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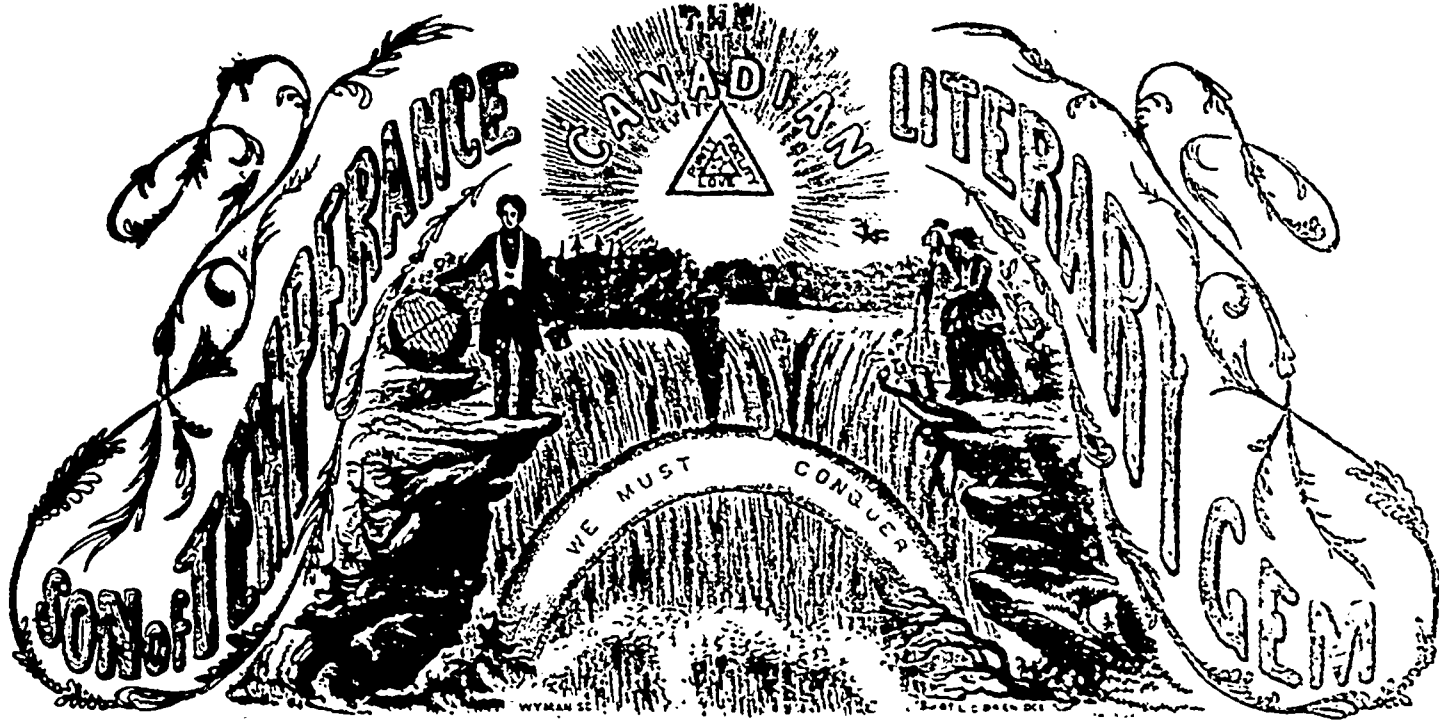
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

Bright things can never die
E'en though they fade,
Beauty and glory
Dustless were made:
What though the summer day
Passes at ere away,
Dish not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night?

Childhood can never die
Wracks of the past—
Flashes of memory
E'en to the last.
Many a happy thing—
Many a dashed spring
Flow, on time's ceaseless wing,
Far far away.

Bright things can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Phoebus, though he pass by,
Leaves us the light.

Childhood can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Wracks of our infancy,
Live on for aye.

Kind words can never die,
Charished and blest:
God knows how deep they lie,
Stowed in the breast,
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Sung o'er a thousand times,
Have, in all years and climes,
Died not and cease.

Sweet fancies never die,
They leave behind
Some fair legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as the day's earliest beam,
Kissed by the gentle breeze,
In the lone glade.

Kind words can never die,
Saith my philosophy,
Deep is the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

Yes, though the things pass by,
Saith my philosophy,
Bright things, can never die,
E'en though they fade.

DISCOVERY OF RUINED CITIES WITHIN THE GREAT BASIN OF WESTERN NORTH AMERICA.

The Great Basin in the midst of our Territory, bounded on the north by the Wahsatch Mountains, and the settlement of the Mormons in Utah, on the East by the Rocky Mountains, skirting the right bank of the Rio Grande, on the South by the Gila, and on the West by the Sierra Nevada, is a region still almost unknown to trappers and mountaineers have passed all around the inner side of its rim, but none have ever crossed with the exception of Mr. Gale, who traversed on his recent trip its Northern slope, and Capt. Joe Walker, the famous mountaineer, who passed nearly through its centre in the winter of 1850. But little, therefore, is known regarding it, but that little is exceedingly interesting, and fills the mind with eagerness to know more. From Capt. Walker we have gathered many particulars, regarding his celebrated trip, and the character of this mysterious land, which have never before been brought to light. There is no lack of streams within the Rio Colorado Chiquito, or little Red River, runs entirely across it, about 100 miles to the North of the Gila and almost parallel to it, and empties into the Colorado. About 120 miles still further North the San Juan follows exactly the same course as the little Red, and empties into the Grand River, the most important branch of the Colorado. Grand River itself pursues a course a little south of West, across the Northern part of the basin, while the Aronkatee, a large river discovered by Mr. Gale, Green River, and the Rio Virgin, are all large streams, which drain the Northern mountain rim and run in a Southerly direction into the Colorado.

The Great Basin between the Colorado and the Rio Grande is an immense table land broken towards the Gila and the Rio Grande by detached Sierras. Almost all the streams run through deep canyons. The country is barren and desolate, and entirely uninhabited even by the lowest order of Indians. But though so bleak and forbidding, strewn all around may be seen the evidences that it was once peopled by a civilized and thickly settled population. They have long since disappeared, but their network still remains to attest their former greatness. Capt. Walker assures us that the country from the Colorado to the Rio Grande between the Gila and the San Juan, is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on the table land. Although he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry, and numberless specimens of antique pottery, such as have been noticed in the immigrant trail south of Gila, it was not until his last trip across, that he ever saw a structure standing. On one occasion he had penetrated about midway from the Colorado to the wilderness, and had encamped near the Little Red River, with Sierra Blanca looming up to the south, when he noticed at a little distance an object that induced him to examine farther. As he approached, he found it to be a kind of citadel, around which the ruins of a city more than a mile in length. It was located on a gentle declivity that sloped toward Red River, and the sides of the streets could be distinctly traced, running in regularly right angles with each other. The houses had all been built of stone, but all had been reduced to ruins by the action of some great heat, which had evidently passed over the whole country. It was no ordinary conflagration, but must have been some terrific furnace-like blast of fire, similar to that issuing from a

volcano, as the stones were all burnt, some of them almost rendered, others glazed as if melted. This appearance was visible in every ruin he met with. A storm of fire seemed to have swept over the whole face of the country, and the inhabitants must have taken refuge in it. In the centre of the city was a tall, rose abruptly a rock 20 or 30 feet high upon the top of which stood a portion of the walls of what had once been an immense building. The outline of the building was well distinct, although only the northern angle, with walls 15 or 18 feet long, and 16 feet high, was standing. These walls were constructed of a green quarried and well built. All the south end of the building seemed to have melted to cinders, and to have sunk a mere pile of rubbish. Even the rock on which it was built appeared to have been partially fused by the heat. Captain Walker spent some time examining this interesting spot—he traced many of the streets and the outlines of the houses, but could find no other ruins standing—as often as he had seen the ruins of this character, he had never, until this occasion, discovered any of the implements of the ancient people. Here he found a number of headmats similar to those used by the Pueblos and the Mexicans for grating their corn. They were made of light porous rock, and consisted of two pieces about two feet long, and ten inches wide, one out hinged out, and the other inside convex like a roller to fit the concavity. They were the only articles that had resisted the heat. No metals of any kind were found. Strawn all around, might be seen numerous fragments of crockery, sometimes beautifully carved, at others painted. This, however, was not peculiar to this spot, as he had seen antiquities in every part of the country, from the San Juan to the Gila. Captain Walker continued his journey, and noticed several more ruins a little off his route next day, but could not stop to examine them. On this side the Colorado he has never seen any remains, except of the present races. The Indians have no traditions relative to the ancient people that once thickly settled this region. They look with wonder on these remains, but know nothing of their origin. Captain Walker, who, we may remark, is a most intelligent and close observer, far superior to the generality of the old trappers, and with a wonderful retentive memory, is of opinion that the basin, now so barren, was once a charming country, sustaining millions of people, and that its present desolation has been wrought by the action of volcanic fires. The mill discovered proves that the ancient race once farmed; the country as it now appears never could be tillable hence it is inferred it must have been different in early days.—They must have had sheep too, for the representation of that useful animal is found carved on a piece of pottery.

Lieutenant Beale stated, that on his first trip across the Continent, he discovered in the midst of the wilderness north of the Gila, what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it, and found it contained forty-two rooms. In the vicinity were met with numerous balls of hard clay, from the size of a bullet to that of a grape shot. What was singular about them was the fact, that frequently ten or twenty of them were stuck together, and a number of holes run out of each a dozen compassing in each, or like a whole lot of rods. It is difficult to say what these were intended for. They were so hard, however, that the smaller ones could be discharged from a gun. And now it remains for the antiquarian to explore this most interesting region in the very heart of our country, and to say who were the people that inhabited it. They may have been the ancestors of the Aztecs, whose Cities found in Mexico, for they were known to have come from the north. Tradition tells that they sailed out from it at several times, directed by their prophets, not to cease their march, till they came across an eagle sitting upon a cactus, with a serpent in its claws. This they found where the city of Mexico now stands, and here they established their dominion. This legend is well preserved in the device upon the Mexican dollar. Some remains of the Aztecs still remain and within a few years past at the ruined city of Teotihuacan or Teotihuacan, in the wilderness of New Mexico. Here, in deep caverns, they kept alive, with reverential care, the Sacred Fire, which was always to burn until the return of Montezuma. It could not be more than ten years ago, when the last Indian of the tribe expired. It may be that the Pueblos south of the Gila are an offshoot of the great Aztec nation, left behind in their march to the South. The Pueblos, it is known, are far superior to the Indians of Mexico. They raise fine corn, and from a manufacture all their clothing.

Would that some Siegfords or Layard would come to explore

the wonders that lie concealed within this Great Basin, and bring to light the history of the strange people that once inhabited it.—*Oscego Daily Times.*

The Mounds.—We had the pleasure of being present and assisting in a partial opening of one of the largest mounds on the flats of Grove creek, on Thursday last. The mound was situated on the farm of Mr. Price, some nine or ten miles east of Groveville, and was partially opened by Mr. Morris and others in 1833. They discovered and got out a part of a stone covered with characters, similar to the one found in the large mound, but of larger size. This portion was sent to the museum at New York soon after its discovery, and there lost sight of. The smaller stone found in the mound, has not been carefully preserved, and the existence of it with the singular characters thereon, is a relic of a past age and another people than any with whom the English settlers of this country are acquainted, has not been known to persons who have published voluminous works within the past five years. The object of digging into this mound at this time, was to find, if possible, the remainder of the stone, and to establish the fact, beyond all doubt, that the mound was not the work of the Indians, but of some other people, and that the mound had been seen either of those already found, viz. That the mound who built these mounds had an alphabet, and could, by that conveyance to the minds of absent persons in language. It is well known that the Indians had no such means—no written alphabet.

