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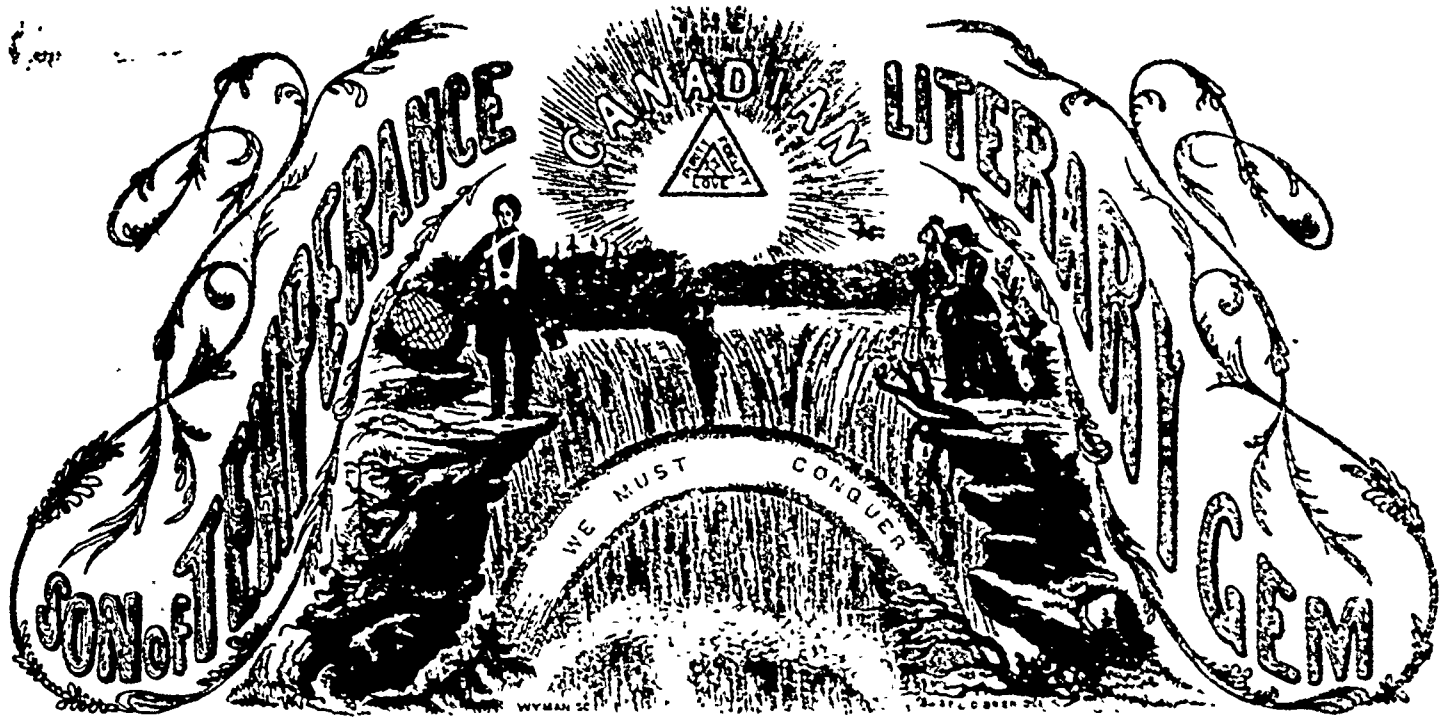
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W., TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1853.

NO. 32

KALIMANDJARO, AN AFRICAN MOUNTAIN.

[The following poem, by the American poet traveller, Bayard Taylor, is taken from the June number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Note attached to it, states that Kalimandjaro is the name of the great Snow Mountain discovered in Central Africa, in 1850, by Dr. Lupton, in latitude 3 deg. S., and supposed by geographers to contain the true sources of the White Nile. We recollect reading in one of the writer's letters, published in the *Tribune*, the lingering, longing, baffled desire of the traveller to pursue his voyage beyond the gulf, in search of the yet undiscovered and mysterious sources of the great river of Egypt; and how, after travelling up the White Nile or Barrel Abind, for some three days he ascended a hill before him, his face northward, and fancied that he saw far off in the distance, a faint glimpse of the snowy peak of this wonderful mountain, which he addressed in the following poem:]

i.
Hail to thee, Monarch of African Mountains
Remote, inaccessible, silent and lone,
Who, from the heart of the tropical fervors,
Lafcest to heaven thine alien snows,
Feeling forever the fountains that make thee
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

ii.
The years of the world are engraved on thy forehead;
Time's morning blushed red on thy first fallen snows.
Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
Of man unbeholden, thou wert not till now.
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.
Knowledge has borne thee anew to Creation,
And long baffled Time at thy baptism of joyous
Take, then, a name, and be filled with existence,
Yea, be exultant in sovereign glory.
While from the hand of the wandering poet
Drops the first garland of song at thy feet

iii.
Floating alone on the flood of thy making,
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,
Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
And thou art revealed to my purified vision
I see thee supreme, in the midst of thy co-mates,
Standing alone, 'twixt the Earth and the Heavens,
Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.
Upheld on thy knees and thy shoulders of granite,
Zone above zone, like the steps of a temple,
The climates of Earth are displayed, as an index
Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.
There in the gorges that widen, descending
From cloud and from cold into summer eternal,
Gather the threads of the ice gendered fountains,
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
And giving each shaly recess where they dally
The blooms of the North and its evergreen turgid,
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!
There, in the wandering air of the Tropics,
Shrines the aspen, still dreaming of cold;
There stretches the oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far away lands of his brothers,
And the pine tree looks down on his rival, the palm.

iv.
Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by precincts of air,
The baulcments hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
Seats of the gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar,
Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy forehead—
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns, where Day is a stranger,
Gardens where earth has treasures the Thunder,
The lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail.

v.
Sovereign mountain! thy brothers give welcome—
They, the baptized and the crowned of age,
Watch-towers of C. empires, altars of Ager—
Welcome thee now their mighty assembly,
Mount Blanc, in the rear of his mad avalanches,
Hails thy accession; superb Orizava,
Bathed with beech and encased with palm;

Chamberazo, the lord of the regions of woody,
Mingle their sounds, in magnificent chorus,
With greeting august from the pillars of Heaven,
Who in the urns of the Indian Ganges,
Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

vi.
Lo! unto each is the seal of his lordship,
Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth,
Each in his awful supremacy forces
Worship and reverence wonder and joy
Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
None has a claim to the honors of story,
Or the superior splendors of song,
Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled—
Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

A TURNPIKE AND A DIVORCE.

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATION.

One winter there came to Trenton two men named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs upon the legislature. Jones had a bad wife, so that he might marry the woman, who, by the bye, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust! Therefore, Jones came to Trenton for a divorce. Smith had a good wife, plump as a robin, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike, or a plank road, to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow. Well, they with these errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments. 1st. Suppers, mainly composed of oysters, with a rich back ground and steak and veal. 2nd. Liquids, in great plenty, from "Jersey lightning," (which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquid) and to Newark champagne. To speak in plain phrase, Jones the divorce man, gave a champagne supper, and Smith the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast, under the mollifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed the divorce and turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith (a copy of each bill in parchment in their pockets) went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches. Smith arrived at home in the evening, and as he sat down in his parlour, his pretty wife bowed him—how pretty she did look!—and five of his children asleep overhead, the other five studying their school lessons in a corner of the room, Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good result of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike, my dear, I am one of the directors, and will be president, it will set us up, love, we can send the children to boarding school, and live in style, out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty wife, who was one of the nicest wives, with plumpness and goodness dumping all over her face. "Let me see it," and she leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own, as she looked at the parchment, and all at once Smith's visage grew long. Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath. "D—n it, wife, these infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!" he cried.

It was too true; the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the name of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in it, hardly legible letters. Mrs. Smith wiped her eye with the corner of her apron. "Here's a turnpike!" she said, sadly, and with the wails of our ten children staring me in the face. I ain't your wife! Here's a turnpike!"

"Deuce take the 'pike, and the legislature, and —" Well, the fact is, that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, and "enacted" into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith bid his late wife put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the house of the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness bless me!" exclaimed the mild good man as he saw them enter, Smith looking like the very last of June shed, and Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron—

"Goodness bless me! what's the matter?"

"The matter is, I want you to marry us two, right off," replied Smith.

"Marry you!" ejaculated the clergyman, with expanded fingers and awful eyes, "are you drunk or crazy?"

"I ain't crazy, and I wish I was drunk," said Smith, desperately; the fact is, brother Goodwin, that some scoundrels at Trenton, unknown to me, and at dead of night, have gone and divorced me from my own wife, the mother of—of—nine children!"

"Ten," suggested Mrs. Smith, who was crying, "Here's a turnpike!"

Well, the good minister seeing the state of the case, (the Trenton parchment was duly produced from the pockets of the lugubrious Smith) married them over straightway, and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone, so that he could give vent to the suppressed laugh, which was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home, and kissed every one of their ten children. The little Smiths never knew that their father and mother had been made foreigners to each other by legislative enactment.

