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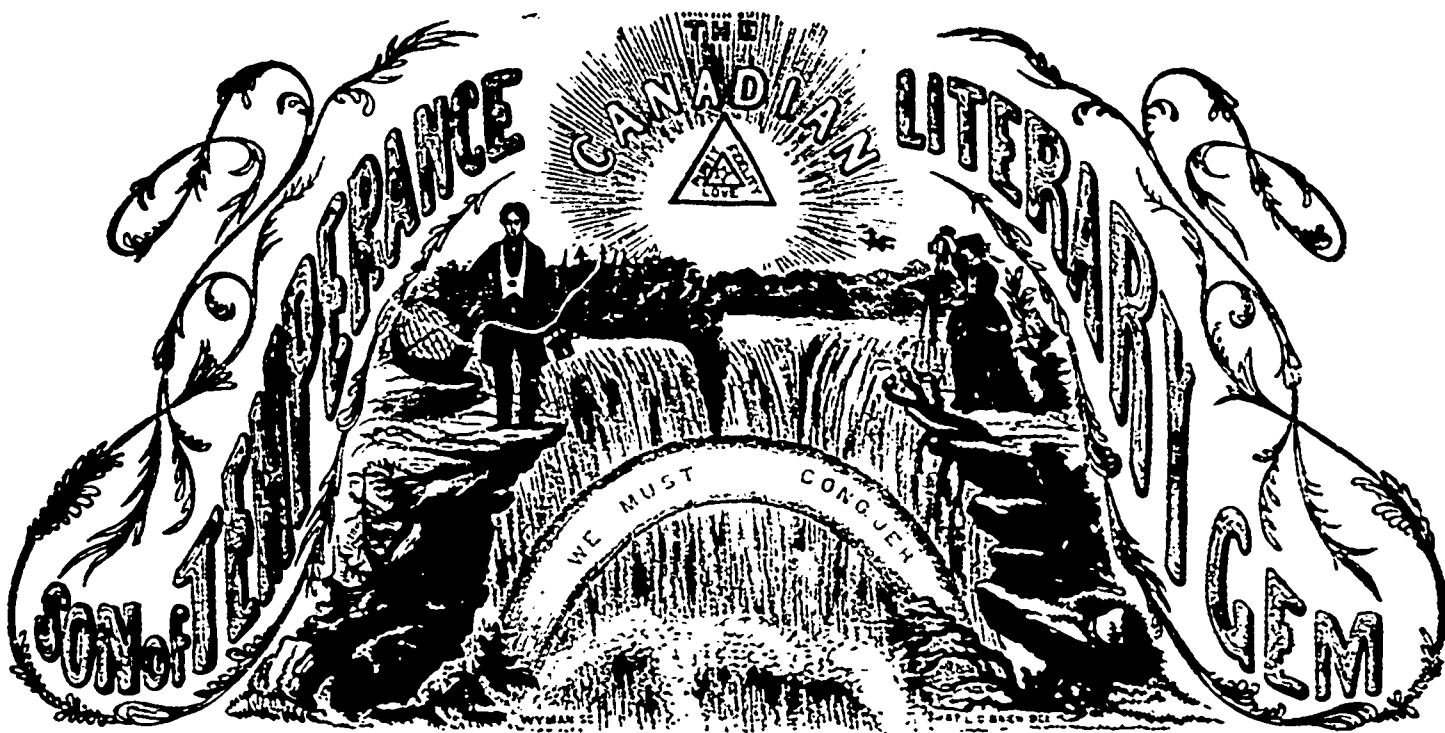
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. III. TORONTO, C. W., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1853. NO. 7.

SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I.

BY CHAS. MACFAY.

In poor and quite unknown,
I have neither fame nor rank;
I labor to all I own,
I have no gold at the bank;
I am one of the common crowd,
Despised by the pavers by,
Murmured by the rich and proud—
Said I to myself, said I.

Woe, and I can not obtain,
The luxuries of the earth,
My lament is scant and plain,
And I live in the fear of death,
While others can laugh or sing,
I have ever some cause to sigh;
I am a weary wanderer—
Said I to myself, said I.

Is this grieving just?
Is it wise to fret and wail?
Is it right, thou speck of dust,
To pine and shouldst prevail?
Is it fitting thou shouldst grieve
For aught that is past or to come,
Or for aught that is to be?
Said I to myself, said I.

Woe, thou hast thy health,
I have none, thou art strong;
I am the weak, that knows not wealth,
Ever sighs a happy song;
I have flowers to perfume the air,
And give thy needs the best—
I am not a fool to lower eye,
Said I to myself, said I.

He wants of thy trade be great,
The needs of thy health are small,
The world is the man's estate
Who can wisely enjoy it all.

For him is the landscape so vast,
For him do the breezes blow,
For him is the day-beam shed—
Said I to myself, said I.

For him are the oceans ruffled,
For him do the rivers run,
For him doth the year unfold
Her bonnet to the sun—
For him, it is his heart to pine,
Small common things supply
All pleasures that endure—
Said I to myself, said I.

For him each blade of grass
Waves pleasure as it grows,
For him, as the light of clouds part,
A spirit of beauty flows,
For him, as the streamlets leap,
As the winds on the tree-tops sigh,
Comes a music sweet and deep—
Said I to myself, said I.

Nor of earth are his joys alone,
How mean sever his state—
On him from the starry zone
His ministering angels wait;
With him in voiceless thought
They hold communion high;
By them are his fancies fraught—
Said I to myself, said I.

I will mould my life afresh,
I will circumvent desire,
I will be true to the gods of truth,
And let my soul be free—
I will make my words my law,
That my joy be no man's care,
I will be true to a law,
Said I to myself, said I.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The American Expedition to Japan makes any information regarding that Empire, its people, and their habits and customs of great interest. If the expedition succeeds in its mission, immense benefits will flow to our commerce. From what we sometimes see an accurate account of Japan and its people, furnished to the Washington Intelligencer, we take the following extracts.

The private dwellings of the Japanese are small, but neat, and ornamented with small gardens; in this they excel, as they are very neat horticulturalists. A few feet of ground are turned to the best advantage, as the Japanese understand perfectly the art of dwarfing plants, trees, fruits and flowers. They use paper tables, beds, and chairs; but sit, eat, and sleep, like our Eastern nations on mats.

Almost the first accomplishment learned by them is the art of grace of suicide; the child in the nursery stabs itself with a finger or stick, and falls back in imitative death; the mother cuts out her breast before his obdurate mistress, and the carrier cuts out her heart's blood in the face of her insolent lover; the samurai executes himself, and, in fact, the whole nation, from early youth, revels in the luxury of suicide.

Their trade is, at present, under great restrictions, as they only trade with the Chinese and Dutch. The latter have always looked on, cherished, and increased the prejudices against the Japanese against all other nations, particularly the French, English, and Americans.

The mechanics and manufacturers in Japan excel in their different branches, and are even far superior to the Chinese. Their tools and cotton are excellent, and their Japan ware and porcelain unequalled. Their exports are raw and manufactured silks, iron, steel, artificial metals, furs, teas, finer than the Chinese. Japan exports gold, silver, copper, gums, medicinal herbs, roots, diamonds, pearls, coral, shells, ambergris, &c. Whatever goods the Japanese want they pay for in gold and silver.

The Japanese worship the principal two gods, Yama and Amida. At Macao there is a stately temple, built to one of these gods; it is of freestone, as large as St. Paul's, with an arched roof, supported by heavy pillars, in which stands an idol of copper, which reaches as high as the roof, and according to a description given by Sir Thos. Herbert, his chair is seventy feet high and fifty long; the head is big enough to hold fifteen men, and the feet forty inches in circumference. There is another statue, called after the god Daiso, made of copper, twenty-two feet high, and sitting posture. This shows that the Japanese understand

the art of working in bronze, and they are far ahead of Christian nations in this particular. They allow polygamy, and they often strangle their female children, but never the males. The nobility extract the two front teeth, and supply them with two of gold.

The principal rivers are the Ujngava and Askagava; the former so rapid and wide that a bridge cannot be built over it, the latter remarkable for its depth and perpetual fluctuations. The chief lake is called Cuiz, is one hundred miles long and twenty-one wide. A large valley exists in the interior, filled with carbonic gas, and called the valley of the Upas. It is covered with the skeletons of numerous wild and tame beasts and birds. The Emperor, it is said, often sent criminals to the valley to bring away a precious gem of inestimable value, and the bones of men also when its deadly sides. Acidulated lakes and thermal springs are common throughout several of the islands.

Their great sources of opulence are their mines of gold and silver, but they have an antimony, calamine, sal ammoniac, borax, or cinabar (quicksilver). These articles are in demand, and bring a high price. Birds and very kind of ducks and poultry are plenty; camphor trees are abundant, and the cedars are the finest in the world.

Few countries open so fair as the islands of Japan for botanical and geological research. It is not necessary here to enter into a detailed statistical account of the commerce of Japan. A direct trade to that empire would increase the commerce of this country about two hundred millions of dollars annually, if not more.

It would require but small efforts to accomplish commercial intercourse with so shrewd a people as the Japanese, who are also to commercial feelings. A steam line direct from New York to the Isthmus being already in existence, it is an easy matter to continue it to the Galapagos, which islands abound in coal; thence to the Marquesas, and on to Shanghai or Jeddo.

Printing is known among them. Japanese literature comprises works of science, history, geography, travels, moral philosophy, natural history, poetry, the drama, and encyclopedias. Reading is a favorite amusement with them.

The only sciences that can be said to be cultivated in Japan are medicine and astronomy. Of these, original works and translations of European authors, when accessible, are in use. The scientific Japanese are equal if not superior to the Chinese.

The drugs employed in Japanese pharmacy are mostly animal and vegetable. Mineral remedies are infrequent.

The Japanese possess some little knowledge of mathematics, mechanics, trigonometry, and civil engineering. They have canals intended chiefly for irrigation, and a great variety of bridges, crossing them. They have learned to measure the heights of mountains, by the barometer and have lately constructed very good maps of the Empire.

The arts are more advanced in Japan than in China. Painting is very elaborately executed, but not after nature. They are unacquainted with oil painting. Wood cuts of prints are abundant. The knowledge of sculpture is unknown, but they understand a little of carving. Their proficiency in lacer work is not remarkable. The Japanese do not understand cutting precious stones, and they set no value upon them.

They are skilful workers in metal—and as an example we may cite the beautiful work called *katana*, which, composed of two metals blended together, resembles enamel, work, and is used in form of jewelry. But the branch of the art in which they excel is the tempering of steel, and their swords are said to be of transcendental excellence, bearing the edge of a razor, and capable of cutting through an European sword, without turning or needing the edge. They are valued accordingly, and a sum equal to \$500 is not thought too much to give for a regularly fine sword blade, whilst an old one, of exquisite temper, is esteemed beyond all price. The exportation is prohibited from some superstitious idea of an intimate connexion between Japanese valor and Japanese arms, and as a joint heritage from their divine ancestors.

Of the manufactures of the country it is enough to say, they make everything wanted for their own use; that their porcelain has degenerated from its pristine superiority, owing to a deficiency of the peculiar clay of which it was formed—and that their most beautiful silks are worn by high-born criminals, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, deprived of their property, and obliged to pay for their provisions, with which they are supplied by sea, with the produce of their

manual labor. The exportation of these silks is likewise prohibited.

With respect to commerce, the trade is now limited to two Dutch ships and twelve Chinese junks yearly. Nor is this all; the value of the cargoes these vessels import is limited, for the Dutch about \$400,000, and the Chinese to half as much more.

A GENUINE CALIFORNIA SONG—SUNG BY THE MINERS.

There's a good pile coming boys,
A good pile coming,
The' you sink full many a hole,
The' the right delights your soul,
Of the good pile coming
Let the boys still urge you on,
And make your blows the stronger,
You are nearer to it every stroke,
Dig a little longer!
There's a good, &c.

Work with industry and skill,
Your chance will be the stronger,
You'll come upon it soon or late,
Dig a little longer!
There's a good, &c.

There's a good pile coming boys,
A good pile coming—
But beware of cards and dice,
They will clear you in a trice,
Of the good pile coming.
But if you use it as you should,
'Twill make your credit stronger,
Then work away with good intent,
Dig a little longer!
There's a good, &c.

LIFE AMONGST THE ICEBERGS.

