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"Because Northern people know better than to enter people's houses, merely for the purpose of insulting them."

"Well, I am from the South," replied the master, "and I've come for your old man, and if I had you in Old Virginia, I'd give you thirty-nine on the bare back, every morning, and then rub you down with salt water, and I bet your tongue wouldn't wag so glib."

By the address and coolness of Mrs. Thompson, her husband was informed of this visitor, and escaped amongst the "Quakers." In a few days she converted what property she could quietly dispose of into money, locked up her house, and joining her husband, started with him for Canada.

Since that period, she has accompanied him, with her little daughter, through Vermont and other parts of New England, giving concerts, where they sang the touchingly plaintive songs of the slaves, and earning, in this way, the price of Mr. Thompson's freedom.

We never saw anything so touching as the joy expressed in the face of Mrs. Thompson, as she recited to us the incidents of her life, during the last few months, amongst the generous farmers of Vermont, and dwelt upon the fact that her husband could now go home!

Shame, say we, to the country which repays such love as these poor fugitives have for it with whips, chains and bondage.—Double shame on the dastard laws which would expatriate them, and then rob them of their hard earnings, before they can return home in peace. And yet, in the face of such facts as are furnished in the history of this family, numerous numskulls can be found who will solemnly inform us that negroes cannot take care of themselves.—Worcester Spy.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONISTS.

We extract from the North China Herald, of May 7th, the subjoined "strange if true" account of the Chinese Revolutionists. The narrative reviews the recollections of the days of Cromwell and the old English Puritans. If the Bible has been extensively circulated and read among the insurgents, we need not wonder at the effect produced; as considered merely as a historical work, everywhere sublime and powerful in diction, and abounding in passages of the most poetic grandeur and beauty, the Bible surpasses all other books in the strong hold it takes upon the mind of the new reader, and in the influence it exerts upon all the powers and qualities of the mind.

Despoticism, everywhere, fears the unrestricted reading of the Bible by the people, and this fact we regard as one of the strongest natural evidences that it emanated from God himself. In a world, in which Sin, and Satan hold extensive dominion, the Bible must be a revolutionary book; and if books written by inspired men have produced extraordinary changes in the world's history, there is nothing strange in the fact that wherever the Bible—the inspired Word of God—enters, it effects notable changes, even to the overthrow of powers and dominions, and the oldest and strongest despoticisms. But here is the North China Herald's statement:—

The insurgents are Christians and anti-idolators of the strictest order. They acknowledge but One God, the Heavenly Father, the Allwise, Allpowerful, and Omnipotent Creator of the world; with Him, Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of mankind; and also the Holy Spirit, as the last of the Three Persons of the Trinity. Their chief on earth is a person known as "Tae-ping-wang, the Prince of Peace," to whom a kind of divine origin and mission is ascribed. Far, however, from claiming adoration, he forbids in an edict the application to himself of the terms "Supreme," "Holy," and others, hitherto constantly assumed by the Emperors of China, but which he declines receiving, on the ground that they are due to God alone.

Their moral code the insurgents call the "Heavenly Rules," which on examination proved to be the Ten Commandments. The observance of these is strictly enforced by the leaders of the movement, chiefly Kwang-tung and Kwang-so-men, who are not merely formal professors of a religious system, but practiced and spiritual Christians, deeply influenced by the belief that God is always with them. The hardships they have suffered, and the dangers they have incurred, are punishments and trials of their Heavenly Father; the successes they have achieved are instances of His grace. In conversation they "boast" the more worldly-minded by constant recurrence to that special attention of the Almighty, of which they believe themselves to be the objects. With proud humility, and with the glistening eyes of gratitude, they point back to the fact that at the beginning of their enterprise, some four years ago, they numbered but one hundred or two hundred; and that, except for the direct help of the Heavenly Father they never could have done what they have done.

"They," said one, speaking of the Imperialists, "spread all kinds of lies about us. They say we employ magical arts.—The only kind of magic we have used is prayer to God. In Kwang-se, when we occupied Yang Guan, we were sorely pressed; there were then only some 2,000 or 3,000 of us. We were beset on all sides by much greater numbers; we had no power left, and our provisions were all gone, but our Heavenly Father came down and showed us the way to break out. So we put our wives and children in the middle, and not only forced a passage, but completely beat our enemies."

After a short pause he added: "If it be the will of God that our Prince of Peace shall be the Sovereign of China, he will be the Sovereign of China; if not, then he will die here."

The man who used this language of courageous fidelity to the cause in every extreme, and in confidence in God, was a shriveled up, elderly little person, who made an odd figure in his yellow and red hood; but he could think the thoughts and speak the speech of a hero. He, and others like him, have succeeded in infusing their own sentiments of courage and morality to no slight extent, considering the materials operated upon, into the minds of their adherents. One instance was a youth of nineteen, who acted as one of the guides to a party that rode into Nankin, and who again and again, as he ran along on foot, begged and besought Mr. Interpreter Meadows, to do some token from Nanking, to bring him a broad sword, but also exhorted that gentleman to refrain from smoking, from drunkenness, and other vices, with a simple earnestness at once amusing and admirable. This lad, the son of a literary graduate in Hoonan, of the second degree, and himself no bad scholar, had left his father's house at the age of seventeen, and travelled some days to join the insur-

gent camp before Kwel-len, prompted by an adventurous spirit, to share in "conquering the rivers and mountains"—the expression by which the "boly warriors" of Tae-ping designate their enterprise.

One convincing proof of the sincerity of the ruling mind is, that while fighting to free their country from a foreign yoke, and anxious to obtain adherents, they, nevertheless, throw great difficulties in the way of a rapid increase of numbers, by insisting on a general adoption of a new and revealed religion learnt from "barbarians."

While they have materially derived their religious beliefs from the writings, if not in some cases the direct teachings of foreign Protestant missionaries, they appeared to be extremely ignorant of foreign nations. Canton was known to them as the seat of a great foreign commerce; but Shanghai (which had indeed sprung into importance during the few years they have been fighting in the west) was found to be quite unknown to several of their leading men. It is gratifying to learn that under these circumstances the existence of a common religious belief disposes them to regard their "foreign brethren" with a frank friendliness which past experience renders it difficult to comprehend in a Chinese, but which we earnestly trust every effort will be made to cultivate and establish in their minds.

It would, to speak of it in thing else, do more for our commercial interests, should the insurgents succeed, than hundreds of ships and regiments. We understand that, during a long ride of ten or twelve miles into the city of Nankin and back, along what may at present be called one of the streets of a large camp, Mr. Meadows did not hear one of these abusive and derogatory epithets applied to himself or companions, which have always been so liberally bestowed on passing foreigners by the heathen Chinese. There was also the fullest evidence that the obscene expressions with which the latter garnish all their conversation, are prohibited, and almost banished from the language of the Christians.

Humorous.

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

THE CUTEST TRICK YET.

The following to raise a good bottle of wine free gratis for nothing, is the "cap shaft" of all the pieces of impudence we have heard of lately. In the present instance a gentee-looking leader entered a store in this city where he knew they had a splendid article in the shape of wine, and at a time when he knew the master had gone to dinner, and nobody but a small boy left in attendance. Entering with all the importance of a regular wholesale dealer, our visitor commenced with—

"Is Mr. — in?"
"No, sir—he's just stepped out—gone to dinner, sir."
"What time do you expect him back, boy?"
"Not short of an hour, sir, it generally takes him about an hour to eat his dinner."
"Not under an hour? Well, I'm told Mr. — has a fine specimen of old Madeira. He told me to call and taste it, but as he isn't in, and I am in something of a hurry, I wish you would bring out a bottle as a sample, and I'll see what it is."
"Yes, sir," said the boy, who immediately brought forth a bottle of the pure old stuff itself. The waiter took the wine, held it up to see its quality and color, drew the cork, took a small sip, smacked his lips, and inquired—
"Boy, have you any ice?"
"No, sir; we never keep any."
"Never mind, it's about cool enough. Anything in the shape of crackers about? They help to get a correct idea of the wine."
"Nothing of the kind, sir."
"All the same thing—I believe I have some in my pocket. I always carry them with me when I am out purchasing," at the same time taking out a paper of the above mentioned articles, and commenced munching and drinking. "This is a delicious article, what does your master ask for it?"
"I don't know, sir."
"Don't know, eh? Got much of it?"
"Considerable."
"Well," said the new sample of the Diddler tribe, as he finished his crackers and chutney and the last of the old Madeira— "well, I should like the lot. Just inform Mr. — that a gentleman called and examined his wine, and has a very favorable opinion of what he has seen of it. Good afternoon."
"Say, hadn't you better wait until Mr. — comes in? He'll be along shortly."
"No, I'm in something of a hurry now, but will call again." So saying, the latter departed—his readiness to say he has not been seen since.

"A DEAD SELL."—An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a portrait of a Duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied—declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or non-resemblance be left to a little dog belonging to the Duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly, the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait, than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present assumed that the picture had been retouched during the night, which was actually the case; the painter having rubbed it over with a thin coating of white. The dog's nose was sharper than the critic's eyes.

