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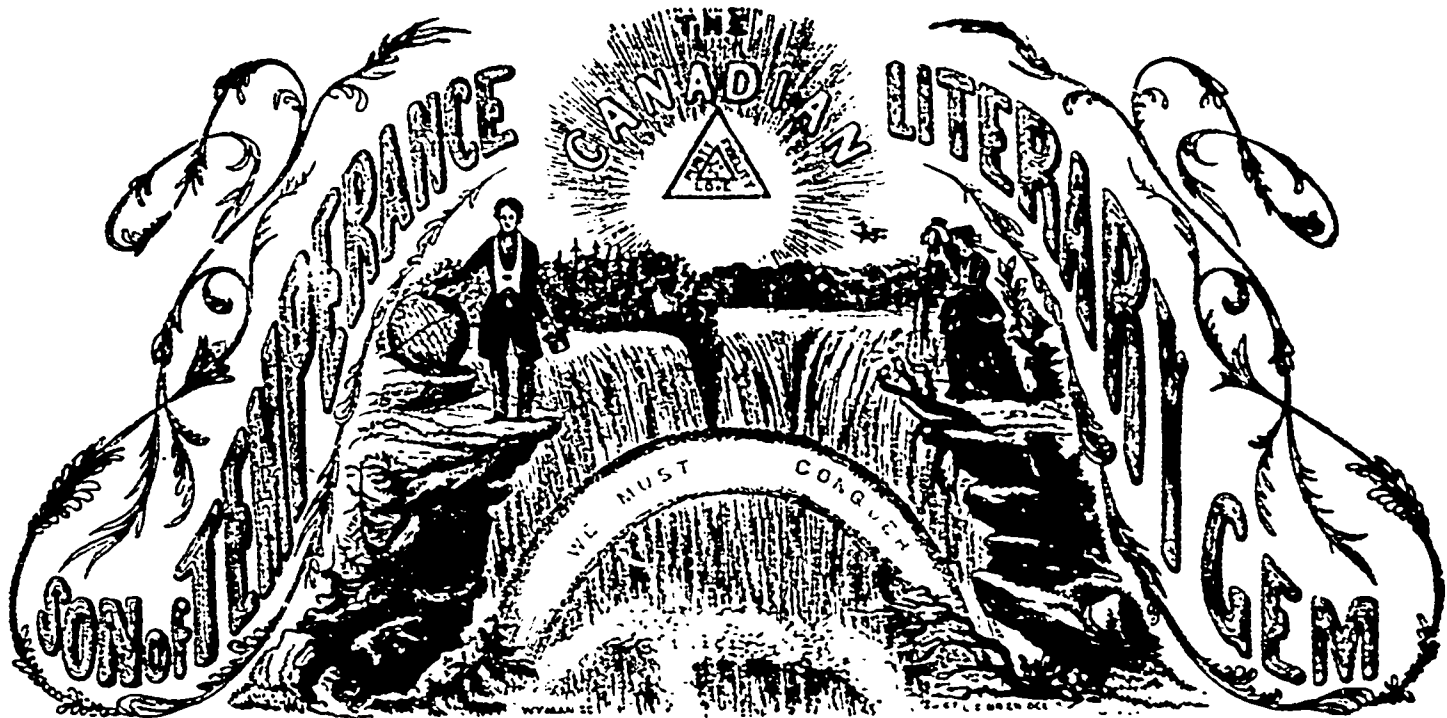
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

As the sun now glows on earth,  
Ages have beheld it glow;  
As the flowers now spring to birth,  
Sprang they thousand years ago!  
So each day must pass away,  
Braving smiles or sending sorrow;  
As the world was yesterday  
So 'twill be to-morrow.

Wherefore should we own our pain,  
Since the pain, like all things, goeth?  
Where's the wisdom to complain,  
Since our feelings no one knoweth?  
Hearts may bloom, yet show no flowers;  
Eyes may mourn, yet hide their sorrow;  
As the world went yesterday  
So 'twill go to-morrow.

Life is like the wind that blows  
When the clouds of morn are breaking,  
Life is like the stream that flows—  
Something leaving—something taking,  
Better cherish what we may,  
Than recall the past with sorrow;  
As the world roll'd yesterday  
So 'twill roll to-morrow.

THE POOR LAWYER—A TALE OF EXPERIENCE.

The Knickerbocker Magazine some years ago, contained Washington Irving's "Early Experience of Ralph Ringwood," his exciting story was well termed by the editor "a species of outcopy of the West," for lovers of Ralph Ringwood are scarcely less poetical than those of Mountjoy himself. Here is the first introduction to the lovely maiden who was to have so great an influence on his after life—

I had taken my breakfast and was waiting for my horse, when, passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl, seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond; at that time I was so much of a boy to be struck by female beauty. She was so bright and dainty looking, so different from the hute, waxen, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! it was so sparkling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was to account her? I had grown used in the woods, and had seen a hundred of pale life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or My Pigman, or any other of my leather-dressed boys of the green-roast, I should have approached her without dread, nay, I should have been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking-glass cheeks, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets, and blue eyes and delicate nose, quite dazzled while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought, all at once, I would kiss her. I would wait long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just slip in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and run off. She would not be the worse of it, and what kiss—Oh! I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for thought to cool, but entered the house and slipped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I stepped her chair and she turned and looked up. I saw her as clear as ever as stolen, and I vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping home ward, my heart thumping at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attempts the study of law, in an obscure settlement, in Kentucky, where he lived night and day. Ralph parades his talents occasionally goes at a debating society, and at length becomes a quite a pet, and a favorite in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

He called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found with her a second, blue-eyed beauty, whom I had so audaciously kissed. She formally introduced me to her, but neither of us betrayed any recollection of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. The tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of

the room to give some directions and left us alone. Heavens and earth, what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth to have been in the deepest delirium in the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse of my former rudeness; I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a single word. Every moment matters became worse. I felt at one time tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight, but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage, seeing her equally embarrassed with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed, "I have been trying to muster up something to say, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity on me and help me out of it!" A smile dimpled about her mouth and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy but arch glance of the eye that expressed volumes of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well. Passing the delightful description which succeeded, we proceeded to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and the settlement.

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple—she not much more than sixteen, and I not quite twenty—and both almost without a coin in the world. The establishment was well suited to our circumstances; a how house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen chairs, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons—everything by the half dozen—a little delph ware, everything in a small way; we were so poor, but then so happy.

We had not been married many days when a court was held in a country town, about twenty five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business—this was my first trial. I had expended all my means on our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we would soon have the wolf at our door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off on my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the country town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, a mere young clerk, was to make way in such a crowd, and to get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers in the country who were gathered on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough looking fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and challenged me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment I had had a dozen rough swabs of the land and invited to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage. The next morning the Court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having any real business to transact. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity to consult any. He was told to choose one from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial on the following day. He looked around the Court, and selected me. I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beginner, a beginner, unpracticed at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt different, yet delighted, and could have hugged theascal.

Before leaving the Court he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retainer fee. I could scarcely believe my senses, I seemed like a dream. The goodness of the fee spoke not lightly in favor of his innocence—but this was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge or jury. I followed him to the jail, and learned from him all the particulars of the case; from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I so unable to do as I wished. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind, the specter of good that had so unexpectedly been thrown into my lap, the sea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune! But the awful responsibility I had undertaken, to speak, for the first time, in a

strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents, all these and a crowd of similar notions kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent—in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquillize my feelings. It was a bright morning—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court. I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down hill. Just then the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology. This, for a man of his redoubtable power, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful glow, carried the cause triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Everybody was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and heeded the Attorney General at the very outset. The story of my debut at the inn the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration. Even my beardless skin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs in our courts came thronging upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other cases, and by Saturday night, when the court closed and I had paid my bill at the inn, I found myself with an hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse which I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his pelf and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, and walked around it; sat with my elbows on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No; I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued; but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air castles. As soon as morning dawned I was up, mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to court, and led the other which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of the surprise I had in store for my little wife; for both of us expected nothing but that I should spend all the money I had borrowed, and should return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of an Indian hunter, when, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a very little rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected money for.

For myself, to be sure, replied I, with affected coolness; I made it at Court.

She looked me for a moment in the face incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My trousers began to twitch—my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted for money.

ABDUL MEDJID,

THE SULTAN OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

Abdul Medjid was born on the 30th of April, 1824, and was but sixteen years of age when called to succeed his father, whose death was announced on the 1st of July, 1839, though it is supposed that he occurred some days before. The ceremony

of installation was performed on the 11th, when he was girded with the sword of Osman with all the ancient formalities. He is tall and well formed; his head is fine and regular; his deportment is graceful and noble; his auburn hair is always covered by a red calashe, similar to that worn by the meanest of his subjects; his eyes are of a grayish blue, full and penetrating. His habitual costume is the military dress of his empire—a dark coloured tunic, buttoned up to the neck; no warlike accoutrement except a sabre suspended at his side, and similar to that which every citizen may gird in the hour of danger; no golden embroideries nor dazzling honours upon his habitual dress.

The decorations which the Sultan confers have the form of a sort of gold medal, on which is engraved his signature, and the importance of which depends upon the number and value of the diamonds which surround it. The supreme mark of favour of this kind, the most enviable decoration, is the miniature portrait of the Sultan, surrounded by jewels, and suspended to a chain; women may receive this decoration, which they wear attached to the left shoulder. Three Christian ladies possess it at this moment. One of them, the Princess V—, lately received this august present in Moldavia, in presence of a young Turk in high office, who had been brought up near the person of Abdul Medjid. "Behold him," said he, inclining himself profoundly before this portrait: "behold him! that master whom we revere, not because he is powerful, but because he is good! "Never," added he, "has that angelic heart permitted a drop of blood to flow, either to extend or to secure his power, the life of others is so sacred in his eyes, that when it behoves him to pass sentence of death, even on a criminal, he takes refuge in the retirement of his apartment, secludes himself there, and becomes inaccessible to all; there he, in anguish, asks within himself if God can have given him the power to blot out forever a man from the number of the living." On his accession to the throne it became necessary for him, in accordance with the custom, to sacrifice a lamb; he refused to do it. "If that is the price of the throne," said he, laughing, "I choose to renounce it."