WEIDER DUCKS IN HINGSTON'S BAY.

We must now make room for a few of Dr. Sutherland's interesting remarks on the natural history of the Arctic regions. Weider ducks were most abundant. On one occasion Captain Penny sent a boat to a small island in Hingston's Bay on the chance of collecting some eggs. It was found literally covered with them:—

"To have walked among the nests, each of which contained four or five, and sometimes seven or eight eggs, without trampling upon some was impossible. In the course of two hours the boat was loaded with the fresh ones, which they believed were to be found in the nests which contained less than the usual number. When they returned to the ship an account was taken of the result of their labors, and 5000 eggs were found to have been removed, which number they believed was about the twentieth or thirtieth part of the remainder."

WHALES.

Whales were observed in great abundance, and occasionally walrus:—

"I recollect, one beautiful morning in October, when hundreds of huge whales, both young and old, were enjoying themselves in their native element, and were often seen leaping out of it like salmon, and falling with a thundering noise as if they had nothing to fear, a 'school' of swordfish were observed in the offing, and in less than half an hour the whales were on their flight, and far out of our sight.

"A 'school' of walrus was seen 'twixt the two islands about the time we met the Fox. They seemed to be a little curious to know what the ships were, and what such unusual objects could be seeking, but they followed us a little way; however, as we were going rather fast for their curiosity we soon lost sight of them. There must have been at least a dozen of them together. It was amusing to see them raise their huge heads and fierce-looking tusks partially out of the water; and when they went out of sight, with a splash of their hind flippers, it seemed to be more from their sportive manner than from fear. When walrus are met in a drove like this, they do not take flight, and certainly they are formidable assailants, if their curiosity would lead them after some unfortunate Esquimaux in his kayak."

MINUTE INFUSORIAL ANIMALS IN THE POLAR SEAS.

"Whenever the ice had been very much decayed, a brownish, slimy substance was observed floating in loose floes amongst it, in the surface of the water. The naked eye could detect in it no structure whatever; but on viewing a drop through a microscope which magnified about two hundred and fifty diameters, it was found teeming with animal life, and minute vegetable forms of very great beauty. Now would have been the time to perpetuate them with the pencil and the chalk; but unfortunately I could only convey them to the bottle, with the expectation that the delicate silicious shells would retain their forms until our arrival in England. No one can conceive the vast numbers of these infusorial animalcules in the Polar Seas. Varying in size from one-fifth-hundredth to one-thousandth of an inch, a single cubic inch will contain four or five hundred millions of individuals, each

furnished with perfect instruments of progression. A portion of the fine mud, and a little sea-water from the bottom of Assistance Bay, seven fathoms water which contained abundance of decomposing vegetable and animal matter, and living polychaeta, was allowed to stand for a few weeks in my cabin, where the temperature was frequently below plus 24°, and never above plus 32°. The mud settled to the bottom of the vessel, and left about an inch in depth of supernatant fluid, which I examined very frequently. It soon teemed with infusoria exactly the same as those that had been in it on the first examination to which it was subjected immediately after coming into my possession; and I could follow them on the field of the microscope, as they enjoyed their merry pastime in thousands among the shreds and meshes of organisable matter in which the fluid abounded. Large individuals were frequently observed full of ova, which they could be seen permitting to escape into the fluid, in which they were to take up their future abode. A little of this fluid was added to about 20 times its volume of sea-water in a wine-glass and allowed to remain quiet and undisturbed for ten days, exposed to the air, except under such cover as might prevent the access of dust, and to a temperature of plus 27° to plus 31°. In a day or two a film of creamy-looking organisable matter appeared on the surface, which prevented evaporation, and thus assisted its countless inhabitants to obtain a higher temperature than that of the air around them. The first examination proved that reproduction was going on by the discharge of ova, which appeared like a pavement of sparkling ocelli in the cambium on the surface; while the water itself presented a living mass of creatures of great beauty and fertility."

[ORIGINAL.]

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

The amber shades of twilight flit, I anxiously grieve,
Counting pride and pomp's outfit, With names of humbler sound.
The rich and gaily gilded dome, The pauper's power cot;
The vagrant's den, and striver's home, Are but in evening's blot;
Earth's late illumined scenes appear, A mingled mass of gloom,
Transformed in every scene most dear, To children of the tomb.
But oh! Great Father, when to thee, We upward turn the eye,
What brilliant beams of hope we see, Resplending thine bright sky!
There thy great hand has opened a book, And spread 'fore mortal gaze,
A page in which each child should look, And read his Maker's praise;
Kempville, 1833. HENRY KEMPVILLE.

ALADDIN'S LAMP—A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.

At the opening of the Manchester, (England) Free Library, speeches were made by Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and others. Among the good things said by Sir Edward, in his characteristic, figurative way, was the following:

GENTLEMEN: You will remember that story of Aladdin, which we have read in our childhood, how a poor youth descended into a cavern, and brought back from its recesses an old lamp. Accidentally he discovered that at the mere friction of the lamp a mighty genius appeared at his command. Awed by the terrors of the spirit that he had summoned, he at first only ventured to employ its powers to satisfy his common and his humblest wants—to satisfy hunger and thirst—but gradually accustomed to the presence of this gigantic agent, he employed it to construct palaces, to amass treasures, to baffle armies, to triumph over foes, until, at the close of the story, the owner of the wonderful lamp is the sovereign of a peaceful empire, assured to his remote posterity. Gentlemen, that story is a type of labor at the command of knowledge. When we first find the lamp, we are contented to apply its genius solely to our common and physical wants—but as we are accustomed to the presence of that spirit which we have summoned, we find that we have obtained a secret which places the powers of earth, air and ocean at our command. That genius, left to itself, would be a threatening ministrant, because it is only rude physical force; but to him who possesses the lamp, that genius is a docile and benignant ministrant, because here physical force is the slave of intellectual will. Now, gentlemen, in that same physical force, which, in the phrase of the day, is sometimes called the "power of the masses" lies a great problem for all thoughtful men to resolve. Knowledge has brought us face to face with it, and knowledge must either instruct that force, or it will destroy the invoker. May, then all who possess the knowledge, who are gifted with the lamp, use it only for beneficent and useful purposes, so that the genius whose tread could bring down the storm, may only come to enrich the treasury and assure the empire.

FACTS ABOUT CUBA.

The population of Cuba is about 1,200,000. Of these there are 500,000 white inhabitants; 100,000 free mulattoes; 80,000 free blacks; 20,000 mulatto slaves, and 500,000 black slaves. Cuba is 780 miles in length averaging 52 in breadth, and covering an area of 43,500 square miles. It lies across the mouth of the Mexican Gulf, being only 120 miles from East Florida; 95 from Yucatan in South America, 42 from St Domingo, and from Jamaica 75 miles. There are fifty fine harbours on the coast of Cuba, some of which are spacious bays, affording anchorage and protection to the largest class of vessels. The climate is very fine, the warmest month averaging 82 degrees Fahrenheit's thermometer, and the coldest 70, at Havana. Ice rarely forms, and snow never falls. It is traversed by chains of mountains, whose peaks, in some instances, are 8,500 feet high; the plains beneath are proverbial for their fertility, though comparatively a small portion of its 34,000,000 acres of land are cultivated. Besides the staple articles of sugar, tobacco, and coffee, the soil is favorable for the growth of rice, corn wheat, and vegetables. Fruit is abundant embracing the plain-tain, orange, lemon, cocoa nut, and a vast variety of other kinds peculiar to tropical climates.

REX AND OLD HAT.—A Yankee, somewhere down east, has made a grand discovery, that a window glazed with old hats is a sure indication that the occupant has seen a rum bottle.

Humorous.

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

Lines on the marriage of Miss Mary Van Allen, of N. Y., to Mr. Ephraim Mudd.

Let's wife we read in the days of old, For one tedious fault, Was changed as we are plainly told, Into a lump of salt.

The same propensity to change, Still runs in female blood, For here we find a thing as strange, A maiden turned to MUD.

'My grandfather,' said Mrs. Partington, was captivated by the Indians. 'I should have supposed it was your grandmother!' the Major promptly injected.

Marriage is a certain cure for love—but the remedy is often worse than the disease.

The following pointed paragraph we extract from the "Editor's drawer" of Harper's Magazine. It may "hold the mirror up to nature" to some who read it:

"Nothing so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find after his arrival, that nothing, or next to nothing is the matter with his patient. We remember an 'urgent case' of this kind, recorded of an eminent English Surgeon.

He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servant orders to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient turning a little pale, said:

'Heaven! sir, I hope there is no danger!' 'Indeed there is!' answered the surgeon; for if the fellow doesn't run like a race horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back!"

The best throw with dice is to throw them away.

Why is a fisherman like a ghost? Because he is a sh... The youth that perpetrated this, has left the country and gone over to New Jersey.

IF A keeper of a boarding-house in New Orleans, finding that a tall buck-eye was rather severe on his corned pork and potatoes, after helping his ravenous guest for the third time, thus addressed his Western friend:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I should like to know if you haven't been in the pork-packing business, you seem to understand it thoroughly.

EPICRAM.—The following epigram is very clever. The reader has only to erase the name, substitute that of Miss—, mark a paper and send it to her.

"Maria's like a clock they say, Unconscious of her beauty, She regulates the live long day, Exact in every duty.

If this be true, such self command, Such well directed powers, Oh! may her little minute hand Become a hand of ours!"

IF There is sometimes a savage stretch on the imagination in abuse. Two editors quarrelling out West, one says the other is so mean that he'll have to die by subscription.

NEVER MARRY.—The following interesting piece of advice was given by a housekeeper of a maiden lady of thirty, who at last thought of entering into bonds.—"Take my advice, ma'am and never marry; now you lie down master and get up came. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage ma'am, he snapped me because I put my cold feet to his. You don't know the men, ma'am, as well as I do."

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches," said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarrelling. "The process is very simple—I once made one," replied he. "How did you manage it?" "By leading you to church."

A man loaned an umbrella to a friend, a tradesman, in the street on a wet nasty day. It was not returned, and on another wet disagreeable day he called for it, but found his friend at the door going out with it in his hand.

"I've come for my umbrella," exclaimed the loaner. "Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower, "don't you see I am going out with it?"

"Well—yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence, "yes, but—but—but what am I to do?"

"Do!" replied the other, as he threw up the top and walked off—"Do as I did, borrow one."

If all the nutmegs in the world were in a heap, why should a speck box still boast of a larger number?—Because it contains a nutmeg grater." The author of this left Piccon on Wednesday in a one horse wagon.

"LIKE CURES LIKE."—A clap out West who had been severely afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief in the application of another palpitating heart. Another triumph of homoeopathy. Like cures like.

AS FOOLISH AS MEX.—Some time since a swarm of bees entered a brew-house of an inn at Llandaff, and the queen bee got into the vat which had just been filled with boiling liquor. The other bees followed their queen, and not one of them escaped destruction.

IF Mrs. Partington "wants to know" what sort of drum a conundrum are! She thinks some are hard to beat.

A DETROITIAN CONSULTING THE RAFFLES.—"Is dat you, Mrs. Hauntz?" inquired the Dutchman. "Yes, dearst, it is your own wife, who—" "You lie, you ghost," interrupted Hauntz, starting from his seat, "mine vrow speak nothing but Dutch, and she never said torest in her life. It was always 'Hauntz, you thief!' or 'Hauntz, you tirty shkamp!' And the Dutchman hobbled from the room, well satisfied that the "rapping spirits" were all humbug, and that he was safe from any further communications with his shrewish vrow on this earth.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

A VALENTINE.

I dare not say, I will not tell, But beauty's power, of magic thrill, The thousand thoughts, my bosom; I felt not till you made me ill.
The most castles built of air, And yet, I dare but think, I dream, And crumbled again in cold despair. The present, past, and future, seem As if to me love's but a name, The spectre of a burned flame.
But this I tell, and this I say, The bright refreshing showers of May, Are to the plant, the flower, the tree, Less cheering than thy voice to me.
But if my heart could bud again, And I could feel love's precious pain, My heart's pure throbs, would all be thine, And thou my lovely VALENTINE.
ALLEN.
Glasgow, February, 1833.

THE LOST AND THE LIVING.

BY FANNY FEEN.

The husband's tears may be few and brief, He may woo and win another, But the daughter clings in unchanging grief To the image of her mother!