Meanwhile, and on the self-same night, Jones returned to his town—Burlington, I believe—and sought at once that fine pair of black eyes, which he hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat by him on the sofa, a white handkerchief tied carelessly about her round white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves, against her rasy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin. "The fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll be married to night. I know how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper, (or was it a breakfast?) did the business with them. Put on your bonnet and things, and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest."

The widow (who was among widows as peaches are among apples,) put on her bonnet, and took Jones' arm, and—

"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling the document from his pocket, and with much rustling, spreading the document out before her. "Here's the law, which says that Jacob Jones and Anne Carolina Jones are two!—Look at it!" Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder, she did look at it.

"Oh dear!" she said, with rose-bud lips, and sat back, half fainting, on the sofa.

"Oh blazes!" cried Jones, and sunk beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand. "Here's lots of happiness and champagne gone to ruin!"

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply, by the Legislature of New Jersey, incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorized, with his brother directors, to construct a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol. When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart on opposite sides of the Delaware River, you will perceive the extreme hopelessness of Jones' case.

"It's all the fault of that vile turnpike man who gave 'em the champagne supper, or was it breakfast?" cried Jones in his agony. "If they'd a-chartered me to be a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it; but the very idea of building a 'pike from Burlington to Bristol bears absurdity on the face of it." So it did.

"And you ain't divorced?" said Eliza, a tear rolling down each cheek.

"No! I thundered Jones, crumpling his hat between his knees, and brandishing his hat with his clenched fists. "I ain't divorced, but I am incorporated into a turnpike! and what is worse, the Legislature is adjourned, and grace home drunk, and won't be back to Trenton until next year." It was a hard case.

The mistake had occurred in the last day of the session, when legislators and turnpike directors were drinking under the effects of a champagne supper, and the same had been perceived where Jones' ought to have been. "It's a pity," as the Latin poet has it.

CHURCH NOSEGAY.—The following curious custom exists on the E. bc. The peasantry who possess a bit of land, however small, never enter the church without having a naseggy in their hands. They thus show that they claim the communion due to persons who possess some property in the parish. Among country people in the neighbourhood of Hantsbury, there is no garden so small as not to possess a place for the naseggy intended for this use, and the plot is distinguished by the name of "the Church Naseggy."—*Magazine Universal*.

MIDNIGHT.

I love, when midnight flings her sable garb around,
And shrouds in gloom the beauties of the shining day.

I love the trees, like sentinels that peaceful stand,
And keep long vigils near the silent lonely grave.

I love the friends that circled round her youthful way,
I love the spot she called her childhood's happy home.

I love all these and love to wander far, far back,
To sunny hours of youth, when hopes were bright and gay.

Colborne, July 1853

A FIRST RATE STORY FOR LAWYERS.

Whether Lawyers, Doctors, and other professions, should have
a distinct department in a newspaper, has not been decided by any
of our debating societies or tea-table clubs; but despite of au-

thority in all such cases acknowledged, we devote a part of a
column to the good of the gentlemen of the gown.

Any lawyer of any note has heard and read of the celebrated
Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great effort in the case of
Aaron Burr, as well as his displays in the Senate of the United
States, will not be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius
are important, as we hope to show in the story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, Md., to attend the
Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the
stage with him, and as the weather was extremely cold, the
passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from
too much sensibility to the inclement air. The young man knew
Mr. Martin by sight, and as he was also a lawyer, the thread of
the talk soon began to spin itself out on legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering on my
career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great
success? If, Sir, you will give me from your experience, the
key to distinction at the Bar, I will—"

"Will what?" asked Mr. Martin.
"Why, Sir, I will pay your expenses while you are at Anna-
polis," replied the young disciple.

"Done," responded Mr. Martin. "Stand to your bargain
now, and I'll furnish you with the great secret of my success as
a lawyer."

The young man assented.
"Very well," said Mr. Martin. "The whole reason of my
success is contained in one little maxim, which I early laid down
to guide me. If you follow it you can not fail to succeed. It is
this: 'Always be sure of your evidence.'"

The listener was very attentive—smiled—threw himself back
in a philosophical posture, and gave his brains to the analysis
in true lawyer patience, of "Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made peculiarly out
of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in maxim
learning gave himself to stage dreams, in which he was knock-
ing and pushing his way through the world by the all-powerful
words "Always be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Mr. Martin, with his practical student,
took rooms at the best hotel of the city. The only thing pecu-
liar to the hotel, in the eyes of the young man, was the fact that
all the wine bottles and the et ceteras of the living, seemed to
recall very vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin. Wherever eating or
drinking were concerned, he was indeed a man to be watched,
especially in the latter, as he was immoderately fond of after-din-
ner, after-supper, after-anything luxury of wine. A few days
were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have
to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin resolved to make
the most of his part of the contract. Lawyers, whether young
or old, have legal rights, and so the young man began to think of
the study of self-protection. It was certainly a solemn duty. It
ran through all creation. Common to animals and men, it was
a noble instinct not to be disobeyed, particularly where the hotel
ills of a lawyer were concerned. The subject early grew on
the young man. It was all-absorbing to mind and pocket.

A week elapsed, and Mr. Martin was ready to return to Bal-
timore. So was the young man, but not in the stage with his il-
lustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter of the bar-room. The
young man was an anxious spectator near him.
"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin, "my young friend, Mr. —,
will settle my bill, agreeably to engagement."

The young man said nothing, but looked everything.
He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have had a definite un-
derstanding on the subject. He is pledged, professionally pledged,
to pay my bill," hurriedly repeated Mr. Martin.

"Where's your evidence?" meekly asked the young man.
"Evidence?" inquired Mr. Martin.
"Where's your evidence?" meekly asked the young man.
"Where's your evidence?" meekly asked the young man.

The people of England have resolved to establish a magnifi-
cent school to the honor of the late Duke of Wellington, at
which the officers are to be admitted free of charge.
The school will already amount to \$100,000, and will proba-
bly be increased to \$500,000. This is a much better mode of
preserving the memory of our great men than erecting pyramids
of granite.

Humorous.

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

TO A PIMPLE ON TOM'S NOSE.

Thy face red that blossom is a sign
An omen of this is a sign,
Red in the nose—red in the eyes—
Red on thy nose, 'tis a sign
Ah, Tom! at that red, red, red blot
Thy well-wishers bewail;
They say the redness of that spot
'Is makes thy poor wife pale.

THE PEDLER'S BARGAIN.

One day a tin-pedler, with an assortment of knick-knacks, ar-
rived at a village in Maine, and called at one of the houses to sell
his wares. After disposing of a few articles to the lady of the
house, who seemed to give in the midst of children, she declared
her inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But, marm, ain't you any rags?"
"None to sell, sir."
"Well," said he, "you seem to have plenty of children. Will
you sell me one for tin-ware?"
" What will you give, sir?"
"Ten dollars for one of them."
" In good tin-ware?"
" Oh, yes, marm, the best."
" Well, sir, it is a bargain."

She then handed one of the urchins to the pedler, who, sur-
prised that the offer was accepted, yet convinced that the mother
would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart, and supplied
the woman with tin-ware the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man being certain that the mother would rather raise
the money than part with her child, seated himself by the side
of the boy, who was much pleased at the idea of having a
rascal. The pedler kept his eyes on the little fellow, expecting to see
the woman return to redeem the name one, and ready at a slow
pace. After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his
bargain, and turned back.

The woman had just finished ornamenting her dresser with the
tin, when the pedler returned.

"Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better
take him back again, and let me have the ware."

"Oh, sir, the bargain was fair, and you said stick to it. You
may start off as soon as you please."

Surprised at this, the pedler exclaimed:
" Why, marm, how can you think of parting with your boy so
young, to an utter stranger?"

"Oh, sir, we would like to sell off all our town-paupers for ten
dollars a head."

The boy was dropped at the door, the whip cracked, the tin
rattled, and the pedler measured the ground rapidly, and he never
forgot his pauper speculation.

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—Talleyrand once addressed a letter
of condolence to a lady who had lost her husband, in two words,
" Oh, Madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again,
and then his letter of congratulation was, " Ah, Madame!" A
Quaker at Liverpool once sent a letter to a correspondent asking
the news by a single note of interrogation, thus, "?" His friend
replied in the same vein, "0."

An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper table on
board of one of our eastern steam-boats, between a Boston exqui-
site, reeking with hair-oil and cologne, who was darning the
waist, and otherwise assuming consequential airs, and a raw
Jonathan, who sat by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning
to his vulgar friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger and
said:

"Buttah, sah."
" I see it," coolly responded Jonathan.
" Buttah, sah, I say," fiercely responded the dandy.
" I know it—very good—a first-rate article," proudly re-
sponded homespun.

"Buttah, I tell you," thundered the exquisite in still louder
tones, pointing with slow, unmoving fingers, like scorpions, and
scowling upon his neighbor, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh-all-J-rusalem, what av'n," now yelled the down-
-caster, getting his dander up in turn; "yet didn't think I took
it for lard."—Ex.

