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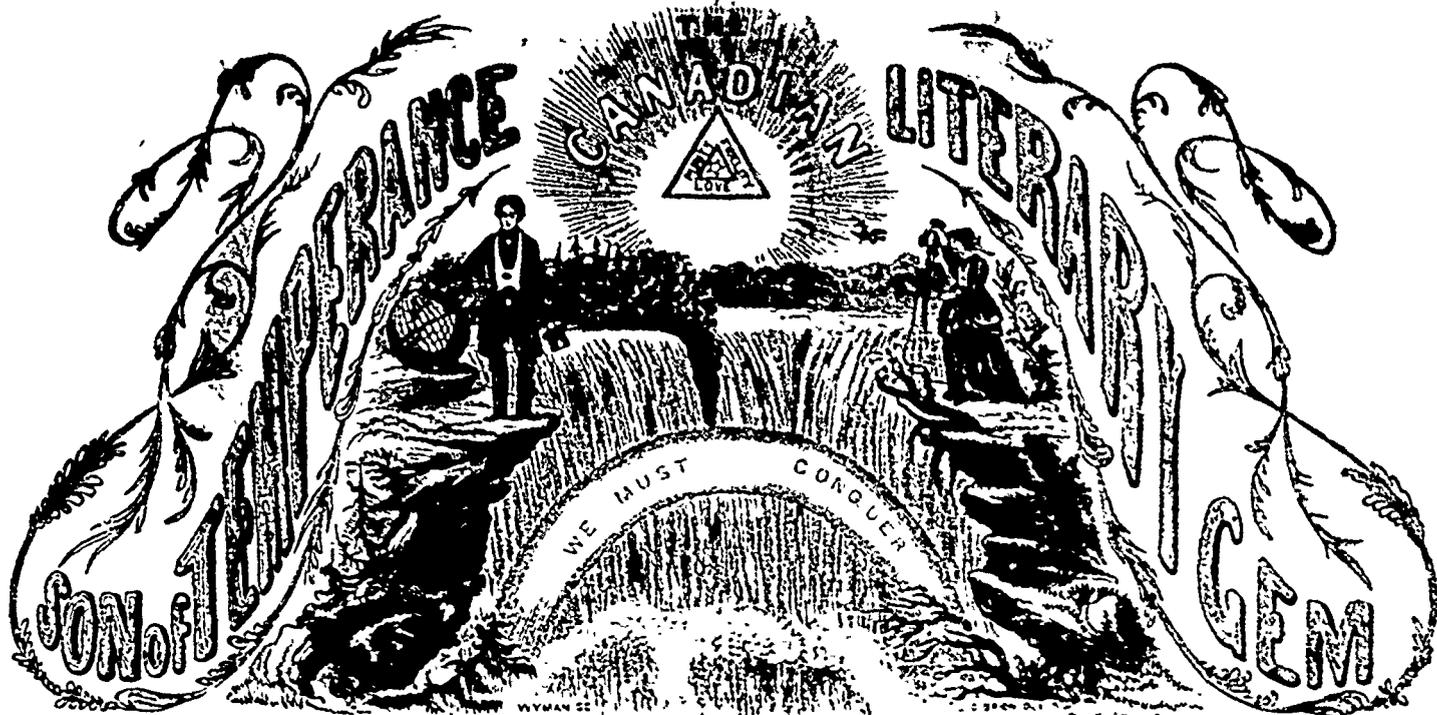
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

[ORIGINAL.]
CANADA.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Of my birth and boyhood's years,
Of my joy, my grief and tears,
Of each tie that binds my heart,
O my Canada, thou art
Of my sleeping kindred's urn,
Where the fire of freedom burns,
Of the bright and the glowing west,
Of my birth, I love thee best.

Prand of thy name my heart must be,
Singing for thy prosperity,
Pastor of heaven, I know thy name
Shall add the pinnacle of fame
And thou shalt be thy children's pride,
Scotland's home and glory's bride,
Child of the sea from east to west,
Canada, my home, I love thee best.

No alien's part I claim,
Nor do I boast of any name,
I was I born and thine shall be,
Of my heart's nativity,
I'll boast till life be done,
Thy own, thy native son,
Till in death I take my rest,
Canada, I'll love thee best.

The broad Pacific bears thee wealth,
And old Atlantic breathes thee health,
Thy soil is wealth from shore to shore,
Luxuriance, contentment, is thy store,
Thy sons alike are brave and true,
The patriot and statesman too,
Thy daughters—Virtue's smile has
dressed,
And these and thee I love thee best.

Of the noble and the brave,
Of the wanderer and slave,
No shackled man's toll,
No spot of earth shall cost
Thy birthright and thy power,
From thy heritage and down,
Of the trader and oppressor,
Canada, I'll love thee best.

Land, where majestic Nature's throne
Shows for the God of heaven alone
Home for Religion's sons called,
Saviour of Africa's bleeding child,
Let me when death shall close my toil,
Sleep 'neath the idyl of thy soil,
Near the graves where my father's rest,
Home of my heart, I love thee best.

Other lands I love a while,
Elin's emerald sea-girt isle,
Spain's cliff, from glory's boat,
Sweden's wave-wash'd coast,
Alcibiades' sunny shore
Greece (as visited by Alcibiades &c.)
But for thee in all the rest,
Canada, I'll love thee best.

Gem of the west thy destiny,
Marks thee fair mistress of the sea,
The empire of forest now no more,
Thy cities rise from shore to shore,
And thou shalt see, the nation's soul,
Come them to bow at thy control,
Mid power is on thy laws imposed,
Land of my birth, I love thee best!

Of a race by nature free,
Of true hospitality,
Of the language of the heart,
Of light genius and of art,
Of deep Nature's fairest ones,
Of fair daughters and brave sons,
Of Oppressor's blood-stained crest,
Of my birth, I'll love thee best.

My war's red banner o'er the plain,
Never sweep before her march on train,
My pride, her radiant smile shed o'er us,
Thy homes with happiness to crown,
Thy children with parental love,
Crown the older and the dove,
And hear, oh! may thy blessing rest
On thee, my Canada, the best!

GENIUS IS PERSEVERANCE.

It was the maxim of Buffon the naturalist. He used to say that men did not so much differ one from another in the gifts of nature as in the practice of the virtue of patience: and he said that by dint of indefatigable industry, perseverance, and industry all things can be accomplished.

Patience is the price set up on everything valuable; nor has any man ever called his genius, risen to eminence in any art, profession, or calling, except by dint of unwearied industry and patient perseverance. And Buffon was not far wrong in his assertion, that the list of great men consisted mainly in their superior pa-

Johnson once remarked that "the mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great achievements of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely on unassisted genius and natural sagacity; the wits of these days have never a way to fame which the dull caution of our laborious forefathers would never attempt."

Remark is applicable in this as it was in Johnson's time. Young men are still eager to arrive at great results without industry of labor. They would be scientific and learned, and wise, without paying the inevitable price—hard work, and get a smattering of many things, but few are at the pains to master a subject. They resemble to much that lady of fashion who is wont of brushing up her knowledge of foreign languages, engaged a master on the express condition that he did not talk with her or participate.

Present age being so decidedly mechanical; our leading men recalling in the triumph of science at the expense of nature there is a strong tendency and desire to arrive at results quickly, without undergoing the dull plodding which our laborious ancestors were willing and obliged to confront. In education as in other things, we invent "labor-saving processes," and short cuts to science, learn "French in twelve lessons," and read of a summary pamphlet, which advertises to do it in a matter. We think to learn chemistry by listening to lectures on the subject at mechanics' institutes; and we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to phosphorus burnt into oxygen, we have got our amateur-chemistry—the most that can be said of which is, that

though it is better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. And so do we also learn popular astronomy by means of an orrery, transparencies, and "highly interesting models." We may not believe now that there is a royal road to knowledge, but we seem to believe very firmly in a "popular" one. We have sciences spiced by puns, and art seasoned with anecdotes. We have now got Comic Grammars, Comic Histories of England and Rome, and by-and-by we may possibly arrive at a Comic Euclid. Thus do we "make things pleasant" on the road to knowledge; and imagine we are being educated when we are only amused.

But it will not do. To be really wise we must labor after knowledge; to be learned, we must study; to practice self-culture successfully, we must be diligent and self-denying; to be great in anything we must have patience. Remember the principle of Appelles—"No day without a line; and the axiom of Napoleon—"An hour lost is a chance for misfortune in the future." A young man ought to bring himself to revolt in feeling at a lost hour, as if it were a crime; he needs to watch himself carefully hour after hour, and every night before going to rest, balance the accounts of his days employment. If he do this it will soon become a habit, and a most valuable one.

It is astonishing how much may be done by economizing time, and by using up the spare minutes; the odds and ends of our leisure hours. There are many men who have laid the foundations of their character, and been enabled to build up a distinguished reputation, simply by making a diligent use of their leisure minutes. Professor Lee acquired Hebrew and several languages during his spare time in the evening, while working as a journeyman in a quarry. Ferguson learnt astronomy from the heavens while herding sheep on the Highland hills. Stone learnt mathematics while a journeyman-gardener. Hugh Miller studied geology while working as a day laborer in a quarry. By using up the odds and ends of their spare time—the spare bits which so many others would have allowed to run to waste—these and a thousand more in a hazy acquired honor, distinction, and happiness for themselves, and promoted the well-being and general advancement of the world.

Hayden, in his lectures on painting has given some excellent advice on this subject. He says—"Always look temptation in the face, and never shrink. There is no being takes so many snaps as Miss Mary Illness. She is a beautiful devil, with lustrous teeth, raven hair, big eyes, and a nose and cheeks, chin and dimple, lips, and forehead not to be mentioned; and the worst is, whatever she proposes is always for your good. If you have genius, I advise you to make ready for its inspirations. If you have not, industry at least, will give you knowledge. I am no friend to the lachrymose croaking about "time of life;" I am just as old now, a fifty-eight years, to set to work in a new acquirement, as at eighteen years—and perhaps, more able. "Were I to begin the world again," said Reynolds; he would do all sorts of things he has neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now he had been saying this forty years. Why did he not, at one like Timotheus, write over the door of his painting room, "The day to Titian, the night to Michael Angelo?" and in six months we should have had his limbs more like legs and his thighs than mine. Why? because he had only the consciousness of imperfection, without the sufficient power (or will) to amend the remedy. After lamenting this, Burke, he would sit down to a game of whist, or a youth to be club to listen to the declamations of Johnson."

It is well; force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being or doing. A holy man was accustomed to say, "Whatever you wish, that you are for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one and no wishes to be submissive, patient, modest or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

Even at advanced years men can accomplish much, if they determine forthwith to begin. There are many late learners in the world: Sir Henry Spelman only commenced the study of science when between fifty and sixty years of age; and after this he became a most learned an historian and lawyer. Frazer did not begin his philosophical studies until he had reached his fiftieth year. Bacon was thirty-five when he commenced his studies in polite literature; and Addison was forty-six when he began the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold was above forty when he learned German, for the purpose of being able to read Niebuhr's works. When Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Dutch druggist, somewhat above the age of thirty, he did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry;

and he was sixty-eight when he commenced the translation of the *Aeneid*. Scott was upward of thirty before he published his *Minstrelsy*, and what a life of hard work was his after that. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works; and Mehmet Ali was above forty when he learned to read and write. Indeed, hundreds of instances might be given of men who struck out an entirely new path, and successfully entered on new studies, at a comparative advanced age. None but the sick and indolent will ever say, "I am too old to study."