But a fleeting twelvemonth had passed since the heart (that for years had beat against his own) was for ever stilled, when Walter Lee brought again a fair young creature to share his widowed home. Nor father nor mother, brother nor sister, claimed any part of the orphan heart that he coveted and won. No expense or pains had been spared to decorate the mansion for their reception. Old familiar objects, fraught with tenderest associations, had been removed, to make way for the upholsterer's choicest fancies. There was no picture left upon the wall, with sweet, sad, mournful eyes, to follow him with silent reproach. Everything was fresh and delightful as the new-born joy that filled his heart.

"My dear Edith," said he, fondly pushing back the hair from her forehead; "there should be no shadow in your pathway, but I have tried in vain to induce Nelly to give you the welcome you deserve; however she shall not annoy you, I shall compel her to stay in the nursery till she yields to my wishes."

"Oh, no! don't do that," said the young step-mother, anxiously, "I think I understand her. Let me go to her, dear Walter;" and she tripped lightly out of the room.

Walter Lee looked after her retreating figure with a lover-like fondness. The room seemed to him to grow suddenly darker, when the door closed after her. Reaching out his hand, he almost unconsciously took up a book that lay near him. A slip of paper fluttered out from between the leaves like a white-winged messenger. The joyous expression of his face faded into one of deep sorrow, as he read it. The hand writing was his child's mother's. It ran thus:

"Oh to die, and be forgotten! This warm heart cold, these active limbs still, these lips dust! Suns to rise and set, flowers to bloom, the moon to silver leaf and trees around my own dear home: the merry laugh, the pleasant circle, and I not there! The weeds choking the flowers at my head-stone; the severed tress of sunny hair forgotten in its envelope; the sun of happiness so soon absorbing the dew-drop of sorrow! The cypress changed for the orange wreath! Oh no, no; don't quite forget, lose your eyes sometimes, and bring before you the face that once made sunshine in your home; feel again the rousing clasp of loving arms; the lips that told you (not in words) how dear you were. Oh, Walter, don't quite forget! From Nelly's clear eyes, let her mother's soul still speak to you.

"MARY LEE."

Warm tears fell upon the paper, as Walter Lee folded it back. He gave himself time to rally, and then glided gently up to the nursery door. It was partially open. A little fairy creature of some five summers, stood in the middle of the floor. Her tiny face was half hidden in sunny curls. Her little pinafore was full of toys, which she grasped tightly in either hand.

"No, you are not my mamma," said the child. "I want my own dead mamma, and I'm sorry papa brought you here."

"Oh, don't say that," said the young step-mother; "don't call me mamma, if it gives you pain, dear. I am quite willing you should love your own mamma best."

Nellie looked up with a pleasant surprise. "I had a dear mamma and papa once," she continued; "and brothers and sisters so many and so merry! but they are all dead, and sometimes my heart is very sad; I have no one now to love me, but you papa and you."

Nellie's eyes began to moisten; and taking out one after another of the little souvenirs and toys from her pinafore, she said, "And you won't take away this—and this—and this—that my dead mamma gave me?"

"No, indeed, dear Nellie."

"And you will let me climb into my papa's lap, as I used; and put my cheek to his, and kiss him, and love him as much as ever I can, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, my darling."

Walter Lee could bear no more! his heart was full. What! Mary's child pleading with a stranger for room in a father's heart. In the sudden gush of this new fount of tenderness, had he forgotten or overlooked the claims of that helpless little one! God forbid! "From Nellie's clear eyes let her mother's soul still speak to you." Aye! And it did!

When next Walter Lee met his young bride, it was with a chastened tenderness. Nellie's loving little heart was pressed closely against his own. He was again "her own papa!" No, he did not "quite forget!"—*Olive Branch.*

GIRL OF THE BLUE EYE, BRIGHT AND BEAMING.

Oh, for the time of the summer's dawn,
To hear the lark his carol singing;
Oh, for a walk in the dew-clad lawn,
When health from every breeze is bringing;
Oh, for the shade of the hawthorn tree,
With midday sun above it gleaming;
Oh, for such hours to spend with thee,
Girl of the blue eye bright and beaming.

Oh, for the time of the evening's close,
With not a breath its peace destroying;
Oh, for a share of its sweet repose,
But not alone the bliss enjoying;
Oh, for the hearth and winter drear,
When joyous hearts with love are teeming,
Oh, for such hours with thee to share,
Girl of the blue eye brightly beaming.

Oh, for a life mid scenes like this,
Unlogged by worldly wealth or splendor;
Oh, 'twere a life of radiant bliss,
Shared with a feeling heart and tender.
Oh, that the fairy scene might be
In a land where Freedom's flag is streaming,
'Twere heaven on earth to be there with thee,
Girl of the blue eye brightly beaming.

A GOOD COURTING STORY.

That was a good courting story our old friend B. used to tell. The thing happened many years ago, about the time the Connecticut system of doing such things gave way to the modern system. The object of the affections of B. was blessed in having an old codger of a father, watchful as the Argus, and jealous as a Turk, and with all a deadly hater of B. It was one cold night in winter, a romantically clandestine meeting was arranged. It was to take place in the very chamber of the damsel, which besides being a dormitory, was a sort of business office for the old gent. As a matter of course fire and light were out of the question, as being instruments to interrupt the course of true love, which never did run smooth. The walls were full of cracks and holes, and the frosty air bit severely; but never a jot did the lover mind it. But presently, to their dismay, a step was heard on the stairs. Of course B. must be off, and his charmer must be asleep; so one goes under the bed, while the other takes a more comfortable place above. The old man entered, and to the dismay of B., sat down to posting up his accounts. Perfectly insensible to the cold, he kept on. The clock struck twelve, and one, and there was no sign of his leaving. B. had become perfectly benumbed, and the only sign of muscular action was the castanet-like chattering of his teeth. Presently the old man got up. Was he going? No; but he felt the cold. He lighted a few shavings, and sat down to his compound interest. No heat radiated to B., and the flame was tantalization. A gentle snore from above convinced him that the third party was oblivious to his situation. The clock struck three,—the flame had gone out, and by the light of the embers B. saw the old man depart. "Jerusalem!" our friend used to conclude his touching narrative, "Jerusalem! didn't I straddle those andirons?" It is useless to add that the arrangement was broken up. Our friend to this day feels a cold chill at the recollection of it.

HAPPY WOMEN.—The higher order of the Russian priests cannot marry at all; one of inferior order can only marry again a maiden. If his wife die he cannot marry again, and can seldom retain his parish, but must retire, and end his days in a cloister. For this reason the priests exercise the greatest care in the selection of a wife, her loss being irreparable, and for ever banishing him to the silent loneliness of a cloister cell. With regard to conjugal tenderness and devotion the pastor's wife is consequently the happiest in the country.

Girls are always good natured in sleigh riding times, and seldom if ever complain if they are obliged to undergo a little extra squeezing. If your Pung holds two, a third is always willing to adapt her dimensions to the little spare room which is left, and indeed you can't refuse when dear creatures volunteer to wedge themselves into the very smallest possible compass, if it is only to steady you when driving. Besides sleighs require plenty of ballast, and this is always supplied by the pressure of three or four plump, healthy girls. "The more the merrier" is a maxim which always holds good in sleighing times.—*Knick.*

FORTUNE TELLING IN LONDON.—Fortune telling is an evidence of ignorance that prevails to a considerable extent, and is patronized not by any means alone by the lowest classes. I am acquainted with four fortune tellers, who lived within the limits of a single street, and who appeared to be visited by persons of a character that would hardly be supposed to place confidence in such delusion. One of these fortune tellers, who, with the others, was, of course, visited by me, with a view to their conversion, attempted repeatedly to make a convert of me. She assured me "gentlemen of my profession had their fortunes told," and would have been very happy to lay out the cards for my personal benefit. She informed me on various occasions respecting most remarkable revelations she had made to persons; and as no one was present to contradict, and as, somehow or other, in every instance, there was no clue to the person named, it was, of course, impossible for me to contradict her statements. This soothsayer was a woman capable of imposing upon many. She was of commanding figure, and had an eye of piercing sharpness, a very prominent nose, and a large projecting chin, and spoke with so correct a diction and so much earnestness that I cannot feel surprised she should have many dupes. Mrs. — was in the habit, I am informed, of waving a lighted torch outside her window every morning at two o'clock.—*Lander's Notes on the Mysteries of a Six Years' Mission among the Deaf of London.*



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*

SWEDISH MOTHER'S HYMN.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

There sitteth a dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray,
And she listeneth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayer which the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And bringeth that dove so mild—
From the Father in heaven who hears her speak
A blessing on every child.

Then, children, lift up a poor prayer;
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove so white and fair
All on the lily spray.

TALE OF A PIN.

In an early month of the year 1775, with a tolerable education, and with many natural qualifications for a financial etc., Jacques Laffitte was seeking for a situation as clerk. He had high hopes and a light heart, for he brought with him a letter of introduction to M. Perregaux, the Swiss banker. But with all his sanguine anticipations and golden day-dreams, he was bashful and retiring. It was with a trembling heart that the young provincial appeared before the parisan man of bond and gold. He managed to explain the purpose of his visit, and present his letter of recommendation. The banker quietly read the note. "It is impossible," said he as he laid it aside, "that I can find room for you at present; all my offices are full. Should there be a vacancy at a future time I will see what can be done. In the meantime, I advise you to seek elsewhere, as it may be a considerable period before I shall be able to admit you." Away went sunshine and prosperous visions! Disappointed and gloomy poor Jacques left the presence of the polite banker. As he crossed, with downcast eyes the courtyard of the noble mansion, he observed a pin lying on the ground. His habitual habits of frugality, amidst his disappointment, were still upon the watch. He picked up the pin, and carefully stuck it in the lapel of his coat. From that trifling action sprang his future greatness: that one single act of frugal care and regard for little things opened the way to a stupendous fortune. From the window of his cabinet, M. Perregaux had observed the action of the rejected clerk, and he wisely thought that the man who would stoop to pick up a pin under such circumstances, was endowed with the necessary qualities for a good economist: he read in that single act of parsimony an indication of great financial mind, and he deemed the acquisition of such a one as wealth itself. Before the day had closed, Laffitte received a note from the banker. "A place," it said, "is made for you at my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow." The banker was not deceived in his estimate of the character of Laffitte, and the young clerk soon displayed a talent and aptness for his calling that procured his advancement from a clerk to a cashier, to a partner; and from a partner to the head proprietor of the first banking house in Paris. He became a deputy, and then a president of the council of ministers.

What a destiny for a man who would stoop to pick up a pin!

VALUE OF A MINUTE.—A minute, my friend, is something. How many years must it seem to somebody standing on a scaffold in the chilly morning, with the spectre of a white nightcap grinning over his shoulder, with the hands of St. Sepalchre's Church pointing in one minute to eight, and with but that minute plank between him and the deep sea of eternity! A minute! Will not the hot sand that thereof, consumed in a nimble spring on the right or to the wrong side, double the odds between your being landed safely on a wilderness, a form heaped with Christmas lanterns, and hung round with val' lanterns, or placards, respecting Christmas excursions, and your being crushed to death beneath the tremendous wheels of that same excursion-train, as it glides heavily along the treacherous rails to the station? A minute! In that subdivision of the day how many words of hope, or love, or murderous accusation, or frenzied anxiety, or kindly greeting will travel through the sentient wires of the telegraph, over the sh. and under a. and tea—through hills and tundra—across railways and deep rivers? A minute will break the back of the strong steamship, and send her with all her freight of mailed warriors, and weather-beaten mariners, and restless chargers, down to the coral reefs, and the pearls that lie in dead men's eyes, to be no more heard of till the sea gives up its dead! A minute decides the Liberty, settles whether the firm of Ingots, Nuggets, Bullion, and Co., shall go into the Gazette, and Basinghall-street, or its senior partner, Sir John Ingots, into the House of Peers. Guilty or not guilty; the bullet of all the bullets at a battle; head or tail; "how will you have it?" or "no effects;" all these lie within the compass of a minute, of

less than a minute, of the infinitesimal particle of a minute.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.