The Sultan Abdul Medjid has conducted the administration of Turkey upon the policy of his eminent father. Called, when yet a child, to the exercise of absolute power in an immense empire, his father bequeathed to him the overwhelming burden of a country weakened by unfortunate wars, and undermined by secret intrigues. His first step on ascending the throne was to entirely re-organize the army, upon the best European model. With the utmost liberality, he granted to the Christians privileges and immunities; he founded schools where Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Mussulmen live side by side, instructed each by the Ministers of their respective religions and attended each by persons of the same religious persuasion; and the grateful Christians contributed the aid of their experience to all the reforms of the young sovereign. They assisted him to establish his schools; they organized his armies; they exercised his navy. Thus has been realized by the son that great saying of the father, "I wish my subjects to be recognised, the Mussulman only at the church, the Jew only at the synagogue." In his reign taxes have been equalized, and the general prosperity of the country so much advanced, that its population is annually increased by immigrations of the subjects of neighbouring States, drawn to Turkey by the comforts of an enlightened and comparatively free government. In carrying out the new system of reform called Tanzimat, the present Sultan has encountered the most formidable obstacles, both by rebellions at home and by ambitious tyrants of other countries, who seek to despoil him of rich and valuable territory. The reform undertaken by the Sultan Mahomed, with the design of giving unity to the Ottoman Empire, and pursued with an implacable will through fire and blood, has been continued with singular good fortune by means quite different. The mere exercise of justice, tempered by a teaching goodness, has sufficed to the Sultan Abdul Medjid for rallying around his throne all the diverse races subjected to him, and which a little while ago implored the succour of Europe. Reform has been pursued with unwearying ardour. The amelioration of the discipline, the equipment and the organization of the army, concessions in favour of the establishment of railroads and the creation of a bank, were about to place Turkey in a position to encounter force as well as civilization. Once entered into the family of European interests, she would have eluded all dangers by the transformation. To prevent this result, at any price, is the object of the attack now made upon her.

**AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.**—Sixty-nine years ago a party of adventurers from the Eastern States, after a long and toilsome journey, descended the Ohio river, and encamped upon the spot where Newport Barracks now stand. They were separated from the several "stations" in Kentucky and turned their steps through the wilderness, first pledging each other, in a spirit that may be termed as prophetically romantic, to meet on the same spot fifty years from that day. This agreement was made on the 4th day of November, 1792. In the year 1832, on the 4th day of November, precisely fifty years after the time of the agreement, four of the old band met on the spot to fulfil their promise. One of them was over ninety years of age, the rest were under three score and ten. After remaining a few days they turned their steps homeward—not through a wilderness as they did half a century before, but through scenes of busy life and the hum of industrial millions! Nor did they promise any other meeting, as that was an event fixed by a higher will; and it has taken place! They were all dead.

**BENEFIT SOCIETIES.**—There are 28 Mutual Aid Societies in Paris. They consist of 3,024 honorary members, and 3,591 participating members, of whom 982 are women.

Many are inclined to under-value the benefit part of the Society of the Sons, but we do not; we think it a very important one. Thousands of poor men and mechanics are benefited by this part of the institution of the order and become temperate thereby. Yet Divisions should be allowed to have a benefit fund and benefit members or not as they choose. Considerable modification was made in this matter at the Session of the National Division in Chicago last June.

The Mutual Aid Societies in Paris carry out this benefit system of the Sons.

## Admonitions.

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

### SHOPPING

She stood beside the counter,  
The day he'll ne'er forget,  
She thought the merchant dearer,  
Than any she'd seen yet;  
He watched her playful fingers,  
The silks and satins toss,  
The clerk looked quite uneasy,  
And nodded at the boss.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,  
Barege and Satin Turk,"  
She said: "I want to purchase;"  
Then gave the goods a jerk,  
The clerk was all obedience,  
He travelled "on his shape,"  
At length, with hesitation—  
She bought a yard of tape!

"Now go to meeting, dear," said Mrs. Partington, as Isaac smoothed his hair preparatory to going out on Sunday. He looked down at his new shoes, and a thought of the green fields made him sigh. A fishing line hung out of his pocket, which Mrs. Partington did not see.

"Where shall I go?" asked Ike. Since the o'd body had given up her seat in the Old North Church, she had no stated place of worship.

"Go," replied she, sublimely, as she pulled down his jacket behind, "go anywhere where the Gospel is dispensed with."

Such liberality is rare. Bigotry finds no place in her composition, and the truth, in her view, throws light into every apartment of the Christian edifice, like an oysterman's chandelier into his many booths. The simile is not the very best, but the best to be had at present.

"You flatter me," said an exquisite, the other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauty of his mustache.

"For heaven's sake, ma'm," interposed a Hoosier, "don't make that chap any flatter than he is now."

Why is a clock the most humble thing in existence?  
Because it always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.

Jonathan says he couldn't help laughing the other day, at an anecdote of a man accustomed to make long prayers, who had persuaded a guest, greatly against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed, and prayed, till his impatient guest began to think of edging quietly away, and walking off, but in attempting it he waked up the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair.

"How soon will your father be through?" whispered the guest.

"Has he got to the Jews?" asked the boy in reply, in the same tone.

"No," said the other.  
"Well, then he ain't half through," replied the boy, and composed himself again to his nap: whereupon the guest bolted at once.

Sir Walter Scott, on one occasion, was desirous of rewarding the wit and importunity of an Irish beggar by the present of a six-pence, but found he had not so small a coin in his purse.

"Here, my good fellow," said the baronet, "here is a shilling, but mind you owe me a six-pence."

"God bless your honor," exclaimed Pat, "may your honor live till I pay you!"

The author of Ivanhoe was highly tickled at the naive reply.

During a recent performance of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" the fair Juliet's question in the soliloquy, before taking the sleeping draught, "What if this mixture do no work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the pit with, "Then take a dose of pills, Miss."

### RAILROAD EPITAPHS.

"A sudden pinch  
From a misplaced switch,  
Laid me dead in the ditch."

"Off the track the engine rushed—  
Some were crowned, and I was crushed."

"What is life? 'Tis but a vision,  
Here I died by a collision,  
Twenty more died by the same;  
Verdict—"Nobody to blame."

"Sister, mother, aunt and me,  
Were run over Here we be,  
We should have had time to mizzle,  
Had they blown the engine's whistle."

**DEATHS POSTPONED.**—In a country paper, a day or two ago, after a long list of births, marriages, and deaths, appears the following strange notice:—"Several deaths unavoidably deferred."

A mathematician being asked by a stout fellow, "If two pigs weigh twenty pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?" he replied, "Jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately."

A story is going the rounds, of a party of young ladies who were caught in a shower, having the color washed from their cheeks. A lady at our elbow thinks the color of some gentlemen's noses will not wash out at present!

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state, a gentleman who squinted terribly, asked Talleyrand how things were going on. "Why, as you see, sir," was the reply.

"I don't believe it is any use to vaccinate for smallpox," said a backwoods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of the window, and was killed in less than a week after."

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the Zoological Gardens. "Not the least marm," replied the showman: he never bites, he swallows his rattles whole."

**WOMAN'S RIGHTS.**—About three hundred women are working at the break in the Erie Canal at Rochester, New York. Really the Yankee ladies are progressing at an awful rate: we are almost afraid to say any more with Robert Burns—"A man's a man for a' that."—Niagara Mail.



## Ladies' Department.

### MARY DEE.

Around the cottage there was heard,  
In spring, the song of many a bird,  
But Farmer Dee would always say,  
His sweetest bird ne'er flew away,  
And a voice arose, in childish glee,  
So soft, so sweet, 'twas Mary Dee,

Summer came; upon each morn,  
Flowers bright and fair were born,  
Soon as their beauties would disclose,  
In bursting bud or blushing rose,  
These near the cot would captive be,  
By tiny hands of Mary Dee

Autumn dawned; one by one  
The birds their distant flight begun;  
Songs ceased within the cot,  
Sorrow came, oh! name it not:  
Hushed the voice, once wild and free,  
Cold the cheek of Mary Dee.

Winter passed, joyous spring  
Did again her offering bring—  
Blossom, flower, lovely bird,  
Morn and evening songs were heard,  
One had no more you'll see,  
Father, 'tis thy Mary Dee.

**MATRIMONY AND FRIENDSHIP.**—"The nature of matrimony," says Sam Slick, "is one thing, and the nature of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker likes a silent woman, for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gal, for he can leave her to nurse children and make pap, while he's enjoying himself to parties. A man that haunts any n. s. in him likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they aim in each other's way; you must like the same drinks to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations (what they call congenial souls); a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter, and so on. Matrimony like contrasts; friendship seeks its own counterparts."

**MARRIAGE.**—The more married men you have, says Voltaire, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful columns of your criminal calendars; you will there find a hundred youths executed for one father of a family. Marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children. He is afraid to make shame their inheritance.

**QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE POOR.**—The sum of five thousand pounds was recently placed in the hands of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, by Queen Victoria, for distribution among the Dublin charities.

**MODEL LODGING HOUSES IN DUBLIN.**—The Queen and Prince Albert, eager to establish model lodging houses in Dublin, offer to head the list of subscriptions with £300.

**WOMEN HARVESTING.**—In consequence of the extraordinary scarcity of farm-labourers, the grain crops to the westward of Galway have been this season nearly all cut down and saved by women.

**THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.**—The average attendance at the Crystal Palace in Dublin was eight thousand visitors a day for the week ending the 24th ult.

**KATE HAYES IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—The Panama Star, of the 15th ult., states that the steamer *Lucie Sam* arrived at Valparaiso on the 4th of August, and took in coal for Panama. On the 7th a grand collation was given on board to Kate Hayes, Herr Meigs, Mr. Bushman, and about two hundred citizens of Valparaiso, which passed off very happily. Miss Hayes has been giving concerts there with great success. On the evening of the 6th she gave her farewell concert, on which occasion she was presented with a splendid diamond bracelet, valued at \$1,000. She was to leave Valparaiso on the 8th for San Agnes, and thence to Lima. The *Sam* left Valparaiso on the 7th at 5 o'clock P. M., and arrived at this place on the 17th at 4 o'clock P. M., having made the passage from New York in 26 days and 23 hours, including 12 days' detention at Rio and Valparaiso. She has thus made the trip in 44 days and 23 hours running time, the quickest on record, from port to port.

There appears to be a great scarcity of labourers in Scotland at the present time. Women have begun to work on the roads between Hamilton and Glasgow, and may be seen plying the shovel with masculine dexterity.

**FEMALE STRIKERS.**—The following was announced the other evening by the town crier:—"A number of young women of the Townhead have agreed that they will not shear for less than 2s. 6d. per day and those who go out and shear for less wages will be stoned while returning home."—Edinburgh Witness

THE PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE TO TEMPERANCE—  
A LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

PARIS, October 19, 1853

DEAR SIR AND BR,—Although it has been some length of time since I wrote for your valuable paper, yet my silence was not caused by any lack of zeal in the noble cause of Temperance, which you so valiantly contend for. Is it not painfully humiliating to see with what silent indifference a large portion of the people of Canada treat the subject of Temperance. Is it not truly strange that any person, in whose heart burns the least spark of philanthropy or patriotism, can look with indifference upon the wide spread and growing evils of intemperance. I purpose in this letter to make a few laconic and general remarks upon the evils of intemperance:—

1st, *It destroys health.*—Alcohol when taken into our system never changes its nature. Nature has no power over it. It has no nutritious qualities, and therefore does not supply the waste which is constantly going on in the human body. Man in a state of health needs not alcohol any more than he needs arsenic or any other poison. Alcohol touches the human frame and it loses its vigor and its beauty. The star-like eye becomes dim, the rose of health which once bloomed upon the cheek is turned to the dark signal of premature grave.

2nd, *Alcohol pollutes the Soul.*—The mind of man as it comes from the hand of its Creator is adorned with a bright galaxy of virtues, but intemperance with its dark and blood stained hands destroys them. It treasuries up all the kind and lovely feelings of the heart, and transforms the once kind friend into a cruel, hard-hearted, and revengeful enemy.