One of the most striking illustrations of industry, and of Bacon's maxim that "patience is genius," is afforded in the life and labors of Sir Isaac Newton. It is related of him, that when he was questioned respecting the mental qualities which formed the peculiarities of his character, he referred it entirely to the power which he had acquired of *continuous attention*. "When he was asked," says Mr. Whewell, "how he made his discourse, he answered, 'By always thinking about them;' and at another time he declared that 'if he had done anything, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought; I keep the subject of my inquiry constantly before me, and wait till the first dawning opens gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light.'"

When William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, was at St. John's College, in order that he might daily devote several hours to study without interruption, he made an agreement with a bell-ringer to be called up every morning at four o'clock. But his strength was soon seriously impaired thereby, and he contracted a painful disease in his legs, of which he got subsequently cured. At sixteen he delivered a public lecture on the logic of the schools, and three years later on the Greek language. He studied all subjects, including law, antiquities, and heraldry, and could with his pen anything that appeared to him worthy of notice. His despatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once;" and he never left a thing undone with a view of recurring to it at a period of more leisure. When business pressed, he rather chose to encroach on his hours of meals and rest than omit any part of his work. Even when laboring under pain he was carried to his office for a despatch of business. An eye-witness says of him, that for a period of twenty-four years he never saw him idle for half an hour together; and if he had no particular task, which rarely happened, he would still busy himself in reading, writing, or meditating.

Sir Walter Scott said, seriously, in his autobiography, "Through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered at my own ignorance."

Such is true wisdom. While many think themselves learned, who have gained but a smattering of knowledge, from "comic" primers and "popular" lectures, the wiser a man really becomes, the more he begins to feel as the sage of old did, when he said, "The longer I live, the more persuaded I become that I know nothing."

CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, AND THE WALDENSES.

When, in Cromwell's time, the Vaudois lost everything by the cruel persecution of their enemies, he called for a collection for them in all the churches of the Puritans and Covenanters in Great Britain. So hearty was this responded to, that a considerable surplus was left after their necessities were met, which surplus remained in the British treasury and was applied to the general purposes of the Kingdom for a considerable period. The fact having at length been brought to the knowledge of the Government, it was agreed that the fund, being no longer needed for their original purpose, should be set apart for the support of the Vaudois pastors. Accordingly, each one of them, sixteen in number, receives annually £10 sterling from the bank of England. The source of another part of their support is even more singular. When Napoleon conquered Italy, he confiscated certain properties belonging to the church of Rome, and made them over to the Vaudois. By the treaty of Vienna, after Napoleon's overthrow, it was guaranteed that this arrangement should not be overturned; and in consequence of it, each of the Vaudois pastors receives £20 sterling a year. The £20 sterling which is thus provided for them, is estimated by the *Free Church Magazine*, taking into view the simplicity of their manners and the circumstances of the country, to be equivalent to one-half more than the members of the Free Church receive from the subscription fund; that is to say, it is ample support for them. What is more wonderful in all history than that Cromwell and Napoleon should be found or credited in promoting such a result. "Large shall be thy nursing fathers."

[ORIGINAL]
BE KIND TO THE AGED WAYFARER.

BY MRS. C. DUNN.

Oh treat that stranger well, he is an aged man,
And he hath borne the burden of the day,
Mark that his eyes are dim, his cheeks are wan,
And that his scabby locks have long been grey;
Give him the cushion'd chair that he may easier rest
His tired limbs, that ache with many a sin,
Give him some food and cheer his aged breast,
Until his drooping frame its strength regain

Behold he grateful smiles for all thy care,
The thanks that swell his heart he cannot speak,
But in his brighten'd eye there peeps a tear,
Thee it blesses, rolling down his wither'd cheek,
The sun is low, the old wayfarer's gone,
With cheerful heart he treads his homeward way;
Thy kindness on life's darkness brightly shone,
'Thou ead'st for him the burden of the day.

May he poor man ne'er want a friendly hand,
Nor tender heart to do a virtuous deed,
While he remains a dweller in this land
May pity ever find him in his need;
And thou my lovely maid that did'st bestow,
Thy care upon a feeble aged man,
May God be thy reward, who looks below,
And all the ways of erring mortals scans.

CORDOVA.

This city, once the glory of Moorish Spain, the capital of the great Abad er Rashman, containing, when in its prime, a million of inhabitants, is now a melancholy wreck. It has not a shadow of art, science and taste which once distinguished it, and the only interest it now possesses is from these associations and the despoiled remnant of its renowned mosque. We crossed the Guadalquivir on a fine bridge, built on Roman foundations, and drove down the one long rough and crooked street. My first thought was of the Cathedral-mosque, *la Mesquita*, as it is called. We had to retrace the whole length of the city, but on reaching the Cathedral found it open. The exterior is low, very plain, though of very great extent. A Moorish gate-way admitted me into the original court-yard, or *harau*, of the mosque, which is planted with orange-trees and contains the fountain, for the ablution of Moslem worshippers in the centre. The area of the mosque proper, exclusive of the court-yard, is about 400 by 350 feet. It was built on the plan of the great mosque of Damascus, about the end of the eighth century. The material consisting of 1,200 columns of marble, jasper, and porphyry, from the ruins of Carthage and the temples of Asa Minor, belonged to a Christian basilica, of the Gothic domination, which was built on the foundation of the Roman temple of Janus; so that three great creeds have here at different times had their seat. The Mahomedans used to consider this mosque as second in holiness to the kaaba in Mecca, and made pilgrimages to it from all parts of Moslem, Spain, and Barbary. Even now, although shorn of much of its glory, it surpasses any Oriental mosque into which I have penetrated, except St. Sophia, which is a Christian edifice. All the nineteen entrances, beautiful horse-shoe arches, are closed, except the central one. I entered by a low door in one corner of the corridor. A wilderness of columns connected by double arches, one springing above the other, with an opening between, spread their dusky aisles before in the morning twilight. The 850 shafts of marble forest formed labyrinths and mazes, which, at that early hour, appeared boundless, for their long vistas disappeared in the shadows. Lamps were burning at distant shrines, and a few worshippers were kneeling silently here and there. The sound of my footsteps, as I wandered here and there, was all that I heard. The sacrificial lamps lighted to show me the Moorish chapels. Here the fringed arches, the lace-like filigrees, the wreathed inscriptions, and the domes of pendant stalactites, which enchant you in the Alczar of Saville, are repeated, not in stucco, but in the purest marble, while the entrance of the "holy of holies" is probably the most glorious piece of mosaic in the world. The pavement in the interior is deeply worn by the knees of Moslem pilgrims, who compassed it seven times, kneeling, as they now do in the kaaba at Mecca. The sides are embroidered with sentences from the Koran, in Cufic characters, and the roof is in the form of fluted shell, of a single piece of pure white marble, fifteen feet in diameter. The roof of the vestibule is a wonderful piece of workmanship, formed of pointed arches, wreathed and twisted through each other, like basket work. No people ever wrought poetry into stone as perfectly as the Saracens.—A Journey in Southern Spain.

TESTIMONY OF GREAT MEN ON TEMPERANCE.

It is gratifying to know that the public mind is awake to the propriety of reforming the practice of drinking "ardent spirits" as a beverage. And certainly the friends of humanity, and lovers of good order and sobriety ought to take advantage of the auspicious turn which the public sentiment is about taking, and do all within human power to further the cause of Total Abstinence, which has been so successfully set in motion.

We have to regret that there is a class of our countrymen whose great influence, comparatively speaking, is but feebly felt in behalf of his mighty work of reformation. We mean the distinguished Statesmen of the nation. But let it not be supposed that these patriotic souls, because they have been called to other fields of labour, are not with us heart and hand. They have seen with regret the calamity which has befallen the country they so much love; and have spoken against the shameful vice in language which should never die.

Hear what the patriotic Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, said in old age, after the use of ardent spirits for the space of twelve months, as suggested by his friends for his health—"Gentlemen, the experience of many years has taught me that I can do without brandy, and the trial of six or seven years has convinced me that if I continue it, I can by no means foresee what it will do with me."

Said Thomas Jefferson—"The habit of using ardent spirits by men in public office has occasioned more trouble to me, than any other circumstance which has occurred in the international concerns of the country, during my administration, and were I to commence my administration again, with the knowledge which from experience I have acquired, the first question which I would ask, with regard to every candidate for public office, should be, 'Is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?'"

The Hon. Felix Grady, United States Senator from Tennessee,

gives it as his opinion that it is the cause of four-fifths of the crimes committed in the United States.

Says the Hon. Edward Everett, "I believe the poverty, out of the almshouse, produced by intemperance, is greater, in the amount of suffering which it occasions, than the poverty in the almshouse."

Said the Hon. Daniel Webster, "Nothing less certainly, can be said of it than that it is a vice, and in an extraordinary degree the parent and concomitant of other great vices, that it unfits the mind for the growth or cultivation of any plant of virtue. It strikes a blow, a deadly blow, at once, on all its capacities, and all its sensibilities. It renders it alike incapable of pious feelings, social regard, and of domestic affection. One of its earliest visible consequences is a lessening of self-respect, a consciousness of personal degradation, an humiliating conviction, felt by its victim, that he has sunk, or is sinking from his proper rank as an intellectual and moral being."

Says the Hon. Lewis Cass, "I have never tasted any ardent spirits, nor have I, at any time during my life been in the habit of drinking wine. It is of course almost useless to add that I know nothing of the effects of stimulating liquors upon the constitution, except by seeing them in others. I have perhaps, during a portion of my life been as much exposed as most men. Having lived, since boyhood, in a new country; having served in the army during war, and having been led by official duty, to traverse almost all the western region north of the Ohio, and east of the Mississippi."

The Hon. Wm. Wirt, late Attorney General of the United States, said, "It is no exaggeration to say, as it has often been said, that this single cause, (intemperance,) has produced more vice, crime, poverty and wretchedness, in every form, domestic and social, than all the other ills that scourge us, combined."

Humorous.

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

From the Boston Post.

Married on the 10th ult., in Kennebunkport, Maine, by the Rev. C. W. Haywood, Miss Amanda Mann, to Mr. A. R. Nott, all of Kennebunkport. The following poetical correspondence is said to have actually passed between the above named couple and to have been the *bona fide* "proposal" and "reply." The fact that they were inveterate punsters, makes the statement more probable. The last stanza, we presume, was added by our correspondent:—

Nott to Amanda.

"Oh, that I could prevail, my fair,
That we unite our lot!
Oh, take a man, Amanda Mann,
And tie a double 'knot.'

Your coldness drives me to despair—
What shall I do I ah what!
For you I'm growing thin and spare—
For you I'm a 'pine Nott.'

If I should hear that you had died,
'T would kill me on the spot —
Yet only yesterday I cried
'Ah' would that she were Nott'

The 'chords' and tendrils of my heart
Around thee fondly 'twine—
Amanda! heal this aching smart!
Amanda, oh be mine!

These very terms, as I opine,
Suggest united lots;
Let's tie them, dear, these 'cords' and 'twine'
Into hymenal knots."

Miss Amanda Mann's reply.

"This life, we know, is but a span,
Hence I have been afraid
That I should still remain A Mann,
And die at last—a maid.

And often to myself I say—
On looking round, I find
There's Nott, a man in every way
Just suited to my mind

I fain would whisper him, apart,
He'd make me blest for life—
If he would take me to his heart,
And make A. Mann a wife.

Love not; my mother often says,
And so, too, says the song—
I'll heed the hint in future days,
And fore Nott wait and long.

Then oh! let Hymen on the spot,
His chain around me throw,
And bind me in a lashing knot,
'Tied with a single beau."

And now I give myself to you,
And thus unite our lot—
Then tie those "cords and twine" into
A dozen little Notts.

RAILROADING.—As the Lafayette train was pitching along at a most terrible rate, it was halted from a farm house with loud shouts of 'stop, stop.'