All mortal men that live must surely die,
But how, or when, is hid from human eye;
Consider then thy few uncertain days;
Delay no longer to amend thy ways;
Engage thy heart to serve the Lord in love,
For all his ways, the ways of comfort prove,
G rant to thyself no time for vain delight,
H aste at that's wrong, and love to do the right;
I n all thou dost, act in God's fear,
K eep still the thoughts of death and judgement near;
L earn to avoid what thou believ'st sin,
M ind what reproves or justifies within;
N o act is good that doth disturb thy peace,
O r can be bad that doth thy joy increase,
P revent the loss of time, be timely wise,
Q uench not the Spirit, all its teachings prize;
R ely alone upon the power that can
S ubdue the pride and haughty looks of man;
T his heavenly power is that which sanctifies
U nto the Lord the heart that's truly wise.
W ait for it then—in it such wisdom is,
X enophon's wisdom folly was to this;
Y ea, this, if 'tis obey'd will give thy youth
Z eal for the Lord, and lead unto all truth.

A LETTER FROM ROSA MADIAI, in prison in Tuscany for Bible-reading, addressed to her husband:—

"You could not imagine what profound pleasure I have felt in hearing that thou wert better, and what tears of joy I have shed in thinking that God had deemed thee worthy of suffering for His beloved Son, and that He has restored thy health! O, if we could only understand the price of the shame we suffer for having acknowledged one Mediator only between God and man! Dearest, thou speakest to me of waiting for our grace; but I can tell thee that the great grace we have already received, was after being torn from each other by force—having been torn away from our home, and having lost every thing, we have been ourselves reduced to our present condition. However, no more than Moses would for all Pharaoh's treasures, would we loose that sacred gift which through Supreme Grace, the Holy Spirit granted us: faith in the Divine Word! That is what I call a grace, and a great grace. If a star is to shine for us it must be that of justice. We have wronged none, and done harm to nobody. On the contrary, we have received evil, and have been sold for a few pieces of money. Our accusers are the descendants of Judas. Poor souls! I pray God to grant them Peter's tears, and to preserve them from Judas' punishment, that they may, in future, enjoy Christ's salvation. If they were to come and ask alms of me—as I have done before—I would still give them; may God be our help! Amen. Dear Madiai, let us be ready for the Father's will, as His Son our Master.

"Let us not be anxious; Peter trembled in walking on the waters; fearing the waves, he forgot that if the Lord himself walked on them, he ought not to fear anything. Let us remember the sacred word: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.' Dearest, rest in the Lord for everything, good and evil: everything passes away; eternity, that is the chief thing. Be cheerful and try to gain health. God bless thee, and keep thee under the shadow of His wings, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

ROSA MADIAI.

The number of sea-going vessels in the world is about eighty-five thousand, of which two-thirds belong to England and two United States.

Seventy-five thousand persons, male and female, are employed in making boots and shoes in Massachusetts. Their value is placed at \$25,000,000.

Nelson's funeral, in 1809, cost about \$75,000; William Pitt's \$30,000. Wellington's will probably cost as much as both together.

The "Free Schools" of New-York city cost, annually, the sum of \$569,000, which is an average of about eight dollars a year to each pupil in attendance.

There is some talk in England of introducing the Maine Liquor Law. In England 130,000 houses are opened for sale of intoxicating drinks, at a cost of 65,000,000 of pounds annually.

Within the city of Paris there are not less than nine hundred authors and musical composers.

The Queen of Spain when she reviews her troops treats them to cigars. Of course they are bound to back her.

Fergus O'Connor has recovered his sanity. This happy result has been brought about by total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

Do not be affronted at a jest. If any one throws salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

A merchant in Hartford has cleared \$40,000 by flour shipped to California this season.

The first white person born in Milwaukee is now residing there, a young lady of fifteen years.

The town of Rutland, in Vermont, is said to have turned out a million dollars worth of marble the past year.

Flutes of the most exquisite tone and finish are made of India rubber, hardened by Goodyear's process.

Voltaire's description of a physician is:—"An unfortunate gentleman expected every day to perform a miracle; namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

One simple vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the long Parliament, Charles Stuart to the scaffold, revolutionized England, and made Great Britain free. One vote gave us Texas, made war with Mexico, slew thousands of our people, and purchased California, turned thither the tide of emigration, and will change the destiny of the world.

THE SUN—December 30th, 1852, the sun was distant from the earth 93,573,000 miles; and will be distant 96,773,000 miles on July 3, 1853.

The total loss of property by fires in California during the past three years, is estimated at sixty-six millions of dollars—more than has been destroyed by fire in all the rest of the United States during the last ten years.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

This paper will be issued on Tuesdays, except during the year. It will contain eight pages—the two last being devoted to advertisements, and will give all the news of the day, political and other news.
Subscription price for 1853, 5s. cy in advance.

Or within one month after subscribing. To 6d. currency if not so paid at the end of six months, and if left to 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 last year did not please well on account of the postage. In consideration we have concluded to send to clubs, if any of our friends wish to form them upon these terms—3 copies for \$4, 10 copies for \$9, 20 copies for \$18, 30 copies for \$26, 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.

TORONTO, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1853.

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 stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs, chap. 23.

THE GLOWING CUP.

Oh pass the glowing wine-cup by,
Nor let thy lips its poison drink,
Though it be mantling warm and high,
Yet pause and on its ruin think,
It meets thee at the festive board
Crowned with its jests and ringing laughter—
A glad temptation brightly poured—
But oh, what heavy days come after!

It lends the soul a feverish power,
With wild and flashing words to speak,
And lights a cold and gloomy hour
Where hope nor sunlight seemed to break;
'Tis like a transient magic spell,
The draft within you gilded chalice,
But fevered lips that love it well,
Regret too late its burning malice.

There is a tearful record kept
By a pure angel from on high,
And tears of blood are o'er it wept
From eyes that slumber not nor die—
It bears the name of those like thee,
Who only touched and lightly tasted,
Yet have gone down as silently
As treasure barks that rocks have wasted.

A voice of warning sternly comes
From where the young and proud were wrecked,
And canst thou tread earth's ruined noines
And sink thy goodly intellect?
The costly jewels of thy brain—
And wouldst thou have their brightness scattered?
To dull the maddest sense of pain,
Wouldst have thy reckless life stung and stung?

Is there no hallowed spirit fled,
To hover round and guard thy fate?
Nor whisper from the sainted dead,
To stay thee ere it be too late?
Is there no human heart that's thine,
And linked by ties thou wouldst not sever?
Oh turn and flee the sparkling wine,
As thou wouldst keep that love for ever.

By all the star-bright hopes that shine,
And make thy future dazzling seem,
By angel aspirations—thine,
And by ambition's gorgeous dream;
By all the prayers that upward go,
Joy's deep and passionate emotion,
Avoid this strong temptation now,
And save for heaven a heart's devotion.

There is a bird in Eastern skies,
That will not soil its wings with earth—
The peerless bird of Paradise—
Art thou not too of Eden birth?
Then leave the wine that's foaming high,
Though jovial friends shall praise its gladness,
And pass the cup untasted by,
Charmed from its ruin and its madness.

—Louisville Journal.

REFORMATION TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION WITH DIVISIONS.

A movement is going on in the city, and in Yorkville, for the purpose of establishing Temperance Societies in connexion with Divisions of the Sons. The members of a Division hold a meeting, decide on speakers, open a list for all who desire to sign the pledge to become abstainers. This done, a society is formed under the protection of the Division, and new names are added from time to time to it. These persons, after a trial of constancy to their pledge, are admitted as Sons into the Division in the usual way. It will be admitted by all that there are dozens of persons in the vicinity of every Division who seemingly wish well to the cause, speak in favour of temperance, and would unite with an association similar to the above, but who would not join the Division at first for various reasons, the chief of which is the expense they would incur by doing so. So long as they do not belong to any association they feel at ease, drink moderately, and feel that they are not of us, nor yet of the rum party. Such persons would join an association of temperance men. Where a division of 25 or 30 only could be got up and maintained, there might be a society of 200, more or less pledged men, of this kind. They might be looked upon as recruits, always ready to assist with voice and vote. Popular opinion is swayed by numbers a good deal, and it is our object in endeavoring to carry on this reformation, to get

every man enlisted on our side. When the Maine Law is enacted we want the votes of the people to sustain it. Before it is enacted we want the voice of the majority to hold meetings, to prevent the licensing of inns, and to sustain us upon all trying occasions. Let every Division, if possible, have embryo members, or a list of persons formed into a society, pledged to abstain from intoxicating drinks; and let it be the duty of each Son to endeavor to get as many of his neighbors, female and male, to join the society as possible. Several interesting meetings of the old Temperance Society have been lately held in Brantford something of the above nature; at one of which 100 persons signed the pledge, and at another meeting about half as many. At this meeting many active Sons attended and aided it. On Friday evening a similar meeting was held in Yorkville. The Ontario Division is about forming such a Society. Our dues paying system keeps many poor men from us. Again our initiatory fees are in the way of many joining at first; some do not like to belong to a society which they think secret, or that requires their weekly attendance. Having no society to join they drink. Now the objections they make to our noble Order are, we readily admit, groundless, and all good men who admire anything that is good must admit it; yet Sons are working men, and if we can gain any over to the temperance cause in another way let us do it. Since the formation of the Order of the Sons the old temperance Society in Canada have in most places given up the work. This is decidedly wrong, since they could do much good by constant action. Sons of Temperance should recollect that they have something else to do besides attending Divisions. We have a work of outward reformation to accomplish—our light—that is example of consistency, should be seen of all men; and they should see how much better it is for man to be truly temperate than intemperate. From a long experience our advice to all is, to join the Son's temperance association, it being an admirable one; yet we readily admit the necessity of these operating societies to act with us.

TEMPERANCE MEN DO NOT WORK.

The Stratford Division, situated as most know in a new country, has done more in a year than perhaps any other Division in Canada. It numbers but sixteen members, yet has passed numerous addresses to public bodies, and sent one even to Scotland, and has by tracts drawn the attention of the public to our principles. One of the members of this Division has at his own expense distributed over a THOUSAND COPIES of this paper in the County of Perth, besides many other temperance periodicals and tracts. One cannot help but reflect on the immense amount of good the whole 400 Division in Upper Canada might do if they were to follow this example. Divisions are formed and go on prosperously for a time in a town, village or city, with the novelty lasts. At length the interest flags and attendance is very limited. Then all begin to wonder how it is that the cause is going down. Now the cause is going down it is true, but it is simply because the members of those Divisions have been shamefully remiss in their duties, forgetting their vows—giving all their time to their private affairs. Such persons would have done better never to have joined Divisions. Their example has been ruinous, and their sorrow at the declension of interest might well be hidden; seeing that the fault lies at their doors. If they would but give a little more of their time, prove that their lip promises are sincere, and imitate the Stratford Division, there would be little reason to complain. If the 20,000 Sons of Upper Canada would but work manfully, nothing could withstand their efforts. Out of this number not 500 are truly working men. Some excuse is always ready for their omission of duty. They have joined a Division and got themselves secure, and all the rest of mankind, even the members of other Divisions, may take care of themselves. NOW WE HAVE A PLAIN TRUTH TO TELL, and that is, that Sons in Canada are not doing their duty. The work is left for the few. A few men in most Divisions bear the whole heat of the battle, whilst the majority are lookers on—passive in the great struggle. Success in every thing depends on prompt and constant action. The only redeeming feature we see just now in the order is that of building TEMPERANCE HALLS. There are many of such being built, which fact augurs well for the durability of the order.

In Toronto and nearly all of our large towns Sons have been very remiss at the late civic elections. The result would have been very different if all had acted as one man in favor of temperance candidates. Let Divisions arouse from their lethargy and do something towards the onward movement.

JOKING WITH FACTS.—A contemporary, in speaking of the "awful waste" of twenty-five casks of liquor poured upon the ground in Maine, remarks that such an amount of liquor, "properly distributed," would have carried the primary elections in two or three wards of New York.

LIQUOR MADE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The census report gives the amount of whiskey made in our republic at 42,133,255 gallons; rum, 6,500,500 gallons; beer, 1,177,924 gallons; total, 49,812,379 gallons of whisky, rum and beer. The amount is more than two gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country, per annum. A great deal of this is exported, but perhaps we import more brandy and wine to make up for it. New-York and Pennsylvania are the great distilling and beer-making States of the Union.

THIRTY REASONS FOR DRINKING.

