, a drinking man. Now all this work could have been done, and all the good the movement can do, could be done by a Provincial Association of the friends of Total Abstinence, without a mixture FOR EFFECT of a few DRINKING MEN. Although numerous advertisements were inserted in the city papers, and a large bill incurred by Mr. J. M. Ross, their Secretary, amounting probably to more than the amount of the money paid in; yet at the formation of the County Branch, not one delegate from the DRINKING CLASSES attended, or was appointed to carry out the League.

JUDGE MARSHALL AND THE LEAGUE.

The following remarks are taken from an account of the late league meeting held in this city, as reported in the *North American*. They are said to have been made by Judge Marshall on moving a certain resolution:

He might be permitted on this occasion to express his opinion on the formation of the League itself, and it was right that he should do so, as his name had appeared in a public print in regard to this movement as being unfavourable to it. He would not impute improper motives to the individual who introduced his name in reference to this matter; but he would say, when the first notice of this League was given, it received his entire approbation (Applause). He was aware of the existence of similar associations in the parent country. He was for years a member of the great Scottish Temperance League, an association which had effected more good through its missionaries and lecturers employed, and its other agencies, than any other movement in the United Kingdom. It has been in operation for many years, and is a formidable agency indeed in carrying on the temperance movement. There are several other similar societies in England, although known by different names. Only yesterday he received a copy of the *Bristol Temperance Herald*, and there is an article in it in reference to the Maine Law, or a new alliance in Manchester.—*North American*, May 19th, 1853.

Now if this be the case, the statements made by Judge Marshall are incorrect, and contrary to his after verbal statements to the editor of this paper. We are also told that his expressions on the occasion were different from the above, and that he distinctly said that the present Constitution of the League was in some things defective. In the first place Judge Marshall is made to say that the Scottish Temperance League and English League are similar to the Canadian, that is, not based on temperance, but admitting DRINKERS and sellers of INTOXICATING DRINKS and TEETOTALLERS. Now we emphatically deny that this is the case, or that there has been any specification, either in England or the

United States, similar in this respect to the League in Canada. The Scottish Temperance League, the British Temperance Association, and the London Temperance League, are all based strictly on Temperance in their members. The one proposed to be formed in Manchester, but not yet formed, nor is it known how it will succeed if formed, is said to have a constitution which will include drinking men and teetotalers. Of this as yet the British public know little, but it will inevitably prove a failure in England. There is more chance of such an association succeeding in Canada, but little even here—unless INDEED IT BE CARRIED OUT as it has been SO FAR ENTIRELY BY TEETOTALLERS. Why is the matter thus carried on under false colors? Why call it an association of drinking men and teetotalers, when the former as yet have not joined it? Again we were the first to mention to Judge Marshall the fact of this new society in Manchester, he having at the time, not seen the *Bristol Herald*. He then expressed to us his surprise at such a proposition, and said that it would not be so bad to admit men who took but a glass for fashion sake, but he could not listen for a moment to a proposition that would allow (as the Canadian League does.) the admission of innkeepers and distillers into the same association with teetotalers. He said he was then going to Hamilton, and intended to explain his views on this subject. From this conversation we clearly understood him to say that he was opposed to the present constitution of the League, which is all we have ever said. After the above League meeting Judge Marshall called at our office, and when we alluded to this conversation, he admitted that he had changed his views since we had seen him before, and that now he was willing to join in a League which admitted only MODERATE DRINKERS as members, and still thought it wrong to admit those who got their living by selling alcohol. To this we remarked that MODERATE DRINKERS often did more harm than DRUNKARDS, so far as true progress in the temperance movement was concerned. There seems to us no consistency in excluding those who sell, if you admit those who buy of sellers.

WHAT CAN SONS AND TEETOTALLERS DO?—There are nearly twenty thousand Sons in Upper Canada, or at least, that number are now or have been in the order; and there are more than that number of teetotalers in this Province: then there is an army of over 40,000 men teetotalers, and an equal number of adult females of similar sentiments in our Province. With this army of people all united, and working for one common end, the Maine Law can and must be passed within a few years. It can be done without the immediate assistance of drinking men. Their united action would have such a moral effect on the community, that nothing could withstand it.

CAN ANY ONE TELL US what "TEMPERANCE" means in 1853?—Is a society composed of drinking men and teetotalers a TEMPERANCE organization or not?

IN EVERY STATE OF THE AMERICAN UNION—so far—prohibitory laws have been carried by total abstinence associations: and the greatest enemies of these laws have been found to be moderate drinkers! Why? Because they drink so little that they do not feel the real effects of the traffic. Yet they hate to give up their fashionable glass of wine, their evening toddy or their morning dram. Now, we say, that temperance men will find out to their cost, that they will have to do the FIGHTING AND WORKING in this business in Canada after all. Americans have found this out in Boston and Maine. Out of 2,500 subscribers to this paper, we or our agents have been able to get but few persons not teetotalers to take it:—and the same will be found to be the case with all temperance periodicals. As temperance associations let us influence drinking men all we can, but let us not fraternize with them as if they were of the same sentiments, and call them temperance men when they are not such.

OPINIONS OF AMERICAN JUDGES.