3rd, *Intemperance destroys the physical energies of a nation.*—Luxury and intemperance produce effeminacy, and transmit to other generations imbecility and disease. For proof let us go back to the days of the Caesars, and bring up the old Romans, whose iron sinews carried the conquering eagles over the world; compare them with the effeminate Italians of the present day, and the effect of intemperance is apparent. The victory over Antiochus, and the conquest of Asia, hoisted the flood-gates of intemperance, and poured upon Rome a mighty flood of corruption. Asia conquered by the armies of Rome, conquered Rome by its vices. Rome's iron foot trod down the nations, its force like a mighty earthquake shook the nations, yet it fell a victim to intemperance. Egypt, once so noble, the pride of nations and the glory of the world, has gone down to the dust by the weight of intemperance. The sun of her glory has set, and the dark cloud of intemperance broods over the land.

4th, *It causes insanity and poverty, and makes idiots and opens the gates of crime and suffering.*—Listen to the following facts: of the 600 now in the alms-house in New York City, not 50 were sober. In Salem, Massachusetts, 3,000 paupers were committed to the alms-house in one year, and 2,000 of these were brought there by intemperance. In Cincinnati seven-tenths of 1500 paupers in the alms-house were brought there by intemperance. Oh! how much of death and misery is here! Was there ever so dark a fiend let loose from Hell to gorge himself with human gore? But listen still. In one district of the peace loving city of Philadelphia in 1849, containing a population of 14,000, there were ten licensed taverns and 242 small groceries. And in 1844 and 45 there were 10,000 barrels of liquor sold in that ward in small quantities. The result was, that 400 sober men were made drunkards, and 260 families left destitute. In the city at large 100 coroners inquests were held, and 4000 persons sent to prison victims of intemperance.

Do not these facts speak in thunder tones to all, it is time for the people of this province to awake.

F. B. ROLPH.

DRUNKENNESS ON SHOW GROUNDS.

We noticed last year that our Toronto Agricultural Exhibition was disgraced by numerous booths, some within and others outside of the grounds, in which spiritous liquors were freely sold. Such a permission is a lasting disgrace to the managers of such shows. If men will drink, why can they not do so before they go to the grounds? Why pollute a place where children, ladies, and all classes go, with whiskey vending booths? The persons, like the Hon. Mr. Ferguson, "who would not deprive the thirsty man of a glass of grog!" would probably admit that liquor drinking to excess is an evil. Holidays, like these show days, are seen to beget excess. Temptation should be kept out of the way. We deeply regret such as the following remarks from old men like Adam Ferguson and Col. Thompson. There is not the smallest occasion for these nuisances on show grounds. Mr. Roblin's motion might not have carried, but it should have been put. The thing should be agitated until it is carried. It also shows how far temperance principles are from having accomplished the conversion of influential men to the truth of their utility. —[Ed. Soc.

SALE OF LIQUOR ON THE SHOW GROUNDS.

Mr. J. P. ROBLIN begged leave to throw out a suggestion, that in future no liquor should be allowed to be sold on the grounds. If he did not get a pledge to that effect, he would move a resolution, and get a vote on it. He had seen four people lying on the ground in a state of beastly intoxication—an exhibition that ill harmonized with the occasion.

The Hon. ADAM FERGUSON said he was glad to hear that among the 20,000 people assembled, Mr. Roblin was only able to discover four persons intoxicated. He was a decided friend to temperance, but he would not go the length of preventing a thirsty man from getting a glass of grog, if he wanted it.

Mr. ROBLIN said he had seen more than a hundred people worse of liquor; but when he spoke of the four men, he referred to one particular case. He begged to move a resolution to the effect he had stated.

Mr. BULL seconded the resolution. He believed that on such occasions as this a great deal of evil was caused by giving facilities for procuring intoxicating liquors. The number of drunken people he had seen during the last day or two, was a disgrace to the neighborhood. He had been present at the Boston Jubilee where 300,000 persons were assembled, in addition to the ordin-

ary population of the city, and he had not seen there one-tenth of the number of drunken men he saw yesterday.

The Baron DELORME said that the Boston people, if that was true, must have very hard heads, as, for one man alone, he had seen a bill for 6,000 bottles of champagne drunk on the occasion referred to. (Laughter.)

Col. THOMPSON would be sorry that a charge of drunkenness should be allowed to go forth uncontradicted against the yeomanry of that part of the country. It should be remembered that a great many of a class addicted to the use of ardent spirits were employed on the canal, and he was sure that it was among these that the instances of drunkenness referred to had been observed. He thought it was impossible for the Association to exercise a control over this. The matter should be left to Temperance Societies, or, if they chose, let the question be determined at the next election. If the country should be in favor of a prohibitory Liquor Law, then let it be enacted. If the majority of the people of Canada were of opinion that not a drop of liquor should be sold in the whole country, let a law be passed to that effect; but it only wasted time, and called forth unpleasant feelings to discuss the matter here.

Mr. ROBLIN, after what had been said, consented to withdraw his resolution.—North American.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

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

WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS.

How lovely then bloomed all things round—  
The streamlet babbling by,  
Was music to the ravished ear,  
Undented by a sigh.  
Alas, for change!—how vanished now  
Are those sweet earthly joys,  
That floated past on pleasure's wing,  
When you and I were boys.

Where are the loved of other years,  
Ah! here, where are they all?  
The voices sweet that charmed our ears,  
Are silent in the hall:  
Our mother and our brother where,  
Where Willie's gilded toys?  
Sleeping all from worldly care,  
Since you and I were boys.

Alas! how true—the times are changed,  
The world indeed is cold—  
The flowers are dead where once we ranged,  
We, too, are growing old  
But not so old, while mem'ry brings  
Its sadness and its joys,  
To cheer the heart that fondly clings  
To times when we were boys.

YOUNG MEN, READ THIS!

A day or two since we learned from a gentleman of New York city, a few facts relative to Mr. BULLARD, who is now exhibiting here his Panorama of New York city, which at the time they were related very much interested us, and we have no doubt they will interest all who have struggled and are now struggling with poverty. Mr. Bullard is a native of the town of Howard, Steuben county, N. Y. His father was a farmer, and young Bullard remained at home and worked on the farm until he was 14 years of age, at which time his father declared he was "too lazy" to make a farmer. When he ought, (as the father thought) to be at work on the farm, he was cutting out of shingles the portrait of every boy and girl in the neighborhood. The father not being able to control the bent of the boy's mind, put him with Augustus A. Olmstead, Esq., of his native town, to learn the trade of sign painting. He remained with Mr. Olmstead seven years, till he became twenty-one years of age. After completing his trade with Mr. Olmstead, he painted some twenty portraits of different individuals living in Howard. For painting these portraits he received some \$25. With this amount of money he started for New York city.

He had expected to find the National Academy of Design open on Exhibition and to see the paintings, and become acquainted with the artists, and to find if possible some one to instruct him in his favorite art. He arrived there, and found the exhibition closed, which very much disappointed him. He roved around the great city a day or two, and was unable to find any artist to instruct or encourage him, and his purse becoming very low, he went to Hartford, Conn., in the vicinity of which place he had friends. He remained in Hartford one year, receiving instructions in his art from an artist by the name of Hewins. After leaving Mr. Hewins, he went into the country from Hartford, and painted portraits, and realized money enough to pay the debts he had contracted in Hartford for board, &c. During the year he was in Hartford, such was his extreme poverty, that he attended church but six times, because he had not clothes to wear that were suitable. After meeting with various reverses of fortune, he returned to Howard in 1841, and was married to Miss Angelina A. Olmstead, a daughter of the gentleman of whom he had learned the trade of a sign painter. From 1841 to 1843, he was in various parts of the Union, engaged in painting portraits. From 1843 to 1846, he was a resident of New York city, and at work at his art, receiving instructions, and continually improving, till now he is "at least" a prominent artist.

In 1846 he conceived the idea of painting his great work, the Panorama of New York city, and found a noo e-hearted Englishman, George Doel, who furnished the means to go on with the painting. Mr. Bullard, and from three to seven men, were engaged in this great work four years. Mr. Doel promptly paid the bills as they became due—in all \$15,000. The painting was completed on the 1st day of November, 1850.

What a lesson here is for every young man—is there a young man in our city who has felt the tears of poverty rolling down his cheeks, who, when he has become faugued with the labors of the day, has set down in his room by the side of his desk, and rested his head upon his hand, and there under the lid of his desk were his board bills, and others too numerous to mention,

unpaid, and he has at those times felt almost discouraged, and said to himself, it is no use to try? If, we say, there is such one, he will be encouraged by reading this, and glory in the success of Mr. Bullard. Is there not a good deal of difference in Mr. Bullard's feelings now, when he is receiving his two hundred dollars a day from persons who go to look at his Panorama, and when he was at Hartford, and could not attend church because he had not clothes that were decent? So it is in this world, "God helps those who help themselves."

We say to Mr. Bullard as the converted Heathen said to one of our missionaries, go on, go on, go on.

Since writing the above it occurs to us that we some time since read the life of Mr. Bullard, in the American Biographical Sketch Book, of self-made men.—Rochester Daily Herald.

THE INTOLERANT CHARACTER OF POPERY.

The English and Canadian papers have for some time been filled with an account of the treatment of the bodies of dead Protestants in Spain. These astounding truths in reference to the black intolerance of Roman priestcraft, bad as was the opinion of the British public of its tyranny, have taken thinking men by surprise. It is well known that Spain was saved from complete subjugation by Napoleon, through the exertions of British troops, under Wellington, and that she has always been more or less indebted to England for favors. Moreover, that she is now indebted to England in sums that she can never pay. Yet such has been the black bigotry of her priesthood, acting under orders from Rome, that not only the common rights of sepulture, but even the ground wherein to bury the protestant dead of England, until this year, have been refused to the people of Britain. Lately the bare right of one burial place has been conceded, and this under stipulations of the most ignominious kind; under pledges that no ceremony shall be observed in burying, and no church erected on the ground conceded!! Heretofore no protestant could be buried in Spain, unless below high-water mark in the ocean, or under the common dunghheap, and many have been thus buried!! And had they the power, every Catholic country on earth, or country in which they could get the upper hand, would be in the same situation as respects protestantism. Burnings of heretics, persecutions of Galileo and bloody inquisitions, would darken the sun of freedom again. This is the vile and hypocritical priesthood who cry out for toleration in Britain for separate schools and for enlarged privileges in Ireland and the United States!! and who in Protestant countries are allowed the same privileges with the dominant church. Punk thus takes off this intolerance of Spain:—

THE BURIAL OF A BRITISH PROTESTANT IN SPAIN.

Not a knell gave out any funeral note,  
As his corpse, to the shingles, we hurried;  
And below water-mark, we had bare leave got  
That our countryman's bones should be buried.

We buried him dog like, on that mean site,  
The tide on the point of heaving;  
As the wretched Spaniards' bigot spite  
With contempt intensely burning.

No useless coffin enclosing his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud that bound him!  
For he lay where he scarce would remain long at rest,  
With the ocean washing round him.