Some drink because they're hungry,
And some because they're dry;
Some drink to keep them in good health,
And some that they may die;
Some drink because that they are hot,
And some because they're cold,
Some drink to strengthen them when young,
And some when they are old;
Some drink to keep them wide awake,
And some that they may sleep;
Some drink because they merry are,
And some because they weep;
Some drink when they do money gain,
And some because of loss;
Some drink when they are pleased,
And others when they're cross;
Some drink when they are hard at work,
And some when they do play;
Some think it right to drink at night,
While others drink by day;
Some drink for sake of company,
While others drink for sly;
And many drink but never think
About the reason why;
Some drink when they a bargain make,
Some when they money pay;
Both when they buy and when they sell,
They drink good luck to-day;
Some say they drink for pleasure,
And some they drink for pain;
Some say 'tis good, some very bad,
But never once refrain,
Yet all must own the proverb true,
When iron's hot to strike it;
I've just found out the reason why
All drunk—because they like it.

THE SWEET CIDER QUESTION.

For some weeks past several letters have been lying on our table on this subject. We have not had time to refer to the subject, and indeed it is one that it is unpleasant to meddle with. Originally the National Division merely required a person initiated to pledge him-self not to drink, buy, or sell any intoxicating drinks. Sweet cider was not within the meaning of the prohibition, and indeed it was not intended to forbid the use of sweet cider as a beverage originally. It may be fairly classed in the same list with the fresh juice of the grape which is clearly in no way intoxicating. Subsequently it was seen that the use of cider was liable to abuse, that it was often drunk in a fermented state, and thus caused partial intoxication. Sweet cider will not do so. The National Division has no power to add to nor take from any Son's original pledge, to do so is subversive of every principle of justice and policy. In altering the pledge as to cider, and also in taking any action on the coloured question, they did what they had no power or right to do, and what was contrary to the original compact with all Sons. No man's religious belief or political feelings can be meddled with or disturbed in a Division room, or by the action of any Grand or National Division, nor can the Question of the colour of a man's skin legally come up there. The present pledge of Sons of Temperance prevents their use of cider in any shape as a beverage, not otherwise.

Some think the pledge overlooks sweet cider, which is permissible, and that it is not properly CIDER within the spirit of the pledge. Such persons understand CIDER to mean FERMENTED APPLE JUICE. The National Division does not take this view of it. It might be said that any thing was liable to abuse as well as cider. Ginger beer and lemonade are drinks used by Sons, and the use is no infraction of the pledge, yet probably they are at times abused, by mixtures of alcohol.

Finally we can only say as to this matter, that the use of sweet cider is not permitted as a beverage by the present pledge. The propriety of this construction or addition is another question. The two letters on hand we will have to omit publishing. One is from Lake Erie and another from Younge Street.

A QUESTION TO BE CONSIDERED.

No Dealer or Trafficker in intoxicating drinks, or Manufacturer of the same for sale, whether he be a member of a church or not, and moreover though he be a temperate man, or a man of property, or what is commonly called respectable,—should, on principle, be considered as a fit or proper person, to be entrusted with any thing connected with the management of moral institutions, especially such having for their object the guidance of the young, who are to imbibe their principles chiefly from facts illustrative of a good or a bad life. The intemperate habits of men and women unquestionably arise from the use of intoxicating drinks, either in their private abodes or in the more usual places or receptacles for the sale of the same. And from whence, and in what manner, are these intoxicating drinks obtained?

The interminable efforts and aim of all religious men—of Ministers of religion—Legislators—Societies—publications, tracts, &c. &c.—philanthropists—prison visitors—Magistrates, &c., to decrease crime, so far as arising from intemperance, have been to some degree paralyzed and set at naught, from a want of the adoption, inculcation, and universal teaching, of the rule or maxim, heron first set forth. The question as to the use, publicly or privately, of intoxicating drinks, as leading to the commission of crime, and almost every variety of suffering in the human race, including the demoralization in cities and towns, of thousands (hundreds of thousands) of females, is incontestably set at rest by the individual statistical investigations of eminent men in Europe and America, aided by the Tables composed chiefly for the classification of crimes, showing from whence these arise.

To all doubting minds, if any, and to the inquirer after truth—

and to the objectors to the promotion of Temperance doctrines, I would generally refer such to the admirable Prize Essay "On the use and abuse of Alcoholic Liquor, &c." by Dr. Carpenter—which can be obtained in Hamilton and other places, for the small price of 1s. 3d. J. J. E. L.

Stratford, (County Perth,) Jan. 19, 1853.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEMPERANCE.

(Concluded from No 5)

Again, people are apt to suppose that no suffering is done to their health, because they are not sensible of the wound at the moment, but this also is a notion we must class among vulgar errors. It is a matter of demonstration, not merely of hypothesis, that we may sustain most grievous injury of which we are not instantly sensible, nay, that so long a time may elapse after the impression has been imparted, that we become unable to trace the effect to its cause; and yet the relation of cause and effect stands sure, however ignorant or unconscious we may be of it. As an illustration of this position, I shall mention a case which came under my own observation. I was once acquainted with a gentleman, who, at eighty years of age was what would be called a stout healthy old fellow. He was certainly of a most robust constitution, and had never addicted himself to any habit "calculated to shorten life," as they say at the Insurance office, saving and excepting that of taking snuff. Well, it has been said to me, "see how your anti-nicotine theory is set at defiance by this hearty old fellow. If tobacco be a slow poison, it must be, as was said of tea, very slow indeed, or how should we have such an exemplary octogenarian as this, o'er all its ills victorious." He has been taking snuff all his life, and yet, you perceive, is nothing the worse for it." Now, I did not perceive in my snuff, but was well aware the contrary was the case. I was of opinion, and am now fully convinced of the fact, that he suffered extremely, nay, intensely, from the habit, without himself or others being at all aware of it. I do not speak of a nose begrimed with snuff—of waistcoat and inexpressibles embrewed all over with it—of the expenditure of pocket handkerchiefs, and waste of time in nose blowing, everlasting sneezing and coughing, &c. Such matters are mere trifles in the estimation of your professed snuff takers; but I speak of an habitual depression of spirits, and frequently an excess of the most miserable melancholy, to which this gentleman was subject, and which I attribute to his inveterate habit of snuff taking, and to no other cause. He would complain bitterly of his wretchedness on those occasions, and ascribe it to stange influences—the humidity of our climate, the fogs, and I know not what besides; but it was nothing but "the snuff." Such intelligence would doubtless have been very troublesome; for this very snuff, this actual *onus et origo meliorum*—ay, "more snuff" was his most favourite remedy and consolation under these distressing visitations; so much for ignorance of causes. The late Dr. Adam Clarke was a great enemy to the tobacco leaf, and published a strong piece in condemnation of it. He takes high ground on the subject: "that it is most sinful to use it as most do." He says, "I have no doubt of its destroying the constitution, and vilely squandering away the time and money which God has given for other purposes—may be termed sinful; I have observed some whole families, and very poor ones too, who have used tobacco in all possible ways, and some of them for more than a half a century. Now, suppose the whole family, consisting of four, five or six, to have used but 1s. 6d. worth per week, then, in the mere article of tobacco, nearly £200 sterling is totally and irrecoverably lost in the course of fifty years. Were all the attending expenses, such as appropriate implements, neglect of business, and other concomitants, taken into account, probably four times the sum would be too small an estimate." Capt. Scott, in his interesting work—"Rambles in Egypt and India," says, "All the East here are addicted to the use of the pipe, and to this pernicious habit may be traced the origin of most of their vices, and a great proportion of their misery." And again, in a note he observes, "Nothing tends so much as the pernicious and universal habit of smoking to retard all improvement amongst the natives of the East, producing habitual indolence, and occasioning an irreparable loss of time." He calls it elsewhere the "predominant vice of Mahometanism. Now, with such testimony and such examples before me I own I cannot contemplate the possibility of my countrymen becoming a nation of smokers without the utmost pain. I would wish to put all parties, but especially the young, on their guard against the insidious and seductive approaches of the habit. The elegant pipe, the splendid snuff box, and all the curious convenience of tube, light, tobacco pouch, and so on, are so many snares to the unwary; and many, by simply nibbling at these captivating baits, have been gradually led on, and at last turned into confirmed consumers. There is a temptation in the formation of our fashionable snuff and cigar shops—"divans," as they are called, which it is hard to resist; it would seem almost worth while to "consume" for the sake of encompassing oneself with such beautiful toys; but I class all such resorts in the category with the gin palaces of London—look to the end—observe what a confirmed habit of snuffing and smoking is; how woful, how enervating, how every way pernicious, the tyranny of it is dreadful. No man knows it thoroughly but he who has once been its slave; the craving of the nose, once accustomed to be fed, for snuff; of the throat and fauces once seasoned to the use for smoke; and of the teeth and gums once used to be drawn for the inveterate chewer; oh, it is dreadful! And I say there is no remedy against the evil but teetotalism. I have said nothing on those popular stimulants tea and coffee, for, as generally used, I think they are both innocent, as they are certainly agreeable beverages. Let not my fair countrywomen, however, when they indulge in the "cup that cheers but not inebriates"—I mean the Howqua, or any other tea mixture—aim at celebrity for preparing it not over strong; for in this state, like other stimulants that we have been considering, I have no doubt that it is bad for weak persons.

Woodstock, Jan., 1853.

"P."

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The Sons of Temperance at Goderich are increasing considerable in numbers, and have proved themselves as a body staunch to their principles. They have erected a very handsome Hall of Brick, which is now clear of debt, and of which they hold the deed. They have received some extraneous assistance, but have reciprocated by granting the use of their Hall free, for the purposes of the Huron Library Association and Mechanics Institute. The Stratford Division also appears to be very active in the good cause and has circulated a New Year's address to the inhabitants of that Town.—Signal.



The Literary Gem.

(ORIGINAL.)
SIMCOE.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Fair Simcoe, thy fanes are more sacred and dear,
Since I shed o'er our parting, affection's fond tear,
And the sigh that was breathed o'er we sundered apart,
E'er brightened the links that had chained thee my heart:
Thy friends are as lovely—thy homes are as warm,
And dearer than ever society's charm,
And with wreaths of remembrance no time shall decay,
The bard bound his harp ere he bore it away.

Tho' far from the few and the faithful and loved,
My heart still is linked to the friends it has proved;
Oh! visioned on memory I see them, and then,
With soul-gushing friendship I clasp them again.
Awake, then, my harp, be thy numbers as sweet
As the songs thou hast sung in that sylvan retreat,
And thy strains, softly flowing, may e'en wake a tear,
For the heart's own beloved ones, the cherished and dear.

Still loved be my Simcoe, my fair forest home,
Tho' a truant from thee for a while I may roam.
The harp of the minstrel a tribute shall pay
For the prize that he bore from your wild-woods away.
The heart may not change tho' we wander afar,
In the chase after fame or in life's wordy war,
Yet a charm will recall to the vales where we breathed,
The smile of the loved where affection was wreathed.

And soft swelling faucies, how sweetly they come,
And thought reconducts us to infancy's home.
But a home now no more on reality's chart,
For the pillow of love is the home of the heart;
And that dear cosy corner, wherever it be,
Is the couch of my hopes and the homestead for me,
Where tho' o'er life's pathway dark clouds may be drawn,
There's one little bright star still beckons me on.

Sing again, my lov'd harp, let each sad note be hush'd,
And joy touch the chords o'er which so row hath rush'd;
What though the lov'd haunts may no longer be nigh,
Let affection's kind breath hush fond memory's sigh,
And Simcoe grow dearer, though sundered a while,
That affection presents her lov'd fanes with a smile,
And the dear beloved few 'oh, still memory is kind',
In the breast of the bard, with his harp, are enshrined.
CORONA, 28th January, 1853.

THE CEDAR BIRD OF CANADA.