The opinion of American Judges and Grand Juries have been repeatedly given against the license system, which they have unhesitatingly said over and over again is the cause of the great bulk of all crime. There is not a Judge or Magistrate in Canada, who will speak with an unprejudiced voice, but would confirm the following strong but truthful remarks of a Pennsylvania Judge. Now how can men having a spirit of true patriotism, or love for their fellow beings, oppose the enactment of a law in Canada which will prevent the causes of crime? The evil being admitted and known—the cause pointed out—what other course can duty dictate than the abolition of the traffic? To be sure we cannot prevent all the drunkenness, it will exist to a small extent, notwithstanding the most vigorous and searching laws, but our Statute Book should at least be pure and rational.—(Ed. Son)

JUDGE MCLURE AND INTemperance.

Judge McClure of Pittsburgh in a charge to the Grand Jury last week, spoke of intemperance and crime in the following emphatic manner:—

The court has been in session since October Term, without intermission, dispatching the criminal business of the County. I have kept a docket and table of contents, cause, time, &c., in my own way, collateral to and independent of the usual records of the Court, and without wearying your patience with the process I have gone through, I will give you the result, which is, that had it not been for the use and abuse of ardent spirits in Alleg-

any County, every case on the October calendar would have been disposed of in one week (and the District Attorney confirms this statement,) with the utmost ease, and the cases would have been of a trifling nature. There would not have been one case in the Oyer and Terminer.

I shall cease to prate any more to Grand Juries about this omnipotent parent of crime, alcohol. If a century of imbecile legislation has not sufficed to convince reasonable men; if crime and poverty before their faces have failed to convince; if a senseless drain upon their charity, from destitution caused by drink; if their increased taxes; if men's eyes and ears will not convince; if the evidence of our senses will not enlighten our understanding, in this behalf, and cause in the community corresponding acts, prompted by duty and common sense, then to talk upon this theme longer here, is time thrown away. If society chooses to indulge in this costly luxury of woe and the causes that produce it, I have no more to say, for society has the power to select its own peculiar enjoyments, and indulge itself therein. Its right to do so is more questionable.



The following letters show the current of public opinion in Upper Canada on the advertising question. All these letters have come to us unsolicited, from the spontaneous action of the Divisions. They all breathe the right spirit. Probably nine out of ten of all the Divisions would speak in the same way.

SONS OF TORONTO TOWNSHIP.

SIR AND BROTHER,—I am directed by the W. P. of Philanthropic Division, No 352 S of T, to send you the following resolutions, which were carried unanimously at our last meeting, for insertion in your valuable paper.

Yours, in L. P. and F.,
G. A. HODGSON, R. S.

May 10, 1853.

1st. Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Division, that it is a gross inconsistency for the proprietor of a paper, being a Son of Temperance, to advertise in his columns intoxicating liquors, as it tends to promote the sale thereof, and propagate intemperance.

2nd. Resolved, That we highly approve of the conduct of the editor of the *Son of Temperance*, in taking up the subject, and so ably exposing to the public, the inconsistent conduct of the editor of the *Spirit of the Age*, and that it is our opinion that no Son of Temperance can give publicity to such advertisements, without virtually violating his pledge.

3rd. Resolved, that we regret to notice the VIRULENT ATTACKS, that appear weekly in the *HATCHMAN* newspaper against the editor of the *Son of Temperance*, and consider the same as calculated to injure the cause of temperance, and wholly unworthy a member of our noble Order. Carried unanimously.

SONS OF THORNHILL.

Mr. Editor,—It was resolved by our Division, that we consider the proceedings of the editor of the *Spirit of the Age* with regard to the ADVERTISING LIQUORS in the *Canadian* newspaper, as a violation of the constitution of our Order.

I am directed by the Division to send you the above notice for your information, as to what we thought about the matter.

I remain yours, in L. P. and F.,
W. M. McMORRIN, R. S.

May 17, 1853.

LAMBTON DIVISION OF SONS.

Moved by Br. Jackson, and seconded by Br. Vert, and Resolved: that a vote of thanks be given to the editor of the *Gem*, for the unremitting exertions and untiring zeal (notwithstanding the varied hostilities from different quarters,) which he has manifested in behalf of the noble enterprise of the Sons of Temperance in the world's reformation, in exposing the glaring inconsistencies of the *Spirit of the Age*.

SMITHFIELD SONS, GORE OF TORONTO.

Mr. Editor,—I have been desired by Smithfield Division, No. 172, to forward these resolutions to you:—

1st. Resolved, That we consider it the duty of every Division of our Order, to express their sentiments on the discussion between Br. C. Durand and the editor of the *Spirit of the Age*

2nd. That we look with surprise and regret on the fact that any Son of Temperance should support the editor of the *Spirit* in the stand he has taken on this question, as we believe the publishing of intoxicating liquor for sale, to be virtually aiding and abetting in the sale of the same; thereby violating the spirit and intention of the pledge.

3rd. That this Division return Br. C. Durand thanks for the able manner in which he has exposed the inconsistency of the editor of the *Spirit* and his supporters

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Br. C. Durand for insertion in his excellent temperance paper.

Yours, L. P. and F.,
JAS. BENNET, R. S.

St. Andrews, May 16, 1853.

SONS OF NORFOLK.

Waterford, May 19, 1853.

SIR AND BROTHER—The subjoined resolutions passed by Town-land Division, No. 141, I am directed to forward to you for publication:—

Whereas this Division has viewed with regret a controversy carried on for some time between the *Canadian Son of Temperance*, (the acknowledged organ of the Sons,) and the *Spirit of the Age*, (pretending to be the organ of the Hamilton Divisions and Grand Scribe,) and considering it to be the duty of this as well as every other Division to well weigh the matter as conveyed in the various circulars, received by this and other Divisions, it is therefore moved by Brother Robt. Walker, seconded by Brother G. W. Griffin, and resolved:—

1st. That this Division is of opinion that it is altogether inconsistent and entirely at variance with the order of the Sons of Temperance, for any member to advertise, or in any way connive with the Liquor Traffic.

