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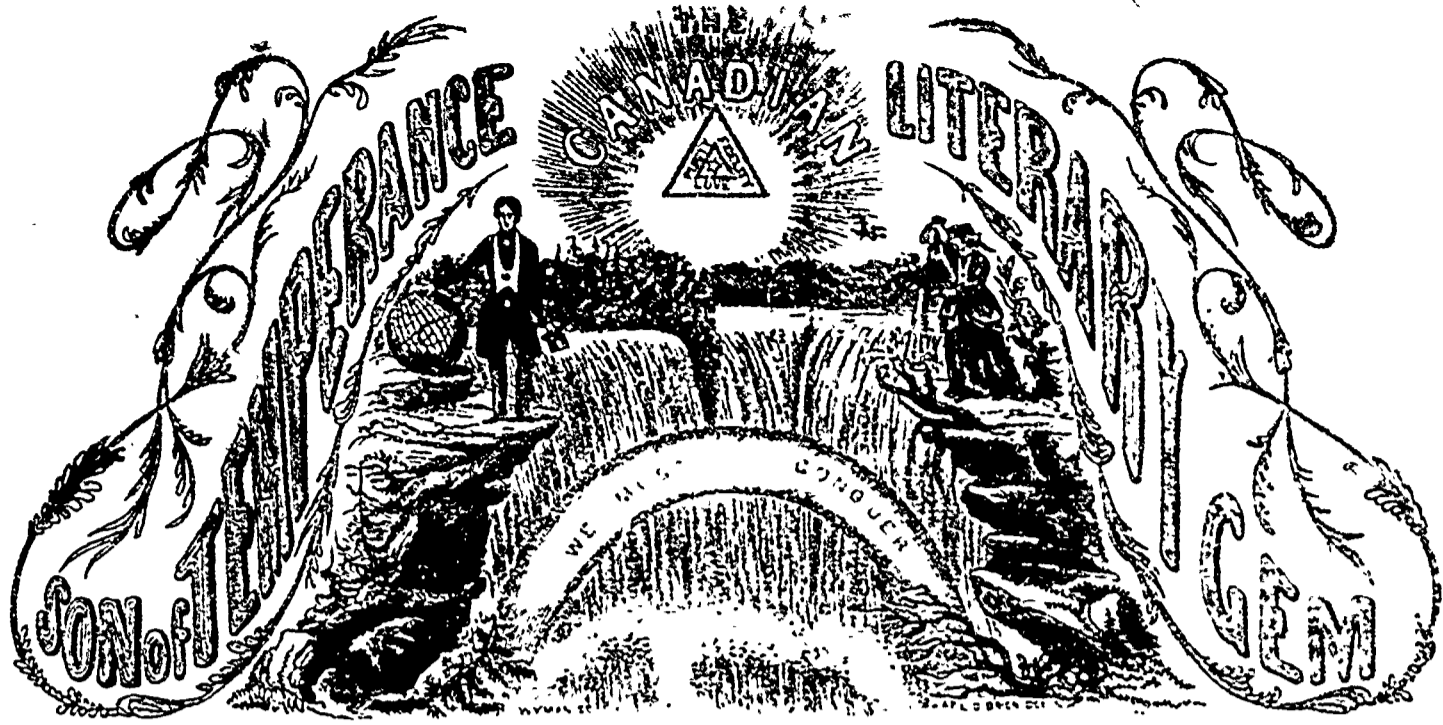
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W., TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1853.

NO. 31.

INDIAN TRIUMPH-SONG

<p>The shore, the shore, The pebbly sand, The birchen door, The leafy land, The carved canoe, The wigwam fire, The wavellet blue, The pine-tree spire, Ho! ho! my home again, Dripped the plashing oar in vain!</p>	<p>We met, we met, At set of sun, And red and wet Were knife and gun Oh! red and wet, And dotted o'er With locks of jet And drops of gore! Ho, ho! my forest home again! The hatchet did not drop in vain!</p>
<p>The sun, the sun, The mountain cone, The snake-wreath dun, The oak o'erthrow, The ripple dance, The hemlock shade, The wildering glance Of dark-eyed maid! Ho! ho! my home again, Fest the warrior forth in vain!</p>	<p>It rang, it rang, The deadly hum, With vigorous song, From toe to toe And dark the cloud As path of bear, And fierce and loud The battle's curse! Ho, ho! my wigwam home again! Toss clutched the Indian's target in vain!</p>
<p>He came, he came, The hunter pale, With flag and flame And fearless gait, With gleaming gun Cold bayonet, And plume upon His helm of jet! Ho! ho! my home again! Huron knives rang not in vain!</p>	<p>'Twas done, 'twas done, Mild crimson stain, The conflict won, The lance and spear, And homeward port, With captive pale, We guide the prow And ride the trail! Ho, ho! my birch-wood home again! We did not track the wolf in vain!</p>
<p>I fled, I fled My battle train, With serpent tread, O'er hill and plain My battle-band Soft moosic'd, When flowers were fan'd By evening's wind; Ho! ho! my home again! I did not beat the dove in vain!</p>	<p>Ho, ho! ho, ho! Let you and see Make mid-light glow With fagot-rod; Lust'ring the bow, When harvest bright The captive foe Shall turn to-night! Ho, ho! my home again! The Huron does not fight in vain!</p>

COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYCE.

away toward the Rocky Mountains and the setting sun, our vast 'Western Plains'—range alike of the red man and the buffalo. But, alas for poetry and romance! the spirit of love has penetrated even here; and now, where once reigned supreme, or at best the Indian pursued his game and 'lucky loves' unmolested, and a few hardy mountaineers and traders bartered their trinket-wares for furs and pelts, the prairie-merchant yearly freights his immense trains of costly and merchandise, destined for the far-distant settlements in the valley of the Salt Lake, California, and New Mexico. Traders, trappers, and voyageurs, who have passed the part of their lives alternately trapping and trading in these wilds, and in his 'fancy rig,' equipped with 'Col.' and 'now abouts buffalo on the plains with as much 'what-though he were killing quail on his own preserves at our great western plains and mountains are no longer a boogyma. They are points of commerce and of trade, grounds for amateur sportsmen, and trails for the gold of California and Oregon-bound emigrants.

The immense trade and commerce of the prairie St. Joseph, Independence, on the Missouri river, form the principal outlet well deserve the name of 'prairie-ports.' With the first traces of grass the prairie-merchant is ready to take up the march, having laid in during the winter months of goods, etc. Those destined for New-Mexico rendezvous at Independence, while St. Joseph is the starting-point for those bound for Salt Lake, California, and Oregon. Such of our traders as never been at either of these points during the months of May, can form no adequate idea of the scene there presented at such a season. All then is life, stir, bustle, and confusion. Strange scenes, sights, and sounds strike the eye and every turn. Once across the Missouri river, and then commences the organization of companies; and then, too, the earnest camp-life, and with all its stern duties as well as pleasures. Corral have to be formed at night, and guard-

stationed. Streams are to be bridged, and ferries established. And thus rolling slowly along, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day, at length arrive at their several destinations the prairie-merchants. Their stocks usually consist of cloths and domestics, sugar and coffee, together with a sprinkling of liquors, and a pretty general assortment of 'hardwares.' These are soon sold out, sometimes for double and treble first cost, and again, before winter sets in, the prairie-merchant retraces his steps to the States to lay in a new stock, and so off again in the spring. If he returns with a large amount of dollars, he is 'in luck,' if not, he hopes to do better next time. He is a bold and hardy adventurer, shrewd in a trade, and keen as the blade in his belt.

Such is the prairie-merchant, and such the commerce of the prairie, giving occupation as it does to hundreds of men, consuming each year many thousand head of cattle and stock in its transportation, and bringing into our Western States annually a large amount of gold and silver. There are probably at the present time near ten thousand men directly engaged in this trade, while it requires more than fifty thousand head of cattle and horses yearly for the purpose of transportation. We have no statistics on which to base figures, but think we are considerably within the mark.

Little idea has the merchant doing business in any of our old settled cities of the trials and temptations of the dangers and privations which the prairie-merchant undergoes ere he realizes his hard-earned gains. The one orders his stock of goods by telegraph; in the twinkling of an eye a rail-car and steam-boat have deposited them at his door, ready to be packed upon his shelves. He has them insured, and if they meet with any mishap, in a few days in they are replaced. Prices current inform him of the state of the market, of a rise or fall. But the other wagoner, over a long and almost interminable desert, over streams and by lonely trails through the country of Indians and predatory bands of Indians, guarding them with the rifle. His own vigilance and watchfulness must be his insurers—his own judgment his price-current.