It is true, there are other proofs to show that there was an anterior race, who occupied our valleys, and the objects now seen in the valley at the mouth of Grove creek, lead us to the conclusion that that valley was once densely populated by an intelligent and warlike people.

The proofs are these mounds, and the system with which they are made, the fact that in the centre of them are found bones and ashes, ornaments—among which was a copper ring, the opening of which could neither be cut with the use of diamond,—the fact of the remains of forts being found here, and all with mathematical accuracy, and many other things of the same positive character.

In the valley at the mouth of Grove Creek are some twenty mounds, and one trace of a fort, while on the West side of the river are two fortifications, one on the summit of the hill and the other on the plain. These are admirably adapted for the purpose of defence and for observation, and are works for which our Indians had no occasion and which they never built.

There is no more interesting study than that afforded by these evidences of a people that have long since passed away, and we trust it may be pursued by those who have taken an interest in it until their character is fully determined.—*Warren Times.*

The Circassian War.—Much of the same people that inhabit Europe with regard to the Circassians, or rather Daghestan, war even its locality is commonly disregarded, and Circassian, bordering on the Black Sea, is represented as the theatre of war. In truth few or no outbreaks, or rather wars occur in that district. But the mountains and inaccessible regions remain inhabited and Russia's power is not yet so virtual as to extend her with conquering their habitations within a short period. The line of coast is in Russia's possession, as also a belt of territory a parallel to them Turkey, while on the east it is separated from the actual seat of war, Daghestan, by 150 miles of a difficult country, in absolute occupation by the Russians, and, therefore, absolutely subjected to that power. Daghestan is similarly encircled by Russian territory, and is even separated in a similar manner from the Caspian Sea. Nevertheless it has hitherto survived, and, but vainly, to emancipate itself from the state of a vassal bond. Its efforts have been chiefly directed to the surprise of our strong posts and forts, rarely by sudden forays and attacks upon the adjacent Russian territory. These forays are often successful, as far as booty is concerned, but can never affect of duration the possession of their present position by the Russians, although, on the other hand, they necessitate an immense force, distributed over the whole line of frontier, to prevent a surprise. With a portion of this force the Russians annexed a large Schamyl, and in order to their strongholds, and invariably with the appearance of success. Protected by the impenetrable nature of the country, the mountaineers permit the Russian troops to penetrate into defiles where discipline and order are wanting, and whence they are compelled to retreat with loss and discomfiture. Incapable as the Daghestans are of resisting the Russian troops on an ordinary field of battle, on their own defiles they assert an evident superiority. Hence Russia gains apparently nothing

by these attacks, though perhaps her end is served by the efficiency acquired in actual warfare by her troops. These troops, and those in the adjoining country under the same command, were used by Prince Wretznoff, in conversation with an English officer who lately visited his camp at Tiflis, as numbering 300,000 men. Allowing for the exaggeration natural to a loose conversational estimate, we may probably safely conjecture there to number 250,000.

HARK! OVER EUROPE SOUNDING!

BY CHARLES M. HAY

Hark! over Europe sounding, The first, the signal gun, The foe has burst the blow is struck, The deed is done— From East to South it echoes From East to West it stirs, The united nations join their hand, And gather to the war.	Not long shall last the conflict— Though Russia laugh to scorn, The wrongful cause, if 'sp' to-day, Is done to-morrow morn' When France unites with England, Beware defeat and shame, Ye foes of right, who face the fight, And tan the wicked's shame!
From restless slumber waking The thunder in her ear, The happy Poland starts to life, And greets her broken spear Oh! if she grows young to hear it— The foe's subsided in her glance, And Hungary mounts her lat' steel, And waves her fiery lance!	Hark! over Europe sounding, The first, the signal gun, But when the last loud cannon peal Shall tell of victory won, Be sure, ye proud aggressors, Your hour shall not be long, They may not, shall not, cannot win, Who battle in the wrong.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, THE GREAT RUSSIAN DIPLOMATIST.

Up to the present moment the Russian policy has been the policy of Nesselrode; but should the genius of the old Russian party—the barbaric genius of Menschikoff—be once in the ascendant, all further attempts at diplomacy and negotiation will cease, and the domination of might alone ensue. It therefore becomes necessary that the character and tendencies of Prince Menschikoff should be closely studied, for in the circumstances in which the Imperial Cabinet is now placed, that noted individual is not only a Prince, an Ambassador, and as we hear this morning the actual Governor of Moldavia and Wallachia, but the incarnation of a deep seated sentiment.

Prince Menschikoff in truth derives his consequence from the fact that he is the representative of the ancient Russian party; that is, the old nobility, whose eyes the reforms achieved by Peter the Great have always appeared as unholy revolutionary changes—that party which hates and envies the existing ameliorations, and looks forward to the future in hopes of renewing the abominations of the past. He is the representative of those violent fanatics, individuals who feel themselves "cribbled, cabined, confined," within the boundaries of their vast "steppes," and seek to lay still larger tracts of land in bondage at their feet. He is the head and front of the declared enemies of European civilization, who glory in the absurd belief that one day they will be able to subjugate the western continent, and remould it upon their own despotic model. He is the type of that party, in fine, who know no right but that of force, no onward march but that directed by vile self-interest; and who inherit all the barbarous impulses of a Cossack horde.

We have no portrait of Menschikoff, as he has invariably refused to sit to any artist. This great grandson, however, of Peter the great's favorite, is about 70 years of age, of middle stature, has close cut milk-white hair, a high, open forehead, sharply defined features, and a bright sparkling eye. His gait is haughty but slightly limping, from a wound that he received in a singular manner at the siege of Varna, 1828. It is affirmed that once, being charged, he strode through the camp; and as he was returning to his quarters he stopped and remained with his legs stretched wide apart, while he enjoyed a pinch of snuff. Suddenly the report of a heavy gun was heard, and the Prince fell headlong to the ground. When he was taken up, it was found that a cannon ball had passed between his legs, and wounded him severely in the thigh.

Prince Menschikoff is one of the most extensive landed proprietors in the Empire, and counts his serfs by thousands; but unlike the generality of the Russian nobles, who throw away their riches in reckless profusion, he adds duty to his wealth. His economy is without a parallel, and indeed is stated to descend to parsimony of the lowest grade. Strange tales are told about him; but however grinding his extortion and his avarice in his paternal estate, he knows too well the duties he owes to his high rank and station in the Russian Empire to sin openly against etiquette; and on all grand state occasions his appearance carriages, and suite are most magnificent. He possesses a superb mansion at St. Petersburg; his establishment of servants and equipage is on a scale of the most lavish expense, and he is surrounded by numerous aids-de-camp glittering in "barbaric gold and pearls."

Another striking peculiarity of this most remarkable man is the aversion he entertains for foreigners. Not one—even an ambassador—has ever been permitted to enter his palace. Nor is this repugnance confined to those who are strangers in the strict sense of the word; for several Finlanders of eminence who had been acquainted with him when Governor General of that province, have been denied access to him when they happened to be casually at St. Petersburg; the only favor accorded to them being the permission to take refreshments in his ante-chambers, with the upper servants of the house.

Various reasons have been assigned for this antipathy; but from whatever cause it may arise, the fact cannot be denied, and it is equally true that in his private life he conducts himself with all the imperiousness of an ancient boyard, possessing the power of life and death without the least earthly responsibility.

He is both rough and sickle; and when anything offends him, becomes absolutely brutal. It is whispered in his own territories that at times he has entertained ideas of freeing himself from the imperial yoke; but while he bends to it at present from motives of avarice or ambition, he revenges his official servitude by brow-beating, threatening and abusing all who have the misfortune to be connected with him; and as he is a man of considerable talent and indomitable energy, he succeeds most marvellously in this amiable occupation. It is not therefore to be wondered at that he has many enemies.

Menschikoff is married to the Princess Dolgorouki, by whom he has a son and a daughter.

Such are the leading traits and the politics and demeanor of this Russian Prince of whom we have lately heard so much, as given in a pamphlet by Leonzon le Duc, who was the Charge de

Mission to the Courts of Russia and Finland, and who has derived all his facts either from personal observation or from the most authentic documents.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

AMMOROUS.

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

SONG FOR ALL.

Ye merry Mechanics, come join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along;
Though some may be poor, and some rich there be,
Yet all are contented, and happy, and free.

Ye Tailors' of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country and town,
Remember that Adam, your father and head,
Though lord of the world, was a tailor by trade.

Ye Masons' who work in stone, mortar, and brick,
And lay the foundation deep, solid and thick;
Though hard be your labor, yet lasting your fame,
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.

Ye Smiths' who forge tools for all trades here below,
You have nothing to fear while you smite and you blow.
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,
If you are careful to strike, while your iron is hot.

Ye Shoe-makers' nobly, from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with your awl to the last;
And Cobblers' all merry, not only shoe-hob's,
But work might and eay for the good of our soles.

Ye Joiners and Carpenters, far off and near,
Stuck close to your trades and you've nothing to fear.

Ye Hatters' who oft with hands not very fair,
Fix hats on a block, or a blockhead to wear;
Though charity covers a sin now and then,
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.

Ye Carders, and Spinners, and Weavers attend,
And take the advice of poor Richard, your friend;
Stuck close to your looms, your wheels and your card,
And you never need fear of the times being hard.

Ye Printers' who give us our learning and news,
Impartially print for Turks, Christians, and Jews;
Let favorite toast ever sound in the streets,
The freedom of press and a volume in sheets.

Ye Coopers' who rattle with driver and adz,
And lecture each day upon hoops and on heads;
The famous old ballad of *loer in a tub*,
You may sing to the tune of your rub a dub dab.

Each 'Prentice and Journeyman join in the song,
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along.

Q Young ladies are requested to say, what is the difference between a butterfly and a flutterby.

Q What relation is the doornat to the scraper? A step farther.

Q Jonathan did you ever bet on a horse?
No, but I've often seen my sister Bet on an old mare.

Q Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dos'em takes his physic regular, said a doctor's boy to his employer. Why so? Cause he is getting well so fast.

Q Mrs. Partington says she has noticed that whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for half a dollar's worth.

Q The latest case of absence of mind is related of a foreman of a grand jury in Missouri. After administering the oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, he presented his face and said, "Now kiss the book, madam!"

Why is a compositor like two distinct species of the canine race? Because he is a "Setter" and a "Pointer." Don't steal this.—*Quebec Gazette.*

Now, pa, tell me what humbug is? It is replied pa, when mamma pretends to be fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt.

Q Grandfather, said a saucy little boy the other day, how old are you? The old gentleman, who had been a soldier, and was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees, and said; My dear boy, I am ninety-five years old, but why do you ask? The little fellow, with all the importance of a Napoleon, replied, "Well, it appears to me that you are remarkably small of your age!"

FEEL FROM GRACE.—Thus exclaimed a Milesian, when he saw Deacon Jewett slip off a lard barrel.

TRUTH BY MISTAKE.—A printer in setting up a line:
Hell has no fury like a woman scorned, by some oversight left out the s and made it read:

Hell has no fury like a woman corned.

A slight departure from the text, but none whatever from the truth.

LOVE LETTER FROM A TAILOR TO A MANTUAMAKER.—REMARKS OF MY HOSES.—May I be ripped from the bowels of your esteem, and never be buttoned to the lap of your kindness but I am strongly scamed to the hem of your beauty. May I never loose a thimble full of your favor but you have so entangled the thread of my understanding with that pretty outside of yours that I am stark mad to be your—*Old-hadlins!* I am an'rely yours, every stitch of me. Wherever you go you are my North, and my needle follows you; blunt not, therefore, the point of my endeavors, but let me best myself to your kindness, that I may set the tighter to your affections. I love you beyond measure but yet it is so hard to cabbage one sweet look from you, that I almost despair of having enough to finish my suit. Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit cross-legged for your sake, being my dear little flowerer,
Yours, &c., JACK.