CONCERNING EGGS.—At breakfast, one morning, in a quiet and comfortable old inn, a foreigner made quick despatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had been already prejudiced against him, and speaking up, said—
"Why, sir, you leave all the white." How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?"
"Vr," replied the outside barbarian, "you wouldn't had me eat the yolk. Do youik do to shucken, do tite in de feathers. Am I to make ren bolster of my stomach."

Ladies' Department.

I WAIT FOR THEE!

The hearth is warm—the fire is bright, In vain—she finds the welcome vain,
The table sets the first—she waits, And waits his glance on mine,
The cloth is spread—the lamp is lit, So earnestly, that yet again
The white cakes smoke in aspirings, His form into my heart I strain,
That glance is so the true,
And now I wait for thee
Come, come, my love, thy task is done,< Here, where I sit, (twofold pain)
The clock ticks slowly on, My heart will spend such kindly care,
The breeze stirs the curtain down, No beating heart, no listening ear,
The boy is in my knee, Like those who wait for thee
Come home, love, come, his deep fond eye, Ah, now along the step walk fast,
I know thou'st been away, The left I draw, the face is pale,
And there the waiting waits go by, The bolt is wild with joy at last,
As if thy welcome step were nigh, A thousand welcomes here!

INSPECTION OF NUNNERIES.—An attempt was lately made in the British Parliament to pass an act subjecting nunneries to taxation, the same as public institutions. The Romanists, as might have been expected, made a great out-cry against the measure. We think such a law should prevail in every country, and we have no doubt one will shortly be enacted in England and in the United States. If the Catholics cannot stand such a law as this, they are not fit to live in any country, much less in any civilized country. A writer in the June number of Blackwood's Magazine, alludes to the subject in the following manner:—"But let the convents should be suffered to subsist, and even grow in England—that when we punish a wretched being, who in distress and despair attempts to drown himself, we should suffer a foolish girl of fifteen, who knows no more of herself or the world than an infant, to bind herself by a frantic vow for life, and leave monks and priests to keep her to that vow, however she may long to abandon the slavery that consigns her to misery for the rest of her days—is among the most mysterious contradictions of the spirit of human liberty, and even to the law of moral obedience, that the artifice of man, and the cruelty of a sullen and terrible superstition has ever conceived. It is said that a large proportion of the nuns in foreign convents die raving mad; and another proportion of them perish by the penances and severe punishments of the convents. There are no coroner's inquests in convents; even here the Habeas Corpus, which insures the pride of English liberty, and is the safe-guard of every English peasant, offers no protection to the unhappy nun; her life is unprotected, her death is unaccounted for, her rights are refused, and her wrongs are unavenged. How long is this offence to God and nature to be perpetrated in England?"

ALL HONOUR TO THE LADIES!—The Ladies of Fairfield, Huron Co., on the 5th of July, went into the den of a liquor-seller in that town, and at once enacted and executed the Blue Law. After smashing decanters and other fixings in the way, they went down cellar and knocked in the heads of all the liquor casks. That is the only kind of spirit rapping I believe in.

KISSING NO CRIME.—We find by the Dundas Warden, that Mr. Gardner, Methodist Minister, has been called on at a Kingston Quarter Session, to show cause why he should not be fined for kissing the young and pretty spouse of Wm. Henry Franklin. From the evidence of the "pretty little dear," it seems that the Missionary united her and the injured Frank in the holy bonds of matrimony, when she was fifteen years old; that he called at her husband's house to enquire "if she had family prayer; how she liked Wm. Henry, (her husband) and what put it into her head to get married." On these occasions, it was his custom to give the blushing bride the "kiss of peace," till she became offended. The question of kissing, and when, and the law, applicable thereto, underwent much discussion, but the preacher gained the case. The Warden advises the husband to cowhide priests, &c., if they thus behave in future.

JOHN KNOX'S DAUGHTER.—The spirit that animated Scotland's great reformer descended to his children, one of whom, Elizabeth, married a minister by the name of Welch. He was banished for his opposition to the attempt of King James to introduce popery, and took up his residence in France. After many years of laborious service in the gospel he was seized with consumption, wishing to reclaim his son, in Scotland, application was made to the King to permit him to return. The King refused. Mr. Welch was enabled to obtain access to the King, and to urge, in person, that our husband might be allowed to come home to die.

"Who was your father, woman?" said the King. "Knox." "Knox and Welch! the devil never made such a maid as that." "It is quite ugly, sir, for we never asked his name." "How many children has your father left?" "Three, sir." "Are they a 'ds or lasses?" "They are all lasses." "It is thankful for that, for had they been three lads, I had never met my three kingdoms in peace." "May it please you to give my husband his native air again?" "If you will persuade your husband to submit to the Bishop's, I will permit him to return to Scotland." Lifting her apron, and holding it towards the King, she replied:—"Please your Highness, I would rather have my head in this apron."

BEAUFORT'S OPINION OF BEAUTY.—I do not talk of mere beauty, (commonly known as beauty of complexion, but of expression, looking out of the soul through the eyes, which, in my opinion, constitutes true beauty. Women have been pointed out to me as beautiful, who never could have interested my feelings from their want of countenance; and others, who were little marked, have struck me as being captivating, from the fire of countenance. A woman's face ought to be like an April day, with a pulse of change and variety, but sunshine should be seen over it, to replace the clouds and showers that my eyes desire, which, poetical description apart (said Byron), is the pure means that good humoured smiles ought to be ready, close away the expression of prudences or care that cannot be easily all called forth. We see we mean to be the greatest of all, that is finest in our nature, and the soothers of all that is turbulent and harsh. Of what use, then, can a handsome stream be, after one has got acquainted with a face that knows no change, though it causes many. This is a sort of look that does not bear the sight of for a week, and yet a char of the look to pass in society, for pretty, handsome and beautiful.

[ORIGINAL]

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MURPHY, WHO WAS DROWNED BY THE CAPSIZING OF A SAIL BOAT ON LAKE SUPERIOR, (L'ERDRE), MAY 10TH, 1833.

Why should we weep for her that's gone,
And thus give up to grief,
To the faithful Christian bring
A sweet and kind relief
Her soul, set free from sin and care,
Now blossoms beyond the sky,
Where no tempestuous waters roll,
Nor surging billows rise.
When an anemone sun doth shine,
What a beautifying light—
V. ...
By the dark shades of night
To mirror let us fire like her,
While earth was her abode;

WILLIAM ALLAN RAE.

Thorn, August 13th, 1833.

ANECDOTE OF A FAT MAN.

"Bridget," said a lady, in the city of Gotham, one morning, as she was reconnoitering her kitchen, "what a quantity of soap-grease you have got here! We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the FAT man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."
"Yes, mum," said Bridget.
All that morning, Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, kept a bright look out of the kitchen window, and no morning creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking the very picture of good humor. Sure, there's the FAT man now, thought Bridget—and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.
"Speak to ME, my good girl!" replied the old gentleman.
"Y-es, sir, wants to speak to you, and says would be good enough to walk in, sir."

This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocking at the mistress's door, put her head in and exclaimed, "Fat gentleman 's in the parlor num."
So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions. In the parlor, thought the lady. What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered—but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend with his blandest smile, and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam."
The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself, as she said, "Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw fish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap-grease, when she saw him, and she has made a mistake, you see."

"The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty ha! ha! ha! as never comes from any of our own gentry.
"No apologies needed, madam," said he. "It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! so she took me for the soap-grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke!" And all up the street, and round the corner was heard the merry ha! ha! of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane every now and then, and exclaimed, such a joke."

A lady well known in the city of Paris has just died of an unknown and mysterious malady. On a post mortem examination it was discovered that three ribs were crushed into the liver—the result of tight lacing.

CAPE MAY.—One of the most agreeable resorts at this season is the above named celebrated and delightful "watering place." Thousands from different portions of our country are now luxuriating there, amid its beauties, good living and sea-bathing.—Have you ever visited Cape May? If you have not, you have a treat to store which we advise you at once to accept. Walk down to Pier No. 14 North River, and get on board the Kennebec, John Marshall, or Delaware, three magnificent steamers which sail each week between this city and Philadelphia daily, touching at Cape May, under the superintendence of our friend Alderdice, who is notorious for having everything about him, and connected with the comfort of passengers, in primo order. We say, step aboard, for instance the Kennebec, and put yourself under the charge of Capt. Clark, an old salt (and as clever a fellow as ever manned a helm), and together with the Clerk, Mr. Wall, you will have a charming sail, splendid accommodations and a delightful trip for \$2. When you arrive at Cape May, go straight to the United States Hotel, and introduce yourself to R. E. Harkett, Esq., who will give you a warm reception, and as good living as you can desire. His is one of the largest establishments there, and is capable of accommodating 500 visitors.—There are now 8,000 visitors at the Cape; and daily thousands are seen, at twelve o'clock, luxuriating in the waters as they bend their heads to the dashing surf. This sea-bathing is a luxury that can only be appreciated by trial, and we recommend our readers, who desire a visit of this kind, to be sure to avail themselves of the above suggestions, and to take a trip on board of one of the above vessels, and we are sure they will be gratified and delighted with their visit.—Union Ark.