2nd. That this Division instructs their representative to the Grand Division to make the necessary inquiries with regard to the true position of the Grand Scribe, and his authority for using his official influence in his attempting to circulate a print, the Editor of which

advocates at the same time, both the Maine Law principles, as well as the Liquor Traffic, to accommodate both parties

3rd That this Division entirely agrees with the Editor of the Son of Temperance in the course pursued in exposing to the world the inconsistent conduct of any officer or member of the Order of Sons of Temperance

4th That the foregoing resolutions be sent to the editor of the Son of Temperance for his consideration and insertion in his valuable paper."

Yours in L. P. F. J. M. GREEN, R. S.

SONS OF MORPETH, ON LAKE ERIE.

SIR AND BROTHER,—Believing that you are still in the land of the living, notwithstanding the anathemas of the Spirit of the Age, I take the liberty of informing you of what I believe to be the general impression of all true Sons of Temperance here on the suicidal course of the LATE BR. McQUEEN and the SEVENTEENTH PORTION of his supporters.

When a Son of Temperance weekly demands a prohibitory liquor law—preaches the beauties of temperance—points to the HORRORS of DRUNKENNESS, as sufficient arguments in favor of such a measure—attempts to show the MORAL CRIMINALITY of those engaged in "PROFFERING THE CUP OF ENCHANTMENT," and yet allows himself or mediums over which he has entire control, to be made use of in INFORMING THE PUBLIC where the object of his aversion can be plentifully obtained; it is hard to make candid men believe he is consistent.

It is a strange world we live in; but stranger still is the fact, that there are DIVISIONS SUSTAINING MR. McQUEEN, when his FOUR-MOUTHED defences, and his league with "Leaguers," ought to convince them of his non-temperat principles.

Yours, respectfully, MORPETH. Howard, May, 1853.

The above is from a true Son, and we only regret that he has not signed his name to it. Let every man sign what is truth with his name, for of such sentiments as the above no man need be ashamed. —[Ed. Son]

ORIGINAL

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN SHIPS "ALCOHOL" AND "COLDWATER."

Cameron with shovel and tongs, Col'nel Prince with musket and sword, And noble Shaw with pitchfork prongs, Ship Alcohol did bravely board.

Coldwater's ship was haul'd long side, Whose crew all told were twenty-eight, And Alcohol her guns defied, With thirty-two, her drinking freight.

Sir Allan stood on quarter deck, And bravely held a heavy gun, Determined that Coldwater's wreck Achieved should be with wit and fun.

Hartman, Christie, Eastern, Western, Wright, Sufficient were to weigh down wrong, When coupled with a Brown and WHITE, And aided by McKenzie's tongue.

Macdonald, Scott's sacred name, And PATRICK Ireland's patron Saint, A share in this great contest claim, And laughed at Hink's loud com-plaint.

This great Inspector wuz'd his Tail, A Morris-son from Niggers, Who voted NO, why should he fall? Are not AZOLES his TIARA.

Then Billy Rob—of Simcoe's woods, And Belleville's genteel Murney, With SCOTTIE, Morin, Cuchon,—bloody All scions of French chivalry;

Coldwater's ship did fire attack And spit out fire and flummary, Were shouted on by—COURT MAC, And Young who call'd it munimery.

DISTILLER Cambie voted true, But Ralph and Merrill seem'd afraid, He did what SNEAKERS would not do, The people's voice obeyed.

Ye friends of temperance when again Your assembled wisdom is dissolved, The twenty-eight who might and main A liquor law to have resolved,

Remember all—remember well, Dolegers, trimmers, and opposers, And let your votes at hustings tell, On those who're known as drinkers. C. M. D.

"THE WATCHMAN."—This paper in its issue of the 14th inst contains two columns, as usual the only editorial in the paper, which relates to its differences with the Canadian Son of Temperance. Our readers are aware that in our answers to this voluminous TALK ABOUT NOTHING, on the part of the Watchman editor, we have during the past six weeks occupied in all, little over one column of this paper; and why—because we really could not see any thing to argue about with the Watchman, and because we can amuse our readers otherwise than with abuse of a neighbor. With the Spirit and Hamilton Divisions we have been contending for a great principle, of importance to the order, and have therefore discussed the matter fully, as well as allowed it to be discussed by others in our columns. We have succeeded in showing the truthfulness of our position before the temperance public; and have so far been sustained by a large majority of the Divisions. Now as to the Watchman it never adheres to any thing except to its continual hostility to the Son of Temperance. It is said truly that a man who has BASELY INJURED you will seldom forgive you, and so it is with the editor of the Watchman. The people of this city know, and the members of his Church know, that when we originated this paper, he was publishing a semi-religious paper and had received pay from the New Connexion Methodist Conference in Canada for publishing their doings in 1850 and 1851. His paper as he admitted at the close of 1851, was not generally received as a Temperance paper, and on this ground—because the public, and very justly too, looked upon him as a sort of TRADING FRILT, willing to serve the WORLD and RELIGION. They also generally considered that his conduct had been STAKING to us. He came into the field un-called for by any Divisions, whereas we were invited by the then ONLY two Divisions in this city,—Ontario and Toronto,—to do so. He came into the field as our enemy, starting a paper secretly as a rival temperance paper, but ostensibly only as a semi-temperance and religious paper. The sneaking aim of the whole thing was seen through. Had he occupied our position we should never have acted thus, since there was no occasion for two temperance papers, especially at that time, in Toronto. As to our having asked the Ontario Division to give £20 more or less, out of their funds to us, it is entirely untrue as we will by means of a committee of that Division show. The Division never paid us a farthing for publishing its doings, never was asked to do it, but the matter is quite different with the editor of the Watchman, who has in various ways received a large sum for head-bills,