Ladies' Department.

Lines, written at Hamilton, 9 o'clock in the evening, Oct. 8, 1836
TO MY ONLY LOVE

Though forests wide and waters deep,
Our meeting do debar;
My heart its vigils still will keep,
My thoughts be where you are.

Though distance may divide us far,
And keep thee, love, from me;
Yet thou shalt be the magnet star,
Mine eyes shall only see.

Within my heart thine image, love,
Rests firm as mountain rock;
No time, no ill, its hold will move,
Not even death's rude shock.

C. M. D.

LAYING SPOON-FASHION, OR THE WAY TO CATCH A WIFE.

'Yes, you're right, observed the Doctor, as he drew closer up to the bar-room stove.

'There's a variety of curious incidents connected with the marriage of most people that would excite the risibles of quite a number, were they generally known.'

'I've heard that your marriage grew out of some funny circumstance or other,' said Uncle Eben, as he favored the glowing anthracite before him with a copious exhortation of the Virginia leaf. 'Out with it, Doctor, and let's have a chance to laugh a bit. I'll be bound there's a joke somewhere, or the twinkle of your eye belies you very sadly.'

'Perhaps there was a joke, previous to, and accessory to our marriage, in fact but I'm not quite sure that my good lady would care about having it repeated,' said the Doctor.

Nearly a dozen years ago I was on my return to the old homestead in the good State of Connecticut, having just completed my studies as a student of medicine. In company of a goodly number of people, I stopped for the night at a country inn in the town of B—, not being able to resume my journey till a late hour on the following day. Having always been an admirer of the country, I was not at all dissatisfied with the arrangement, and my pleasure was further enhanced by my finding at the well laid up supper-table two ladies of surpassing loveliness, the younger of whom I thought the most bewitching little creature in existence.

The ladies were accompanied by a young gentleman about my own age, with whom I could not but feel exceedingly annoyed, he not only engrossed all their attention, but lucky dog as he was, seemed determined that no other person should participate in the amusement. An offer of some little delicacy by myself to the younger of the two ladies was met by an icy sort of politeness on his part, that effectually chilled any further attempts at intimacy. I soon left the table, but I could not drive the image of the lovely being we had just left from my mind. Something whispered me that we should become acquainted at some future time, but in the interim I felt more than usually uneasy. I longed to be not only an intimate acquaintance, but an accepted lover, and had I been possessed of all the wealth of Cressus, I would have unhesitatingly poured it into her lap.

In the excitement under which I was then laboring, I thought a walk might do me good, but on opening the door for that purpose, I found the night had set in as dark as Erebus, and being an entire stranger, there was no knowing what mischief I might encounter, so I made up my mind to compromise the matter by taking up my candle and going to bed.

I retired, but for a long time I rolled and tossed about sadly, now one plan by which I might make the acquaintance of the young lady would suggest itself, and then another, until at last I found myself in a state of dreamy languor, neither fairly asleep, or quite awake.

I fancied I had heard for the last few moments a sort of light breeze going on near my bed, but it gave me no uneasiness and suddenly some one sprang into the bed, and clasping her arms about me, whispered:

'Ogh! how dreadful cold it is to be sure! I say, Julie, we shall have to lay spoon fashion or else we shall freeze.'

Here was an incident. What to say or how to act was a question not easily solved. At last I mustered courage enough to ejaculate,

Dear madam, here is some mistake I'll—

The lady did not wait for me to say more. With a sharp quick scream, she sprang from the bed and bolted from the apartment. I was wondering what the deuce it could all mean, when a servant brought a lamp into my room, picked up what ladies apparel he could find about the premises, and left the apartment. You can well believe, gentlemen, that my slumbers that evening were far from quiet.

In the morning I know not how it was, but I was vividly impressed with the idea that my nocturnal visitor was one of the two ladies who had supped with me the evening previous, by which I could not conjecture. I resolved, however, to ascertain on the first favorable opportunity which might present itself, as satisfy myself beyond the doubt.

On taking my seat at the breakfast table next morning, I placed myself opposite the ladies, and was revolving in my mind an incident of the previous evening, when the younger of the two passed her plate, and begged me to favor her with the presence near me.

'Certainly, ma'am,' said I, and as the thought sprang into my mind that she might be the lady in question, I added 'Will you take them Spoon-fashion?'

Eureka! what an explosion. The lady's face instantly assumed the hue of a crimson dahlia, while her companion seemed cold and passionless as I was satisfied she had kept her own counsel—scrapped an acquaintance—fell deeply in love, and when I reached home I had the pleasure of presenting to the old lady my estimable lady, the present Mrs. Maddox.

THE MODEL LADY.—She puts her children out to nurse, sits tending lap-dogs—lies in bed all noon—wears paper-soled shoes and pinches her waist—gives the piano fits, and forgets to wash her milliner—casts her poor relations, and goes to church etc etc has a new bonnet—turns the cold shoulder to her husband.

and flirts with his "friend"—never saw a thimble—don't know a darned needle from a crow-bar—wonders where puddings grow—eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on pigeon's leg in public—runs and after the last new fashion—doats on Byron—adores any man who grins behind a moustache; and when asked the age of her eldest child, replies, "Don't know, indeed; ask Betty!"—*Fanny Fern.*

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

BY MRS M. A. DENISON.

Her bright face was like the May,
When blue and bloom are bleat together,
And by the mows of fresh heaped hay,
Her quick tread brushed the scented heather.

Health's brightest jewels gems the zone
Her cheek was dainty white and crimson;
Her eye beneath her lashes shone,
Like blue, blue flowers, with golden rims on.

The fresh wind blew her curls from place,
Till round her neck like amber unfixed,
They glittering hung—and her sweet face
Shone like the heaven to which 'twas lifted.

No silks laid in the old home chest,
No gewgaws clasped her wrist or finger;
She deemed a modest garb the best,
And by the home-hearth loved to linger.

Nor rout, nor gaudy theatre,
Nor lusted ball room filled with beauty,
Nor dashing men had charms for her,
Whose round of life was love of duty.

But from the cages in the wind,
Of bright laced boughs and leaves in flutter,
She'd often pause to hear, what "Lind"
With all her skill yet failed to utter;

The silvery piping of the bird—
The flute-tones of the sunrise singer;
These, richest notes ear ever heard,
Could the sweet peace of angels bring her.

And in the morn, at sultry noon,
At eve and night her soft voice chanted;
So that the old house smiled like June,
And every nook seemed beauty-haunted.

And blessings followed by whose grace
And every gift lent perfect pleasure;
Yet though rich charms made rare her face,
The heart that coined them was the treasure.

—*Olive Branch.*

A STRANGE WEDDING.

At the Westminster October Court, on Tuesday week, a quiet looking elderly woman solicited the magistrate's advice under the following circumstances:—She had a daughter, aged seventeen who had gone through the ceremony of marriage without being blessed with a husband. It was of course at the time of their nuptials supposed that she was being united to one of the other sex, and they went to York to spend the honeymoon, but her daughter, to her great surprise, discovered that she had been married to a woman in man's attire, and the mother of three children. Mr. Brodrip observed that there was such a case on the books (Legal Reports,) and inquired where the marriage took place. Applicant replied at Highgate Church. Mr. Brodrip referred her to the Magistrate of that district. Applicant, before leaving the Court, made the following extraordinary statement in the writing room: That the pseudo husband was introduced to her in female attire, under the name of Mrs. Paton, but after an intimacy of some months, suddenly appeared in the costume of a gentleman, announcing himself as Mr. Albert Guelph, and declaring that he was issue of George IV and Queen Caroline, but that from certain reasons his existence had been hitherto kept a secret, but that his love for her fair daughter had wrung it from his heart, and induced him to appear in the becoming habitment of his own sex, in lieu of the female attire he had been disguised in for years, by a very benign old lady, who met him periodically in Park-lane, and supplied him with cash *ad libitum*. As he dressed very fashionably, and always had plenty of money, applicant believing the story, consented to their nuptials, particularly as the said distant Mrs. Paton and her daughter had upon the occasion of little visits slept together before, and so Miss Reuben changed her name for Mrs. Guelph on the 12th September, 1853, by license, at Highgate Church, but soon discovered that Mrs. Paton was but a woman after all, though endeavours were made for a considerable time to induce a contrary notion.

FANNY FERN'S OPINION OF SUNDAY.—Sunday should be the best day of all the seven; not ushered in with ascetic form, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manners. Sweetly upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood, blending with early song of birds, and waited upward with flowers and incense to Him whose very name is love. It should be no day for puzzling the half developed brain of childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say "Our Father." It should be no day to sit upright on stiff-backed chairs till the golden sun should set. No, the birds should not be more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight, or the trees to toss their little limbs free and fetterless. "I'm so sorry to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From under your roof, oh mistaken, but well-meaning Christian parents; from the lips of your child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday schools, and finished off at night-fall by tedious repetitions of creeds and catechisms, till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child shudders when the minister tells him that "Heaven is one eternal Sabbath." Oh, mistaken parent! relax the over-strained brow, prevent the fearful rebound, and make the Sabbath what God designed it—not a weariness, but the "best" and happiest day of all the seven.—*Musical Times.*

LOLA MONTEZ.—A California correspondent gives an account of the recent doings of Mrs. Patrick Hull, Marie Heald, Countess de Lansfeldt, alias Lola Montez. She was recently arrested for assault and battery, and heavily fined. Becoming enraged at her Chinese servant, she seized him by his long tail of hair, tied it to

the door-knob, and slapped his rice-masticating jaws unmercifully. "He had the poor fellow 'tigh'," as he could not jerk loose unless he scalped himself. After the preparation of this feat, the quondam Countess still further "astonished the natives" by musing a whole day in a corduroy Bloomer costume. To cap the climax of her eccentricities Lola has sued for a separation from her present husband, after a union of but a few months, and sought the protection of a handsome caballero.



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. 6*

Lines, written at Hamilton, March 12th, 1837.

REJOICE 'TIS SPRING.

Warm from the south the breezes come,
The little birds proclaim 'tis Spring,
Winter flies to his northern home,
Rejoice, 'tis Spring, the breezes bring.

The trees again will verdant wear,
Their mantles green—the fields their bloom,
All nature sweet anew appear,
By magic risen from winter's tomb.

This day I heard the cawing crow,
Loud messenger of coming Spring,
His caws though rude her flowers will bring,
And thus he's first to let us know

The birds will soon begin to wed
The flowers will soon begin to bloom;
The daisies deck the sunny mead,
Creation smile from nature's womb.

We too, my S—, thou most beloved,
In union sweet like flowers will wed;
A time most fit when all is moved,
By love—pure love,—by nature led.

That day to me will happy be,
When we in all things shall be one;
Our hearts our hopes unitedly
Be joined beneath an April sun.

C. M. D.

LITTLE HANNAH, THE CHILD OF TEMPERANCE.

Miss Frederick Bremer tells the story of the Hawkins family, and the origin of the temperance movement in the United States:

"A few years ago, there lived in Baltimore a family of the name of Hawkins. They had been in better circumstances, but were reduced through the drunkenness of the father. There was a public-house in one of the lanes in Baltimore, where every day, five or six drunken companions used to assemble to guzzle. Hawkins was one of this set; and although he cursed it, yet it clung to him like a car-c, and every day he went there, and only came thence when he was no longer able to stand; and, late in the evening or in the night, staggered home, often falling on the steps, where he might have remained lying, and have perished of cold and wretchedness, had it not been for his daughter, little Hannah. She sat up till she heard him coming home, and then went out to meet him, and helped him up the steps; and when he fell down, and she was not able to raise him, she carried down pillows and a bed-cover and made him a bed where he lay, doing all in her power to make him comfortable, and then lay down beside him.