None at all were the prayers we read,  
And we felt more of rage than sorrow,  
As we thought on the brutes who insult us when dead,  
And doubt pay us alive what they borrow.

We thought as we followed his shelly bed,  
And smoothed down his pebbly pillow,  
That the crabs and the lobsters would crawl o'er his head,  
And we wish our feet on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of our spirit as gone!  
Our guns might to atoms have brayed them,  
Yet we've let the rascals in this way go on  
Treating those very Britons who made them.

But half of our shameful job was done,  
When the waves roared the hour of retiring,  
And we knew the distance we should have to run,  
To divert a rabble admiring.

Sharply and quickly we laid him down,  
'Mid the jeers of the monks, young and hoary,  
And we said unless Spain is compelled to atone,  
All a humbug is Old England's glory!

Their doctrine is no toleration of any kind to protestants! They view all other religions but their own as off-shoots from hell. Take another example of their bigotry in the following. Any religion allowing of such a thing is a hundredfold worse than the old heathen idolatry:—

THE BODY OF PAGANINI.

It may be recollected that the celebrated violinist, Paganini, died at Nice about 14 years ago, and that the bishop refused to allow him to be interred in the consecrated ground, on account of his having died without receiving the sacraments. His executors had the body removed to a private place, and commenced legal proceedings. The Court of Nice having decided against them, they appealed to the Archbishop of Genoa, which reversed the judgment of the lower court, and ordered the remains of Paganini to be interred in the cemetery. The Episcopal Court of Nice appealed against this decision to the Court of Turin, which has since confirmed it. Now, as three appeals are allowed in ecclesiastical matters, the Court of Nice has applied for the last resort to a tribunal of judges to be appointed by the Holy See; and there the matter rests for the present.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

This paper will be issued on TUESDAY, WEEKLY during the year. It will contain eight pages—the two last being devoted to advertisements. All will be at the same price for 1853. Subscription price for 1853. \$5 in advance. Or within one month after subscribing. 7s 6d currency. If not so paid at the end of six months, and if left to the end of the year 10s currency. Half yearly subscribers will be taken at the above price provided it be distinctly understood the subscription was intended to be a half yearly one. All subscriptions must end with the year. No paper will be discontinued (unless at the option of the publisher) until the subscription price is paid up. No paper after the known receipt, and detention of the first number will be stopped without payment for the current year. New agents sending six new subscribers with their subscriptions, or guaranteeing due payment shall receive a copy gratis. Old agents sending 10 old subscribers, or 10 partly old and partly new, with the money of a guarantee shall receive a copy gratis. The club system at year did not please will owing to the postage. Upon consideration we have concluded to send to clubs, if any of our friends wish to form them, upon these terms—3 copies for \$6; 10 copies for \$9; 20 copies for \$18; 30 copies for \$26. In such cases the money must be paid down. And the papers put in one package and addressed to one person in all cases, otherwise the full charge will be made. Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates. All postages must be paid, and communications addressed to C. Durand, Editor, Toronto, C. W.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1853.

THE PLEDGE.

BY JOHN TIERPONT.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl! Though lips of bards thy brim may press, And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll, And song and dance thy power confess, I will not touch thee, for there clings A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree, Thy melted ruby tempts the eye, And, as from that, there comes from thee, The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die!" I dare not lift thy liquid gem— A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed For Paul upon Melita's shore, Thou'st been upon my guests bestowed; But thou shalt warm my house no more, For, whoso'er thy radiance fills, Forth, from thy heat, a viper crawls!

What, though of gold the goblet be, Embossed with branches of the vine, Beneath whose burnished leaves we see Such clusters as poured out the wine! Among these leaves an adder hangs, I fear him—for I've felt his fangs!

The Hebrew, who the desert trod, And felt the fiery serpent's bite, Looked up to the ordained God, And found that life was in the sight! So the weak bitten's fiery veins Cool when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! Ye deep cold wells! Ye gems, from mossy rocks, that drip! Springs that from earth's mysterious cells, Gush o'er your granite basin's lip! To you I look—your largess give, And I will drink of you, and live.

IS IT WANTED—IS IT JUST?

These are the only two questions that ought to be asked in reference to the passage of a prohibitory liquor law. If the answers are in the affirmative, who that loves his country, should hesitate for a moment to agitate and vote for the passage of a law similar to the Maine Law? It is strange that men, seeing their true course plainly, their duty to their country and a rising generation, should for a moment hesitate in giving their support to the great temperance movement. The following facts fall upon the mind with a sledge hammer force that it is impossible to avoid. The enormous evil and vice of drunkenness in the United States are seen from them to be appalling. It will be seen too how great is the work before temperance men. Be not deceived friends, the work in Canada is hardly as yet begun. The rind of the evil is barely cut—the kernel is sound.—[Ed. Tor.]

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The amount of liquor manufactured in the United States, and imported from other countries, is almost incredible. There was imported into the country, in 1850, according to the United States Treasury tables, eleven million, one hundred and fifty-six thousand, one hundred and nineteen gallons of liquor. There was manufactured in the United States, according to the census returns, (exclusive of six States and two Territories, not reported,) in 1850, eighty-three million nine hundred and seventy-two thousand, one hundred and seventy-five gallons of intoxicating liquors. The manufacture and import in 1850, amounts to a little over four gallons for every man, woman and child, black and Indian, within our borders. Oh, enlightened, civilized, Christian America!

But it will be urged that a large part of this domestic production is exported to other lands. What do the tables show? Only 707,546 gallons of foreign, and 1,032,310 gallons of domestic liquors were exported during that year to do the work of death in other lands. Take out this from the gross amount, and make a liberal allowance for what is used in the arts, (there being no data on this point,) and it will be found that the consumption equals four gallons per head of the entire population of the country.

There are a class of persons who look only at the dollar and coat view of the temperance question, and who maintain that the enforcement of the Maine Law, throughout the United States,

would most seriously affect the trade and commerce of the country. Let us look this subject right in the face, and see what would be the effect, if importation of all kinds of liquors was prohibited by Congress.

The entire value of the imports of all kinds of liquor for the year ending June 30th, 1852, was \$1,654,392—while that of all other kinds of merchandise was \$178,127,375. Only a little over two per cent. of the import trade then was liquor—a mere drop in the bucket. For the year ending June 30th, 1851, the total imports were \$223,419,005, the liquor item was only \$1,285,886, or but 1 and 9-10th per cent. of the whole.

The proportion of the value of exported liquors to the value of other imports, is still more contemptible. For the year ending June 30th, 1851, the total amount of exported merchandise, both foreign and domestic, was \$218,388,610, and the value of liquors of all kinds exported was only \$700,620, but one third of one per cent. of the whole.

How supremely contemptible is all this twaddle about the derangement of trade and commerce that would ensue from the thorough enforcement of an anti-liquor law. The losses on land and sea and river, by fire, shipwreck, boiler bursting, &c., occasioned directly by this article of commerce, far exceed the amount of profit derived from it. So far from impairing the trade, the entire banishment of liquor would greatly increase it, and render it more secure. Not an intelligent man in Christendom, who will look at the facts, dare controvert this proposition.

The farming and manufacturing interests would derive direct and positive benefits to an almost inconceivable amount, by at once putting out the fires of every distillery in the United States.

Take away the ration of four gallons of liquor to every man, woman and child in the country, and there would be a greatly increased demand for wholesome food and comfortable clothing, greater activity and thrift would at once be manifest in every branch of industry. The great source of wealth in this country is the bones, muscles and sinews of the people, their full exercises under the direction of cultivated minds, in a pure, moral atmosphere, would add to the production in this country of ten fold more than is given by the manufacture of liquor. This business paralyzes industry, puts out the fires of genius, and corrupts and depraves the morals of the nation.

Yes! we "carry the war into Africa," and maintain that in a purely commercial point of view, without any reference to the cost of pauperism and crime, and insecurity of life and morals, an anti-liquor law of the most stringent character is demanded.

If every distillery in the United States was burned down to-day, and a law was passed by Congress, cutting off all importation of foreign liquors, it would be a saving to the nation of millions of dollars in a single year. Why should a few men be permitted to impair the commerce and derange the trade of a great and mighty nation, when even they themselves are almost universally the losers by the operation?

We challenge all political economists, by any sophistry or argument, to shake our positions.

We conclude this article by re-affirming that the interests of trade and commerce, both foreign and domestic, imperatively demand laws entirely prohibiting the liquor manufacture and traffic. And this without reference to moral desolations which are wrought in every neighborhood and in almost every family in the land.—Ohio Organ.

TEMPERANCE A PART OF EDUCATION.—There are vast sums of money expended, and a great waste of time and labor, in hopeless efforts to reclaim the confirmed inebriate—the thousands who have become fixed in their drinking habits—who have grown grey in the use of ardent spirits. They tell you, they cannot do without it—that their toddy or their wine is as essential to them as their bread or their beef.

Now there is some truth in this plea; experience every day confirms it. Need we wonder at the feeble headway the cause of temperance is making? We have begun at the wrong end—we are working downwards, alas, to little purpose. The disease lies at the root of the tree, and vain is it to lop off the branches. It is the same with crime. What a harvest is growing up in the children of the uncared for poor—the denizens of the dock, and the market-house, the little profligates that swarm like flies about the busy mart of commerce! In a few years behold the mature thief—the house-breaker—the assassin of our midnight walks! O, yes, we have built fine prison-houses for them—massive and safe! But does that mend the matter—does that cure the disease—does it make us less productive among us? Ask the records of the courts—ask the daily itonas of our newspapers.

But blessings upon some wise and good men, who have taken the initiatory steps in this needed reformation. Visit that plague-spot once of the city—the iniquitous Five Points, and see what they are doing there. Blessings upon the self-sacrificing men and women engaged in that noble cause. They have struck at the root, and ere many years roll over, we shall behold the deadly flourishing tree. Vice and crime will be banished, and the prison-doors will grow rusty.

Why should we not, therefore, introduce Temperance in the school-room—in the public school—the high school—the academy—the college? Temperance should be as much a study as history or mathematics. There should be books specially prepared for it. The thousand advantages of abstinence, and the myriad evils following from a contrary course should be fully and clearly set forth. Catechisms should be prepared by competent minds, with simple and easy questions and answers for the very youngest scholars. Physiology, so much taught now, should go hand-in-hand with the study of Temperance. As the pupil advances he could be taught to see how that beautiful piece of mechanism, the human body, becomes marred and disordered—how insidiously the poison paves the way for death in a thousand forms!

O, there is work to be done here, for the rising generation; a world of work. Who will set about it—who will write the first class book on Temperance? Who will first incorporate the study of it as a branch of a thorough English education.—Union Ark.

In the above remarks are set forth some ideas entirely new, and they are just. It has been thought by many good friends of temperance that the order of Cadus would secure for the rising generation a large class of young men friendly to temperance. It will be found upon enquiry that this order has not generally

succeeded well. A fear that it would create in the minds of boys, left alone to act as they pleased among themselves, a sort of forwardness and premature manliness, has been too often realized. Yet if carefully guarded by Divisions and prudent Worthy Patrons, it must do good. The rising generation must from their cradle up be taught that intemperance is the greatest of evils—this they must learn too in schools. It is a work of mothers and teachers. The present generation are doomed to suffer more or less the evils of intemperance. Our work will do the most good for those who are to come after us. Education can do much for the thorough reformation of all.—[Editor.]