cards &c. and who before he had been in the Division six months, received out of its funds \$300, as a loan, which he has not yet repaid, and which no doubt, has greatly helped him to sustain his paper. What we state can be proved from the records of that Division. It was our intention to have occupied more space this time in this matter, but we must reserve it for another occasion. As to our assertions there is not one that we cannot prove; but he has failed to prove his, and he will have a chance to prove that with regard to our asking the Ontario Division to give or loan us £20, failing in which he will stand convicted of wilful falsehood. Our assertion as to his not paying one of the gentlemen in his office, Mr. Robinson, is true. He has paid since, but that gentleman came to us professionally on the matter, when, not wishing to sue the Watchman editor, we recommended him to go to Mr. McNab. Has the Watchman ever proved that every mail brought us large bundles of returned papers?

The Literary Gem.

ORIGINAL THE LAMP OF HOME.

BY THE FOREST BARD

How sweetly beams afar, The glimmer of that clear bright star, That now with mild and gentle rays Attracts the wearied wanderer's gaze. It leaps across the breast of night To greet us with its welcome light, From humble hut or lordly dome, The lamp light of the hearth of home

What tho' we brave the tempest wrath, That hoarsely sweeps across our path, What tho' life's cold and pelting storm In freezing folds enwraps our form, Tho' tread the path and lone the way,

We heed them not if we may say, Love's watcher lights the beacon dome, The lamp light in our own dear home

The pane the watcher lingers near, The wished for first lov'd step to hear, Or ever on his coming way Her gaze intently seeks to stay, Her fill a tear relieves her eye, Or wearied hope enjoys a sigh, Till veild her view by evening's gloom, She thus and lights the lamp of home. Coburgo, 8th April, 1853.

But watchful still as timid deer, Love wakens now an anxious ear, Lone moment after moment sped, At last she hears a coming tread, 'Tis he, he comes, the vigil's o'er, She rises to meet him at the door, One fond embrace, one chide to roam, Then smiles the bright pure light of home

Thus may the heart the tempest driven Find in the arbour love has given, A haven which her love endears, And sooth the memory of years, But while life bids our thoughts engage, To trace its name on his huge page, One light can yield the pond'rous tome Dear Woman smile, the light of home

Bright lustre on affection's shrine, Domestic, social and divine; 'Tis there by unpretending art With gladness to infuse the heart, As down life's current we shall glide, That magic smile shall be our guide, And dash aside each faithless form, That seeks to veil the light of home

THE FLYING SQUIREL.

This little animal although common in Canada, is so secret in its movements, being generally found on trees, that it is not so often seen as others. It is about the size of the common chipmunk or ground squirrel; is of a whitish colour on its under parts, and of a brownish dun colour on the upper parts of the body. The tail is four inches and a half long, of a brownish-white colour. The ears are long and roundish, and nearly bare of hair, the eyes are black and prominent. The teeth numbering two in the upper and two in the lower jaw, are similar to those of other squirrels. Each foot is armed with four toes and claws. A number of long black hairs extend from the nose, forming a small brush. The fur, especially the fine white fur of the under parts, is as soft and fine as silk. The peculiarity about this animal the most remarkable is its power of flying or jumping by long jerks through the air. For this purpose the skin of the abdomen, breast, and that between the hind and fore legs is quite loose, and has a power of expansion, either by the internal muscular power of the animal, or by the lightness of its formation when extended, but probably by both. It is a link between the bird and quadruped races, not so near as the bat, but one link further removed from the bird species. When extended the length of the body, from the end of the tail to the end of the nose, is nine and a half or ten inches, and the body stretched upon wires or when stuffed, in the form in which it flies in the air, is nearly an exact square—the legs extending beyond and forming with the extended skin almost the shape of half moons. The body itself is five inches long—the sides of the square formed by its extended skin, are as nearly as can be four inches long and the length from the point of the fore leg to the end of the hind leg or toe extended is eight inches. The skin extends from the body in the fashion to the foot, leaving in reality no leg discernible, the fore legs being more webbed than the hind ones. There is but one joint in the legs, the feet being long. When the body is extended it thus presents a light surface to the air, and with the muscular action of the animal's tail and legs, it is enabled to fly or jump frequently from twenty to thirty yards, in an angle of about seventy-five degrees from the tree, on which it is seen. On leaving the tree it aims for another, so as to arrive on reaching the ground near its trunk—the body then seems to rebound or remount, as if in a short flight, which enables it to catch hold of the adjacent tree and so escape its enemies. It thus passes through the woods from tree to tree, seldom crawling on the ground, and then in a very clumsy way. Its mode of travelling is then by taking flying jumps and crawling up trees. It breeds in the early part of summer, and has usually four young. Its food is similar to that of other squirrels, and it remains concealed in hollow trees through winter. Before taking its jumps it ascends usually to the top of the tree.

THE RED HEADED WOODPECKER OF CANADA.