The journeymen barbers of Chicago have met, and unanimously resolved that they would not work any more on the Sabbath. It is reported, they are willing to work on 13 o'clock on Saturdays night. They recommend to barbers throughout the Union an imitation of their example.

MISSIONS IN INDIA.—The disciples of Joe Smith are beginning to make some noise in the eastern world. About two hundred of his devoted people, from America, are now in Calcutta, probably with the purpose of founding a colony. Near Bombay, a Mission, to evangelize among some of the heathens, which have long remained in the city, and missionaries are commencing their services. This remark is made of them, but their intentions are not to be in consonance with those of Hindoos and Moslems.



Youths' Department.

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

THE FISHER BOY'S LESSON.

(We proved the merit of the verses which follow, by reciting them to a bright little boy, who had on 25th learned to read, but who was so much of a good story, as to ask to have them repeated until she concluded them all to memory. She has since taken frequent occasion to impress their moral upon the mind of her little brother, younger than herself, who is not yet up to the comprehension of dictionary work, but when she is particularly anxious to protect him from the fate of young Harry.—Post.)
There was a little fellow once,
And Harry was his name,
And many a naughty trick he had,
Till it led to his shame.
The maid came running, frightened much
To see him laughing there;
And soon they took him from the hook
And set him on a chair.
He minded not his friends' advice,
But followed his own wishes,
And one most cruel trick of his
Was that of catching fishes.
And many a little fish he caught,
And passed it as he to bed,
To see him smile to sleep,
And struggle on the hook.
At five when having caught enough,
He fastened some line leading there
To put them on a sheet.
But as he jumped to reach a fish
To see his fishes in,
A large man took that time close by
And caught him by the chin.
The maid came running, frightened much
To see him laughing there;
And soon they took him from the hook
And set him on a chair.
The surgeon came and stopped the blood
And up he bound his head,
And then they carried him upstairs
And laid him on his bed.
Convulsion darted on his mind,
As growing there he lay,
And with convulsion then he thought
About his cruel way.
And oh, said he, poor little fish,
What tortures they have borne,
When I, well pleased, have stood to see
Their tender bodies torn.
And now I feel how great the smart
And terrible the pain,
As if I had been once myself,
I'd look no fish again.

THE WONDERS OF GOD'S WORKS.

My dear little Friends,—I have often thought it would be well for all of us, grown-up people as well as little children, if we would accustom ourselves more to contemplate the wondrous worlds on high, the wondrous handiwork of the Almighty; it would make us think more humbly of ourselves and the trifles with which we are too apt to be engrossed. We would not be so likely to exhibit that most painful sight of all others—a vain man, or a vain woman, or a vain child! Listen to a few more of the wonders of your spangled region.

It is well known that the great astronomer, of whom I have spoken, the late Sir William Herschel, concluded, from unquestionable evidence, that his Telescope enabled his eye to rest on portions of space 500 times farther distant than the star Sirius. Now this star is at an immense distance from our earth; so immense that it is difficult to comprehend it. Let me try to give you some faint idea of that distance. You know what a single mile is; you have doubtless often walked it—perhaps you have walked five miles a day. It has seemed a pretty long walk to you, and were quite tired when you got home. Suppose now you were to travel this five miles four hundred times over, you would then have gone over 2,000 miles, equal to the distance between this country and Europe. Suppose, again, you were to travel this 2,000 miles fifteen times over; you would then have gone over 30,000, or have travelled round the globe. Now, I think you can comprehend this distance; though, if you had travelled but five miles a day, it would have taken you sixteen years to accomplish it!

We will now raise our thoughts to the Heavens where those myriads of worlds are shining, each vastly larger than this world of ours, although it appears so large to you. We will raise our thoughts to that far distant star Sirius. Take this 30,000 miles (the circumference of the earth) and extend it up into the heavens. When you reach the end of these, add 30,000 more; and to the end of these another 30,000, and so on upward 30,000 times. When you have reached the end of these 30,000 miles 30,000 times repeated, you will have reached a distance of 900,000,000 (nine hundred millions). But we are not at Sirius yet. We must add to the end of the 900,000,000 miles, 900,000,000 more, and we must do this 30,000 times! We will then have travelled 27,000,000,000,000 (twenty billions of miles), and are not quite half way to Sirius yet. Can your mind take in these figures? Can you comprehend that the star Sirius is 62,000,000,000 (sixty-two billions of miles) away from us!

But I have said that Herschel's telescope enabled his eye to penetrate a distance 500 times farther than this. Is it hardly conceivable? Sixty-two billions multiplied by 500, gives 31,000,000,000,000 (thirty-one thousand billions) of miles. Now, to enable you somewhat better to comprehend this vast distance, suppose a cannon ball to be shot from this earth and travel at the rate of a mile a second, or sixty miles a minute. It would take that cannon ball 1,000,000,000 (one thousand millions) of years to reach that point in the Heavens which Herschel's great telescope enabled him to see. The earth is supposed to be 6,000 years old. Had that cannon ball started at the creation, it would still have 400,000,000 of years to travel before it would reach that distant point. Now, my dear children, this thirty-one thousand billions of miles, which Herschel's telescope could penetrate, is one half the diameter of a circle, whose circumference would be 192,000,000,000,000 (one hundred and ninety-two thousand billions) of miles; for our portion of God's universe is supposed to be an extension of space making space. At such enormous views of amazing distances and the myriads of worlds filling them, as

attended by the telescope, the pious and contemplative mind may well exclaim—Great and marvellous are His works!—Yet these are but part of His ways." The great God who made and sustains them all is everywhere present in their midst! Think of this, my dear children, and turn your thoughts from this poor perishing life to that which lies beyond the tomb, for those who love Him in sincerity and truth. Hail, hail!
"See how we grovel here below,
Fond of those earthly toys."
—Union Ark.

THE BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE.—It happened in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which was between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covert, went boldly behind him, cocked his gun and called out to the fellow—
"You are my prisoner; if you attempt to put down your bag, I will shoot you dead; go forward in the road."

The boy kept close behind him, unflinching, and was constantly prepared to execute his threat. Thus he drove him to the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down the bag, and saw who made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed—
"A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat—by such a brat."
The American officers were highly entertained at the adventure and made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. The soldier had side-arms, but they were no use, as he could not get rid of the bag.

RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF ONE OF THE MEN LOST AT NIAGARA FALLS.—The body of Andrew Hermann, whose sad fate at the Falls excited so much attention, has been recovered. It was found near the landing of the Maid of the Mist, above the Suspension Bridge. The head and body were much mangled—a sharp stone, or other object, having pierced the body, either in its fearful descent, or afterwards. The facts of the case, as elicited from the evidence of Mr. Bowen, a resident at Niagara Falls, are, that three Germans—his employ, were engaged in boating sand to French's Landing, which was used in building at the Falls. On Monday evening they went to the Falls, and there got somewhat intoxicated, although they usually sustained the reputation of being sober and industrious laborers. Returning from the Falls to their boat, they put out into the river, about nine o'clock in the evening, for their own amusement. Concluding they had not sufficient canvas, they returned to shore, and one of the three started for the Falls to obtain more, the other two again putting out into the river. On the return of the third, the boat was nowhere to be seen, and its fate was not known until the next morning.

IRELAND NOT CATHOLIC.—The London Times says: "In fifty years Ireland will be Protestant to a man. Both the Roman Catholics of Ireland and the race identified with that faith, are all leaving Ireland. Ere long there will be none left. At the present rate of emigration, which cannot be less than 200,000, chiefly Roman Catholics, in a year, our children, will see the time when the Celts will be obsolete in Ireland, as the Phœniciana in Cornwall."

QUEBEC.—A writer in the Cleveland Herald says that in Quebec, the churches, nunneries, convents, hospitals, and Catholic institutes, form a prominent object. It is a city of priests and soldiers. The Cathedral, although smaller than that in Montreal, is much richer in finish, painting, &c. The Sacred and robes of the Bishops and high Prelates (which strangers rarely see) are gorgeous, being of gold and silver work; in some of which diamonds and precious stones are worked into the fabric with great effect. Among other interesting relics we saw, in a glass case, the veritable skull and part of the bones of St. Thomas!

AMERICA IN LESS THAN FOUR DAYS.—We are enabled to announce that by a new and much improved construction of vessels, it will be perfectly practicable to accomplish the voyage between the United States and the United Kingdom in considerably less than four days, in fact, in about three and a half, the ports connecting the Old and New Worlds, being Halifax and Galway. This is no speculative statement. It is grounded on experiments which have already been made to test the sailing capabilities of vessels constructed on the new principle. With the sub-marine telegraph which is about to be laid down between Halifax and Galway, and the passage of vessels in three days and a half across the Atlantic, America and Great Britain will virtually become one colossal country, inhabited and governed by the Saxon race.—Morning Advertiser.