A MISSIONARY'S OPINION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

My missionary experience respecting the slavery of drunkenness has been very large. Condensation, a difficult matter under many aspects, I find to be especially so in writing this chapter. I have for many years studied this subject intensely, physiologically, politically, mentally and morally—and the lowest depth of this curse to our nation, and to the world, I find I have yet to learn. From all I have read and seen, I am compelled to coincide with the generally received opinion, that we are yet the most drunken people on earth.—Notes and Narratives of a six years mission, principally among the dens of London. By R. W. Vanderkiste, London City Missionary.

Chill frosts in summer time are frosts indeed. Such an opinion as the above, coming from so experienced a quarter, and at such a period too of the world's life—the nineteenth century—chills one's heart more than frosts in summer.

But it is not a mistake, or an unmalicious misrepresentation—an error—a delusion—anything but a fact? Alas! no, it is a fact, a naked truth, a sombre reproach, a dreadful reality. The missionary who simply coincides with a "generally received opinion," that opinion based upon the most accurate investigations, and many of them. Unyielding statistics, Parliamentary evidence, philanthropic investigation, all join hands on this question, and reply unhesitatingly, "we are yet the most drunken people on earth."

Who are we? We are something after all; we are a limited monarchy; we are lords and commons; we are universities and colleges; we are arts and manufactures; we are institutes and libraries; we are something after all. We have a voice among the nations; the balance of peace or war depends upon us under God. We are an empire on which the light of day never goes down. True, very true, our escutcheon has even more on its shield; but forget not to point out such blot as a bloody sword steeped in opium thrust down the throat of China; and forget not the insignia of "the most drunken people on earth."

Yet surely this must be a mistake. Why!—we are the nucleus of true religion; we send our missionaries to all parts of the globe; we are far in advance of many nations in civilization and politeness; how then can we be "the most drunken people on earth?" Away with the assertion! But unfortunately you can't away with it. If you investigate for yourself and try, you find it is anchored in heaven amongst the truths of God. Sophistry won't move it, all the ingenuity of misrepresentation won't stir it; make as many speeches as you please about it, and employ the most eminent counsel, and it's all of no use—there's the verdict, the evidence is too great to be struggled against, "we are yet the most drunken people on earth."

The reason is demanded. Well then we can't help answering, offend who it may. The fact is, old countries increase their vested interests and make money places for their partisans, and these drinks are exciseable, and customary, and heavily taxed, and all this makes much patronage, and adds to the strength of political parties. And then our distillers and brewers are very important men indeed; the more intoxication they serve out to the people, the more important they are.

Making the people drunk, we would have the opposer to know, is as much a vested interest, as the buying of cures of souls of £800 per annum to be cured by a curate at £60 a year; and very respectable men you know do this, very respectable men indeed, and vested interests must be respected by Her Majesty's Ministers! Very true, only unluckily a hurricane comes down, and sweeps the power of all this reasoning away, and the voice it bears on its blast, peals out terrifically above the thunder with which it is mixed, "YOU ARE YET THE MOST DRUNKEN PEOPLE ON EARTH."

What shall we do with these teetotallers, who won't be quiet? Pension the leaders out of public service money,—get places for their sons,—buy up their magazines, and set some toadies to conduct them on the moderation principle?—do something, for every session we have this blood cry louder and louder, and the people are getting more power, and Lord Shaftsbury and nobody knows who, may turn teetotallers, and above all, may please your Majesty, what do you think?—but you would never guess, so condescend to listen. No doubt your Majesty remembers that what are now the United States of America, were once British colonies; and they threw off the power of Britain, and became republican, and every man has his vote. Well, may I please your Majesty, there's one of these States on the seaboard, called Maine, inhabited principally by rough men. You may see them in their log huts, stretched round their fires, not the cleanest shave men ever seen at a levee, and you might hear them singing:—

"All down the good old Penobscot, A lumbering we will go."

The Penobscot, may it please your Majesty, is the principal river of Maine; and lumbering means timber hewing and buying a principal employment there. In short, your Majesty, they are a very rough lot. The traveling missionary has a long way to ride in many places, and then he is far from drawing-room accommodation; and they shout out the hymns very differently to what the people do in our cathedrals. Well, alas! these poor uncouth creatures were very drunken formerly; and alcohol selling was a capital business, and they used to get drunk, and out with their long knives, and stab one another like so many hounds; and at last they rubbed their heads together; and woe ever does your Majesty think they did? Each State of the Union makes its own internal laws, and each man has a vote—Vote among the rest. Well, your Majesty, to make a long story short,

this miserable legislature, destitute of the talent oratory and all the rest of it, which our own Parliament possesses, somehow or other stumbled upon the conclusion, that if no liquor shops were allowed, and alcohol permitted only to be sold medicinally, and for purposes connected with arts, by an appointed government agent in each town, the people would be emancipated from the tirade of drunkenness.—*London Tem Chron*



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]  
A WORD'S EFFECT.

One wanton word will rend the heart,  
And steep the soul in grief and woe,  
May to the mind a wound impart,  
Or o'er its mazy's mantle throw;  
The eager eye that beameth bright,  
Reflecting round a radiant soul,  
One wanton word may dim its light,  
Or damp it at griefs' dewy goal!

Fond hope our brightest shining star,  
In which all most we love is bound,  
We trust to find it better far,  
Than e'er perhaps it has been found,  
Too oft a little word can break,  
And from our souls its sacred spell;  
From life its sweetest Eden take,  
And change mind to an inward hell!

The ruddy cheek were roses bloom,  
And peace and pleasure smiling sit,  
One word may wrap them up in gloom,  
Make pallid flashes o'er them flit;  
Care light the eye with frenzy's fire,  
Knot on the brow the swelling vein,  
Send hatred—passion—all that's dire,  
In reckless random through the brain!

E'en when affection's fondest flower,  
Has bud'd and its petals spread,  
'Ere plucked—one wanton word has power,  
To make us turn from it with dread;  
Thus oft in hearts where beauties reign,  
And fancy forms a fairy home,  
Some careless word rends them in twain,  
And sends them far apart to roam.

Then guard against each wanton word,  
That severs friendship's golden chain,  
As surely as ambition's sword,  
Conveys to thousands woe and pain:  
The love-lit look, and word and smile,  
Have power to please the spirit sad,  
Though oft they please but to beguile,  
We love them—though they may be bad.

HENRY KENTVILLE.

THE DYING LEAVES—AUTUMN MUSINGS.

Let us wander forth. September has passed but its scenes are yet in our midst. The weather has got somewhat cooler—the ground is partly strewn with leaves, and the trees have assumed every shade of colour. A few birds of summer still linger about—the wren chirps among the dry leaves and branches with tail erect—the phoebe is seen at times—the blue bird with its young flies about the farms. I saw a stray whippoorwill sailing in the air on the 15th October. Robins are yet in the woods. Thousands of plovers flit over our lakes and rivers. The days are hazy and bright, of a delightful temperature, the evenings cool, calm, and beautifully moonlit. Look upon the trees—the poplar or quivering ash, lately so green, is of a splendid pale yellow—the oak, so shining in verdure, is of a dark crimson—the soft maple lately beautiful with its umbrella-like shade and thick leaves, is of a bright crimson, sometimes it looks as if bathed in blood, and some are variegated with green and pale yellow. The beautiful sugar maple is of dull green, and pale yellow, sometimes of a vivid yellow—the ash is of a bluish purple tinged with red—the beech of a deep brown—the sumach of a yellowish crimson, with its cones of red—the nannyberry between a green and a red—the butternut, hickory, and walnut trees are nearly denuded of their leaves. The white barked birch is of a lovely greenish-yellow—the pine looks as if it were dying, yet it as also the cedar and hemlock are about to assume a new coat of vivid greenness. How delightful is this variety, how pleasing to see these bushes as it were on fire! Look upon that sloping hill—the mountain side—or the bank of the gently gliding river—there are clumps of trees of all colours, that would compare with the pagantry of Eastern monarchs. We see as it were the burning bush of Moses, the green, the yellow, the red, the vivid crimson, the brightest golden foliage, waving

in the gentle breezes, and see these trophies of a summer's sun falling one by one, as pass away the bright eyes and faces, the joyous hearts and ringing laughter of the beautiful beings that adorn human nature. I could sit for hours and gaze upon those lovely dying leaves. Death among the plants is thus lovely, and why should it be so dreaded by human beings? Shall we not pass into a brighter world, behold the faces of happy friends, listen to the songs of happy spirits, gaze upon seas of burning glass, upon suns that never set, and recline under the glory of the throne of our ETERNAL CREATOR, who is love? Fear tortures the heart, says man, therefore I fear death. I have been taught to fear God as a tyrant, I tremble at the future. Alas for superstition! where shall it have an end? What is there to make us believe that God has ordered and wishes pain in any part of His universe? If pain exists, corporal or mental, it is the creature of man. Man by his vices and his fears punishes himself, but God has not ordained that he should necessarily do so. The gently gliding river is floating on its silvery bosom the leaves that lately shaded its waters—they pass along to the great reservoirs of waters, as man passes to eternity. The cricket still sings in the dry grass—in each sunny nook, we may hear his chirrup "passing! passing away!" This lonely voice of the black cricket always calls up the memory of the dead. It is among the grassy, shaded and unfrequented nooks of the graves, where we always notice it. Wander, Oh man, into the silent grave-yard in September and the early part of October, and you will hear the cries of this lonely insect—you will see it crawl among the withered grass, among the fallen rose leaves, or the foliage of the weeping willow. The glorious sun, creature of a Being of infinite goodness, yet slumeth in its nearly summer warmth, and the air is full of little buzzing flies. Daily beautiful stray butterflies dance before our eyes—they are the exceptions of summer, for their bright companions have mostly departed for ever. See yonder stray thing, how it dances in the air, it mounts and falls, although moved apparently by no breeze. That is the soft silky cushion of the thistle; a barbed seed hangs to it by an invisible thread, and thus nature propagates its like. The seeds are carried, as it were, by air balloons to great distances. The thorn bushes are red with their beautiful berries—the barberry bushes by our doors, glitter with the crimson fruit, looking like precious stones, hung in the ears of lovely women. The summer flies spread their wings to the rising sun, and their little eyes follow him to his gorgeous setting. Oh, beautiful nature, how I love thy creatures and appearances! October 17th, 1853.

DO SNAKES LAY EGGS?

A NOVEL BAKER'S BATCH.—A few days since a baker at Angouleme, in demolishing an old oven, found nearly 300 live snakes. He also found nearly 400 eggs, about the size of pigeon's eggs, inclosing serpents almost ready to break the shell.—*Globe, England.*

An American writer sometime since, in giving a description of the rattlesnake (which was copied into this paper with remarks) asserted that the rattlesnake had its young in the same manner that our common quadrupeds do; seemingly denying that snakes laid eggs, and thus brought into existence their young. The above account would seem to contravert this. We certainly have seen snakes, of the garter species killed, in which the young, not in eggs, existed alive, and nearly ready for birth. Do some snakes lay eggs and others not? We would be happy to hear from any of our readers any facts within their knowledge.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF TABLE MOVING AND RAPPING?