Is a familiar but beautiful bird, known from its thieving habits and depredations on our cherries and orchards. It comes to Canada in the early part of May, and may be heard in the sunny days of the first weeks of May, and sometimes in April, crying loudly from the old pine trees of our fields. It is known also from its peculiar colours—a bright red head, neck and breast—lower part of the breast, abdomen, top of the back near the tail, small tail,

and wing feathers milky white. Some of the small wing feathers spotted with black—shoulders, top of the back, long wing feathers and tail feathers black, shaded with a bluish green. The extended wings measure thirteen inches—body, from the end of the beak to the end of the tail, ten inches—beak of a bluish-black colour, strong and pointed, an inch and a quarter long—eyes black and prominent—tail feathers near three inches long, strong and stiff, going into a bony point, which assists the bird in adhering to trees—legs dunnish, very strong, armed with four toes, and sharp claws—hind toes longer than the fore ones. This bird breeds in hollow trees and lays four white eggs. It is a beautiful bird, adorned with beautiful colours, and makes, in the warm summer days about our fruit trees, a peculiar loud creaking noise when on the wing. Poles near the fruit trees are often erected to kill them. This is one of a numerous species many of which are still more interesting than the above. This bird is never or at least seldom found in the dense woods, but remains near the settled parts of the country.

THE WOOD DUCK OF CANADA, is the most beautiful and interesting species we have. It is also one of the most common, differing to many of its habits from all others. It is found in all the small lakes, swamps, and mill-ponds of our Province, and seems to prefer small bodies of water, very much surrounded by trees. This circumstance makes it the mark of the gunsman everywhere. It breeds in Canada in the early part of summer, laying a dozen more or less of greenish colored eggs, in the hollows or thick branches of trees. From these nests the young are carried to the water by the old bird as soon as they are hatched—at least, it is the general belief. We never found a nest of the Wood Ducks, but have often observed them on trees and also seen them flying through the woods, apparently to some secret nest during the time of incubation. Perhaps some of our numerous readers can throw some light on the subject. The female is in its colour very plain, being of a brownish black colour in shades more or less distinct, with a whitish color on the breast and abdomen. The short wing feathers are green. This bird weighs about two pounds, and is of a longish form. The legs are dusky, and the young of a greenish yellow color, covered with thick down. It is surprising to what shifts and tricks the female will resort to save its young from dogs or hawks. She seems to have the whole management of the young, the male never being seen with them. Indeed he is not seen much in the summer at all. The Wood Duck is very good eating, and shooting them is a very common autumn sport of Canadians. The beautiful colours of the male contrast strangely with those of his mate, the female here seemingly, as indeed with most water fowls and birds, being the less beautiful.

The color of the male is as follows—Throat and under part of the neck, white—a white line passes over the eyes, and two white lines over the head and tail which crowns the head. A beautiful crown or tuft of long feathers hangs over the back of the head and upper part of the neck, two inches and upwards long, of black, green, white, and purple narrow feathers, forming a very picturesque crest. Head, sides of the head, and upper part of the neck, of beautiful shades of emerald green, purple, white, and black. Back, tops of the wings and tail, black and velvety, shaded with purple, especially the tail which is near three inches long, strong and bushy. Near the root of the tail there are some beautiful red and black feathers. Short wing feathers green tipped with white. Breast reddish brown, spotted with white—abdomen white—two black spots near the breast—sides of a beautiful grey tabby color—feathers long and tipped with white and velvet—feet dusky—eyes black, large, and prominent—bill an inch long, narrow, yellowish, spotted with black—tip black, and quite curved—body one foot and a half from tip of beak to end of tail. This duck makes a curious croaking noise in the spring when pairing. The female is of less brilliant colours, white on the breast and abdomen, and dark above, shaded with purple on the head. This duck is often tamed. Its general size is about one third less than the common tame duck. The hind toe is not webbed, but hangs behind apparently useless.

THE CRESTED SAW-BILL is a beautiful bird, the neatest in shape of any found in Canadian waters—beak black, $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch wide, an inch and a half long, curved at the tip, the upper mandible being indented largely like a saw,—eyes a bright scarlet or yellow. A crest of white and purplish black feathers, forming when erect a small half moon, crowns the head—neck long, of a deep black or bottle green—back, wings, coverlets, and tail, dusky—small wing feathers and breast white—upper part of the breast, pepper and salt color—shoulders of wings dun—abdomen dun—sides a brown tabby—feet dusky. Body from tip of tail to end of tail near two feet long—extended wings over two feet. The most remarkable feature about this bird is the tuft, which has two beautiful white spots on it, the size of a dollar.

THE PIGEON TAIL, OR COWIE DUCK, is about one fourth less than the tame duck, and of a plumper make. Abdomen, under the root of and sides of the tail, and lower part of the neck, and top of the head and wings of a beautiful white—sides of the neck breast, back, long tail and wing feathers, and shoulders black, sides of the head dunnish—bill and feet dusky—hind toe webbed—an inch and a quarter long—upper mandible falling over the under one in roof fashion—eyes reddish—small tail feathers white. Two long narrow feathers extend over the others, four or five inches long, fashioned like those of a pigeon, curved at the point, hence its name. This is a curiously marked bird.

Agricultural.

SUMMER GRASS

BY NINA ZAKIA.

I seek for blossoms far and wide,
Is there not then one early comer?
Through all the wood, one single bud
To tell my yearning heart of summer?

Exquisite grass, each fairy blade,
Made glorious by the dew's adorning,
With airy splendor flashing back
The cloudless brilliancy of morning.

