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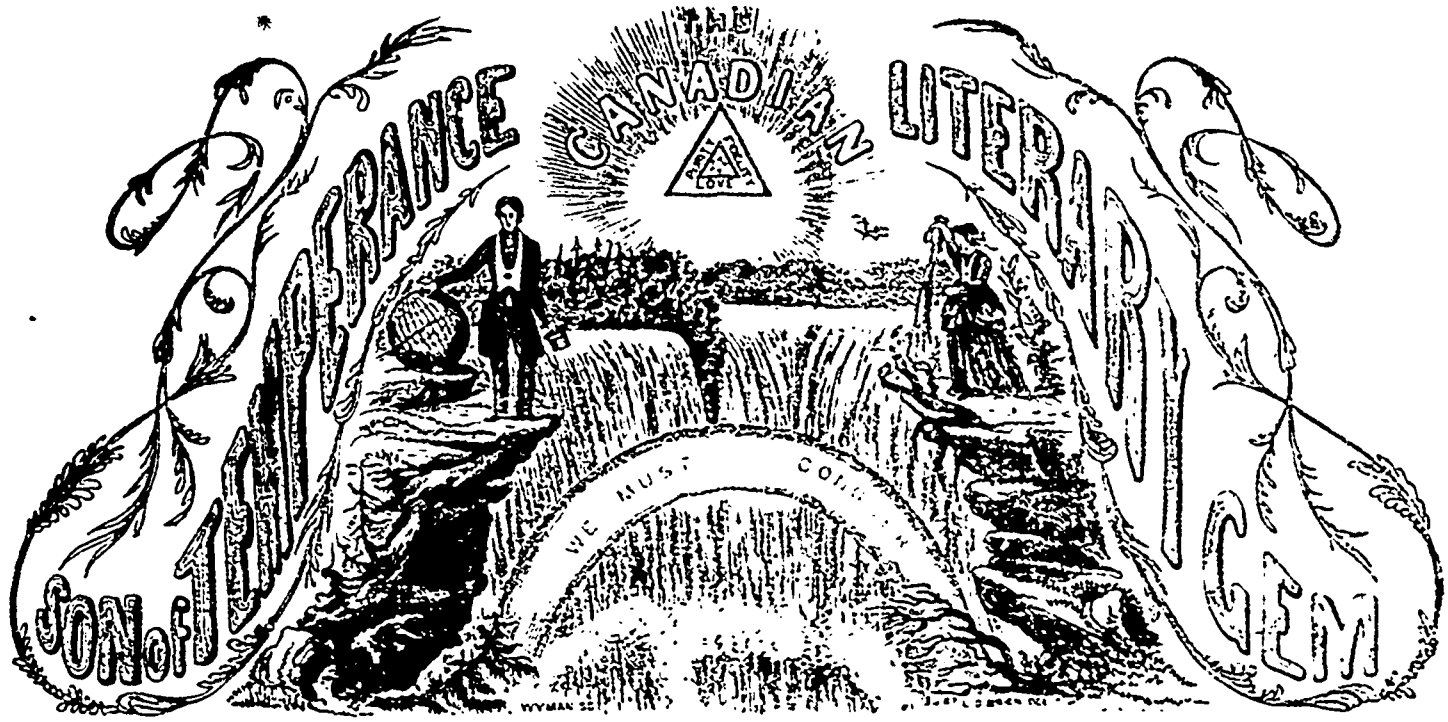
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

TECUMSEH'S GRAVE.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE HEROIC POEM,

BY C. W. D.

(Continued from No. 22, col 3)

After the battle of Moraviantown, on the Thames, the body of Tecumseh was buried on the banks of that gently flowing stream, which is one of the most beautiful of Canadian rivers. The enemies of the Americans have asserted, that the body was treated in a cruel and inhuman way, that it was hung on a tree and flayed, and the skin used for common purposes by the American soldiers, but there is no truth in that report. The old Indian village of Moravia was situated on the western bank of the River, two or three miles above the place of battle. After that event the victorious American army burnt it down. The Indians were scattered, and at the close of the war, from a persistent feeling, never again occupied the old site, but moved across the river and built a village on the east side, where it is now located. Here the banks rise twenty or thirty feet high, and the battle was fought near a gentle bend of the river, or near a rise of ground. This high ground was wisely occupied by the Indian Chief Tecumseh. The Americans, to their advantage, had to pass what was then a swamp or low piece of ground, and charged with their cavalry up a rising ground. Proctor aided but little in the battle, and fled before it was over, forty miles to Delaware town on the Thames. Had he given a brave, active, and courageous aid to the large body of brave Indians, the battle might have turned out differently. Tecumseh had a presentiment that the battle would be lost, and that too from the cowardice of Proctor. He wanted to assume the entire command. Had his favorite Brock been with him, the contest with the Americans would have been terrible. It is said that he proposed to the Prophet, his brother, to destroy Proctor rather than lose the battle, and this proposition was overheard by a young woman belonging to a French family of the name of Gregory, who he supposed could not understand the Shawnee Indian tongue. Be that as it may, the battle was lost by Proctor's cowardice. For many years there had been a doubt whether the remains of Tecumseh were really still buried near the village. Some assert that the chiefs of the Shawnees, (his own Indians) secretly removed them to his native place in Indiana. Others again (we think upon good evidence) say they yet lie on the banks of the Thames. The spot where he is buried is not known to any white man, it may be to Indians. Tecumseh needs no monument to call to mind his existence. His soul was great, was merciful and original. He was an Indian, worthy of a better fate. His memory will live long as the Indian name is known; and the deeds of bravery and mercy of this chief of the Potawatomi of the West, will last as long as literature has an American existence. His eloquence was striking and original as was his whole character. The reply made to General Harrison, when he was told that the General was his "white father," and was asked to sit upon a chair used by a civilized man, is characteristic of the man. "No," says he, "the sun is my father and the earth is my mother, and I will sit upon my mother's bosom." The Indians in council are, in savage times, seated in a circle upon the ground. A momentary thought struck Tecumseh's mind, for whilst with uplifted axe he was about to kill Colonel Johnson the Kriaukuckian, then high in command among the cavalry, and afterwards vice president of the United States, the latter shot him dead with a pistol. Upon the fall of the noble chieftain a scream of horror fell from and the seized his army, already closely pressed on all sides.

The fathers thus in distant west,
North held, and cities quit rest,
And he their son oblivious lies,
While his spirit lives in Indian sales,
Mourn not the ashes of the unknown
Chief,
Nor curious seek where lies his head,
Enough to know that while below,
He acted virtuous and true show,
As a man's child was brave and kind,
A glorious end at last did find,
To him what more could tablet add,
His sight, his name, his name of old,
For now he is no more to be seen,
Where he lies the spot at close of day,
He lies in every man's heart,
Will ever live and have a part,
Roll on, roll on thou gentle stream,
Tear down on thy banks can dream,
There rest face of his name and of old,
The spirit and will bless his soul,
While thou dost, by his name, from
The deeds and name of his great
And lasting fame, his life will show,
No more to be seen, nor can I show,
The man, greatest to be seen, and
But those are gifts of Providence kind,
To those who are the humblest of men,
Dignity and nobility of soul,
At last we are united in one flock,
Poets and Kings, could not be said,
Yet he was buried from this globe,
He is not dead, he is not gone,
The poem now revised was written in 1853 in Hamilton.

A prisoner and on a rocky isle,
Far from the France's sunny smile,
He died in grief, and his spirit fled,
To mingle with the unknown dead,
Ambition sought the world's empire,
Yet found his death, as his birth, no
high
Tear down, thus from Missouri's woods,
No gain in fields of state and blood,
His name is known, but yet his grave,
Has not a stone to mark it to save,
His grave, thus in oblivion's black,
Or mark the earth that his heart blood
drank
Thou empty world of Casses, least
Thy dead kings, and gathering host,
No more look where you'd find a
king
The man with all thy favorites vies
The tomb of nature made him first
I could in my own country, and
rest warrior rest, chief of the west,
In time thy name was greatly best,
The first chief, thus in oblivion's black,
Thy western wilds are lone with grief,
Peace to thy shade, thou Indian
king
The name of thy fathers is not
sing
Roll on, roll on thou gentle stream,
I'd let Tecumseh rest thee dream,
Tear down, thus from Missouri's woods,
No more look where you'd find a
king
And as the poet's coming down,
He is not dead, he is not gone,
And like Tecumseh forgotten by

dering, or otherwise unlawfully making away with an indentured male child, known as William Smith."

The trial came on. Judge Campbell compelled the strictest scrutiny into the facts. His counsel was startled, cowed, almost hopeless. The winding up was near. All felt the verdict must be "guilty."

Suddenly there was a commotion in Court. Carriage wheels were heard rapidly nearing the place. The sheriff came in, and with him was the boy, still attenuated from suffering, but neatly clothed, and with the bloom of health reviving on his cheek. Old Saunders was carried from the dock in convulsions—his shrieks being heard till the prison doors were closed behind him. He was acquitted, but compelled to give security for the maintenance and education of Bill Smith till the age of eighteen.

That was the first public scene in Bill Smith's career. The next was when, as an eloquent, vacacious, bold young lawyer, he pleaded his first cause at the bar. He gained many after it, and gradually rose to great honour, wealth, and property. Mattie became his wife, and their home was blessed with sons and daughters, and when the Declaration of Independence was made, in a new and happy family than that of William Smith. He was generous and he was charitable, but nevertheless one of the most opulent men in the province, for he was prudent and economical.

When, however, the war of liberty broke out, his treasures flowed like water to support Washington in his tremendous campaigns. Mattie did not grieve when she saw their riches melting away in the fervor of that glorious cause. "Let the gold go," she said; and the gold did go, and when America was free, it was all gone, and William Smith found himself a beggar! But he was not so very wretched, for over the Alleghany mountains was the country of Kentucky—beautiful soil and timber, and water and game abundant. There they might settle, and thither were many going who had lost their possessions in the terrible but sacred war.

In the spring of 1794, fifty emigrants assembled at Powell's on the frontiers of the colony. They were to journey in company over the mountains, for mutual defence, for the swarthy tribes of Indians still hovered over the regions, revenging on the white men that long host of calamities that had fallen on their race.

The caravan went forward. It passed through a wild territory, among mountains and dells, with the shaggy forests still throwing their primeval shadows over the slopes. At a distance there was known to be a settlement where provisions might be obtained. Smith, with a small party, went in advance to bring back supplies for the rest. He was six days away. The remainder had promised to await his return in a sequestered little valley. To that he came with his companions. There were traces of the camp, and marks of conflict, but no living being stirred there—no voice could be heard, no welcome of the dear ones he had left. A cold forest and broken trail showed that the emigrants were in full retreat for the Clinch river, to regain the more populous district they had quitted. Smith hurried after them.

"Where is my wife—where are my children?" he asked of the first straggler he came upon. "You will find them where you left them. Ask the Shawnees; they can tell you the rest."