Today you may see the prairie-merchant lounging about the steps of 'The Planter's' at St. Louis—whether he has gone to lay in his stock of goods—expensively, and with carelessly dressed, and wearing a profusion of gold chains, rings, etc., he altogether devil-may-care air about him. When in the city, he spends his money freely, and goes in for 'seeing the town.' A few weeks later, go to St. Joseph or Independence, and you will find it difficult to recognize him in his prairie garb: broad beaver, red flannel shirt, fringed hunting-coat, an immense silk scarf bound about his waist, and in place of the gold chains and rings, wearing now any quantity of weather-worn, knives, etc. But a traveler you had him, there is still the same devil-may-care air about him, and he is ever the gentleman. There is something in the atmosphere of the broad prairie that gives to those who make it their home an air of boldness and independence. The wild musketry of the plain has a stride and a step which the farm-bred man never acquires. So it is with the prairie man. You would know him by his bearing wherever he might be. 'Tis the same whether he watches by his solitary camp-fire on the plains, or reels and the pace of the fandango of Santa Fe.

There is a wide expanse of prairie-life, and few who have tasted it for any length of time ever give it up. Who ever heard of a man who had traded in the settlements to live? or who ever heard of a man who had traded in the settlements to leave his calling in the States? Each year a few get 'rubbed out' by the temptation of the trade in the States, or 'go under,' to adopt their own expressive vocabulary. But little care they; it is an one to them. St. Brain, the elder Bent, Black, Harris, Bill, Williams, Green, and others, are the names of the old set, in the last few years, gone with them. But few, very few, of the old set now remain. Peter Ransom, the same old settler of that spruced look, that once saw the West, and he revisited the scene of his boyhood, would find it hard to see the old companions. He would find, however, that Kumbuck and La Roche's camping in the territory. Bayou Sauter, the Bent, yet occupies his lot, Kit Carson still ranges about Santa Fe, a remnant of the Rodas yet trade on the Big Platte. Yet are these but some of the relics of the old set. A few years more, and none will be left to tell the tale.

Twin-brother to the prairie-man is the mountaineer, the trader and trapper of the Rocky Mountains. As you ascend the Missouri river in the mouth of Isaac you may meet him with his Mackinac boat loaded with furs and peltries intended for the market of St. Louis. When the melting of snow and ice on the apen-

tain swells the various tributaries of the Missouri, which takes place generally in the month of June, from the various posts away up on the Big Platte and the Yellowstone, he shores into the rapid current with his frail bateau or Mackinac boat, seeking a market for his peltries. Down the Big Platte and the Yellowstone, and down the Missouri, over sand-bars and shallows, over snags and sawyers, he drifts with the rapid current. A little dried buffalo meat, a few pounds of flour, or hard bread, comprise his stock of provisions for the long and penious journey. And thus for a thousand or fifteen hundred miles he floats along. The lofty cotton-wood trees wave their branches above him; the muddy waters of the Missouri, on whose bottom he floats, soothe, cool, and eddy beneath him. Amid all the hardships and perils of the journey he proceeds cheerfully and gaily, merrily chanting the Canadian boat-song as he goes. Perhaps for years he has not visited the finest settlements of the State. In such case, deep and long prosecuted are the organs on his arrival at the out-ports of civilization. Liquor flows like water, and cards and dice are in huge requisition. Soon he is at the bottom of his purse, and knives and pistols, and even clothing, are pawned to secure his return outfit.

Yet, under the progressive spirit of the age, all these things are changing rapidly. Steamboats now ascend as far up as the Yellowstone, and return laden with the result of mountain traffic.

The trade of the Far West becomes day by day of more importance. It has built up, in a measure, the great western emporium, the city of St. Louis. Twenty years ago, and St. Louis was an old French trading post and rendezvous for prairie and mountain men, containing only a few hundred houses. Now it is a city of more than eighty thousand inhabitants; lofty warehouses, and stately mansions have sprung up like magic; hundreds of noble steamers line her quays, her levee is instinct with life and business. Under its influence independence has grown to be a thriving place of several thousand inhabitants, while in half a dozen years St. Joseph has grown to be a prosperous city.

The telegraph wire will soon stretch from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, bearing the lightning messenger quicker than thought, the steam-engine with its shrill whistle will ere long startle the buffalo from his range. Aieu, then, to the poetry and romance of the prairie! Adieu, then, to the strange characters that now make them their home.

WILLIAM WIRT.

To turn from such a man (Bart) to William Wirt, is allowing for the figure, like getting out of Arabia into Palestine. The swooping sand-storm, and the red-glowing light are left behind, and beautiful vales welcome the hot feet of the traveler, and bright, skies gracefully bend to mountain summits, to refresh the weary eye.

The image of William Wirt can never pass from the vision of those who know him. If envy or jealousy were to assail him, it would find itself in the predicament described by Dr. Johnson, when he remarked of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he was one of those men with whom, if a person desired to quarrel, he would have been most at a loss how to abuse him. There was in him such transparent honesty and integrity, such overflowing good nature, such quick sympathies with grace, beauty, and excellence, wherever seen, and such true magnanimity of purpose, all unclouded and unobscured by genuine truthfulness and benevolence, and all devoted to high and honorable ends, that his name stands out as a beacon light which every one can see and appreciate. The whole world can comprehend greatness whenever it is harmoniously developed. The multitude can readily respond to it. No art is necessary to rival it. Like the stars and sun, only look and it is seen. As real worth is not only self-assuring, but likewise world-assuring. The task of the sciences may be neglected. Genius and goodness tell their own story and authenticate their own mission.

The merits of Wirt are of various kinds, but they all combine in the extension of the character as well as in the formation of his history. As a jurist, he was extraordinary; as a writer, he was peculiarly graceful and elegant; as an orator, he was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries; as a man, he was deserving of all commendation; as a Christian, he advanced the doctrine of scriptural religion. Doctored in early childhood, he repaired the want of congenial training by laborious study, and so made himself a thorough scholar. Doctored to struggle on, entering the world with the advantages of poverty, he started with his ad-

circumstances until he overcame them; while the want of family distinction and social eminence only afforded the opportunity for him to become the architect of an illustrious fame.

(ORIGINAL)

TO WM LAWRIE, ESQ., BRADFORD

BY THE FOREST EARD

Oh that my soul had language that my tongue Had sweeter strains than ever minstrel sung.

And thou wast here, on friendship's wings you came, With pledges dear as ever bard could name.

Oh how the soul in hours like this is cast Back through the vista of the shaded past.

Thus I with thee the same rich nectar quaff'd, Felt the same smile and laugh'd when thou hast laugh'd.

And time that had in moody moments slept, With speed of lightning onward now was swept;

And now with thee I wander back again, To many a scene on life's fair virgin plain;

But these are fancy's etchings quick they fly, On the same moment that has swept them by.

Thus while the heart says sadly fare-thee-well, The soul may melt at friendship's fairy spell.

Cobourg, June, 1853.

WASHINGTON'S LAST DAYS AT MOUNT VERNON.

We find in the Washington Intelligencer an article, of which it says, "We have the pleasure to insert the annual contribution of our venerable and respected friend, Mr. Custis of Arlington, from his valuable stock of 'Recollections of the last days at Mount Vernon, and 'Private Memoirs of Washington.'"

The year 1793 was in its last month; Washington had nearly completed his sixty-eighth year; the century was fast drawing to a close, and with it this great man's life.

Not was Washington unmindful of the progress of time, and of his liability to be called at any moment to "that bourne from which no traveller returns."

The last days, like those that preceded them in the course of a long and well-spent life, were devoted to constant and useful employment. After the severe exercise of the morning, in attention to agriculture and rural affairs, in the evening came the posting, loaded with letters, papers and pamphlets.

answered. He wrote with great facility, and it would be a difficult matter to find another, who had written so much and had written so well. His epistolary writings will descend to posterity as developing superior powers of mind.

So punctual a man delighted in always having about him a good time-keeper. In Philadelphia, the first President regularly walked up to his watch-maker's (Clarke, in Second Street) to compare his watch with the regulator.

The affairs of the household took order from the master's accurate and methodical arrangement of time. Even the husband on the river watched for the cook's signal when to pull in shore so as to deliver his scaly products in time for dinner.

The establishment of Mount Vernon employed a perfect army of servants, yet to each one was assigned certain special duties, and these were required to be strictly performed.

Mrs. Washington, an accomplished Virginia housewife of the olden time, gave her constant attention to all her domestic household, and by her skill and superior management greatly contributed to the comfortable reception and entertainment of the crowds of guests always to be found in the hospitable mansion of Mount Vernon.

Invariably neat and clean in his person, with clothes of the old-fashioned cut, but made of the best materials, Washington required less waiting upon than any man of his age and condition in the world.

It pleased Providence to permit the beloved Washington to live to witness the fruition of his mighty labors in the cause of his country and mankind; while his success in the calm and honored pursuits of agriculture and rural affairs was grateful to his heart, and shed the most benign and happy influence upon his last days at Mount Vernon.