CAREFUL TO PARENTS.—It is our melancholy duty to record a case, or rather cases, of poisoning by this weed, (Thorn Apple), which occurred at Port Britain on Wednesday last, by which one fine little girl, about five years old, lost her life, and the other two were only rescued from a similar fate by the prompt and persevering medical aid of Dr. George Perks, of this town. Two of the little sufferers (including the deceased) were the children of Mr. John Drake—the other a child of Mr. Hawkins, tavern keeper of Port Britain. They had been out playing together, and among themselves by collecting the fruit of the deadly plant of which they all partook; in a short time the symptoms of a narcotic, irritable poison, showed themselves, and a particular examination led to the discovery of what they had been taking, and to the adoption of measures for their relief. Few persons are aware of the deadly nature of this plant, which grows very plentifully in nearly all parts of Canada; it is of no use to say except the medical man, and by him required only in small quantities; we therefore trust that those unfortunate cases will have the effect of causing its more careful destruction, particularly where it is in the reach of children.—Port Hope Watchman.

This comet which pretends to be sacred for the safety of England has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and retreated as not only the most distant but the most important part upon the face of the earth.—Addison.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

This paper will be issued on TUESDAYS, WEEKLY during the year. It will contain eight pages—the two last being devoted to advertisements, and will give all the news of the day, political and otherwise. Subscription price \$5 within one month, or by subscription. 5s by advance. If not paid at the end of six months. To all subscribers who have not paid at the end of six months, the end of the year 1852. If not paid at the end of the year 1852, the paper will be discontinued. All subscriptions must end with the year. No paper will be discontinued unless the option of the publisher shall be exercised. The subscription price is paid up. No paper after the known receipt and detestation of the first number of the stopped without payment for the current year. New agents sending all new subscribers with their subscriptions, or carrying wine due payment shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 1000 subscribers, or 1000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 2000 subscribers, or 2000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 3000 subscribers, or 3000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 4000 subscribers, or 4000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 5000 subscribers, or 5000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 6000 subscribers, or 6000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 7000 subscribers, or 7000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 8000 subscribers, or 8000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 9000 subscribers, or 9000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 10000 subscribers, or 10000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 11000 subscribers, or 11000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 12000 subscribers, or 12000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 13000 subscribers, or 13000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. 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Agents sending 98000 subscribers, or 98000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 99000 subscribers, or 99000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis. Agents sending 100000 subscribers, or 100000 copies, shall receive a copy gratis.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO TUESDAY AUGUST 30, 1853.

The Editor is still confined to his house from illness.

THE FOUNTAIN OF DEATH.

A run-wave rolled where the verdant vale Was dotted with hamlets of e'er, Where the lover had whispered his pleasant tale In the ear of his maid of yore; But the next rose with a wailful swell, And the lover was swept away, And few the grief of the maiden tell, For that was a terrible day. The vale grew black, for the fiery tide O'er many a hamlet swept— Fearfully ruinous, wild and wide, A horrible course it kept: Some fled before it (who saw it first How it darkened the homes of men) As they would from a fierce volcano burst, Or stream from the devil's den. But millions drank of the fiery wave, And wailing cursed, and died; Dishonoured, sank to the drunkard's grave, Wheeled by the ruthless tide: Then mercy pressed to the fountain's brink, Supported by Hope and Faith; And lo! the wave which the million drunk Flowed from The Fountain of Death.

The following letter was written some weeks ago whilst the editor was at Niagara, and was intended for a different medium, which, as it could not be obtained, has been changed for our own columns. A great fear to offend the rum power and tastes of our Canadians, exists in many papers. Some editors, who are Sons, have confessed to us, that they were afraid to say much on the subject of Temperance, lest innkeepers should influence persons against their papers or withdraw their liquor advertisements. Alas we have too many of such Sons in Canada, and it is this miserable inconsistency, more than anything else, that is breaking down the Order. Where is the use of going to a Division room and repeating over a beautiful ritual, if the hearers know it will be all set at naught next day by a contrary practice. The following arguments we believe prostrate the Leader—we defy him to answer them. His great forte seems to be "the personal liberty to drink." Now the Maine Law does not interfere with this private right. Any man may distil his Scotch Whiskey, brew his beer, or make his current wine at home for his private use. It is the sale, traffic, and license system that are attacked.

THE MAINE LAW AND ITS OPPOSERS—THE LEADER.

To WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE, E-Q, M P P. Sir,—You are one of the 23 members who so nobly voted for the enactment of a prohibitory liquor law in Canada. I presume you feel that by that vote you were doing your country an act of kindness, and was fulfilling a duty to the cause of truth, morality and humanity. The efforts of the 23 did not succeed, yet to do the good and reflecting, the necessity of such a law as the Maine Law remains as strong as ever. I regret to say that notwithstanding the great efforts of the Order of the Sons of Temperance to put down drunkenness in Canada, that vice is as prevalent as ever, and in many places rather increasing. I have been now for three years past an active co-worker in the cause of total abstinence, and a keen observer of the effects of the liquor traffic, and have no hesitation in saying, that the vice of intemperance can never be checked or put down otherwise than by the discontinuance of the present license system, aided by moral suasion. You probably have observed that a series of STRONG AND LABORER attacks have been made on the principles of the Maine Law by the Daily Leader paper of this city. There is a deep object concealed in those attacks, and they are probably written in view of a coming struggle on this question in our House of Assembly, to please the leading Minister of the day. As an advocate of the prohibitory law, your conduct and that of all the members who voted for its enactment, is impugned. By those articles all who are advocates of the Maine Law are in effect called FOOLS and PARASITES. Now I propose to examine the grounds of this attack. The reasons alleged by the Leader against the utility and soundness of the principles of the Maine Law. Were the questions to be put to the Leader, is drunkenness

a vice and evil in our mind—would you wish to see it cease? The answers would at once be AFFIRMATIVE, YES!! If it be asked, can you take up a Prohibition paper—can you examine the history of any neighborhood in which some habit, disgusting, and often always recrd of the effects of the vice of drunkenness is not present? The answer will be, we CANNOT!! The Leader must admit all this, these dark truths are as patent as the Sun in the sky, cannot be concealed. Will any one point out a remedy? The Leader would say, DEPEND ON MORAL SUASION—THE TEACHING OF RELIGIOUS ONLY. In reply we would say that these, after a trial of 100 years, have proved ineffectual that so long a custom and the law make it lawful and respectable to drink, the appetites of men and women will prove too strong for merely moral teachings. Those who understand human nature, know that man is eminently a creature of imitation, and if you put temptations in his way to do wrong, he is more apt to embrace them, than to refuse. Thus open liquor selling runs on our public roads, in our villages, towns, and cities, and you certainly do what will lead a majority of men to drink from moderation to excess. The effect follows the cause inevitably. Taverns will abuse their privileges, and will proceed to excess in selling liquor, in inducements to make men drunk. Thus custom keeps alive an appetite that leads to evil and death. The Leader and other papers, whilst admitting the utility of temperance or at least moderation, and deploring excess, yet say, you must not infringe the personal right and LIBERTY of the moderate drinkers. If I, says he, as a moderate drinker, wish to call for and buy my glass of wine or porter in an inn or on a steamer, although all the world beside were drunkards, I have the right to do so,—just as much so as to call for a cup of tea or a beef-steak. Let us ask why is not the same reasoning applied to a right to import goods from a foreign land—to visit bawdy houses—to open gambling houses—to break the Sabbath by open work? Why is any man compelled to pay duties—to cease work on the Sabbath?

If personal liberty can be infringed in one case, why may it not be in another? In all these cases the public good is consulted. I ask that the public good be consulted even at the expense of the personal right of the moderate drinker to buy rum in taverns, in order that the vice of drunkenness be driven from society. Who has a right to say I shall not go to the United States, buy and import my tea, coffee and tobacco, without being stopped by a custom house-keeper upon landing upon the Canadian shore? The Legislature says so, and thus directly interferes with the in doing what is correct in the eye of truth; and even in some instances says I shall not import certain articles at all. The law says to the Jew, YOU CAN'T WORK ON YOUR SUNDAY. All laws and governments are infringements on personal rights to some extent. But as to this DISTINGUISHING OF SPIRITOUS LIQUORS, a different rule must be applied. Whilst the evil is admitted, yet the proper remedy must not be applied, lest some may have a foothold custom abridged. It is not denied that Government have the right to control liquor selling—to say what duties shall be paid by the distiller, the merchant and the importer, only it is said the Government must not make the trade contraband. You may make the importation of tea contraband, but not the sale of spirituous liquor. We assert, and no correct reasoner can gainsay it, that if the Government have the right to regulate and limit liquor selling for the public good, it has, if in its wisdom deem it for the public good, the just right to prohibit the common traffic in alcoholic liquors. It will be said that it has this right, it has the right also to say the public shall not use coffee or tea. So it would have, could it be proved that their use led commonly to vice, death and crime. They come up the old slavery-pled excuse, that if you do enact a prohibitory law it WILL BE EVADED—WILL LEAD TO RIOT AND BLOODSHED. You must not legislate contrary to the tastes of the major y—you must not contravene the customs and vices of the people, even although it is just to do so! What lawyer ever asked the question, before making a law, will this statute be evaded?—will it prevent all from doing what they desire to do? When the GAME LAWS of England and Canada were enacted, was it supposed they would be observed by all? Were they not an infringement on old customs and sports? But they are necessary. Does the Legislature suppose it can stop all smuggling, or selling of spirituous liquors without license? Vast quantities of liquor are now sold without any license. Why is it said, then, you shall not pass a prohibitory liquor law, because in many cases it will BE EVADED? Drinks, as the Leader says, will be obtained under some other name. I expect the law to be evaded, yet it cannot fail to do good, and in the end with moral suasion, will effect an amendment in the customs of society. If evasion were an objection to the enactment of laws, none would be enacted. A law striking at the root of so prevalent a vice as that of drunkenness must necessarily be evaded, and it is the more incumbent on all to enforce such a one. Did the Southern United States refuse to enact the infamous fugitive slave law because they knew it would be evaded? But, says the Leader, the prohibitory liquor law would cause bloodshed—was created confusion of parties and society where it enacted. It is highly censurable in any public writer to state at random unfounded assertions, such as those by the Leader. In the State of Maine the prohibitory law has been in force two years—yet riot and bloodshed was it caused? Where is the proof to the contrary? More peace and less crime never existed in Maine than have been observed for two years past. The law is generally well carried out. The same may be said of Vermont. It has been less successful in Massachusetts—yet quite so, even there, always excepting Boston. I could quote fifty paragraphs from American papers to prove it.