AARON'S CALF.—"William, look up. Tell us who made you."
William, who was considered a fool, screwing his face, and look-
ing thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered, slowly answered,
" Moses, I s'pose." " Now," said Counsellor Grey, addressing
the court, " the witness says he 's'poses' Moses made him—
This certainly is an intelligent answer—more than I considered
him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of
Scripture; but I submit it is not sufficient to justify his being
sworn as a witness to give evidence." " Mr. Judge," said the
tool, " may I ask the lawyer a question?" " Certainly," said the
Judge, " as many as you please." " Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer,
who, do you think made you?" Counsellor Grey (imitating the
witness), " Aaron, I s'pose." After the worth had subsided, the
witness exclaimed, " Wal, now, we do read in the good book,
that Aaron made a calf, but who'd have thought that the carnal
calf had got in here!"

A SIXTY BUT FIFTY SERMON.—" Be sober, grave, temperate."
Thus it is.

I. There are three companions with whom you should always
keep on good terms.
First, your wife.

Second, your stomach.
Third, your conscience.

II. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life and happiness, pre-
serve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:
First, domestic misery.

Second, premature death.
Third, infidelity.

To make these points clear, I refer you:
First, to the Newgate calendar.
Second, to the hospitals, lunatic asylums and work-houses.
Third, to the past experience of what you have seen, read and
suffered in mind, body and estate.
Reader, decide! which will you choose? Temperance, with
happiness and long life; or intemperance, with misery and pre-
mature death?



Ladies' Department.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY THE FOREST BARD

Fare thee well my home of childhood,
And my heart, lest it should grieve thee,
Shall fly to thee, all be thy light.

Fare thee well thou green old wild
wood,
Every joy thy shade to me well,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

Brighter, though this parting tear
For ye we'll yet be a good measure,
In the life to come, I'll be with thee,
In the life to come, I'll be with thee.

Fare thee well my gentle mother,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will,
Childhood's playmates—sisters—bro-
thers,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

Sister, be thou the heart's ad-
dress,
From the heart's ad-
dress,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

Mother, now I lose thy wrestling,
Lessons given with mild control,
And thy voice whose gentle breath-
ing,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

Or we were made to my soul
Yet for thee I'll never be content,
They shall live where thou hast set
them,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

With a pencil as thou'st graved
On the stones of my heart,
None of these has my heart saved them,
Less given with gentle control,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

And my father, though I leave thee,
Not one shall be forgot,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

Thus I hope'st thy kneeling,
Go ye toem all for thee my love,
Wade my heart for thee speechless,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

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Go ye toem all for thee my love,
Wade my heart for thee speechless,
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Thus I hope'st thy kneeling,
Go ye toem all for thee my love,
Wade my heart for thee speechless,
I'll be with thee, 'd I will.

FANNY FEAR

SEVENTEEN.

Just seventeen, the sweetest age,
That's entered on fair beauty's page;
I've like two sons been in some cloud,

THE TERM CREOLE.

The term Creole is a corruption of the word Criollo, which is derived from Criar, to create or to foster.

In Europe it is very common to attach to the term Creole the idea of a particular complexion. This is a mistake.

The following list shows the parentage of the different varieties of half casts, and also the proper designations of the latter.

- White father and Negro mother—Mulatto children.
White father and Indian mother—Mestizo children.
Indian father and Negro mother—Chino children.

JACKSON'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.—The Richmond Enquirer says:—A lady in the West has been kind enough to send us a copy of Andrew Jackson's epitaph on his wife.

COULDN'T DO IT.—The Cleveland Herald tells the following. Of course it's true:—Recently, upon cars running out of Cleveland, a lady was peddling tracts, playing female colporteur.

NINE causes of divorce are admitted in Oregon, according to a law recently passed, viz., adultery, impotence, bigamy, fraud or force of contract, willful desertion for the space of two years, conviction of infamous crime, habitual drunkenness, cruel treatment, neglect to provide a home for the part of a husband for six months.

The Provia (Ill) Republican states that a gentleman, who had been for some time paying his addresses to a young lady, asked her hand in marriage, which was refused.

GIRLS WORTH "A JEW'S EYE."—The Richmond (Va) Dispatch says, there are in that county two girls who are engaged in selling tracts and getting singles.

THE KILT IN THE PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.—The gay world of Paris seem to have been much struck with the costume of a nobleman, Lord Orkney, at the grand ball given by the Legation of France.

spurred, all complete, as Roderick Dhuir Fergus MacFarrar. He drew more eyes upon him than even the Duke of Brunswick, who was covered with diamonds.—Intercessor Courier.



Youths' Department.

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

WOULD YOU?

BY ALFRED WARD.

If by crawling on your knees... Would you give up your life?
If you owned "the boy" would you? If you owned "the girl" would you?

FRANKLIN'S PAPER IN PHILADELPHIA.—This paper, published and edited by Benjamin Franklin, first made its appearance on December 24, 1728.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED—DO THEY MANIFEST THEMSELVES TO THE LIVING.

DEAR SIR,—The thrilling, and at the same time deeply interesting and instructive article on the first page of your No. of the 5th ult., under the title of "A communication from the unseen world," will doubtless be surprising to your readers generally.

It is, however, not my intention to enter into any lengthened discussion on the nature and qualities of spirit; I shall, for the present, confine myself to the definition of that word, and the doctrine contained therein, as I find them in Dr. Adam Clarke's Theology, edited by the Rev. Samuel Doan.

I have much, then, by way of introduction. In my next I shall, as briefly as I can, analyze the article itself, and endeavour to

deduce therefrom a few of those important doctrines which, in my opinion, it directly teaches.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours very truly,

PHILOLOGOS

Quebec, 27th July, 1873.

CAVILERS IN TEMPERANCE.

The following judicious remarks from the New York Commercial Advertiser, will apply to a large class in our Province; therefore, we ask for them a careful reading.

CAVILLERS.

We have ever regretted the course of a large class of our fellow-citizens. While ever professing the most sincere interest in the cause of temperance, they have still assumed the attitude of fault finders, and caviled at every measure which has been brought out in the history of the Reform.

This class of mind occupied the same position in the commencement of the reform. They saw some sinister design—some scheme of crafty men. The total abstinence pledge was especially obnoxious—an ultram which would ruin all that had been done.

Again we say, we regret this disposition to spend a life time in caviling about minor matters. Such a course pursued by all would find at the end of time, the broad shadow of intemperance resting like the pall of death upon the hearts and hopes, and homes of a world.

AFTER HARVEST, OR EARLY IN SEPTEMBER, every existing Division in Canada should make a resolve to rally and enter upon a new campaign of action. Let the R. S. of each Division notify a full attendance of each Division, and then let the members consult upon some plan of action to revive the cause—to add new members and to top off bad ones—at least such as are incorrigible—KANSAS OR TO THE DIVISION AS A WHOLE.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

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

Subscription price for 1853 5s cy in advance
Or within one month after subscribing. 7s 6d. currency
If not so paid at the end of six months, 7s 6d. currency
If not paid within six months and if left at the end of the year 10s. currency
Half yearly subscribers will be taken at the above prices provided it be distinctly understood the subscription was intended to be a half yearly one. All subscriptions must end with the year. No paper will be discontinued (unless at the option of the publisher) until the subscription price is paid up. No paper after the known receipt, and detention of the first number will be stopped without payment for the current year. New agents sending six new subscribers with their subscriptions, or guaranteeing due payment, shall receive a copy gratis. Old agents sending 10 old subscribers or 10 partly old and partly new, with the money or a guarantee, shall receive a copy gratis. The club system at 7s. cy did not please well owing to the postage. Upon consideration we have concluded to send to clubs, if any of our friends wish to form them, upon these terms—5 copies for \$4, 10 copies for \$9, 20 copies for \$18, 30 copies for \$25, but in such cases the money must be paid down, and the papers put in one package and addressed to one person in all cases, otherwise the full charge will be made. Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates. All postages must be paid, and communications addressed to C. Durand, Editor, Toronto, C. W.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO TUESDAY AUGUST 9, 1853.

RUM—THE MISERY OF LIFE.

I have mused on the miseries of life,
To learn from what quarter they come;
Whence most of contention and strife;
Alas! from the lovers of Rum.
O, Rum! what hast thou done!
Ruined mother and daughter, father and son.

I met with a fair one distressed,
I asked whence her sorrows could come;
She replied, "I am sorely oppressed,
My husband's a lover of Rum."

I found a poor child in the street,
Whose limbs by the cold were all numb;
No stockings nor shoes on his feet,
His father's a lover of Rum.

I met with a pauper in rage,
Who asked for a trifling sum:
I'll tell you the cause why he begs—
He, too, is a lover of Rum.

I asked the poor man soon to die,
And meet the rash murderer's doom;
Hark, hark! hear that piercing sad cry,
"FAREWELL! and BEWARE OF RUM!"

With others I once drank and laughed,
Nor thought that intemperance would come;
But like most who the wine-cup have quaffed,
I soon was a lover of Rum.

