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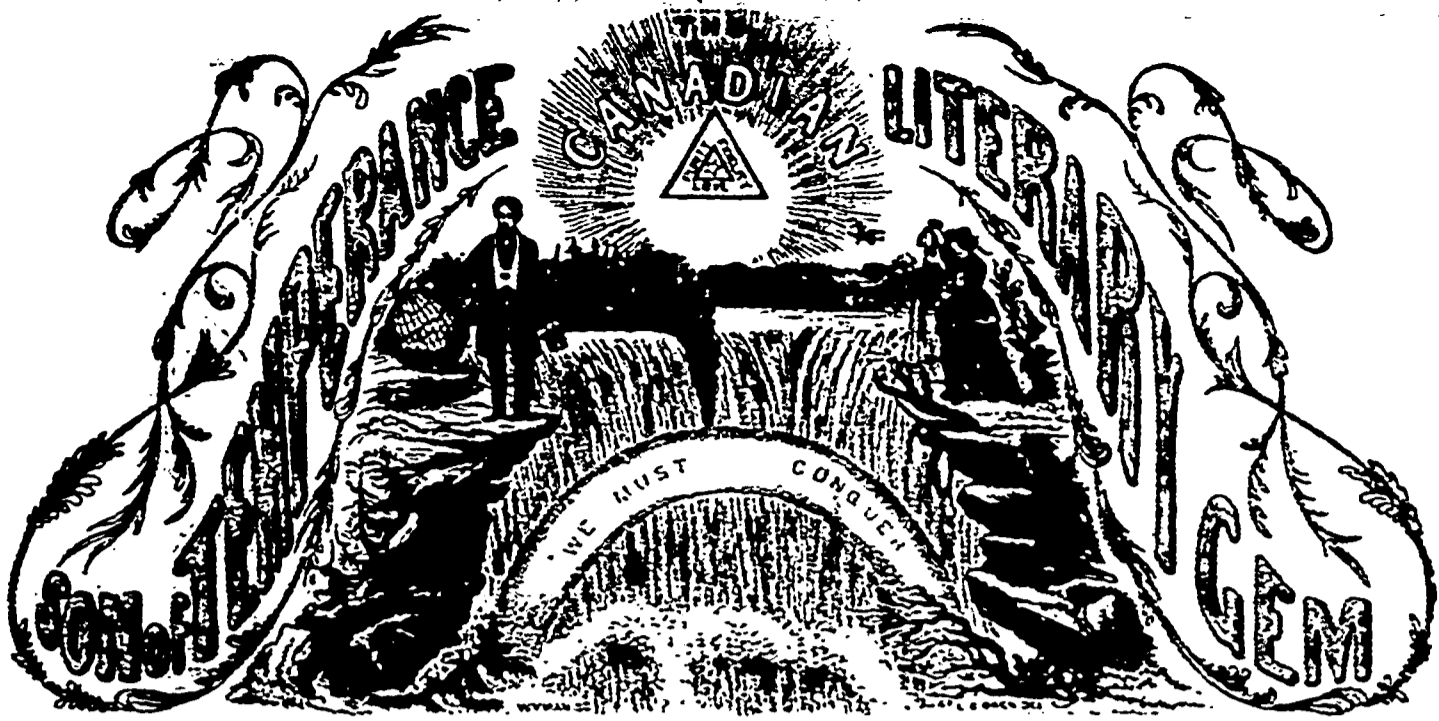
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

THE BATTLE OF MORANTOWN CONTINUED.

And round his brow bright tawny... With a shining sabre and shining steel... Tecumseh's bravery thus to try...

Most of the Americans was very complete, but Richard... that seems far less satisfactory than occurred. Maye...

Never did Tecumseh shine more truly himself than on this occasion; and ought of the savage could be discouraged save the odor and the garb...

The survivors of this melancholy catastrophe were immediately conveyed on board the gun boats... and every precaution having been taken to prevent a renewal of the scene...

AN INDIAN STORY.

Mr. CLAYTON.—The following incident was related to me by Mr. ROBERTS, a Co. press hair-dresser. His father was a French farmer, and lived at Ford du Lac, on Lake Superior...

of agra. Streams leaped from the topmost rocks and fell beyond us making the waters boil, and rainbows mingle with the dancing spray...

Now, notwithstanding this plain story, I doubted the prophet's faith in the matter. But a few weeks proved it. He was shot by his brother, and I thought he must be dead...

My brother has swapped his wisdom for the white man's folly. Listen, the Great Spirit heres a word our fathers in the spirit land. His servants are in the earth, air and water, and they talk with the brave Chippewas...

A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL.

While lying at anchor this day, two female Indians came off from the shore, in a beautiful bark canoe. It was so light and buoyant that it sat like a gull upon the water, and was truly a fine specimen of exquisite workmanship. The youngest of these females was a fine model of feminine simplicity and artless beauty; her long black hair was gracefully braided in front, it was parted sufficiently to show a light-brown forehead, with jet black eyes and regular features, that might serve as a model for a sculptor to imitate the perfection of the human form. Her dress was made close around the waist, and so arranged as to show a full bust; and that with close, ornamented pantaloons, and high-wrought moccasins, was gracefully seated, at her ease, this simple child of nature. We may call her a savage and sneer at her want of elegance and taste; but has she no charms to kindle the flame of love in the human bosom? A fine lady, it is true, may excel her in the gaudily decorated drawing room; but she can balance herself with perfect ease, confidence and grace in this exquisite boat, that two pound-weights would overturn in unskillful hands; can she manage the frail canoe, and force it through the water with an arrow's speed, and let it float like a swan on its peaceful bosom. To complete this picture and add a new charm to the scene, was their gentle deportment. When I invited them on board, they modestly declined, but spread out before them a variety of little articles of their own production, many of which were prettily made, and gracefully displayed—light little parti-colored baskets, slippers, and other ornamented trinkets, exquisitely wrought and tastefully exhibited. There was no opportunity on their part to induce me to purchase; they patiently waited my pleasure to take what I desired, and leave the rest. I was so captivated with these children of the forest, that I purchased their whole stock, asking but one simple question—"How much do the whole of these beautiful articles amount to?"—*Coggeshall's Second Series of Voyages.*

THE BLINDNESS OF WORLDLY GREAT MEN.

How the curious reader will see what were the opinions of one of the most powerful cardinals and men of that age, with respect to Protestantism and Luther. No man of that age, apart from kings, was more wealthy or exercised more power than Wolsey. He was cruel, arbitrary, ambitious, and persecuting. What he thought would curse England and ruin religious interests in the world, viz., Protestantism, has raised the one to the pinnacle of modern glory in freedom and science, and religion to its proper standard. Protestantism has done nearly all for modern civilization and liberty, while Catholicity has been its curse and drawback, its loathsome nightmare. Spain was in the time of Wolsey the most powerful of earthly nations, but priestcraft has dragged her to the dust of humiliation and misery. Italy, the centre of Popedom, whereon all its fancied light is shed, is the most ignorant and degraded of European nations. The bayonet and monkish rule keep down its people, who hate the Pope with the hatred of eternal blackness, and only lately drove him from his throne of Priestcraft. French troops had to reinstate him, not God's power. See the proud position of all protestant countries, and the superiority of their people.—*ERRON.*

THE DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

[From the fifth volume of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.]