"You have neglected your trust—they are murdered," said Smith, in a stern and desperate, yet trembling voice. "And yet you are retreating, you cowards!" he added, and struck the man to the ground. Then turned back, rode alone to the abandoned camp in the valley, and there in the evening he was found looking with tearful eyes, but a countenance more mournful than weeping could make it, on the lost and the loved—Mattie and her children.

Smith dug his own hands dug their graves—with his own hands he laid them side by side, the first-born on the mother's right hand, the youngest on her bosom where it had lain and rested so long. And then he stood for a few moments looking upon the last couch made for their earthy rest and filled the grave and piled stones to mark the spot and bade them forever to rest in which his heart had made its home. His comrades were standing around in silence. They expected that when he had finished he would follow them. But he walked about the one end of the camp, and found where the Indians had come and gone. Then he considered his rifle, waved his hand solemnly, and sprang to farewell, disappeared on the trail of the Shawnees.

From that hour a strange mystery sprang among those mountains. There was known to dwell on them a lonely hunter—a white man—who was seen occasionally by the Indians, or some solitary trappers always with a rifle in his hand, but perpetually

THE SILENT HUNTER

A TALE OF INDIAN LIFE—THE WHITE MAN'S REVENGE.

The narrative ensuing is strictly historical and truthful. We are indebted to the pen of the Lumber naturalist—Webster—for it.

Shortly before the American War of Independence, there arrived in New England an orphan boy called Bill Smith. Some friends of his parents took an interest in him, and apprenticed him—though only eight years of age—to an old farmer in North Carolina. The indentures stipulated that he was to have, besides sufficient food and clothing, reasonable opportunities for education; but Saunders, the yeoman, thought this folly, and all Bill learned was in spite of his prejudices. There was a little daughter of the old farmer's, however—Mattie, a blue-eyed child, with good features and dimpled face—who took a fancy to instruct the young alien that had come under her father's roof. He learned to read and to write, and soon became so proficient in both, that he began, in time, to teach his tutor.

This peasant exchange of mutual kindness went on till the children grew up, and Mattie was a blooming girl, unconsciously betrothed in the spring time of her life to the orphan youth who had been perpetually by her side. The farmer discovered this, and immediately began to punish Smith by a series of petty and atrocious persecutions. He made him sleep in a barn, on a pile of hay, with only one tattered blanket to cover him, and cut him off from all the consolations of home. Mattie's love for him was rich, and hated any one who appeared to aim at being the heir to his fortune. He patiently watched his daughter and tortured her but by every kind of cruelty till his behaviour became notorious, and some humane persons removed his summer home to a court of justice for barbarity and neglect of duty.

Before this was known, however, the orphan boy had formed a plan of running away. He made up his little bundle, and one night creeping into Mattie's room through the window, took her a gentle good-night. He embraced her and kissed her, and told her he would come back a great man, and make her his wife, and she said "I'll wait for you." He ran off into the night, and came next morning to the settlement of Raleigh. There he lived for some time. He procured about the accessories of the gentility by day, subsisting on the scraps which some kind-hearted wretches bestowed on him, and when it was dark crawled into some shed to sleep.

It happened that a Judge Campbell, a very humane man, then was presiding in the circuit court. He found Bill Smith one morning among the trees and cattle, half dead with hunger and cold. He took him into his house, fed him, learned his story, and began to consider how his unknown master might be punished. Great, therefore, was his delight when, on looking over the list of cases to be tried before him in that circuit, the very first was "Commonwealth vs. Samuel Saunders, for abducting, mar-

son Moravia's plains was shed,
Whose blood that ever shed,
Indian warrior's noble heart,
For there Tecumseh's grave,
For his grave his nation's grief,
In death as brave in life,
Some shall be peace or strife,
Some the same great warrior here,
To be called the Indian's foe,
And he has have shed his blood,
For his flow to carry blood,
To be a peaceful foe,
To be death's fatal blow,
And shall be by and friend,
The world with an Iroquois end.

The victor there respect his worth,
His corpse commit to his mother's earth,
On banks of gentle Thames all green,
Tecumseh rest, nation's treasure,
By eye the place, so marble there,
The sculptor's art, the spot desire,
Where nature's king doth preside,
Not with such way the power by,
No rest to drop upon his grave,
For which the vestige grass doth
rest.

The summer's wind and winter's cold,
Have his bones that never cold,
Unaltered sweep the flowery plain,
The morning, and the storm doth rest.

allot, never speaking one word to any If he was addressed, he turned and retreated into the woods. Gradually he was lost sight of altogether, except to Daniel Boone, that far-famed hunter, whose name is familiar over the whole continent of America.

This had gone on for two years, and men had almost forgotten Bill Smith. But at the end of that time a Shawnee Indian was taken prisoner by the people of Boone's fort, and he once more revived the excitement as to the mystery of the Silent Hunter.

After this story had rumoured abroad, men began to speak of Bill Smith. They spoke of him, however, with an unaccountable dread, always in a low voice. The Shawnees had been formerly one of the most formidable and best organized of the red nations.

At last they came so terrified at this phantom of the silent hunter perpetually hunting their paths, that they all collected and fled across the great stream of Kentucky. But he followed them over, and was ever on their hunting grounds.

Revenge was his monomania. When he buried his wife and children, a rash and bloody resolution fixed itself on his mind. It became madness. He never spoke to man, but silently and remorselessly hunted the trail of the Shawnees to slay every one that came within the range of his far-famed rifle.

One day the old man at the settlement was heard to say that something must have happened to the silent hunter, for he had not come as usual, to fill his shot-bag and powder pouch.

Not many years ago, however, Webber, the naturalist-hunter, started with a companion in search of game among the Green River Hills. After wandering many days among their solitudes, they came to the dwelling of an old trapper, living alone with his dogs—an hermit of the forest, full of its traditions and familiar with all the spots they hunted.

He walked in front of them for some time, among cliffs and trees, over streams and through hollows, till from a bluff eminence they looked down on a narrow, wide plain. Over the surface of this, lay what seemed a number of flat rocks, but were in reality some sarcophagi, or graves, which are to be found in thousands, sometimes covering miles of ground in the southern part of Kentucky, and portions of Tennessee.

Some of these curious sepulchres the body of Bill Smith was discovered. It was a sarcophagus sunk into the earth, almost eighteen inches deep by the same in width.

What a dark and mournful story. How strange and checkered a life. It was the faith of this man to his early ore, and the affliction of his heart for his children, that made the terrible, silent, remorseless being he afterwards became. But he was not

in his nature wicked. During the latter part of his life his mind was shaken by the remembrance of that melancholy day, when Mattie and her little ones had been buried by his hands in the "Vale of Pines."

Humorous.

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

WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAIR.

Of all amusement for the mind, From high down to fishing, There isn't one that you can find So very cheap as "wishing!"

I wish—a common wish, indeed— My purse was something fatter; That I might cheer the child of need, And not my pride to flatter.

I wish that Sympathy and Love, And every human passion, That has its origin above, Would come and keep in fashion;

ELOQUENCE AT A PREMIUM.—"May it please the Court," said a Yankee lawyer before a Dutch Judge the other day, "this is a case of the greatest importance; while the American eagle whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghanies to the Rocky chain of the west, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"

"Shtop dare! shtop, I say; vot has dis suit to do mit eagles? Dis has noting to do mit do wild bird; it ish von sheep," exclaimed the Justice.

"True, your Honor, but my client has rights."

"Your client has no right to de eagle!"

"Of course not but the laws of language—"

"Vot cares I for de laws of language, eh? I understand de laws of de State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"

"Dat will do! dat will do! Your client ish charged mit shtein a sheep, shtut nine shillins. De court will adjourn."

KEEN RETORT.—At one of our hotels, Tuesday, a young and fully moustached dandy from Philadelphia, was seated at the tea-table, at rather a late hour, when the bar-keeper entered he dropped his knife and fork, tipped back in his chair, and gazed at the bar-keeper, and exclaimed:

"Feiler! Does the help sup with a gentleman in this house?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"What, are you not bar-keeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a bar-keeper is 'help' as much as a scrub girl."

"True," replied him of the toddy stick, "but I did not enter the hall until I looked in and saw that there was no gentlemen at the table."

Here the conversation ended. Moustach was fixed.

GENDER AND CASE OF AN EGG.—The following occurred in a school not a hundred miles from Woodstock, Vermont:

Teacher.—What part of speech is the word egg?

Boy.—Noun, sir.

Teacher.—What is its gender?

Boy.—Can't tell, sir.

Teacher.—Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?

Boy.—Can't say, sir, till it's hatched.

Teacher.—Well, then, my lad, can you tell me the case.

Boy.—Oh, yes; the shell, sir.

DID'ST UNDERSTAND HIM.—It takes a Yankee to get out of a scrape with flying colors, as the following conversation shows:

"Shan't I see you hum from singin' schule to-night, Jerusha?"

"No, you shan't do no such thing. I don't want you nor your company, Reuben."

"Perhaps you did'nt hear what I said," continued Reuben.

"Yes I did—you asked me if you might see me tum."

"Why, no I did'nt, I only asked you how your marm was!"

At the late Limerick Assizes, a witness of the lower classes was cross-examined by Mr. Bennett, Queen's Counsel, when the following dialogue took place, amid repeated laughter:

Counsel.—Why do you hesitate to answer me? You look at me as if I was a rogue!

Witness.—To be sure I do!

Counsel.—Upon your oath, do you think me a rogue?

Witness.—Pon my oath, I don't think you are an honest man.

Counsel.—You swear that on your oath?

Witness.—I do, to be sure; and what else could I think?

Counsel.—Now, why do you think so?

Witness.—Why, because you are doing your best to make me perjure myself.

The fellow so afflicted about muslin and gaiters is referred to the Board of Health. Mairmony and vaccination can alone arrest the epidemic:

"A little glove stirs up my heart, as tide stirs up the ocean. And snow white linen when washed, wakes many a curious notion. All sorts of lady-fisings thrill my feelings, as they'd order. But tittle tinnate gaiter boots are death and nothin' shorter."

May we ask one question of the believers of the new spiritual manifestation? In what sphere may we look for those who never pay the printer?—Cayuga Chief

"Stomach pills" are advertised. The best stomach pills we ever tried, are apple daplings with cream and sugar. No danger in taking them. We cordially recommend the medicine to those afflicted in the gastrics.



Ladies' Department.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ONE I LOVE.

October 22, Saturday evening, 10 o'clock, 1836—Hamilton.

The moon is shining bright and high, Amid the night's calm star-lit sky; Her silvery beams that look so soft, As high she sails the clouds aloft;

Changeless is my love for her, not wasting, 'Tis of the spirit, pure and lasting; 'Tis one of mind that will not pass away, Like summer's bloom, with youth's bright day;

One not of earth but spirit's kind

C. M. D.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing, says a good writer, which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or in his parlor; it runs away he knows not how, and that demon—Waste—cries "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring ample provision into the house, and the wife's to see that none goes wrongfully out of it.