Humorous.

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

"We should like to have an answer to the following. As silence gives consent, and the lassies do not answer, we are going to try it:—

If a laddie meet a lassie, Comin' thro' the wood, Should'nt the laddie kiss the lassie, That is if he could?

—Youths Banner.

OUR DEVIL'S ADVICE.

Now, listen girls, and do not laugh, At printers and their better!

A girl that hath some gentle grace, A typo is always sure to— And when they join old Hymen's band, They come with both their heart and hand? So girls that would poor typos mash, Can ne'er succeed in cutting a—

—Youths Banner.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A young lady said to her beau, after fifteen years' courtship, "Charles, I am going out of town tomorrow."

"Where?" "I don't know." "When are you coming back?" "Never." "What are you going for?" "I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without any loss to yourself."

A TRAGEDY.—A Dutchman thus describes an accident—"Once a long vile ago, I went into mine abbie orchard to climb a bear tree to get some beeches to make vrow a blum pudding mit; and ven I gets on the tbermost branch, I vail from the lowermost limb, mit one leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove mine outsides in!"

Our pilgrim fathers derive their name from the way faces they used to make at phisic

A gentleman was accosted by a poor loafer, who asked for charity. "I will remember you next time," replied the gentleman. "Please your honour," said the loafer, I don't credit; I deal on the cash principle."

ON MRS ANNA BREAD.

When belies their lovely graces spread, And fops around them flutter, I'll be content with Anna Bread, And won't have any but her

Punch answers the question, "How to insure against railway accidents?" by saying, "Tis a couple of Directors a la Macgregg to every engine that starts with a train."

In a bar-room, in one of the towns of the United States, the following hint was lately stuck up by a wagg—Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's papers.



Ladies' Department.

These exquisitely beautiful lines, from the maternal heart of sweet Fanny Fern, so widely known and justly celebrated, will read now, as when first they flowed from her pen, a sweet echo in every true mother's heart.

MY BIRD

BY FANNY FERRESTER

Ere last year's moon had left the sky, A birding sought my Indian nest, And folding, oh so lovingly, Its tiny wings upon my breast.

MRS. GRUMBLE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY FANNY FERN.

"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boarders. Here's Mr Jones been in my house the last six months, and no more trouble to me than my grey kitten."

"Take a woman to board, and 'if it is convenient,' she would like drapery, instead of drop-curtains; she'd like the windows altered to open on the top, and a wardrobe for her flounced dresses, and a few more halls and another shelf in the closet, and a cricket to put her feet on, and a little rocking chair, and a big looking-glass, and a pea-green shade for her gas-burner."

"She can't drink coffee, because it is exhilarating; brown is too insipid and chocolate too heavy. She don't fancy cocoa—'English breakfast tea' is the only beverage which agrees with her delicate spinster organization."

"She can't digest a roast or a fried dish; she might possibly peck at an egg, if it were boiled with one eye on the watch.—Pastry she never eats, unless she knows from what dairy the butter came which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar or oil or bread that is made with yeast, soda, milk or salaratus, she decidedly rejects."

"She is constantly washing out little duds or laces, collar-handkerchiefs, chemisettes and stockings, which she festoons to the front windows to dry; giving passers by the impression that your house is occupied by a blanchisseuse;—then jerks the bell for an hour or more, for relays of hot smoothing irons, to peck the finishing stroke to her operations."

"She is often afflicted with interesting colds and influenza requiring the immediate consolation of a dose of hot lemonade or ginger tea, choosing her time for these complaints when the kitchen fire has gone out, and the servants are on a furlough.—Oh! nobody knows but those who've tried it, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men boarders. All you have to do is, to wind them in the morning with a powerful cup of coffee, give them carte blanche smoke, and a night key, and your work is done."

An extraordinary story is told by Captain Wallace, of a bar and his mistress who were saved in a miraculous manner from the jaws of a shark.—A transport, with part of a regiment on board, was sailing with a gentle breeze along the coast of Spain (one of the officers was leaning over the poop railing, conversing with a young lady who had inspired him with the tender passion. The fair one was in the act of handing a paper to her lover, who overreaching herself, she fell into the sea, and supported by her clothes, drifted astern. The officer lost no time in jumping after her, and upheld her by one arm. The sails were quickly backed, the ship lay to, and preparations were made to lower a boat, when to the dismay of all on board, a large shark appeared under the keel of the vessel, gliding towards its victims. A look of terror from the agonized spectators called the attention of the officer to the approaching danger: he saw the messenger of death near him; he made a desperate effort, plunged and splashed water so as to frighten the shark, which turned and swam on its right. The current had now carried the officer and lady close to the vessel, when the shark appeared a second time, and was the act of turning on his back to seize the hapless pair what private of the officer's company, who was in the hammock stung, jumped fearlessly overboard, with a bayonet in his hat which he plunged into the back of the shark, which, instantaneously disappearing, the three were saved before he dared to make his reappearance.

[ ORIGINAL ]  
TO —

I will go to the woodlands I will go live with thee  
Where the red berry grows and the tall maple tree  
Where the wind flutters spring and the deep waters clear  
Reflect back on its places and scenes that are dear  
Where my cot by the cedar and pine stands trim,  
And thy heart beats in unison true with my own.

Then ask for a bower on the Lake's verdant shore,  
By the spot which is most dear to thee,  
Entwined round its arches the woodbine for me,  
And transplant at its sides the fragrant rose tree,  
And at twilight repair to that sweet symphony  
Where I'll spend with thee there each evening hour.

And there in the home of the heart's best affection,  
We'll converse o'er the past with joyous reflection  
And adore those unvarying orbits so bright,  
That move with such haste the darkness of night,  
When my sleep shall awake its avowed strains,  
To soothe thy sad heart with deep pang and low sighs.

And dear and happier by far will we be,  
For our hopes shall be bright on our hearts' true  
When the storm is past and the thick mists are fled,  
And the long east of slenderers is flushed like the lead,  
For we know now to prize the rich blessings of peace,  
As communion of earth and heaven work to increase.

Stouffville, July 6, 1853

ELIZABETH

instinctive acts of dogs and horses, but we question if any more summary proceeding was ever adopted to vanquish a foe than this.—*Dundas Warder*



Youths' Department.

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

TO THINKERS.

BY CHARLES SWAN

Take the spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide,  
Every bar to the east side  
Hurry out, and cast aside  
Every stub of weed of Error  
Every seed that hurls the wind  
Tare, whose very growth is tere,  
Dig them out, where'er they lie.

Monstrous goals for the future  
A hardy work so long with  
Other harvest of advancement,  
Or the product of their sin  
Fetch out true cultivation,  
When Education's plan  
From the majesty of Nature  
Teach the majesty of Man.

Give the stream of Educator,  
Brook the channel, bolder I see  
Liquor the stones of Persecution  
Ours, where'er they block it course  
Seek for strength in self exertion  
Work, and still have faith to wait,  
Close the crooked gate to fortune,  
Mile the road to honor straight.

Take the spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide,  
Every bar to the east side  
Hurry out, and cast aside  
Every stub of weed of Error  
Every seed that hurls the wind  
Tare, whose very growth is tere,  
Dig them out, where'er they lie.

THREE GREAT VICES OF YOUTH.

Three of the greatest vices which infest the path of youth are as follows: Using Profane language, Chewing Tobacco, and Loafing. We will as far as possible lay before the reader, in as brief a manner as possible, and show the effect which the above named habits have upon the human system. In the first place, we would ask what are the advantages of making use, in our conversation, of profane epithets? There are none, no, it neither adds to the interest of our own conversation, nor is there any profit gained: it merely is habit. Are you willing to acknowledge that you are bound to such a bad habit as that, and call yourself a man? Throw it off, and say—long have I made practice of this foul habit, but now, I have done with thee! Another of the vices which is to a great extent one of the most wide spread and derogatory to good morals in the long list of habitual vices, is, namely, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. We would ask, in the name of common sense, what pleasure can there be in the use of this pernicious weed? does it make you wiser, more happier or richer? name anything wherein you are a gainer by using the afore-said article? What can be more detestable, despicable, beastly, and outlandish, than to see the youth loafing the streets, or perhaps standing in front of some Engine-house with his hands in his pockets, and both sides of his face crammed with what they call the delicious stuff, Bah! delicious! did you say—young man stop before you go further, and listen: do you know that you are killing yourself by piecemeal, ay, ruining yourself as much as if you should swallow some deadly poison! the only difference is that one kills instantaneously, and the other lingers on destroying you slowly; it is true and sure. Now young men we ask all of you to take this matter in hand, and think deeply on it; you Chewers, you Losers, and particularly you profane epithet users—depart, depart at once! consult your own interest and leave off immediately those great evils—they are all incompatible with common sense, sound judgment, and good reason. Young ladies, you too, should exert yourselves in the great cause, and if, perchance, you have a lover that either chews, drinks or swears, tell him to go, cast him off until he comes and says, I am free and am now a man!—*Union Ark.*

A STRANGE STORY.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Register, of Philadelphia, tells some of the strangest stories of doings in that strange city, which we see anywhere. He has very extensive means of procuring information, or a very extensive imagination—we know not which yet. The following, it will be seen, is stated as a fact.