"On Monday morning, tormented by gloomy forebodings, Wolsey asked what was the time of day. 'Past eight o'clock,' replied Cavendish. 'That cannot be,' said the Cardinal; 'eight o'clock! No! for by eight o'clock you shall lose your master.' At six o'clock on Tuesday, Kingston having come to enquire about his health, Wolsey said to him, 'I shall not live long.' 'Be of good cheer, rejoined the Governor of the Tower. 'Alas! Master Kingston,' exclaimed the Cardinal, 'if I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs; and then he added with downcast head, 'This is my just reward.' What a judgment upon his own life!

"On the very threshold of eternity, (for he had but a few moments to live,) the Cardinal summoned up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. The persecution was too slow to please him. 'Master Kingston,' he said, 'attend to my last request: tell the King that I conjure him, in God's name, to destroy this new pernicious sect of Lutherans; and then, with astonishing presence of mind in this, his last hour, Wolsey described the misfortunes which the Hussites had, in his opinion, brought upon Bohemia; and then coming to England, he recalled the times of Wickliffe and Sir John Oldcastle. He grew animated: his dying eyes yet shot forth fiery glances. He trembled, but Henry VIII., unfaithful to the Pope, should hold out his hands to the Reformers. 'Master Kingston,' said he, in conclusion, 'the King should know that if he tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we shall have mischief upon mischief, barrenness, scarcity, and disorder, to the utter destruction of this realm.

"Wolsey was exhausted by the effort. After a momentary silence, he resumed, with a dying voice, 'Master Kingston, farewell: My time draweth on fast. Forget not what I have said, and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall perceive, understand my words better.' It was with difficulty he uttered these words; his tongue began to falter; his eyes became fixed, his sight failed him. He breathed his last at the same minute the clock struck eight; and the attendants standing round his bed looked at each other in affright. It was the 29th of November, 1539.

"Thus died the man once so much feared. Power had been his idol; to obtain it in the State, he had sacrificed the liberties of England; and to win it, or to preserve it in the Church, he had fought against the Reformation. If he encouraged the nobility in the luxuries and pleasures of life, it was only to render them more subtle and more servile. If he supported learning, it was only that he might have a clergy fitted to keep the laity in their leading strings. Ambitious, intriguing, and impure of life, he had been as zealous for the sacerdotal prerogative as the austere Becket; and by a singular contrast, a shirt of hair was found on

the body of this voluptuous man. The aim of his life had been to raise the Papal power higher than it had ever been before, at the very moment when the Reformation was attempting to bring it down, and to take his seat on the pontifical throne with more than the authority of a Hildebrand. Wolsey, as Pope, would have been the man of his age; and in the political world, he would have done for the Roman primacy what the celebrated Loyola did for it soon after by his fanaticism. Obligated to renounce this idea, worthy only of the middle ages, he had a desire to save the Popedom in his own country; but here again he failed. The pilot who had stood in England at the helm of the Romish Church was thrown overboard, and the ship, left to itself, was about to founder, and yet, even in death, he did not lose his courage; the last throbs of his heart had called for victims; the last words from his failing lips, the last message to his master, his last testament had been persecution. This testament was to be only too faithfully executed."

Humorous.

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

[ORIGINAL.]

FROM COUSIN R. TO COUSIN C., ON BEING TOLD THAT THE POETRY OF THE DAY WAS CONFINED TO THE GERMANS.

"Come Coz, never trouble your innocent wit
About poetry, metres, and such;
For intelligent thoughts, and poetical flut,
Are confined to the prose-talking Dutch.

I believe it—'tis true as your living—last night,
I was writing a sonnet for thee,
But an hour spent in turning my brains turned me white,
For on counting my lines, they were—Three!

And in fact I am candid when now I declare,
That Mervin must favour a few,
For it with all sent 's her knowledge she'd share,
Her own stock, tho' large, might fall through.

Yet, oh! how it deadens the hopes that I've nursed,
To see poetry locked from my eye;
Me barred from the paths which I thought from the first,
Would have led me in time to the sky.

But Coz even I must to destiny yield,
And bow to the black God of fate;
Believe me I'll sigh not when quitting the field,
That in stanzas I never can prate.

Yet in reading old authors I own I've felt it,
When some bonum idea I'd see,
And twice cursed my stars that the saying of it,
Was left not in toto to me.

But in this bright age of the world you must know,
Tho' learning a bright lamp blazes o'er you,
You can't hatch a sonnet on love, hate, or woe,
But what some one hatch'd it before you.

Last week an idea which I fondly had thought
Had its rise in my fanciful brain,
Was after some trouble to proof in metre brought,
And mailed to "The Courier" of Maine.

But you cannot conceive how sadly I vexed,
Can't think of the pain that I knew,
When this glaring notice appeared in its next,
"We think Byron's the author, not you."

So the muse I'll renounce, bid Apollo good by,
Seek the goddess of fame in bold prose;
Yes, muses believe me, I swear I shall fly,
Your pleasures your numberless woes.

PETER, Sept. 6, 1853.

EXCAS.

Impudent pettifoggers, as our readers have often seen, sometimes get their fingers bitten in their own traps by their insolent brow-beating of witnesses. Here is a new instance:

In a Justice's Court, "Down East," a trial was under way for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel, a blustering man of brass, after the most approved fashion of country pettifoggers, thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus:

"Mr. —, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he know anything?"

"Very little."

"How even does he know?"

"Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do!"

The witness was allowed to retire without further questions, amidst the most uproarious "skreems of laughter."—*Knickerbocker.*

When Pat Hogan first arrived in America, he was told by some Yankee that many things in this country were larger than in Ireland—the river, lakes, &c. Soon after Pat came near a field where a jackass was feeding, and seeing the animal cock up a pair of long ears, Pat exclaimed to his companion,

"O, Teddy, my boy—look, look! O, Jabers, what a rabbit!"

An accepted suitor, one day walking with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his affections, said, "How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm." "Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported, and the other hanging!"

"Harnet Beecher's toe (Siow)—Harnet Beecher's toe!" exclaimed an old darkey, with a puzzled expression "oh de countenance," as he passed his sable digits slowly and thoughtfully through the woolly covering of his occiput. "I hear all de white people talking 'bout Misars Harnet Beecher's toe, but dey nebber say nut 'bout her heel, or any edder part ob her foot.—Wonder what de 'viter wid dat toe! 'Pears to me it's a long time a trubblin' her," and with a sympathizing shake of the head, the old man continued his occupation.

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE DEPARTED

BY MRS F. A. HENRY

Away in the grave there are cherished forms sleeping,
And memory above them, her vigils is keeping,
And we dream of the days when beside us they wandered,
And the ties of affection seem'd ever unsever'd.