The wife, who in her despair had grown weary of striving with him, endeavoured by her own labor to maintain herself and the other younger children. Little Hannah, however, only ten years old, did not grow weary, but sat watching over her father, and devoted to him her childish affection. When he in the morning awoke out of his drunkenness, he used immediately to send the little girl out to get some brandy, and she did as she was bid, when her prayers could not prevail with him to abstain. She succeeded only in awakening in him a yet stronger sense of his misery, and the need there was for him to get it. He cursed himself for being so unworthy a father to such a child, and he compelled the child to give him the drink which would drown his misery. And when he, by means of the fresh, fiery liquor, was revived and invigorated so that he could stand and walk, he again went to the alehouse. Such was his life for a long time. The family had sunk into the depth of poverty, and each succeeding day only added to their distress. One Morning, when Hawkins, ill both in body and mind, after the carouse of the foregoing day, awoke to his bed, he desired Hannah, as usual, to go and get some brandy. But the girl would not go. She besought him earnestly, "Dear father," she said, "not to-day—not to-day, dear father!" and she wept bitterly. The father, in extreme anger, bade her leave the room.

He got up, and with staggering steps crawled down to the usual place. Here, in the meantime an extraordinary scene had occurred. The drunken companions were already there with their tiled glasses in their hands, when one of them said, "It is very foolish of us, to sit here and rum ourselves merely for the good of —" meaning the master of the public-house. The others agreed. "Some of them said, 'Suppose that from this day forth we were not to drink another drop.'" One word led to an-

other. The men hastily made an agreement, and drew up a paper in which they bound themselves, by oath, to a total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. When Hawkins, therefore, entered the public-house, he was met by his companions with the temperance pledge in their hands, and by the cry from all "Sign it! sign it!" Astonished, overpowered, almost beside himself, he added his name to that of the others. Without having asked for a drop of brandy, he now hastened home, as if from a new sort of compulsion. He threw himself upon a chair, and could only exclaim, "it is done!" His relations and his bewildered aspect terrified them; they asked him what he had done. "I have signed the pledge!" exclaimed he at length. Hannah and his wife threw themselves upon his neck. They all wept—ears of a new delight.

PERSEVERANCE AND GENIUS.

Perseverance is the distinguished characteristic of great men. Do you ask for instances? The page of history abounds with them. Read the life of Demosthene, and ask yourself what it was that made that poor stuttering son of a cuttler become the most famous orator of ancient times. Read the life of Virgil, and then say what it was that made him—the son of a baker—the most celebrated of Latin Poets. Read the life of Esop, and consider how it was that he who was the son of a slave, and also a slave himself, managed to acquire so imperishable a fame. Read the life of Thomas Wolsey—the son of a butcher—Cardinal of the church of Rome, and next to the king, in his day the most powerful person in the English dominions. Read the life of William Shakespeare, also the son of a butcher, yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Read the life of Oliver Cromwell, a man who rose from a comparatively humble station to be the Protector of the English Commonwealth and who was assuredly the greatest man that ever ruled the dominions of this Empire. Read the life of Benjamin Franklin, who in his early days was a journeyman printer, but afterwards one of the most celebrated of American philosophers and statesmen. Read the life of William Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review* in later times, but in his youth a humble shoemaker's apprentice, and for want of paper was obliged to work his algebraic problems on leather with an awl. Read the life of Robert Burns, a ploughman of Ayrshire in Scotland, but perhaps the greatest of Scotch poets. Read the lives of Allan Ramsay and James Hogg both of whom were sons of agricultural laborers, but who, as poets were bright ornaments of the land of Robert Burns. Read the life of James Cook, who for a long time was nothing but a common sailor, but who afterwards on voyages of discovery sailed three times round the world. Read the life of Jeremy Taylor, who was a carter's boy, and afterwards a D. D. Read the life of Thomas Telford, the great civil engineer who was once a shepherd's boy. Read the life of Inigo Jones, who was first a journeyman carpenter, and then the chief architect of his age. Read the life of Halley, the astronomer, and son of a poor soap boiler. Read the life of Huxy the chemist, the son of a poor weaver. Read the lives of Smeaton and Rennie, both eminent engineers, and both of them at one time merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you have read all those, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making those men great as any other quality which they possessed.—*Working Man's Friends.*

THE WHISKEY INDIAN.—"Are you a Christian Indian?" said a person to an adherent of Red Jacket, at the settlement near Cattaraugus. "No," said the sturdy savage, "I whiskey Indian." This was frank and calling things by their right names. Unhappily we here labor under the same disadvantages as the Missionaries among the red-skins, for cupidity and depraved appetite have entered into very loving alliances, and the blue ruin is plenty among us. But the parties don't part off quite as fairly as in the times of Red Jacket. We have professed Christians—sworn servants of the Blessed Redeemer—who sell poison to all who will buy, and yet when asked what kind of Christians they are, they always reply, Temperance Christians; and thus they quiet conscience. And they are angry with us because we say, No! Whiskey Christian—*Bring Standard.*

HOW TO MAKE TEMPERANCE.—Some time since, three Indians in the neighbourhood of Green Bay, became converts to temperance, although previously fond of the "brain thief." Three white men formed the charitable resolution of trying to draw them back. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they had themselves to observe the effect. The first Indian recognized his old acquaintance with an "ugh!" and making a high step, passed on. The second laughed, saying, "M'k'now yit!" and walked round. The last one drew his tomahawk and dashed it in pieces, and saying, "Ugh! you conquer me, now I conquer you!"

NEWS.—The Senate Committee have adopted a report on the Legislature for the abolition of grand juries, and the appointment in lieu thereof of Crown prosecutors in each county. Gavazzi secured on Monday evening at the last election a crowded house. Col. Benton is to be a candidate for the Speakership of the House of Representatives. He ought not to accept, if he is wanted as a floor member. A monument is to be erected over the remains of Henry Clay, in cost \$50,000. Thirty thousand dollars have already been contributed in Kentucky, towards the object. It is said that in consequence of the election of the Maine Law ticket in Baltimore, nearly all the taverns in that city were closed on Sunday last, the proprietors occupying a rigid enforcement of the Sunday law. The Warder says that a pine tree, which bore its annual crop of fruit last season, is now in full bloom in the garden of T. H. Mackenzie, Esq., of Dundas. Mr. Scott, of Bytown, is M. P. P. is appointed Judge of the County of Huron in room of Judge Ackland dismissed. At late dates the navigation was suspended at Quebec and vessels were loading.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. BRIGGS.—The subscription commenced in Richdale, for a testimonial to Mr. Briggs for his exertions in behalf of Free Trade, has been brought to a close. The amount was upwards of £5,000. After consulting with the Hon. member, the committee decided that a library would be an appropriate testimonial. The library consists of more than 1,200 volumes. It was selected by Mr. Briggs at an additional cost of £1,200.

A NEW FEATURE.—The Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Maryland, which recently gave evidence to its own wisdom, unanimously to introduce degrees into the Order.

RESOLUTIONS OF PHILANTHROPIC DIVISION ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION

Believing the cause in which we are engaged to be the "cause of all mankind," and destined in its onward march to bless the world, we deprecate the idea of withholding its benign influences from men of any nation, people, kindred or tongue. Therefore be it

Resolved, By the Philanthropic Division Sons of Temperance that we are opposed to the action of the National and Grand Divisions, including men otherwise qualified, because of nation or colour, that we view it as arbitrary and unjust, an unrighteous pretence, unwarranted by Scripture, reason or the principles of our Order, and a mean cringing to the slavery of the United States.

Resolved, That we instruct our Representatives to the Grand Division to use their utmost efforts to have this unholy decree cancelled, and that each Division be left to elect or reject candidates, as their moral characters may warrant, and not because of the nationality or colour of the man.

Resolved, That our R. S. forward a copy of these resolutions to Bros. Durand and Howard, requesting their publication in the Gen and Watchman.

Yours in L. P. and P., WILLIAM COOK, R. S.

Toronto Township, Nov., 1853.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

My soul is not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour to the cup, when it mureth itself bright. At the last, it blancheth like wax, and amongst live an adder. Proverbs chap 23

TORONTO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1853.

[ORIGINAL]

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew like rank weeds, side by side, They fill'd grog shops with glee, But now they're scattered far and wide, Old Maids, away to me thee. The same fill demons filled each cup, They heard each frantic vow; 'Twas they dragged intemperance to guilt— Where are those demons now!

With smuggling Pedlars one may still Be found in shame and dread, For no one knows his place of birth, 'Tis secret as the dead. Neal Dow, the great Neal Dow, killed one, He lies where perils lie deep, He was the best beloved—yet none Of our teetotalers weep.

One on a Druggist's shelves is laid Where deadly poisons mix; They wrapped his colors round his breast, Behold 'tis "No. 6" And one, o'er him, the "Maine Law" friends, Did shout with victory's fire, They dragged the miscreant from his den, And sunk him in the mire.

And parted thus, they fare'd, who raised Such riots in our streets; Whose voices mingled in those haunts, Where guilt and misery meet. They, that made grief where joy should be, And chilled fond hearts with fear— Alas for Canada—if we Still nurse such Spirits here.

Mayfield, Chinguacousy, Nov. 4, 1853.

TO OUR DEFAULTING SUBSCRIBERS—1853 is now closing, and it becomes necessary to remind those in arrears that we need immediate payments. There are about 1000 names on our books in arrear for 1853, and some still owing for 1851-2. For the year 1853 the sum now due is \$2. We have punctually met engagements with those who have printed for and supplied us with paper, and it is hoped all in arrears will pay us immediately, either by enclosing the money, or by paying agents named in our list (see last page). Those who were preferred by credit instead of the advance one, must of course pay the difference. Fifty-two numbers of a paper like ours are well worth \$2.

THE VOLUME OF 1854—It is the intention of the proprietor of this paper to continue its publication in 1854. It will be somewhat enlarged, and published as usual, every six days of paper. It may be that we shall publish a weekly and semi-monthly or monthly Magazine together. The price of the weekly will be \$1 1/4 in advance, \$1 1/2 at the end of three months, \$1 1/2 at the end of six months, and \$2 at the end of the year. In our next, as well as by circulars, a full explanation of our future intentions will be given. Everything in this line, need of printers wages, has been. Publishers of papers must keep pace with the times too. The sum we ask for a weekly paper is very low. In the meantime we ask our friends to renew their subscriptions, and agents and new friends to send lists from their respective counties.

PREPARING FOR THE JANUARY ELECTIONS—Much excitement already exists in this city in view of the coming elections of January. The elections will take place on the 2nd of next month. We believe the temperance people have made no peculiar selections. They have their choice of course among those selected generally. This choice should be placed in all instances upon such men as will do the most to put down intemperance. The only thing that temperance people can at present do in this city is to alleviate the distressing evil of intemperance so rife in our midst. The first step in this direction is to put down the smoky licensed inns and liquor groceries in the back streets. At

such places our poorer classes resort, to the injury of themselves and families. One hundred inns in Toronto should be lopped off at once. Let such men be supported who are in favor of this object. The greatest contest will be in St. John's and St. James' Wards. In the former Mr. Gowen will come forward, and he will be found a regular supporter of low inns. During the canvass and election such places will be his rallying points. No true temperance man can vote for him. Messrs. Bugg, Sheard, Rowell, and Price, are all favorable to temperance interests, and men too of long standing and large property in this city. Such men should be supported by all good citizens. We recommend in St. David's Ward Messrs. George Allan and John Bell, persons of large property and well known probity. In St. James' Ward Messrs. John Crawford and Angus Morrison should be strongly supported. The only Inspectors with whom we are acquainted, and whom we can recommend, are Messrs. Mowatt, of St. Andrew's Ward, and Jacques of St. James' Ward. Mr. Moodie is said to be far preferable to Mr. Spence in St. John's. We will enlarge on this matter at another time.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE MOST WORTHY SCRIBE FOR 1852-53.