A singular fact, deserving of attention, has just been reported to the Medical Academy of Paris, and many of the faculty were engaged in experiments which may result in discoveries of priceless value to the human family.

A poor bird-fancier, living in one of the faubourgs, and earning a modest income by raising birds for the market, has a child of three years and a half old, afflicted since its birth with a pulmonary complaint. Six months ago the doctors told the father that the child's lungs were a mass of entirely destroyed, and that it could not live long. About three months since, the little creature seemed to be perishing rapidly, and becoming each day more and more fretful, the mother placed its cradle in the large room where the birds were kept; thinking that the child might be amused, and forget its sufferings, somewhat, in the noisy society of its feathered companions. The child, in fact, seemed to take an interest at once, in watching the birds, and after a few days, the mother noticed that it would lie still for hours, apparently entirely free from pain, a thing which had not been known since its birth. The doctor, who still dropped in occasionally, soon remarked a notable change for the better in the young invalid, and commencing visits more frequently, astonished the parents at the end of six

weeks by declaring he believed the lungs were healing. At any rate, the child could now sit up and play, and began to have an appetite. But in the meanwhile a strange malady had attacked the birds. They no longer flew about the room, but remained silent and drooping on their perches, eating very little, and gradually dying off one by one at a time. The owner seeing this, but little suspecting the cause, had two whom he removed to the house of a friend, also a bird fancier, in the country, where he thought the pure air might restore them. They had not been twenty-four hours in their new abode before they began to get better, and in a few days they had resumed all their life and health. But, also, the poor child left in Paris became steadily worse. The physician, wishing to try an experiment, had two birds, a parrot and a canary, brought back to the room. In a week they were both dead, and being opened, the doctor noticed all the signs of rapid consumption. The fact was immediately reported to several members of the medical faculty, and birds of every description were sent to the child's room. Every one of them died, seeming to give its little mate of life to aid the suffering child to live, the child is not yet dead, and has been taken to the country, while the doctors are busy studying the phenomenon which chance has thus brought before them.

CURIOS CONUNDRUM.—A gentleman from Connech desires to exert our ingenuity in solving a puzzle with which he says a schoolmaster in that neighbourhood has recently been quizzing the people. It is as follows:

"A waggoner passing a storekeeper asked what he had in his waggon. He replied:—

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete;  
An upright where two semi-circles do meet;  
A rect-angle triangle standing on feet;  
Two semi-circles, and a circle complete."

Quere.—What was in the waggon?  
This is a very ingenious puzzle, but after some little study, we can cry eureka. Thus three-fourths of a cross is a T. A circle complete is an O. An upright, where two semi-circles meet, is a B. A triangle standing on feet is an A. Two semi-circles are CC, and a circle is O. TOBACCO is what was in the waggon. That waggoner may wag-on.—*Exchange.*

EARLY HABITS.—We once received a lesson from an aged gardener that we shall never forget. On a visit to the country, we were attracted by a beautiful grove of choice trees, whose beauty was slightly marred by a crooked tree in its centre. We enquired, why do you not have that ugly tree removed. "Ah!" said the old man pointing to a little twig springing up near it, "they teach a lesson that is too often disregarded. A botanist's wind bent that tree when a little plant, which was neglected until its rapid growth prevented its being straightened; whereas, had it been watched over, as is the miniature tree beside it, it would now have been one of the most beautiful in the grove. How like man," he continued, "when first the syren vice of temptation lures the boy from the path of rectitude, and vice lays its subtle finger upon his heart—the gentle word of admonition is for a moment withheld, he disregards a mother's teachings, relies upon himself, until he is drawn into the pool, and is hurried rapidly to destruction. One word spoken in time, would have saved him!" Take the lesson from that old man, little friend; obey your parents, never suffer the twig to be bent, and it will mature into the erect and healthy tree. Mothers, (pardon a word of advice from a little boy who was early bereft of a mother's teachings,) throw around the cradle a strong guard of affectionate teachings, while the little bud is opening to the scorching rays of life's sun, and ere its tiny petals have felt the touch of temptation; for when it shall become parched and dried, the heart will be imperceptible to moral training.

A HONOROUS RETORT.—Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the madhouse, and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain."

THE CATS' PARADISE.—Blackwood for June has a pleasant article on the old but always interesting story of Pittcairn's Island, and the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty. One of the laws of the simple Islanders is as follows.

"If a cat be killed without being positively detected in killing fowls, however strong the suspicion may be, the person killing such cat is obliged as a penalty to destroy three hundred rats whose tails must be submitted for inspection of the magistrate, by way of proof that the penalty has been paid."

If our cats only knew the store set by them in Pittcairn, how they would emigrate!

TORONTO DRUNKENNESS.—An unusual amount of drunkenness was visible in Toronto last week, especially on Friday. This vice is greatly on the increase. Mr. Mowat, the inspector, informs us that it is truly lamentable to see the way in which the Sabbath evenings are desecrated by keeping open houses—little, if any, regard being paid to our bye-laws forbidding it. The taverns in our midst destroy all the efforts of Divisions, and so it will be until the Maine law is passed and carried into effect.

THE DIFFERENCE between the States where the Maine law exists and where it does not, is the one has JAILS TO LET, the other JAILS FULL, to empty by courts and justices. Which is best?

THE ROMAN HATTERS IN ROME.—The Pope's Government has proscribed a certain form of hats, now quite common in Rome, and which are believed to have a political meaning. The police proceeded to the hat-stores and seized all the hats of this peculiar shape. They did more, for as they passed along the streets, if they saw a person wearing one of the proscribed headdresses, they would arrest the owner to proceed bare-headed to his home.

GAVAZZI'S SEVERE REMOVAL AT FLORENCE.—Gavazzi, 15 years hard labour, Montego, journalist, 14 months, Montaldi, Mazzini, Marmocchi, Francini, and Moriani, ex-convicts of the camp, hard labour for life; Romanello, ex-convict of 12 years acquitted.

These sentences had caused a painful sensation. If there are the signs of popery in Italy, and so would they serve Catholics if they had the power. It is the duty of all good men to raise their voices for God and FREEDOM.

THE FISH AND RING.—One of the emblems in the coat of arms of the city of Glasgow, is a fish with a ring in his mouth. It is derived from the following legend.—Many years ago an aged gentleman became jealous of his wife without a cause, accused her of coquetry, and made her and himself unhappy by his continual complaints. On a certain occasion, while crossing one of the bridges, she was upbraiding her of what he called her flaming propensities; when she, in a fit of desperation, drew the marriage ring from her finger and dropping it into the stream, exclaimed, 'If I am virtuous and true, this ring will come back to me.' A few days after, the aged gentleman purchased a salmon in the market, and carried it home for his dinner. The cook on preparing the fish for the table, found the ring in its stomach, thus proving the virtue of the young wife. From this circumstance the city of Glasgow adopted the fish and ring in its coat of arms, an emblem of fidelity.

LOWELL.—We have a copy of the Statistics of the Manufactures of Lowell for the year 1852, which we condense as follows:—

No. of Manf. Corporations.....	12
No. of Mills.....	51
Cotton, consumed in 1852, bales.....	91,650
Wool, do. lbs.....	5,148,000
Iron, (in machine shops) do. tons.....	4,500
Coal, anthracite, do. tons.....	30,575
Charcoal, do. bushels.....	68,350
Wood, do. cords.....	3,220
Oil, whale and sperm, gals.....	69,677
Lard, do. gals.....	47,000
Starch, do. lbs.....	1,409,009
Flour, do. bbls.....	1,565
Total Capital.....	\$13,900,000
do. spindles.....	342,722
do. looms.....	10,606
Females employed.....	8,470
Males do.....	4,163
Cloth woven per week, cotton, yds.....	1,460,000
do. Cambrics.....	90,000
do. Woollens.....	27,000
do. Carpets.....	25,000
Cotton dyed and printed, yards.....	705,000

Average wages of females, clear of board per week ... \$2 00  
Average wages of males clear of board, per day ... 80  
Medium produce of a loom, No 14 yarn, yards per day ... 45  
do do. No 30 yarn, do ... 35  
Average per spindle, yards per day ... 14  
There are four banks; the Lowell, capital \$200,000; the Railroad, capital \$500,000; the Appleton, capital \$150,000; the Prescott, capital \$100,000  
The population of Lowell in 1828 was 3,532; in 1840 it was 20,796; in 1850 it was 33,390. Increase in ten years 12,580.  
The several manufacturing companies have established a hospital for the convenience and comfort of persons in their respective when sick, which is under superintendence of one of the best of surgeons and physicians.