This bird is sometimes called the Cherry bird from its fondness for cherries, and its common appearance in our gardens in the latter part of June. It is one of the most graceful and beautiful birds of Canada; the plumage is exceedingly gay and brilliant. To look at it one would suppose it to be a picture of the most exquisite art; the colors are of a beautiful dun-cream-color, yellow and red. Its head is of a wedge shape, and crowned with a tuft of dun colored feathers. It lays four eggs of a pale blue, spotted with black spots at one end. The nest is built upon high bushes in June. What makes this bird peculiarly attractive is the color of the tail and wings. The tail is long, and the feathers are tipped with yellow. The wing feathers are dun, and on the ends of the larger ones there is a high bony substance about the eighth of an inch long, of the most beautiful vermilion; one would suppose it was a delicate wax fastened on to each feather. The vermilion contrasts finely with the other plumage, and this with the yellow fan like tail, and exceedingly neat shape of the bird, gives it an air of queenly beauty. The bill and eyes are black, a velvet stripe runs across the head. These birds appear in small flocks of four, and sometimes more in June and July, in all parts of Canada, and disappear early in summer. The size is about that of the Phoebe; its food consists of berries and insects. It has no song, and is known by one peculiar note, uttered generally when on the wing.

THE PHOEBE

Is the name of a bird familiar to every youth of Canada. One of the first birds that ever attracted our attention in days long gone by, was the little barn Phoebe. Its appearance is noticed with the first warm days of April, and its familiar cry of phoebe! phoebe! phoebe! on the sunny side of our houses, whilst the sun arises with his glorious face on the Eastern horizon, is known to every little Canadian boy. It is peculiarly a domestic and Canadian bird, building its nest in old barns and houses, and under eaves. The color is plain, being of a dark dun. The tail is long and kept in constant action, the body of a long make—bill long and black. The eggs are white, four in number, and the nest is

built of thread, fine straws, hair, and mud, and is attached to the eaves of houses or barns, or to the inside rafters by glue and mud. Its food is insects, and from this circumstance it often suffers greatly in early spring. Its appearance is coeval with that of the barn swallow, upon whose privacy it often intrudes. The size is about eight inches long including the long tail, and the body perhaps half that length. There are several species of this bird, one smaller one larger, in Canada. The Phoebe is sometimes called the ploughman's bird, on account of a peculiar cry it has in the woods in June and July, similar to that uttered by the plough boy to his horses—"Caddy-wayah, Caddy-way-wayah." We have sometimes thought the bird that utters this cry different from the barn Phoebe, but upon mature observation think it the same variety inhabiting the woods.

[The following truthful and pretty verses are from the Poem of Ivar and Ilda, by Mrs. P. A. Henry, of Oshawa, lately published in the *Bowmanville Messenger*.]

HAPPY WEDLOCK.

How blest is that calm peaceful home,
Where sounds of discord never come,
Where loving hearts strew day by day,
Bright roses in each others' way.
Where love and fortune both combine,
To heap their gifts on Hymen's shrine.
How pure is wedlock when two hearts,
Know not one hope or wish apart.
When all the yearnings of the soul,
Go forth to one celestial goal,
When thro' the thrub of joy or ill,
Meets with a quick responsive thrill.
And such thy home oh Ilda fair,
Prepar'd by love's untiring care,
Where days and nights as peaceful glide,
As wavelets on the sleeping tide.
Blest with a love as fond as true,
As human nature ever knew,
A foretaste of the world of bliss,
'Twas all too pure too rich for this.

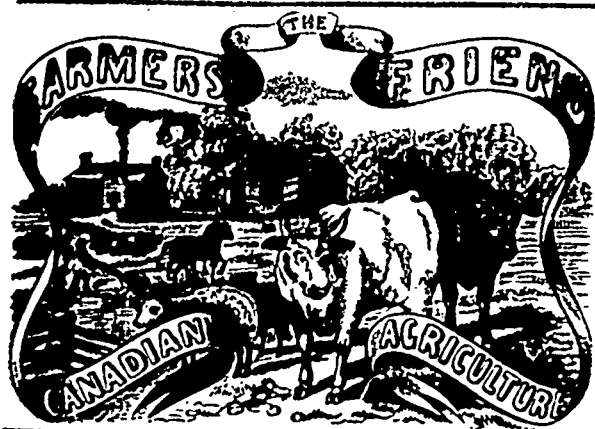
THE OSTRICH.

In the evening two of the Hottentots walked into the camp, bending under a burden of ostrich-eggs, having discovered, a nest containing five and thirty. Their manner of carrying them amused me. Having divested themselves of their leather "crackers," which, in colonial phrase, means trousers, they secured the ankles with rhipmys, and, having thus converted them into bags, they had crammed them with as many ostrich-eggs as they would contain. They left about half of the number behind, concealed in the sand, for which they returned on the following morning. While encamped in this valley we fell in with several nests of ostriches, and here I first ascertained a singular propensity peculiar to these birds. If a person discovers the nest, and does not at once remove the eggs, on returning, he will most probably find them all smashed. Thus the old birds almost invariably do, even when the intruder has not handled the eggs, or so much as ridden within five yards of them. The nest is merely a hollow scooped in the sandy soil, generally amongst heath or other low bushes; its diameter is about seven feet; it is believed that two hens often lay in one nest. The hatching of the eggs is not left, as is generally believed, to the heat of the sun, but on the contrary, the cock relieves the hen in the incubation. The eggs form a considerable item in the Bushman's cuisine, and the shells are converted into water flasks, cups, and dishes. I have often seen Bush-girls and Bakalahairi women, who belong to the wandering Bechuana tribes of the Kalahari desert, come down to the fountains from their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on her back a kaross, or a network, containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich egg-shells, which had been emptied by a small aperture at one end, these they fill with water, and cork up the hole with grass.

A favorite method adopted by the wild Bushman for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant-looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length, they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow rarely exceeds three feet in length; its strings are of twisted sinews. When a bushman finds an ostrich's nest he ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world.

On our march we crossed a swarm of locusts, resting for the night on the grass and bushes. They lay so thick, that the wag-gons could have been filled with them in a very short time, covering the large bushes just as a swarm of young bees covers the branch on which it settles. Locusts afford fattening and wholesome food to man, birds, and all sorts of beasts; and cows and horses, lions and jackalls, hyenas, antelopes, elephants, &c., devour them. We met a party of Baslapis carrying heavy burdens of them on their backs. Our hungry dogs made a fine feast on them. The cold frosty night had rendered them unable to take wing until the sun should restore their powers. As it was difficult to obtain sufficient food for my dogs, I and Isaac took a large blanket, which we spread under a bush, whose branches were bent to the ground with the mass of locusts which covered it; and having shaken the branches, in an instant, I had more locusts than I could carry on my back; these we roasted for ourselves and dogs.

Soon after the sun was up, on looking behind me, I beheld the locusts stretching in the west in vast clouds, resembling smoke; but the wind soon after veering round, brought them back to us, and they flew over our heads at some time actually darkening the sun.—*Life in India.*



Agricultural.

THE PEASANT'S SONG OF WINTER.

BY JAMES LINEN.

Autumn has fled, and winter has come,
The groves are mute and the birds are dumb;
The winds are cold and the skies are gray,
And the weary sun makes short the day.

And the gushing streams and the tiny rills,
That danced and leapt down the rugged hills,
And meandered through the withered plains,
Are bound by fetters of icy chains.

Like fragments of robe, that seraphs wear,
Now the fleecy snow-flakes fill the air;
And the crispy earth is wrapt in white,
And the moon and stars lend not their light.

But snows may drift and the clouds may scowl
The hills may beat, and the tempest howl,
They bring no want to the peasant's door,
Whose thrift has garnered his winter store.

All the joys he feels no tongue may tell,
For love and peace in his cottage dwell;
And he scorns the slave of base desires,
And he lives as lived his honest sires.

Though trees are stripped of their leafy plumes,
And the gardens glow no more with blooms,
Oh, the little snow-drop, sweetly chaste,
Will blossom soon on the hoary waste.

Warm suns will shine, and the soft winds blow,
And rivers swell with the melting snow,
And the daisies soon again be seen,
And the teaming fields be clothed in green.

Dead nature into life will spring,
The orchard bloom and the sky-lark sing;
While the swallows back again will come,
And the woodland be no longer dumb.

The bees will steal from their cloistered cells,
To gather sweets from the cups and bells,
And the bleating mountains joyful be,
When Nature is set from winter free.

So the changing seasons come and go,
While the springs of life still onward flow;
And faith and hope cheer the peasant's end,
When the chilling dews of death descend.

He knows when his earthly race is run,
That the golden prize of life is won;
He goes to a better land than this,
To traverse fields of eternal bliss!

HOW TO ENLARGE VEGETABLES.—A vast increase of food may be obtained by managing judiciously and systematically—carrying out for a time the principles of increase. Take, for instance, a pea. Plant it in very rich ground: allow it to bear the first year say half a dozen pods only: save the largest, the following year, and retain of the produce three pods only; sow the largest the following year, and retain one pod; again select the largest, and the next year the sort will by this time have trebled its size and weight. Ever afterwards sow the largest seed, and by these means you will get peas or anything else, of a bulk of which we at present have no conception.

A LARGE POPLAR.—Mr. John G. Black, a few months ago, had delivered at Stoll's Saw Mill, Forestville, a tree, that grew on his land in Queen Ann's county, Md., near the Delaware line, which made ten saw logs, one ten, and nine eighteen feet long, the smallest end measuring two feet in diameter. This tree, when sawed, made 7,262 feet of plank.
5,826 feet sold at the mill for \$24 per thousand, \$139 82
1,250 feet prime siding for \$20 do. 25 00
186 feet running boards for \$1. 1 86

\$166 62
Deduct expenses for sawing, \$45 43
43 days for team hauling to mill, at \$4 per day 18 00
Cutting and sawing of logs, 3 00

\$66 43
Clear of all expenses in the woods, \$100 25. Beat this, woodmen! The keel of the great ship Pennsylvania was taken from this tract of land. More of the same kind left.—Exchange.

A MAD HORSE.—A horse, a few days since, was bitten by a rabid dog, in St. Louis county, Mo., upon the lips of the lower and upper jaw. For some time very little notice was taken of it, but when the horse began to show symptoms of disease, he was put into a large lot, where he remained for several days before he died, and in the meantime, the paroxysms of madness were terrible. He tore off on the fence and through the whole side of his face which had received the wound, and tore and bit off the flesh from his bones in every part of his body that could be reached. He died in horrible agony.—American Ex.

RANCID BUTTER.—A French scientific journal states that it has been ascertained by frequent experiments, that the bad smell and taste of butter may be entirely removed by working it over in water mixed with chloride of lime. The discovery was made by a Brussels farmer, whose practice is to take a sufficient quantity of pure cold water to work it in, and put into it 25 or 30 drops of chloride of lime for every 10 pounds of butter. When it has been worked until the whole has been brought into contact with the water, it should be worked again in pure water when it will be found to be as sweet as when originally made. The experiment can easily be tried, and we commend it to our citizens who are driven to the necessity of buying rancid butter, or using none. Another effectual mode of renovating butter is said to be, to churn it over with new milk until the old salt and bad taste are all removed, and then work it over and salt it fresh.

There is an army of at least five hundred shoemakers in Marlboro, Mass., who manufacture six thousand pairs of children's shoes every working day. One journeyman has worked on the bench thirty years, without losing a day in consequence of sickness, and during that time has saved ten thousand dollars. One firm during the last year, has manufactured 217,000 pairs of shoes. Another of the firms is doing an immense business, employing one hundred men in Massachusetts, and one hundred and fifty in their shoe village in New Hampshire. Last year they made two hundred thousand nine hundred and sixty-three pairs of shoes in this State, and at least as many more in New Hampshire.

One of the inventions of the day is a window sash, invented by a Mr. Nutting, of Portland, Me. It has the power of expanding or contracting so as to always fit the frame close, and it can be lowered or raised so as to remain at any given distance either way, without the use of weights or any appendage whatever. It is said to be exceedingly simple, and what is important, very cheap.

There are now said to be two thousand Chinese laborers in the island of Cuba, and six thousand more are on their way there. They are exported at a cost of \$125 a head, and receive \$5 a month for the eight or ten years for which they are bound to their employers, by whom the expenses of their exportation is paid. Those already on the island, it is said, have given great satisfaction by the industry and intelligence they display.

A farmer in Missouri, last season, raised from one ear of corn 38 bushels.

COLLECTION OF SEEDS.—The American Farmer states that the present Secretary of the Navy, Hon. S. Kennedy, soon after coming into office, renewed the order to our naval officers, commanding our foreign stations, to be vigilant in the collection of such seeds, roots and plants as were calculated to be introduced advantageously into the agriculture of the country. Mr. Kennedy deserves the thanks of every farmer and planter in the land for his interest in this matter.