Where on the azure May day eke,
The "Iron Horse" his breath is flinging—
And in the stead of woodland birds
The busy steamboat bells are ringing—

Its fresh luxuriance bears me back
To the first memories of life's morning,
When Winter seemed, "how leaden winged,"
And ho, how slow the sun's returning.

Sweet voucher of the coming spring,
I bless thy gentle mummuration
With the glad morn, I too would sing
A hymn of thanks and adoration.

THE WEATHER.—Monday and Tuesday of last week were delightful spring days. Everything assumed a summer appearance; the birds sang beautifully, and the trees, flowers, blossoms, and grasses in the fields grew and budded into bloom as if by magic.

FRUIT TREES—THEIR DISEASES AND INSECTS.

ANTS.—These insects are not very destructive, yet they sometimes do considerable injury to beds of seedlings, by making their hillocks among them; and they also infest ripe fruits.

Boiling water, oil, or spirits of turpentine, poured on their hillocks, disperses them; and if wide mouthed bottles, half-filled with sweetened water and syrup, be hung among the branches of a tree when the fruit is attaining maturity, ants, wasps, flies, and beetles, of all sorts that prey greedily upon sweets, will be attracted into them.

Mr. Downing, who recommends this as a "general extirpator suited to all situations," says "that an acquaintance caught in this way, in one season, more than three bushels of insects of various kinds, and preserved his garden almost entirely against them."

A gentleman in this District, who was very careful of his garden informed me that he had pursued this method of trapping insects with results that perfectly astonished him. He had to employ the bottles every few days to make room for more.

THE PEACH TREE BORER.—This is a most destructive insect when allowed to increase a few years without molestation. We have seen whole orchards of fine trees ruined by them. They sometimes attack even young trees in the nursery, and commit serious depredation on the collar, rendering them in some cases quite unfit for planting.

The eggs are deposited in summer on the base of the trunk near the collar, when the bark is soft. They are hatched and bore their way under the bark of the trees, either in the stem or root or both, producing an effusion of gum. Where trees are already affected, the proper course is to clean away the gum, destroy any cocoons that may be traced the grub through its holes in the tree, and kill it; then fill up around the tree with fresh earth and place a shovelful or two of ashes around the base.

THE ROSE BUG.—The eggs of this insect are laid in the earth, where they are hatched, and from which the bug emerges about the rose season.

In some localities, they appear like grasshoppers in vast multitudes, and commit extensive ravages not only on the rose but fruit trees and all other green things. There is no other known way to combat them but to crush them with the hand, to spread cloths around the trees, shake them down on it, and kill them. They are stupid, sluggish things, and full as though they had no life.

In some cases fruit trees have been protected by covering them with fine millinet.

LEAF ROLLERS.—In May or June these insects may be found on the leaves of fruit trees, and especially on the Pear; they form themselves by a sort of a cocoon out of the leaf. The leaves attacked by them should be removed and destroyed, in order to prevent their increase. The eggs are deposited on the young leaves by some of the large multitude of spring beetles.

A HUNTER.—Gat Eichman—it would do you good to see him—has followed hunting for a livelihood since the year 1831. Since that period he has killed 38 bears, 984 wolves, 3,847 coons, 990 foxes, 771 wild geese, 2040 pheasants, 44 ground hogs, 80 wild cats, 14 pole cats, 200 minks, besides squirrel, quail, and other small game beyond his power to calculate.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The season is unusually backward in England—late news report a slight declension in the price of grain. In New York, numbers of new hotels are being put up, and great preparations are making for the reception of visitors to the great world's fair.

The difficulties between Russia and Turkey, by late dates, seem to have assumed a much less hostile aspect, and it is thought all chances of having a European war on this ground, have now vanished. The bill to do away with Jewish disabilities, has been lost in the House of Lords.

The accounts show that by this accident 44 were killed, who have been found; missing, 8; injured, 33; and saved unharmed, 148. It seems that a majority of the passengers were eminent physicians, who had been attending a medical convention in New York city, and were on their return.

The Emperor Salouque, of Hayti, has sent presents to the New York crystal palace: among them a piece of molybdenum weighing three tons. American papers continue to be filled with accounts of the dreadful railroad tragedy in Connecticut, and steps are being taken by all the State Legislatures to pass the most stringent laws against RAILROAD MURDERERS—NOTHING BUT HANGING OR STATES PRISON FOR LIFE will stop this wholesale slaughter of human beings by negligence.

The king of the Sandwich Islands has applied to the United States to annex these islands to the American republic. An awful accident occurred at Buffalo, on the 13th instant; a large brick house in which some repairs were being made, gave way, and buried a number of the workmen, killing, it is said, eight laborers and their foreman; it was caused by the lower story being undermined in order to place a large glass window in the same.

PARLIAMENTARY NEWS.

A lengthy and spirited debate took place in the House of Assem

by on the motion of Mr McKenzie to abolish the Court of Chancery, or appoint a committee to enquire into the expediency of doing so. Dr Rolph, who was exceedingly bitter in 1850 in denouncing Robert Baldwin on the refusal of the latter to abolish this Court, made a long, smooth speech, excusing the delay of the Government to attend to this matter.

It will be seen that the Globe opposes an elective Upper House, and also favours a Court of Chancery. On these subjects and others it will be found that Mr. Brown is far from being a truly progressive politician.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Part of the evidence as to the cause of the Burning of the Ocean Ware has been taken, and it turns out to have resulted from sparks falling on the hurricane deck which set the wood work on fire, all of which might have been prevented by a watch on board, or by proper covering to the pipes.