The bell was rung, the whistle screamed, the train was stopped.

'What's wanted?' asked the conductor.

'Why,' said the man, 'me and my old woman want to go with you.'

'Well,' said the conductor, 'get aboard, get aboard.'

'But we ain't near ready yet. My old woman has just begun to dress, and wants you to wait.'

There was a perfect explosion. The ladies tittered, the men screamed, the conductor looked blank and shouted,—'Go ahead.'

The passengers all begged him to wait until the woman dressed, and one gentleman shouted 'come along with your wife, I'll hook her dress,' and the train *ramised*.

Who will dare say that that woman don't claim the rights in this country, where a whole train is stopped to give a woman a chance to put on her 'becomings'? Western women against the world! if she had got hold of that conductor, she would have made him wait.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL]
QUEEN OF MAY
FOR 1852 R. P. E.

<p>Away to the wild and woody dell, Where sleeps the silver stream, And birds of song delight to dwell — And while away love's fond dream There if thou'lt come for me I'll tinge, A wreath of roses red and gay, Gem'd with the clustering columbine, To crown thee as my Queen of May</p> <p>Then away fair maid to the woods away, This hall too proud I deem, Too gaudy and gay its rich array, To while away love's fond dream But in our fairer forest bowers, While warblers sing the songs of love, I'll deck thy auburn hair with flow'rs, Fair as those pluck'd from Paphian grove.</p> <p>Then away fair maid, let us depart, While sunset's sick'ning beam Doth brighten the west—'twill be our chart, To light us to love's dear dream.</p>	<p>Where lofty pines shall o'er thee bow, And from thy feet the primrose gay Shall spring to kiss thy bouquets bow, And smiling hail thee Queen of May</p> <p>Then hasten away from thy haughty home, Where fashions reign supreme, For the forest bower with festoon'd dome, Is the home for love's fond dream, Where we may worship at a shrine, Erected by eternal love, In nature know our Great divine, And soar in soul to scenes above!</p> <p>There, though the warring winds of heaven, Around us roar in wrath; Though lightning's flash by thunders riven, Illumine night's vaulted path, Serenely we'll see the stormy strife, Soar o'er our heads with silver crest, While thou who art my love my life, Shalt cling more closely to this breast.</p> <p>HENRY KEMPVILLE.</p>
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WOMEN'S ADVANCEMENT.

The present age is one remarkable for the vigor of the intellect of woman, and her advancement in energy, accomplishments and exploits, heretofore chiefly confined to the masculine sex. No book written for twenty-five years past has caused more conversation, or is likely to do more good than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The author is a woman. Some of the best American prose and poetical writings flow from the pens of women. America, particularly, is remarkable for this precociousness of intellect in women. We see by late accounts, that Catherine Hayes has been braving all the inconveniences of a Californian climate and its society—has earned there \$45,000—is going to travel through South America, and return again to California with a troupe of singers. A woman rules the destinies of England. A woman rules (perhaps secretly) France; and below will be found the account of the travels of one of the most remarkable women living, who travels where a man would scarce dare to go. The question may be asked, does this vigor of intellect injure the world or not? Does it corrupt women and make society worse? Room will not permit us to discuss this question in this number, but we intend shortly to write at some length on this subject. Women's rights are becoming one of the prominent objects of discussion of the present day, and the justice and reason of her pretensions to rights not now possessed, ought to be met by fair argument—not by prejudice and clamour:

MADAME PHEIFER.—A private letter from this remarkable traveller, dated Sumbays, December 12, 1852, furnished to the *London Athenaeum*, mentions that she travelled through the greater part of Sumbays, had returned to Java, and was about to depart for the Malacca Islands, with the ultimate object of reaching New Guinea, and exploring the interior of that country, which has never been visited by any European.

A SCOLDING WIFE.

Got a scolding wife have you? Well, it's your own fault, ten to one. Women are all naturally amiable, and when their tempers get crossed it's the men that do it. Just look at yourself as you came home last night! Slamming and kicking every thing that laid in your way right and left—because—well, you could not tell for the life of you what it was for. Suppose you'd been lying your face enlarged all day for those who cared nothing for you, smiling and nodding, beaming and hailing, and wanted to get where you could enjoy a superlative ill-nature.

No wonder your wife was cross getting supper with the baby in her arms! Why didn't you take the baby, and trot it and please? "The room was all in confusion," why didn't you put it to rights? "You want a little rest!" So does your wife, and she gets precious little, poor woman. You are at your shop—walking briskly through the sunshine in this breeching weather—reading the newspaper—meeting friends and acquaintances—sitting easily in the office. She is at home with cunning arms dragging about her neck, loving; but wearisome at times.

She is dependent upon the call of a neighbor for a little break up in her monotonous life, or the opening of a window upon a stunted yard for what fresh air comes. Wake up, man alive, and look into this! Put on your best smiles the mom at your foot touches the door step. Treat the little room to a broad grin, and your wife to a kiss. Give the baby some sugar plums, and

little Bobby a new picture book to busy his bright eyes with. Tell that tired woman that you've brought her a nice book to read, and that you're going to stay at home evenings. Our word for it, apologies will come on like magic, every thing will have an extra touch. At times there will be something very much like tears in the good woman's eyes, and her voice will be quite husky when she asks you if your tea quite suits. Of course it will be a charm.

It may be a little silent that evening. You may miss the complaining tone, and scolding and fault-finding; but your look is her gam, she is thinking of the long past, but considers upon the whole she is a happier woman than she ever was in her whole life before.

Give the new plan a fair trial. Gradually as you return, you will find the house in perfect order. Old dresses will be remodeled, and your wife will appear as good as new. Home will grow more pleasant, and the brightest smile upon your features during the day will be reflected on the thought that evening is coming with its pleasant charm of your wife and little ones.

Scolding wife indeed! If you men did as you should, would it not be such a wife be an anomaly!—*Boston Olive Branch.*

CAUGHT NAPPING

A bee, while lay sleeping, young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose;
There honey to seek were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.
It tickled, and waked her, when, clapping
Her hand on the impatient bee,
It stung her; and Dolly, caught napping,
Came pouring and crying to me

Said she, 'take the sting out, I pray you'
What way I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you
You'd have been as much nuzzled as I
I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting, is a poisonous dart—
So I kissed her—the act was no wise one,
The sting found its way to my heart.

"GO MARRY."—The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, roses and dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single bedsteads! "Go marry," is written on everything beautiful that the eye rests upon—beginning with birds of paradise, and leaving off with apple-blossoms.

"Fifty-two Sons of Temperance," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "and twenty-five daughters, too! Why bless me, how many children has aunt Tempy got? And I heard some talk about Cadets of Temperance, what sort of debts are them? But no wonder she owes debts when she has so many children to maintain—how I pity the old critter."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Dates from Shanghai, China, of the 25th April, state that Nankin had fallen into the hands of the rebels—the British refusing to help the imperial troops. There is also a rumour which states that the rebels had been defeated in a battle. . . . The British fleet off Cuba is augmented. . . . Spain is accused by England of conniving at and secretly encouraging the slave trade. . . . A warm debate has taken place in the British House of Commons on the latter matter. . . . Grisi and Marito, two celebrated Italian singers, are coming to America. . . . The French are very restless at the conduct of Napoleon, in reviving the death penalty for offences against the government. . . . Lord Ellesmere has arrived in New York city, and has gone west until the Crystal Palace is ready. . . . It is said the Patriarch of the Greek Church is unwilling that the Emperor of Russia should be made the protector of that Church, in the Grecian Islands. . . . The *Genova* steamer, lately in Quebec, had arrived safely at Liverpool, in fourteen days from Montreal. . . . The King of the Belgians has been received with marked courtesy by the King of Prussia and the emperor of Austria, at which Napoleon is chagrined. . . . An American fleet, by late accounts, was about to blockade the ports of Buenos Ayres, in South America. . . . President Pierce, of the United States, has through his cabinet, given orders that hereafter all AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC MINISTERS to Foreign Courts, shall appear in their usual citizen dress, instead of, as heretofore, in the courtly dress of foreign nations—A GOOD MOVEMENT! . . . In California, a bill to enable married women to transact business in their own name, has been defeated by a vote of 11 to 10. . . . The Italians of New York are about to present Sergeant Lawson, the brave soldier who saved Gavazzi's life at Quebec, with a splendid gold medal. A number of the members of the legislature have presented him with a gold watch and bible—well done say we. . . . Notwithstanding the amount of gold recently brought into England, the Bank of England have raised the percentage on loans to 3½ per cent. . . . Russia has sent 100,000 men to the frontiers of Turkey and the Minister has left Constantinople. France and England will assist Turkey; Austria and Prussia will do the same; yet it is doubtful if there will be a war on this question. . . . Ex-President Van Buren has been presented to the Queen at her levee. . . . Mr. Walker, Secretary to ex-President Polk, a very talented American, has been sent Minister to Russia. . . . There has been another great fire in San Francisco. . . . The members of the New York Legislature, now in session, lately took a legislative excursion to the Falls of Niagara, and had a fine dinner—a *dial!*—and a good laugh. . . . Col. Thomas Benton is writing a history of the proceedings of the American Senate, in which he has sat himself for thirty years. . . . Late news confirm the report of the escape of O'Donohue from Van Dieman's Land—no others had escaped. . . . General Riley, an eminent American officer engaged in the Mexican wars, recently died at Buffalo.



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. 22 v. 6*

THE PRETTY TEA-GATHERER.

I am a little China girl, a beauty as you see;
I live among the Soo-long Hills—the hills that bear the tea;
And all my care, in early dawn until the close of day,
Is gathering the tender leaves and bearing them away.
From Koen-say to Koo-kyoo before the sun I speed,
Scarce taking time to smooth my hair, so pressing is the need,
The mothers and the little maids salute me as I go,
And ask me if I glean to-day upon the Soon-gelo.
In social pairs we ply the task, to make our labor gay,
And as we work in cheerful tores we to each other say
Be quick, my girl, the early leaves e'en now are getting old,
And if they hang another day will harden into mold.
But see! the topmost twigs are bare, our baskets too, are full,
'Tis time for us to hasten home, we'll walk beside the pool,
And I, my dear, be sure, we'll laugh, and nightly we'll relate
The flights of pretty water-fowl that will be sporting there.
I'll find in this sequestered pool a little quiet place,
Where I can stoop and take a look at my own pretty face—
Oh, dear! my hair is rumpled up, my hat in grievous plight,
My dress is dragged to the knees, and I am a perfect fright.
'Tis after all a sorry task, this trade of picking tea;
Blow high or low, rain, hail or snow, 'tis all the same to me,
For I must pick my basket full, before I dare to sleep,
Although the mire along the way be more than ankle deep.
But here we are, upon the hills; the thunder-storm is spent,
And every leaf is redolent with some delightful scent;
I trust our teas, with proper care, will be the best that grow
Upon Ho-ang-ho's perfumed side, or famous Soen-lo.
A tedious task, but gaily still the steady toil we meet,
Though of an early drenched with rain or scorched with summer heat;
We feel that we are amply paid, if purchasers will say—
'Your tea, my girls' is excellent, the real Chooen-Hay.'
I own the never-ceasing work at times fatigues me quite,
The day going out at morn and staying out till night
And then, instead of quiet sleep—the sweetest boon of man—
To pass the tedious evening hours before the firing pan
A good complexion one must have, such discipline to stand;
But still the little China-girl will never slake her hand,
But gather, gather all the day, and then, in sheer despite
Of haggard eyes and heavy heart, keep firing all the night.
Who knows what gentle customers the fragrant bowl may drain,
And drink in that delicious draught a balm for every pain;
Scarce thinking that the poor Tea-Girl, that solace to supply,
Was scorched before the firing-pan, and drenched beneath the sky

SINGULAR RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.