My crimes give me grief to relate,
But they all from one influence have come;
And if you would avoid my sad fate,
I warn you to "LET ALONE RUM!"
O, Rum! what hast thou done?
Ruined mother and daughter, father and son.

* Confession of Aaron Stookey, on the gallows, in the city prison, New York.

LEATHER AND LIQUOR versus TEMPERANCE.

MORE TESTIMONY FROM VERMONT.

The Vermont Chronicle uses the following language:—
"When the law was first published, not a few very worthy citizens had doubts about it. In many cases, these doubts so far prevailed as to prevent their voting in its favor. But it has now had a brief trial among us. So far as the questions raised respecting it have come before the courts, it has been sustained as a constitutional law—such as lies within the just discretion of the Legislature. It has emptied at least three of our County jails. The testimony from every part of the State is, that it operates favorably—that the well-being of the community is promoted by it."

The *Day Leader* has been in operation in this City now not quite a month, yet during that time, under the guidance of Mr. James Beattie, the man of leather notoriety, who takes his cue from Francis Hincks, who so thoroughly opposed the Maine law last winter at Quebec, it has contained three violent attacks on the principles of the Maine Law. These attacks consist of one column labored leaders, full of sophistry and froth, as is most that appears in that paper. They smell of the desk, just like the productions of some drilled school-boy, who is told to write down a certain movement. At it he goes, wholly regardless of facts and experience or the harm he is doing in the community in which he lives. "What care I," says the editor, "my salary is sure, and my masters tell me to do so and so." We sometime since mentioned that this attack on the Maine law was prefaced by professions of friendship for the principles of temperance and total abstinence, yet while making these hypocritical professions the whole superstructure is undermined. Harlots assume the garb of virtue—tyrants that of liberty—the devil the livery of angels, all the more easily to deceive. False patriots, such as he of the leather, and his master the great Hincks, have always professed to be wonderfully UNSELFISH and PATRIOTIC. Their organ starts with professions of love of temperance and ends with insinuations, misstatements, and attacks on the only instrument that can put down the evil of drunkenness in society. The *Leader* says the Maine law has failed to effect any good in the States in which it is enacted, that it is everywhere eradicated, and does more harm than good. We pronounce these statements to be waston and shamefully unfounded. All reliable testimony

from the States of Maine, Vermont, and Massachusetts (always excepting Boston) proves that the Maine law is carried out without bloodshed, and has already done a vast deal of good, that no law, considering the interests it affects, and the vices it attacks was ever so peacefully executed. The *Leader* says the new England States start all the fanatical schemes, and are guilty of all kinds of absurdities of doctrine. It is true there may be excess with them, but no people in the whole history of the world ever exhibited so much enterprise, virtue, and intelligence, as the New England people have. They are proverbially intelligent, virtuous, and enterprising, as well as fond of true liberty. It is left for a FROTHY rump Canadian scribbler to write down this noble and immortal race! A race that have peopled the whole of the United States, sounded in 1775 the tocsin of true liberty, and whose ingenuity is unbounded and unrivalled. The sons of the New Englanders are found in every quarter of the globe, and wherever they are found they are distinguished for virtue, intelligence, and love of liberty. Yet forsooth, because this great people originated a plan to cure the BEASTLY VICE OF DRUNKENNESS, they must be called visionary. We pity the ignorance and shallowness of such a writer as him of the leather organ. Moral Mr. James Beattie, a disciple preacher, is truly setting, in his organ in this drunken city of Toronto, a noble example for all to follow. The *Leader* says that New England set in motion the table moving and rapping humbug. He is ignorant of what he is writing about, for this humbug of which he speaks so slipshodly, commenced at Rochester. Who commenced the free school system—who started steamboats—who built unrivalled railways—the authors of the Maine law!! New Englanders are practical politicians, moralists, and mechanists.

THERE MUST BE PRINCIPLE—Some persons wonder at times that Divisions formed, and apparently proceeding well, do not continue so, and when they fall through, these vultures standing in the high places of rum, cry out that the Order of the Sons is good for nothing, and will entirely disappear. Fathom the causes of these failures to the bottom, and it will be found that WANT OF PRINCIPLE! is the secret of the failure. A man possessed of a temporary enthusiasm in favor of temperance is only one fourth of a TRUE SON, or rather is seemingly possessed of one of their qualities. No, a true Son must be a man of principle—he must be honest—determined to practice total abstinence ways, because he esteems it a duty to God, to himself, and to his fellow-man. He must be an honest, upright man. Many a man abstains from meanness, and is, perhaps, a gambler, a profane swearer, addicted to other vices almost as bad. Such a man can have but little love to the Order—and consequently many such fall off. The misfortune has been in Canada with our Order, that it increased too fast in 1853, and thousands of corrupt men were hastily through curiosity and selfishness enrolled. These, when called upon for their dues, or for a little self-denial or work, tell off, went back to the gutter of filth from which they sprang. The ceremonies and fundamental principles of the Sons are eminently moral and religious in their bearing and effect. They call for some sacrifice of self and for virtuous action. Where a Division fails it is a sure evidence that the materials were bad—the composition was of GOLD AND LEAD, WORTHLESS AND GOOD. No man who is a true Son can fail to admire the Order. It is superior to any other now in existence in the world. The Odd Fellows or Masonic Orders are not so good. The Temple of Honor is probably quite as much so, but it has some features that do not suit the poor man. It is not so well adapted to all classes. We know of no Order that can supply the place of that of the Sons.

THE AMENDED CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF DELAWARE.

We the people hereby ordain and establish this Constitution of Government for the State of Delaware.

Through Divine goodness, all men have by nature, the right of worshipping their Creator according to the dictates of their own consciences, of enjoying and defending life and liberty, of acquiring and protecting reputation and property, and, in general, of attaining objects suitable to their condition, WITHOUT INJURING ONE ANOTHER; and as these rights are essential to their welfare for the due exercise thereof, power is inherent in them; and, therefore, all just authority, in the institutions of political society, is derived from the People, and established with their consent, to advance their happiness; and they may, for this end, AS CIRCUMSTANCES REQUIRE, from time to time, alter their Constitution of Government.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. Although it is the duty of all men frequently to assemble together for the public worship of the Author of the Universe, and piety and morality on which the prosperity of communities depends, are thereby promoted, yet no man shall be OUGHT to be COMPELLED to attend any religious worship, to CONTRIBUTE to the ERECTION or support of any place of worship, or to the maintenance of any ministry, against his own FREE WILL AND CONSENT; and no power shall or ought to be invested in or assumed by any magistrate that shall, in any case, interfere with or in any manner control the rights of conscience, in the free exercise of religious worship; nor shall a preference be given by law to any religious societies, denominations or modes of worship.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION—THE VOICE OF TRUTH.

It is a pity that all ranks of people in Canada could not frame a constitution embodying the above sentiments. How full—just—true and benevolent they are. The small republic of Delaware,

one of the United States, has just adopted the above sentiments in Convention. We of Canada will never be what we ought to be until we meet in convention and form a noble, wise, and just SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT EMBODYING THE ABOVE SENTIMENTS, WITH MANY OTHERS.

The sentiments too, strike at the root of the license system. Every STATE CONSTITUTION should forbid the licensing of the rum traffic! Every people have the right to protect property and society against this monster evil. We ask the Government members of Lower and Upper Canada how they can reconcile their votes last winter for CATHEDRAL BILLS and NUNNERIES—FOR TAXING CATHOLICS TO BUILD CHURCHES—for dividing the people in HOSTILE RELIGIOUS CLASSES through separate schools, with such truthful doctrines? Let the country cry shame on them—let every Catholic and Protestant arise and assert his rights against PRIESTLY AND MAGISTERIAL DICTATION in church matters! We want not priests or magistrates to put the rule upon our consciences on the subject of religion. FOR SHAME, SAY WE, on all who would not be peaceable men in their own churches—let Catholics and Protestants unite and punish such men! We for one are willing that God should judge between the rectitude of Catholics and Protestants—and that each in his own way should worship God, apart from Government interference. When either creed attempt to usurp unjust privileges—attempt to claim holy places as exempted from law or temporal visitation, such as nunneries, or hold themselves aloof from that society that they are bound to protect, then, and then only, would we interfere for the public good. We are not going to say whether the Catholic—the Jew, or the Protestant be right. We have our opinions—let each one have his—but when either attempts to coerce the other by acts, then we say PUNISH THE AGGRESSORS SEVERELY AND THOROUGHLY. THE UNITED VOICE OF CANADA at least of all the good, calls upon our Government to punish the RIOTERS of Quebec, and the MURDERERS of Montreal. If they do not do it, we say the people should.—ED. SON.

MAINE LAW IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

Even in this great and dignified body, the Maine Law is thrusting itself, and will be known. On the 20th of April the House of Commons went into committee on Mr. McKenzie's bill for the regulation of public houses and spirit shops in Scotland. A long discussion ensued, many valuable facts were elicited, and various useful suggestions were offered. Many honorable members already see the utility of every project which falls short of absolute prohibition; and in this discussion Mr. L. Heyworth expressed a hope that the House of Commons would legislate in the spirit of the Maine Legislature.