BE CHEERFUL.—If people generally knew what an advantage it was to be cheerful, says the Albany Journal, there would be fewer sour faces in the world, and evidently less ill-temper. A man never gains anything by exhibiting his annoyance in his face, much less by bursting into a passion. As it is neither manly nor wise to yield, like a child, pettishly to every cross, so it is alike foolish and absurd to allow feelings of anger to deprive us of self-control.

Happiness is much better distributed than money. It is one of those valuable productions which money can't buy. One of these mornings in walking to your place of business, you see one of the rich men of the day, who dwells in marble halls and wears expensive clothing and a gold watch, hurrying across the street to his place of business, with his brow puckered up like a bed-quilt, lest he may accidentally lose the sale of his wares, or perhaps fail to see somebody whom he expected would pay up an old score. Then you meet the head-carrier hurrying to his work, and singing Yankee Doodle, or whistling Dandy Jim, his hat untroubled by a thought, and his pocket undisturbed by a dollar. Money will never bring happiness without a clear conscience; but a comfortable home, and an agreeable society, will bring with it all the happiness that can be found on earth.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The Forget-me-not, that beautiful little flower of memory, with its blue, like the tint of the azure heavens, and its golden eye, bright as the eye of Hope herself, consecrated not alone to the reminiscences of love, but also to those of home and friendship. The field forget-me-not, or Myosotis arvensis is often assumed as the t. den. flower, but the true one is the water forget-me-not. Myosotis palustris, whose flower is rather larger, and more intensely blue than that of its sister of the field. The legendary origin of its name proves the claim of the aquatic species to be the real blossom of remembrance. A German knight and his lady-love were walking on the banks of the Danube, when the fair one saw a beautiful lot of the Myosotis palustris growing in the water, and expressed a wish to have it. The knight with due chivalrous alacrity, plucked at once into the river, in all his array, and gathered in prize: but before he could again clumb up the steep and slippery bank, he was drawn by a treacherous oddy into a deep pool, and encumbered as he was, finding he could not save himself, he sank he threw the flowers ashore to his mistress, and with his last breath, Vergiss mein nicht! (Forget-me not)—Dublin University Magazine.

[ORIGINAL.]
TO B. AND S., OF MATILDA.

Perchance, upon this very spot,
Where we have stood to gaze,
The sons of braves whom fame forgot,
Have stood in other days;
And like us gazed with eager zest,
Upon yon Stream's majestic breast,
Or shouted with proud tone,
Rush o'er thy rapid, rocky track,
And roll the broad Atlantic back,
'Thou river all our own.

Yet they have faded from its bank,
Which seems not now the same,
Their homes and hopes in darkness sank,
Their stream knows not the name
They gave it in the days of yore,
Ere pale faced parties paddled o'er
That watery waven zone;
Which clasps not now one single strand,
On which a lordly tribe can stand,
To hail it as their own.

And of their wrongs now nought is left,
Save in the autumn time,
When blushing o'er their hopes bereft,
By avarice and crime,
Some lordly maple rears on high,
Before the great All-seeing eye,
Their blood beclotted pall;
Which reeking prays to Heaven's God,
To let his vice avenging rod,
Upon the spoilers fall!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Snooks wonders where all the pillow-cases go to. He says he never asked a girl what she was making, while engaged in white sewing, without being told it was a pillow-case.

This is an evidence that the girls know how to answer a fool according to his folly. Snooks is a good-for-nothing impudent fellow, to ask such impertinent questions, and the girls were right in making a shift, and not answering him correctly.—*Ex.*

A lady given to tattle, says she never tells anything except to two classes of people—those who ask her, and those who don't.

Statistics, just made public, show that 32,000 children are born in Paris a year, and that exactly one-third are illegitimate!

The Wisconsin Grand Division held its annual Session at Oconomowoc last month. E. Hulbert was elected G. W. P.; by Mr. Burgess, G. W. A., and J. G. Kuapp of Madison, G. S.—*Cayuga Chief.*

Mr. George Mowat an inspector of St. Andrews ward, it will be seen, deserves well of the public for his activity in ferreting out those guilty of unlawfully selling liquor.—[Editor.]
POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

SALE OF LIQUOR IN THE GAOL.—Yesterday (Wednesday) in the Police Court, Mr. Gurnett gave judgment on a complaint by George Mowat, Inspector of Licences, against George L. Allen, keeper of the Gaol of the United Counties of York, Ontario and Peel, for having several times within the last three months sold beer by retail in the said gaol contrary to law. Mr. Allen admitted the fact, but plead that the giving out of beer in the gaol had been practised for twenty years by his predecessors, and that it was absolutely necessary in many cases to administer beer to patients labouring under delirium tremens. A certificate to that effect from Dr. Widmer, Surgeon to the Gaol, was read as follows: "County Gaol, 21st Nov., 1853.—Prisoners are frequently brought into this prison in the night labouring under delirium tremens. It appears to me essential that the gaolers should at all times have command of the resources so well understood to be required in an emergency of this nature. The early administration of small quantities of alcoholic drink or beer will frequently put a stop to the violence of this affection. The delay, it is well known, will lead to a protracted and dangerous condition." The defendant also plead that the gaol, being an institution belonging to the United Counties of York, Ontario and Peel, was without the jurisdiction of the city authorities and city laws. Mr. Gurnett said it was a somewhat peculiar case, but the conduct complained of was undoubtedly contrary to the letter of the law, and he would therefore impose a fine, the lowest which the law allowed, of £2 10s. and costs. Mr. Allen intimated his intention of appealing to the Recorder's Court against the Magistrate's decision.

SELLING LIQUOR IN THE GAOL.—We regret to observe from the proceedings in the police Court yesterday, that liquor-selling has been practised in the gaol for some time past. Mr. G. L. Allen, the gaoler, was accused of selling strong drink to the prisoners without a license, and the charge being fully proved, the magistrate fined him \$10. The fact that this practice has not been discovered and stopped before is sufficient to prove the inefficiency of the present Inspectors of the Provincial Gaols. Supplying prisoners with strong drink, to gratify their base appetite, and to deaden their moral sense, was one of the worst parts of the old gaol system, and one of the first which was removed.—The prisons were then scenes of riot and confusion, where the guilty could forget their crimes and their punishment in intoxication, and in which no moral agents for their reformation could reach them. We did not expect to find a practice which leads to such effects, in existence in Toronto at this time of day. We trust that the revelation will cause the magistrates of the city and county to watch more carefully than ever the management of the institution. The excuse of keeping liquor for cases of delirium tremens is a very flimsy covering for the general sale of the article.—*Globe.*

No wonder drunkenness exists in Toronto when prisoners are drenched with liquor.

The number of persons charged with drunkenness before the Police Magistrate, for three months ending with October, was 252, 48 of whom were females. Let the election apply a remedy in January, 1854.

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*

"LIVE TO SOME PURPOSE"

There is life and truthfulness in the following lines entitled "The Life Gauge"

They err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue,
Some hearts grow old before their time,
Others are always young

Others, all spirit, heart and sense—
Their mysterious power
To live, in thrills of joy or woe,
A twelvemonth in an hour

'Tis not the number of the lines
On life's fast filling page,
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs
Which constitutes the age

Seize then the minutes as they pass—
The wool of life is spun out
Warm up the colours—let them glow,
By fire or fancy's fraught

Some souls are serfs among the free,
While others nobly thrive,
They stand just where their fathers
Dead, even while they live

Live to some purpose—make thy life
A gift of use to thee
A joy, a goal, a golden hope,
A heavenly argu'y

Aye—"live to some purpose" Let the world miss you when you sleep in death, and the reward of your good deeds stand as a beacon light to those who "nobly strive"—*Cayuga Chief.*

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the first of September, 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once, the terrible war-whoop was heard and the church surrounded by a bloodthirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bed-ridden—al. who had been unable to attend service—were a. the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, it was customary for an elect number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, those armed men of Hadley called forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church, and, posted on every spot of advantage-ground, their bullets with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldierly precision. The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, master mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on this occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies; placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The red men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings and heart-felt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where is he? All had seen him an instant before; but now he had disappeared; nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown in the mother country: and thus, unable to account for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayers, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and latterly has embellished more than one popular work of fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in "Peveril of the Peak;" Cooper has made use of it in "The Borderers;" and "Oliver Newman," a poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventual history of William Guffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

CORMORANT FISHING.—The most singular of all the methods of catching fish in China is that of training and employing a large species of cormorant. A recent traveller gives the following account of those certainly wonderful birds: "I have frequently met with them on the canals and lakes of the interior, and had I not seen with my own eye their extraordinary docility, I should have great difficulty in bringing my mind to believe what authors have said about them. The first time I saw them was on a canal a few miles from Ning po. I was then on my way to a celebrated temple in that quarter, where I intended to remain for some time, in order to make collections of objects of natural history in the neighborhood. When the birds came in sight I immediately made my boatmen take in our sails, and we remained stationary for some time, to observe their proceedings. There were two small boats containing one man and about ten or twelve birds in each. The birds were standing perched on the sides of the wide boat, and apparently had just arrived at the fishing ground, and were about to commence operations. They were now ordered out of the boat by their masters; and so well trained were they, that they went on the water immediately, scattered themselves over the canal, and began to look for fish. They have a beautiful green eye, and quick as lightning, they see and dive upon the tribe, which, once caught in the sharp notched bill of the bird, never by any possibility can escape.

The cormorant now rises to the surface with the fish in its bill and the moment it is seen by the Chinaman, he is called back to the boat. As docile as a dog, he swims after his master, and allows himself to be pulled into the sandpan, where he disgorges his prey, and again resumes his labors. And what is more wonderful still, if one of the cormorants gets hold of a fish of large size so large that he would have some difficulty in taking it to the boat, some of the others, seeing his dilemma, hasten to his assistance, and with their efforts united, capture the animal, and haul him off to the boat. Sometimes a bird seemed to get lazy or playful, or swim about, without attending to his business: and then the Chinaman with a long bamboo, which he also uses for propelling the boat, strikes the water near where the bird was, without, however, hurting him, calling out to him at the same time in an angry tone.

BOYS, GET AHEAD.—When we see young men spending all they make, and when we consider the great importance of a little cash capital to their future prosperity, we are amazed that their own common sense does not urge with sufficient importunity the duty of trying to save, if it be but so little, from present earnings towards a future capital.

We once heard a gentleman who had risen from poverty to wealth and influence, by his own prudence and industry, endorsing the saving plan in this way. Suppose said he you had six eggs to live upon daily. Now, it is clear, if you eat all the eggs every day, you will never have any ahead to depend upon. But if, by self-denial, you can save one of these eggs to-day, or this week, and another next day or week, you can soon have besides your six eggs daily, or two, or more hours, that will give you, one, two, or three dozen eggs, instead of the half dozen you had first. You will not suffer in any respect from the little self-denial necessary at first, and when you have set in train the egg-producing influence, it goes on of itself, as it were. The one egg saved, gives you a hen which produces indefinitely, and, then if you choose you can eat your half-dozen eggs daily, and still be gaining from the first saving.