And yet they have gone and have left us in sadness,
Though nature spreads o'er them a mantle of gladness,
And sunshine and shade, and soft dews and show'rs,
Awaken above them an Eden of flow'rs.

But the lov'd come not back from where they are sleeping,
Though bright eyes above them may grow dim with weeping,
Nor dew-drops of grief, nor anguish's wild showers,
Awaken again the hearts-stricken flower.

But as buds spring again where so late they have perish'd,
New objects of love by our fond hearts are cherish'd,
Yet memory sheds like the rose wither'd flower,
A sorrowful sweetness o'er life's after hours.

As the buds of affection around us are closing,
And we're drawing near to the hour of reposing,
We wish that the ties that enchain us were riven,
As we hasten to clasp our lost jewels in Heaven.

Port Oshawa, August 8th, 1853.

RARE FUN.

The Cambridge city folks had a bit of fun last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. C., whose husband is a printer, and was given to drink, waited dinner for Mr. C., until after 2 o'clock; but as he delayed much longer than common, she started in pursuit of him. She sought in the printing office, when she learned to her grief that Mr. C. was at the grocery. She started quick for the place, with a bit of clap-board, and entering it, found Mr. C. highly intoxicated. She downed C., and then fell on the grocery keeper, and run him out of the store at the street door. The wife of the keeper entered in his defence, but Mrs. C. quickly put her to flight, and having cleared the tan-yard, fell to mashing and pounding the jugs, bottles, kegs and barrels, until every thing containing spirituous liquors was demolished. The keeper mumbled many things, while the hope of his gain was being ruined, but received no sympathy from the public. A large sum of money was made up by the citizens of Cambridge and sent Mrs. C., and the grocery keeper was informed, that if he did not wish to leave town, on that time-honored, old-fashioned, neck-tied-of, but less used, FEN RAIL, clad in soft tar and the feather of the babbling goose, he would make himself scarce without redress in any shape or form. May the Lord send a more Mrs. C.'s.

Right glad will we be, when enough such women can be found to demolish every grocery throughout the length and breadth of our land.—*Centerville (Ind.) Press.*

SLAVE MARRIAGES.—A correspondent of the New York Times gives the annexed glimpse of the relation of slaves each other:

A slave, who was tired (not owned) by a friend of mine's Savannah, called upon him one morning while I was there, and say that he wished to marry a woman in the evening, and was a ticket from him to authorize the ceremony.

"I thought you were married," said my friend.

"Yes, master, but that woman has leave me, and go 'long nudder man."

"Indeed! Why, you had several children by her, had you not?"

"Yes, master, we had thirteen, but now she gone 'long nudder man."

"But will the church permit you to marry another so soon?"

"Yes, master; I tell 'em the woman I had leave me 'long 'long wid nudder man, and she say she don't mean to come back and I can't be speeted to lib widout a woman at all, so dey get me de divorce."

On the plantation the ceremony of marriage varies very much sometimes there is none at all, the parties merely asking leave of their master, and as soon as a cabin is provided for them to live together; sometimes it is performed by their master generally by the negro preacher, often by a white clergyman.

I was standing with my friend Mr. A. looking at a group of negroes engaged in living a cotton field, when he said to a girl who was rigorously plying the hoe near us—

"Is that Lucy? Ah, Lucy, what's that I hear about you?"

The girl sniggered, but did not answer or discontinue her work.

"What is this I hear about you and Sam, eh?" The girl grinned and whispered, "Yes, sir."

"Sam came to see me this morning."

"If the master pleases."

"Very well; you may come up to the house Saturday and your mistress will have something for you."

There is no law on this plantation that the negroes shall marry off the place, but intercourse with other plantations is discouraged, and they seldom do so.

Mrs. Phebe Patterson, a practical printer, proposes establishing an office in New York, for the purpose of teaching women set types.

MARRIAGE OF TWO DEAF AND DUMB COUPLES.—July 11th marriages were celebrated at Kirkheaton Church, all the parties being deaf and dumb. The persons married were Mr. James Roxby, of Kirkheaton, to Miss Halliwell, Longwood; and Nathn Gill to Miss Swallow, of Halifax. The church was crowded by curious spectators. The parties were educated at the institutions of London, Manchester and Doncaster. Services were explained to them by Mr. Samuel Kaye, who conversant with the language of the deaf and dumb, and services were explained in natural signs by Mr. Roxby to Miss Gill, who was uneducated in a written language, but in natural signs.

THE SCOTCH PUBLIC-HOUSES BILL.

This Bill, which has passed the House of Commons, and at last advices was waiting a third reading in the House of Lords, is of a very stringent kind. The following are among its leading provisions:—

- 1. No grocer will be allowed in any town or village of Scotland to sell or give gratuitously a glass of wine or spirits to be consumed on the premises.
2. No confectioner or dealer in provisions or establish of any kind will receive a license to sell wines or spirits to be consumed on the premises.
3. Every inn or hotel having four sleeping apartments or upwards will be prohibited from supplying any party, excepting lodgers and travellers, with wines and spirits before eight in the morning, or after eleven o'clock at night; and no such houses will be allowed, (with the above exceptions) to supply either a public or private supper party or ball, with wines or spirits on any day later than that hour.
4. No such inn or hotel will be allowed to supply a townsman with wines or spirits during any part of Sunday, nor will a lodger be at liberty to invite a friend to any meal where wines or spirits are required during any part of that day.
5. No public-house, having fewer than four sleeping apartments, shall be allowed to sell, either off or on the premises, any liquors sooner than eight o'clock in the morning, or later than eleven o'clock at night on week-days; and such houses are prohibited from being open on any part of the Sunday. This applies to all houses, whether in towns, villages or roadsides.
6. Any police officer or constable may enter into any inn, hotel, or public-house, at all hours of the day or night, and any obstruction offered is visited with heavy fines or imprisonment. The infringement of any of the regulations referred to, is to be visited by penalties and the forfeiture of the license.

IT OMINOUS SYMPATHY FOR THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL—seems the Pope has sent out, on some secret church business, Nuncio named Bedini, and that this functionary has done the Mayor of Montreal, Wilson, the honor of dining with him. At the same time Bishop Hughes, of New York, Charbonnel of Toronto, and the Catholic Bishops of Montreal and Toronto, with a new Chief Justice Lafontaine, dined with ex-Mayor Wilson Montreal. This looks like sympathy, and is no doubt meant such, from high quarters. Upper and Lower Canadian citizens will now see what a craven Government has brought our country to, and what a set of hireling Editors are upholding.—Ed. Sox.