The Leader some months ago asserted that the cause of the law being enforced in Maine, was the fact that the people were generally pro-temperance, and the population were all temperance Americans. This is the most absurd and impudent assertion of the public mind was to a great extent prepared by agitators of a large portion of the people of Maine is foreign, especially the lumbermen. An immense amount of drunkenness existed there before the law was enacted, and this has been mainly and successfully checked. As to the destruction of political parties, this would result as a matter of course, and very properly. The greatest curse of the United States has been and is now of Canada, that men are bound up by parties, and sacrifice the public good for party. A few men compare to impudently the country and office, and they make the people believe they are patriots, when they are concocting schemes to help themselves. You say you just such a vile conspiracy in 1841 in New York State. A similar system is being carried out now in Canada, men are in view of office, and are bribed by tempting baits in the shape

of offices. What harm is it if such political parties are broken up by another acting righteously for the good of man? Is the great objection of personal liberty to drink what is the cause of its infringement? The law does not prevent men from drinking what they choose, provided they make it themselves, and do not deal in it as an article of traffic. The law says none shall sell it for drink. The only right infringed then, is the right to buy for drink of others. This liberty is a small one as compared with the evils resulting from the license system. The Leader says, that physicians offer as to the pernicious effects of the use of alcohol as a beverage. The quantity of the utility of this use, is an unimportant one, as compared with the truth, that when alcohol is not a necessary article of life, its excessive use leads to a great amount of evil and disease. In point of revenue, the license system results in ten-fold more evil and expense to the country, than the amount received as revenue.

A consummate fully results from raising a revenue from that which takes again from the treasury, not only what is paid in, but perhaps tenfold the amount, in carrying out the administration of justice. No Canada Judge or criminal lawyer, deny that over two-thirds of our crimes are caused by the use of spirituous liquors and beer. Would an abandonment of the license system cause a decrease? The effect of alcohol on the appetite is different from all other substances. If once taken, the appetite again craves it, and it goes on from intemperance to excess. Tobacco is bad, but it does not turn the brain or corrupt the heart; alcohol does. Opium gradually wastes the frame, but does not convert the man at once into a maniac. Alcohol is worse than all these combined.

Truly yours, CHARLES DURAND, Editor of Son of Temperance.

SIGNIFICANT—VERY.

In another column will be found an extract from the Ohio State Journal, with some comments of our own upon the same; we now ask the attention of our readers to the following extract from the New York Herald, the sworn friend and principal ally in the liquor traffic:—

"THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—Prospect of a Revolution of Parties.—The proceedings in our Legislature admonish us that the Maine Liquor Law for the State and City of New York is a 'manifest destiny.' If we escape it now, there is very little prospect of escape at the next session. And thus, aside from the war question, the liquor law rises to the imposing magnitude of the paramount question of the day; for the establishment of its law in New York will inevitably work out a revolution and re-organization in the political parties of the country.

"Already this coercive movement is spreading throughout Ohio and the West, and, incredibly as it may appear, it has recently invaded the State of Kentucky, the first white pioneer into which, entered it with a bottle of good old rye whiskey in his pocket; and his example has been a law of Kentucky hospitality from that day to this! Therefore, we may count upon a political revolution when the Maine Liquor Law is passed successfully in the very heart of Kentucky, without a scintilla of war.

"Let politicians look to it. The Maine Law men, are political candidates, are dropping Democratic and Whig functions. The saboteur is the Maine Law. Where is this to end? Between the two old parties, in all the Northern States, it is probable now that the Maine Law party can take the scale in every city, county, Congressional or State election. And will they not do so? If thirty thousand Free Soilers in Ohio, for the last five years have controlled the elections of that State, involving over three hundred thousand voters, why may not be accomplished in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, fifty, forty, thirty, or twenty thousand rigid political parties of the Maine Liquor Law? If misery loves company, the old maid and bachelors of Newport, restricted to cold salt-water and ginger-pop, will soon rejoice with exceeding great joy if we may trust the signs of the times. Let the politicians turn their attention to the Maine Liquor Law. 'We are in the midst of a revolution.'"

* This is a libel upon Kentucky—the first white pioneer who entered Kentucky, was Daniel Boone, and no more temperate man ever lived than he.

IF IN THE TEMPERANCE BANKS IN THE UNITED STATES, great exertions are being made to carry out successfully the Wisconsin and Ohio Temperance campaigns. Carey, through the Ohio Organ asks the temperance men of Ohio to raise \$10,000 to secure the election. This is a very small sum for so good a purpose. We would venture the assertion that the same amount well expended in lectures, tracts and the spread of penitents would secure in 1854 the return of a house that would carry the Maine law in Canada. Will it be done? Mr Jewett has addressed a strong letter to the people of Massachusetts, telling them they must at once, and firmly, execute the law on all transgressors. If it has to come to blows, let the people arise and deal them on the law-breakers! The Grand Jurors of Kentucky and North Carolina have met, and the only result is in a flourishing condition in these States, especially in Kentucky.

IF THE SONS IN BOSTON had a first-rate Temperance Lecture on the 1st July. Addresses were delivered by Eldon Marsh and Williamson, and by Mr. Huntington, from the State and a Wesleyan Minister. About 250 sat down to tea, presided by Mr J. Hilborn, at his new Temperance Hall. They marched to the old camp-ground about 11 o'clock, A.M., where the lecturing commenced, and continued until near 3 o'clock, P.M. In evening they met at the Baptist Meeting-house, where Mr. Quack wanted to oppose some of the speakers, but finally he withdrew and the meeting closed as usual. Next day Temperance meetings were held at Pine Hill and Mr. Ferris's neighborhood. A friend who was there said, "We had quite a Temperance revival.—Com.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

Lord Elgin has left for England. Many suppose he will not return again. He must be heartily sick of being ruled at Quebec by the PRIESTLY CLIQUE, who, in connection with Hucks and his two dupes, Rolph and Cameron, now rule the destinies of Canada. Canadian politics are perfectly straining. All consistency—all honour, have forsaken parties. The Upper Canada self-called liberal press, with the exception of a few papers, is completely bribed. The Examiner is now such; something has checked his patriotism, and even his ANTI-ROMANISM is cold.

It is, as we have always said, the corrupt patronage and influence of Government that are doing all this. Our Government should at once lose two-thirds of their patronage. All Government printing should be done by tender. Such a reform would soon dispel the LACK SPIRITUALISM of Upper Canadian papers. Attempts have been made to form a Canadian Protestant Alliance lately; it is to be hoped it may succeed, but leaders of the party, most of whom are Protestants, are very unprincipled. The great body of the people must shake off old party ties and unite for the common good. A great political and religious convention should be called this fall. Every week confirms the great truth that Upper Canada has been sold by the present Government to the Catholic priests of Lower Canada.

Mr. Lalonde (strange to say), on his appointment to the Chief Justiceship of Lower Canada, is allowed to absent himself in Europe for nine months. The Haldimand Independent is an ably conducted, independent journal—go on and continue so. The Peterboro' Review is much improved in appearance. It deserves support by the honest farmers of Peterboro', Durham and Northumberland. Some wicked fiend laid a small trap across the track of the Northern Railroad lately, to cause death; \$1000 reward is offered by the Company to discover the villain. Can the sun shone upon so infamous a wretch in our land? The Esplanade along our Bay, it is said, is to be commenced soon. The assumptions of Catholic priests in Upper Canada are becoming very annoying. It seems one attempted, and succeeded in preventing the Rev. Mr. Rogers, Church of England minister of Kingston, from addressing one of the common schools of that city, of which he was a trustee. Let all classes keep their eyes upon these foreign spies.

A comet has very suddenly appeared in the western parts of the heavens. It is visible to the naked eye—has a luminous tail, and seems of a small size. Two Americans, a man and woman, of very general appearance, have been arrested for robbery in one of the fashionable hotels at Quebec. Riots and assaults are very common, especially on the officers and soldiers, at Montreal. The Pilot says it is rumoured that Mr. Badgley, late Attorney General for Lower Canada, is to be raised to the Bench. On the 20th inst., the merchants of Quebec addressed the Governor prior to his departure. A man lately committed suicide in Kingston, in a state of insanity from liquor. He was of the general class.