There are now in London two very singular human beings, of a race which has hitherto been very little known to the civilized world. They came from South Africa, where they are called *Earthmen*. They are totally distinct from all other known African races—as much so as if they had dropped upon this earth from another planet. They are diminutive in size—mere pigmies—and unacquainted even with the art of building huts. They shelter themselves in caves and crevices of the earth; when these are wanting, they make artificial scoopings on the surface, which they line with leaves and cover with branches.
The Hottentots and Bushmen are the avowed enemies of the Earthmen, and when they meet them will shoot them down like vermin. The poor little defenceless Earthmen have no refuge but in holes, trees or thickets, and the tribe is fast verging to extinction. They are a poor weak people—one of nature's freaks—and destined not to perpetuate their race. Few colonists have seen them; and although it is known that a few still linger in the mountains; these are rapidly dying away, and will soon become a tradition of an elfish African race of old.
The two individuals above mentioned were carried to England from the Cape of Good Hope, two or three years ago, and have now become domesticated in an English family. The *Morning Chronicle*, from which we take these particulars, describes these little Earthmen as a boy and a girl, the former fourteen and the latter sixteen years of age, and "complete little fairies" in appearance. The boy is three feet three and a half inches in height, the girl a trifle taller. Their skin is of the brightest and most transparent bronze, and as smooth and polished as marble. In form the little creatures are perfect—their delicate limbs standing out in the most graceful symmetry, and every motion instinct with the untaught ease of nature. Their faces, although decidedly African in feature, are full of sweetness and good humor, with an expression of archness and intelligence.
They are named Martinus and Flora. In their savage state they fed on locusts, ant-eggs, and such small game as they could take. Till they were carried to England they had no ideas of God or any supreme power. At present they have been taught some of the customs of civilized life, and are able to speak little English words, to sing little popular airs, and, the first of Earthmen, to play little airs on the piano.
Few sights are more interesting to a thinking person than that

of the last of a race of human beings on the point of being blotted out from the face of the earth. The individuals in question seem to constitute one of the most anomalous forms of our species that have ever yet been brought to the notice of the naturalist or the ethnologist. It is to be hoped that further light will be thrown on their history by scientific researches.—*Boston Post.*

THE BEAR AND THE BOAR

The following scene was related to the author of "Passional Zoology," by one who took a part in it:
We were crossing (says he) the vast pine forests of California, so remarkable for the absolute silence which reigns under their vaults. One day, as we approached the edge of one of those immense glades with which these sombre forests are pierced, and where the resinous tree yields to other fragrant accents, we heard quite near us a growling, which seemed to come from above our heads, and which my companion, a Western hunter, of the old stock, recognized at the first note for the voice of a bear; and we forthwith made our selves small, and glided through the brush-wood, to try to discover the place where the animal was perched.
A second growl of anger, deeper toned than the first, and which seemed to be followed by an interior satisfaction, calls our eyes towards a gigantic persimmon, situated about twenty yards from us, and whose boughs and shade were the scene of a comical drama.
The two personages whose conversation we have caught a few phrases of in our passage, are a bear and a wild boar. The first, a gentleman of the largest size, is perched on a branch of the persimmon, and is eagerly occupied in gathering the persimmons. But the fruit being perfectly ripe, and adhering quite loosely to their stems, it happens that the most delicious fall like hail on the ground, at the least shake that the heavy animal gives the bough, which greatly discomfits the bear, and provokes from him, airs of impatience, but for the same reason charms the wild boar epicure, posted at the feet of the tree and which at each shower of the persimmons, manifests his satisfaction by a very decided grunt.
About the moment we appear upon the scene, the irritation of the bear had already risen to a cherry red, and it was easy to perceive that it would not be long in reaching a white heat. "Oh! an excessively pleasant idea," whispers the spiritual child of Tennessee into my ear. "Suppose we profit by the cordial ill will that these two beasts bear each other to set them on a death fight?" "How so?" "Let us see: the method is very simple; one of your two barrels is loaded with small shot—just put it for me into the fleshiest part of that fellow's body; and he pointed with his finger through the leaves at where I should hit.
"I know the bear," added he; "when he has got one idea in his head, he has not got it any where else, and as he has been wishing much harm to that boar for the last quarter of an hour, no one will persuade him but what it is the wild boar that has shot at him, and then you will see him jump on the supposed aggressor, and take vengeance for this bloody joke."
"I tell you we shall have a laugh."
Quick done as said, I tickled the hairy bear in the right spot. The bear has hardly felt himself stung, than he gives himself up to his fury, and falls like a bomb-shell upon the unfortunate boar, not less innocent of the fault than surprised at the aggression. The conquering bear soon protruded his rival, and set about tearing him to pieces, but effected not to perceive that his enemy, before dying, had opened his side with a terrible gash of his tusks. His strength soon deserted him, however, and he totters and doubles up on the body of the slain boar. "And it is this," modestly concludes the narrator, "that I have acquired the right to boast of having killed a black bear and a wild boar at one shot, and with No. 7"

A man whom Dr Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business said in excuse: "You know doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied, that "he did not see the least necessity for that."

BLENHIM, OXFORD.—The letter we alluded to last week as having received from Br. John Clinton, giving an account of a Soiree and Demonstration lately held at Richwood, is omitted. Most of its contents appeared in our last, but we will add that it shows a very good temperance feeling existing in Blenheim. It seems the Council of that township this year have licensed but one tavern. He says that other tavern keepers have avoided the effects of this Bye-law by the clause in an existing imperial act, which allows merchants to sell by the quart. Br. Clinton thinks that the Bye-law will have the effect in the end of destroying the sale of liquor entirely, although he says at present a great deal of liquor is sold in this way by the quart. The four or five divisions of Blenheim united and gave this Soiree to the Council, to honor them, for their conduct in passing this bye-law. The man who lately committed suicide in Blenheim, had a short time previously bought a quart of whiskey. He then in a state of insanity went into his barn and hung himself. This demonstration cannot fail to do good. The speaking was very good, and the Blenheim people have got quite an acquisition to their vicinity by the Rev. F. B. Rolph, late of Orono, who also spoke at the meeting.

LATEST NEWS.—A change in the ministry has taken place as follows:—Mr. Ross, Attorney General, J. C. Morrison, Secretary General; Mr. Morris, President of the Legislative Council. Mr. Cameron, Post Master; Dr. Rolph, President of the Council and of Agriculture. Mr. Caron is raised to the Bench. Mr. Scotie, Commissioner of Crown Lands. In this it will be seen that the French party have gained ground. They now hold the offices of BOARD OF WORKS—CROWN LANDS and RECEIVER GENERAL. . . . It is thought Gavazzi will not go to Montreal again. We think he should. The people of Upper Canada are controlled too much by French intrigues. We understand that many of their members are tired of PRIEST-CRAFT. . . . Mr. Brown at the close of the session gave notice of a motion next session to abolish tribes in Lower Canada.

NOTICE SUBSCRIBERS.—Our six months term is about expiring, and the attention of all interested is called to the payments due at this office.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

This paper will be issued on TUESDAY WEEKLY during the year. It will contain eight pages—the two last being devoted to advertisements, and will give all the news of the day, political and otherwise.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

TORONTO, TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1853.

THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE

A paraphrase on that sublime and beautiful hymn 'The Star of Bethlehem.'

When sunk beneath the vicious stream, Which overwhelms the drunkard's doom, One star alone can cast a beam, Or light with joy the drunkard's home.



FIFTH SESSION OF THE NATIONAL DIVISION SONS OF TEMPERANCE, AT CHICAGO, 8TH JUNE, 1853.

Below our readers will see a short account of the proceedings of this body. Some important amendments to our Constitution have been made, and other acts of great importance have been done at this Session.

The National Division, Sons of Temperance of North America, commenced its Tenth Annual Session at Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday morning, June 8, at 10 o'clock.

The first day was occupied with the reception of reports of officers, appointment of committees and reference of communications from Grand Divisions.

On the afternoon of the second day a procession was formed, which proceeded through the principal streets of the "Garden City of the West" to the Park, from which an imposing view of Lake Michigan is presented.

P. G. W. A. John F. Grush, of Illinois, acted as Grand Marshal. The proceedings in the Park were opened with prayer by P. G. C. Joseph Grisham, of Georgia.

delivered by M. W. P. O'Neill, and P. M. W. P. Samuel F. Cary, of Ohio. A noble blow was struck for the Maine Law.

PUBLIC MEETINGS AND TRACTS.—Nearly 400,000 tracts have been distributed, and 10,000 public meetings have been held throughout the jurisdiction, during the past year.

THE NEW RITUAL.—The New Ritual was reported by the Committee, and with a very few minor alterations was adopted by nearly a unanimous vote.

NEXT SESSION.—The Eleventh Session will be held at St. John, British Province of New Brunswick, on the third Wednesday in June next, June 19 being the tenth anniversary of the organization of the National Division.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION AND A SPECIAL SESSION.—The National Division strongly approved of the World's Convention to be held in New York in September, and a Special Session of the National Division at that time was agreed to, for the purpose of heartily co-operating in that great movement.

THE 'CHEROKEE NATION.—W. P. Thomas B. Wolf, an Indian of Cherokee Division, No. 1, was admitted for the purpose of reporting the state of the Order among his tribe.

The Grand Division of Tennessee was divided so that the State will have two Grand Divisions, East and West.

The constitution of subordinate Divisions was so amended as to allow a reduction of the initiation fee to one dollar; and to supply the treasury of the Grand Divisions by a per capita tax of not more than five cents per member upon the subordinate Divisions.

The Grand Division of Maryland was authorized to institute three degrees in the Order in that jurisdiction, to be submitted to the next National Division for approval.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.—Several public meetings have been held at Chicago, at which animated and telling addresses were delivered by Bros. Neal Dow of Maine, S. L. Tilly of New Brunswick, W. S. Dillingham of New York, Asa Hul of Connecticut, Rev. S. C. Fessenden, Rev. D. C. Jacobs, Rev. C. F. Deems of North Carolina, T. B. Brown of Western New York, and two others.

Gen. Cary and Neal Dow are now laboring in Michigan, where they will remain until the great battle of the 20th inst., when the people are called upon to vote whether the Maine Law shall become the law of that, the Peninsular State.—N. Y. Org., n.

We see by later accounts the 5 cent. capita tax means quarterly payments. This is about right.—[Ed. Sox.

WHAT CAN AND DO THE ENEMIES OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE SAY? BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE—THE COLONIST—THE PROTESTATION OF QUEBEC, AND THE ENEMIES IN THE UNITED STATES!

One would suppose that where a class of men, such as those engaged in the temperance movement, are brought before the bar of public opinion, a little more charity might be exercised towards them than is exhibited in the following extracts from the self-styled learned and intellectual Blackwood's Magazine.

We say, seriously, that they (the teetotallers of Scotland and England) are marring a good work: we do not deny that they may, if TEMPER AND JUDGMENT GUIDE THEM, do much good—nor that they have done some; but, by THEIR OWN showing there is a FRIGHTFUL EVIL to be put in the other scale.

dinner? Because, they would assert, he stops the conversion of A. We once knew of a tutor who, having two pupils, one a boy-nobleman, the other his own nephew always lectured and punished his nephew for any fault the other committed.

Thus it would seem their vehement exaggeration, tyrannical, if they could enforce it, runs through their whole system, even into politics; they would subject the kingdom to them; and under the banners of temperance, break forth as teetotaler Jack Cades.—Blackie's Magazine.

Here we have a precious morsel of assertion and reasoning, showing as clearly as the noonday sun, that at least so far as temperance is concerned, the writer in this Magazine is a mere schoolboy, ignorant alike of the effects of the use of alcohol, its utility, and of human experience in Great Britain.