The coal area as far as known, gives for the United States 133,132 square miles; England and possessions in America, 9,850 ditto; Spain, 3,408 ditto; France, 1,719. and Belgium, 518.

ABRIDGED CORRESPONDENCE.

SONS OF PORT ROBINSON.

A very large and spirited meeting of the Sons of Temperance was held in Port Robinson, on the evening of Friday last, by the members of the Division there.

The members of the Division met in their Division room at six o'clock, and in about half an hour afterwards marched from there to the Port Robinson school house in full regalia, with their Band in attendance where the Band played a number of fine tunes in excellent style.

The Worthy Patriarch, Mr. L. M. Matthews, presided in a very able manner, and called upon the Rev. Mr. Ryerson of St. Catharines, who gave on that occasion one of the most instructive and entertaining lectures we have ever heard.

The meeting broke up about ten o'clock when the audience dispersed highly entertained and instructed.

The officers names of this Division are as follows:—L. M. Matthews, W. P.; G. Garrick, W. A.; E. Forsyth, R. S.; A. Silverthorne, A. R. S.; M. McMullen, F. S.; R. Elliot, T.; C. Mackay, C.; A. Young, A. C.; A. Carroll, I. S.; C. Coulson, O. S.; John Bell Chaplain.

This Division, (No 86) fell off in numbers for sometime, but has now taken a decided reaction in its favor. It now numbers between fifty and sixty good members. Two new members were initiated last night of meeting and two more will be initiated next night, besides a large number of the backsliders are about to return. Com. Port Robinson, Feb 8th 1853.

SOIREE—WELLINGTON SQUARE, Feb. 2nd 1853.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Our new Temperance Hall is to be dedicated on 24th Feb., the Hall is brick, 54 by 34, the best public or temperance hall between Toronto and Hamilton. Dedication service to commence at two o'clock P. M., Soiree in the evening at 6 o'clock; the services of Judge Marshall and Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, have been secured for the occasion. Appropriate music and recitations and dialogues by Cadets.—Com.

CUMMINSVILLE DEDICATION OF HALL.—The Hall of the Division at this village is to be dedicated on the third day of March next. All surrounding Divisions are invited to attend. It is expected there will be a number of eminent speakers present; a soiree will be held. It is to be hoped all surrounding divisions will turn out. The division here is small, but like that of Stratford full of enterprise.

OAKVILLE ANNIVERSARY SOIREE will come off this evening; we have been invited to attend, but had a prior engagement up Yonge Street.

The Coldstream Division intend to dedicate their new Hall on the 22nd instant with a Soiree.

PETERBORO' DIVISION AND PETERBORO' COUNCIL.—A petition to the Council of Peterboro' was sometime ago in circulation by the Sons, asking the Council to petition Parliament for the enactment of the Maine Law. A friend has just informed us that the Council, by a vote of 12 to 3, passed a resolution in the form of the Grand Division petition, asking Parliament to pass a prohibitory law. Well done!!

It is expected the Town Council of Peterboro' will pass a similar one.

EVERY COUNTY CITY AND TOWN COUNCIL IN CANADA SHOULD GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

NASAGAWEGA TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—Brother S. R. Lister writes us a letter, giving an account of a Temperance Society in his neighborhood; and speaking generally in favor of the cause. Can't he get up a requisition and form a division there?

DUNDAS ANNIVERSARY, 18TH INST.—We have been invited to attend a Soiree at this town on this day, but fear we cannot attend. If we can we will do so. A brother of the Division says that they are now doing well. The Division numbers 174 good members. A reaction of the right sort has taken place lately. Great efforts are being made to move the people on the subject of the importance of temperance, and 2000 copies of an important tract called "FIFTY REASONS WHY CANADA SHOULD HAVE THE MAINE LAW" have been distributed.

THE DIVISION HAS SENT GRATUITOUSLY a great number of these tracts to neighboring Divisions.

THE DESJARDIN DIVISION co-operates heartily with the old Division in the good work,

The anniversary above spoken of is to be one got up jointly by the two divisions. The surplus funds to be given to the poor.

THE UNION OF DAUGHTERS are doing well here. On the day of the anniversary it is intended to hoist a UNION JACK, with a triangle emblazoned thereon, and a white star also interwoven.

The present W. P. is N. Davis; communicated by Brother McKechnie.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE AND TOLERATION OF LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Son of Temperance of Cornwall some time since, deeming it his duty, and that of all true Sons, wrote a letter to us concerning the inconsistency of the Editor of the SPIRIT, a Maine Law paper, being the proprietor of the Hamilton Canadian, in filling the latter with advertisements of spirituous liquors. The editor of the Spirit, attempted to ridicule the letter and its author at first, but seeing the necessity of a public explanation of his position, subsequently in his first February number boldly avowed the truth of that letter, and upheld as consistent and proper, the practice of advertising liquors. According to this assertion it would be equally proper to do so in his Spirit of the Age!! To sustain him in his position, he asserts that the Guelph Herald and St. Catharines Journal, edited by Temperance men, do as he does, and that the fact of such papers circulating among liquor sellers and drinkers, would do more good than if, (leaving out the advertisements) their circulation was confined to Sons and total abstainers. Upon the latter ground, and because others DO AS HE DOES, he considers himself right in complying with "the ways of the world." These two papers, he asserts, advocate total abstinence principles. It is true that they do so at times and are edited by Temperance men. It is also true that those men, and many other editors, are deterred from taking as bold and prominent a stand as they otherwise would, were no such advertisements in their columns. Fear of loss of patronage has an effect.

But the position of these papers, and their Editors, is different from that of the Spirit. He has assumed the character and office of an expounder of the principles of the Maine Law—an Editor acting directly to carry out the principles of the Sons of Temperance. What might be passed over or excused in others could not be in him. We however do not admit that ANY SON can consistently admit into the columns of his newspaper advertisements inviting the public and his own friends to buy. The mere sight of such advertisements must have an injurious tendency on all readers, in the same way that the publication of the whereabouts of gambling houses, lotteries, and houses of lewdness and dissipation would have. Build and open a liquor tavern, a billiard-room, a lottery office, a theatre, and temptation will invite customers. So newspapers coming into families, with liquor advertisements invite and increase buyers, and sustain those against whose principles the "SPIRIT" pretends to be battling. Now without at present enlarging we insert the following letter from another Son of Cornwall, and most unhesitatingly assert that we believe it proclaims the sentiments of every Division in Canada and the United States.

It is very silly in the Spirit to accuse us of moral cowardice for taking this conscientious and christian stand. Moral cowardice lies at his door in refusing for a public good, to abandon a vicious custom, because a few dollars lie in the way. As to the persons engaged in the getting up of the Spirit and their reasons therefor, it is unnecessary at this time to say anything, but we have the means by us to explain who and why, and it may hereafter be published. Whilst we remain in the arduous and unprofitable position of the editor and proprietor of an organ of the Sons in Canada, we will honestly stand by their principles and truth.

Our advocacy of temperance extends over a period of twenty years in Canada, and during fifteen years no spirituous liquors, as a beverage, have crossed the threshold of our house; example is much better than temporary reformation. Let no man think that he is advancing the cause by being a drunkard one year and a sober man another. A man who has reformed, and continues reformed, deserves great credit; but HE deserves more who never allows temptation to get the better of him.

"I notice in the Spirit of the Age some remarks on a letter of Mr. McKenzie's, published in a former number of the Son, but it is observable that the main point, viz., the inconsistency of its Editor and proprietor, is not touched upon, and therefore admitted. I know not what may be the opinion of other Divisions on the subject, but when the prospectus sent to our Division was read by Mr. McKenzie, R. S., at the time, and the inconsistency of its Editor and proprietor pointed out, the consequence was that only one copy was subscribed for, and that is, I believe, the only copy taken in Cornwall, whereas you have received since that period fifteen new subscribers, shewing clearly the opinion of one Division at least on the consistency of the Editor of the Spirit."

J. C.

THE Caledonia Division have passed a resolution in favor of our view of the subject.—(EDITOR SON.)

DOMESTIC NEWS.

This day Parliament meets again in Montreal. The prospects are that the Session will be a long and important one. The Maine Law, for the enactment of which there are now before the Legislature 65,000 petitions and various addresses, will come up and be discussed. A new representation Bill—a usury Bill—a bill to reform and simplify the Courts of Law—a new franchise law—and a plan to make the Legislative Council elective, will be brought up and discussed. Our readers will be duly informed of their progress and result. It is currently reported that the British Government have informed the Canadian Cabinet that the Clergy Reserve question is to be left to the Canadian Legislature. The people of Paris are about to give Sir Allan N. McNab a public dinner. A large number of laborers have gone to Cobourg to commence the Peterboro railway. The good people of Niagara are determined to have a railway to Chippewa, and they will have it. The Americans are talking about having a ship canal on their side of the Falls, to connect Ontario with Erie. A distressing death of a commission merchant from delirium tremens has just occurred in Toronto. He jumped out of a window and killed himself. An eminent lawyer of Chicago lately performed a similar act, and killed himself from the same cause. The new Post-office of this city is now opened and looks very well. It is also managed well by its efficient Post-master. The weather for a few days past has been very cold. The Pork and Butter Mania is over, and speculators have been severely bitten. The House of Thos. J. Fuller has failed in Toronto for a very large sum. His goods have been seized by some American creditors for £4000. The public offices have been removed to the new Court House on Adelaide Street. The County Council of Kent have borrowed 20,000, to improve their roads. The inhabitants of Glenora have invited W. L. McKenzie to a public dinner, which he has declined until after the coming session. The circulation of his paper now reaches 2000. Earl Grey in England is writing a history of the Colonial policy of the British Government from 1847 to 1851. The licenses for the taverns in Toronto are to be issued between this time and the 22nd inst. All having complaints against inns must file their objections. It is no use speaking of it, but we hope that at least one half of the inns of this city will be stopped. If we must have them certainly 100 are sufficient for all the public wants of liquor drinkers. We insert the following to give the public notice to decrease as much as possible the existence of inns in this city and to file any objections they have. Persons having charges to prefer against Tavern keepers, or keepers of other Public Houses of Entertainment, will please make the same known to the Board of Inspectors, who will meet at their office in the City Hall on the aforesaid 22nd day of Feb., current. Wm. MURPHY, c. s. l.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the last European news it is stated that the English nation are making unusual preparations for the defence of the Kingdom. This is done in view of an apprehended invasion of England by the French. England, very justly, has no faith in the peaceful professions of the unprincipled and vicious usurper that has lately raised himself over the French. The Government have made enquiries of the various English railways to see what number of soldier could be conveyed to various points within the shortest notice. Orders have been given to open militia depots, and to have stations ready at an hour's notice to concentrate militia and troops at such points. The French Government gave an order to have several large class war steamers made by a British Company, and the British Government immediately cancelled the order, and ordered the same company to make an equal number for them. There is no doubt that there is a conspiracy on the part of Popish priests and European tyrants to use Napoleon to injure or invade England. He is the tool in the hands of secret priestly wire pullers, who are desirous of crippling the glorious and free nation that inhabits the time honored land of Protestant freemen. But God looks down from Heaven and will overrule their vile machinations. If England and the United States were blotted out of the map of the world where would religious and civil liberty, or even scientific truth, find a resting place? We would have Galileos dragged into dungeons for asserting scientific truths, and have thousands of poor Madia's imprisoned for reading God's word. It is said that Francisco Madia still lives, but we fear it is not true. General Cass is taking a prominent part in the United States in favour of liberty of conscience in Europe. Mr. Heald, it is said, has left his wife, Lola Montes, £30,000 a year by his will. There is some mystery about the whole affair. There is smouldering in European Society another tremendous revolution. Men in this age cannot be made the abject slaves of tyrants, priests, or political. There is nothing of consequence occurring in Europe; what is done seems to be done by secret intrigues, and with great silence. The French Emperor was to be married on the 30th January. The Pope is to Crown him in May. The provision markets in England remain a firm, but it seems produce has been bought by speculators in Canada at rather too high a rate. The Australian gold mines remain as productive as ever, and are attracting the attention of the world. Even in California the public mind is turned that way.

The Source of the Toronto Section of Cadets comes off at the St. Lawrence Hall on the 16th inst. The WELLINGTON SQUARE Source comes off on the 24th inst.