We have often thought of this simple illustration as comprehending in an egg-shell whole volumes of political economy, and recommend it to our young readers as worthy of practice.—*Peoples Organ.*

THE GREATEST LIVING CURIOSITY.—We yesterday visited the Carolina twins, who are paying a short visit to our city. A freak of nature so extraordinary must be seen before it can be fully credited. These children, born in Columbus county, North Carolina, are of negro origin, to a remarkable degree lively and intelligent, and are beginning to utter and repeat words quite distinctly, though only about sixteen months old. Their connection is much more intimate than that of the Siamese twins, being joined together in the back by the union of two spines in one. Physicians who have examined them pronounce them to be the greatest curiosity ever seen or heard of. Some of their organs are in common, whilst others are perfectly distinct. Often while one is sound asleep the other is wide awake and playful, and the connection such that whilst one sits erect the other can lie down.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

ISSANE CHILDREN.—There are now about two hundred inmates in the New Jersey Lunatic Asylum. One of the most interesting and at the same time afflicting cases, is that of a little boy about seven years of age. Upon the entrance into the ward of a little girl, about the same age, with a company of sisters, the little patient became all life and animation. He took the little girl by the hand and ran her to and fro, anxious to show her every little article of taste and utility in the room. The ladies, and indeed all the visitors, were deeply affected with this melancholy incident. He is the youngest patient that the institution ever had, and is exhibiting favorable signs of improvement.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a caterpillar, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling do!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

STATE OF TEMPERANCE IN THE UNITED STATES VERY CHEERING.

Wisconsin has given a majority of 5000 for the law. Several women (PLATFORM WOMEN TOO) rendered very eminent services to the cause, by addressing male and female audiences. Get the wife and daughters on your side and half of the battle is gained. They will get the husbands and brothers to vote right. The Tribune says, that of the New York Senate twenty out of thirty-two Senators are for the law, and out of the House of Representatives eighty-two of the one hundred and twenty members will support the Maine Law. This, if so, is very cheering. In Baltimore and Maryland generally, the temperance men are succeeding at their elections. In Baltimore there was a complete triumph. In Illinois a thorough agitation is going on. A great State Convention is to be held in Chicago on the 7th December, in view of electing a State Legislature that will follow suit with Michigan. Good judges of the times think that Pennsylvania and Maryland will soon be Maine Law States. Massachusetts has just had another hard struggle, and it is said has elected a Legislature for keeping the law as it is. Being very friendly to the practical endorsement of the Great American Republic, we delight to hear that the people are determined to check, ere it be too late, this terrible vice of intemperance, and this infamous system of fermenting DESTRUCTIVE MASSACRES, in the shape of liquor laws. Their Republic is standing upon a volcano of incipient vice, endangered in a great degree by intemperance, and the Maine Law will stop its explosion—it will finally quench its smouldering fires. The Michigan Temperance law will come into force on the 1st of December. The liquor dealers lately tried to get up a grand convention to oppose it, but it is said no meeting was held.

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 of 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 his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

TORONTO, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1853.

A little boy of Toronto has sent these lines for publication, his composition, with some alterations we publish them. The rising generation must complete the temperance victory, which their fathers can only in part effect.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

A PARODY ON HILLY PAIR.

Twas a cold and stormy night, And the snow was falling white, When I heard two children say, As they sadly looked around, And saw stretch'd upon the ground, A loved father drunken lay.

Toronto, 1853. [Yes, charity is the lot of the drunkard's child, and the grave is too often the nativity home of himself and his wife.]

THE POSITION OF CITIES AS TO THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

It is quite clear to all close observers, that the great nests of drunkenness—the great bands of tavern advocates are to be found in our towns and cities. The prevailing feature of all American, Canadian, and British towns and cities is, on the one hand, taverns, low and high, in which spirituous liquors are sold, and on the other vices resulting therefrom.

in such resorts. The counties of York, Ontario and Peel, will be drunken until Toronto is cleansed. Let all true Sons of Temperance men then turn their eyes to these EATING CANCERS of Canada. They must be first cured. How important is it, in view of such truths, that the civic elections of 1853, just coming on in all these large Municipal circles, should result in the return of men pledged to lessen the number of inns.

INTEMPERANCE AND CRIME IN NEW YORK CITY.

The New York Tribune, in the course of an elaborate article on "The Statistics of Drunkenness and Crimes," in the great city, gives the following figures: The whole number of places where alcoholic liquors are sold in this city, is 7,103. Unlicensed, 1,222; reported disorderly, 1,088; with grocery shops, 3,789; exclusively wholesale, 183.

CITIES AND TEMPERANCE, TRIUMPH OF REFORM IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

All good men will rejoice at the result of the elections in this State, whereby it is probable the enactment of the Maine Law is now ensured, and it is a matter of equal importance that these AGEAN STABLES of crime (it may be said the nucleus of of the whole Union) have been to some extent purified by a turn out of the corrupt politicians, who for a long time have ruled it.

HOPE FOR OUR SUNK-SWAMPED, RUM-DRENCHED, AND TAX-HIDDEN CITY OF NEW YORK.

Lift up your heads, oh ye disconsolate wives and mothers, for your deliverance is at hand! Rejoice ye enthralled inmates for your emancipation draweth nigh! Make the welkin ring, brothers of the rural districts, for the ruin oligarchy in this city is defeated!

As we go to press, we are cheered by the certainty of a Maine Law Legislature elected, and the triumph of a Reform ticket in this Golgotha of virtue and patriotism. It is specially worthy of note, that not a single member of the old Board of Aldermen has been elected, and those of them who were candidates have been defeated by vast majorities: such as Sturtevant, Ring, Wesley Smith, and others.

Men and brethren! while we rejoice, and thank him who giveth the victory, let us remember the snake is but scathed, and not killed. Let us be vigilant and watchful. It is not sufficient to have achieved a victory, we must make it a lasting one, and never let apathy or criminal neglect, suffer the flood-gates of intemperance and crime to be again opened upon us.

TEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

The Manchester people it will be seen from the following, are attacking intemperance in England in earnest. This is the way to put it down. We extract this from the London correspondence of the Globe of a late date.—[Editor.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

In the midst of all this hubbub the friends of philanthropy and religion continue zealous in the prosecution of their benevolent objects. The United Kingdom Alliance, which has been formed to agitate for the legislative suppression of the liquor traffic, was inaugurated last week in the city of Manchester, under the most distinguished auspices.

THE RIGHT KIND OF MOVEMENT.

We are glad to see the following plan adopted to resuscitate the Divisions in Lincoln and Welland. It is one we pointed out last year, and should be earnestly supported by every true son, and imitated in every county of Canada.

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

Hydraulic Division, No. 90, S. of T., of Thorold, issued a Circular, in Sept. last, to the several subordinate Divisions in the Counties of Lincoln and Welland, soliciting the appointment of Delegates from each Division, to meet in Convention, at the Temperance Hall in the village of Thorold, on Monday the 10th Oct. 1853, to take into consideration the propriety of adopting measures for promoting the interests of the Order, within these Counties.

Bro. W. Chase, P. W. P., of St. Catharines Union Division, was chosen Chairman—and Bro. Wm. James, P. W. P. of Hydraulic Division, appointed Secretary.

After consultation, and the formal expression of regret at the apathy manifested by many Divisions, in not sending Delegates to this meeting, the following resolutions were adopted unanimously, as the basis of an Association for the purposes above set forth.

- 1. Resolved, That the members present form themselves into a Society, to be called and known by the name of the "Lincoln and Welland Sons of Temperance Association."
2. Resolved, That this Association be composed of all the W. P.'s and P. W. P.'s of the several subordinate Divisions within the counties of Lincoln and Welland, and that each Division elect, quarterly, one Delegate to meet said Brethren at each meeting of the Association.
3. Resolved, That the object of this Association is to unite and combine the influence of the various Divisions of the Sons of Temperance within these counties, in such a manner as to promote the interests of the Order, and to diffuse more generally the principles of Temperance.
4. Resolved, That the Officers consist of a President, five Vice-Presidents, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Chaplain, Treasurer, and a Committee of twenty Brothers—elected annually—seven of whom to form a quorum, for the transaction of business.
5. Resolved, That the meetings be held Quarterly, at such place as the previous meeting shall appoint.
6. Resolved, That in order to lessen the expenses of the Association, the members of the Division where the meetings are held, are expected to extend a friendly hospitality to the Delegates during the session.
7. Resolved, That the incidental expenses of the Association be met by the voluntary contributions of members of the subordinate Divisions.
8. Resolved, That the Association respectfully solicits the co-operation of the various Divisions of the Sons of Temperance within these counties, in its efforts to advance the interests of the Order, and the Temperance cause generally.
9. Resolved, That the system of voting be the same as that adopted by the Grand Division.
The Association then adjourned, to meet at North Pelham Division Room, on the first Monday of November next, at ten o'clock, P. M.
OFFICERS ELECTED TO SERVE FOR ONE YEAR.—President, Charles Cockburn, Thorold; Vice-Presidents, Abisha May, Smithville, Windsor Chase, St. Catharines, Daniel Young, Port Robinson, Charles Park, Merriville, Jesse M. Hyatt, Pelham, Chaplain, Willi in James, Thorold; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas Luffe, Smithville; Recording Secretary, William Ross, Thorold; Treasurer, John Mitchell, St. Catharines.
A Committee, consisting of twenty leading Sons of all the

Divisions in Lincoln and Welland, were appointed to carry out the intentions of the association.

WINDSOR CHASE, Chairman.

WILLIAM JAMES, Secretary.

An adjourned meeting of the "Lincoln and Welland Sons of Temperance Association," was held at the Presbyterian Church in the township of Pelham, on Monday the 7th of November, 1853. At half-past 2 o'clock the President took the Chair, the following named Brethren brethren being present to represent their respective Divisions. (We omit the names, but they consisted of representatives from the Grantham, Aqueduct, Port Robinson, Hydraulic, Star of Bethlehem, Smithville, Pelham, Evening Star, and Pelham Centre Excelsior Divisions, some twenty-two in number.)

Bro. W. Ramsay, the Recording Secretary, being absent, Bro. Thomas Luffe, the Cor. Sec'y, was requested to take his place, pro tem.

The President explained the objects of the Association, as some were absent who did not attend the former meeting in Thorold. After which, Bro. Robert Coulter moved, seconded by Bro. L. M. Mathews, that it be

Resolved, That this Association take into consideration the best method of re-organizing those Divisions that have forfeited their charters, in these counties.

Moved by R. Coulter, seconded by L. M. Mathews, and

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed to make use of such measures as they, in their judgment, shall deem most likely to accomplish the re-organization of Allanburgh Division—said Committee to consist of the President, W. James, J. Abbey, L. M. Mathews, and the mover—to report at the next meeting.

That the subject of soliciting Ministers to preach Sermons on Intemperance, be referred to a Committee of five,—to report at the next meeting: the Committee to be appointed by the President.