Has this wonderful humbug exploded—have the public got wearied with its recitals? By a Western paper it is stated that the rappers have meetings in St. Louis on Sunday. The revelations of Judge Edmunds of New York astonished every one. General Tallmadge, who lately died in New York city, was a believer in the spiritualism of this phenomenon. Judge Edmunds' statements have gone farther than anything before them, yet they are liable to suspicion, from the fact of his being of late rather disposed to aberration or weakness of mind. There yet remains about this phenomenon a sort of clairvoyance or mental magnetism, which is inexplicable. Table moving is perhaps accounted for by animal magnetism, the power of nervous fluid over matter. It is quite safe to say, that those who pretend to hold conversation with the departed are a set of base swindlers. This part of the business is a sheer humbug—the pretension of knaves or dupes, as all must be who would deceive themselves or others. The two following extracts would seem to show that this table moving is nothing new in the world.—[Ed. Sox.]

THE SPIRITS IN SYRIA.—The Sheikh Beclur is a personage of acquirements; he has a store of history and literature, his conversation is superior to that of his countrymen; and he has, to complete the superiority, the fame of a wonderful worker, and the advantage of interviews with the spirits of another world! Who can resist such proofs of power as these? He will place a jug between the hands of two persons—opposite to each other, which, on the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David, will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of all beholders. A stick, at his bidding, will move unaided from one end of the room to the other. A New Testament, suspended from a key by a string, will turn round its round of itself. An egg, being in the saucer, will be made to spring suddenly out of the saucer, and

be carried to a considerable distance. A door locked door will unlock itself. But the following track seems to us the strangest of all. On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one empty and the other filled with water, the empty jar, on the recital of certain passages, will move across the room; the full jar will of itself pour its contents into the empty one, which will return to the place whence it came.—*Yerchus Mount Lebanon.*

TABLE-TURNING IN INDIA.—There is nothing talked about but table-turning," says the Bombay correspondent of the Times. "On this subject there is quite a mania. It is said, that at the meeting of council, the members, having no more important business before them, and being obliged for appearance sake, to remain a certain time in the council chamber, amused themselves with trying to send the tables round. The Hindoo servants are lost in astonishment at seeing their masters and mistresses standing in circles round hats and tables, and fancy that it is some magical incantation for prolonging the rule of the company Banadoor. I think that among the English here there are more believers than skeptics, many have been converted by successful experiments being made with natives, by sitting round a table Sepoys and others who have never heard of the process, and have no idea of what is to happen, and who are beside themselves with fright when the tables begin to move. I have heard of several such cases from those who have witnessed them, but have not as yet seen any of them myself."

THE GOLDEN PLOVER.—We examined a specimen of this beautiful bird. It measures from tip of wing, 22 inches, longest wing feathers five inches long—length from end of bill to end of tail ten inches—bill small and slender, an inch long, of a black colour, nearly of the same thickness throughout its length. Upper mandible a little hooked, extending over the under one, the tenth part of an inch—nostrils sunk into a groove near the edge of bill, which is depressed at its sides near the base, different from other species. Head large and round, eyes black. Length from end of bill to end of toe one foot. Legs black and very slender, three inches long. There are only three toes on the feet. It is strange that this bird has no small hind toes like the family of the curlew, snipe or gold legged plovers. The plumage is of a darkish dun colour all over the body, approaching to a dirty white on the underparts. Upon the head, neck, shoulders of wings, back, and top of tail, the plumage is dotted with beautiful golden spots, intermingled with white spots, the size of a small pea—hence its name. The grey plovers it will be remembered, is entirely grey, and white beneath, and is a larger bird. The golden legged plover is twice the size of the above, and of a different colour. The golden plover is about the size of a robin. It frequents marshes and ponds, but generally the shores of our lakes. It is seen in these places in April and May, and again in September and October on coming from the north. I have seen another species of this bird.

THE GOLDEN LEGGED PLOVER is nearly as large as the Curlew—measures eighteen inches from the tip of the bill to end of toes; the bill being two and a half inches long—black, slender, half the size of that of the curlew, and nearly of one thickness all the way through. The legs are five inches long. This bird is nearly as long in the wing as the curlew, being 21½ inches. The body is about one fourth less, and the colour entirely different, being speckled white and black above and white beneath. We have in a prior number described it as well as the grey plover.

THE SIRE measures from the tip of one wing to the other 15 inches—length from end of bill to end of tail 9 inches—bill an inch and a half long, slender, black, and one thickness all the way; nostrils sink in a groove near the base of the bill where it is depressed.

A M DEL CITY.—In the city of New York last year, there were over 5,000 cases of assault and battery, and 36 murders. In all England and Wales, there were in the same time only 2,000 cases of assault and battery, and 16 cases of murder.

What a commentary are these facts on the license system. This vice is not at all attributable to liquor drinking but it is chiefly so. New York is perhaps more cursed in this way than any locality in the world. This enormous amount of crime is partly chargeable to three other causes. One is the great influx of vicious and needy strangers who constantly arrive here. It is the great emigration export of the United States. A second is, the fact of the absence of a good police—one determined to ferret out and punish crime. A third is the fact, that although many of its officers, judges, and leading citizens are educated, and know their duty, they are vicious and will not do it. When man is vicious in his morals, education is but a waste, check. Added to this is a large ignorant class, who living in a country essentially republican and free, feel themselves under little restraint, and indulge in vice as a matter of *wild liberty!* But the drinking habits of the people are the great cause of all this vice.—[Ed. Sox.]

AN EPITAPH

TRISTED Church and rejoices in the following matter-of-fact memorial to departed worth

— My grandfather was buried here.  
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear,  
My father perished with an inflammation to the thigh,  
And my sister dropped down dead in the Minerva.  
But the reason why I'm here interred, is owing to my thinking,  
Owing to my good going and bad staying,  
If the store, good Christ! us, you wish to be long,  
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, &c., or anything strong.



THE POOR MAN TO HIS SON.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid;
Look labour in the face.
Take up the hammer or the spade.
And blush not at your humble place.
Hold up your brow, with honest pride,
Though tough and swarth your hands may be;
Such hands are sap veins that provide
The life blood of the nation's tree.
There's honour in the tilling part,
That finds us in the furrowed fields,
It stamps a crest upon the heart
Worth more than all your crested shields.
Work, work my boy, and murmur not,
The Eastern gub betrays no shame,
The gam of large soot leaves no blot,
And labour gilds the meanest name.
A man is never half so blest
As when the busy day is spent,
So as to make his evening rest,
A holiday of glad content.
God grant thee boy a due reward,
A querdon portion, fair and just,
And tho' a nigger think his station hard,
But work my boy, work, hop, trust

—Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE WEATHER during the past week has been exceedingly fine—a specimen of the Indian Summer—weather so common in our climate. It has been very dry; wind generally west and light; most of the days sunny and hazy; the nights light and but little frost. The trees are now half naked. On Friday the wind was in the east, and in the evening rather high. There was a little rain on Saturday morning, but the day was very fine. It is fine weather for the wheat in the ground, and for farmers coming to market. The navigation on the lakes has been unusually favorable this season. On Saturday evening the wind was very high—Sunday cool, wind North West.

PRODUCTION OF MAPLE SUGAR IN THE UNITED STATES.—Of the twenty-seven States in which this sugar is manufactured—Maine produced 1,392,427 pounds; Vermont 5,159,641; New York 10,310,744; Pennsylvania 2,218,641; Virginia 1,223,908; Ohio 4,523,549; Michigan 2,423,997; Indiana 3,921,938. These are the largest producers. Vermont makes by far the largest quantity in proportion to its territory. Besides the above sugar crop, there was a yield by the sugar maple in the United States, in 1850, of 40,000,000 gallons of maple molasses.

ELECTRIC GAS.—The experiment of lighting London by electric gas obtained by the decomposition of water, and applicable also to heating and as a motive power, at half the expense of ordinary gas, with equal illuminating power, not explosive, inodorous, and free from smoke, is about to be tried on an extensive scale; and in the event of success, it is said that all the pipes and lamps in London may be used for it.

A writer in a Georgia paper says: I have seen growing on one farm this season the following crops—sugar cane, Cuba tobacco, cotton, corn, oats, rice, sweet potatoes, wheat, indigo, ground nut, field peas, turnips, pumpkins and millet. The turpentine business is getting to be extensively followed in the State, and requiring but little capital and skill, it is found to be very profitable. Two good hands will gather 500 barrels in a year, which will sell for \$2 50 or \$3 a barrel. This will leave them between \$400 and \$500 to the hand, clear of all expenses.

The Detroit Tribune has been shown a new and simple machine for roasting coffee by steam. It can be used by any kitchen girl, and besides facilitating this domestic operation, it possesses the advantage that no noxious smoke arises from it during the process of cooking. Moreover, the machine is just as well adapted to parching corn as roasting coffee.

Mr. Peabody, editor of the Soil of the South, mentions a new kind of watermelon, which he calls the orange-watermelon, and pronounces it a very singular, beautiful and excellent melon. By cutting into the rind, as you peel an orange, the entire skin peels off, leaving the whole pulp unbroken, which, with care, may be divided into quarters, just as you divide an orange.

APPLES AND DAMSON CHEESE.—In a jar or pan over night put equal quantities of apples and damsons, let them stand until morning in an oven, strain them through a sieve, and to every quart of pulp, put a quarter pound of moist sugar, boil for about an hour and a half, stirring constantly until it forms a thick jelly, pour it on plates to the thickness of half an inch.

PEACH PRESERVE.—Take enough clarified sugar to cover the fruit, boil till the syrup bubbles on the opposite side of the skimmer, then pour the fruit and let it boil lively two minutes; remove the same, let it stand from six to ten minutes; then take out the fruit, boil the syrup again, and as soon as the fruit boils take them from the fire, and when cold put into jars and keep free from heat or moisture.

SMOKEFUL PIDDING.—Eight table spoonfuls of currants, 8 do. grated bread, 8 do. suet, 5 do. sugar, 5 eggs, a little nutmeg.