There are two institutions for savings, the Lowell and the City. The Lowell had on deposit the first Saturday in Nov. 1, 1850, from 4,609 depositors, \$736,128.12. The City, Jan. 8, 1853, had on deposit, from 2,374 depositors, \$192,006.01. The operatives in the mills are the principal depositors in the above banks. Estimated population of Lowell in 1853, 37,000.—(N. Y. Tribune.)

Hood made a glorious epigram on the clock  
"A mechanic his labor will often discard,  
If the rate of his pay be dislikes;  
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—  
Will continue to work, though it strikes."

A lady well known in the first society of Paris, has died of an unknown and mysterious malady. On a post mortem examination it was discovered that three ribs were crushed into the liver, the result of tight lacing.

SALACITY OF A GANDER.—A gentleman on whose veracity we can rely, related to us the other day a most singular circumstance, illustrative of extraordinary sagacity in one of the feathered tribe. One day last week, a gander was on duty near the canal basin, keeping guard over a flock of goslings, which he did with all the pride imaginable. But presently a pugnacious cock attacked the goslings, which led to a rencontre between his roostership and the gander. The contest, however, was of short duration, for the gander seized the cock by the neck, and straightway flew to the canal, where he thrust his antagonist under the water, and there held him till he was dead. We have read of wondrous



The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO TUESDAY JULY 26, 1853.

COFFEE

BY MISS MARY L. LAWSON

Some stir in praise of ruby wine Through crystal goblets flowing, And merriment of the purple vine...

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES AND TEMPERANCE AGITATION.

It has been for some time evident to all thinking men in Upper Canada, especially in cities, that the ministers of our various Christian churches were not doing their duty in standing aloof from the temperance agitation.

our Jail in this city. I went through the different wards of the jail for the purpose of delivering Tracts to its inmates, but the keeper had been in the habit of distributing Tracts and Bibles, and I found a great many of them reading.

ROWLAND BURR.

[The figures and computations of Mr. Burr we presume are nearly correct, and indeed in our opinion much within the proper estimate. Few men in Canada have done more, according to his abilities and means, than Mr. Burr, and we are always happy to let him speak through our columns.]

[ORIGINAL]

AWAKE! THE HOUR IS NOW AT HAND.

Let penury and wealth combine, Let pride and peasant join Their prayers 'gainst Bacchus and his wine...

Keepsville, July 25, 1853

IF THE DIVISIONS IN THIS CITY should hold a Grand Union Meeting immediately in the Temperance Hall—let it be preceded by a good procession with a band attending—let the Divisions from the country be invited in, and some rousing good speeches made.

Mr. GREGG has gone to England, where he will lecture a couple of months. He is employed by the London Temperance League.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—During the whole of the year 1853 so far, we have been particular in exhibiting our terms. No misunderstanding on this subject could possibly occur, with any who wished to learn the terms; yet some seem at the end of six months to misunderstand them.

THE COLONIST AND TEMPERANCE POLITICS.—We have not seen it, but we hear that the Colonist is writing down Neal Dow, and is representing that the temperance movement is a political one, agitated by the present government or some of its members.

JUDGE MARSHALL.—We learn from a friend that the late Judge Marshall is to return to Canada West during the month of August current. He enjoys better health in Canada than in New Brunswick.

Mr. Dow did not lecture in Montreal, he is to return there during the October Agricultural Show and lecture. We hear that the COLONIST is making a noise about the thin attendance at his lectures in Canada, assigning it to a want of respect.

IF The last two numbers of the Guelph Herald have contained a well written and argumentative article on the progress of the enactment of the Maine Law, completely demolishing the Advertiser's anti-Maine law article.

STATISTICS OF CANADIAN INTEMPERANCE.

TORONTO, 3th July, 1853.

DEAR SIR AND BR.—I have just now returned from visiting



The Literary Gem.

I F.

If is the nail on which are hung  
All earthly hope and pleasure,  
The monarch's crown—the scholar's gown—  
The miser's hoarded treasure

If is the thread—the flattering thread  
That knits fond hearts and tender,  
Oh! what a load of dearest hopes  
Hangs on a thread so slender!

And yet—an if is greatly good  
To chase some hoding sorrow,  
It often cheers a gloomy mood,  
Gids many a dark to-morrow

If is the glow-worm's friendly ray  
When future's sun is shaded;  
The little flower that braves decay  
When fairer flowers have faded.

THOUGHTS ON NATURE.

How refreshing—how calming to the nerves is a stroll through the deep green fields—the wild waving woods—how lovely is the sight of the cool blue waters of our mighty lakes on a bright summer day. We wish we were a winged bird, that we might skim their rippleless waters—or that we were able to float like a fish on their cooling bosoms without danger. Let us wander to the margin of our Lake Ontario—enter many a lovely grove that skirts its northern borders; there on the grassy bank—under some shady beech, birch, or chesnut, we would recline, and behold thy waters Ontario, when no wave disturbed thy mighty bosom. Oh how blue and calm it looks, how gentle are thy murmurs, like a giant sleeping in his strength. The clouds float in the calm sky with their summer whiteness—like snow-clad mountains—scarcely moving in their towering majesty. Yet they are reflected in thy crystal mirror, and beauty and glory in a second sky, answer unto kindred beauty and glories. Sully as thou seemest proud Ontario; yet myriads of glittering fishes, dart through thy clear waters, the silver skinned whitefish, the salmon-trout with his yellow sides and milk-white belly, the large eyed pickerel, the greedy green-sided pike, the bill fish, the lamper eel, the golden sun-fish, and numerous others, fill thy waters. Therein too is proceeding the work of death—one tribe preying on the other. The little fish rises to the sunny surface and is caught and devoured by the kingfisher, that watches the still water from a neighboring tree. The white fish or bass ventures into shallow waters and is snatched from his watery couch by the fish-hawk, darting suddenly from the upper sky. Perchance the sly otter spies the swift salmon, as he dashes from the lake into the tumbling creek and secures him for its prey. It is past and all is still again. The trill of the thrush recalls the mind to joy from death. The gull screams in the mid air, and dives whilst playing with his mate, from the upper sky, to flap the peaceful waters with his snow-white wing. He sits thereon so gracefully, that one would suppose his form to be a little rigged vessel. Millions of flies with glossy golden wings, dance in the sun above thy warming surface Ontario. Last—on to the twitterings of thousands of little birds—the white-breasted sand swallows, as they catch in wild pleasure and thoughtlessness the helpless insect races. Thousands die and thousands take their places—joy succeedeth death—death succeedeth joy. That little swallow skims the blue water, and chases in evident glee, for hundreds of yards his own dancing shadow. Away he goes on bounding wing, and in a minute is again returning. Who is that little voice I hear in the bush beside me—it is the twittering of the little fantail bird.

THE FANTAIL is a very small bird, but one of the most beautiful in Canada. It spreads its tail in the sun like a fan. The tail is long and of a black colour, except a bright dash of golden yellow across the middle, which looks beautiful in the sun; the wings are also black, but are barred with the same golden hue. The breast is yellowish, the legs are long and black, the bill is very small, one fourth of an inch long, slender, and of a blackish colour. The head, neck, and back are of a black purple colour, the eye small and black. In size it is less than the tame canary. It darts from bush to bush, and in doing so, shows us, as it were in peacock pride, the bright spots on its tail, and the golden tints of its wings, which are held as it half extended. It has no song. We never found its nest. High in the maple tree I hear a sweet

but loud whistle, "teawa, teawa, teawa, irawa, uttered in a sweet tone. O I see the author. It is the RED-BREADED WARBLER OR GROSSBEAK—in size about half that of the robin, or a little larger than the blue bird, say from the end of the bill to the end of the tail nine inches, breadth of wings about a foot. Colour of the male, a brownish tan on the back, tail, head, and wing coverlets, diversified with a few white spots in some places. Breast and abdomen white—except a patch of red, the size of a dollar, on the breast. The beak is nearly of a flesh colour, very thick at the base, and going to a sharp wedge shape point, making almost a true right angled triangle in shape. Birds with beaks of this shape generally live on seeds, but this bird does not. It lives on fruits and worms, visits Canada very early in May and leaves early in autumn. I have seen it in gardens frequently, destroying fruit, and sometimes on the pea vines, the pods of which it will open, and eat the green peas. It builds its nest on low trees, and lays early in June four eggs of a greyish colour. The whistling warblers of this bird among the green bursting leaves of spring, are very pleasant, more so than that of the robin. Its notes consist of only two or three variations. When disturbed on the nest it makes a sharp clucking or chirping noise. The female is of nearly the same colour as the male, except that it has little if any red on the breast, less white on the under parts. It is of a more general grey colour.