That this Association do take action with reference to the propriety of Sons of Temperance voting for Councilmen, or members of Parliament, who are not friendly to a Prohibitory Liquor Law

Moved by Bro. J. P. Merritt, seconded by Bro. D. McKenzie, and

Resolved, That this Association, when it adjourns, do adjourn to meet in the Grantham Division Room at St. Catharines, on Wednesday the 23rd of November inst.

The Association then adjourned.

CHARLES COCKBURN President.

THOMAS LUFFE, Rec. Sec'y, pro tem.

The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO HAMILTON.

WRITTEN (EXCEPT THE LAST VERSE) IN 1836, BY C. M. D.

To hills and woods, ye mountain views
Of Hamilton, sweet Hamilton;
I'll sing of you, Oh then infuse
Into my muse, sweet inspiration.

I love thee as my native place,
On the hills of sloping green,
I've played of yore with smiling face,
When glad some spring reigned o'er
each scene.

Oh then in May's bright sunny time,
I've chased the lambs upon thy hills;
Or in the mountain's brow would climb,
To watch the tumbling spring-born
rills.

My infant mind was cheered and gay,
A nature's varied smiling bloom;
When od'rous groves, with intricate
lay
Of Spring's bright birds, succeeded
winter's gloom.

There little squirrels secure and high,
Perched on the limb of some green
tree,

With chattering loud seem'd to defy,
Attention draw with mocking cry.

The whippoorwill in June's sweet
night,
Then loud would sing from bush or
tree,
Would lull to sleep the weary night,
Or wake him with a daybreak gleam.

The whistling frog would join in note,
Just waked from his winter's sleep,
And woodcock take his flight in note,
The jolly chorus alive to keep.

At early dawn I still can see,
Thy beauties see from olden hill;
Thy scenes wild o'er delight my eyes,
With meta's sweet my heart will
fill.

Although young days have pass'd
away,
Life's downward course I know can
see,
Yet when nature smiles my soul's gay,
I dream as if in infancy.

The hills of Hamilton in 1836 were still covered with an ancient forest. The Whippoorwill sings at dusk, and for a few hours afterward—also at break of day, but not in the silent hours of midnight. The woodcock soon after dusk, whilst the frog is whistling in the distant ponds and rivers, rises every few minutes from the ground into the air a long distance up, and whilst up utter his chirping notes, then suddenly descends to the ground. I have a thousand times enjoyed this Canadian scene.

DROPS OF RAIN, THEIR PEARLY BEAUTY.

Reader, did you ever watch the pearly drops of rain in November on the trees. Last Sabbath a week, from our window, we saw thousands on the trees. They hung like little round pearls on the branches in hundreds. Their situation was nearly perpendicular in some instances, in others hung in globular forms from the underparts of the boughs, clear as crystal. The day was warm, and the rain pattered down very gently, there being no wind. An indifferent passer by would not have noticed them, but he who loves every thing in nature, and its intrinsic beauty, could not help but stop and watch these beautiful drops. There are three strange phenomena in connection with them. Why do these drops assume this globular form, instead of running down the limbs—why do they hang in globular forms toward the earth,—why do they assume the pearly white colour that distinguishes them? In the winter these little pearls become spiral icicles. These drops after hanging for some time in this way, fall to the earth to make way for others. How beautiful they look through a thick wood—millions reflecting the light that shines through their pure roundness. How beautiful is the pure water of the sky! how delicious the gushing fountain from the rock or golden sand! Why should man want anything better as a beverage—why drink the feverish draught of alcohol? The beasts of the field, the sprightly deer, the swift hare, the fox of the hills, the strong bear, the lovely birds, drink only from the fountains of water! The three phenomena are caused thus—attraction or gravitation, with a slight upward pressure of the air, cause the

form. The great oceans are globular in form. The drops are formed at points where the water meets with small obstacles, and is impeded by the commencement of the globe form; and the light gives the drop its pearly whiteness.

THE BLACK CROW OF CANADA—ITS NEST AND YOUNG.—This bird, before alluded to, is very common in Canada. Whilst traveling in Markham two weeks ago, I saw two tame crows, caught last spring. The finder described the nest thus: It was built of coarse sticks, laid carelessly together across the branches of a hemlock tree in a swamp, very rudely built. The eggs were of a dark green colour. It lays from three to five eggs, generally four, in May or early in June. In the autumn they congregate in flocks of thousands and go southward. Their general food is worms and seeds, but they will live on bread and meat, and are very easily tamed. A person in this city has one that will follow his boys into the fields. It remains about his house. The bill is long and black, gently hooked. The wings of this bird are long and powerful, and it is about half the size of the raven. It is a harmless bird and useful about farms. It is very noisy, crying caw, caw, caw! Many of them remain all the winter. It is quite common in November, and is the first bird we see in the spring. The male and female seem to be entirely alike, and the plumage is of a deep shiny black. The crow frequents human settlements, and is seldom seen very far in the dense forests. When he alights he has the habit of half fluttering the wings.

THE BLACK-COCK OR GROUSE of the *Heaths and Highlands of Britain, now common in Western Canada*—We saw a number of specimens of this curious bird a few days since in Toronto brought from the region of Amherstburgh, where they are quite common in the woods and fields. It is said the birds found in the west were brought to Canada many years ago by Col. Prince. It is less than the Canadian partridge by about one fourth the bulk. The bill is also much shorter and more hooked—similar to that of the quail—of a black colour. The eye is large, and immediately above it there is a fleshy appearance being a red skin, somewhat resembling feathers, the size of a large pea. The legs are short and thick—green coloured—feathered down to the toes. The toes are four in number and strong, the hind one being also strong. In form it is a plump round handsome bird. The plumage is somewhat like the partridge, but darker. The breast is dark barred with white—the back dunish or dark grey—the wings brown and barred with white. The tail is much shorter than that of the partridge, and it is not so gay a bird as to plumage. The neck is short. It is said these birds will have twenty young in a nest, and are well suited to withstand our cold climate. The feathers seem thicker than those of the quail or partridge. They are brought from the west to Toronto for the table. These birds if let live by hunters would spread themselves in a few years all over the western States and Canada. In general appearance they are beautiful birds, and are very good eating.

THE COCK OF THE WOODS, OR GREAT CROWNED WOODPECKER.—This is an exceedingly rare but beautiful bird of Canada. I have never seen or heard of one being killed north of Lake Ontario. It has, however, been frequently in the western and south-western counties of Canada, and on the borders of Lake Erie. This description was written by me from a personal inspection of a specimen in 1829, near Brantford. I have seen one since stuffed. In 1829-30 I used frequently to see them in the woods in the vicinity of Brantford. Colour on back black, shaded with dun—tops and underparts of the tail black, with a brownish tinge. Neck striped with white and dun colours. Sides of the neck milk-white—throat of a dun colour. Crown of the head red, tufted with long spiral red feathers, very soft and silky.—Sides of the head striped with three bands of three colours, viz., red, milk-white, and dun. Upper part of throat dun, lower part milk-white. The eyes are large and of a bright hazel or brown hue. Middle of the wing feathers yellowish white—seven of them tipped with white—underparts of wings partly black and partly yellow. Breast and abdomen black and of a dunish cast. Sides black—feathers edged with white. Alar extent thirty inches—length of body, from point of bill to end of tail, nineteen inches—legs two inches long and very strong, of a blackish colour; claws of the same colour, also very strong and sharp. Claws half an inch long, four in number. The Bill is two inches and three fourths of an inch long, of a bluish dun color, very strong and sharp, covered on the under part with whitish hair or feathers resembling hair—tail feathers pointed at the end and very stiff. The weight of this bird was twelve ounces. Sometimes they will weigh a pound. The above bird I shot in the winter. These birds are seen in all parts of the year, but more frequently in the summer. They obtain their living by boring into rotten trees after worms—for catching which their strong bony bill is admirably adapted. The strong legs and claws, and the tail feathers, at the end of each of which is a bony point, enable the bird to ascend the trees like a squirrel, boring the bark as it ascends. Like other species of the wood pecker, they will rap on dry hollow trees—and so loud do they rap that the noise may be heard half a mile or more. These birds also make loud noises on hollow trees, which have the effect of driving the insects out, when they are caught. I have often watched them at this trick. A loud rap is given then silence ensues, the bright eye in the meantime watching the forthcoming victims—to be immediately pounced upon by a long bill. These birds cry very loud before an approaching storm. The cock of the woods is amazingly active

and shy, keeping high up on trees, uttering at the same time loud cries, and darting its side from one side to the other. It flies by long jerks in the air, and is a very large bird on the wing. With its black and white coat and erect crest of red, it is a beautiful and rare bird. There are besides this six or seven other varieties of the woodpecker in Canada, which we will hereafter describe. The male and female of the above kind are alike.

THE IRISH PATRIOTS OF AUSTRALIA.

One would think from the escape of many of these men that the police surveillance was rather loose, or that the inhabitants of the Island were favourable to the patriots. Mr. Mitchell was concealed there six weeks. These men should never have been transported, but after their trial should have been pardoned. The grievances of Ireland at the time warranted perpetual agitation, and it would have been better to have redressed them than to punish those who acted from patriotic but perhaps hasty views. England has certainly misgoverned Ireland, but she has to some extent been justified owing to the factious spirit of the people.—Yet mercy always succeeds better than cruelty. How much better would the old family compact have stood in the eyes of posterity, had the lives of Lount and Mathews been spared in 1838, instead of being sacrificed, against the wish of even the British Government, and the remonstrance of 40,000 Canadians! The escape of Mitchell is quite a romance. Smyth must be a noble fellow to risk his life in this way. Mr. Mitchell is a very clever man, and is now probably in New York City. The British Government should now release Smith, O'Brien and Martin, and it would have been done had not our Canadian Liberal Government JJ with an exile Rolph, and a Cameron in it, showed their tail to true patriotism, when McKenzie moved for an address for their release.

JOHN MITCHELL'S ESCAPE—THE IRISH PATRIOT.

The following account of the escape of John Mitchell is given in the San Francisco papers:

Mr. P. J. Smyth, of New York, (himself a rebel of 1845) went to Van Diemen's Land, with the express mission to rescue some one or more of the Irish State Prisoners.

While Mr. Smyth was in Van Diemen's Land, and before any movement whatever was made by any of the prisoners, the local Government, by means of some of their eaves-dropping detectives, had learned his real views, and Mr. Smyth was actually arrested, held in custody for three days, and most ignominiously abused under a warrant directed against John Mitchell.

Mr. Smyth, in short, was taken for Mr. Mitchell, under the false and insolent assumption that Mr. Mitchell was "absconding," whilst he was all the time living quietly at his cottage in Bothwell, and was under parole of honor not to abscond. This was a gross outrage on Mr. Smyth, and an outrage hardly less gross on Mr. Mitchell. He now at length resolved to avail himself of Mr. Smyth's offers of assistance, and leave the Island not clandestinely, but openly. Accordingly, he wrote and despatched the following note to the Lieutenant Governor, Sir William Denison:

BOTHWELL, 8th June, 1853.