"He was glad as a teetotaler, to see such a bill introduced. The evil was not only a moral evil, it was a physical evil, and as we legislated against poisons by limiting the sale of arsenic, we should legislate also against the sale of intoxicating drinks. The drinking usages of the country annually killed sixty thousand persons, and ought to arrest the attention of that House. Something far more stringent than this bill was wanted; but it was the thin end of the wedge, and he would live in the hope that the time would come when the House of Commons would legislate in the spirit of the Maine Legislature.

"Mr. Stapleton also supported the cause, and vindicated the bill from the charge of interfering with trade. It only separated two kinds of trade which were very distinct, and the combination of which at present engendered great social mischief.

"Mr. Hume never could believe that these vicious propensities were generated by the licensing system. They might depend upon it that there would be little fear of children demanding spirits at the grocer's shops if they had not the example set them by their parents at their own homes. If he thought that they could reach the root of the evil in that way, he should be ready to support the introduction of the Maine Law (entirely prohibiting the sale of spirits) into this country."

Here, then it is, fairly in the house, and in the minds of men, and will not easily be shut out. It is encouraging that the British Government have agreed to a Committee of inquiry on the licensing system throughout England. "We trust," says the Canada Advocate, "it will be thorough and searching, and we are persuaded that the evidence will prove, that it is not owing to any constitutional aptitude for drinking that Englishmen are such consumers of strong drink; but that the system of manufacture and sale has produced the army of drunkards, and regularly recruited the ranks of intemperance."

From the above it will be seen that the people of England are not inactive, and see the necessity of legislation in the right way. Intemperance in England, like the vice in America, is arousing the public to thought. Men have tried moral suasion there for 100 years, and gone on LICENSING ALE-HOUSES AND CANNONS. What has been done on the bulk of society? Nothing! Is this to go on, or is some remedy to be applied? Tell us, ye enemies of the Maine Law? For our own part we see but two ALTERNATIVES, and so do you our ENEMIES, PUT DOWN THE LICENSE SYSTEM BY LAW, or let the NATION DRINK ON, until society is wholly CORRUPTED. Mr. Hume and all men will find that to cure intemperance two things are needed—Moral Suasion at home, and thorough Temperance Societies, and a good prohibitory law to aid all these things—but must unite—example alone is insufficient.—EDITOR.

THE GEORGIANA DIVISION, we hear, has surrendered its charter. There was no use for this, and if the temperance men there had done their duty, this would not have happened. We fear PARSIMONY in TIME AND MONEY is at the bottom of most of these failures. If not this, a foolish DISCRETION TO GRANT it is.

THE "LEADER" AND ITS PURISM. This paper is continually opposing and warring down three things. Unfortunately these three things are, of all others, the most important to man's happiness and welfare. THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTY OF THE AMERICAN SLAVE; THE MAINE LAW, and the right of man to rest on the Sabbath, or exemption from official labour on that day. Against all of these the Leader Editor seems to hold a mortal hatred—and that upon the ground that if observed or insisted on, they infringe PERSONAL LIBERTY or the RIGHTS OF PROPERTY. Canadians, he says, must not sympathize with the slave or interfere with the American despotic institution, by moral suasion or pecuniary aid. The Maine law must not be enacted because it throws obstacles in the way of the personal right to GET DRUNK in taverns. Labour in the public offices on the Sabbath must not be stopped, because some persons want letters, &c., on the Sabbath, and men must be, therefore, compelled to work on that day in Post Offices against the conviction of their consciences. No one can accuse us of wishing any unnecessary or fanatical observance of the Sabbath, although we have always been in favor of its being devoted to worshipping the Supreme Being, at home or at church. Innocent recreation, or works of charity on that day, we believe not to be sinful, but the compelling of public servants to work on that day is quite another matter. The Leader, however, calls this common sense view, purism. The Maine law is purism, and everything is purism except LEATHER POLITICS—which mean, wearing a long hypocritical face—pretending to be patriotic, whilst one is robbing the public crib—serving the EMPEROR FRANCIS HINCKS, who holds just now the purse-strings of Canada. This sort of PURISM, enabling one to grab cash out of railroads—city debentures, or macadamised roads, is all right. Such PURISM as putting down the right of free discussion at Gavazzi meetings is correct, does not at all affect personal liberty; but you must not stop the SLAUGHTER HOUSES of Canada, called whiskey shops. Is any community going much longer to countenance such papers as this leather-faced Leader, which is sapping the political and religious virtues of the Canadians? Now it will be found that the secret of this opposition in the Leader, is the desire to please Mr. Hincks, who is the tool of the Lower Canadian French faction. Then as to the Maine law, Mr. Hincks is bitterly opposed to it.

THE INSPECTOR MOWATT AND THE POLICE MAGISTRATE.—A person by the name of Anderson, keeping tavern in St. Andrew's Ward, was fined for selling liquor on the Sabbath, on the application of Mr. Mowatt, Inspector for that ward. Another application was made by Mr. Mowatt against the same individual, but the Police Magistrate said there was not sufficient evidence to convict. Why, is it supposed? Because, forsooth, although the bar was found open, and persons in there with glasses standing around, no actual act of drinking was seen! Mr. Mowatt also says that the Police Magistrate gave him to understand that he thought it was not proper for Inspectors to visit inns on the Sabbath for inspection! This, if true, is a highly improper construction of the city by laws, in two respects; First, the meaning of the by-law against Sabbath drinking is, that all bars and bar-rooms, on that day, should be closed; at least for the purpose of drinking, the bars should be entirely closed. Many of these small inns have open bars, and if the small bar-room be open, the bar where liquors are kept may be said to be open too. Thus the law is most shamefully evaded. The better view of the law is, therefore, that the small bar and the room in which it is kept, should be closed in the cities—more difficulty might occur in this respect in the country. Nevertheless, where the bar is open, the by-law should be so framed and construed as to require the small bar-rooms to be entirely locked up and closed. Then as to the right of Inspectors to visit inns on the Sabbath, how in the name of common sense can it be ascertained that inns are properly kept, and the Sunday by-laws observed, unless Inspectors go and see. Such visits in Inspectors, is not only highly commendable, but in our opinion, positively necessary by law. Any Police Magistrate who would construe the law differently, must be either grossly ignorant of his duty, or a SECRET FAVORER of the liquor traffic on the Sabbath—a GUZZLER HIMSELF!! In this city, it is unfortunate that all the civic powers are in the interests of the rum sellers. Innkeepers and their customers rule the city and its courts. What hope is there for the success of the temperance cause in such a city—crowded on all sides with inns and saloons, with magistrates winking at breaches or evasions of by-laws.

SONS—EXCURSION TO THE FALLS.

A friend informs us that the Markham Village and Unionville Divisions Sons of Temperance have it in contemplation to take an excursion to the Falls of Niagara early in September next. If the thing is thoroughly gone into, and a few of the neighbouring Divisions will join in the matter, this excursion can not only be very pleasant, but will be very useful to all. Let it be heartily carried out.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE NEWS.

DR. CHARLES JEWETT.—This able champion of temperance has been appointed corresponding Secretary to the Massachusetts State Temperance Convention, met lately at Portland, Maine. In Northern Ohio, about one hundred townships have expressly abolished the liquor trade under a law enabling them to do so. A Temperance meeting was held on the 26th July, at Bowmansville. At a recent election in Detroit the Irish voted generally in favor of the Maine Law and the Germans against it. At the late State Temperance Convention in Ohio, a unanimous vote was taken, that every

minister in the State be requested to preach one Temperance Sermon on the first Sabbath in August. Great preparations are being made in New York by temperance men to carry out the World's Temperance Convention. In the spacious tent of the City Temperance Alliance, at the junction of Broadway and 6th Avenue Streets, New York, a few blacks from the Crystal Palace, Temperance meetings are now being held at night and during the day constantly. The Maine law is very peaceably carried out in Vermont and Maine.



The Literary Gem.

SUMMER BIRDS.