Suppose pledges are broken, the breaker merely goes where we found him, and leaves ten or fifty faithful behind. Is society the worse or the better? Blackwood complains of the VETERANIZATION of temperance speakers and writers, yet he is guilty of the same offense, and that too, without the smallest proof and in defiance of truth.

The teetotaler, acknowledging that oil and corn are good gifts and useful in many ways, NOT INTOXICATING, yet knows equally well that British wines and beer are drugged—are CRIME BREEDING—lead to sickness and poverty in all classes—and are really rather injurious to health than beneficial.

We contend not for a moment against the good the SOCIETIES do, but against the manifest evils which fearfully preponderate over the good.

BEER-HOUSES AND GIN-PALACES, as they are now, are moral pest-houses: they want severe regulation. We know not how to thank decency of this OUR GOVERNMENT, while NOTORIOUS HAUNTS OF THIEVES, PROSTITUTES, MURDERERS, are almost PROTECTED. THE POLICE REPORTS MAKE UP A HISTORY OF DISGRACE TO ANY GOVERNMENT.

We calmly ask our readers if they could suppose such paragraphs were, as the two above from Blackwood, written by the same pen? Yet strange to say, they are; and we unhesitatingly say, that such contradictions should stamp any magazine with disgrace.

more denunciatory or pointed? Yet he would, it seems... put down all low shops, and leave the high ones. Now if he knew any thing of society he would know two things, first, that drunkenness has its descending ladder—it commences at the top with moderation, too often in high ones regulated, and ends in gin-palaces. Again, that if the GENTLE and AUSTERE have their high places, the poor and humble must have their low beer shops and gin-palaces. Britons will not allow the poor and rich to drink in licensed high places, and the poor to abstain for want of resorts. Laws to be obeyed must be fair and equal; most drunkards were once well off—many wealthy and educated. This article too is one of, if not the first, articles ever written by Blackwood on temperance, and if it had not been for the JACK CADES in temperance (as he calls them) he never would have had the thing called to his mind, or cared to allude to these RESTORERS, about which his patriotism is aroused, but about which it has for twenty-five years before been silent. Now the articles written in the Colonist and Leader papers at times, and the Quebec protest against Mr. Cameron's Prohibitory Liquor Bill, are written in the same strain as the above. The writers are evidently men who know little about the subject, and are possessors of a sort of prejudice against total abstinence, which they will not dispel by calm investigation, and they have too little patriotism to look at the movement in a broad and christian light. They are content to pour out abuse against the workers for good, imbedded over moderate or immoderate portions of alcohol. So far from temperance advocates deserving this slander from Blackwood and his abettors, truth dictates the assertion, that no body of men for the past twenty-five years (except the missionaries of true christianity) have done more good in Britain and America, and that too disinterestedly, than those advocating total abstinence principles. The Book of Life, in which human actions and their results are recorded by good angels, would show this! Let us then advance, believing our Creator approves, as we know our fellow men will reap the benefits.



The Literary Gem.

SWEET LIBERTY

Yes, only they its worth can prize, This precious boon than life more dear, When prison walls have held in chains, And dungeon's bars the wailing eyes Have filled with many a tear. Whilst viewing nature's fields and plains, Sweet liberty!

at such extraordinary impudence, when what should he see but the beautiful delicate humming bird, with ruffled feathers and fiery eyes, who seemed by no means inclined to let him off without a further infliction of sharp taps and admonitory raps from her fairy beak. She looked like a little fury in miniature—a winged Nantippe. Those pointed attentions apprised him that his company was not desired or acceptable; and much amused at the excessive boldness of the dauntless little owner of the exquisite nest he had been contemplating, Sir C— moved off, anxious not to disturb or irritate further this valiant inmate, who had displayed such intrepidity and cool determination. As to V— and me the darling little pet did not mind us in the least; she allowed us to watch her to our hearts content, during the uninterrupted progress of all her little household and domestic arrangements, and to her appeared to like our society than not, and to have the air of saying, "Do you think I manage it well, eh?"—Lady E. S. Wootley's Travels.

In addition to the above we would add, that it is well known that our Canadian humming bird at times exhibits great courage, attacking with apparent ferocity birds as big as fifty of it. We have often seen it drive before it large song birds. The males of this little bird will also at times fight with great animation, uttering at the same time a shrill twittering noise.—[Ed. Sox.]

THE HORRORS OF NEGRO SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Let any one read the following account of the death of a man (bearing the image of God, possessed of an immortal soul, and according to Christian belief that might be an heir of heaven) say if any institution permitting such things should not fall. The curse of God must rest on any people who can silently permit such scenes to occur. His retribution will overtake them. We have read of the horrors of the hunting of the poor Indians by the Spaniards, in 1500, with bloodhounds, and the account always shocked us, but here we see a drama of blood quite as terrible!! This poor man, for his liberty, died like a wild beast. Who can say he was wrong?—for who, having a true soul would live and be slave? A man is justified in doing anything to obtain his liberty, unless he be confined by laws made by himself, or for his benefit.—Ed. Sox.

A RUNAWAY NEGRO AT BAY.—The Feliciana (La) Whig, of April 20th, has the following:—On Saturday last, a runaway Negro was killed in the parish of East Baton Rouge, under the following circumstances:—The citizens of Port Hudson learning that a Negro was at work on a flat boat, loading with sand, just below that place, who was suspected as being a runaway, went down in a skiff for the purpose of arresting him.

Having seized him and put him into the skiff, they started back, but had not proceeded far when the Negro, who was at the oars, seized a hatchet and assailed one of them, wounding him very seriously. A scuffle ensued, in which both parties fell overboard. They were both rescued by the citizens pulling to them with the skiff. Finding him so unmanageable, the Negro was put ashore, and the parties returned to Port Hudson for arms and a pack of Negro dogs, and started again with the intention of capturing him. They soon got on his trail, and when found again he was standing at bay upon the outer edge of a large tract of drift wood, armed with a club and pistol.

In this position he bade defiance to men and dogs—knocking the latter into the water with his club, and resolutely threatening death to any man who approached him. Finding him obstinately determined not to surrender, one of his pursuers shot him. He fell at the third fire, and so determined was he not to be captured, that when an effort was made to rescue him from drowning, he made battle with his club, and sunk, waving his weapon in angry defiance at his pursuers. He refused to give the name of his owner.

Then, to show the tragedies that are daily occurring in the Southern American States, and how strong are the prejudices of the white against the black race, read this most heart rending tragedy. Although the victim was beautiful and accomplished, as well as innocent and virtuous, yet because she had a barely perceptible shade of black blood in her, she was condemned by a civilized republican white man. How utterly callous—how lost to all sense of human rights, liberty, and religion, must be the man who would treat a lady as did this NEGRO LOVER!! We have ever been, and are still an admirer of many things in the American Government and customs, but this prejudice against human creatures—the Southern tyranny, and rabid want of feeling for a man or woman that happens to have a skin a little darker than our own are horrid—and only worthy of the vilest despots.—[Ed. Sox.]

A NUPTIAL TRAGEDY.—A wealthy American merchant of the city of New Orleans had married a creole lady of fortune, and with the estates and servants came in possession of a mulatto seamstress and her daughter, a child of seven years. The gentleman was so much struck with the extraordinary beauty of the child, which had the purest Italian features and complexion, that he resolved to save it from the line of degradation that was before it, to free and educate it. He sent the child to a Northern school, and there she remained until her sixteenth year—by all supposed to be a patrician Creole maiden. She had not been long in the North, beloved by all her companions, the idol of the institution, and caressed by every one, she left to return South, as she supposed to the roof of "her uncle." A young Louisiana gentleman, who had seen her in Philadelphia, and loved her, and was beloved by her, sought her hand on her return. The marriage day was fixed, nay, arrived, when the mother, who had been sent away in La Fourche interior, in order that she might not appear as witness against her child, re-appeared, and in the bride's arms, in the very hour after the ceremony had been performed, claimed the magnificent and now miserable bride as her own daughter—a bound slave by birth, and an African by blood! The scene, as described by one who was present, surpasses the power of poetical portrayal. That night the bridegroom, after changing the adopted

name with his gross deception, shot him through the body, and escaped to die, exciting, no one knew whether, his infancy and bitter sorrow. The next morning the bride was found in a disfigured corpse, in the superb nuptial chamber which had been prepared for her reception. She had taken poison. Education, a cultivated mind and taste, which made her better understand how great her degradation, now armed her hand with the ready means of death. The unhappy painter recovered from his wound, and has gone to the North, where he resides, buried in the deepest seclusion—the residue of his years embittered by the keenest regret.

The following is highly creditable.—The National Era says, that all the members of the Unitarian Society at St. Louis, Mo., who were slaveholders, have lately emancipated their slaves. This is an example worthy of Christians of every name, and is a pleasing evidence of the rapid progress of anti-slavery principles.—American Paper.

PROOFS THAT AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED BY THE SCANDINAVIANS.

Below will be found a strange proof that this continent was discovered many hundreds of years before Columbus came to it. It is our belief that we are only on the threshold of discoveries on this continent. Future researches will prove that America has had her fall and rise of empires and peoples like Asia. The trusts are being cleared away. The fault with man in this world has always been superstition; ancient customs and ideas have cramped and darkened his mind, that when his spirit is let loose from the nothings of old beliefs, he has flown into the opposite extreme of vice and extravagances of all kinds. This he has done in the face of a compass, unerring as the sun, his reason, which ought always to have kept him right. It is man's interest to be orderly—to be free—to be virtuous—to be just to his fellow man; and it will be found to have been the case in all past ages, to be so now, and will ever be, that after all, virtue in this world is its own reward, and vice its own punishment. In as far as we follow the paths of virtue as individuals, societies, and nations, so we will be happy; and when we diverge into the thorny or pleasurable paths of vice we will be unhappy, and fall into decay. Yet this world was not made to cry in, it was made to smile, to laugh, to enjoy, as nature clearly shows by all her laws.—[Ed. Sox.]

The New London Avertiser says that Dr. N. S. Perkins, of that city, has in his possession a spoon, about the size of a rather small table-spoon, that was lately dug up near the head of the cove near Truman's brook, from a depth of fifteen feet; the original beach having been covered to that depth by successive washings from the surrounding hills. With the spoon were thrown up some pieces of charcoal and a quantity of clam shells, the latter crumbled away on exposure to the air. It is supposed that they were left there by a crew of a ship of some of the "North men," who visited and described the shores of Long Island Sound, eight hundred or a thousand years ago. By them the country was called "Vinland," and there are maps and descriptions of it in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, at this time. The spoon has been sent to the Connecticut Antiquarian Society, and they have pronounced it of Danish manufacture, a composition of bitumetal and gold. A heart and an arrow-head that are on it, are very perfect; there are also three other smaller figures that are scarcely distinguishable. The doctor intends to take it shortly to the Antiquarian Society of Massachusetts.