TO TAKE OUT FRUIT SPOTS.—Wet the stain without dipping, and hold the par over a common brass one match at a proper distance. The sulphurous gas soon causes the spots to disappear.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

The Orange Lily newspaper, the organ of the Eastern Section of the Canadian Orangemen, has come out in favor of secularization of the Reserves, and of the Catholic Estates of Lower Canada. Major Campbell, of St. Helaire, Lower Canada, has received a prize of £25 for the best treatise upon Agriculture in Lower Canada. The Canadian Literary Institute of Montreal offers a prize for the best Essay on the Past, Present, and Future of Canadian Literature. The successful competitor will receive a silver medal worth \$18. The Examiner newspaper has lately turned apologist for Hincks, even doubting the propriety of the censure, cast upon him by the Globe, North American, and other papers, for his share in the £10,000 job of Toronto. Does not this squint in the direction of the banner? Does this paper recollect its bitter denunciations of this Mr Hincks for his conduct in selling the public roads of this county to Bent? Does it forget its denunciations of his conduct at the Price dinner given at Powell's Inn? Are the words of the Examiner in the time of the election of Mr. Hopkins forgotten? Is the opposition of Hincks to retrenchment in 1849 forgotten; and other acts that might be mentioned? If the Examiner's memory fails him just now on this head, its files of paper of 1849 and 50 are at hand to refresh his memory, and the people, his then subscribers, remember his extreme radicalism on many questions, now passed over as worthless. The Examiner has done much for reform, but that is only a good race horse which holds out to the end. Mr. Bokers at any stage of their career are despicable. An editor's conduct is only valuable in proportion to its consistency. A true reformer is such in all things, not alone in religious bigotry. On the 12th inst. the first passenger train on the Northern Railway made its appearance at the head of the Bay near Barrie, the road being thus opened all the way through. There were 70 passengers on board. We regret to say that by the carelessness of one of the switch-tenders, a freight train ran off the track of this road on the 17th inst., near Matchell's Corners, destroying the train, and causing a loss to the company of \$3,000—no lives were lost. The Daily Globe of the 13th inst. says that an office "to enquire into the State of Agriculture throughout the United States for the benefit of Canada," was offered to Mr. McDougall, editor of the North American, by the present Government; also that it was accepted and its duties partly entered upon. This is the office, says the Globe, which Mr. McDougall alludes to as having been proffered to him by the Government as a bribe. It is an off-shot of the Bureau. The North American says another office has been offered to him as a bribe, that this one was merely honorary. Tampering with editors in this way is very mean. The new Government Buildings at Toronto are about to be commenced this autumn, the ground is already inclosed. A young Scotch lady has been arrested and imprisoned in Florence, Italy, by the Romish authorities, for what think you reader? for giving to an Italian peasant a copy of the bible and a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress! Have the days of Galileo persecution passed away? assuredly not. Popery is now what it always was, a curse to earth—a stain upon Christianity. The British Government have been applied for her release.

A Convention has been held in Lower Canada at Three Rivers in favor of the immediate abolition of the Seigniorial tenure. Col. Guay has been appointed by the Government to command the 200 pensioners sent from this city to Montreal to quell any contemplated riot that might happen. All the soldiers have been withdrawn from London, C. W. The Morning Chronicle, an English paper at Quebec, has been bought up by the Government at it is said. Mr. Hincks has come out in the Leader with a long letter exculpating himself from partiality charged against him, and acting as champion for the Grand Trunk Credit Judaeus Appetta. This man is the slyest, corruptest politician that ever was in power in Canada. It would be a great blessing to Canada to choke him off at a bribe of \$100,000. He corrupts the political atmosphere everywhere. Our Government has become a mere shaving-shop for stock jobbers, the chief of whom is this Mr. Hincks.

WAR DECLARATION.—By latest dates from Constantinople the Sultan had declared war against Russia, by the advice of the Grand Council. Austria will assist Russia. The Toronto City Council have again put off the motion to censure Bowes, by the trucking of Gowan and his followers, who left the Council, and thus prevented the attendance of a quorum. The Esplanade job has been given to Messrs. Gzowski & Co., at £150,000. It is said by the Colonist that there were a good many Americans at the laying of the Foundation of the Corner Stone of Brock's Monument. The General's Military hat and feather were buried with him. A section of the Great Western Railway between Niagara and Hamilton is to be opened on the 1st January next. Paris is so full of strangers that not a room is to be had, and the Parisians have ceased to complain of the price of bread.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held on Thursday evening last in New York city by the foreign refugees and their friends to assist Turkey. Kenneth McKenzie, Esq. has been appointed Judge of the Conny Court of Frontiac. Late news state that Spain has conceded to England the right to search in the Island of Cuba for recently landed African slaves. A little boy in Elgin County went into a tamarack swamp lately and was chased by a bear. He attempted to climb a tree but was pulled down and severely wounded by the bear. His dog came to his rescue and the bear escaped. A newspaper, called the Bradford Chronicle, has just been started at Bradford, Conny of Simcoe. An extensive break or sink in the quicksands of Copetown, on the line of the Great Western Railway has happened. It is said the injury is so extensive as to be likely to delay the opening of the whole line by the 1st of January as was anticipated. The road will, however, be opened in other places. Those who understand the matter well, say, that the Wesleyan Ministers and their laymen, as a body, are in favor of honesty of a secularization of the Clergy Reserves. A large meeting has just been held in the western part of the County of

Middlesex to honor the approach of George Brown. There was a large procession and a public dinner given. Resolutions condemning the religious policy of the Government were passed. It is rumored that Mr. Brown has said he would cover the County of Oxford with Hincks. Extensive preparations are making at Sarnia to receive Mr. Brown. Mr. George Rolph, brother of Dr. Rolph, has just returned from England. He says that the Atlantic & St. Lawrence line of British Steamers afford the public very poor accommodations compared with similar American lines. The North American says that Hincks is a subscriber for £50,000 paid up stock in the Grand Trunk railroad. Comment on this is unnecessary. Behold the clue to his conduct. He has lately written a letter to the English Canadian Bankers in favor of this railroad and against the Great Western, in effect becoming a party in their quarrel.

The Peterboro Review, has referred to remarks recently made by us on the political character of Malcolm Cameron, also to our general remarks on politics. He thinks, that a temperance editor we should not have done so. We have to inform our contemporary that our prospectus of 1853, published in December last, warned all that we would take this course. We have made, and mean to continue to make, remarks on all political events occurring, fairly and impartially, aiding no particular party, if in the wrong. As to Malcolm Cameron as a temperance man we have only objected to his being made the UNOFFICIAL OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE; being willing to admit that he has done much for it. If this paper was the paid and acknowledged official organ of any body of temperance men, then there might be some ground for the Review's remarks but such is not the case. It is an independent temperance paper and will succumb to no party in its political views. We only ask the support of those who are pleased with its course of subjects.

It is said the French Government has received a pacific communication from the Russian Emperor of Olmutz. A Spanish Governor General has been appointed over Cuba. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia are at Olmutz in Conference, and a great military display is taken place there. It seems the Russians now demand of Turkey a Province, Daviston to pay for the war expenses. The ships of the French and British fleets already entered the Dardanelles to protect the Sultan against his own subjects.

The Autumn Fair and cattle show of Etobicoke, was held at Mimico on the 18th inst. A carter has been fined in this city for extorting 1s. 3d. per load for hauling when he was entitled to 7d. The Bank of England has raised its discount to 5 per cent. In China the rebels are advancing on Peking. It is said the Americans offered to assist the Chinese emperor with money, &c.

Marsh, who shot at Mr. Myers at Tenton, has been sentenced to 14 years imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

Late European news state that the long looked for northern passage has been discovered by Commander McClure of the British admiralty. Quite a money panic prevailed in New York city, last Wednesday, but it has since subsided. The latest New York news state, that war is declared by Turkey. Lord Elgin is to be made a Marquis. Canada six per cent bonds are falling in New York. The cholera is subsiding in England. Several cases had occurred on board of shipping from England to America—a quarantine is established at New York and Boston. A demonstration was got up by George Brown, at Chatham, on the 15th instant—a card containing 1000 signatures, of electors, was presented. An extensive fire has occurred in Milwaukee. Mr. Jamieson has been convicted at Belleville of misconduct, in his office of Registrar. A quarantine, to guard against the cholera, has been established at Grecs Isle. There is a large criminal docket at Toronto—160 civil cases. Mr. Anselm celebrated French astronomer, died on the 1st Oct. Omar Pacha, the great Turkish General, in case of illness will have under his command 150,000 men. The Crown have sent a deputation agreeing to aid Turkey. Mr. Menzies, Virginia, has been sent as American Minister to France. The office of the Voice of the Fugitive, an anti-slavery paper which has just been destroyed by fire. An association is to be formed in Toronto, to reduce the price of wood in this city.

WARNING TO HUSBANDS.—By a statute recently passed in England, husbands who strike, or in any way abuse their wives are liable to imprisonment with hard labour for six months. A similar mode of punishment is certainly much wanted in Canada. A woman in the present state of things has too little protection from brutality.

AGENTS FOR 1853.

- C. W. Robinson, Woodstock. William Hill, North West. John Q. Bond, Branford. John Tyler, Cummer. B. B. Baines, Oakville. J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square. John Dendas, Reed Baker, Waterdown. John Clinton, Penetanguishuen, Bismham. M. Shaver, Glanford. H. A. Graham, Trafalgar. J. B. Crowe, Pelham. J. Rapelger, Chippewa. Connor, Niagara. George Gilmore, Beamsville. George St. Vincent, Dr. Powell, Cobourg. James Cant, Cornwall. George Brockville. John Vert, Lambton. James Fraser, Bytown. Hargraff, Oanabee. R. M. Stephens, Port Dover. William McLean, Middleton. William McCrory, Fergus. Wm. H. Campbell, London. Alonzo Sweet, Walpole. S. J. Lancaster, Leith. Murdoch, Aylmer. E. G. S. Newcombe, Vienna. J. Ross, Gower. L. P. Marks, Burford. Charles Taylor, Port St. John. Johnson, Oaterville. J. W. Coulson, Guelph. George Graham, Mond Hall. Farns Lawrence, Orangeville. D. D. Hay, Leith. Hambley, Nobleton. J. Bowman, Atake Division. E. L. Kuenberg, James Shaw, Port Credit. Joshua Vanallen, Guelph. Thomas Wilson, Morkham Village. Moxam Jones, St. Catharines. D. G. Wilson, Duffin a Creek. John Boyd, Oshawa. E. M. Newtown, John Nott, Prince Albert. Rev. Mr. Cline, Beamsville. C. S. Powers, Newcastle. Robinson Rutherford, Peterborough. G. C. Choate, Warraw. Wm. H. Fanning, Kempsville. Wm. Kingston, Dr. Thomas Ashton, Bath. Francis Finn, St. Catharines. Josiah Parkins, Thornhill. Leonard Tuttle and W. H. Forborne, John Ballard, Montreal. Mr. Booth, Quebec. G. G. Gare, Weston. John Terry, Sharon. James Cooper, St. Catharines. Cuyler, Newland. A. Younie, Tyrone. G. W. Cook, Guelph. J. Teller, Sammerville.

NEW FALL DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE "TORONTO HOUSE, NO. 60, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

J. CHARLESWORTH, would most respectfully intimate to the Ladies of Toronto and vicinity, that his Fall Stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS is almost complete...

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS. J. C. would respectfully intimate to the Trade in Canada West, that in his Stock of Dry Goods this Fall will be found some of the greatest inducements...

A NEW FAMILY MEDICINE, AND VALUABLE SPRING & 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...

RICHMONDHILL DEPOT FOR CHEAP GOODS, Direct from Montreal, New York and Boston.

The Subscriber takes this opportunity of informing the Public that he has abandoned his former intention of going to Australia, and that he now intends remaining at Richmond Hill...

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c. &c., has resumed his Professional Business at his Old Office, over Henderson and Co's Store...

NOTICE TO THE TRADE. TORONTO HAT AND CAP FACTORY, SIGN OF THE GOLDEN CAP, No. 77, Yonge Street.