THE PORT'S NUNCIO.—The Minister says His Excellency Nuncio Bedini, Nuncio to Brazil, and on an extraordinary mission to the United States, returned to Montreal on Saturday week in company with Archbishop Hughes, and nearly all the Bishops of Canada, who assembled to give him a suitable reception. The presence of persons distinguished in the hierarchy rendered the occasion in the Church of Notre Dame on Sunday (yesterday) very solemn. Vast as it is, it was literally full, nave and choir. The clergy, with the cross at their head, made a grand entry, followed by a band of music, in the following order: The cross; the choir children; the chanters; the ecclesiastics; the priests of the different religious orders; the canons of the episcopal chapter; the Bishops of Toronto, Kingston, Bytown, the Archbishop of New York, and lastly the Nuncio accompanied by two deacons of honour. Mgr. Charbonnel, the principal orator, who is always heard with much pleasure, was chosen by the Bishop of Montreal to preach the sermon. The Nuncio having manifested a desire to pay him their homage, His Majesty the Nuncio gave notice that he would receive at 2 p.m. in the reception parlour of the Seminary, and from 2 to 3 o'clock in the evening was filled with the elite of the Catholic society. His Excellency is evidently not yet fifty years of age, a fine man, of a stature, manifesting vigor, and of remarkable affability.—Ed. Sox.

Mrs. BLOWER AND THE TEMPERANCE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY.—Several of the city papers (among them the Colonist and the Examiner, Globe and North American, &c.) have mentioned that the temperance people of this city (being the Sons) have it in contemplation to invite Mrs. Blower, one of the leading temperance women of New York to lecture in this city. This is an unfounded report. The Sons in this city never contemplated any such thing, knowing very well that it would answer no good purpose. Mrs. Blower is a lady, so far as we know, of good character and talents; there can be nothing truly said to the contrary. Her own notions of dress is a matter of fancy and her own business. Such a costume does not suggest any want of chastity, and those who turn up their noses at this fancy, have not half as much to be said. The rumor of this invitation arose from some thing having been talked of at a small meeting convened by the Sons and a few large men, to take into consideration the expediency of calling a County convention. It was merely a matter of a few persons, but never for a moment connected with the Sons. The public taste in Canada is at present so improved to ladies addressing audiences from the platform, that it is not so much from temperance people as others.

THE CASE.—A German, who had eloped with the wife of a wealthy man, was arrested yesterday by Constable ... and held to bail in five hundred dollars. The Temocic ... had also abducted \$113 in specie belonging to the ... which was, however, subsequently refunded ... money, and it was mainly for the difference in value ... and coin that a suit is now brought before Justice ... The plaintiff was advised to institute proceedings for ... to his own's honor. "Oh! that's all right" was the cheerful reply.—Christian Democrat.

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. vi. v. 2.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DREAMS OF LIFE.

I dreamt, in infancy, bright young dreams
Of beautiful flowers and purring streams,
I saw little ships, with their tiny sails,
Floating along under prosperous gales.
And hoped for a time, in my infant pride,
When I, too, might sail o'er a sunny tide.
In childhood, I dreamt of a beautiful chaise,
With ponies to match, and companions at play.
On a smooth grassy mead by the side of a school,
With the sun-light above us, and near a pool.
In youth I had visions of varying shade,
A bower of green and a beautiful maid;
A bold prancing steed bounding off to the war,
A joyous return and triumphal car,
A niche in the glorious temple of fame,
With titles and honors attached to a name.
A vision of bliss as transcendently bright
As the monarch of day in his garments of light,
In manhood I saw, but it suddenly fled
From my grasp to the grave, where sleepeth the dead.
A halo of radiance still lingers around
My pathway on earth to eternity bound;
Imparting a gloom to the dream of the past,
Yet guiding the journey of life to the last;
How I long for the moment of waking to come,
When Jesus shall call me to heaven, my home.

Colborne, September, 1850.

W. H. F.

THE SONS OF PORT ROBINSON—No. 86, C. W.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—It is with pleasure that I take my pen to let you know the Sons of Port Robinson are doing well, and doing miracles in fighting against that hydra-headed monster, intemperance. Although we have had some relaxation in the Order, yet, when we consider the thing in its rational sense, all are led to say that it has been beneficial instead of prejudicial. We do not glory in any brother's downfall, yet there are many, too many, who have joined the Order whose example has been detrimental instead of what it ought to have been. The sooner such members are expelled, the better it is. We number about 60 good members; we treat all members of temperance societies with courtesy, and wish good success to the Daughters of Temperance, hoping that they may accomplish that noble end for which their noble organization was organized.—i. e., to draw the young men from the hydra-headed monster, intemperance, knowing that one drop of evil from a Daughter of Temperance has more influence on a young tippler than all the Sons of Temperance together. Ultimately, we wish good success to all our Brothers of Temperance throughout America. Although we are very much surprised to see the gentleman called the LEADER of politics so much opposed to the principles of the Maine law, the chief reason for which we know his lobby will be dough. He may soon realize the injury which he is doing to the community at large, and turn from his evil ways before it is too late. Likewise, Brother Editor, we highly appreciate your generous conduct in taking so bold and noble a stand against intemperance and its friends. Most of our members, who would like their papers to be temperance papers, find them merely farces. We wish for your future success, and hope that you may live to a good old age, and to see your efforts crowned with success.

Yours in L. P. and F.,

EDWARD L. FORSYTH,

A. R. S. of Port Robinson

Director, No. 86, S. of T.

Crowland, Sept. 5th, 1853.

STUNNED.—The Patterson (N.J.) Intelligencer gives a curious incident of the late thunder storm:—A little girl was standing at a window before which was a young maple tree. After a brilliant flash of lightning a complete image of the tree was found imprinted on her body. This is not the first instance of the kind, but it is a singular phenomenon.

When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a banking after her daughter, the good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer; that there was already two printing offices in the United States and she was not certain the country would sustain them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for the support of his family on the profits of the third, and that was rather a doubtful chance.

A CURIOUS BOOK.—Mr. Jefferson made an original book out of the New Testament, an account of which is given by him in a letter to John Adams, dated October 13, 1813, when Mr. J. was seventy years old. He took two copies of the New Testament and cut out the sayings of the Saviour, rejecting every verse that was not evidently his; these he pasted in a book, and his compilation is described as covering forty-six pages. He wrote to old John Adams that this arrangement had placed before him the "most sublime and beneficent code of morals ever offered to man."

UNLUCKY.—A letter from California relates many peculiar sights and incidents; one is about a rich young man having turned temperance. "I have met a young man, who, at home, moved in the best circles of society, and is a gentleman every inch of him, failing to make anything in the mines, went into a certain town and actually took in washing, and cleaned, for his bread, the filthy garments of those who, at home, he would not acknowledge as acquaintances. It was rather an amusing sight to see him at the wash tub, scrubbing and scrubbing the dirty linen of his costly patrons, swearing at his folly and upbraiding his lack."

It is hardly fair to inflict this on the world, though we think it might have succeeded in winning the New York press:—Why is the picture of a beautiful woman like Baronia's patroness of the Crystal Palace? Because it is a representation of the world's fair.

George Copway, the Ojibway Chief, is on the eve of departure for the extreme West, for the purpose of collecting some of the finest specimens of the Western Indian tribes, such as have the best intellectual and physical development, with a view to exhibit them at the World's Fair. There will be fifteen or twenty in all.