Sweet warblers of the sunny hour,
For ever on the wing,
I love them as I love the flowers,
The sunlight and the spring
They come like pleasant memories,
In summer's joyous time,
And sing their gushing melodies
As I would sing a rhyme!
—Southern Gem.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

In all parts of Canada may be seen tall pine trees, dried, desolate, and nearly destitute of limbs. Thus in hundreds they stand like masts in an immense port—extending their spiral white forms 150 or 200 feet into the sky. Perhaps 30 years ago, more or less, the axe-man girdled them, and their green and majestic heads, which had sheltered the red man and his wigwams, and the wild beasts in turn, hundreds of years ago, withered and died. Repeated winters, with their snows and northern blasts, sweep over them—denuding them of their drooping foliage and their small dry branches, until they become large dried poles, fastened with powerful roots into the ground. The roots are full of tar, and being sunk very deep into the soil, the winds of time have little effect upon them. They are rocked from winter to winter and still are firm. The woodpeckers rap on their sides and make the hollow air resound; by degrees the climbing birds burrow holes into the decaying wood and the bark all falls off. The woodpecker—the bluebird—the blackbird—the sparrowhawk, and the golden-winged woodpecker, also the kingbird, build nests in these hollows. Often in boyhood have I watched these nests—family above family, located in peace. There the chirping young may be heard from day to day in June. The woodpecker ever and anon comes to feed his young with a ripe cherry or raspberry. The sparrowhawk feeds his brood with worms and insects—the large blackbird carries from the ploughshare's furrow the white grub or newly-turned up worm to his young ones. In winter these old pines resound on frosty mornings with the cracking frusts. A generation has grown up and these trees still stand in our Canadian fields, and many of them would stand for hundreds of years, if not disturbed. I have often thought if iron or wooden pegs were driven into some of them, what a fine flag-staff they would make, on which a rope might be fixed to raise and let down at pleasure a mighty flag. Such a flag could be seen for many miles. Pine stumps are considered in Canada a great nuisance, but I have lately seen them turned to a very good account. A stump machine is used to take them up, and they are then piled in rows along the margin of fields with root down or towards the road, and interlocked with each other. Thus fixed, and the interstices filled in with stones picked up from the fields, they form the most picturesque, secure and durable fences imaginable. The room occupied is not more than that of a common fence; the ground occupied by them in the field is worth the cost of extracting them, and the farm in addition has a good fence. Canadians by birth can appreciate these remarks. These old pine trees have been watched by the Editor of this paper for now near 35 years, and desolate as they seem, there is a memory hangs around them dear to the soul, such as the whispers of a departed mother's voice, or the smiles and welcome of an old friend, who has revisited us after a long journey. The following verses are supplied in connection with the subject:

THE OLD PINE TREE.

The old pine tree that stands in the field,
Spirally pointed to the blue-arched sky;
Once green were its boughs—a covert did yield
To the dwellers of forest and sky
Full oft have I gazed, in years gone by,
On that tall and that wind-beaten tree;
Have looked on its form in infancy,
And heard from its top the woodpecker's cry.
The woodpecker there in summer's bright June,
Would call to his mate on some neighboring tree.

What the thrush on the thornbush warbled a tune,
The bobolink soared o'er the meadows so free.
The blackbird her nest in its hollow conceals,
I have the bluebird had chosen its nest,
It mees undisturbed to them all did it yield,
With offspring all tucked by the winds of the west.
Yes, that old pine tree is dear unto me,
Around it sweet memories fondly do cling;
For there with dear brothers and sisters in gloe,
I've sported in bright blooming spring.
Ah, where are those brothers and sisters so dear,
Can time from the grave bring them back unto me?
No never—no more this fond voice can they hear—
I'll meet, if ever, in eternity.

LAKE SUPERIOR TROUT FISHING IN WINTER.

The Lake Superior Journal says:—"Angling through the ice to a depth of thirty fathoms of water is a novel mode of fishing somewhat peculiar to this peculiar region of the world. It is carrying the war into fishdom with a vengeance, and is denounced no doubt, in the communities on the bottoms of these northern lakes as a scaly piece of warfare. The large and splendid salmon trout of these waters have no peace. In the summer they are enticed into the deceitful meshes of the gill-net, and in winter, when they hide themselves in the deep caverns of the lakes, with many fathoms of water above their heads, and a defence of ice two or three feet in thickness on the top of that, they are tempted to destruction by the fatal hook. Large numbers of these trout are caught every winter in this way on Lake Superior. The Indians, always skilled in the fishing business, know exactly where to find them and how to kill them. The whites make excursions out on the lakes in pleasant weather to enjoy the sport. There is a favorite resort for both fish and fishermen near Gros Cap, at the entrance of Lake Superior, through the rocky gateway between Gros Cap and Point Inoué, about 18 miles above the Sault, and many a large trout is pulled at this point from its winter bed at the bottom of the Lake in winter, and made to bite the cold ice in this upper world. To see one of these fine fish, four or five feet in length, and weighing half as much as a man, shuddering on the snow and ice, weltering and freezing to death in its own blood, oftentimes moves the fisherman's heart to expressions of pity. The *modus operandi* in this kind of great trout fishing is novel in the extreme, and would a stranger to the business at a distance overlook a party engaged at the sport, he would certainly think they were mad, or each one making fool-races against time. A hole is made through the ice, smooth and round, and the fisherman drops his large hook baited with a small herring, pork, or other meat, and when he ascertains the right depth, he waits—with fisherman's luck—some time for a bite, which in this case is a pull altogether, for the fisherman throws the line over his shoulder and walks from the hole at the top of his speed until the fish bounds out on the ice. We have known as many as fifty of these splendid fish caught in this way, caught by a single fisherman in a day; it is thus a great source of pleasure and valuable source of food, especially in Lent; and the most scrupulous anti-pork believers might here "down pork and up fish," without offence to conscience.

SALMON.—Few people are aware of the immense quantities of salmon brought to Boston from the British Provinces. Week before last the steamer Admiral brought 18,000 lbs., and last week the Eastern City brought 32,000 lbs.

A pure white roan has been found in a nest near Lewisburg, Va. A similar bird has been seen at Mumoctown, Pa.

[ORIGINAL.]
MORNING.

Mild morning streaks the mountain peaks, With rosy rays of rosy light, And nature springs on airy wings, Above the buoyant bed of night.	The valleys green to dewy gleam, Shed softly round a silver glow; All is the eye from earth to sky, God's glory and his goodness show.
Rise, sleeper rise! the western skies Are dappled with a dusky grey, And soft bright beams cast glittering gleams, O'er ocean's old and windy way.	Then sleeper up! cast back the cap Of slumber and slumber from thy soul; The longest day glides swift away, Go greet it at its golden goal.
The glowing dawn illumines the lawn, The flow'ry field and forest glade, While silver streams lit by its beams, Sail on and sing soft serenade.	While warblers raise their sage of praise On evening's first beams up to God; With them out, too, low leading us The chattering of his staff and rod.

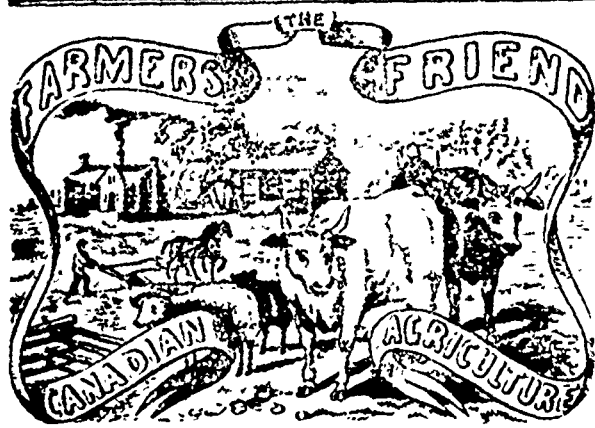
HENRY HAMILTON.

A LARGER BOATS.—The Michigan Central Railroad Company have offered a bonus of \$200,000 to the Canada Railroad Company, on the condition that it shall be completed by the 15th of January, 1854. The Canadian management say they will do the money without fail. This will bring us within 20 hours of New York at all seasons of the year.—Michigan paper.

THE COLORED PEOPLE held a national convention for the benefit of their race at Rochester, N. Y., from 6th to 8th July, inclusive; 140 delegates were present from eight different States. The Rev. Dr. Pyper preached a very excellent temperance sermon in this city on Sunday, the 24th July, and the Rev. Mr. Little preached a sermon the Sunday after. We are glad to see that these meetings are well attended. A collision between two steamers lately occurred on Lake Erie—no lives lost, but much damage done to the boats. On the 24th July (Sunday, at ten o'clock) the great mill and distillery of Mr. Joseph Millburn, of Albion, Albion, were burnt, 3000 gallons of whiskey were consumed and the property destroyed is said to be worth £2000. It is said to be the worst incendiary. A riot took place lately in Georgetown, in which many of the Irish laborers were concerned, the riot arose from drunkenness. HAMILTON WALKER O'REILLY, Esq., has been appointed Judge pro. tem. of the United Counties of Wentworth and Hants, in place of Miles O'Reilly, Esq., gone to England. CRAS. WHITLAW, Reeve of Paris, says that the Government tools have made use of his name improperly. He is opposed to many of the acts of the Government.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE, New York.—The exhibition of the Industry of a. N. was opened to the public on 15th July. The number of tickets during the day was 3450. The amount of cash received at the door was \$1,139 50. The number of persons admitted during the day was 7,100. The collection for the Washington Monument amounted to \$61 02.

A new paper called the Protestant Times is to be started in Toronto immediately.



AN ENGLISH RURAL PICTURE.

'Mong the green lanes of Kent—the green sunny lanes—
Where troops of children shout, and laugh, and play,
And gather daisies, stood an antique home:

THE WEATHER during the past week has been unusually
warm and dry. Monday, 1st August, it rained considerably from
the east, morning and evening.