PHYSIOGNOMY IN MAN—PHRENOLOGY

Is it true that man's physiognomy is an index of his soul? Is it true that nature stamps on a man's countenance the outlines of his character? Is it true that even a man's habits, such as his handwriting—his walk—his voice—the manner in which he wears his hat or clothes, things over which he has control, yet allows to index his soul, all bespeak his character? Yes, these things are so. There are two other things we have noticed in human life, and those are that minds of similar tendencies or instincts attract each other, that two minds associating through a long period of years become similar, and even the physiognomy of two human creatures, such for instance as man and wife, who have lived for many years together, become very much assimilated. Like begetteth like. Habit and custom are powerful in concealing the qualities of mind, yet the character will peep out at some unguarded corner or moment. Phrenology is true to a great extent, inasmuch as the qualities of mind seem to extend the cranium in proportion to their vigor in certain respects. Intellectual people—those who have studied and thought deeply from their earliest years constantly, have large fore-brains, extending and well developed, and smaller animal qualities. Savage nations and sensual persons, on the contrary, have the regions of the cranium larger backward. All these things bear fruit in their habits. As the man buildeth his house so will it be, as the man useth his mind so will it be. Man for a time may conceal his true character as indexed by his features, yet as long as the majority of the time not in a mask, the outlines are there shapen—turn themselves as mind dictates. The nose is of the upright or gutter is known from its shape—the activity of mind or death is known. The nose is an index of the temper—strong or feeble, and benevolence, as well as vigor of intellect. The ears about the mouth of the thoughtful man are well known. The forehead is an index of benevolence or the contrary. The eye and mouth of a man who is the humorist. The soul seeks through the face as it were a glass, and it is difficult to conceal its operations thereon. Yet the power of the will can amend and correct faults—as a pious reverend has made to do with genius than nature

THE HUMMING BIRD OF THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

The humming birds in Jamaica are lovely little creatures, and most wonderfully tame and fearless of the approach of man. One of these charming feathered Jewels had built its delicate nest close to one of the walks of the garden belonging to the house where we were staying. The branch indeed, of the beautiful little shrub in which this fairy nest was suspended almost intruded into the walk; and every time we sauntered by there was much danger of sweeping against this projecting branch with its precious charge, and doing it some injury, as very little would have demolished the exquisite fabric. In process of time, two lovely little pearl-like eggs had appeared; and while we were there we had the great pleasure of seeing the minute living gems themselves appear, looking like two very small bees, the mother bird allowed us to look closely at her in the nest, and to inspect her little nurselings when she was lying about near, without appearing in the least degree disconcerted or alarmed. I never saw so tame or so bold a little pet. But she did not allow the same liberties to be taken by everybody unchecked. One day as Sir C— was walking in the pretty path beside which the fragile nest was delicately suspended amidst the sheltering leaves, he paused in order to look at its Lilliputian inhabitants. While thus engaged, he felt suddenly a sharp light rapping on the crown of his hat, which considerably surprised him. He looked round to ascertain from whence this singular and unexpected attack proceeded, but nothing was to be seen. Almost thinking he must have been mistaken, he continued his survey; when a much sharper and louder rat-tat-tat-tat-tat seemed to demand attention, and a little to jeopardize the perfect integrity and preservation of the fabric in question. Again he looked round, far from pleased

originally had. So it will curb the worst of tempers and sweeten the manners. Bearing this in mind let us all put on joyful countenances, and keep our affections and consciences pure

Agricultural.

COME TO THE WOODS

Oh! come with me
To the forest trees,
Where the leaflet lightly dances,
Where the bird's low notes
In music float
Through the overhanging branches
Or we will glide
By the streamlet's side,
Where the flower in beauty bendeth
And the lily white,
In the silvery light,
New chains to the streamlet lendeth
Or if thou wouldst roam
O'er the haunts of a form,
To that land of ancient story,

Where each crumbling fane,
And the buried slain,
Speak loudly of Roman glory
If there thou wouldst rove
Mid each classic grove,
With these I would gladly wander,
And on heroes gone
And the poet's song—
On these, we would haply ponder
O'er all the world wide
With thee by my side,
I would gladly ramble o'er,
For our hearts would be light,
Our skies be bright,
And no care our love should sever

THE WEATHER.—During the past week has been more changeable than in the beginning of the month. Some days being unusually warm especially Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday was cooler with a slight shower in the evening. Friday morning and evening were cold—especially in the evening, when overcoats were necessary. Saturday was cool accompanied with showers. North-western winds prevailed on Friday eastern on Saturday. The weather in this county has been too dry for Spring crops. It is, however, very healthy. There has been very little electricity during the month. Wool is coming into the market freely and sells well at from 1s.5d. to 1s.7d. This article is becoming quite a staple in our markets. Sheep raising should be encouraged. Green Peas and young Potatoes raised in open air, were selling freely in the Toronto markets on Saturday last—the first 2s. to 2s. 6d. per peck and the latter same price. Young chickens, this year's growth, were also for sale.

☞ We direct attention to the following excellent remarks on diet. Doubtless all classes of people err in eating so much meat, especially pork. More vegetables should be used. People should also pay more attention to constant bathing and ablutions—{Ed.

DIETETICS—READ THIS.

BY T. NICHOLS, M. D.

If civilized men could be satisfied that they could have a purer health, and consequently greater strength, and a higher enjoyment even of the pleasures of the table, by living upon vegetables, they would scarcely slaughter the myriads of animals that are now yearly butchered so uselessly and so cruelly. Why should we take the life of one of God's innocent creatures in the midst of its enjoyments? Why imbue our hands in blood, and steel our hearts in cruelty? Why have about us portions of mangled corpses, which can only be kept from putrefaction by the use of the most powerful antiseptics? One would think that men would not do such deeds without some terrible necessity.

Is it because he is naturally a carnivorous animal; because God made him for a life of slaughter? No: his anatomy shows that he has but a distant relation to the flesh-eating tribes—the lions, tigers, wolves, and hyenas. It proves him to be the eater of fruits, seeds, and vegetables. There is no man, who, if he were obliged to select a diet all flesh, or all vegetables, would not choose the latter. Give any man his choice to live a month on bread, or nothing but beef, and he would choose the bread.

Is it because flesh is necessary to our health? Certainly not. Every physician knows that vegetables contain the purest form of food. In certain cases, they rigidly restrict their patients to a vegetable diet. Flesh is known to be inflammatory, putrefying, and liable to be diseased. In certain conditions it develops the most deadly poisons. Persons who eat much flesh have violent diseases, and are difficult to cure. They are peculiarly subject to the plague, the small pox, the cholera, and other epidemic diseases. In Smyrna, during lent, which is kept by the Greeks, very few of them are attacked by the plague, while the flesh-eating inhabitants are dying all around them.

Is flesh cheaper than vegetables? There is a wide difference the other way. Wheat, the best article of human nutriment, contains 85 per cent. of nutritious matter in the exact proportions required to make the best blood for the nourishment of the system, while the best flesh contains but 25 per cent. of nutritious matter, and that not in the best proportions, while a pound of flesh costs as much as several pounds of wheat. The corn required to make pork enough to support a man one hundred days, would, if eaten in its pure, original and far more healthy condition, afford him as much nutriment for four hundred and eight days, to say nothing of the time lost in feeding the animal. In fattening a hog, a certain number of bushels of good healthy corn and potatoes, are converted into a mass of greasy, and in many cases scrofulous pork, with great loss and trouble, while the flesh thus made does not contain one principle necessary to the human constitution which did not exist in a far better form in the vegetables on which it fed. In short, it has been found by an accurate calculation that vegetable food is not merely better, but five hundred per cent. cheaper than the flesh of animals.

Since the attention of men of science has been turned to organic chemistry, the proportions of nutriment matter in various substances have been accurately ascertained. The following is the result of some of these inquiries:—

Turnips contain 11 per cent. of nutritive matter; beets 11; carrots 13; flesh 23; potatoes 28; oats 32; peas 34; wheat 35; beans 36; oatmeal 91. Corn is about the same as oats and wheat. Thus 100 pounds of flesh contain but 25 pounds of nutritive matter, and 75 pounds of water while the same quantity of potatoes contains 28 pounds of nutritive matter, and wheat 35 pounds.

But this is not all. The best food is that which contains the materials for muscles, nerves, bones, &c., and no matter for combustion which keeps up the vital heat, in proper proportions.

The analysis of wheat shows us that these principles are found in it, in almost exactly the same proportion as in the blood; and this is the case to a great extent with most of the vegetable productions used for food, whereas flesh contains but one of these principles, and can but very imperfectly subserve the purposes of human nutriment.

Is flesh better than vegetables? This question is already answered. Chemical analysis proves that vegetables, especially the farinacea, as wheat, corn, rice, &c., contain the purest nutriment, and in the requisite proportions. Why not? Do ye want strength? See the powerful muscles of the horse and the ox, made from grass and grain. They need no beef-steak to enable them to perform their labor; and if we eat the flesh of the ox, we only eat the grass and grain at second hand, mixed with effete animal matter, often with the poison of disease, and always deprived of some of its most important principles. Contrive as we may, we must live on vegetables, and the only question is whether we shall eat them at second hand, impure, unpleasant, and in many respects objectionable, as they are converted into the tissues of the animals.

It is a question of science, of experience, of principle, and of taste. Science has demonstrated that the products of the vegetable kingdom are the natural food for man, most admirably adapted to all the wants of his system. Experience has shown that men can be sustained under all circumstances, on vegetable food, in their highest health and vigor. It should be a matter of principle not to inflict needless suffering, nor condemn thousands of our fellow-men to follow cruel and brutalizing employments. As to the question of taste, I fancy there can be no two opinions. Compare the flesh-eating animals with those that live on vegetables.

Of carnivorous animals, in their natural state, we have the lion, the tiger, the wolf, the hyena, &c.; of vegetable eaters the elephant, camel, horse, ox, orang-outang, &c.; and of the omnivorous, the hog. The lion has a fabulous reputation for courage and magnanimity; but the best informed naturalists assure us that he is treacherous, cowardly, and ferocious, like all his class. The hog may be a very respectable animal in his way, but he has no qualities, that I am aware of, to induce me to follow his example in regard to diet. Look now at the calm dignity of the "half reasoning elephant;" the patient docility of the camel; the noble character and beauty of the horse; the strength and usefulness of the ox; the almost human sagacity of the monkey tribe; and draw an inference, if you will, of the relative merits the different systems of diet. I do not include the dog, for he is the creature of civilization; but it is certain that the kinds of dogs which live most exclusively on flesh, are far from being the most intelligent and amiable. As a matter of taste and feeling, I should think that every person of refinement should give a preference to the vegetarian system. On the one side you have fields of waving grain, trees loaded with luscious and odoriferous fruits, fair apples, blushing peaches, blue plums, and golden nectarines; vines laden with purple grapes, and a wealth of fruits and berries innumerable; making the earth all beauty and sweetness. On the other you have stall-fed beasts, cruel and ferocious butchers, the presidential odor of slaughter-houses, gutters running with blood, the mangled and putrefying carcasses of dead animals, making, altogether, a scene of such abominations as no person of sensibility wishes to contemplate.

What is more beautiful than corn and fruits? What more revolting than dead corpses? Who does not gather the vegetable portion of food with pleasure? Who would butcher his own meat if he could have it done for him? What more graceful present than cakes and fruits? What more ridiculous than the present made to the Queen of England, the other day, of a lot of savages?

I do not write to impose my opinions on others. Let every one examine the subject, and be fully persuaded in his own mind. Hogs will continue to be fattened, and pork to be eaten; but let every man, who reasons at all, satisfy himself that his natural food is the flesh of the hog, and no one ought to quarrel with his decision. I have no doubt that a very large proportion of the disease and premature mortality of this country comes from our inordinate eating of flesh, and when the question is fairly examined, all medical men will be of the same opinion.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

It seems at the close of Parliament some disgraceful and riotous scenes took place in our House of Assembly. The French members attempted to bully Mr. Brown. A man named Christie, in a state of delirium tremens, caused by excessive drinking, on the downward passage of one of our Lake Ontario Steamers, leaped overboard and was drowned. The Coroner's inquest at Montreal is sitting with closed doors. The proceedings are not to be published until the verdict is given in. All accounts now seem to show that the Mayor ordered the troops at first to fire. THE DUNVILLE INDEPENDENT speaks on the Gavazzi riots as all Canadian papers should. This paper is conducted in an able and independent manner, and it is such papers as this that Canadians should encourage.