FOR CANADIAN POLITICIANS.—Frogs are your real sober, independent water-drinking freemen. A frog is a cold water man emphatically. He never wets his whistle with grog. He is a squatter, and appropriates all the land he can get on, or wades to swim in. He never talks about his neighbors. His "hops" are altogether more natural than those in high life. He never seeks office and has no trouble about the Presidency. He swims in his own puddle and gives free concerts for the season. His language is largely developed, and he is a speaker from the start. He never shaves your money or has bank notes to pay. He publishes no paper for those who never—ahem! the frog is not an editor. There is but one thing against him, He can hop, swim or crawl. This is against him, for it is very much like modern politicians. All in all, the frog is a gentleman, but has a hereditary hate of snakes and long-billed birds of prey.—Cayuga Chief.

THE SMALLEST SONG IN THE WORLD.

We three
Brothers be
In one cause—
Bill puff,
I snuff,
John chaw.

Ptarmigan has favored the world with the following song, sung before her Majesty by a Chinese lady. It looks rather difficult at first, but if the reader studies attentively, he will see how easy it is to read Chinese:—

Oh o meto thre also puit lme,
Andb uya po unde ft hebe at,
T willip oream osex cellent ca,
Inq us li yal twi lla the st.
Tiso nlyf oush lllngs apo und,
Soc ouat ohet came nian dny,
Nob eterec anel sewh crebefou ud,
Or lisa ayoshi er neede ay."

A REASON.—"Snobbs," said Mrs. Snobbs to her husband, the day after the ball, "Snobbs, why did you dance with every lady in the hall last night before you ever noticed me?" "Why, my dear," said the devoted Snobbs, "I was only practising what we do at table—reserving the best for the last."

HELP YOURSELF.—Sally, said a lover to his intended, give me a kiss—"you, Sally? No, I shan't," said Sally, help yourself.

A gentleman complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of slavery," said the lady. "Not so," said the gentleman, "for I now you are as plump as a partridge."

"At first," replied the lady, "I thought you guilty of slavery only, but now I find you are actually making game of me."

CAN WORKING MEN WORK ON COLD WATER?—Many men—yes, thousands of them—believe they cannot do as much work if they only use water, milk or tea, as if they use copious libations of alcohol. This belief with labouring men is one of the most powerful checks to total abstinence. It is also said that if a man dies from heat, who has worked hard and used cold water, that it was the water that killed him. Horace Greely, of the New York Tribune, has the following remarks on this subject, and in reference to many of the deaths of New York city. It is supposed a majority of the deaths of New Orleans from yellow fever were caused by the use of alcohol.—Ed. Sox.

Speaking of laborers who use water only, he says:

"The reasons are briefly these: 1. They work with a will ten hours each per day and no more; 2. They drink no ardent spirits, whether at work or at leisure; 3. When the heat is oppressive, a boy is constantly circulating among them pitcher of cool, fresh water; 4. They are paid full wages in cash every Saturday night, and 5. They are always treated as men, not dogs, by their employer."

"They have been at work through the late extraordinary heat in the public square, where the rays of the sun were concentrated on their heads by the reflection from the surrounding fronts and roofs, yet in doing like a sun-stroke has been known among them; and while they drank cold water in abundance, none of them has suffered therefrom."

"These facts (and there are thousands more to corroborate them) are worth considering. 'Died by drinking cold water,' is uniformly a lie with circumstances; we doubt whether a dozen persons in all were ever killed by cold water, unless they had previously at least half killed themselves with hot liquor. Sun-stroke is very often sun-stroke, that is, light cuts out the victim's life and leaves the sun or the pitcher to take away his breath. O the things could be but called by their right names!"

THE PATERBORO TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION came off in due course, and we are glad to see was entirely successful and very largely attended. 1000 persons were present, and the meeting was presided over by Mr. Langton, the member of the County, who promised that if he thought the majority of the people were in favor of the law the next time it came up he would vote for it. The speakers on the occasion were the Rev. J. Mearns, William Rytman, Grealey, Miles, Gilmore, and Messrs. Pierce, and White of the Revue. The speech of Mr. Rytman was unusually able and appropriate, indeed he is one of the most impressive speakers we ever heard, much more so than his son of St. Catharines. Several short but pertinent resolutions were passed. The procession started out strong, 300 Sons turned out, among them ... of Lake Lake, numbering 40 members. We were ... transfer the full account of this useful and judicious demonstration to our columns from the Paterboro Review, but now will not refrain. It will have a good effect in that part of the country.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

This paper will be issued on TUESDAY, WEEKLY during the year. It will contain eight pages—the two last being devoted to advertisements, and will give all the news of the day, political and otherwise. Subscription price for 1853, 5s by advance. Or within one month after subscribing 7s. 6s. currency. If not so paid at the end of six months, and if left at the end of the year 10s. currency. Half yearly subscribers will be taken at the above prices, provided it be distinctly understood the subscription was intended to be a half yearly one. All subscriptions must end with the year. No paper will be discontinued (unless at the option of the publisher) until the subscription price is paid up. Not per after the known receipt, and detention of the first number will be six months 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 of year did not please well owing to the change. Upon consideration we have concluded to send in clubs, if any of our friends wish to form them upon these terms—5 copies for \$4, 10 copies for \$8, 20 copies for \$16, 30 copies for \$20, but in each case 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 are inserted at reasonable rates. All postages must be paid, and communications addressed to C. Dorland, Editor, Toronto, C. W.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 20, 1853.

(ORIGINAL.) A SONG.

BY H. A. GRAHAM.

Soon will the tears caused by alcohol cease, Sons, by our aid, by our aid; Soon will sad hearts be the mansions of peace, Sons, by our aid, by our aid. Although our vile foes may King Bacchus adore, And call forth his armies from shore unto shore; Our cause will prevail when his kingdom is o'er, Sons, by our aid, by our aid. Firm to our pledge and the conquest is sure, Sons, by our aid, by our aid; No more will the wife a drunkard endure, Sons, by our aid, by our aid. No children forsaken will trample our street, No filthy old drunkard we ever will meet, No close all the grog-shops, our end is complete, Sons, by our aid, by our aid. Public impression is now on our side, Sons, by our aid, by our aid; Temperance will conquer, whatever may betide, Sons, by our aid, by our aid. The drunkards must all from the cup then refrain, And mortals from liquor will ever be sane; Yea! this we'll effect by the great law of Maine, Sons, by our aid, by our aid. Up then, be doing, to push on our cause, Sons, by our aid, by our aid; Double our vigor, be firm to our laws, Sons, by our aid, by our aid. God will defend us and strengthen our band, Cause us to prosper in every land; Arouse then to action, the law to command, Sons, by our aid, by our aid. Omsgh, September, 1853.

ARE THE SONS DECLINING?