GOVERNMENT CULTURE.—The great obstacle to its general
cultivation appears to be its liability to mildew, when the fruit is one
half or two-thirds grown, which renders the fruit worthless.

A dozen years ago, a friend gave us bushes of a very fine
variety; which he was about to remove from his garden on account
of mildew.

CLOTH COVERING FOR HOT-BEDS.—R. G. Pardee states, in the
Rural New Yorker, that he has used cloth as a substitute for
glass in hot-beds; and although it will not hasten the growth of
plants so much, he thinks it has some advantages.

CEREBRO-CUSTOM.—In Palestine, bee-masters summon their
bees by blowing a small whistle formed of bone or shell. They
sometimes coil at the humming population of a village, who follow
them as orderly as sheep obey the voice of their shepherd, and lead them from one meadow to another, till an impending

shower, or the approach of evening, cautions them to return.
This singular custom is noticed by St. Cyril, who flourished in the
fourth and fifth centuries as a thing which he had frequently seen.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR BEES AT WORK.—We have published
several plans of new bee-aves, or rather not yet so far advanced
plans of construction of beehives had been lately originated, all
of which purport to be very convenient arrangements, both for
the bees to work in, and for the owners to inspect them, feed
them or draw honey from them without killing the bees.

The cause of this is, they have either multiplied to such an
extent that a portion of them must "stop out, or "swarm" as it
is called, and they are "caucusing" about the matter, or they
have filled the hive with comb, and having no more room to
store their collections, think they may as well rest from their
labors, and live on what they have laid up.

Mr. Robinson, of Farmington, N. Y., communicates to the
Country Gentleman the following process by which he kept his
bees at work after they had begun to play the loofer, and persisted
in collecting in thick masses outside the hive, and doing nothing.

500 Camels are employed to carry the mails, cargo, and luggage
between Cairo and the Red Sea, across the desert, or Isthmus of
Suez. Each camel carries three or four trunks on its back—say
from 1000 to 1200 lbs.

ERUPTION ON THE FACE.—Dissolve an ounce of borax in a
quart of water, and apply this with a fine sponge every evening
before going to bed. This will soothe the skin when the eruption
does not proceed from an insect working under the cuticle.

COFFEE-BURNING, says Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, is done
almost entirely by grocers; but of late the business has increased
as it has been ascertained that the process of roasting is susceptible
of great improvements.

AN OX THAT GIVES MILK.—Mr. James Thorn, of Clinton, has
an ox that gives milk freely. He has a bag with four teats, each
one of which yields milk like that of the cow.

LARGE CROP OF WOOL.—The clip of wool this year from the
flock of Elisha Newell Esq., of Johnstown, Rock County, Wis-
consin, yielded him \$3,000. He has six hundred and forty acres
under cultivation, and his receipts this year, including his wool,
will amount to \$7,000.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

A movement is on foot to establish a public Bath House at
London, C. W. A joint stock company is being formed for the
purpose.

A speculator in London has been ruined by buying up a large
monopoly of ice on a prophecy that there would be no frost in
1853.

Hon. H. C. Seymour, late chief engineer of the Ontario and
Huron Railroad, died at New York on the 31st ult. He was
formerly Engineer in Chief of the State of New York, and at the
period of his death was interested in American railroad contracts
involving an expenditure exceeding \$35,000,000.

SWIMMING THE NIAGARA.—J. V. Thomas, late editor of the
Brooklyn Daily Advertiser, swam the Niagara river, to and from
the Canada shore just below the cataract. This was a more
brilliant achievement than that of Leander and Lord Byron, who
swam the Hellespont.—Albany Journal.

A new "Jenny Lind" is reported to have turned up in Ger-
many, in Middle Ney—a dramatic soprano—who undertakes the
parts of Donna Anna, Lucia, Valentine (in "Les Huguenots"),
and Norma.

of distinct allusion, he applies the aboriginal term. The area is
about fifty miles broad, and lies parallel with the Rocky Moun-
tains for a distance of several hundred miles. It gives rise to
both of the main and numerous tributaries of the Columbia
river. It is a high plain, which is cut through by these alluvial
of a most fertile character, bearing trees, and in some places high
grass; and while the streams are abundant water power for
lumber and grain mills, and in some places, they are free, or nearly
free, from inundation of their banks. This district probably com-
prehends twenty-five thousand square miles, and if its capacity
of production have been correctly estimated, would sustain a
population greater than some of the eastern and Atlantic states.
—Southern Geog.

The arrest of M. Costa ex Ad-Is-camp of K-south n. Smyrna by
the Austrian Consul, has caused a great deal of excitement. The
commander of the American ship of war protested against the arrest,
and so the matter stands.

The Hon Thomas Meagher, father of the celebrated Francis
Meagher, the escaped patriot, arrived lately in New York City from
Ireland. He is member for Waterford. A joint stock company has
been formed in London, C. W., for the purpose of raising a ten-
house. Up to the 14th July 24, 109 emigrants had arrived at Que-
bec. 13 new post-offices were established on the 1st July by the
Post-master General. A fearful famine is said to prevail in Spain,
and thousands are dying in consequence. The city of Rouen and
Rendy in California has been destroyed by fire. It is rumored that
Stephen Richards, Esq., is to contest the County of Essex in place of
Mr. Prince, resigned. An express train was: from Toronto to
Bradford in 52 minutes, and it is said that it will be done in 40. A
company to build a spacious hotel at Collingwood Harbour, on Lake
Huron, is in contemplation. The colored people celebrated the 1st
of August as the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the West
Indies, in large numbers in St. Catharines. The Pan-Oratorical
is now in operation 22 miles, from the Atlantic to the river Cuyahoga.
We regret to state the bid to meet Nonnaries is lost in the State
Parliament. General E. A. Tuelier, the Patriot General of 1832
is now editing a paper in San Francisco, California. A negro was
lately picked up by the Steamer Chief Justice, attempting to pilde
his way to the north side of Lake Ontario on some boards, he was
a slave escaping from the United States. A College to educate
young women is about to be created at Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, the
building is to cost \$15,000.

It is rumored that the Governor General and his family, after his
return from the Ottawa, will visit England. Mayor Weston of
Montreal has returned to that city. Messrs Jackson and Betts, of
the Grand Trunk Railway, had arrived at New York City, en route
to Toronto. A slave from Maryland, lately arrested in Philadel-
phia, had been surrendered to his owners in Maryland and conveyed
thence to New York. Lord Esherme had formally visited the Crystal Palace,
and spoke in favour of it. He is going to visit Boston—thence he
will go to Nova Scotia and England. The French and Bau-
thetics are placed at the service of the Turkish Sultan, and will act as
he directs. It is supposed he would at once declare war against
Russia. Messrs Hucks, Cameron and Moran have gone to the
seat of Government. A bear kept by Mr Berriman near Yorkville,
bit a boy very badly lately, and was in consequence shot. We re-
corded that a boy had been killed by a tame bear in some parts of the
United States. The relatives of one of the deceased persons killed
at the Montreal riots, have sued the Mayor, Wilson, for £1000 dan-
gers. Colonel Prince has been appointed by the ROYAL CAN-
ADIAN Government Judge of the wild territories about Lake Su-
perior, at a salary of perhaps £500. Is it at all wonderful that Cana-
dians should have such a man making speeches to him at his public
dinners? This Colonel Prince is the man who shot a number of
American and Canadian patriots in 1838 without FORM OR TITIAL.
Here he is purchased up, soul and body, by a Clear-gut ROYAL
GOVERNMENT. What would the patriots of 1837-8 think
of such conduct in the man who fled on Wednesday, 6th December,
1837, to Rochester via Oakville? Is it a feature of a truly honest
and reform Ministry to reward a traitor alike to Tory and Reform
principles—to reward a man who would serve any party in power?
For shame, cry all good men. LET MURDERED PROTESTANTS
Lower Canada go unavenged, and reward every base tool in Upper
Canada! If Upper Canadians can stand this much longer, they don't
know their own minds. It is said Mr Brega of the Hamilton Journal
Express, is appointed Registrar of the County of Peel. The Govern-
ment General seems to have been enthusiastically received in the
Ottawa colony.

AGENTS FOR 1853.

The following persons are now our only authorized local agents
Canada West and East. Any person sending us six new names
half yearly subscribers, to end in December, will receive the same
copy gratis—half-yearly subscribers 2s 6d each, if paid in advance;
otherwise 3s 9d. Persons not paying, responsible agents must pre-
sented payment at the end of the year. If half-yearly subscribers
not pay at the end of the year, and their subscriptions have been
collected by sending for the same, \$1 will be charged in all cases. The
paper is weekly, and the half year commences with the first week
July. Local agents now appointed, and new agents, will oblige
an immediate canvass for this paper in all their Divisions and all
the community generally. Dozens would subscribe upon being ad-
vised to do so—half a dollar or 3s 9d for a paper six months is abated
nothing as compared with the value received.