M. W. Patriarch Officers and Brothers: During the past term little has transpired in connection with the office of Most Worthy Scribe, beyond its usual and regular business.

The Order is in finest harmony throughout our jurisdiction, and everywhere gives tokens of renewed zeal and energy in the Temperance cause. As a new phase clearly marking itself in the spirit and action of the Order, I take pleasure in stating that the great and vital principle of the prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, has become the leading idea. The pledge to total abstinence, the reform of intemperate individuals, and the persuasion of others into organization, are no longer left to be sufficient to the calls of society, or acknowledged as the primary action of the Sons of Temperance.

It has become the sense of the Order, with much unanimity, that the Liquor Traffic must die to save the lives and happiness of our people, and the general integrity and prosperity of the community.

To this result it is freely engaging itself, and with the strength of its compact and the adaptive organization once rightly brought into action, and the mental exertion of its consequent mighty will, God blessing it, our great cause must triumph.

And here this office would respectfully remark, that in the prompt content to one opinion of the whole Order, so widely spread throughout States, Provinces, and Countries, it now from each other, differing in social laws and customs, and situated under different forms of government, the National Division may be held with great satisfaction, not unmingled with a sense of responsibility, the vast moral power which it wields, in addition to the legal authority which results to it as a constitutional head. It was indeed the unanimous and eloquent action of the National Division at its late annual session, denunciatory of the Liquor Traffic, which created the instant sentiment of the Order. And this fact is to us a clear testimony, that a portion of each session of the N. D. might profitably be set apart for the consideration in committee of the whole, as a Temperance Convention, or otherwise, of the various temperance questions and principles, which interest the community; and it is only by doing so that this body can truly fulfil its great double trust as the head of the Order, in the spirit of the cause, and the technical authority of the Laws.

In regard to the spirit of the Order it is perhaps needless to reiterate to this body that nearly the entire Temperance Press is originated and sustained by the Order, that even the few papers that originally opposed it, are now generally supported by Sons of Temperance. It is also a cheering circumstance to notice the elevating effect the Order has produced on this powerful means. The state of the Temperance Press at present represents everywhere the unequivocal intellectual talent and energy, the greatest moral and social power, and the most decided and satisfactory Temperance principles. To indicate especial cases would be invidious and perhaps unjust, but East and West, North and South, in the British Provinces and in the Union, not omitting far California, the Temperance Press radiates with the first ability, and glows with an ever present halo of the most honorable zeal. Nothing therefore can be more worthy the principles and discrimination of the Order, more praiseworthy of its success, than a prompt practical and literal support of these important organs. Let the Order remember, not in its personal and individual practice, that the Press is power. To the Press of our cause, we must principally look for rapid and final success, and to a want of a just appreciation of duty to the Press in this particular, this office is persuaded, the former apathy and the present low figures of the Order, are mainly to be attributed. "GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH," is a motto of the sturdy cultivators of the soil, and "GOD SPEED THE TEMPERANCE PRESS," should be the motto of every intelligent and true headed Son of Temperance man and woman, who honestly and earnestly desires the triumph of our principles.

That Press whose labors are incessantly spreading broadcast over the community Temperance principles, Temperance ideas, and Temperance arguments and appeals, has truly a right to a proper sustentation; whilst a plain policy dictates that through its means, the interest, influence and increase of the Subordinate Divisions will be most effectually advanced.

During the past term, according to report, of little more than half the whole number of Divisions, the Order has distributed over 320,000 TEMPERANCE TRACTS, and as a further exhibit of its general temperance action, I would also state with great satisfaction, has held over 10,000 PUBLIC TEMPERANCE MEETINGS, at which most stirring temperance addresses were delivered.

This office has heretofore advocated the idea of such an extension of the Order as would place it in close communication with important social elements around it, and would now earnestly recommend the adoption of some rule by which the parents, wives and children of Sons of Temperance may be occasionally and under certain limits introduced in our Order, and thus become more intimately connected with its great saving principles. I am convinced that with such a rule in operation, with a right support

of our Press and Speakers, and especially a hearty encouragement of our domestic Speakers, of whom the Divisions have many thousands, the Order would rapidly regain all the numerical strength it has lost, and ultimately transcend its original aiming and effective splendor.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION OF THE COUNTIES OF LINCOLN AND WELLAND.

This body, composed of Representatives from the various Divisions in the Counties, met on the 23rd Nov. in the Grantham Division Room. It must have been gratifying to the friends, not only of the Order, but of Temperance who are not identified with the Order, to see so respectable and influential a representation. The objects of the Association are important to every member of society, and should they be fully carried out, will prove beneficial to these counties. The attention of the Association was particularly directed to the adoption of the best means of re-invigorating weak Divisions,—the building up of new Divisions,—quickenings of apathetic ones—and the spread of temperance principles throughout every School Section within the limits of the Association, and in this way bringing the united Temperance influence to bear upon the License system, as controlled by the Municipal Councils and the Legislature of the Province. This body is composed of men who have a deep interest in the welfare of our common country, and manifest a determination to make their united influence felt in every situation which can effect the attainment of a Prohibitory Law.

A Public Meeting was held in the evening at the Town Hall, and addresses bearing directly upon these objects were delivered before a large and respectable audience. There is no doubt but the efforts of this body will be felt during the coming winter for good; for it was impossible to listen to the stirring, practical, business-like and many addresses delivered during the day, connected with the various important resolutions, without being convinced that they mean something, and that they know what they mean, and can, and will carry that something out.—St. Catharines Post.

TEMPERANCE AND YELLOW FEVER.—A physician of New Orleans writes to the Boston Medical Journal, as follows: "The epidemic came down like a storm upon this devoted city, and eleven hundred and twenty-seven dram shops in one of the four divisions into which it has been divided. It is not the citizens proper, but the foreigners with mistaken notions about the climate and country, who are the chief supporters of these haunts of intemperance. About five thousand of them died before the epidemic touched a single citizen or sober man, as far as I can get facts."

POPULAR OPINION.

What better evidence can there be of the sterling worth of the Maine Law than the continued verdicts of the people in its favor in Maine and Massachusetts? Read this.—[EDITOR.]

THE RESULT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The result of the election, so far as it pertains to the Legislature with the Representatives elected, has been beyond our most sanguine expectations. The House of Representatives will have a large majority for the law, so that the Repealers may hang up their fiddles for this year. We have made numerous additions to our list of Representatives, and are able to place the marks against a large number of names. It will be seen that we have, as yet, no information relating to many elected, but so far as we have heard, throwing aside those unknown, we have 102 Maine Law men to 76 Anti-Maine Law men; and this includes 41 Anti-Law men from Boston! Three of the Boston representatives are supposed to be in favor of the law. After Monday next, the last trial, it will be found that the majority for the law will be increased. The Senate will, after the vacancies are filled, be about equally divided, though it is not improbable that two or three men now reckoned doubtful, will be found to be on our side. At any rate, we are sure of an anti-repeal vote, even in the Senate. Whether any beneficial amendments can be carried through the upper branch, will be doubtful; but as all the Courts are giving decisions in favor of the law, we can afford to wait, if necessary another year for important modifications. All obstructions in the way of the execution of the law are removed. The popular vote of the people has been given in its favor, and there is now nothing to hinder its execution. Let the work be commenced in every town where a grog-shop is to be found. The law will increase in popularity with every case of execution.—Life Boat, Nov. 1853.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND ITS TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—The Telegraph gives an account of a large Convention which had recently been held in this Province, to take into consideration the state of Temperance. The Grand Division has also just closed its session. From it we learn that the whole body of Sons of Temperance friends have discarded their half-way temperance law, and are hereafter going to carry on a thorough MAINE LAW AGITATION. Entire prohibition as in Maine will be the order of the day. This is the only cure. Much activity and a willingness to give money for lecturers, &c. are evinced in New Brunswick.

TEXAS.—This State is arousing itself on the subject of the Maine Law. Thirty members of the House of Representatives have presented petitions for a Maine Law.

The Toronto Section of Cadets intend holding a Soiree in the St. Lawrence Hall on to-morrow evening. Several eminent speakers will address the audience, among them the Rev. Mr. Ormiston.

MELTING OF IRISH CONFEDERATES.—A meeting of the various clubs of Irish Confederates of '48 was held in Grand street Hall on Monday evening—Thomas Taylor in the Chair—at which Mr. Col. Doherty made a spirited speech, counselling immediate action on the part of the Irish-Americans in reference to the condition of Ireland and her fitness to strike once more for liberty. He believed the present was a suitable moment for the attempt, and hoped his countrymen would procrastinate no longer. Arrangements for the reception of John Mitchell were then made.—N. Y. Organ.

The Literary Gem.

VERSES, written June 1st. 1831.
TO SPRING.

At this season the Canadian climate and scenes appear to the best advantage. Many a beautiful ramble in the woods have I had in the glorious months of June. June and youth are companions.

Come let us sing in tuneful glee,
'Tis piping time, just fit for rhyme;
Behold sweet Spring is in her prime,
And daisies deck the moonlit lea.

Forget pale sorrow—let us rejoice,
Let cruel pain not o'er thee reign;
Nor let it e'er thy bosom stain,
When nature lifts her joyful voice.

Go seek the groves—there list the songs,
Of nature's muse, whose voice profuse,
Th' wood-lark courting ever woods;
With melody of fairy throngs.

Oh let the lyre its praises sound,
Of nature sweet—with sweeter lays,
Than Orpheus sang in olden days,
When trees with joy danced on the ground,

C. M. D.

THE MUSKRAT OR MUSQUASH, is an animal very familiar to Canadian naturalists, found in all of our rivers, creeks, and especially in marshes and mill-ponds. It is a fur animal; very numerously trapped for its pelts. The color is a reddish brown, or chestnut, with an under-coating of a bluish-black downy fur. Under parts rather lighter—head rather darker—bottoms of feet and all of tail dark colored, and bare of hair—the latter tough, leathery and strong, very similar to that of the beaver, and used as a paddle, or as the fish uses its tail for aiding it to swim under the water. It is also used for the purpose of plastering its house with slime and mud, as we believe the beaver's is. It very much resembles the beaver, as well in color as in shape and habits. Its fur is not so good. It measures when full grown sixteen inches long, not including the tail; which is about ten inches long; its weight is about four pounds. Its fore-legs and feet are very short, scarcely exceeding an inch and a-half—feet covered with short whitish colored hair; the hind legs are still shorter, hardly discernible from the body, being all feet. It has five toes—nails of a flesh color; the feet are long, being two inches and a-half in length: the under parts of the feet have black lines across them. There is this difference between the tail of the Muskrat and that of the beaver: the Muskrat's tail lies with its edge or narrowest part downward to the water—whereas the beaver's lies flat towards the water, the edges horizontal. It has four cutting teeth in each jaw, with which it can bite very severely. When on the ground they travel awkwardly by leaps. The animal lives mostly on roots. Its house is built in a conical shape sometimes six feet above the water, in situations where there are thick flags, grass, or reeds. The water in such places is usually shallow. The house has no outer entrance, but the entrance is from the water beneath to prevent its being frozen. It is made of flags, grass, and small willows interwoven and mixed in with mud and aline. There is only one apartment in this sugar-loaf house, rocky enough for, and which does sometimes contain several rats. When the house is disturbed the rat dives into the water unseen. Hunters, however, often approach the house slyly and with a sharp spear, purposely made, kill the animal by sticking the spear hastily through the house. Other trappers set the traps on the tops of the inside stair-case covered over with grass—opening the top of the house for this purpose; and when the rat rises from the water and attempts to sit upon its grassy floor it is cruelly caught in the trap. These houses as before said, are built in shallow water near the edge of deep water. It has from four to eight young brought forth in March or April. These may be seen following the dam in the water like a litter of pigs. The Muskrat is at times caught at great distances from water in attempting to travel from lake to lake or river to river over land. It is easily domesticated too. I have frequently heard of its being caught in farm-yards. The building of the house shows considerable foresight and ingenuity. The houses are mostly used in cold weather, when the surface of the water is frozen. Here is another adaptation of animal wants to climate!