The Governor General declined to attend a public dinner at Montreal, alleging official business and the illness of Lady Elgin as the reason. The dinner was given on the occasion of the arrival of the Genova the first Ocean Steamer at Montreal from England.

THE EXPELLED SLANDERER Talbot, of the London Prototype, is filling his columns again with silly gibberish about the Jinx—pay he could not spend his time better. "Blunderbus" had better blow out his GOURD SEED—his shot falls quite harmless on Charley; only we pity his poor readers who have to pay him two dollars for nothing.

TORONTO MARKET PRICES, MAY 23RD, 1853.

(Revised and corrected regularly.)

Table with market prices for various goods including Flour, Butter, Pork, Beef, Mutton, and various oils and seeds.

The Spirit of the Age of last Friday says, that after the issue of one more number, the editor will withdraw from its management, and will be succeeded by...

PRELIMINARY MEETING OF THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—We regret to see that this meeting at New York on the 12th inst., resulted in a division and withdrawal of some of the delegates...

LATEST.—Mr. Merrill has introduced a bill to reserve the power of women to hold real estate. Messrs. Galt & Ross have just arrived in New York...

"EMINENT POPULAR MEN OF ENGLAND," chiefly in the Temperance Cause, including James Silk Buckingham, Esq., is the title of an English work published in 1852...

HARVEST HOME DIVISION is prospering. It initiated 20 members last quarter, and has initiated 9 since the 1st of April.

Receipts since our last Issue. W. H. F., \$4 for nine month subscribers. J. H. Dundas, \$1 to apply on 1853.

Communications. Letter from E. L. F. Crowlind, abridged. All appear in our next. W. H. F.'s letter, asking a question as to the publishing of a poem is received.

TENDERS FOR FENCING. THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE will receive Tenders for FENCING a portion of the Experimental Farm, in the University Grounds, on or before WEDNESDAY, 1st June...

A SET OF SONS REGALIA AND EMBLEMS FOR SALE. The Monument Division Sons of Temperance having surrendered their Charter, will dispose of the above property at a very moderate price.

BOSTON LAMP STORE. REMOVAL. Messrs. A. Hibbard & Co beg to announce to their Customers and the Public generally, that they have REMOVED to No. 30, King Street East...

Received this Day. At the Boston Lamp Store, Winter Bleached, White, Elopant, Lard, and Machinery Oils. Also, Belting, Packing, Ropes and Lacing Leather.

RICHMONDHILL DEPOT FOR CHEAP GOODS. The Subscriber takes this opportunity of informing the public that he has abandoned his former intention of going to Australia...

A. W. ANLISS, Plain and Ornamental Book-Binder, No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge St., Toronto.

CALL FOR YOUR BOUND VOLUMES. The subscriber having left Toronto city has left several bound works at the office of Mr. Dundas...

A NEW FAMILY MEDICINE, AND VALUABLE SPRING AND FALL PURIFIER. DR. BUCHAN'S TONIC BITTERS.

This medicine is recommended by the first Physicians of Europe and America as the most appropriate and truly harmless, yet successful general Family Medicine ever invented. It corrects disorders of the digestive and portal organs...

The preparation acts most kindly on the liver and mucous membranes, corrects and prevents acidity, aids assimilation where grossy articles are used as food, and is suitable in every kind of constipation, complicated with defective biliary secretions...

such as Dyspepsia—Loss of appetite—Drowsiness—Headache—Flatulency—Pain in the stomach—Pain in the side—Pain in the small of the back—Pain in and between the shoulders—Acidity in the stomach—Bilious attacks—Nervous, Periodical and sick headache—In chronic hepatic affections with dyspepsia...

It produces a powerful and lasting impression upon the glandular system and secretory organs, unequalled by any other article. The great and controlling power which this medicine exercises on the secretory and excretory organs...

AS A FAMILY MEDICINE, IT IS SAFE AND EFFICACIOUS. IT IS WARRANTED TO BE SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. Indeed, the Bitters is a regulator of all the secretions, as far as a general remedy can be so.

FOR SALE BY H. T. BAKER & SON, London; HUGH MILLER, Medical Hall, King Street, and by S. F. RICHART, GENERAL AGENT, 63, Yonge St., Toronto.

For Cheap Boots and Shoes GO GO! To H. BROWN'S SHOES, 108, of the 1st Foot, West side of Yonge Street, Opposite to Armstrong's Foundry, near Queen Street.

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING!! BY E. V. WILSON AND H. PIPER & BROTHER.

Lightning Rod Manufactory, On Yonge St., between King and Adelaide Sts., TORONTO, C. W.

At which place we beg to offer Superior Spiral Twisted Anvils in a Lightning Rods, with Zinc Protectors, and Electro Positive Elements combined in the most perfect manner...

T. PRATT'S TEMPERANCE HOUSE, Division Street, near the Wharf, COLBURN Good Stabling attached. Colburn, January 14.

TUESDAY, MAY 17th, 1853! MILLINERY AND SHOW ROOMS OPENED.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his Customers and the Public generally, that the latest French, English, and American Millinery fashions in Bonnets, Caps, Veillets, Sergeres, &c. (Caps, Head Dresses, &c.) will be opened on THURSDAY, 17th May, 1853.

THE GREATEST, THE BEST, AND THE CHEAPEST LOT OF FANCY STRAW, FLORETTA AND BRAID BONNETS EVER OFFERED IN TORONTO. A beautiful assortment of English and American Parasols, Gowns and Rich Bonnet Ribbons. French Kid Gloves at Reduced Prices.