The Subscriber in returning his grateful acknowledgments to the Trade, for the support given to him since his commencement in business, and desirous to cherish that patronage so liberally bestowed, begs leave to call their attention to his extensive Spring Stock of HATS AND CAPS!

PROCLAMATION. JOHN GEORGE BOWEN, Esq., Mayor of the City of Toronto. WHEREAS the Common Council of the City of Toronto, have by a Resolution, authorized me to issue a Proclamation...

ONTARIO, SIMCOE, & HURON RAILROAD. NOTICE. ON and after MONDAY, 18th JULY, the Passenger Trains will run daily between Toronto and Bradford...

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BOOTS, SHOES, & CHILD'S. BROWN & CHILDS. 85, King St. Toronto. 150, Notre Dame St. Montreal.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! SAMUEL WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST. 2 doors west from corner of Bay and King Streets, Toronto. Received this Day.

A. CLARKE'S MANUFACTORY, 3 DOORS EAST OF SAINT LAWRENCE MARKET King Street East, Toronto. BRADFORD, Biscuits, Pastry, Cakes, &c. &c. Family Groceries, Steamboats and Country Merchants supplied.

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 our Superior Insulated and Protected Lightening Rods, with a variety of other Electric Positive Batteries constructed in their Manufactory, thus rendering them equal to any other in the world...

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, Toronto...

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

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...

For Cheap Boots and Shoes. TO H. BROWNSON'S SHOP, SIGN OF THE RED BOOT, West side of Yonge Street, opposite to Armstrong's Foundry, near Queen Street.

TAYLOR'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, New York. THE Proprietor takes this opportunity of informing the Temperance community, and the public generally, that he still continues, as he has done for the last 15 years, to keep the above named house, in strictly temperance premises...

It seems to be generally admitted that Blacks have done more towards Canada on the South Sea than any other race. The SWISS BROTHERS have a church, sabbath school, and tract depot in St. Francis, New York...

Articles on "Canadian Journalism," "The Song of the Lark," "The Northern Part of the Law," and "The Southern Part, where the wine grows in interest, and the hog fattening interests are very large, went against the law."

Communications. Poetry from Woodstock will be inserted with alterations, but requires too much revision. Letter from J. B. Montreal, will appear in our next issue.

TORONTO MARKETS, Oct. 22, 1853. Notwithstanding the warlike news from Europe, the price of grain remains about the same as in our previous quotations. The average price for wheat may be said to be 64 per bushel; flour 30s. per barrel...

HAMILTON General Hat & Fur Warehouse. MESSRS. MILLS & WRIGHT, Hatters and Furriers, CORNER KING AND JOHN STS., HAMILTON, KEEP constantly on hand, the largest selection of HATS, CAPS and FURS to be found in any city...

The rage for the gold of Australia is past, and now they have what they've often been told, that our own favored Canada is the country for gold! While here we are blessed with a generous soil, the man may have gold who is willing to toil...

Our prosperous condition will appear very plain, when her farmers get a dollar and a quarter for grain, while all their productions so readily sell, at prices which now pay them equally well.

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET. TORONTO. M. PEARSON, FORMERLY JOHN McDONALD, respectfully invites attention to his very large Stock of Seasonable DRY GOODS, RECEIVED THIS SEASON, of which he offers very reasonable prices...

A. CARD. CHARLES COCKBURN, (Baillif of D. C., No. 4, London, Weiland), Licensed Auctioneer. Office residence Pine Street, THOROLD. Sales in Town or Country on short notice and moderate Terms. August, 1853.



Yorkville Saddle & Harness Shop.

JOHN DALE

Inform his numerous friends that he is prepared to attend all calls in his line with promptness and despatch...

Niagara Temperance House, NEAR THE LIBERTY POLE, BUFFALO CITY.

H. BAYLEY, Proprietor. Good accommodations can be had at all times at this house at moderate charges.

DR. N. BURNIE BRADFORD,

MEMBER of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Honourable 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, can obtain them upon applying at this office...

To Farmers & the Country Generally.

The undersigned, at No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street, begs to intimate to the country generally, that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Knapton and Co. of Rochester...

Remainder the place No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street, General Agricultural Wareroom, under Mackenzie's "Weekly Message Office"...

R. H. BRETT,

GENERAL MERCHANT—WHOLESALE Importer of Heavy Hardware, Sheffield, Warrington, and Birmingham Goods...

J. H. GOWAN,

Carver and Gilder Looking-Glass & Picture Frame Manufacturer, No. 75, Yonge Street, Toronto.

Glasses and Fancy Goods,

ALSO PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES, which from his new and extensive Machinery he is prepared to sell at New York Prices...

HAYES BROTHERS & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES, TEAS, &c. FRONT STREET, TORONTO.

F. WHEELER, ENGRAVER AND WATCHMAKER, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

J. FOGGIN, [From England.] DYER AND SCOURER, 93, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

KID GLOVES CLEANED. CHARLES DURAND, Esqr., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR in CHANCERY...

NEW GROCERY STORE. B. M. CLARK, Having Removed to Front Street, first door west of Ralph's Tavern...

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

T. PRATT'S TEMPERANCE Hotel St. Division Street, near the Water Court House, Good Stabling attached.

J. McNAB, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c., 101 West North of the Court House, Church Street Toronto.

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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...

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Table listing various clothing items and prices, including Men's Brown Holland Coats, Men's Black Cloth Vests, Men's Moleskin Trowsers, etc.

DRY GOODS.

Table listing various dry goods and prices, including Muslin de Laines, Fine Linens, Factory Cotton, etc.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN,

Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House. Toronto January 1853.

Fresh Arrivals of New Spring and Summer Goods.

WILLIAM POLLEY,

66, King Street East, Toronto,

RESPECTFULLY intimates to his numerous customers, and the public generally, that he is now receiving his Spring arrivals of Fresh and Fashionable...

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

INCLUDING THE LATEST STYLES IN PLAIN AND FANCY STRAW BONNETS, PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS GOODS, PRINTED MUSLINS, SILK PARASOLS, BONNET RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, &c. &c.

W. P. would also intimate that his Stock is New—selected in the British and American Markets, expressly for this Trade...

Chequered Warehouse, Victoria Row, June, 1853.



GOLD—GOLD—From Australia and California wanted, by ROBERT TAYLOR,

Corner of Yonge and Albert Streets Toronto, nearly opposite the Green Bush, and a few doors north of Montgomer's Inn.

HIS GROCERIES ARE THE CHEAPEST IN TORONTO.—THEY COMPRISE FRESH GREEN TEAS, BLACK TEAS, COFFEE, SUGARS, SPICES, FRUITS, RICE, CONFECTIONARIES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—LOW PRICES.—QUICK RETURNS. INSPECTION IS INVITED.

J. B. RYAN, IMPORTER OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HARDWARE,

Sign of the large Knife and Fork, (Old Stand) 77, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

HAS constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE, consisting in part of HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, CUTLERY, BUILDERS' MATERIALS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, COOPERS', CARPENTERS', SHOEMAKERS' and other TOOLS, WARRANTED AXES & EDGE TOOLS of all kinds, AT LOW PRICES!!!

Toronto, October, 1853.

T. PRATT'S TEMPERANCE Hotel St. Division Street, near the Water Court House, Good Stabling attached.

J. McNAB, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c., 101 West North of the Court House, Church Street Toronto.

J. MURPHY, PAINTER AND GLAZIER, GRAINER, PAPER HANGER, SIGN WRITER, &c. &c., No. 13, Adelaide Street, West of Yonge.

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEON

VETERINARY FORGE AND BLACKSMITH'S HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES DISPENSARY—Queen St. E. near Yonge Street, Tor.

WILLIAM WHARIN, WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWELLER, No. 17, Church St., 1 door South of King.

Clocks, Watches, Time pieces, and Jewellery, description repaired, cleaned and Warranted. A variety of Clocks, Watches, Jewellery and goods constantly kept for sale.

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddlery Warehouse, 95 Yonge Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Collar.

W. S. returns his sincere thanks to his friends in public, for the very liberal support he has received, in continuing to manufacture a superior article...

W. S. will sell very low for cash, and every article wanted to be such as sold for—GOOD AND CLEAR.

Remember the sign of the Collar.

YONGE ST. POTTERY

NEAR TORONTO, JOHN I. AVIS, PROPRIETOR

Manufactures 2500 pieces per week, producing 30 to worth of goods on the average per week, through whole year.

These Potteries excel all other potteries in the Province for quantity and quality. They took three prizes at our Toronto Provincial Show, and have so at other Fairs.

Orders can be promptly supplied with our unvarnished Brown Ware, and Bronze Glaze, Milk Pans, Crockery, Tiles, Pickle Jars, Garden Pots, and Ornamental Clay Toys, on short notice.

J. I. having secured a large quantity of clay superior over manufactured in Canada before, he can mend it as being far better for Dairy purposes, than miserable yellow and dirty white looking trash in some places.

January, 1853.

JOHN BENTLEY, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER

71, Yonge Street,

Has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Genuine Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, fumery, Soaps, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Patent Dryer, ALSO,

WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPER

School Books, Account Books, Pocket Books, Particular GENERAL STATIONER

N. B.—Wholesale Depot for Bentley's Baking Powder, Smith's Improved Rat and Vermin Exterminator, Pills; Farrell's Arabian Liniment, &c. &c. RAGS BOUGHT FOR THE PAPER MANUFACTURERS AS USUAL.

Toronto January, 1853.

CHARLES BAKER, MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 37, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, begs to inform the public, that he has in the above line had on hand, for sale, all the latest styles of FUR, FRANKLIN'S PATENT HAND, Agency, Millineries, Paris and New York Plates of Fashion; and all the latest styles of London and Paris Magazines of Fashion, System of Cutting.

Toronto, January 1853.

G. HARCOURT & CO. TAILORS, CLOTHIERS,

AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS, 11, North Side of King Street, Directly opposite the Globe Office, Toronto.

The subscribers keep always on hand a large stock of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Venetian and Summer Cloths of the latest of Pattern and Material. A choice selection of Vestings of the richest style, consisting of Plain and Figured Velvets, Silk and Plushes, Satin and Figured Material of almost every description.

READY-MADE GARMENTS, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders, and Gentlemen's Wear in General. Judges' Barristers' and Universal ROBES,

Of every Degree and quality, made to order. G. HARCOURT & CO. Toronto, January 1853.

BRASS BANDS FOR DIVISIONS, Instrument and Music Establishment.

MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHEIM beg to inform their friends and the public in general, besides their large stock of Brasses of the best quality, which they keep constantly on hand, they received and are constantly receiving from England, the best and most IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS FOR both Brass and Wood, which they are enabled to sell at a lower price than any other Establishment on the Continent; they would recommend their services to Companies and other Brass Bands, and will be pleased by the celebrated maker G. W. G. of Paris.

Any order from any part of the country will be attended to. A. & S. NORDHEIM, King Street, Toronto.

Subscription Price of this Paper \$1 per annum, payable in advance. All letters on the subject of paper to be addressed, post paid, to C. DURAND, Editor and Proprietor.

TORONTO. PRINTED BY BLEWER, McNICOLL & Co., 46 KING STREET EAST.