By European dates of the 30th July it is stated that recent Chinese wars show that the rebel army is still conquering the imperial troops, and had conquered a large town called Amoy. It would thus seem that peace was not concluded. It seems great sickness prevailed in Calcutta, India. The French Emperor and Empress since the recent attempts on his life keep very close. His career of infamy is nearly run. The Eastern Turkish question is like a weather gauge, every fresh packet brings warlike or less warlike news. All I can certainly say is—Terrible railroad accidents are of frequent occurrence in the United States. People had better take their old conveyances on the water. The fever of New Orleans was still raging at latest dates. It is also very sickly in New York City. Very little care is taken to cleanse the city. The potato crop of Ireland is said to be good. In California, Lola Montes, the vile counter-tenor of Europe, is lately married, and is trying to get up a feeling in her favor. It is said to be a failure. Mining in this State is said to be successful this year. The American consul at Smyrna seems to have done his duty nobly in protecting Kosia and another Hungarian. The American and British flags are the only heralds of liberty in foreign lands. It seems Russia had to the 12th August to give an answer to England and France, whether she would withdraw her troops from the Turkish territory, if she refused to do so, the English and French fleets are at once to enter the Bosphorus and commence the war. A conspiracy has been discovered in Italy. The London, England, and cabinet, had struck for higher wages, but the matter was soon settled. Lord Seaton (Sir John Colborne of Canada) is taking a very active part at the camp of Cobham, England. 5000 persons have been attacked at Copenhagen with cholera. A disease is raging in Persia too.

The G. B. of last Thursday—also several late numbers of the Liberator Review, contain good articles, containing the silly waddle of the Leader against the Maine Law. Lola Montes, California lately challenged an editor to fight a duel. Latest European news say Russia has agreed to withdraw her troops from Turkey. There was a grand naval review lately at Plymouth. The Ross dinner came off on the 23rd; 700 persons sat down to dinner. The Waterloo people are going to give a grand dinner to Mr. Ferguson in September. General Gough has been sworn in Governor, pro tem. Lord Elgin has left for England, not to return until spring it is said but it will found this departure is a first one. In New Orleans 1750 persons died in one week. Mr. Gough has arrived in London, and gave several lectures to large houses. A great Indian battle was fought on the plains. The Grand Orange Lodge of New Brunswick supports Gowan.

Mr. Fred. Longless is about to become the editor of the Boston Commonwealth, a free-soil and abolition paper.

The St. Vincent Division numbers about 120 Sons—had a few weeks ago a great Squire—600 persons attended. This township no tavern has been licensed for three years; since we see the prosperity of the Order there. So would it everywhere if there were no taverns.

A horrible attempt was made to murder Adam H. Myers, Esq., minister of the Trent River, by a man named Charles Marsh. The man shot Mr. Myers in three different places, and we regret to say he escaped.

Sickness will prevent our attending either of the world's Temperance Conventions in New York city. One commences on Thursday, and the other on next Tuesday, the 6th September.

The REFORMERS of Montreal, to the number of 1000, in their families, had a grand excursion from that city to Albans, Vermont, about ten days ago.



The Literary Gem.

THE MAN I LOVE.

BY QUELLO.

I love an open countenance, A kind and honest face, The index of a noble heart, That loves the human race! A brow on which a sun-beam's thread, Like sunlight on a flower, As open as the royal robes, With beams of love and power!

THE FEAR OF DEATH—IMMORTALITY.

There is something touchingly solemn—deeply sublime in the following extract. It cannot fail to arrest for a time our busy lives—our thoughts that are wholly wrapped up in this brief mortal career of earth—forgetful of that eternity of time that we are all soon to enter upon. Doubtless there are many who have lived, and will continue to live, as if there is to be no hereafter—as if they are never to meet that MIGHTY BEING who made the universe, and WHO secretly rules all things. Well, the ambition of such cannot be enviable—to be born—to live a few years on this earth—and then to lie down in the dust and rot with the worms forever! Ah, this is a poor and humbling end of proud man. But if man, with open and truthful soul—with a heart expanded with love for his Creator and his fellow-man, can say, "In Thee oh God I place my trust—in the dark valley of the shadow of death will I look for THY helping hand, and Thy spiritual light, to kindle anew for eternity this soul that thirsts for eternal intellectual being;" then is he something more than dust! The mighty in deeds and intellect are daily leaving our earth, and whither do they go? Sadly would we reflect on their departure, and more sadly on their eternal annihilation, if we could not hope that such bright intellects would live forever! But in this giddy round of life man seldom stops to think what he is to be. How beautiful would earth be if man would but act with that sincerity and candour towards his fellow-man and his Creator, which are exemplified in the life of Christ.—Ed. Sox.

"LET ME DIE QUIETLY."

"Be still—make no noise—let me die quietly."—Vice President King. "Be still!" The hour of the soul's departure is at hand; Earth is fading from its vision; Time is gliding from its presence! Hopes that cluster around young life that swell in the heart of manhood, have fallen from around it, like the forest leaves, when the frosts of autumn have chilled them unto death. Ambition, with its hollow promises, and pride, with its lofty look, have vanished away. The world with its deceitfulness, pleasure, with its gilded temptations, are gone, and alone, in utter dis-situation of all that time promised, it must start on its solitary journey across the valley of the shadow of death! "Make no noise!" Let the tumult of life cease. Let no sound break the soul's communion with itself ere it starts on its rapturous flight. Trouble it not with the accents of sorrow. Let the tear stand still on the cheek of affliction, and let not the wailing of grief break the solemn silence of the death scene.— Let it gather the accents that come from within the dark shadow of eternity, saying to it come home. The whisperings of angels are in its ear; obstruct not their silver voices by groans and sobs. A far off music comes flowing to it by the air. 'Tis the sound of the heavenly harps touched by the wireless fingers—mar not the harmony by the discords of earth.

"Let me die quietly!" The communion of life, the struggles of ambition, the strife and marting with human destiny, are over. Wealth accumulated must be scattered; honors won must be resigned, and all the triumphs that come within the range of human achievement be thrown away. The past with its trials, its transgressions, its accumulating responsibilities, its clinging memory, its vanished hopes, its rendering up to the future its long account; disturb not the quiet of that awful reckoning. Speak not of fading memories, of affections whose objects perish in their loveliness, like the flowers of spring, or water in slow decay.— Talk not of an earthly home where loved ones linger, when a sick will soon be vacant, a cherished voice hushed for ever. Of the desolation that will rent itself by the heart's stone. The soul is at peace with God, let it pass calmly away. Heaven is opening upon its vision. The bright towers, the tall spires, the lofty domes of the Eternal City are emerging from the spectral darkness, and the glory of the Most High is drawing around it. The white throne is glistening in the distance, and the white-robed angels are beckoning the weary spirit to their ever-

lasting home. What is life that it should be living to forget?— What the joys of the world that they should be regretted? What has earth to place before the spirit of man, to tempt its stay, or turn it from its eternal rest?—Austiny Register.

[ORIGINAL]

THE TIME HATH BEEN

BY STEVENSOLA.

The time hath been when friendship's bond, Could only pass o'er life's barren air, And lead me to the strains you Where waiting breath could ne'er These shelter'd nests a garden tree My soul was wild with woe, And I was wild as you in the joy To wings of love and notes of fire There pass'd unfeeling the fervid hour, I chanced to meet the wild swain, There fancy weared her verdant bowers And twined her azure tresses flowers That I was friend-ship's holy seat, Hope's nourisher and love's retreat Where life was friend-ship's best could be, To languish on the joys it gave. The time hath been, but how no more, I tried that love no longer held, The dream, the hopes, the joys are fled, Which o'er the dawn of youth were shed No more in fancy's airy flight I close her gilded dreams of light, Greeting none, whose eyes do dye When led from life's eager eyes. Ec-tac-ty—no more thy spell Love's witchery to my heart may tell. For oh dear love, when thou art gone, Could only pass o'er life's barren air, It is that the same bright eyes that lit My early years be now as jet, The time is gone no more are left, The fire is wanting in my breast. The time hath been, and it is gone No more at which my heart's best joy, Of all of all that I'm bereft, O my, for that have been both fed, And all its glowing hopes are dead, Yet memory's sweet unfolding beam, Is bringing o'er life's wavy dream, All that was the trembling ray, That brightens joy, and kindles day, And oh! those twilight beams that fill Life's late its light hath pass'd, A remnant of the love which heart Life's news and find my youthful heart, Are now as faithful and as true, Too thrown upon the world's cold sea, I've seen a chaperon from the past, The shadow whose bewitching woe was dead, The gems of friendship and of love And all that thro' pain, and passion, and Joy hours would the wretch I wear, And well would I have glad to give, Breath on those spots their wavy sigh.

ACIDITY OF THE OAK SAP.

CROWLANDVILLE, August, 1853.