THE ABOVE HAVING BEEN BOUGHT FOR CASH, ALL WILL BE SOLD VERY CHEAP. No. 60, KING STREET EAST. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

\$4,000 WORTH OF Grey Factory Cottons, White Shirtings in heavy and fine makes, Striped Shirtings, Chintz, Prints, Moleskins, White Marseilles Quilts, &c. having been bought very cheap at Auction for Cash, will be sold at prices worthy of special attention.

J. C. has a few maxims in the management of his daily increasing business, which, from principle, he cannot deviate from. On all occasions speaking the truth, whether in favor of himself or otherwise.

Boot, Shoe, and Rubber Warehouse, No. 12, KING STREET EAST TORONTO.

J. CORNISH has constantly on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of every description. Also, INDIA RUBBER and Ladies over Boots, which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

TAYLOR'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, New York.

THE Proprietor takes this opportunity to inform the Temperance community and the public in general, that he still continues, as he has done for the last six years, to keep the above named house, on strictly temperance principles.

Patting, Glazing, & Paper Hanging. GILBERT PEARCY. Begs to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him for many years past.

CHARLES DURAND, Esq., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR IN CHIEF. Respectfully informs all persons of employing him professionally, that he has removed his office from Yonge Street near his private residence...

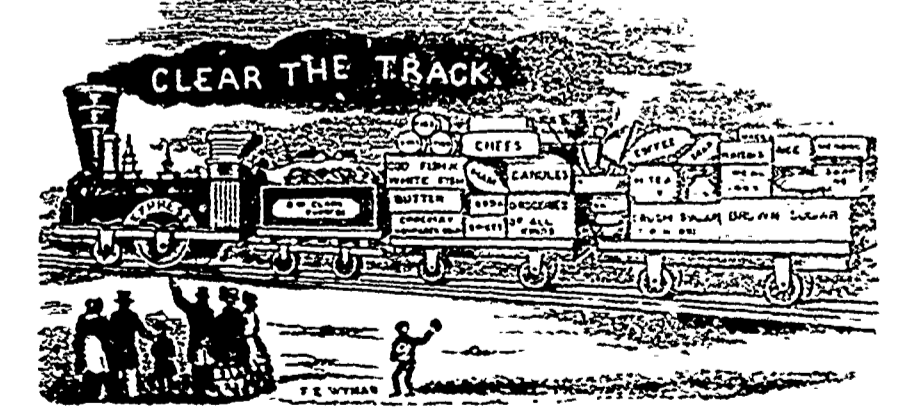
WOOL WANTED! TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS & FARMERS. 500 pieces Canadian cloth, Tweeds and Flannels to exchange for Wool on the most favorable terms.

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS. BROWN & CHILDS, 81, King St., Toronto.

J. McNab, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Church Street, Toronto.

B. M. CLARK, GROCER, RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Toronto and the surrounding country, that he has just opened a splendid assortment of GROCERIES.

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Raisins, Fruits, Nuts, Rice, Molasses, Soap, Candles, Butter, Spices, and every description of Family Groceries.



B. M. CLARK, GROCER, RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Toronto and the surrounding country, that he has just opened a splendid assortment of GROCERIES. Prices Low—Goods New.

REFORMATION IN TRADE.

Reform, reform is the cry of the day. While old fashioned habits are passing away...

Let us glance at Toronto, which a few years ago, Was dark Muddy York, as you very well know...

Just look, if you please, at its elegant houses, its beautiful churches, their spires and their domes...

Its marshes have fled by the aid of our drains, its forests are open'd by the speed of our trains...

Even now, where the waves of Ontario roar, And dash their white spray on the long beaten shore...

But reforms as important as those have been made, Which greatly have altered the aspect of trade...

The Bosses, for instance, which a few years ago Would cost you a dollar and a-quarter, or so...

Not did you then think that the terms were hard, If you bought a good print for a shilling per yard...

Will you call at McDONALD'S? If it is but to try, From his well sorted stock how cheap you can buy...

'Tis a three story house, with the front painted white, Which makes its appearance both graceful and light...

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET. TORONTO.

JOHN McDONALD, Respectfully invites attention to his very large Stock of Seasonable

DRY GOODS, RECEIVED THIS SEASON. The whole of which he offers very reasonable...

Wholesale Department up Stairs. REMEMBER THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET

JOHN PARKIN, Plumber and Gas Fitter, Adelaide St East, 2 Doors from Victoria St.

Niagara Temperance House, NEAR THE LIBERTY POLE, BUFFALO CITY. J. H. BAYLEY, Proprietors

DR. N. BURNIE, BRADFORD, MEMBER OF THE Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Honor of the Society of Apothecaries, London, England.

Bound Volumes of the Son of Temperance for 1852. Those wanting bound volumes of this work for the above year...

To Farmers & the Country Generally. The undersigned, at No 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street, begs to intimate to the country generally...

R. H. BRETT, GENERAL MERCHANT, WHOLESALE IMPORTER OF Heavy Hardware, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, and Birmingham Goods.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN,

Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House, Toronto, have on hand THE LARGEST, THE CHEAPEST, AND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF READY-MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS

We have on hand a complete assortment of New Fall and Winter Goods, which, upon inspection, our customers will find to be composed of the newest and most Fashionable materials...

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PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAME, Which, from his new and extensive Machinery, he is prepared to sell at New York Prices. Wholesale Retail.

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