"Sir:—I hereby resign the 'comparative liberty' called 'ticket of leave,' and revoke my parole of honour. I shall forthwith present myself before the police magistrate of Bothwell, at his police office, show him this letter, and offer myself to be taken into custody.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN MITCHELL."

The next day, the 9th June, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Smyth rode in together to the township of Bothwell, went to the police office door, dismounted and walked in. They found the magistrate in his room. The police clerk was with him; a constable was in the adjoining room, and another constable was as usual on guard at the door. The police house and barrack stand opposite.

Arrived in the Magistrate's room, Mr. Mitchell handed him an open copy of the above note, and requested him to read it. The magistrate cast his eye over it a moment, and then looked up to Mr. Mitchell who deputed a clerk to observe the purport of that note, and took the trouble of twice explaining to him that the parole was at an end, and that he had come to be taken into custody. As the official seemed still either bewildered or frightened, the two gentlemen put on their hats, Mr. Mitchell wished the magistrate a good morning and left the office.

Immediately, when they turned their backs, the magistrate made a loud uproar, and he and some of the constables rushed out, calling on them to stop, and commanding every one to stop them. The constable on guard, however, had his hands occupied in holding two horses; other inhabitants of the town looked on laughing, and well pleased, and in short, the two fugitives mounted their horses and rode off. They found no necessity to use, or even to exhibit arms, though both were well armed. After they left Bothwell, however, the true difficulty commenced. Mr. Smyth changed horses and coats with Mr. Mitchell, and then they parted and rode different ways through the forest.

Bothwell is the central police district of the Island, and between it and the sea extend several lines of police stations, to all of which intelligence was instantly conveyed by mounted express constables. Mr. Mitchell remained six weeks after that day in the Island, without being able to get on board a ship, though one was immediately placed at his service by a patriotic ship-owner of Sydney. After many hundred miles riding, and in several disguises, he at length got off under an assumed name, in a British vessel, which at Tahiti was fortunately overtaken by the American bark Julia Ann, bearing his wife and family, under Mr. Smyth's escort, to San Francisco. At Tahiti Mr. Mitchell was transhipped, and now stands free on American soil.

Mr. Smyth was formerly connected with *The Sun* as assistant editor, and this account corresponds well with what we have known of him as a generous and whole-souled man. We have long known of his absence in Australia, and of his mission there but, of course, withheld the fact from public notice.

We now have to congratulate Mr. Mitchell, not only on his escape, but that it was effected by the assistance of a man who would receive any dishonourable subterfuge in effecting it.—*New York Sun.*

THE ALBERT ST. MURDER.—THE FRUITS OF ONE NIGHT'S DRUNKENNESS!—It turns out upon examination that the victim Scott who brought death upon himself a few days ago in this city, was raving drunk upon the fatal night and in that state left the world. He had been drinking at the tavern near by, and seemed determined to annoy some colored people and a Mrs. Turner. During the course of the night he was struck, while before Mrs. Turner's house, with a stone, which caused his death. Now the liquor given that man at one of our low inns, has resulted from its use, in the untimely death of a man, and the investigation of the crime resulting therefrom, has occupied the officers of justice and our Court several days. The guilty parties will perhaps be sent to the Penitentiary, all for the filthy privilege extended to some to sell liquor. Thus is an expense of perhaps £200 inflicted on the country, and a neighborhood demoralized, for the sake of pampering vice. When shall such things stop?

Agricultural.

THE WEATHER.—Tuesday last was a bright sunny day, very mild: the rain and fog had left: wind West. On Wednesday the wind again changed to the East, and a warm drizzling rain came on and lasted all day. On Thursday morning the wind shifted directly to the North, and the weather became very cold: the day was sunny, and wind high with flying clouds and flurries of snow. On Friday the weather remained cold, but was pleasant and sunny: wind North East. The ground is frozen hard. Saturday was a lovely sunny day: air mild: wind yet in the North East: roads frozen hard. Saturday was a lovely sunny day: air mild, wind yet in the North East: roads frozen hard. Sunday was very cold: wind high and in the North. Monday was again mild and thawing: flies in the air.

THE INDIANS say we are to have a mild open winter. They judge by the conduct of animals, which if careless as to horning up food for winter, seem instinctively to foretell a mild winter. There is a great deal in this no doubt. It is our impression we will have a mild winter. There was perhaps never experienced in Canada a milder fall than this has been.

BUTTER.—We do not wonder that this article has reached such a high price—nor will our readers wonder—when informed of the immense amount that is daily going forward to the great metropolis. As an instance, we are informed that the two steamboats which left for New York last evening had on board over 3000 firkins. But large as this amount is, it is only as a drop in the bucket when compared with the actual amount passing through this city; for, in addition to the above, (and this only one night out of seven,) the scores of tow boats and lake boats which are towed away daily, and literally groaning with the product of the western dairies, and it is no infrequent occurrence for these boats to be entirely freighted with butter and cheese. Add to this the thousands of tons shipped by the different railroads, and the reader can form a faint idea of the great drainage we are constantly experiencing in this one commodity alone. The actual amount in round figures is beyond all computation: but if it could be correctly ascertained the result would appear to many as almost fabulous.—Albany Atlas.

COST OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES TO ENGLAND.—According to a document submitted to the Imperial Parliament, these colonies have cost Great Britain during the last year the following sums:—

Table with 2 columns: Colony Name and Amount (£). Rows include Canada (£322,203), Nova Scotia (132,570), New Brunswick (12,615), Prince Edward Island (3,245), Newfoundland (3,100), and Total (£501,833).

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—London papers mention a successful application of chloroform upon a man of immense physical power, while under a violent attack of cholera. While in the most violent paroxysms of pain and spasm, the chloroform was administered, and the struggling giant tamed into the quiet of a sleeping infant. The functions being suspended, the horrible symptoms ceased, the medicine became absorbed, and in an hour the man was restored to consciousness, and the disease was conquered.

DEPTH OF DRAINS.—A writer in the Agricultural Gazette, who represents that he has had great experience in drainage, concludes that the proper depth of drains must depend on the texture of the soil—that the depth should be the point where saturation is arrested. Experienced persons, he says, can readily tell where this point is: and those inexperienced can easily ascertain it by having three short drains made early in autumn—one 2, one of 3, and one of 4 feet deep. The drains that first discharge the water after a rain will be at the right depth for that soil.

A WONDERFUL EGG.—Our friend, Mr. Lyons, the principal of the well known institute at Tarrytown, has just shown us a curious and indeed wonderful egg, laid by a common fowl on his farm. It is double, the outer shell measuring about seven inches in circumference longitudinally, and being of course about the size of a goose's egg. The inner one is almost of the ordinary size of a hen's. The outer one had a large yolk, and the inner one two yolks. The hen often lays two eggs a day.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—As the cool weather commences, let everybody indulge freely, at meal times, in the ripe fruits and vegetables of the season. Especially at dinner. At this season of the year, let a large portion of the food be vegetable. The welfare of the body requires such a change. Such food is eminently wholesome.

John Johnson, an extensive farmer near Geneva, has now on his farm 25 miles of drains. His son-in-law, Mr. Snow, on an adjoining farm, has laid 83,000 tiles, and drained 200 acres of his land. Mr. Johnson says, "the whole country ought to be drained," a remark which comes nearer the truth than most figurative ones do.

Writing which has become illegible by age, may be restored by moistening it with an infusion of gall.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

The Fishery difficulties are still a matter of negotiation between the American and British Governments, and progress slowly. Admiral Seymour is still on the Nova Scotia coast. The Crusader is the name of a paper just started in New York city, established by the Italians to support the views of the patriots in civil and religious matters. A public dinner was to be given to Mr. Michel, the Irish patriot in San Francisco; great improvements are being on in that city. A movement in Montreal is about to take place to raise the price of advertising. The cost of taking the Provincial census is £20,000. A young man, (an American by birth), at the Hamilton assizes, brought an action of breach of promise of marriage against a Mrs. Glover, and lost it as he deserved to do. Several of the Canadian Churches have passed resolutions in favor of the immediate secularization of the Reserves. A snow storm happened in Virginia some weeks ago, when snow fell to the depth of fifteen inches. The Canadian Journalist is the name of a new journal started at Quebec, in the interest of the Irish Roman Catholics. Many sales of town lots in Canadian villages have been made, and large prices have been realized. It is in contemplation to reduce postage in the United States in a little time—cannot Canadian postage be reduced to 2d? A coal and wood company have been formed in Toronto to cheapen prices. We are glad to hear that the Lower Canada protestant journals are rapidly increasing in their circulation; among them the Quebec Gazette. The Three Rivers dinner to be given to Mr. Attorney General Drummond, is given up. An expedition left New York city recently, having on board the Isla De Cuba vessel, about 50 colored people of respectability, wealth, and intelligence, for Liberia, Western Africa. Quite an activity prevails in the Colonization Society in the United States just now. But this Association will never materially affect the amount of the colored population. The only thing that can be done with the slaves and free colored people, (now that they are among the whites, not by their own choosing, but by the fraud of the ancestors of whites), is to educate and free the former by degrees, and to educate the latter as far as possible; let them become moral and industrious citizens. Here truly is verified the saying, "Upon the children shall be visited the sins of the fathers unto the third and fourth generations." The Sandwich Islands seem destined to be annexed immediately to the United States—everything is tending that way—the people generally favor it. The French and British consuls have protested against it in the names of their Sovereigns. The French Empress lately visited the Castle of Ham, where the Emperor was imprisoned six years. The whole scene is said to have been very affecting. The Empress threw herself in tears into his arms. What a change has taken place in his fortune—what a trifling space of time—what a small thing divides man in the highest from man in the lowest walks of human life. A great miners association was lately held in California, representing over \$4,000,000 worth of property. The expedition supposed to have been fitted up to conquer Sonora, a Mexican Province, has been arrested and dispersed by the American authorities. A terrible Lynch-law affair occurred there lately again. A Spanish lady in California, had lately lost her child in a melancholy way. It shut itself up in a trunk with a spring lock, and was smothered to death. The mines are still very productive. Mr. Mitchell was expected in New York from California which he left on the 1st inst., on the 27th Nov.

Quite an excitement has lately taken place in Darlington, owing to the discovery of the dead body of an Irishman that recently died there, found in the barnyard of a Dr. Harvey. Three doctors are said to be implicated in the affair, viz., Dr. McCullough, who discovered the body and made the charge against two other doctors, and Drs. Harvey and Hornby. A professional jealousy exists between these doctors, and some say that Dr. McCullough originated the whole affair, and caused the excitement by a trick. A mob on the discovery of the body surrounded the a ode of Dr. Harvey and broke into the house, nearly killing him. All the parties were arrested and held to bail to appear at the Quarter Sessions at Cobourgh. Since the above took place Dr. McCullough's house and property have been burnt.