- Toronto, July 7th, 1853.
C. W. Robinson, Woodstock—William Hill, North Williams-
John Q. Bond, Bradford—John Tyner, Cumminsville—K.
Balm, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Ben-
Dundas—Reed Baker, Waterdown—John Clinton, Peterborough-
vision, Denham—M. Shaver, Ganfrod—H. A. Graham, Cos-
Trafalgar—J. B. Crowe, Pelham—J. Rapelge, Chippewa—R.
Conner, Niagara—George Ginnore, Brantville—George Drum-
St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Cobourg—James C. Lin, Cornwall—C. L.
go, Brockville—John Vert, Lambton—James Fraser, Bytown—
Hargrave, Oshawa—R. M. Stephens, Port Dover—William Mc-
lan, Middleton—William McCrory, Fergus—Wm. H. Carney, Os-
Sound—Alonso Sweet, Walpole—S. J. Lancaster, Lebel-
Murdoch, A. Limer, Elgin—S. Newcombe, Vienna—J. Russell,
Gower—L. D. Marks, Barford—Charles Taylor, Port Sarvis—
Johnson, Ostracite—J. W. Coulson, Guelph—George Graham,
mond Hill—Paris Lawrence, Orangeville—D. D. Hay, Inaus-
Hamby, Nobleton—J. Bowman, Alaka, Devon—E. H. De
Kuendrg—James Shaw, Port Credit—Joshua Yananlan, Groy-
—Thomas Wilson, Markham Village—Murray Jones, Stock-
D. G. Wilson, Duffin's Creek—John Boyd, Oshawa—Eliot B.
Newtown—John Nott, Prince Albert—Rev. Mr. Chalm, Bos-
ville—C. S. Powers, Newcastle—Robinson Rutherford, Peter-
G. C. Choate, Warsaw—Wm. H. Fannin, Kempville—Wm. Rob-
Kingdon—Dr. Thomas Ashton, Bath—Francis Finn, Scar-
Judith Parkes, Thorahill—Léonard Toule and W. H. Finlay,
Toronto—John Ballard, Montreal—Mr. Both, Quebec—David
Guire, Weston—John Terry, Saron—James Cooper, Sate-
Cuyler, Newland—A. Youan, Tyrone—G. W. Cook, Gait-
J. Teller, Summerville.

REFORMATION IN TRADE.

Reform, reform is the cry of the day, While old fashioned habits are passing away...

Let us glance at Toronto, which a few years ago, Was dark Muddy York, as you very well know...

Just look, if you please, at its elegant homes, - Its beautiful churches, their spires and their domes...

Its marshes have fled by the aid of our drains, Its forests are open'd by the aid of our trains...

Even now, where the waves of Ontario roar, And dash their white spray on the long-beaten shore...

But reforms as important as those have been made, Which greatly have altered the aspect of trade...

The Bonnets for instance, which a few years ago Would cost you a dollar and a quarter, or so...

Nor did you then think that the terms were hard, If you bought a good pair for a shilling per yard...

Will you call at Mr DONALD'S? If it is but to try, I am his well-sorted Stock how cheap you can buy...

This is a story house, with the front painted white, Which makes its appearance both graceful and light...

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET. TORONTO.

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

DRY GOODS,

RECEIVED THIS SEASON, The whole of which he offers very reasonable; which the following List of Prices will show -

- 6,000 yds of yard wide Plats, fast colors, from 7 1/2 to 10 1/2
Also a few Pieces of low cost...
3,000 yds Narrow Prints, fast colors...
1,500 " Glagham and D-ry, very heavy...
4,000 " Heavy Manchester Shirting stripes...
3,000 " Fine printed Dr Laines...
1,500 " Fine printed Dr Laines...
2,000 " Fine Lince Handkerchiefs...
1,000 " Plaid and Fancy Straw Bonnets...
3,000 yds Fancy Bonnet Ribbons...
250 doz Silk, Cotton, and Fr Kid Gloves, per doz...
500 " Ho tery...
600 lbs. Fishing Thread, Warranted good...
A Case of Millner's Doll Heads...
All numbers in Knitting Cotton, cheap...
Silk and Silu Vlies, &c

Wholesale Department up Stairs.

REMEMBER THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET.

Yorkville Saddle & Harness Shop.

JOHN DALE

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

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

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

DR. N. BURNIE, BRADFORD,

MEMBER of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Honorable Society of Apothecaries, London, England...

Bound Volumes of the Non of Temperance for 1852.

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

To Farmers & the Country Generally.

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

The subscribers will also have on hand - a supply of Cooking Stoves, Parlor and Bed Stoves, Cast Grates, &c., together with an assortment of General Hardware...

Remember the place - No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street, General Agricultural Warehouse, under Mackenzie's "Hick & Messager Office"

McINTOSH & WALTON. Toronto, 25th March 1853

R. H. BRETT, GENERAL MERCHANT - WHOLESALE.

Imports of Heavy Hardware, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, and Birmingham Goods. Also, Importer and Dealer in Lard, Oil, Palm, Gunpowder, Sugar, Tea, Spices, Prime Stationery, &c. &c.

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

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

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Table with columns for Men's Brown Holland Coats, Men's Black Cloth Vests, Men's Moleskin Trowsers, and other clothing items with prices.

Men's Paris Satin Hats - Black and Drab. New Style Business Coats - in all materials.

DRY GOODS.

Table listing various dry goods such as Muslin delaines, Fabrics, and Factory cotton with prices.

BROAD CLOTHS OF ALL KINDS.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, NO SECOND PRICE. Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House. Toronto January, 1853

Fresh Arrivals of New Spring and Summer Goods.

WILLIAM POLLEY, 66, King Street East, Toronto,

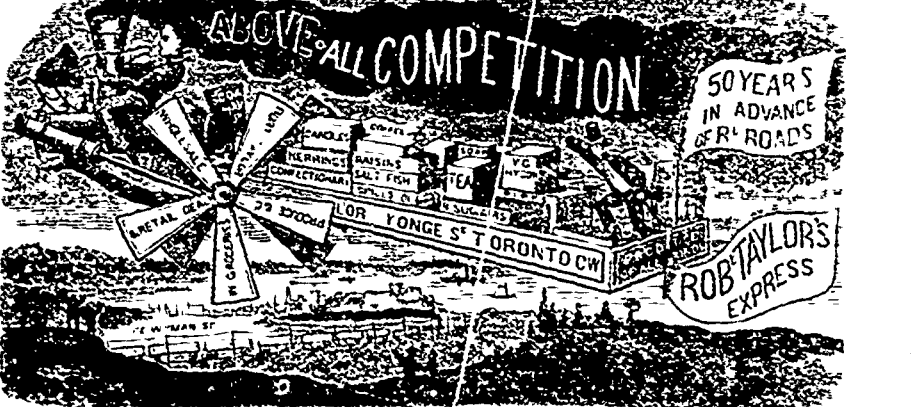
RESPECTFULLY intimates to his numerous customers, and the public generally, that he is now receiving his Spring arrivals of Fresh and Fashionable

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

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

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

WILLIAM POLLEY, Third door west of Church Street.



GOLD-GOLD-From Australia and California wanted, by ROBERT TAYLOR, Corner of Yonge and Albert Streets Toronto, nearly opposite the Green Bush, and a few doors north of Montgomery's Inn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMPANY and LODGE SEALS - executed in the best style, and designs furnished if required. COATS OF ARMS - bound and unbound. January, 1853

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

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEON

VETERINARY FORGE AND BLACKSMITH'S HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES. DISPENSARY - Queen Street, near Yonge Street, Toronto

WILLIAM WHARIN, WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWELLER, &c. No. 17, Church St., 1 door South of King St. Clocks, Watches, Time pieces, and Jewellery, of every description repaired, cleaned and Warranted.

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

W. S. returns his sincere thanks to his friends and public, for the very liberal support he has received. He continues to manufacture a superior article, such as has received so many premiums for at numerous fairs in Canada and which has been honorably mentioned at the Great Fair in London.

YONGE ST. POTTERY, NEAR TORONTO, JOHN I AVIS, PROPRIETOR

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

JOHN BENTLEY, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER, 71, Yonge Street, Has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Genuine Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, fumery, Soaps, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Patent Dyes, &c. &c.

CHARLES BAKER, MERCHANT TAILOR, No 37, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, begs to inform the public, that in addition to the above he has on hand, (or will make to order) ALL KINDS OF FLAGS, FRESHMAN'S ARKONS ON HAND, Agency 'also' Paris and New York Plates of Fashions; of H. Chappell & London and Paris Magazine of Fashion System of Cutting.

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

The subscribers keep always on hand a large stock of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Venetian and Summer Cloths of the Newest of Pattern and Material. A choice selection of Vestings of the richest st

MESSRS. A. & S. NORDRE, Beg to inform their friends and the public in general, besides their large stock of Flaxens of the best Merce, which they keep constantly on hand, received and are constantly receiving from Europe and most IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS for both Brass and Wood, which they are enabled to lower prices than any other Establishment in the City.

BRASS BANDS FOR DIVISION Instrument and Music Establishment. MESSRS. A. & S. NORDRE

TORONTO: PRINTED BY BREWER & CO., 46, KING STREET.