THE GREAT GREY GULL OF THE LAKES.—A description of the smaller species of Grey or white Gull was given lately in this paper. We now add a few remarks in reference to the largest lake variety. Its alar extent from tip to tip of wings, it is four feet long: length of body from end of bill to end of tail two feet. The wings are exceedingly powerful, especially the shoulders, almost as much so as those of a small eagle. These birds look very large on the wing. The seven longest and last wing feathers are barred with black and white spots, tipped with black and white; the longest feather measuring nearly a foot. Color on the back, tips of wings, and shoulders, a dunnish blue—almost the color of the lake water; the tail, under parts of the wings, breast and abdomen are of a pure white: tail square and short—head and neck long and powerful, of a dirty white color mixed with grey,—beak full two inches long, yellow, being very strong, hooked slightly at the point in the upper mandible, five-eighths of an inch in breadth downward, and a quarter of an inch thick across—under mandible straight with a bulge near the point—nostrils la-

teral, extending through the beak—eyes bright golden colored,—feet flesh-colored with four toes, webbed like those of a duck, but small. Its coat of feathers is amazingly thick and soft, and beneath them, next to the skin, is a coat of dark thick down, rendering the bird proof against water and the severest cold. There are no Canadian birds so warmly clothed as the Gull species. Nature has wisely protected them against the inclemency of the lake winds. In apparent bulk the large gull is the size of a small goose, but in real weight not perhaps over three pounds.

THE GANNET, OR SMALL WHITE GULL.—This little bird, also a species of the Gull, we have lately described. We examined one a few days since. Its wings are unusually long, being at least two feet and a-half. The tops of the back, wings, and shoulders, like that of the above species, are of a dunnish blue: tail milk-white, also the sides, neck, head, and abdomen; feet of a deep red; bill black, an inch long, very slender; nearly similar to a pigeon's, upper mandible, gently hooked. eyes black: feet webbed. Its body is a foot long: tail square, and very white: The last three wing feathers are tipped with black: the last wing feather has a black outer edge. Its habits have been before mentioned. In real size, although in appearance larger, it does not exceed the bulk of the pigeon. How wonderfully nature has prepared everything for its peculiar sphere. The Gulls are adapted exactly for the position they hold in creation. The powerful wing to contend with the wind and swells; feet to swim upon the water; powerful beak to carry and tear to pieces its fishy prey: the most impervious coat of down and feathers to withstand a northern climate, and an aerial lightness of body to bear it on the water or the hurrying winds.

DOES OUR CLIMATE GET WARMER? is a question frequently asked. Being very familiar with the Canadian climate, we would answer that the only difference discernable by us, looking over a period of thirty years, is this: The Autumns used to be colder and shorter than they now are. In 1831 we find it noted in our diary kept at Brantford, that from the 5th to the 11th September very hard frosts occurred. For several years past frosts have not occurred in the milder parts of Canada until the last of the month. In the middle of October, 20 years ago, there was sometimes sleighing in the warmer parts of Upper Canada. November, from 1820 to 1835, used to be a cool, freezing month, accompanied often by small snow storms. It has not been so for many years past. Our winters are also rather milder. The Springs are about the same as they used to be. There is less thunder than formerly. It will be asked, if so, what causes this? We know of but one reasonable answer, and that is the country is becoming more cleared, and thus opens a large surface of dry earth to the sun to imbibe heat, which during the Autumn and Winter expends its Summer imbedded heat, thus warming the air. The woods keep the earth cool—keep off the rays of the sun. The same phenomenon results from the contiguity of water. Fruit grows well, even peaches, on the northern shores of the deep Lake Huron, the waters of which partially heated by summer, keep the air warm even in winter. It is colder in the interior. Toronto is also warmer for this reason than the interior of the country. The tract of land comprising the Niagara Country is warm, because it lies between Lakes Erie and Ontario. Water when deep warms the air. It preserves an even temperature. The warm water from the bottom rises constantly to the surface warming the surrounding atmosphere, the cold descending. We are told that fruit grows well even on some parts of the northern shores of Lake Huron. When Upper Canada is generally cleared, its surface must imbibe more heat. This requires time to expend itself. Towards February it is much expended, leaving our Spring cool as formerly. Whilst the summers grow cooler, or more even, in consequence of the freer circulation of the air. Clearing the country too, with perhaps the extension of telegraph lines, will tend to equalize its electricity. Canada ought to be as warm as France. It is in a warmer latitude. As it is cleared up its health will improve.

THE ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS OF OMAR PASHA, PRINCIPAL COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH FORCES.—There is something Bonaparteian—Spartan—Roman in the following speech. It rings of battle and death like courage, and as a novelty we insert it. As to the religion therein inculcated we know it is false—founded in gigantic superstition. The Greek Church of the Russian Empire, was good in its origin, but is now so corrupt that it is worse than Islamism. In this war justice is on the side of the Turks, and the Almighty cannot support the unjust.—[Ed. Sox.

TO "Imperial Soldiers.—When firm and courageous we shall engage the enemy, we will not fly, but sacrifice body and soul to be avenged. Look to the Koran; on the Koran we have sworn. You are Mussulmans, and I doubt not you are ready to sacrifice body and soul for your religion and your government. But if there be among you a single man afraid of war, let him say so, for it is dangerous to face the enemy with such men. He who is under the feeling of fear should be employed in the hospitals or other occupations; but he who remains with us and turns his back on the enemy shall be shot! Let the courageous men, who long to manifest their devotedness to their religion, and the Turkish, remain. Their hearts are united with God, and if faithful to religion, they prove themselves brave. God will assuredly give them the victory. Soldiers, let us purify our hearts, and then put confidence in the aid of God. Let us do battle, and sacrifice ourselves like our ancestors, and as they bequeathed our country and our religion to us, we ought to bequeath them to our children. You are all aware that the great object of this life is to serve God and the Sultan faithfully, and thus win heaven. Soldiers! May God protect all who have the honor to believe and to serve in these principles."

ORIGINAL
FAME—ITS VANITY

Fate fitting Fame, thou empty name,
That binds the crowds that gaze,
Or for a moment fans the flame
Of repute to a blaze
Which flashing upward to the skies,
Ere well ascended drops and dies,
And leaves in strange amaze,
The thoughtless subjects of its hour,
To weep and sigh o'er vanquished power.

The few who gain the giddy height,
And frowning rampart scale,
Ne'er find sufficient to requite,
The toil they took to trail,
Their wearied bodies o'er that path,
Where easy breezes burn and scathe,
With many a sick'ning tale,
Till all fond feelings of the heart,
Forever from the soul depart.

Even when secure'st seated there,
Upon its dizzy brink,
How soon the look their features wear,
As one by one they sink,
Deep in the gulf that yawns below,
All restless till its ripples flow,
O'er those who wished to link
A name, and chance gotten name,
High on the pinnacle of Fame.

How light the Fame that combat gains,
O'er those who bravely hurld,
Their bolts of vengeance on the plains,
Where despot hands unfolded,
Oppression's banner dred with blood,
Of freemen honored, iron, and good,
Who dying taught the world,
In death was found a fairer fame,
Than living—backled unto shame!

HENRY KENTVILLE.

PUBLIC MORALITY—IS A LIE A LIE, OR IS IT
WANT OF CANDOUR?

Our city has been for many months agitated by the Chancery suit of the Corporation vs. Bowes et al. During the trial Mr. Bowes was made upon oath to eat up the words he had used at the Council Board. In other words he was convicted of falsehood of the worst kind. One would suppose that such a thing in a moral community, apart from the dabbling in city funos or debentures, would be sufficient to condemn any man. It appears not to have been the case with a majority of the City Council. A majority of the Board led on by Mr. Ogle R. Gowan, an unscrupulous and unprincipled politician, who has recently come to Toronto to seek office among the people, thought that a public he was unworthy of censure. Feeling themselves guilty, "a fellow feeling made them wondrous kind." This majority to their eternal public condemnation, be it said, came to this decision:

"That this Council, deeply regretting THE WANT OF CANDOUR shown by his Worship the Mayor, in reference to the Debentures issued to the Northern Railroads, is nevertheless of opinion that the services rendered to the city by his Worship should exempt him from any farther censure by this Council in relation to that transaction.

Thus pronouncing an official denial of a thing one day with a forced retraction of it the next day under oath IT WANT OF CANDOUR. Why did not these miserable nineties go to the dictionary to search for the meaning of the words "lie" and "candour." As an upholder of the public morals of the community, we say no honest voter should record his vote in favour of any Alderman or Councilman who so stultified his moral sense, his duty to his country and children, as to sanction hypocrisy and falsehood in the Mayor of a city. The only liberal paper that took a bold stand for the majority of the Council, Bowes et al. was the Leader, owned in part, it is said, by a man who calls himself a preacher, and edited by a hired tool of Hincks!! This paper is wholly unworthy of favor among moral persons. It is ready to uphold any political abuse, or to sanction any dirty job in which its masters may engage. Let the electors of this city in January arise and shake off the incubus of disgrace that now hangs over them, and consign to oblivion this Gowan-Bowes clique!!

THE TYRANNY OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

Something may be judged of the present state of France from reading the following account of the late M. Arago, lately one of the greatest living men and philosophers. So fearful was the French Emperor and tyrant who through a hureling army rules France that the funeral of the eminent patriot was guarded by a military escort, and the people kept from giving utterance to their natural feelings. Alas for France! when will she have freedom and order permanently established?—[Editor.

ARAGO'S FUNERAL.—I have heard some curious anecdotes of M. Arago's funeral. Shortly before the cortege arrived at the Column of Liberty at the Bastille, Colonel Turard, of the 16th Light Infantry, gave an order to his troops to repeat a movement which has frequently been performed of cutting off the better half of the procession. A considerable mass of the most determined Republicans in Paris, who had shown their enthusiasm by walking three miles in a pelting rain for the express purpose of taking off their hats in passing the column, closed their files, and some of them took hold of the handle of the Colonel's horse as he attempted to ride through the line. An altercation ensued. Colonel Turard and his men were there to do his duty. The bearded men in blouses said they were there from sympathy, and

they had shown their sympathies were worthy of respect. The Colonel whose orders probably to shake off as many followers as he could, but at the same time to avoid a collision if possible, gave way, but at the same time he said to the band of the regiment, "We will have a tunc suited to the occasion: strike up a waltz." I was present myself at the Bastille when the coffin passed, and I heard the water, which astonished me greatly, and I could not then account for it. Troops were stationed in concealment at various points in the line of procession, ready to act if necessary. On arriving at the cemetery, the execution of the order to prevent the followers from entering, occasioned so much excitement that General Courant ordered some dragoons to charge. The horses were rushing on, when a body of sergens de ville rushed before them and seized the bridles, assuring the soldiers that they would be responsible for the crowd dispersing peaceably. At the gate of the cemetery, General Cayagnac observed to a captain of the line, "These are great honours that you pay to M. Arago." The captain, who did not recognize the general, replied, "Yes, sir, with forty rounds of ball cartridges in our pouches." In allusion to the bad weather, it was observed that the skies were in mourning for the man who had so long studied them; and some of the Republicans said, "You see we are not dead. Had the day been fine, you would not have been able to count us."—Paris Correspondent of the Times.

Agricultural.

(ORIGINAL) A WINTER SCENE.