CANADIAN FISHES.—The variety of fish that inhabit our lakes is large, consisting principally of the following kinds:—There are two species of the pike, or some think they are merely the same; the small green pike and the maskanonge, next to the sturgeon, the largest fish in our fresh water lakes. The common pike is of whitish and green colour—the under parts white, the sides greenish, in alternate wide bands—the back darkish. The maskanonge is of the same colour, but three or four times as large as the common pike. This fish is very voracious, especially the larger kind—the mouth being large and armed with very sharp and large teeth on the upper and lower jaws. In some future number will be described more fully the several varieties of the Canadian fish, we can now only give the names. These consist of the two species of pike—the pickerel—the mullet—the sucker, a species of the mullet—the whitefish—the herring—the salmon trout—the sea salmon—the sturgeon, the largest fresh water fish—the bill fish, having a long bill—the speckled trout—the perch—the chub—the horned chub—the cat-fish, or mudfish—sunfish—the black bass—the small rock bass—the whitehead—the little black fish—two species of eel, the lamper eel being more of a snake. This eel sucks the blood of the fishes in the lakes. Many of the white fish lately caught, we have noticed, were wounded in the side in spots the size of a British shilling. In the centre of the wound there is another smaller, like the hole made by a large pin. It seems these wounds are made by the lamper eel, which seizes hold of the fish and adheres to it, thus sucking its blood. A fisherman told us that he had seen half a dozen adhering to one fish. One species of the eel lives on vegetable substances, and is very good eating. The eel is a link between the fish tribes and the reptiles, which in appearance it much resembles. It is difficult at times to distinguish it from the black water snake. It has a peculiarity common to the snakes, and that is that the flesh will move and apparently have feeling and muscular action for hours after all life in common fishes or animals would be extinct. The above are the principal varieties of our fishes. Several sea fish enter rivers that go into the sea, and at times enter the lake Ontario, but they are not indigenous. In some number of our first volume, we stated that the herring was not found in the upper lakes, but this is a mistake. Very large fisheries of the herring exist on the shores of Huron.

THE CHEWEE, known from its cry of "chewee, chewee, chewee," among the low bushes and brushwood, is a curious but shy bird. I could never succeed in finding its nest. It is generally seen on the outskirts of settlements in low bushes and brushwood, through which it hops, uttering its cry "chewee." It has another well known cry or short song not unpleasant to the ear. In appearance it is neat, and its colours very picturesque, consisting of the following:—The head is black, also the back, and generally the upper parts of the body; the breast is of a reddish ochre colour—the abdomen whitish; the tail feathers are white and black, and it is spread in flying. I also exhibit some yellow on its sides and under-parts. It is about the size of the cat-bird or a size smaller than the robin—appears early in May and leaves in the autumn. The food consists of worms and seeds.

THE SNOW-BIRD.—Some persons have thought that this bird changes its colour in the summer. We have lately seen two snow birds (the male and female) which were caught last winter, and have been kept in a cage during this summer. The colours are the same as in winter. It bears confinement well, but has no song.

THE KINGFISHER is one of the most curious of Canadian birds, and seems to be an anomaly in nature, having few if any like it. It belongs not to the rapacious or hawk species, nor does it belong to the birds that feed upon seeds and worms. It has no similarity to the duck species. In size it is between the wild pigeon and the robin—would measure eighteen inches across the wings, and a foot from the end of the beak to the end of the tail. The body is small, the head and tail unusually large. In winter

it somewhat resembles the pelican, and has a large pouchy throat. The bill is two inches long, long, straight and stout, an inch in circumference at the base, and black, buoy and well pointed. The eyes very large and black—the legs short, strong and black, armed with strong toes and feet. The tail is short and square, four inches long—of a dark blue colour, spotted with small white spots. The head is darkish, and has a crown of dark looking feathers, which are depressed and erected as pleasure. The throat and neck are of a fine white—the breast of a beautiful ochre colour, mixed with white. All of the upper parts of the body are of a sky blue colour, dotted in some places with small white specks. It flies like a woodpecker tribe, which it more nearly resembles than any other, by jerks, uttering a harsh grating sound while on the wing. There is little difference between the male and female, except that the colours in the former are brighter. The kingfisher lives entirely on fish in our rivers, creeks, and in the margins of our lakes. Sitting on the branch of a tree that hangs over the still water, it will watch with its large eye the playful fish, until unluckily it comes too near the surface, when the sharp beak and wide mouth of the bird, like a flash of lightning are upon it, and the finny son of the water is struggling borne away to be devoured on some neighbouring tree. The fish caught are generally very small. The appetite of the bird is very voracious. It visits Canada early in May or late in April, and remains until cold weather sets in with autumn. The nest is built in holes burrowed by it in sandbanks on the margins of creeks and rivers, and it lays, I believe, two or four white eggs. Whilst sitting on a bush it erects its ruffled head, moves it body backward and forward, uttering the grating noise, "urh-urh," "urh-urh."

REMARKS ON THE WILD DEER OF CANADA.

Sir,—Having in a former letter (see No. —, vol. 3) made some observations about the smallest species of Canadian Deer, I will now say something about the second and next largest species, which differs materially from the first or the third species. In the first place they are much darker in colour than any of the other kinds of deer. It is well known that all deer change their colour in each year, that is to say, in the latter end of winter, or early in spring, they are grey, in summer, red; in the fall very dark grey, or in hunter's phrase, "they are in the blue;" and those now spoken of are always several shades darker than any other kind. The males have small, clean, white horns, regularly branched according to age; they are very long-legged, make a very long, slim track, narrow at the heels, and they run the distance of 300 or 400 rods with astonishing speed. A full grown male, when slightly wounded, and running on descending ground, will frequently clear ten yards at a leap, invariably making two short leaps and one long one. Their favorite range is low land, hence the hunters call them swamp deer, and prefer their skins to all others, for they make the finest and strongest leather. The flesh is not so well flavoured as the small deer. A full grown male will weigh 100 lbs., that of the female from 65 to 80 lbs. Some hunters say they are the wildest of the deer family; others say the difficulty in seeing them arises from their peculiar colour, for on a wet day in the fall of the year, if they are standing 70 or 80 yards distant, and to the south of you, they appear very dark coloured, as does the bark of the timber, if they stand directly to the north of you, they appear much lighter coloured, the timber having the same appearance. They are the last of the deer family to yield possession of a country to the white man, and frequently carry out the borders of civilization long after the other branches of the family have departed. The feet of this species are much stronger scented than those of other deer, and they seem to be aware of the fact, for as soon as they are alarmed or pursued, they take the shortest route to the water, always increasing their speed as they come near to it, and plunging in at once, put all pursuers at defiance. If it be a large body of water, they continue their course in a direct line and swim very fast; if the body of water be small, they walk directly through it, and if possible continue their course before the wind on wet or muddy ground. They discover the approach of an enemy much quicker by scent or sound than by sight, and that is the case with all the deer family.

The third and largest species of deer found in this Province differs very much from the other two; they are throughout the year much lighter in colour, with a thin, light coat of hair, whilst the grain of the skin is much thicker and darker coloured than that of other deer. They have large horns of a dull, rusty colour, with as many as five or six branches on each horn, showing that they are long lived. They are thick and stout built for deer, have thick, strong legs with large hoofs, making a long track, broad at the heel. When they step they set their feet flat down, their range is on high ground, hiding in thickets only when danger is nigh. They fight with property be called fighting deer. The males are frequently scarified on the neck and shoulders. They twist bushes and paw up the ground like cats. In the fall of the year the necks of the males grow very thick, and when pursuing the females they make a loud noise which resembles in part the snort of a horse and the bawl of a buck sheep. Experienced hunters can find the creature by the sound of his voice, which they can distinguish in a moment. The flesh of the largest males frequently weighs 200 lbs., that of the females from 100 to 130 lbs. When wounded, the male will attack a man at once. When he prepares for battle the neck is curved so as to bring the points of his horns forward, he then lays his long ears back like a mad horse, the hair rising at the same time the whole length of the back and neck like that of a bull-dog. When the animal is ready to fight, it gives the first blow with the points of the fore feet, the next blow is given with the horns, and with a degree of strength and fury that are truly astonishing. I saw one kill a large Newfoundland dog in less than a minute. The flesh is not as well flavoured as that of other deer, it is dark coloured and coarse grained. This species is never so numerous as that of the swamp deer.