Sir.—In noticing the accounts of the different trees of Canada, in the Gem, I was reminded of a fact which came under my notice when but a lad. A neighbour boy and I were cutting down a red oak tree, of moderate size, for a square which striking into the heart, a liquid resembling water began to flow profusely. Noticing that it had a very sour smell, we tasted it and found it as sour as the sharpest "ginger tree," and, greatly excited, I stopped the incision with moss, &c., as well as I could, while he ran home for a pan, which we filled—the greater part of which, however, being unable to collect, was wasted on the ground. The tree was not decayed where cut, but it was "shaky," or affected with "wind sickness," through the fissures of the acid liquid seem'd to descend from toward the top. From this, and the fact that oak wood is of a sourish smell, it is evident that it contains a large amount of Acetic acid.

If you think the above, or any part of it, will be interesting to your readers, it is at your service.

GILBERT W. COOK.

N. B.—The above tree was in this township, viz., Crowland.

We gave last week Judge Edmunds account of table moving, and now give the account of the phenomenon as explained by Faraday, which we pronounce to be a failure; a clumsy imitation of what is done by some secret agency. Infants, ignorant girls do the one, whilst a learned philosopher has imitated in a clumsy way the genuine.

SECRET OF TABLE-MOVING DISCOVERED.

Faraday, the great English electrician, has been experimenting on table-turning; "but," he says, "that it was necessary on my own account, for my conclusion respecting its nature was soon arrived at, and is not changed." He proposes publishing, in the Athenaeum, the details of length of his experiments, but in the meantime announces his plan of experimenting, and its results. Assuming that the tables were moved by a quasi involuntary muscular action of the operator, Faraday's first point was to prevent the mind having any undue influence over the effects produced in relation to the nature of the substance employed.

A bundle (querc, ivory) of plates, consisting of sand-paper, mill-board, glue, glass, plastic clay, tin, lead, card-board, gutta-percha, varnished India Rubber, wood and resinous cement, was therefore made up and tied together, and being placed on a table under the hand of a turner did not prevent the transmission of the power—the table turned as before. Hence no objection could be taken to the use of these substances in the construction of apparatus. The next point was to determine the place and source of motion; that is to say, whether the table moved the hand or the hand the table. To ascertain this, indicators were constructed.

One of these consisted of a light lever, having its fulcrum on the table, its short arm attached to a pen fixed on a card-board, which could slip on the surface of the table, and its long arm projecting as an index of motion. It is evident that if the experimenter willed the table to move toward the left, and it did so, we were before the hands, placed at the time on the card-board, then the index would move to the left also the fulcrum going with the table. If the hands involuntarily moved toward the left without the table, the index would go toward the right; and, if neither table nor hands moved, the index would itself remain immovable.

The result was, that while the operator saw the index, it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it wavered about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downward, and when the table did not move there was still uneasiness, a resultant of hand-jerk in the direction it was wanted to make the table move. This resultant of hand force increases as the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible by continued pressure, and it becomes an amount sufficient to move the table. Mr. Faraday has perfected his testing apparatus, and has paid attention to view to the public at the store of Newman, pharmaceutical instrument maker, No. 122, Market street, London.

But the most curious effect of this test apparatus is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table-turner, As

As on the index is placed within view and the operator perceives that it tells truly whether he is pressing downwards only, or obliquely, then all effects of laboring cease, even though the operator perceives all he become weary and worn out.

Agricultural.

WORK!

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Attend, oh man, Uplift the banner of thy kind, Advance the motto of our land, The mountain height is free to umb, Toil on—Man's heritage is Time!

Work on and win!— Life without work is unenjoyed! The happiest are the best employed! Work mows and moulds the mightiest birth, And grasps the destinies of earth!

Work on now the seed; Even the rock may yield its flowers, No lot so hard, but human power Exerted to our cord and arm May conquer fate, and capture fame!

Press on! Press onward still; In nature's care lives the fire That show, though sure, doth yet aspire; Through tithous deep of mud and clay It splits the rocks, that bar us way!

Press on! If nature then Lay tame beneath her weight of earth, When would her hidden fire know birth? This man, through granite Fate, must find The path—the upward path—of mind!

Press on! Pause not in fear; Preach no depending, servile view, Whate'er thou wilt thy will may do; Strengthen each unduly nerve to bend Truth's bow, and bid its shaft ascend!

Press on! Be firm of heart, By fusion of unnumbered years A continent its vastness rears! A drop, 'tis said, through flint will wear; Toil on, and nature's conquest share!

Press on! Within thyself Bright morn, and noon, and night succeed; Power, feeling, passion, thought, and deed; Harmonious beauty prompts thy breast,— Things angelic love, and God hath blest!

Press on! Work on and win! Shall light from morn's dawn arise, And thou, whose mind can grasp the skies, Sit down with fate, and idly rail? No—onward! Let the truth prevail!

THE WEATHER during the last week was very pleasant, though a little variable. On Tuesday the wind was in the East—the air cool and pleasant. On Wednesday the wind shifted round to the South-west—the air became hot and sultry, and there was a heavy shower of rain. Thursday was again cool, sunny and pleasant—wind in the South-east, blowing over Lake Ontario. The nights are generally very cool, light and pleasant. Toronto is healthy, but our streets require cleansing. Plums and peaches from the United States, have been for a week past in our market. Large quantities of wheat are coming into market. Our forests are becoming quiet—the birds are fast departing. In some parts of Canada pigeons have been common, but there have been few or none in our markets. Our markets are well supplied with vegetables, especially potatoes. Friday was pleasant—a heavy shower with thunder occurred during the night. Saturday was very pleasant—wind high, from the West. Pigeons are said to be numerous about Hamilton.

CARS STOPPED BY GRASSHOPPERS.—One day during the present week, the cars on the Watkinson Railroad were stopped between that place and Cape Vincent, by the multitude of grasshoppers upon the track. Now don't dear reader, suppose for a moment that there was an embankment of the critters—neither set it down in your diary as an internal newspaper lie. But to explain—the rails were so thickly covered with them, and the car wheels smashed them so beautifully between a box and a lamp, that it had the effect of grease on the rails, making the wheels revolve wildly, while the train remained stationary. This was witnessed by several gentlemen of the first respectability, and is true. "In union there is strength."—Vernon Transcript.

PRESERVING HERBS.—There are few persons who would not be occasionally benefited by a cup of good herb tea. I do not mean such as is made from herbs dried in the sun, and boiled for half an hour in an old tin; such a mess as that would make even a well person sick who had ever known a better plan. By attending to the following directions, all country people can have good herbs; and if they wish to give a city friend some acceptable trifles in return for it, dinner when they go into the city shopping, let them roll up and carry a good bundle of various kinds of herbs; for in the city even a very small package costs six pence, and a large proportion of stems at that. All kinds of herbs should be picked as soon as they begin to blossom, the dust rinsed off, the leaves and flowers stripped from the stems and spread on fine or clear paper, and exposed to a moderate, artificial heat, till perfectly dry and crisp, then put away in a clean dry place. When required, make the tea just as you would green tea for the table. Herbs are better dried in the shade than in the sun, but a moderate heat from the stove or oven is still better.—Rural New Yorker.

The soil of Siberia at the close of the summer, is found still frozen for fifty-six inches beneath the surface, and the dead that have laid in their collins for one hundred and fifty years have been taken up unchanged in the last.

TO WASH WOOLEN GOODS.—The art of washing woolen goods so as to prevent their shrinking, is one of the desiderata in domestic economy worthy of being recorded, and it is therefore with satisfaction that we explain this simple process to our readers. All descriptions of woolen goods should be washed in very hot water with soap, and as soon as the article is cleansed, immerse it in cold water; let it then be wrung and hung to dry.

WASHINGTON'S WEALTH.—The following extract is taken from an old book published by Russell & West, Boston, in the year 1800, entitled "Washington's Political Legacies," and dedicated by the editors to Mrs. Martha Washington:

"General Washington was at one time probably one of the greatest land holders in the United States. His annual receipts from his estates amounted, in 1796, to four thousand pounds sterling. His property at the same period was estimated to be worth one hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling, which is a very large sum in federal money, and was considered a very good fortune in that early day in this country for any one man to possess. His estate at Mount Vernon alone was computed in 1777 to consist of nine thousand acres of land, of which enough was in cultivation to produce, in a single year, ten thousand bushels of corn and seven thousand bushels of wheat. In a succeeding year he raised two hundred lambs, sowed twenty-seven bushels of flax-seed, and planted seven hundred bushels of potatoes. He desisted, it was said, from planting tobacco, which was then extensively raised in Virginia, for the purpose of setting an example, by employing this extensive means in the introduction and fostering of such articles of domestic use and necessity as would ultimately tend to the best advantages of his country. His domestics, at the same time, were industriously employed in manufacturing woolen cloth and linen in sufficient quantities to clothe his numerous household, which numbered nearly one thousand persons."

COWS HOLDING UP THEIR MILK.—A few years ago I bought a young cow, which proved to be very wild, and when I took away her first calf, she would not give her milk. I heard it remarked, that putting a weight on the cow's back would make her give her milk down. Accordingly I drove her into a stable, got a bushel of grain and put it on her back. While kept in this position she had no power to hold up her milk, for it came down freely. After doing this a few times, and afterwards putting my hand on the back of the cow, it would give way, and she would immediately give down her milk.—Cultivator.