Now plerling Wind, began to sweep, Our fields and country o'er, The growing forest, fore them yield, And bend with solemn toer. Here too the little seeds do lie, The plants their roots keep warm; Till spring shall come with genial sky, And wake them with her charin. Now flying sleek and fluky snv, Show winter's reign is near, Beside northern winds begin to blow, Snake winter's try gear. The feather'd host to southward moves, To distant climes have fled, And left those groves where plaintive laves, In melody where shed. The forests bend their naked heads, And nature's gone to rest, Her insect tribes have sought saug beds, Within the earth's warm bosom.

THE WEATHER.—Tuesday was warm but cloudy. In the evening it blew hard and rained—wind south-west. Wednesday was cloudy and some cooler, still there was no frost on either days. The flies are about in the air. The 30th of Nov., Wednesday, was really quite a warm fall day. See what the weather was in Quebec about the same time:—

"It has been snowing and drifting all night. Carioles are again in use. The thermometer marks 18 deg. and the snow seems to float on the surface of the river."—Quebec Gazette, 24th Nov. 1853.

The 1st day of December was ushered in rather cold—wind still in the north-east—the ground frozen hard—toward evening it became much warmer. Friday, the 2nd December, was warmer, wind still north-east. We observed a farmer ploughing on the 1st Dec. in Pickering—indeed the ground being now dry and unfrozen is in a good situation, as it has been for a month past, for ploughing. It is said the three first days of December rule the winter—we will see how it will be. Saturday was still cooler, with a little flurry of snow lying on the ground—yet the weather is not cold, wind north-west, with flying clouds. Sunday was cloudy but not very cool. On Monday morning there were about two inches of snow on the ground—wind west—weather still mild.

LOVE VALLEY.—An idea of the extraordinary productions of this beautifully and romantically christened valley may be derived from the following facts:

The annual yield of hay is from two and a half to three and a half tons to the acre for the first crop, and one and a half for the second. Barley produces from fifty to seventy bushels to the acre; oats weigh forty pounds to the bushel, and the stalk is frequently over ten feet long. One stalk alone (grown upon the "Q" ranch) had 226 grains in the single head. Wheat grows from six to seven and a half feet in height; one ear was seven inches long. One melon raised by a Mexican, weighed 56 lbs. Onions vary from two to two and a half pounds each, and about twenty-three thousands pounds to the acre. One squash weighed ninety-three and a half pounds. Beets are from two to three and a half feet in length, and from seven to ten inches in diameter. Parsnips and carrots grow proportionately large, but potatoes do not grow so large, nor do as well as other kinds of vegetables. Fruit trees grow exceedingly fast; and healthy peach seeds, put in last Fall, are now over four feet in height; apples about the same. Vines, also, do remarkably well.—California paper.

THE BOTANY OF CALIFORNIA.—We had an interview yesterday with an English gentleman, says the Pacific, who had been engaged in Botanical researches for the last four years on this coast. He has just returned from a trip to the mountain range east of Los Angeles, and extending to San Bernardino, and expresses the highest gratification with the result of his labours in procuring new and choice specimens of plants. He knows of no field in the world for botanical study, equal to this in California in the number and variety of its objects of interest. He found the Walnut and Chestnut indigenous to certain portions of our State. The latter he described as an evergreen of much beauty, which would make a very ornamental shade tree for dooryards. Strange as it may appear, he found the season less advanced at San Bernardino than in the Sacramento valleys of the North. Flowers of the same kind, blow there four or six weeks later than in the dry valleys of the North. This he attributes to the later rains and the near vicinity of the mountains. It is the intention of this gentleman to proceed at once to Calaveras county and examine the mammoth timber recently discovered there, and then proceed northward to the elevated regions between the upper Yuba and Feather rivers in search of some rare forest seeds.

FRUIT IN CALIFORNIA.—Fruit has been very profitable at San Francisco this season. Peaches to the producer, pay him about fifty cents a pound, on the average, retaining at one dollar a pound. Pears at from 15 1/2 to 16 cents a pound, by the ton, and at retail, from 25 to 37 1/2 cents. Grapes are abundant, and of choice quality; opening price 8 shillings a pound, while at present they are sold to hucksters and fruit dealers at about 12 1/2 cents a pound on the average, and retaining for 25 and 37 1/2 cents a pound. Melons have been very abundant, and of superior quality, size and flavour, selling as to size, from 1 1/2 cents to \$2 each. Potatoes will not keep in that climate. The farmers are obliged to plant at different periods, that they may be constantly ripening during the dry season.

DUNDAS FLOUR IN ENGLAND.—Some time ago, we took occasion to refer to the fact that the "J. B. E." flour manufactured at the Dundas Mills, commanded some two and six pence a barrel over most other Canadian brands. It affords us much pleasure to know that Mr. Ewart's flour still maintains a good character in the English market, as will appear by the following extract from a Liverpool Broker's letter to Mr. Ewart:—"Such flour as yours appears to produce quite a sensation in our market, and if you make any shipments this fall, it will doubtless bring the highest figure.—Warder.

GREAT LEAD MINE IN IOWA.—In Clayton county, Iowa an immense lead mine was lately discovered by Messrs. Holmes and Dickson, who have taken out 120,000 pounds of mineral within the last four weeks, and have another 100,000 pounds in sight. The lead is considered good for 1,000,000 pounds. It is said to be found on the surface of the upper strata of magnesian limestone and about eighty feet below the surface of the earth, at the highest point of the ridge. The mineral is said to be of the best quality, bringing at this time \$31 per thousand pounds. It has now become the settled conviction, at least with a great many, that the whole country formerly reserved by the government, for mineral purposes, will prove to be rich in lead ore, and of the best quality.—Cincinnati Enquirer, Oct. 21st

LATE NEWS.—From China recent news state that the city of Shanghai had fallen into the hands of the rebels under Tien teh. It is said the Turks have 170,000 men in Wallachia to oppose 80,000 Russians. In addition Turkey has in Danubian Garrison 30,000 men, and in all 2,400 guns. By late accounts Turkey seems to have all the advantage of Russia in fighting and position. God and right are at present for Turkey. Never was there seen in the world a more infamous attempt to act unjustly by a nation than the conduct of Russia towards Turkey exhibits. In Asia the Russians have also met with Reverses from Turkish troops. Whilst this is said we can do but deeply deplore the cowardly and wavering conduct of France and England through out the diplomatic and fighting part of this war. Turkey is left to her own resources, and christian nations have shown far less regard for truth than one under Mahomet. So much for the boasting of Christians. It is to be hoped, notwithstanding Turks acted unjustly in 1853, their descendants who now act justly, may be successful.

The Brockville Recorder of the 24th Nov. gives a long account of the execution of the cruel murderer, John Simpson. As usual on such occasions there was an immense crowd congregated together. The wretched man died very penitent, no less than four ministers attended on him. It would seem as if every murderer thus hung was made a hero. His life and confession are written, and he is made a perfect saint of. The way for a miserable corrupt wretch to become well known is to commit some heinous crime. There can be no harm, on the contrary it is highly commendable, for ministers to attend and pray with a person privately, but this holding him up before the public as a saint, has a most ruinous effect on the morals of the living. If ministers would pay half the attention given to such wretches, to those constantly dying around them, it would be much more appropriate. A greater villain than this John Simpson was in his life, is seldom to be seen in Canadian Society.

It is said by the Quebec Gazette that a caucus was held there lately, in which Messrs. Crawford, of Brockville, Galt, Holton, Sir Allan McNab, of Hamilton, and some other persons, also the Cabinet Ministers were present, during which, it is said, the difficulty between the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railway was arranged.

Mr. Allan McDonell has lately written a very damaging letter in the Globe, showing clearly the fallacy of the arguments used by Mr. Hincks' organ, the Leader, to ward off the obloquy that justly attaches to that Minister, for his unpatriotic opposition to the Company which wished to build the Sault Saint Marie Canal.

The forthcoming President's Message is expected to recommend the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, reciprocity, and a moderate temperance law for the District of Columbia.

MURDER IN KINGSTON FROM THE EFFECTS OF LIQUOR.—We were informed by telegraph from Kingston, that Joseph Bryce was arrested in that city last evening, charged with the murder of his wife. Both were addicted to intemperance, and while in a state of intoxication, he beat her, from the effects of which she very soon died. Coroner Shaw will hold an inquest to-day.—Globe.

We also see that a man was found drowned in Toronto Bay from the effects of liquor last week.

FATHER MATHEW.—The friends and admirers of our universally respected and esteemed Father Mathew, will be much gratified to learn that the improved state of his health has enabled him to return to his former residence at Charlotte-quay, and to officiate as usual at the new Church of the Holy Trinity.—Cork Examiner.

NEBRASKA TERRITORY.—Colonel Benton in a recent letter to the people of Missouri, regards the early settlement of Nebraska Territory, its organization by Congress, and the establishment of the most liberal pre-emption principle within its borders as a great national object,—one that is called for in a military point of view, as consolidating our settlements on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, and as furnishing the volunteers to defend, in case of emergency, our Pacific possessions. He promises to give his attention to the Territory in the next session of Congress.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR.—The Montreal Commercial Advertiser of Wednesday says:—"We rather think Lord Harris will make his appearance amongst us, perhaps immediately after next Session of the Provincial Parliament, if not sooner. Lord Elgin will either be sent to India, or be appointed Colonial Minister. This coming winter will be a most exciting one, not only in the East, but amongst ourselves. Therefore, say we, let every man make preparation. Forewarned, forearmed?"

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

WANTED, a Situation in a Town or Village School by the subscriber, who holds a First Class Certificate from the Kemptville Board of Instruction, and who would also, if required, teach an excellent system of short hand Penmanship. REFERENCES.—Rev. Wm. Pease, Rev. W. J. McDowell, H. W. FANNIN.

Kemptville, Nov 24th, 1853.

IF A NEW VALUABLE BOOK.—Thurlow W. Brown, the talented Editor of the Cuyuga Chief, is the author of the following book. We commend it to the notice of the public.—[Editor

100 Agents in every state, can each realize \$100 a month profit, by engaging in the sale of THE BEST TEMPERANCE BOOK PUBLISHED!—T. W. Brown's Letters to a Friend, "Why I am a Temperance man."

TEMPERANCE TALES and HEARTHSTONE REVERIES, with several illustrations and a portrait on steel, one elegant 12mo. vol., 3c4 pages; Price \$14. Just published by DERBY ORTON & MULLIGAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

and DERBY & MILLER, Auburn, N. Y. THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

We have long known the author, as a terror to evil doers, and although he is a savage looking Chief, as his picture would indicate, yet there is a vein of poetry running through all he writes, and many of his Reveries are touching and beautiful. Syracuse Standard.

The pictures are vividly drawn, but not exaggerated, there being thousands of cases which come fully up to the fearful description here given. The whole is written in a clear and captivating style, well calculated to please and instruct, and well adapted to promote the great temperance cause.—Canada Christian Advocate.

Mr. Brown writes as only a man of a powerful and harmoniously developed organism, and a large heart, in which life's tenderness, sweetness, and most moving experiences have sunk their artesian wells, could write. Look at the man, and then read his powerful, touching appeals against the rum traffic and rum traffickers, or read his appeals first, and then look at him, and one feels that he and his words are one—in quality, quantity and effect; forever and indestructibly one.—Windham. (Vt) Democrat.

Full of freshness and earnestness, and pregnant with saving influences. Its circulation will aid the noble cause, and make converts among those whom our speeches and tracts may not reach.—Water Cure Journal.

Mr. Brown writes with remarkable vigor. His sentences are straight forward and always hit the mark. His writings are strongly imbued with the humanitarian spirit of the age, and are marked by candor, honesty, and the utmost fearlessness, hence they have acquired a wide spread popularity. The volume before us embodies the best productions of the author's pen, and we cordially commend it to our readers.—Magical World & Times.