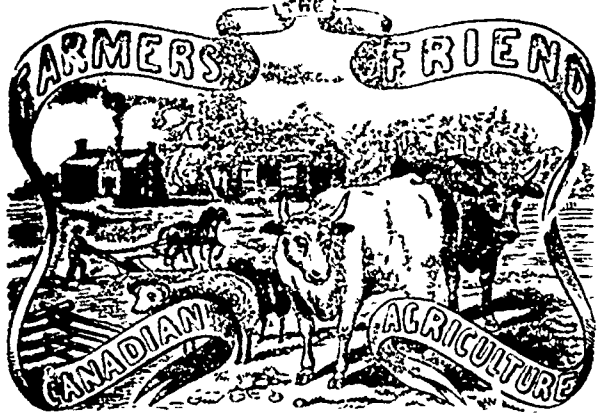
I send you a chapter about the Elk as soon as time will permit. It is thought by some that the elk were never in Canada. This I will try to show to be untrue, believing as I do that they were here formerly numerous, and are still to be found in Canada, of enormous size.

T. BAINES

Ottawa, July 23rd, 1853.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

This paper will be issued on 11 pages, WEEKLY during the year. It will contain eight pages—the two last being devoted to advertisements, and will give all the news of the day, political and otherwise. Subscription price for 1853 5s. 6d. in advance. Or within one month after subscribing 7s. 6d. currency. If not paid at the end of six months, 10s. 6d. at the end of the year. Half yearly subscribers will be taken at the above prices provided it be distinctly noted that 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, and 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 purchasing due payment shall receive a copy gratis. Old agents sending 10 old subscribers, or 10 partly old and partly new, with the money or a guarantee shall receive a copy gratis. The club system at year did not please well owing to the postage. Upon consideration we have concluded to send to clubs, if any of our friends wish to form them, upon the terms—5 copies for \$4, 10 copies for \$7, 20 copies for \$12, 30 copies for \$18, but in such cases the money must be paid down, and the paper 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 post fees must be paid, and communications addressed to C. D. and Editor Toronto, C. W.



THE WEATHER during the past week has been warm, excepting one—and luckily for the wheat harvest, it has been very dry. The wheat harvest of Upper Canada is now probably more than half well got in, and of good quality. The weather throughout Upper Canada for a month past has been very dry, entirely too much so for all spring crops. This dryness has injured fruits, too, very much. Considerable diarrhoea is prevailing in some parts of Canada. The best medicine we know (almost an infallible cure) is Dr. Brodie's cholera medicine, sold by Dr. Urquhart, Druggist, Yonge Street. He has also an excellent child's medicine. The sale of wool is pretty much over. It is a remarkable fact that we have had scarcely any lightning this summer, yet it is very healthy. The weather on Saturday and Sunday last was very warm. On Sunday evening we had a fine shower.

FOREST TREES AND SHRUBS OF CANADA

The forest trees of Canada may be divided into four kinds.—First, the tallest varieties, such as the white pine, Norway pine, red cedar, hemlock, white wood, elm, swamp oak, basswood, button wood or sycamore, walnut, sugar maple, black and white ash, hickory-nut tree, black cherry tree, all of which grow from 100 to 200 feet high; the tallest being the white pines, which are sometimes near 250 feet. In diameter the oak will be found at times to exceed any other Canadian tree; we have frequently seen it from six to nine feet in diameter at the butt; pines sometimes measure six feet, also cedars. Four of these, the Norway, white pine, hemlock, and cedar, are evergreens. Secondly, a smaller kind of trees will be noticed in our forests which seldom if ever attain the height of 100 feet, generally averaging 50 feet, some above and some below that standard, and a diameter of from a foot to two feet, varying a little. These are the spruce, two varieties, tamarack and swamp cedars, which are evergreens. And again the butter-nut, bitter-nut, low walnut, birch, beech, low wild black cherry, iron-wood, soft maple, chestnut, white poplar, oak tree growing on plains, Balm of Giliad or scented aromatic poplar. The THIRD VARIETY consists of one variety of evergreen called the juniper tree, growing from 10 to 20 feet high. The trees of this variety grow from 10 to 30 feet high, varying a few feet sometimes, and measure in diameter from six inches to a foot. Many of them bear fruits and are flowering trees, adorned in the summer or autumn with beautiful berries or fruits pleasant to the taste. The names of the principal of these are the dogwood with its white blossoms, the aromatic saffron tree with its beautiful green leaves and healthful and purifying juices made of its bark. The various kinds of wild plums, full in August and September of luscious plums of all tastes, some of them very palatable. The various varieties of thorns adorned in June with white blossoms, looking like hillocks of snow, and in the autumn with rich yellow or bright scarlet berries, often very pleasant to the taste, and affording food to birds, squirrels, and wild beasts. The choke-cherry tree, which has a berry that has a pleasant taste yet seems to stick in the mouth and throat when swallowed. The wild crab-apple tree, adorned in May with fine peachy blossoms, and in September with yellowish-green apples, the size of a hickory-nut, of sourish bitter taste, yet affording good food for the hogs. The blue beech growing on swampy places; the nanny-berry tree, bearing white blossoms and clusters of rich black berries ripe in the autumn. The berry is of a pleasant taste and has a soft stone. The bilberry tree with its white blossoms, they are first seen in May. The Sumach—a beautiful flowering tree.

A fourth genus of trees, or what are more properly called

shrubs, consists of many that have beautiful flowers—some have no flowers—some bear berries—some nuts—one of the variety is an evergreen. It is the low bush, or shrub juniper, that grows in circular patches in stony places, and large quantities may be seen about Kingston, in rear of Bath, and towards the Ottawa River, in high stony countries. It bears a small berry. Our principal Canadian shrubs are the high bush cranberry tree, a beautiful flowery one, with beautiful red berries, very pungent and pleasant to the taste; the high bush huckleberry, a fine flavored berry; the large, long, sweet blackberry; the round black raspberry; the red raspberry; the vining or ground raspberry; the Scotch cap or large flowery variety of raspberry, but devoid of prickles. Several varieties of wild gooseberries; the wild currant tree, very pleasant to taste; the low bush huckleberry; the vining or swamp cranberry, half a shrub and half a plant, with fine luscious fruit, and sweet little white blossoms—grows in low, swampy grounds, but may be usefully cultivated in gardens. The black alder and the red alder, bearing circular clumps of fine white blossoms, the latter in May the former in June—beautiful red berries, in conical bunches the size of a man's fist, adorn the red variety, and rich, juicy, purple berries adorn the black variety. Wine is sometimes made of the latter, and the birds are very fond of feeding on both kinds. The wood is tender and has a spongy pith; the leaves have a disagreeable, poisonous smell. The nut-bearing kinds are the hazelnut, a fine flavored nut; the witch-hazel tree, the wild pea tree. Then there are the aromatic spice-wood, with rich leaves and yellow blossoms; the white leatherwood, a beautiful shrub, the bark of which is like leather; the willows of the plains, the red and green swamp willows, the wild weeping willows. The poisonous greenwood tree, the white blossoming tree, the prickly ash, the yellow flowering shrub, the wild honeysuckle tree, the blue berry tree, supposed to be poisonous; the scarlet bush, with rich red berries, which, on being opened, are of a whitish, floury colour and taste; the wild sweet briar, with a sweet odour, the wild rose of the plains. Above we present a large variety of lively shrubs, stately trees and beautiful evergreens; let our readers think of them, and in the meantime some of them, from time to time, will be fully described by us. Besides these, a number of climbing plants are indigenous to Canada.

SHARON SOIREE.

The Sharon Division S. of T., held their Annual Festival pursuant to announcement, in a beautiful grove, a short distance from the village, on Saturday, the 8th July. The party assembled numbered about 500. The bountiful repast furnished by the "fair sex" of that locality, proves to a demonstration that they are not strangers to the delicacies of life; and affords ample room for high commendation. Tea being over it was Moved by Mr. Terry, and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, that Thomas Nixon, Esq., of Newmarket take the chair. Carried. After the Band, which by the way displayed great ability and skill, and added much to the pleasure of the company—had played one or two pieces, Mr. Nixon observed: He deemed it quite unnecessary to enter into detail as to the purport of the meeting. They had all doubtless assembled for two or three reasons. Some to enjoy the temporal repast of which they had just partaken—some to enjoy the social friendly intercourse of society—others to gain information and intellectual food. Soirees of this kind, he observed, were of common occurrence; and the grand object aimed at was to get up an interest. If a sympathy for the cause could be excited, it would tend to bring about the desired object contemplated, viz., a Prohibitory Liquor Law. Moral suasion had been tried for years to accomplish the object they had in view; but moral suasion had been found inadequate to the emergency. The rumseller, he knew, would not give up the traffic on account of the profit; and consequently it would be necessary to use every means to prevent the sale. The speaker here referred to the amount of evil the traffic brought upon society, and the general character of the parties engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquors, appealing to the sympathy of the widow, the orphan, and the houseless, made such by liquor venders, and asked if they would not give their influence to support a prohibitory liquor law.—Newmarket Era.