A LARGE AND INFLUENTIAL MEETING has been held in Bowmanville, protesting against the mob violence of Catholics in Montreal and Quebec. Strong resolutions were passed against the encroachments of popery in Upper and Lower Canada, and in our Schools. This is right. We have always considered that our present government have pandered to Roman Catholic influences until they have not only made themselves thoroughly unpopular, but have raised the INQUISITORIAL HEAD OF POPERY in these colonies to such a height, that it may cost us rivers of blood to put it down again. Let similar meetings to the above be immediately called in all parts of Canada, that protestant freemen may speak out in this age of free discussion. A Mr. Coulter, ex-councilman of this city, was drowned lately in the Bay by going into the water when over-heated, thereby causing the cramps.

The Corner Stone of the County of Ontario Buildings is to be laid next Thursday with Masonic honours. It is supposed that there will be a great attendance there, and that many of our

Sons of Temperance will go down in a chartered steamer. It would be well for them to do so. McKenzie's bill, exempting certain property of debtors from execution, was lost in the Legislative Council. The first sod was turned on the Buffalo Brant, and Goderich Railway on the 16th. The Sons of Temperance and other bodies turned out in large numbers. Two houses were burnt on King Street, Toronto on Thursday morning last. A dinner is to be given by the new officials and their friends of the county of Waterloo, to the Canadian Ministry the Hon. Messrs. Cameron, Rolph, Hincks, and Morn, on the 15th July. The Grand Orange Lodge of United Canada, sat at Kingston last week. It seems after all the Buxton charitable Incorporation bill did not pass, nor did the Three Rivers Cathedral bill. This is all very good. The Peterboro Review, a paper lately started in Peterboro, holds this language of Mr. McKenzie: "He is the greatest grievance monger any country was ever cursed with;" "the utter madness of placing the slightest dependence on any thing he will say." It then goes on to abuse Mr. Brown. All this is said in discussing the emoluments of that huge system of jobbing, the "Queen's Printing by Messrs. Desbarats and Derbyshire at Quebec." Who is this who thus attacks two of the ablest champions of reform now in Parliament, the one McKenzie, a man we have known to be a thorough reformer for near thirty years in Canada? Some squib writer from Quebec, a boy in his cradle perhaps, when those whom he abuses were defending the liberties of Canada. How long will Canadians tolerate such miserable hired government hacks? The Queen's printing, every one knows to be, like too many of our existing government jobs, full of extravagance. The emoluments are quite disproportionate to the resources of this young country. Mr. Brown during the session has conducted himself with manly independence, and deserves the thanks of every true reformer of Canada. He has taken the course (with a few exceptions, such as his opposition to an elective Upper House,) which the clear grit ministry promised to take, and should have taken. Brainard, the wretch who shot his mother lately in the eastern townships of Lower Canada, has been arrested in Vermont. The number of persons killed and wounded at the Montreal riot, is said to be still greater than at first supposed. 12 have died and about sixty have been ascertained to have been wounded. The Catholic mob that first attacked the church, consisted of about 800 murderers led on by one Walsh who was shot by one of the police.

The Honorable J. Ross has been made Attorney General, vice W. B. Richards, Esq., made Judge, in place of the deceased Judge Sullivan, and J. C. Morrison, a third-rate lawyer, and a creature of Hincks', has been made Solicitor General. Who would have supposed such a thing; our country is becoming the mere arena of corrupt office-seekers, working to fill their pockets at the expense of the people. Mr. Mackenzie strongly advocates the union of all the British provinces, with domestic elective legislatures, we presume. This with an extensive decentralization, is the present desideratum in British America. The Irish Catholics lately held a meeting in Montreal, at which resolutions were passed, falsely alleging that the Catholics of Montreal were not the cause of the riots there—who were? Eight hundred of these madmen commenced the affray. Let it be proclaimed to the world, that there was not the smallest ground for this interference, and papers like the Hamilton Canadian and North American—miserable tools of a servile government—deserve the reprobation of every truly liberal Canadian and Protestant freeman, for truckling to Catholic interests.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE NEWS.

The Concord (New Hampshire) Crusader, says that an anti-liquor bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives, now sitting in that State—we hope it may pass. HUZZA FOR NEW YORK!—The Senate of this State has passed the Maine Law by a vote of 17 to 13, submitting it to the people; it is to be hoped that the Lower House will at once do the same. There is not one licensed tavern, to sell spirituous liquors, in Oswego city—well done. The departed Br. Lloyd, may be thanked in part for this! Washington city has also forbidden all licenses. John B. Gough, has, within three months, travelled 2,690 miles, and delivered ninety-one temperance lectures; he could not perform his engagements in New Jersey, owing to ill health. His health is at present very bad. Michigan voted on the Maine Law, on the 20th instant. There is to be a great State Convention of temperance men, in Ohio, on the 29th instant: Neal Dow will be there. The Maine Law in Vermont has been found to answer quite as useful a purpose as in the State of Maine. There were twenty-six Grand Divisions represented at Chicago, and only sixty delegates—a small number. A State Temperance Convention is to be held in Virginia, on the 3rd of August. The enemies of temperance in Vermont are going to make a great effort to repeal the law there. A mass Temperance Convention is to be held in Maine, in July. The Grand Division of Illinois entertained the members of the National Division at Chicago, at their late session.

CANADIAN TEMPERANCE ITEMS.—The Erasmus Centre Division, says the Guelph Herald, held their anniversary soiree on Wednesday the 15th instant, and were addressed by several speakers.

Several distressing railroad accidents have, within a week, occurred in the United States, attended with loss of life.

TORONTO MARKET, Monday, June 27th, 1853.—Wheat in this market is selling from 4s to 4s 1/2d.

Latest accounts from Europe represent that war between Turkey and Russia is inevitable, which must cause a rise in all kinds of grain.

Receipts.

Mr. Moxam Jones, five new subscribers for the six months after July, and \$2. We hope our other Agents will do likewise.

Communications.

Letter and poetry from Gainsboro', will appear in our next. The poetry from J. C. of Georgina, has been crowded out, but will appear abridged in our next.

Agents for this Paper for 1853.

- J. Q. Brond, Brantford—John Steet, Paris—John Tyner, Cumansville—Robert Bismar, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Bunton—Dundas—Thomas Durand, Norwichville—Reed Baker, Waterdown—John Canton, Perseverance Division, Blenheim—M. Shaver, Galt—H. A. Graham, Central Trafalgar Division—John D. Douglas, St. Catharines—Thomas Lule, Smithville—J. B. Cunniff, Pelham—J. R. Spelzer, Chippewa—G. D. Frost, Queenston—Robert Conner, Niagara—George Gilmore, Beamsville—George Davison, St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Cobourg—James Chait, Cornwall—C. Leggo, Brockville—James Fraser, Bytown—William Barratt, Ottawa—R. M. Stephens, Brantford—Port Dover—W. M. McCallan, Mudgeon—William McCorney, Ferris—W. H. Carney, Owen Sound—Alonso Sweet, Wapogo—J. Lancaster, Lobo—John Murdoch, Aylmer, W. G. S. Newcombe, Vienna—Alphus Polley, and Alfred Owen, Simcoe—Russell, North Lower—L. D. Marks, Huron—Charles Taylor, Port Severn—C. Johnson, Orillia—W. Coulson, Guelph—Richmondhill, George Graham and Henry S. Anderson—Newmarket, E. H. Erwin and John C. Moulton—Bradford, William Lawrie—Innisfil, D. D. Ray—Nobleton, Wm. Hambley—Alaska Division, J. Bowman—Kleinberg, E. B. Butler—Port Credit, James Shaw—Georgetown, Joshua VanAllen—Markham Village, Thomas Wilson—Southville, Morvan Jones—Duffins Creek, J. Campbell—Oshawa, John Boyd—Newton, Elzbur Hurd—Prince Albert, John Nutt—Bowmanville, Rev. Mr. Cunniff—Newcastle, C. S. Powers—Orono, F. B. Rolph—Port Hope, R. Sherman—Peterborough, Robinson Lutherford—Warsaw, G. C. Choate—Kemptville, Wm. H. Fanning—Prescott, J. O. Armstrong—Kingston, William Rudstone—Bath, Doctor Thomas Atkinson—Secretary, Francis Flan and Jordan Post—Thornhill, Josiah Parkes—Collingwood, Leonard Tuttle and Wm. H. Finney—Montreal, John Ballard—Quebec, J. H. Wesley and Mr. Booth—Weston, D. W. McGuire—Sharon, John Terry—Sutton, W. Cooper and Moses Hill—Neeland, Mr. Cuyler—Tyronne, A. Youme—Chatham, George South—Cambleville, Wheeler Tarver, and Mr. Mann—Port Robinson, J. Dorrington—Crowsnest, G. W. Cook—Summersville, J. Telfer—Erbobico

ONTARIO, SIMCOE, & HUDON RAILROAD.

Commencing on Monday the 20th instant, the Passenger Train will leave the foot of Bay Street, at 7 1/2 A.M.

CITY OF TORONTO DEBENTURES.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, up to the 30th day of August next, for Corporation Debentures, to be issued under a By-law of the Corporation, upon any day after that date, to the amount of £13,850, or any part thereof.

The Debentures to be made out for such amount as may be agreed upon, and the interest payable half-yearly, at the Bank of Upper Canada.

The party tendering is to distinguish in his offer, between the amount being paid in twenty years, or being distributed in equal sums, payable in from one to twenty years.

Chamberlain's Office, Toronto, June 23, 1853.

TENDER OF LANDS.

TENDERS of Lands for Sale to the City of Toronto, for the purpose of an Industrial Farm, will be received at this Office on and from FRIDAY the 15th July next.

The quantity not to be less than 40 acres in one block, distant from the city not to exceed three miles, unless the land offered should be within one mile of the Railway Station nearest to the city.

CHAS. DALY, C. C. C. Clerk's Office, Toronto, June 23, 1853.

Received this Day.

At the Boston Lamp Store, Winter Bleached, Whale, Eel, Seal, Lard, and Machinery Oils.

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

READ, Ice-cream, Pastry, Confectionary, &c. Private Families, Steamboats and Country Merchants, supplied.

TOUGH CANDY, AND DYSPEPTIC BISCUIT. TEMPERANCE DRINKS IN GREAT VARIETY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

For Cheap Boots and Shoes GO TO: H. BROWN'S SHOP, Situated at the Red Roof.

T. PRATT'S TEMPERANCE HOUSE, Division Street, near the Wharf.

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

This Valuable Family Medicine, of long tried efficacy, for correcting all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and those Diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood.

A very few doses will convince the afflicted of the salutary strength. The stomach will soon regain its strength, a healthy action of the Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys will speedily take place.

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

- Calcutta, East Indies, McIntosh & Co. Madras, F. Corbyne. Sierra Leone, M. Louis. St. Petersburg, Russia, J. H. Moroff. Vienna, Austria, Dr. F. C. Mullen. Rome, Italy, Dr. J. Rubin. Berlin, Prussia, Dr. H. vonHolland. Canterbury, New Zealand, John Tennison. Hamburg, Holland, Dr. J. N. Muller. Paris, France, P. N. Watson, M.D. Havana, Cuba, Dr. J. Bismar. New Orleans, U.S.A., Hay, M. D. Charleston, S.C., H. Cohen & Co. New York, Dr. R. B. Douglas. San Francisco, Al. Stitt & Co. Antigua, West Indies, J. R. Fraser. Lima, Peru, D. C. Wells. Sydney, N.S.W., John Kenney. Hobart Town, V.D. Land, H. Roberts. Lancaster, J. W. Mackay. Adelaide, S. Australia, John Hoskin. Smyrna, Turkey, W. H. Morton. Valparaiso, Chile, A. L. Webster. Rio Janeiro, Brazil, John Hall, and S. F. URQUHART, Toronto, Canada, General Agent, British North America.