The following letter from Br. H. A. Graham, of Omaha, Trafalgar, has been sent to us on this subject. It may repay a perusal, and short letters of this kind from other sources would be published. For some weeks to come we intend to enquire into some of the causes of the decline of the order in Canada. This decline is more in fancy than in reality. It is true that many small Divisions have gone down, but these have been sickly for a year and a half past. Some of these never should have been organized. Near sixty of them have made none or defective returns for over a year. A few of our base and spiteful enemies allege that this paper has injured some of the Divisions. No living man has labored harder than we have to keep the order pure and healthy for three years. When we commenced to edit this paper the order did not number over 200 Divisions and some 30,000 Sons, but it reached last year 400 Divisions and some 17,000 members. The Divisions that have patronized this paper will be found now to be the most prosperous in Canada; many of the Divisions that have gone down never saw this paper at all. We would here state that out of the 400 Divisions in existence early this year, perhaps more than half knew little of this paper. How base is it therefore in spiteful enemies to say we have injured these falling Divisions! The Divisions that have usually taken the most of our papers, such as the Ontario, Ottawa, Cobourg, Brockville, St. Catharines, Niagara, Brantford, Barford, Aylmer, London Pioneer, and other Divisions are the most thrifty in Canada. The members of the Ontario Division have always taken about 150 copies. Out of the 60 or 100 Divisions that have gone down within a year, very few patronized this paper to any extent, and a majority knew little about it. The causes of the decline of the order are well known to us, and of late the counter movement of the League has had much to do with it, but the general prosperity of the people has had more to do with it. Selfishness, railroad schemes, badness, money making, all have drawn men from Division rooms and moral objects. The belief that the Order was not based on deep principle has disgraced some, the slavery question is alluded to; the doings of the Grand Society,

and the interference of the late G. W. P. in what did not concern him, have annoyed many. These things will from time to time be alluded to, and the cap fitted on the right heads. Our paper is only one of the temperance papers of Canada, it is our private property; its course has been consistent with its prospectus. General Palmer it has alluded to and its prospectus of December, 1852, said it would take the course it has taken. No body of men in Canada is answerable for our opinions. What we state is spoken independently, and if it does not please some, it pleases others. Our politics and temperance doctrines are straightforward, free alike from party and sectarian bigotry. We speak for no party but as an independent man, and only hope that our readers generally concur in what we say. If they did not it would not alter our course one jot from the straight path of what is conceived to be duty.

A FEW THOUGHTS WORTH CONSIDERATION.

TRAFALGAR, O-AGH, Sept. 5th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR AND BROTHER,—I deeply regret that the anticipation of the enactment of the Prohibitory Liquor Law has produced a lukewarmness in our Order, not on account of our members being opposed to it, but on the contrary, of being too certain of its enactment. It is supposed by many that if we realized the law, there would be no necessity for the Order of the Sons of Temperance, as we would have nothing then to do; but, Sir, this is a wrong idea. I consider that if we had the law our Divisions would be as much required as ever to keep it in operation, and to keep up the principle of Temperance. Were our Order to go down the progress of the cause of Temperance would at once be retarded, and public opinion would resume its former position. Our Order has had a mighty effect, not merely over our members, but over the drinking classes of society. Prior to the organization of the Sons, scarcely could a few neighbors meet to assist each other in performing any work, without the bottle being introduced, and a GROG BOSS unanimously appointed, whose duty was to carry it round and give the party as much as they could drink; but now, Sir, the practice has become almost extinct, and where it is yet followed, it is only by those who are really destitute of shame.

I regret very much that our Order has been declining during the present year. We want a renewed action, and a better principle fixed in the hearts of many members. I believe, Mr. Editor, that a lack of principle has been the only cause of our decreasing. It is an easy matter to be a Son of Temperance when and where there is no temptation; but place many of our members in the midst of temptation, and I am sorry to say, we find them possessing a rotten and vitiated principle, regardless of the solemn obligations made before God and their respective Divisions; smuggling, yea drinking of that demon against which they are so solemnly pledged. But, Sir, the sooner our Order is rid of such members the better; let us, therefore, treat all violators strictly in accordance with our laws and should they prove incorrigible, disband them from our Brotherhood as unworthy the appellation of Sons.

I would say to the Order generally, let not the sun set upon us before we arrive at the meridian of our day; let us arouse from our lethargy and stand manfully to what we profess, and try by every laudable means to make our Order more puissant in reclaiming a benighted world of intemperance, and spreading the benignant rays of our beloved Order over the demon-stricken homes of many a destitute family. The blessings of God have attended our endeavors, and will continue to do so, if we are only faithful and sincere in our efforts.

I regret to observe that there are some unprincipled Editors in our Province, who delight in writing, not only against our Order, but against the Temperance cause, yet, I am happy to observe, that the calendars of the GAZ do not allow their untoward assertions to pass unnoticed. I consider that Sons would be doing their duty to withdraw their support from any and every paper aiming to libel our glorious Order. I trust also, that in the event of a new election, that the Sons will stand to their integrity, and support no candidate for Parliament who will not support the Prohibitory Liquor Law, no matter to what sect or party he may belong. But, Sir, this is an idea wherein is involved a considerable mixture of great superstition and bigotry. We all, as Sons, agree that the law would be the greatest boon which our Parliament could bestow on our country; if, therefore, we wish to act as patriots for the general good, let us lay aside all foolish prejudices, and prove ourselves such by being determined to have the law, and allow our candidates only two planks in their platform, viz., Sobriety and a Prohibitory law.

I remain yours in L. P. and F., H. A. GRAHAM, D.G.W.P., Trafalgar Central Division, No. 372, S. of T.

What amount of alcohol is used in Canada for medical and mechanical purposes as compared with that used as a beverage? The Cleveland Commercial Temperance Journal has this question asked of it in reference to the United States. It is not an easy matter to say what amount of alcohol is used for medicine and mechanical purposes, but it is certainly small as compared with that otherwise used; probably we are not wrong when it is put at the one hundred part. We have seen it computed, apparently from correct data, that over \$300,000 worth of liquors, ardent and mixed, were consumed in the city of Portland before the passage of the Maine Law. The amount purchased now of agents for medicine and mechanical purposes in this city, and some of it may be fraudulently purchased, would, perhaps, not exceed \$3000. This is a mere guess. Can the Portland Wellmen inform us what amount of liquors is bought of the agents in Portland in particular, and generally through the State of agents? Physicians frequently recommend brandy, wine and porter to patients, but the amount so used is very small. It is frequently recommended too unnecessarily. Our personal ob-

ervation in this matter would put the quantities used apart from beverage as very small.