An accident of a melancholy nature happened on the Northern Railroad last week. A man named Brown, of Georgia, attempted to cross the road as the accommodation train passed near Inman station, and was knocked down and run over. He was injured mortally, and after lingering some hours died. He leaves a large family. It is strange that men are so imprudent. The Lambton Observer is the name of a new paper just started at Sarnia in the interest of honest MALCOLM CAMERON! Save the mark! This gentleman is quite too busy just now speculating in other people's names on Western lands, to care anything about the Maine Law. The Northern Railway Company intend to establish a telegraph line in connection with the road from Toronto to Barrie, and to have instruments to convey telegraphs at each station—a capital plan! Mr. Caspell of Toronto has been chosen by the city of Toronto, a Director in the Northern Railway. It is said Mr. Street of Niagara, cleared \$3,000 last Session by speculating in Government lands and jobs.

ITEMS OF NEWS.—Quite an excitement was lately created in Providence, Rhode Island, by an attempt to force a young girl of nine years old into a nunnery. She was rescued from this den of fools and priests' mistresses. Every State in the Union should pass a law making it imperative on Grand Jurors to visit such places, mis-named charitable schools, and such should be the case in Canada and Britain. A railroad collision occurred between the Boston railroad and a running towards New York last week. Several persons were seriously injured, the train being stopped before much harm could be done. Railroad travelling is becoming very dangerous in the United States. There is a rumour that the Hon. Malcolm Cameron has been speculating in Clergy Reserve lands in Essex; some say he has used other persons names as a cover. This would not be at all surprising. He has no principle, and has boasted that he went into this Government to make money. The County of York Grand Jury complained to the court that a great many of the higher crimes seemed to be committed by coloured people. The Judge remarked that the coloured people were not more addicted to the commission of crime in Canada, in proportion to their numbers, than the whites—and this is our experience too.

The news from the seat of war is, that there have been some skirmishings between the Turks and Russians, in which the latter were defeated; also, that the Turks and Circassians are co-operating together. A great meeting of the New York bankers

has been held, to take into consideration the state of the Wall Street Banks. Knighthood has been conferred in England on Mr. Roney, who was lately in Canada. It is believed many of the fires that occur in New York City are caused by the insured. The railroad from Dunville to Caledonia is to be opened on the 1st December, and the road from Caledonia to the town of Bramford on the 1st January next. Great times these for Canada! There was a rumour in England that the Emperor of China had fled from Peking and left the Government in the hands of his brother. Also that the rebels under Tien-tai were within a few days march of Peking, and would soon capture it. Persia it seems has been bought over to support Russia.

The Western Railroad between Hamilton and London will be opened on the 1st Dec. next. A child six weeks old was exposed in a basket on Richmond Street on the 24th inst., and taken to the House of Industry; the wicked parents are not known.

THE TURKS AND RUSSIANS.—The last news give an account of a battle between 1800 Turks and 9000 Russians—it was fiercely contested and the Russians retreated with the loss of 6000 officers and 136 men. On the 20th October another battle, also, took place between a large body of Russians and Turks and the Russians were defeated. The last news also bring the exciting account of the prospect of a war between England and Russia in the East Indies. Russia is exciting Persia and all the hostile tribes of the East against England. So far Russia has been beaten in every quarter by the Turks.

It seems the Kossuth affair created quite an excitement in Italy: The walls of its principal cities are placarded with letters in praise of the Americans and their conduct in this affair. It is said Rome is on the verge of an explosion. Kossuth it seems went secretly to France to put his children to school. Lord Brougham has settled down in France. The father of F. C. Capreol, Esq., of Toronto, lately died in France at the advanced age of 83. Mrs. Doctor Rolph was lately delivered of a third son at Quebec. The Mormons are increasing very much in Wales, England. It is said there are 50,000 persons in New York who believe in the contemptible humbug of spiritualism. We call it contemptible when it is presumed to be said that this phenomena is the work of supernatural beings. It is said the Arch Bishop of Paris is to crown the Emperor and Empress of France on the 2nd Dec. next. Bishop Ives, the recent convert to Romanism, is about to publish a work giving his reasons for a change in his religion. What a strange creature is man. He will do anything—turn Spiritualist, Mormon, Roman Catholic, Jew, Mahomedan, or Protestant, with equal ease!

A great battle has been recently fought in the Oregon territory between the Whites and Indians: the Governor Lane was wounded and the Indians subdued have sued for peace. The Port of Cramah in Northumberland has been proclaimed a port of entry. Mr. Adam Myers has threatened to prosecute the Hastings Chronicle for libel for misrepresentations in the Marsh case. A beautiful girl of 17 has been led away into some infernal den in New York and lost. So says the Tribune. There was good sleighing in Quebec 9th Nov. The Globe says its circulation has now reached 7,400 and upwards. Sir Allan McNab was lately in Quebec. Dr. Fisher, who shot J. C. Hall in Cincinnati has been acquitted. Several banks in New York city failed about the 18th inst. The Misses Foxe, the original RAPPING GIRLS have bought a handsome residence out of their grand humbug. We saw these girls in Sept. 1850, and were convinced of their deception. Lord Elgin is an invited guest at Windsor Castle, London. Jenny Lind will go to London next spring to sing.

MR. GOUGH IN ENGLAND.—Late English news state that Mr. Gough had lectured with marked effect to large audiences in Manchester, (alderman Harvey presiding) in Leicester he lectured on the occasion of opening a new hall. He had also lately spoken at Ramsgate. The English papers continue to speak in high terms of his eloquence.

THE NEW MARKET ERA says that the Northern Railroad continues to be well supported by travel. 50 tickets were sold a few days ago at one station, and 150 from that to Toronto.

NEW MARKET TEMPERANCE MEETING.—We observe from the Era, that the Sons and friends of temperance at this village, had a pleasant and large temperance meeting on the 15th November.

THE WISCONSIN people have elected a Maine Law Legislature by a large majority.

MR. Wm. Cawthra has given £8 to the treasurer of the Poorhouse, to be distributed among the poor.

LATEST NEWS.—The elections in Massachusetts have just terminated, and it is said that a majority in favor of the Maine Law has been elected in each House. The Supreme Court of that State has decided the Liquor Law to be constitutional. A Young Men's League has been formed in Boston to effect the putting into operation the law in Boston. A serious accident in Erie happened a few days ago on the Railroad going through Pennsylvania westward. The train ran against a tree at night, that had blown down in a snow storm. The Great Western Railroad is to be opened between London and Windsor on the 25th December next. Ships crossing the Ocean just now seem to be very much affected with disease.

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

WANTED, a Situation in a Town or Village School by the subscriber, who holds a First Class Certificate from the Kempsville Board of Instruction, and who would also, if required, teach an excellent system of short hand Penmanship.

REFERENCES.—Rev. Wm. Preece, Rev. W. J. McDowell. H. W. FANNIN. Kempsville, Nov. 24th, 1853.

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

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

TEMPERANCE TALES and HEARTSTONE REVERIES, with several illustrations and a portrait on steel, one elegant 12mo vol. 334 pages, Price \$1. Just published, by DERBY ORTON & MULLIGAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

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AND LITERARY GEM.

The Hamilton people are talking of building a railroad to Sturgeon, via Guelph. They had better confine themselves to the Great Western...

Receipts.

Rev A. W. Waddle, Newton, \$3 for 1851-2-3. H. A. N. London, \$11 a letter is written concerning this matter. J. C. Cornwall, \$1. Mr. Anderson, Milton, \$1.

TORONTO MARKETS—SATURDAY 26th, 1853—Hay per ton from \$1.34 to \$1.71. Straw, \$12 per ton. Oats per bushel, average 2s 6d. Wheat average 5s 8d. Potatoes average 2s 3d per bushel by the load—retail 2s 6d. Pork, highest \$31—average \$31. Poultry, and indeed the Markets generally are stationary and will remain so for a few weeks. They will vary about Christmas. Butter and vegetable remain stationary—very little wheat in just now. The late warlike news from Europe have not altered prices. Prices are just the same as in our last quotations.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Municipality of the City of Toronto will make application at the next Session of the Provincial Legislature, for the passage of an Act to amend the Act Incorporating the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Railway Company.

Published by order of the Municipality of the City of Toronto. CHAS. DALY, C. C. C.

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

WINTER GROCERIES! Christmas is Coming!!

CHEAP GROCERIES Of every description, SUITABLE FOR FAMILIES! CAN BE HAD AT THE NEW CHEAP GROCERY JOHN HISCOCK, YORKVILLE, DRY GOODS, Teas, CORN GOODS, HAMS AND COFFEE, SALT FISH, SALT MEATS, Rice, BUTTER, S O L D. Sugars, CHEESE, Raisins, Molasses, SPICES, SOAPS, CANDLES, NUTS, CANDIES, &c. &c. &c.

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

New Painting and Glazier Establishment. S. BOOTH & SON, House, Sign and Ornamental Painters, Glaziers, Gilders, Paper Hangers, &c., No. 13, ADELAIDE ST. EAST, Shop—Victoria St.

RESPECTFULLY solicits a share of patronage from the inhabitants of Toronto and vicinity, hoping by strict attention to business, and moderate charges combined with good workmanship and the best materials, to give satisfaction to all who favor them with their patronage.

Toronto, November 15th, 1853. S. BOOTH & SON.

CANADA HOUSE, 100, Yonge Street.

DUFFETT & WARD, Keep constantly on hand, a splendid assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING & DRY GOODS Which will be sold at the smallest remunerating profit. Garments made to Order. Of every description, and warranted a perfect fit, or the money refunded. CALL AND SEE. DUFFETT & WARD. 1 Oct, October 29, 1853.

Boot and Shoe Establishment.

W. HAMILTON, HAS ON HAND AND FOR SALE, a superior and well selected Stock of BOOTS AND SHOES, Suitable for the Season, to which he invites the attention of the Public.

W. H. respectfully solicits an inspection of his Fall Stock of India Rubber Shoes and Boots, ALL OF THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Third Door North of Adelaide Street, ELGIN BUILDINGS No. 2, YONGE ST. Toronto, November 4, 1853.

HAMILTON General Hat & Fur Warehouse.

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

KEEP constantly on hand, the largest selection of HATS, CAPS and FURS to be found in this city: all of which they will sell at Low Prices. NOTICE—They have just imported from New York city, a large supply of Fresh Goods within their line.

They solicit an early call from Ladies and Gentlemen. October 25, 1853

NEW FALL DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

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

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

is almost complete, and will be found worthy of inspection before purchasing elsewhere. His MILLINERY DEPARTMENT will be found to be the largest in the City, and perhaps not less than any other established in the Province of Canada. The LATEST MILLINERY FASHIONS, will not be ready for the Retail Trade until about the 17th Oct. 1853. The Wholesale about the 1st next month, when all those parties not having received their orders, may expect to be supplied.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

J. C. would respectfully intimate to the Trade in Canada West, that in his Stock of Dry Goods this Fall will be found some of the greatest inducements. Having made special arrangements, by which every advantage has been taken of the Home Markets, where purchases have been made for cash only.

HIS MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

has without exception the advantage over all others in this branch of business. Parties not having visited this house, will upon inspection find the Stock not only the largest but the cheapest, this fall particularly. Call and examine Stock, Quality and Prices, for which no charge will be made.

JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Toronto, October, 1853.

THE LARGE ONE HUNDRED AND THREE, YONGE STREET.

The rage for the gold of Australia is past, And now gather wisdom and show it in fact. For now they believe what they've often been told, That our own favored Canada is the country for Gold!

While here we are blessed with a generous soil, The man may have gold who is willing to toil, And vain were his search for a happier shore, While blessings so numerous encircle his door.

Strange indeed would it be, if a land like our own, Where our roses, though latest, are as sweetest when blown, Though our winters are long, and sometimes severe, But lead us to summers delightfully clear, Should be less attractive, because of its cold, Than lands full of vice—though teeming with gold!

But prosperous as Canada always hath been, This year is the best that she ever hath seen, And now she is wreathing a laurel to wear, That nations may one day be anxious to share.

Her prosperous condition will appear very plain, When her farmers get a dollar and a quarter for grain, While all their productions so readily sell, At prices which now pay them equally well.

To many, it doubtless may seem very queer, Why Dry Goods are cheap and provisions so dear, It is true, notwithstanding, which our patrons may see, By calling on Yonge Street "One Hundred and Three."

While many must know, an advance very great, Has been made in the value of woolsens of late, Yet our flannels and blankets will quickly appear, Quite as low as the prices we offered last year.

Our Bonnets and Cloaks have been tastefully made, With a prospect of greatly increasing our trade, And our Shawls and our Furs will at once please the eye And induce even the most fastidious to buy.

Our manner of business is extensively known, The lowest price asked, with the article shown; And such, we determine, shall continue to be, Tho' unceasing practice at ONE HUNDRED AND THREE.

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET. TORONTO.

M. PEARSON, SUCCESSOR TO

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 1/2d. Also, a few Pieces as low as 4 1/2d. 3,000 yds. Narrow Prints, fast colors. 1,500 " Gingham and Derry, very heavy 6d. 4,000 " Heavy Manchester Shirting stripes, 2,000 " Fine printed Do. Laines. 2,000 Fine Linea Handkerchiefs. 1,000 Drawn Silk, Satin and Velvet Bonnets, 3,000 yds. Fancy Bonnet Ribbons. 250 doz. Silk, Cotton, and Fr. Kid Gloves, per doz. 2s. 6d. 200 " Hosiery. 4s. 600 lbs. Fishing Thread, Warranted good. A Case of Milliner's Doll Heads. Ladies' Sacques and the new Circular Cloak. Blankets and Fannels at last year's prices. Stone Martin, Mink, Grey Squirrel, and all other furs. WITH EVERY OTHER ARTICLE IN THE TRADE.

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

A CARD.

CHARLES COCKBURN, (Baird of D. C., No. 4, in Lincoln, Welland.) Licensed Auctioneer. Office at his residence Pine Street, THOROLD. Sales attended in Town or Country on short notice and Moderate Terms. August, 1853.

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

J. CORNISH has constantly on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of every description. Also, INDIA RUBBERS and Ladies over Boots, which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call. All orders promptly attended to. Remember the "Old Stand," No. 12, King Street, six doors east of Yonge Street, Toronto. Toronto, January 1853.

For Cheap Boots and Shoes GO TO

To H BROWNSCOMBE'S SHOP, SIGN OF THE RED BOO, West side of Yonge Street, Opposite to Armstrong's Foundry, near Queen Street. May 3rd, 1853

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c. &c. has resumed his Professional Business at his Old Office, over Heegerman and Co's Store, Corner of King and Nelson Streets. Toronto, January 1853.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!

SAMUEL WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST, 3 doors west from corner of Bay and King Streets, Toronto. October 4th, 1853

Received this Day. At the Boston Lamp Store, Winter Bleached, Whale, Elephant, Lard, and Machinery Oils. Also, Belting, Packing, Ropes and Lacing Leather, A HIBBARD & Co.

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

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

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

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

ELECTRICIAN AND ELECTRO-METALLURGISTS; 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 contained in their Manufacture, thus rendering them equal to Copper as conductors. They are in ten, twelve, and fourteen feet lengths, with accurately fitted brass screws connecting joints, an entire new style of metallic attachments for brick - frame buildings also, glass insulators of a novel and ingenious construction, forming a lock. The whole mounted with a solid platinum rivet. Fourteen inches long, surrounded at the base with three angular copper magnets, which possess the power to an extraordinary extent of discharging the igneous elements of the most fearful thunder storms, and ensure the entire protection of science up to the present time, the whole constituting the most magnificent and perfect Patent conductor ever presented to the public. The public are cautioned against purchasing Rods of any person or persons unless they possess a certificate of agency, signed E. V. Wilson, L. R. Agent, and their simple Patent, stamped Agents Reproducing Patent, 1852, as we are not answerable for rods put up by any person, unless they have our certificates as above. Your attention is called to the above caution from the fact, that several parties have offered to the public an inferior article, plated, tinned, and otherwise glossed over, when in truth they are not worth anything as Electric Rods, nor do the parties offering them know anything about the laws of electricity, consequently it is dangerous to employ ignorant men to protect your buildings and your lives. E. V. WILSON, & H. PIPER & BROTHER.

BOSTON LAMP STORE REMOVAL.

Messrs A Hibbard & Co beg to announce to their Customers and the Public generally, that they have REMOVED to No. 20, King Street East, next door to J. Cassels's Book Store, where they are receiving a large and varied assortment of Lamps, Globes, Chimneys, Wicks, &c. Also—Fancy Goods, Paper Hangings, &c. Agents for Boston Belting Company. And Oak Tanned Skin Bed Leather Belting.—Thankful for past favors, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. A HIBBARD & Co. TORONTO, April 29, 1853

WOOL WANTED! TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS & FARMERS. 500 pieces Canadian combs, Tereed and Flannels to exchange for Wool on the most favorable terms. Also, Cash paid for Wool, Sheep skins, Goat and Deer skins, by W. A. CLARK No. 3, St. Lawrence Buildings, up Stairs Toronto, 15th April, 1853

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

The Subscriber in returning his grateful acknowledgements 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 styles and the most elegant styles, in England, France and America. Nothing has been left undone by the Subscriber in procuring the Trade his personal stock, which will be found on inspection to be superior in quality, better in finish, and lower in price than can be had at any other establishment on the continent of America. His present Stock consists of Black Silk Dress, Kossuth, Bowler, Boys, and Children's Hats, in great variety of style and color. Silk Hosiery, Tereed, Gaited, and Glazed Cotton Caps in endless variety of color and style. Having secured some of the best Hatters in America, the Subscriber has endeavored manufacturing his Hats in connection with his Cap Factory, and will supply the Trade with Hats of every description, made of the most materials and finished in the most style, at lower prices than any other House in the Trade. Samples will be furnished on the shortest notice to persons wanting a large supply. Terms encouraging, and made to accommodate the Trade. The highest prices given for Canadian furs of every description. Toronto, 15th April, 1853. L. MARKS.

Painting, Glazing, & Paper Hanging. GILBERT PEARCY

Does not return his thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him for the last year, past, and intimates that he has opened that large and commodious shop in Richmond St., 3 doors East of Yonge St., where he can execute all the various branches of his business with that well known accuracy and dispatch which heretofore has secured for him a considerable share of trade. Toronto, March 11th, 1853

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. The usual symptoms of which are Costiveness, Flatulency, Spasms, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Sense of Fullness after eating, Dimness of the Eyes, Drowsiness, and Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, Pains in the Side, and in and between the Shoulders, Indigestion, producing a torpid state of the Liver, and a consequent inactivity of the Bowels, causing a disorganization of every function of the frame, with in this most excellent combination of Medical Agents, by a little perseverance, be effectually removed. A very few doses will convince the afflicted of their salutary strength. The stomach will soon regain its strength, a healthy action of the Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys will speedily take place, and instead of listlessness, heat, pain, and jaundiced appearance, strength, activity, and renewed health will be the quick result of taking these Medicines, according to the instructions which accompany them. As a pleasant, safe, and easy aperient, they unite the recommendation of a mild action, with the most successful effect, and are no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and for elderly people they will be found to be the most comfortable Medicine offered to the public. Females at a certain age should never be without them. They are warranted to contain no Calomel or any other deleterious ingredient.

- For Sale by Butler & Son, London; Johnson & Co., Edinburgh; McLaughlan & Son, Glasgow; and the following Foreign Agents: Vienna, Austria, Dr. F. C. Muden. Rome, Italy, Dr. J. Rubini. Berlin, Prussia, Dr. R. Voullrand. Canterbury, New Zealand, John Tennant. Hamburg, Holland, Dr. J. N. Muller. Paris, France, F. N. Watson, M.D. Havana, Cuba, Dr. J. Harris. New Orleans, U.S.A., C. Hay, M.D. Charleston, H. Cohen & Co. New York, Dr. R. H. 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 Hoskins. Smyrna, Turkey, W. H. Morton. Valparaiso, Chili, A. L. Webster. Rio Janeiro, Brazil, John Hall, and Calcutta, East Indies, McIntosh & Co. Madras, F. Corbyne. Sierra Leone, M. Louis. St. Petersburg, Russia, R. Moroff.

S. P. URQUHART, GENERAL AGENT, 62, Yonge St., Toronto

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

82, King St, Toronto; 130, Notre Dame St, Montreal. Their Manufactories produce 1000 pairs daily. Their prices defy all competition. Every attention given to the retail patron in Town or Country. Liberal credits given on purchases of more than \$25.—none for less amounts. Cash paid for all kinds of Leather. 3000 sides best Spanish Sole for Sale. Also, 400 Brs. Cod Oil. Would you make the most of your money, don't miss these places. Toronto, Jan 1st, 1853.

Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railroad. CHANGE OF HOURS.

On and after WEDNESDAY, 26th instant, and until further notice, the Trains will run as follows:— The Express Train, carrying the Mail, and connecting with the Steamboat on Lake Simcoe. Leaves Toronto daily, (Sundays excepted), at 9 A.M. Arrives at Barrie, at 11 45 A.M. Returning—Leaves Barrie, at 2 P.M. Arrives at Toronto, at 5.30, P.M.

THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN Leaves Barrie daily, (Sundays excepted), at 7 A.M. Arrives at Toronto, at 10.20, A.M. Returning—Leaves Toronto, at 3 P.M. Arrives at Barrie, at 6.45, P.M. Both Trains call at all Way Stations. Passengers from Barrie for the Ports on Lake Simcoe, will take the Morning Train, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. A Freight Train leaves each end daily.

ALFRED BRUNEL, Superintendent's Office, Toronto, Oct 5th, 1853

TORONTO & HAMILTON. The Steamer City of Hamilton CAPTAIN JOHN GORDON.

Will leave TORONTO for Hamilton every Afternoon, (Sundays excepted), at 2 o'clock and will leave HAMILTON for Toronto every Morning, at 7 o'clock. TICKETS for New York and Boston procured at this Office.

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