THE TEMPERANCE SOIREE COMPANION—is the name of a neat and useful publication just issued in this city by T. G. Mason & Co., for the very low price of 1s 3d each copy. It contains 226 pages duodecimo, on superior paper, and is got up in a very neat and tasteful style. The work is intended for Cadets, and Sources of Sons and Daughters, and for this purpose contains many useful dialogues, recitations, and pieces of useful poetry. We cordially recommend it to all Temperance Associations in Canada and the United States, and award its youthful proprietors much credit. An edition of 3000 copies has been issued. (See Advertisement on this page.)

THE CONVENTION OF DIVISIONS—Only about 20 of the Divisions of the four counties have responded to the circular of the committee of the Ontario Division, and it is uncertain whether any Convention can be called under such circumstances. Some action will be taken, either to proceed or to abandon the project during this week.

THE STOUTVILLE DINNER—was a very successful affair. The procession—music, and speaking were good. About 200 gentlemen sat down to dinner, and the company were addressed after dinner by the Rev. Messrs. Krabbs, Ormiston, Taylor, and Messrs. Farewell, Hartman, and Wright. Not one word on politics was heard. Two poor little children were lately burned to death at Stratford by their parents leaving them in a shanty which caught fire.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS were delayed in receiving their papers last week by the misconduct of our carrier boy. We will in future remedy this.

Receipts since our last Issue.

Wm W. Zone Mills, \$3 to supply \$24 for 2 sub on 1852 and \$4 on 1853 on same. F. H. Hylton, \$0, J. B. Niagara, \$1 1851; J. R. Postmaster, North Gower, \$3 1853. G. F. Fabernis, \$4 old and new. This brother would oblige by collecting any balance due. We expect to visit him during the month. J. B. C. P. Lham, \$12 1851. S. J. P. Newcastle, Durham, \$ for subscribers. W. H. F. Kempville, \$2 1852-3. A. C. Calabont, \$2 1852-3. G. C. Kingston, \$2. W. H. F. Calabont, \$1 1853. The Postmaster at this place some time ago sent back as uncollected for a number of the papers of 1852. We always forwarded them regularly. F. W. L. Ashrove, \$1 1852. D. R. F. Watford, \$1 1853. S. J. L. Lobe, \$1 1853; J. M. Cumminsville, \$0 1853; W. S. Shino, \$1 1853; Mr. Arthur Hill's papers are sent regularly to Cooktown. H. G. sub of Dundas was duly received and acknowledged. J. C. Cornwall, \$4 1853. This very active and efficient agent will accept our hearty thanks. At Cumminsville our old friend J. M. says that the Division intend to out number in their subscription list, that of Sutton, viz. 24 for 1853. Thos. W. Markham, \$2 1853. We consider him our agent upon the same terms as old agents. Our list of agents will appear in our next issue. G. N. Queen Sand \$1 1853. Alex. D. late of Beaufort, now of Rochester, \$2. We cannot throw off \$2 thus. All the papers were sent to Mrs. H. W. H. G. Colburn, \$1 1853; M. H. Kerwick, \$1 1853; W. H. W. Unionville, \$1 1853. His papers have been regularly sent. W. H. Ostrivce, \$2 being \$1 less than is due from Messrs. K. & Co. A. M. Middleport, \$12 1852; G. E. J. from North Gower, \$2. We will notice the letter in our next. F. F. Scarborough, \$2 1853. His letter will be attended to.

The letter from Oneida will be duly attended to. We have some poetry on hand from regular contributors that will be duly inserted. The Port Credit Poetry will duly appear. J. L. E. L's letters and advertisement did not reach us until Monday, too late for this number. It will appear gratuitously next time.

MARKETS.

Toronto, Feb 14th, 1853. Wheat, per bushel, 4s. 6d. average. Flour the same as in our list; considerable wheat continues to come in. Oats are in good demand at our best quotations—also Hay. Pork and Butter have fallen; the best Pork now sells for \$64 per 100 lbs., and Butter for from 85 to 104. Beef market is supplied with limited quantities at fair prices. Poultry is very high and farmers having it can be sure of getting good prices. Potatoes sell generally from 1s. 10d to 2s. 6d. per bushel—fair demand. Wood is quite a drug, and is a little lower but generally commands \$3 per cord. There is very little snow about the city, business consequently not brisk. Many people in this city and in the country are suffering severely from the influenza. The farmers round would do well to bring it all the produce they can, since prices are now as high as they will be. Eggs sell well at 8d to 10d. per doz.

JUST PUBLISHED: The Temperance Soiree Companion, COMPRISING a collection of DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS, HYMNS and MELODIES, compiled for the use of the Temperance community.

PRICE 1s 3d. Of 9 copies for 10s., and 19 copies for 20s. For sale by A. H. Armour & Co., Toronto, and by the subscribers, to whom all letters (post paid) can be sent. Orders should contain remittances. Address: T. G. MASON & Co., Box 133, Toronto P. O. February, 1853.

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEONS.

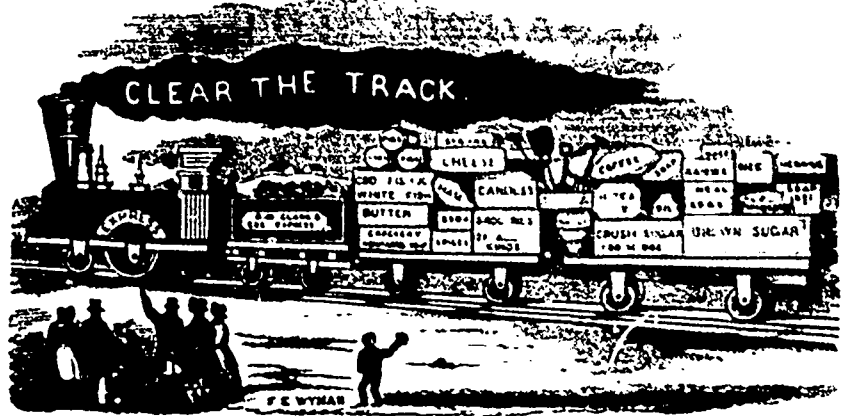
VETERINARY FORGE AND BLACKSMITHS SHOP, HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINE, DISPENSARY—Queen Street, near Yonge Street, Toronto.

F. E. WYMAN, ARCHITECT. Office—No. 24 St. Lawrence Street, between York and York Street. Drawings, Views of Buildings taken, and Original Designs made to order. All orders from clients being lawfully promptly attended to on the most reasonable terms.

INSTRUCTIONS given in all his branches on reasonable terms. February 8, 1853.

WILLIAM H. SMITH, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, BARN, BLIND and DOOR MANUFACTURER, AGEE Street, Toronto. Job Work attended to.

W. H. S. begs to inform his Country Customers that Lumber, Shingles, and Cordwood will be taken in part payment. Toronto, January 1853.



B. M. CLARK & CO., GROCERS, RESPECTFULLY inform the inhabitants of Toronto and the surrounding country, that they have just opened a splendid assortment of GROCERIES, COMPRISING Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Raisins, Fruits, Nuts, Rice, Molasses, Soap, Candles, Butter, Spices, and every description of Family Groceries. Prices Low—Goods New. REMEMBER the stand B. M. CLARK & Co., Yonge Street, near Temperance Street, in the House formerly occupied by Mr. Gordon, SEEDMAN. Farmers' Produce taken in exchange, and FARMERS' WIVES supplied with the best TEAS and RICE in Canada. B. M. CLARK & Co. continue to manufacture the celebrated NON-PARALLEL LABOR SAVING and ERASIVE SOAP, at their Stand, 57 Yonge Street.—S. B. GRASS SEED of all kinds bought and sold. B. M. CLARK & CO. January 1853.

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.

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

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddlery Warehouse, 95 Yonge St., Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Collar. W. S. returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal support he has received. He still continues to manufacture a superior article, such as he has received so many premiums for at numerous fairs in Canada, and which has been honorably mentioned at the World's Fair in London. W. S. will sell very low for cash, and every article warranted to be such as sold for—OUR AUNT'S CARE. Remember the sign of the Collar.

DR. FOWLER, SURGEON, DENTIST, & DRUGGIST, 85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN GENUINE DRUGS & MEDICINES. PAINTS OILS AND DYE STUFFS.

DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.—DENTISTS SUPPLIED WITH FINE GOLD FOIL, ETC.

MEDICAL ADVICE AT ALL HOURS. Yorkville Saddle & Harness Shop.

JOHN DALE. Inform his numerous friends that he is prepared to attend all calls in his line with promptness and dispatch. HARNESSES, SADDLES, and TRUNKS will be made at short notice, of the best materials and at low prices. Whips, Spurs, Valises, &c., constantly on hand. A B. shop near the corner of Yonge Street, as you enter from the Plank Road.

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS. BROWN & CHILDS. 85 King St. Toronto. 120 York Street, Montreal. These Manufacturers produce 1000 pairs daily. Their prices defy all competition. Every attention given to the retail portion in Town or Country. Liberal credits given on purchases of more than \$25.—None for less amounts. Cash paid for all kinds of Leather. 1850 takes best Spanish Soap for S. B. Always 600 lbs. God Oil. Would you make the most of your money, don't miss these offers. Toronto, Jan 1st 1853.

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

J. CORNISH has constantly on hand a large assortment of HUNTS 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.

BEERS' TEMPERANCE HOTEL, THIRD STREET, NORTH of Front Street, and near the Railroad Depot, WASHINGTON CITY. Prices to suit the times.

TAYLOR'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, New York.

THE Proprietor takes this opportunity to inform the Temperance community and the public in general, that he still continues, as he has done for the last 25 years, to keep the above named house, on strictly temperance principles. That for the past 15 years, he would again invite all who want a quiet, comfortable and cheap home, while stopping in the city, to give him a call. This house is well located for business men, being No. 28 Cortlandt Street, near Broadway, and the landing of most of the Steamboats and Railroads in the city. ELIAD TAYLOR. New York, 1853.

JOHN BENTLEY, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER, 71, Yonge Street.

Has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Genuine Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Patent Dryer, &c., &c. ALSO, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPERS, School Books, Account Books, Pocket Books, Portfolios, and GENERAL STATIONERY.

N. B.—Wholesale Depot for Bentley's Baking Powder; Smith's Improved Red and Vermilion Extensibles; Jouley's Gills; Farrell's Arabian Lament, &c. &c. &c. RAGS BOUGHT FOR THE PAPER MILLS AS USUAL. Toronto, Jan 1st 1853.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT. STEAMER "MAZEPPA."



IS now running regular between TORONTO and WEL-LINGTON. Leaves the QUEEN'S WHARF, Every Morning at Eight o'clock, (Sundays excepted). Returns on Wednesdays. Leaves Wellington Square at one o'clock, touching at the intermediate Ports each way, wind and weather permitting. For Freight, or Passage, apply to the Captain on board, or to R. MITCHELL, City Wharf. W. M. DONALDSON, Master. Toronto, January 25, 1853.

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, &c. &c., has resumed his Practice and Offices at his Old Office, over Henderson and Co's Store, Corner of King and Nelson Streets. Toronto, January 1853.

BOSTON LAMP STORE. A. HIBBARD & Co. Dealers in all kinds of Lamp-burners, Globes and Work, Lanterns, Girandoles, Chandeliers, &c. &c. &c. Lamps, Globes, &c. &c. &c. Paper Makers, Paper, &c. &c. &c. Stationery, &c. &c. &c. Agents of Boston, Bradford, &c. &c. &c. Boston, Lowell, &c. &c. &c. Also, Agents for the best of the following: Carpets, Hugs, and Ladies' Dressing.

BRITANNIA METAL WARE, Light Hardware, &c. &c. &c. PAPER HANGINGS, Paper Makers, Paper, &c. &c. &c. Stationery, &c. &c. &c. Agents of Boston, Bradford, &c. &c. &c. Boston, Lowell, &c. &c. &c. Also, Agents for the best of the following: Carpets, Hugs, and Ladies' Dressing.

A. HIBBARD & Co. Corner King and Yonge St., Toronto, 1853.

J. McNAB, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c. &c., 1st Lane North of the Court House, Church Street, Toronto. Toronto, January 1853.

T. PRATT'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 57, DAVISON STREET, near the Wharf COBOURG.—Good stabling attached. Cobourg, January 18.