GREAT CITY AND LITTLE WOOL—MR. NEAL, OF MAINE!—A new paper has just been started in Maine, at Portland, called the State of Maine commenced for the purpose of writing down the Maine law. A Mr Neal, heretofore a friend of temperance, has written a letter in this newspaper, stating that the law is a failure, and attacking the character of Neal Dow. He says that more liquor is now drunk secretly in Maine than was ever before openly used. The Leader has copied this letter with evident satisfaction. It delights him and his kin to think that men are gulping down oceans of rum; he could not be hired to impute any crime to rum now! Were a riot to occur from drunkenness, it would be imputed to mere natural impulses. Unfortunately for this Neal's new light, two facts stare him in the face in Maine and Vermont; the jails remain empty and the streets are not polluted with hordes of drunkards, as in 1849. Why is this, Mr. Neal? If men do drink so much secretly, they all manage to keep out of jail, and do it quietly. They are not seen in the streets. No night brawls take place in grogeries, and it seems men do drink in public. It is evident, then, that less crime is committed, and more social happiness results from all this. Now, this Mr. Neal, a short time since, thought very differently, talked very differently, and did all he could to pass this law! What has changed him? Is it the sight of so much happiness?—is it the absence of crime and riot?—is it the success of the law and of men who are its authors? Oh, no; it is because he, Neal, sees that a great deal of rum is drunk secretly. What a base wretch—a base soul and spirit must he be who would reason thus? It is our opinion that this Neal, at bottom, is a soulless creature who is disappointed, and as he can't rule among the wise and good he will rule among devils and promote the works of evil. There is no one sound argument in all he says; he adduces no proof, and what he says only goes to prove the utility of the law. The Leader is welcome to its new ally. One thing we recommend to the dandy Editor of this paper, and to the long-faced gentleman, its proprietor, who preaches on Sundays sometimes, that is, to take a walk on Saturday and Sunday evenings, and see what is going on in our 400 licensed and unlicensed rum-shops of Toronto. It would increase the domestic happiness of the one, add a fresh relish to his young home, and make the other blush now and then at certain passages of Scripture. Four hundred houses of misery in Toronto! Mr. Leader, how will you stop this misery by your plan? Say all you can, we support, again those who are trying to stop it, and never tell them a more efficacious plan they can adopt. This would be carrying out the spirit of Neal. If this Neal were to get the Maine Law repealed, how would he supply its place? These are serious and important thoughts and questions.

If the Maine Law is not a necessary and good law, does it happen that the Synods or Conferences of Churches of all sects recommend it? These Synods are composed of thinking and generally well wishing men. They know that society needs this law for its moral and physical welfare. Are these recommendations?

The Universalists of Maine, at their Annual Convention, adopted the following emphatic resolution: Resolved, That it is the judgment of this Convention, that Universalists of Maine should express their earnest and cordial thanks to Heaven for the progress which the Temperance Reform thus far has made; that a wise and judicious Temperance Law is now on the statute book of this State; and that ministers, societies, and churches, should continue to give their prayers and their efforts to keep that law secure, and to help the temperance cause to its final triumph.

At the last meeting of the General Synod of the Episcopal Lutheran Church, composed of delegates from the Synods of the different States from New York to Texas, and from Winchester, Va., a resolution was adopted with great unanimity, in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, recommending it to the support of the members of the Lutheran Church.

Nearly every Church in Canada has passed similar resolutions. The Catholic Church is the only one which has not done this matter, and even it is friendly to temperance; but it does not allow any extra influence (out of the Church) to be exercised over its well-dotted people. Now surely this is wrong in the Churches, as to the necessity of putting down the law system, ought to awaken all thinking men. Far be it from us to wish to make the temperance question—a partisan one of a fanatical religious nature—but we are not sorry to enlist the moral and good. The idea that it is a religious question has injured it in some quarters. A class of narrow bigots may support it, with tens of thousands of really good and enlarged souls. A class of infidels in the United States support it upon worldly grounds.

THE MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT, OR THE SECRET CODEX, a temperance work, published by Messrs. Jewell & Boston, is just received, and we will examine it and make remarks on the same next week.

The women who spoke at the whole world's Temperance Convention were Mrs. P. Davis, Mrs. Moll, Mrs. James E. Vaughan, Mrs. Gage, and Misses A. Brown and Susan M. others attended. We will publish in our next number the proceedings at the meeting; also those passed at the Women's Convention.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES WRITTEN AT LAKE SIMCOE.

BY SYLVICOLA.

Let bards who soar on fancy's lofty wing,
Ideal realms of fairy splendour sing;
When golden wreaths of never-fading flowers
Wave softly o'er their amaranthine bowers—
Let chords of flame that bind the gifted lyre,
Be wildly touch'd to songs of God-like fire;
Thy strains immortal for the bard may claim
Unfading glory and undying fame.
Sublime thought and genius that can soar
On wings of rapture, happier strains may pour,
Of fairy realms—of scenes divinely bright—
The battle's glory, or the warrior's night.

Sylvicola—thy path was o'er the wild,
Uncultured desert, even from a child;
Here in the silence of the dark wild wood,
Thy songs were form'd—thy songs of solitude,
Here first thy soul adored at beauty's shrine,
And th' wild dream of earth's love was thine—
The dream we feel but once, and yet when o'er,
We linger on its memory evermore.
Here did thy bark o'er Simcoe's waters glide,
When evening's blush was mirror'd on that tide;
Or with thine oars dipp'd in the lake at rest,
Thy soft soft murmur'd o'er its rippling breast.

Why, as they say, that here no painter's hand,
May sketch the beauties of our forest land;
That bard in vain may wander for a theme—
No scene inspires his weary soul to dream.
Not so my heart—hast thou not fondly dwelt
In many a scene where thrilling joy was felt;
Where my soul could only linger mute—
Where transport found no voice, and silent hugg my fate.

What theme more grand than this uncultured wild,
With rampant life and verdant beauty fill'd;
Where storms come bursting o'er the pine-clad hills,
And rains are silver'd by the sparkling rills,
Here the wild bosage teems with beautiful flowers,
And perfume'd breezes fan th' amaranthine bowers;
Here nature's hand entwines the wild festoon,
And joyous birds delight to hide at fervid noon.

When the last beams of ancient Sirius fade,
And morn appears in purple robes array'd;
When golden clouds traverse the dappled sky,
And shadowing roses through the woodland fly;
Oh! then 'tis sweet to tread the wilds along,
And hear the belbird pour his thrilling song;
To haire our souls beneath the blushing light,
And drink from laughing streams life's nectar, pure and light.

Where sultry beams, by fervent noon convey'd,
Direct our footsteps to the deepest shade;
Where graceful cedars, bending o'er the streams,
Screen from them waters all but glancing beams;
How sweet by some fair brook reclin'd to view
Soft beams beaming with the vernal hue;
Where woodbines wave and vines o'erspread their arms,
Returning kiss for kiss, commingling, too, their charms

And in the eve when softly break
The distant echoes o'er the blushing lake;
When the last zephyr drops upon its tide,
And snowy scabuds o'er its waters glide:
Oh! then 'tis sweet upon its shores to rest,
Or in some high bark, cleave its peaceful breast,
Till day's last beams 'neath twilight's mantle fade,
And star by star looks down and smiles upon the shade.