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

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF JAMES SPRATT'S ELECTRIC AND ELECTRO-METALLIC RODS, 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 Spiral Twisted Annealed Iron Lightning Rods, with Zinc Protectors, and Electro-Positive Elements combined in their Manufacture.

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TOESDAY, MAY 17th, 1853!

MILLINERY AND SHOW ROOMS OPENED.

The Subscriber would respectfully inform his Customers and the Public generally, that the latest French, English, and American Millinery Fashions in Bonnets, Caps, Visettes, Squares, &c. will be opened on TUESDAY, 17th May, 1853.

THE TORONTO HOUSE, No. 60 KING STREET EAST.

JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

NEW ARRIVALS FROM NEW YORK.

ARRIVALS FROM NEW YORK.

The Greatest, the Best, and the Cheapest Lot of Fancy Straw, Florence and Braid Bonnets ever offered in Toronto.

The above having been bought for Cash, all will be sold very cheap.

No. 60, KING STREET EAST.

JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

\$4,000 WORTH

OF Grey Factory Cottons, White Shirtings in heavy and fine makes, Surged Shirtings, Chinos, Prints, Musketts, White Marseilles Quilt, &c.

Country Merchants can do well by calling and buying for Cash, before all are gone.

J. C. has a few mystics in the management of his daily increasing business, which, from principle, he cannot deviate from.

AN examination of Stock and Prices is respectfully solicited, before buying elsewhere.

J. CHARLESWORTH.

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

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

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

J. CORNISH has constantly on hand a large assortment of HATS and SHIRTS of every description.

Remember the "Old Stand," No. 12, King Street, six doors east of Yonge Street, Toronto.

TAYLOR'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, New York.

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

No. 24 Cortlandt Street, near Broadway, and the landing of most of the Steamboats and Railroads in the city.

NEW YORK, 1853.

Painting, Glazing, & Paper Hanging. GILBERT PEARCY

Desires to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him for many years past, and to intimate that he has opened that large and commodious shop on Richmond St., 3 doors East of Yonge St.

Toronto, March 11th, 1853.

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

The Advertiser, from his long experience in the establishment of Messrs. Henderson & Bisset, of Edinburgh, and other establishments in Scotland, begs to inform his friends and the Public, that he is prepared to execute any description of work in the finest style of the art, however complicated.

April 15th, 1853.

WOOL WANTED! TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS & FARMERS.

500 pieces Canadian cloths, Tweeds and Flannels to exchange for Wool on the most favorable terms.

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

W. A. CLARK, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c., 1st House North of the Court House, Church Street Toronto.

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

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

Thankful for past favors, he would again invite all who want a quiet, comfortable and cheap home, while stopping in the city, to give him a call.

The highest prices given for Canadian Furs of every description.

Toronto, 8th April, 1853.

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

Toronto, January 1853.

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BODYS, BODYS, BODYS. BROWN & CHILDS.

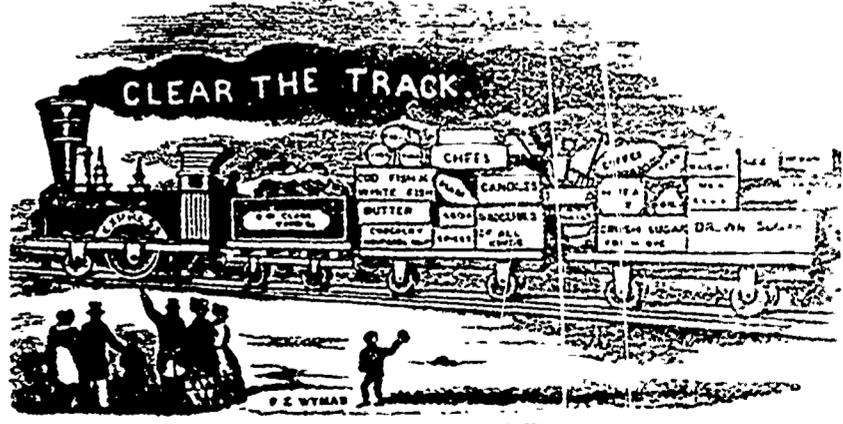
85, King St., Toronto, 25, Notre Dame St., Montreal.

The highest prices given for Canadian Furs of every description.

Toronto, 8th April, 1853.

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

Toronto, January 1853.



B. M. CLARK, GROCER,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Inhabitants of Toronto and the surrounding country, that he has just opened a splendid assortment of

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Raisins, Fruits, Nuts, Rice, Molasses, Soap, Candles.

Butter, Spices, and every description of Family Groceries.

Remember the stand—B. M. CLARK, Yonge Street, near Temperance Street, in the Store formerly kept by Mr. GORDON, DEEDS.

Farmers' Produce taken in exchange, and FARMERS WISHER supplied with the best TEA and COFFEE.

B. M. CLARK, GROCER, 87 YONGE STREET.

JANUARY 1853.

REFORMATION IN TRADE.

Reform, reform is the cry of the day, While old fashioned habits are passing away; While caloric has triumphed, so plainly 'twould seem, O'er the old-fashioned method of putting by stein

Will you call at McDONALD'S? If it is but to try, From his well-stocked stock how cheap you can buy, And we venture to say, when you look through his store, You will wonder you never have found it before

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET TORONTO.

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

DRY GOODS, RECEIVED THIS SEASON.

The whole of which he offers very reasonable; which the following list of Prices will show— 6,000 yds. of yard wide Prints, fast colors, from 7 1/2

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

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

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

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

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

Bound Volumes of the Son of Temperance for 1852. Those wanting bound volumes of this work for the above year, can obtain them upon applying at this office.

To Farmers & the Country Generally. Tax undertaken, at No. 3, Main Buildings, Yonge Street, beg to inform you to the country generally, that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Ripley and Co. of Rochester, to act as agents for their various kinds of Agricultural Implements, &c. &c.

R. H. BRETTE, GENERAL MERCHANT—WHOLESALE. Importer of Heavy Hardware, Sheffield W. Ironmongery, and Birmingham Goods. Also, Importer and Dealer to Licensed Oils, Spirits, Gunpowder, Sugars, Teas, Spices, Fruits, Stationery, &c. &c.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House, Toronto, have on hand THE LARGEST, THE CHEAPEST, AND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF READY-MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS IN CANADA WEST. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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

Table with columns for Men's Brown Holland Coats, Men's Black Cloth Vests, Men's Mole Skin Trousers, and Men's Paris Satin Hats. Includes prices and descriptions for various clothing items.

DRY GOODS. Muslin de Laines, yard wide, from 1s. 10 1/2. Prints, fast colors, do from 7 1/2. Heavy gingham, do " 7 1/2. Splendid bonnet Ribbons " 7 1/2. Straw bonnets, do " 1s 3d. Gloves, hosiery, ribbons, laces, Edgings, artificial flowers, Shot, check'd and plain alpaca

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! FRESH ARRIVALS, WINTER DRY GOODS.

WILLIAM POLLEY, 66 King Street, three doors west of Church Street, BEGS to call the attention of the citizens of Toronto and surrounding country to his large and well selected stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

Imported expressly for this trade, and is replete with every article in the line, including all the latest styles in dress goods, colouring cloths, Orleans, Cassian cloths, gala plaids, prints, ladies wool scarf shawls, wool polkas, (all a zes.) ribbons &c

ROBERT TAYLOR, ABOVE ALL COMPETITION. 50 YEARS IN ADVANCE OF OUR ROADS. ROBERT TAYLOR EXPRESS. GOLD—GOLD—From Australia and California wanted, by ROBERT TAYLOR, Corner of Yonge and Albert Streets Toronto, nearly opposite the Green Bush, and a few doors north of Montgomery's Inn.

HIS GROCERIES ARE THE CHEAPEST IN TORONTO.—THEY COMPRISE FRESH GREEN TEAS, BLACK TEAS, COFFEE, SUGARS, SPICES, FRUITS, RICE, CONFECTIONARIES. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—LOW PRICES—QUICK RETURNS. INSPECTION IS INVITED. January, 1853

G. HARCOURT & Co., TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS, 11, North Side of King Street, Directly opposite the Globe Office, Toronto.

Vestings of the richest style, consisting of Plain and Figured Velvets, Silk and Cotton Flashes, Satin and Figured Material of almost every description. READY-MADE GARMENTS, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders, Hatters, and Gentlemen's Wear in General. Judges' Baristers' and University ROBES, Of every Degree and quality, made to order G. HARCOURT & Co. Toronto, January 1853.

HAYES BROTHERS & CO., IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES, TEAS, &c. 27, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

J. FOGGIN, [From England] DYER AND SCOURER, 93, YONGE STREET, TORONTO. KID GLOVES CLEANED. Yorkville Saddle & Harness Shop. JOHN DALI

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

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEONS. VETERINARY SURGE AND BLACKSMITH'S SHOP HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINE. DISPENSARY—Queen Street, near Yonge Street, Toronto.

WILLIAM WHARIN, WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWELER, &c. No 17, Church St., 1 door South of King St. Clocks, Watches, Fine pieces, and Jewellery, of all descriptions repaired, cleaned and warranted.

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddlery Warehouse, 95 Yonge St. Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Collar. W. S. returns his sincere thanks to his friends and public, for the very liberal support he has received.

YONGE ST. POTTERIES NEAR TORONTO, JOHN DAVIS, PROPRIETOR. Manufactures 2,500 pieces per week, producing 30 worth of goods on the average per week, through whole year

JOHN BENTLEY, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER, 71, Yonge Street, has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock Genuine Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Patent Dyes, &c. ALSO, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPER School Books, Account Books, Pocket Books, Portfolios

CHARLES BAKER, MERCHANT TAILOR, No 37, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, begs leave to inform the public, that in addition to the above business has on hand, or will make to order, ALL KINDS OF FUR, HATS, and New York Plaids of Fashion; also J. H. Chappell's London and Paris Magazine of Fashion System of Cutting Toronto, January 1853

J. H. GOWAN, Carver and Gilder Looking-Glass & Picture Frame Manufacturer, No 75, Yonge Street, Toronto, The subscriber respectfully informs the Trade in general that he has on hand a large assortment of Pier, Closet and Shaving Glasses and Fancy Goods. ALSO, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES, Which, from his new and extensive Machinery, he is enabled to sell at New York Prices. Wholesale and Retail. N. B. Country Merchants will save 30 per cent. if they order here purchasing elsewhere Toronto, January, 1853.

T. WHEELER, ENGRAVER AND WATCHMAKER, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. COMPANY and LODGE SEALS executed in the best and designs furnished in 2. quired. COATS OF ARMS found and embroidered. January, 1853

MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHIELL, Instrument and Music Establishment, beg to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have a large stock of Pianos of the best Music, which they keep constantly on hand, and receive and are constantly receiving from Europe, and most IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS FOR both Brass and Wood, which they are enabled to sell at a lower price than any other Establishment on the Continent, which they would recommend their new Brass Instruments and other Brass Instruments, which by the celebrated maker CURTIS of Paris. Any order from any part of the country will be attended to. A. & S. NORDHIELL, King Street, Toronto.

STREET ADDRESS OF THIS PAPER, 37, Adelaide Street, West of Yonge Street, Toronto. All letters on the subject of this paper to be addressed, post-paid, to G. DEBAND, Editor and Proprietor. TORONTO: PRINTED BY BREWSTER & Co., 46-KING STREET EAST.