When the war against the Rum Power is over, a happy posterity will look back and con over the record of men and things by which the temperance victory is achieved. Upon that record the name of Thurlow Brown will be conspicuous, and this book one of the brightest gems that glitter in the pathway. The stones in Mr. Brown's book, go down to the bottom of the soul, and hold the reader in bewitching agony to rise and strike for freedom.—Carson League.

Thurlow W. Brown is emphatically a man with a heart. He is a steadfast, unwavering friend, and a brother in whom confidence can not be misplaced. His love of the right is higher and more controlling than his regard for the good opinion of the world. As a temperance orator and writer, he has but few superiors in point of effectiveness, and as a true lover of the cause, his devotion is seldom surpassed.—Testator.

They evince firm and foremost, a sincere and earnest sympathy, and a righteous indignation against rum and rum-sellers, and possess a deep and thrilling interest as works of imagination. Some of them are replete with affecting suggestions, and all do great credit to both the head and the heart of the author. To these are appended a few sketches of a general kind, entitled Hearth-Stone Reveries, which are touching, truthful, and elegantly penned.—N. Y. Evangelist.

Such vivid pictures and striking phrases as are portrayed in this work are seldom found. The touching tale of Edward Carlin, the fall of that brilliant 'child of genius,' is deeply interesting, and leaves a lasting impression upon the mind of its reader. Scenes from real life are almost always eagerly sought, hence we bespeak for the above work a wide circulation. We commend it to our readers, for we know they will be morally benefitted by a careful perusal of its contents.—Star Spangled Banner.

It engages the better nature of man in favor of a great cause. It is a work characteristic of its author. He hates the rum traffic. Every being who has a soul and reads this book will hate the accursed business. It is attractively written, and the publishers have done themselves credit in the mechanical execution. It must meet with a great sale. In the name of humanity we hope so. Brown has already a nation of friends. The publication of this book will bid him still closer to those who love him for his love of humanity, and the fearless manner in which he has fought her battles. The community need such reading. This book should be in every family. It is a book for the fireside—for the family. It will instill principles into the hearts of the young, that will serve them in after years when they go out to battle with the temptations and realities of life. Every copy that is sold and read will be powerful in the manufacture of a healthy and sound public opinion. This is no mere puff for which we are paid by a copy of the book, for we purchased and read the first copy that has come under our observation. Reader, go thou and do likewise.—Fallon Patriot.

Book Agents, Colporteurs, Pedlars and Canvassers supplied on the most liberal terms, not only with the above, but with over 100 kinds of our other popular "Books for the People." For further particulars,

Address Publishers, DERBY & MILLER, Auburn, N.Y. DERBY, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS FOR 1853.

- C. W. Robinson, Woodstock—William Hill, North Williamsburgh—John Q. Bond, Banford—John Tyler, Cumminsville—Robert Esmar, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Brown, Dundas—A. Diamond, Belleville—John Clinton, Perseverance—D. S. 1000, Bennington—M. Sawyer, Granford—H. A. Graham, Central—T. S. Sigler—J. B. Crowe, Pelham—J. Rapelzger, Chippewa—Rose Connor, Niagara—George Gilmore, Bramsville—George Dwyer, St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Cobourg—James C. 1000, Cornwall—C. Leggo, Brockville—John Vert, Lamoignon—James Fraser, Bytown—Wm. Hargrave, Oshesbee—R. M. Stephens, Port Dover—Wm. McClellan, Middleburg—William McCarty, Ferris—Wm. H. Carey, Ottawa Sound—Alonso Sweet, Wapora—S. J. Lenoir, Lobo—John Mordock, Avonlea, Elzoo—S. Newcombe, Verona—J. Russell, North Gower—L. D. Marks, Corvold—Charles Taylor, Port St. John—C. J. Johnson, Outesville—J. W. Coolson, Gaelph—George G. Shan, Be-mond Hill—Fair Lawrence, Orangeville—D. D. Hay, 1000—Wm. Hamblin, Nobleton—J. Bowman, Alaska—D. 1000—C. B. Cook, Kienberg—James Snow, Port Cardin—Joshua Vanatta, Georgetown—Thomas Wilson, Markham Village—Mozam Jones, Stoezville

AND LITERARY GEM.

Receipts.

J. S. Hager, \$2 pays for one new sub and for himself for 1853 up to 1st January 1854...

MARKETS.—For prices, see our list of last week

DEATHS.

We regret to announce the death of Hiram Scobir, Esquire, of this city, of inflammatory rheumatism.

At Pickering, on the morning of the 2nd December instant, very suddenly, of croup, which turned to inflammation of the lungs, Lardner Bostwick, infant son of George Bostwick, Esq., of Pickering.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the Municipality of the City of Toronto will make application at the next Session of the Provincial Legislature...

CHAS. DALY, C. C. C.

CLERKS' OFFICE, Toronto, Nov. 15, 1853.

WINTER GROCERIES! Christmas is Coming!!

CHEAP GROCERIES Of every description, SUITABLE FOR FAMILIES! CAN BE HAD AT THE NEW CHEAP GROCERY JOHN HISCOCK, YORKVILLE...

Farmer's Produce Bought & Sold. Remember Hiscock's Yorkville Grocery. November 22, 1853.

New Painting and Glazier Establishment.

S. BOOTH & SON, House, Sign and Ornamental Painters, Glaziers, Gilders, Paper Hangers, &c., No. 13, ADELAIDE ST. EAST...

Toronto, November 15th, 1853.

CANADA HOUSE, 100, Yonge Street.

DUFFETT & WARD, Keep constantly on hand, a splendid assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING & DRY GOODS...

Toronto, October 29, 1853

Boot and Shoe Establishment.

W. HAMILTON, HAS ON HAND AND FOR SALE, a superior and well selected Stock of BOOTS AND SHOES...

W. H. respectfully solicits an inspection of his Fall Stock of

India Rubber Shoes and Boots, ALL OF THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Third Door North of Adelaide Street, ELGIN BUILDINGS No. 2, YONGE ST.

Toronto, November 4, 1853.

HAMILTON General Hat & Fur Warehouse.

Messrs. MILLS & WRIGHT, Hatters and Furriers, CORNER OF KING AND JOHN STS, HAMILTON...

KEEP constantly on hand, the largest selection of HATS, CAPS and FURS to be found in this city...

NOTICE.—They have just imported from New York city, a large supply of Fresh Goods within their line.

If They solicit an early call from Ladies and Gentlemen. October 27th 1853

NEW FALL DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AT THE "TORONTO HOUSE, No. 60, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

CHARLES WORTH, would most respectfully intimate to the Ladies of Toronto and vicinity, that his Fall Stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

is almost complete, and will be found worthy of inspection before purchasing elsewhere...

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...

HIS MILLINERY DEPARTMENT has without exception the advantage over all others in this branch of business.

Parties not having visited this house, will upon inspection find the Stock not only the largest but the cheapest, this Fall particularly.

Toronto, October, 1853. JOHN CHARLES WORTH.

Dr. James Hope's Vegetable Purifying Health Pills and Oriental Balm.

This Valuable Family Medicine, of long tried efficacy, for curing all disorders of the Bowels, Liver, and Gallbladder, and those Disorders arising from Impurities of the Blood...

For Sale by Butler & Son, London, Johnson & Co., Liverpool, McLaughlin & Son, Glasgow; and the following Foreign Agents:

- Vienna, Austria, Dr. F. C. Mulden; Rome, Italy, Dr. J. Rabald; Berlin, Prussia, Dr. R. Von Hoffmann; Canterbury, New Zealand, John Tennison; Hamburg, Holland, Dr. J. N. Muller; Paris, France, Dr. N. Watson, M.D.; Havana, Cuba, Dr. J. Harris; New Orleans, U. S. A., C. Hay, M.D.; Charles Town, H. Cohen & Co.; New York, Dr. R. B. Douglas; San Francisco, Al. Stebbins & Co.; Antigua, West Indies, J. R. Fraser; Lima, Peru, D. C. Wells; Sydney, N. S. W., John Kenney; Hobart Town, V. D. Land, J. W. Roberts; Launceston, J. W. Mackay; Adelaide, S. Australia, John Hoskin; Smyrna, Turkey, W. H. Morton; Valparaiso, Chile, A. L. Webster; Rio Janeiro, Brazil, John Hall, and Calcutta, East Indies, Mcintosh & Co.; Madras, F. Corlyne; Sierra Leone, M. Lott; St. Petersburg, Russia, J. R. Munnit.

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

M. PEARSON, SUCCESSOR TO JOHN McDONALD, Respectfully invites attention to his very large Stock of

DRY GOODS, RECEIVED THIS SEASON.

The whole of which he offers very reasonable, which the following List of Prices will show: 6,000 yds. of yard wide Prints, fast colors, from 7 1/2d. Also a few Pieces as low as 4 1/2d.

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

A CARD. CHARLES COCKBURN, (Baillif of D. C., No. in Lincoln, Welland.) Licensed Auctioneer. Office at his residence Pine Street, THOROLD.

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 GO GO To HERR WINSOMBE'S SHOP, 504 of THE OLD BOOT, West end of Yonge Street, Opposite to Armstrong's house dry, near Queen Street. May 2nd, 1853

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c. &c. has removed his Professional Residences at his Old Office, over Hood's and Co's Store, Corner of King and Nelson Streets. Toronto, January 1853.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!

SAMUEL WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST, 2 doors west from corner of Bay and King Streets, Toronto. October 4th, 1853

Received this Day, At the House of Messrs. Winter, Bleached, White, Elephant, Hair, and of every other kind of Belting, Felt, &c. Shirts and Lacing Leather, A. HUBBARD & Co.

A. CLARKE'S MANUFACTORY, 5 DOORS EAST OF SAINT LAWRENCE MARKET King Street East, Toronto.

BREAD, Biscuits, Pastry, Confectionery, &c. Private Families, Societies and Country Merchants, supplied. COCOA CANDY, AND DYSPEPTIC BISCUIT, TEMPERANCE DRINKS IN GREAT VARIETY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Please call before purchasing, and examine the goods May 27, 1853.

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

(ON THE PRINCIPLE OF JAMES SWATTY.) ELECTRICIAN AND ELECTRO-METALLURGIST: AT THEIR WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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

At which place we beg to offer our Superior Patent Twisted unbleached Iron Lightning Rods, with Zinc Pointers, and Electro Positive Elements combined in their Manufacture...

E. V. WILSON & H. PIPER & BROTHER.

BOSTON LAMP STORE REMOVAL.

Messrs. A. Hubbard & Co. beg to announce to their Customers and the Public generally, that they have REMOVED to No. 30, King Street East, next door to J. Lazarus's Book Store...

Toronto, April 25, 1853. A. HUBBARD & Co.

WOOL WANTED!

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS & FARMERS. 300 pieces Canadian cloth, Tweeds and Flannels to exchange for wool on the most favorable terms...

No. 3, St. Lawrence Buildings, up Stairs Toronto, 15th April, 1853.

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 anxious to cherish that patronage...

HATS AND CAPS!

now open for sale Great care has been taken to procure the LATEST FASHIONS and the most stylish in England, France and America...

Painting, Glazing, & Paper Hanging.

GILBERT PEARCY

Desires to return his sincere thanks for the very kind patronage he has received since he commenced business...

TORONTO & HAMILTON.

The Steamer City of Hamilton CAPTAIN JOHN GORDON.

Will leave TORONTO for Hamilton every Afternoon, Sundays excepted, at 2 o'clock, and will leave HAMILTON for Toronto every Morning, at 7 o'clock.

Agent GEO B HOLLAND, Royal Mail Steam Packet Office, Toronto, October 25th, 1853.