THE Elmley Division of the Sons of Temperance held a Soiree last week at Pike Falls. We understand there was a pretty large assemblage, and that the whole went off well.—Brantford Courier.

PETITIONS TO THE AMERICAN CONGRESS are about to be got up at Washington and Baltimore, asking that body to prohibit the importation of spirituous liquors into the United States, except as drugs. This is a great and useful movement. Beers' temperance hotel in Washington city is said to be a very good house. There is a great and growing feeling in favour of temperance in the District of Columbia, in Maryland, and in Virginia.

THE last *Glouph Advertiser* contains a good letter by that ABLE CHAMPION of temperance, the Rev. Mr. Middleton. It demolishes the *Advertiser* completely. The *Advertiser* Editor has finally come to the conclusion that because for TEN YEARS ALCOHOLIC DRINKS have done him good, therefore it must be useful to have it used as a beverage. There is not a truly wise and reflective man in Canada, one who at all regards experience, who will not say that alcohol in our common beverage injures ten men where it benefits two, and that it is, moreover, the cause of more than half our deaths and a majority of our diseases. The *Advertiser* now appears in its true colours—the Editor loves to drink alcohol.

MR. DELONG of Leeds, just elected, is, we hear, a pledged Name Law man. The pledge alone elected him. Our remarks on our last, therefore, may be wrong. We hope so. It is time all were suspicious of trimmers.

The Bill to inspect nunneries in England and Ireland, introduced into the British Parliament by Mr. Chambers, is causing great hostility from the catholics, priests, and the papers in their pay in England, Ireland, Canada, and the United States. The more we see of this catholic intolerance the more are we convinced that Upper Canadians should hoot from the political polls all the miserable members of Parliament in Canada who have bowed to their influence. The catholic priests in Ireland threaten ARMED RESISTANCE to this bill if it becomes law. It is to be hoped that if they do, they will be taught a lesson worse than that of 1688, when James the second was driven to his monkish advisers on the continent. For Ireland's wrongs and oppressions we have always had a deep sympathy, and no one wishes her and her people, catholics and otherwise, success and happiness more than we do, but the priests and the HIERARCHY of catholicity are opposed to all liberty, and were the indirect cause of the failure of Smith O'Brien's attempt to bring about just reform there. These priests will favor revolution if it will lead to their own usurpation, but otherwise they will not. In Rome they were tyrants, in Ireland desecrated but traitorous patriots. In Canada in 1837 they were rebels in 1833 they are tyrants and sycophants. Against Catholics as a people we have nothing to say, seeing that they have a right to worship as they please, but when they yield their necks as slaves to a priestly hierarchy, then we oppose them. Our world must never again come under the curse of UNIVERSAL POPERY. Another, I am, a bold named Clendinning, hot at the riots of Montreal, has hanged and lately and is now dead. On the 12th July several wanton assaults were made by ruffians on protestants in Montreal. We are pleased to see the course that the Quebec Gazette is taking on the Clendinning riots.

The foundry of Mr. Cheney in this city, was consumed by fire on Wednesday morning last. O'Donohue, the Irish exile, had arrived at New York from France. The yellow fever prevails in New Orleans. The Mexicans have withdrawn from the Me. Va. Valley. The people of Massachusetts in Convention have decided against having Judges elective. The 1st railroad ever in Egypt was opened on the 21st June, for 21 miles, being partly completed between the cities of Cairo and Alexandria. The Norfolk dinner to the ministry is said to have been quite a fine affair, much better attended than any of the others. Dr. Rolph is still popular in this county, and it is hard for the old reformers to alter their minds in regard to him. We wish that we could say that he is what he has been. Any man who would, as he did, deny on the floor of the House of Assembly that he had had anything to do with the rebellion of 1837, thus saying as much as that it was wholly unjustifiable, who had rendered him the chief adviser in it, and when we see him a voluntary in religion, and a professed deserter in Upper Canada for near 30 years—a democrat in principle, upholding high Catholic Churchism in Lower Canada, and opposing a Bill to let the people have the CHOICE of their LOCAL OFFICERS; it is hard for us who have known him 30 years, to think that he has NOT ALTERED. Is he now what he was in 1836? Mr. Hincks seems to have been rather well received in Oxford. Cameron's dinner at Sarina was a failure, so far as persons from that part of the country are concerned. It will be found indeed that at most if not all of these dinners the chief portion of the attendants are government officials and hangmen. They are no true test of popularity. A German physician lately committed suicide in Chicago. A drunken riot has occurred at Dundas. Mr. DeLong has been returned member at the recent election for Leeds.

The accident of the *Empire State* on the Hudson river, seems to have been a terrible one—after the explosion of the boilers, too, she took fire, and came near blowing up. Is there no way in which such terrible accidents can be stopped?

It is reported that several cases of Asiatic cholera has occurred in New York city. Provisions are said to be 30 per cent. higher in 1853 than they were in 1852, in London, England. Various attempts are said to be made Louis Napoleon's life. A grand Protestant alliance exists in London. The Crystal Palace of New York city is said to be a failure—very few so far attending it. It will do better, however, in September. The building is much smaller than the English Crystal Palace. The three men who went over the Falls were Germans; they had gone out in the middle of the river on pleasure in a boat, and were dragged into the middle of the river by the current, and so down the rapids. They were poor men—laborers engaged in the river in scowing. Several more of the boats lost on the *Ocean Wave* steamer, have been washed ashore, among them that of Miss Gerard, the ladies' waiting maid, which was washed ashore at Oswego, and found by her poor brother, who conveyed it to Montreal and had it interred by the side of her mother.

A large Circus attended in Toronto on Friday and Saturday last. It is a poor affair. A row occurred on Friday night between some persons outside and the keepers. Late European accounts state that Austria had invaded the Turkish territories. It seems to be a combined movement on the part of Russia and Austria to crush Turkey. This is a deserved punishment of England for not supporting Hungary. The English Aristocracy are to blame for this. Late news from California is unimportant.

THE SUNDAY TEMPERANCE SERMONS continue to be well attended. Last Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Lillie preached a short but very sensible sermon from Proverbs, in the Methodist New Connexion Church. The attendance was very good. The Rev. Dr. Burns will preach a Temperance Sermon next Sabbath—the place will be denoted by handbills.

THE WHOLE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION is to be held in New York City on the 1st and 2nd September next. It is our intention if possible to attend. We regret to see two Conventions held ostensibly for the same purpose by many very excellent persons, among whom a foolish misunderstanding has occurred. The Seceders hold their Convention as above. THE ORIGINAL MOVERS hold theirs on the 6th and 7th September. The late seemed to think that it was the intention of the women delegates to introduce into the Convention women's right doctrines, but certainly they had no ground for this conjecture.

THE Grand Division of Michigan held a session this week. Why have not the PROCEEDINGS of the LAST SESSION of the Canadian Grand Division been sent to the Divisions? Why not the NEW RITUAL in use before this?

TORONTO MARKETS, MONDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1853.—The state of the markets is similar to last week's quotations. We will only add to wheat which is a shade lower, selling from 4s. 10d. to 5s. 7d. bushel. Oats still remain high, and at 2s. to 2s. 2d. per bushel, the green 2s to \$10 per ton; Butter 7d. to 8d.; Eggs 7d. to 8d. per doz. The drowth which has now lasted for six weeks, is destroying all garden vegetables. They are, however, up to this date sold at moderate prices. Wool is sold at 1s. 8d. per lb.

Receipts since our last Issue. W. C. B. Osborne, \$1 to apply on 1853. This subscriber will see that all who commenced the year 1853, are looked upon as subscribers. J. E. Orono, \$1 1/2 for 1853.







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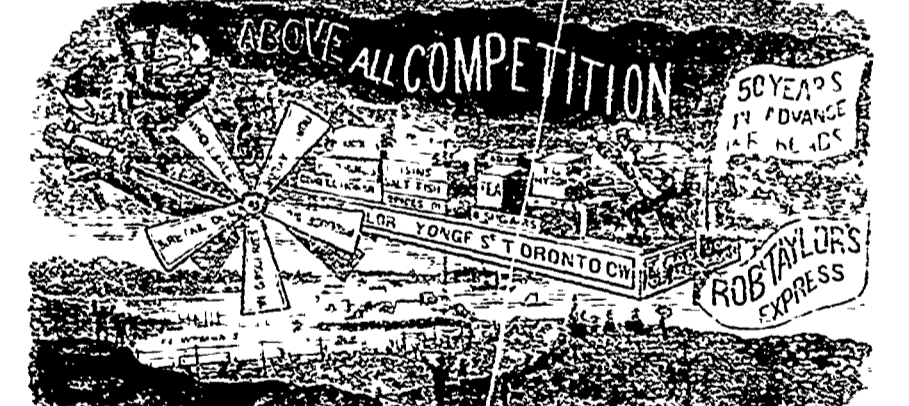
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