A LARGE STORY.—Some traveller in Mexico relates the following whopper:—I was consoled by watching the beautiful horses, mostly high stepping Crezeadores. They were prancing along, looking as conceited as any man, and twice as handsome. I have been positively assured that they teach them to raise up their forelegs immensely high—which they almost all do—by putting on them magnifying spectacles when young, by which means the stones on the road are made to appear large blocks in the way, and they hit up their legs in order to step over them, and so acquire the habit. I dare say the reader will laugh incredulously, but I tell him what was told me as a fact; and I am further informed that this is also practised in South America.

LAKE SUPERIOR.—A Railroad is in contemplation between the western extremity of Lake Superior at Fond du Lac, and the town of St. Paul in Minnesota Territory. The distance in a straight line is only about 100 miles, in a north by east direction from St. Paul. The country through which it is to run is said to be very fertile.

A well known political economist says: "We pay best, first, those who destroy us—generals; second, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; third, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and least of all, those who instruct us—authors, school-masters, and editors."

At East Hartford, Conn., on Sunday afternoon last, a gentleman saw a black snake, 4 or 5 feet long, which, after receiving a stunning blow, exhibited, projecting from its mouth, the tail of another snake, which, on being withdrawn, was found to be about 3 feet long, and alive.

The human voice has been heard across the Straits of Gibraltar, a distance of more than 10 miles. This only happens in peculiar states of the weather. The sound of a military band has been heard at a distance of 70 miles on a clear frosty morning.

The Empress (i.e. the Japanese Bee) complains of our want of courtesy in not exchanging. Our exchange list is large yet the omission has not arisen from any want of appreciation, either of the Empress or of the character of its worthy Editor. He has long been known to us by reputation, as a sterling friend of every good cause. For several months past we have been much called for our office, and a multiplicity of business must account for the omission complained of.

An adjourned session of the Grand Section of Cadets of Temperance took place in this city last week. Several important amendments to the Constitution were made. On Friday last, a dinner was given by the Engineers and Surveyors of the Grand Trunk Railroad to Messrs Jackson & Co. in this city.

Communications. JAMES from the East should send his true name—we require this of all contributors. Poetry from Woodcock received. Receipts since our last Issue. G. B. Galt, \$1 on account of self. His account will be sent.

TORONTO MARKETS at the close of the week, August 27th.—Flour (Miller's extra superior) per barrel, 29 3/4 to 25 1/2, former to per 156 lbs 20s to 21s 3/4; Wheat—Fall, per bushel, 60 lbs, 4s 1/4 to 5s 2/4; Oatmeal, per barrel, 22s 6d to 23s 9d; Rye, per bushel 56 lbs, 2s to 3s 6d; Barley, per bushel 48 lbs, 2s 6d to 3s; Oats, per bushel 34 lbs, 2s 2d to 2s 5d; Peas, per bushel, 2s 4d to 3s; Green Seed, per bushel, 2s 6d, new, 5s 4d; Apples, per bushel, 2s 6d; Grass Seed, per bushel 48 lbs, 7s 6d; Clover Seed, per bushel, 27s 6d to 32s 6d; Hay, per ton, 42s 6d to 55s; Straw, per ton, 40s to 45s; Onions, per bush, 2s to 5s; Butter, tub, per lb 6 1/2 to 8d; fresh, per lb 1s to 1s 3/4; Pork, per lb 6 1/2 to 7d; Turkeys, each 4s 6d to 5s; Geese, each 1s 10 1/2 to 2s 6d; Ducks, per couple, 2s to 2s 6d; Fowls, per pair, 1s 9 1/2 to 2s; Cheese, per lb 4d to 5d; Beef, per 100 lbs 20s to 25s; Beef, per lb 3d to 5d; Hams, per 100 lbs 40s to 42s 6d; Bacon, per lbs 37s to 40s; Wool, per lb 1s 7 1/2 to 1s 8d; sheepskins, fresh slaughtered, 1s 8d to 2s; Calves, fresh, per lb 6d 6 1/2; Hides, per 100 lbs 22s 6d to 25s; Eggs, per dozen, 7 1/2 to 8d; Veal, per lb by the quarter, 3d to 4d; Mutton, per lb, by the quarter, 4d to 5d.

AGENTS FOR 1853.

The following persons are now our only authorized local agents in Canada West and East. Any person sending us six new names for half yearly subscribers, to end in December, will receive the seventh copy gratis—half-yearly subscribers 2s. 6d each, if paid in advance, otherwise 3s. 9d. Persons not paying, responsible agents must guarantee payment at the end of the year. If half-yearly subscribers do not pay at the end of the year, and their subscriptions have to be collected by sending for the same, \$1 will be charged in all cases. The paper is weekly, and the half year commences with the first week in July. Local agents now appointed, and new agents, will oblige by an immediate canvass for this paper in all their Divisions and among the community generally.

- C. W. Robinson, Woodstock—William Hill, North Williamsburgh—John Q. Brand, Brantford—John Tyner, Cumminsville—Robert Palmer, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Bunton, Dundas—Reed Baker, Watertown—John Clinton, Perth—Verance Division, Blethen—M. Shaver, Canford—H. A. Graham, Central Trafalgar—J. H. Crowe, Pelham—J. Rapelje, Chippewa—Robert Connor, Niagara—George Gilmore, Brantsville—George Davies, St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Colborne—James Clint, Cornwall—C. Leggo, Brockville—John Vert, Lambton—James Fraser, Bytown—Wm. Hargraff, Ottawa—R. M. Stephens, Port Dover—William McKelton, Middleton—William McGroarty, Fergus—Wm. H. Carney, Orono Sound—Alonso Sweet, Walpole—S. J. Lancaster, Lobo—Joh Murdock, Avimer, Elgin—S. Newcombe, Vienna—J. Russell, North Gower—L. D. Marks, Burford—Charles Taylor, Port Sarabia—C. J. Johnson, Onverville—J. W. Coulson, Guelph—George Graham, Richmond Hill—Paris Lawrence, Orangeville—D. D. Hay, Innisfil—Wm. Hamby, Nobleton—J. Downman, Alaska Division—E. B. Baker, Kitchener—James Shaw, Port Credit—Joshua Vanzalla, Georgetown—Thomas Wilson, Markham Village—Moxam Jones, Stouffville—D. G. Wilson, Duffin's Creek—John Boyd, Oshawa—Elmer Hind, Newtown—John Nott, Prince Albert—Rev. Mr. Clinie, Bonnerville—C. S. Powers, Newcastle—Robinson Rutherford, Peterboro—G. C. Choate, Warsaw—Wm. H. Founin, Kempville—Wm. Rudzee, Kingston—Dr. Thomas Ashton, Bath—Francis Finn, Scarborough—Josiah Parkes, Thornhill—Leonard Tuttle and W. H. Finney, Coburne—John Ballard, Montreal—Mr. Booth, Quebec—David McGuire, Weston—John Terry, Sharon—James Cooper, Sutton—M. Cuyler, Newland—A. Younie, Tyrone—G. W. Cook, Gt. Cowan—J. Telfer, Summerside.

NOTICE.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH, by virtue of the authority given them, have directed the City Inspectors to inspect all premises within the City of Toronto and Liberties, and to insist on the

Cleaning and Removal of all Nuisances that may be found therein, and from time to time to report to the Board of Health all such Buildings, Cellars, Lots, Alleys, Sts, Vaults, Privies, Public or Private Docks, or Ships, as in their judgment require to be cleansed, altered, or amended, for the security of the health of the city.

By order of the Board, CHARLES DALY, C. C.

Board of Health Room, Toronto, Aug. 13th, 1853.

SPLENDID TEMPERANCE TALE!

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co. HAVE in press and will publish about the first of September, one of the most thrilling TEMPERANCE TALES which have been published since the memorable series by SARAZAR. It is said to be written by a Clergyman of New York—entitled

THE MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT,

OR SATANIC LICENSE. It will be a 12mo. volume of about 300 pages, bound in cloth, written with great power and beauty, and dramatic, as with fits of fire, the dreadful evils which follow in the train of distillate, and drinking violent spirits, and the absolute necessity of proper laws to prevent its sale and use. The contents of this thrilling tale, which is destined to cause a commotion in the world, are as follows:

- CHAPTER I.—Usages of Society—Effices. II.—Shocking Results. III.—Entering the Vortex. IV.—The Villa. V.—The Lowly Cot. VI.—The Board of Excise. VII.—The Satanic License—Horrible Dream. VIII.—The Temperance Meeting. IX.—The Change. X.—Resuming the Work of Death. XI.—The Petition. XII.—The Issue. XIII.—The Experience Meeting. XIV.—Villainy Developed. XV.—A Pocket Argument. XVII.—Force of Public Sentiment. XVIII.—Legitimate Fruits. XIX.—The Closing Scene.

We bespeak the co-operation of Temperance Organizations, individual friends of Temperance, in a vigorous circulation of this work. Place a copy in every family in the land, and drink and drinking will soon cease. Early orders are solicited by the publishers, JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., 17 and 19, Cornhill, Boston.