No smiling lands by human power subdued—
For Tempe's vale with matchless beauty strew'd;
Nor bowery lawns, made beautiful by art,
Could yield a subject dearer to my heart,
Than those my own adopted land, each scene
Cloth'd in the bloom of summer's softest green;
In gentle calm, in storms that rage and light
With flaming wing thy depths, and sweep along the night.

THE NATURAL APPEARANCES OF SEPTEMBER—ITS SILENT MUSINGS AND THOUGHTS.

In Canada the weather during the first ten days of September assumes a very marked change. No frosts occur, but a pleasant coolness marks the mornings and evenings, and even the sun seems to have lost his August intensity. The thermometer falls to 60 in the morning and evening, and ranges about 70 in the middle of the day. This kind of weather often lasts from the first week to the end of the third, sometimes during the month. Frosts, however, often set in about the twentieth of the month. Up to this date, the twentieth, no frosts have occurred in any variety. August is generally a warm month. One of the most

striking pictures of this month, in the southern and western counties of Canada, also all over the south-western American States, are rich Indian corn fields, the stalks and leaves of the tall corn being still half green and half yellow. The ground beneath them is strewn with rich yellow pumpkins. Nothing can present a richer and more picturesque appearance than a large field of Indian corn, underlain with thousands of large yellow pumpkins. Open the yellow ears and behold the rich glowing golden corn. Listen to the rustling of the stalks and leaves in the western breeze. There rises from the field a flock of mischievous jays with their blue coats—away they fly, *teah! teah!* and sit with evident delight and full crops on some neighboring tree. A stray flock of black birds will sometimes attack the ears, also the black and grey squirrels. Early in October, after the fall wheat is snugly in and just starting up, the rich fields of corn are cut and put in cocks to await the merry husking bee. The luscious pumpkins are gathered and put into some enclosure; the choicest selected by the good housewife for the famous pumpkin pies. Whilst the boys husk the corn—the girls will quilt, will prepare the pumpkins for drying, or peel the rich fall apples for winter use. Another picture of September, dear to the Canadian heart, is the woods of autumn. Let us stray into them. There is the rich walnut tree loaded with its round green nuts, ready to fall—the sturdy butternut with its clusters of nuts—the tall hickory tree with shelly but luscious nuts, and the beautiful chestnut tree with its burrs, full of the choicest fruit, surpassed by nothing of foreign lands. I will set me down upon that mossy log and watch the busy antics of a couple of red squirrels, on the hickory tree—all is silent about me—oh how I love this stillness—this fresh smell of the woods—it seems so free from man's artificiality. Nothing disturbs the ear but the tapping of a little woodpecker, the fall of a stray leaf and the rap, tap, on the ground, of the hickory nuts, as they fall one by one; cut off by the teeth and feet of the two busy little squirrels among their branches. There they work for an hour or two, until they have got a bushel upon the ground. By and by they stealthily come down and carry their booty into winter stores. The black and grey squirrels often rob these nests of their weaker neighbors. The woods are full of these busy little creatures. There are too, the beech nuts, favorite food of the red and striped squirrel. The jays come in for their share of these and the partridges too. Yonder in the deep forest is a valley, through which a creek runs; it is full of thorn and wild plum trees. Here flocks of robins and other birds, yet lingering in our land, delight to sun themselves and feed. How beautiful to the eye are these rich plums and yellow and red thorn berries! There are two kinds of vines too, that climb to the top of the elms and ash trees. The rich blue wild grapes of Canada, hang there in clusters. The taste though sourish is very pleasant. There they hang in wild profusion drying in the sun. The other vine is full of golden berries—beautiful to look upon, but not good to taste, yet the birds feed on them. Suddenly there arises before me a wild rushing noise, it is a flock of partridges. There they are, fat from feeding in this wild field of nature on the falling berries. There is a clump of alder berries on which the thrush, the cat-bird, the robin, and the red throated gros beak, still feed. The sun shines down in his strength in this valley, and the wild honey bees are busy on stray flowers. There too I see the rich high bush crimson cranberry, and the equally rich black blue nanny berry. I could spend days in this valley in watching the birds, in listening to their notes—and in beholding their happiness. At night the shy raccoon delights to roam over this quiet place, and the fox sits on the hill and snuffs the birds at rest. The owl from his gloomy perch is more fortunate, for he often makes a meal of the poor partridge. The farmer's horn calls me again to civilization, and at six o'clock I "homeward plod my weary way." The sun is still about the woods—a flock of long-winged whippoor-wills float lazily in the air—catching the stray flies. See the air is alive with them—diving and darting in all directions. They make no noise as in June, but a solemn silence keeps. A stray swallow lingers about. In yonder yard are huddled together a fine herd of cows. Listen to the pleasant country ditty from the rosy lips of the blooming daughter of the farmer, as stream after stream of rich milk flows into the pail. The gentle cow, perhaps favorite old cherry, or nub, stands there, chewing the cud of contentment. Yonder is the peach or apple orchard. Master Thomas after the day's work sits on the fence, enjoying a mellow apple. There, the sun sinks in yellow beauty behind the last western tree—the flights of flies cease to hum,—and the wind receives a lull. The peacock now turns his head to the east for the night's rest.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

The Indian is never lost in the woods, it is his element—he knows it as if it were by instinct. There are many white men of the same turn of mind, but for one unaccustomed to the forest, it is easy to get lost. Children when lost soon grow weary and lie down from fatigue to rest. If they remain in the forest all night hunger compels them during the next day to eat berries, leaves, and roots. Grown persons climb trees and pass a dreadful night of anxiety. They feel like the wretched mariner floating on his plank on the ocean—no hand to guide, no lantern to cheer. They are alone with nature and with God—the silent stars are,

their canopy, and the night breezes cool the fevered brow. So with the lone sailor. His bounds from wave to wave, and deep his wreck, and as 't were second self, reflected in the insidious water. Oh how dreary—oh how forlorn—then the heart feels the need of a superior Being to sustain it, to uphold its energies ere they sink into oblivion. The lost landsman's ear is awake to every sound, he hears the sigh of the night wind, is startled at the flight of the bat, or even at the buzz of the heavy beetle. The rustling of the leaves pictures to his mind the hungry wolf, the fierce lynx, or the growling bear. The cry of the owl alarms him. Alone, alone, oh for civilized man—for my home—a dear wife and children—a mother and father, who await! To such an one the life of a hermit would be terrible. He looks through the gloom and sees nothing, he gazes on high and all is bright but still and cold. Yet countless millions of bright look from those apparently cold bright spots, and say the name of our busy world. How easily might a spirit be lost in infinite space, wandering from star to star for ever! In yonder forest of worlds, where all seems gloom, life infinite in form, intelligences infinite in variety dwell; yet we see them not, nor can we see the presence of a Holy and Mighty God. Yet HE as certainly exists in that infinitude of worlds as HE does about us in the lonely forests. Oh that in these conditions we could talk to Him in spirit, and know that He answered as certainly as did Jesus, Peter from the darksome lake. The Indian in the forest or in the vast prairie knows his way as it were by instinct like the birds. Last year we saw an account of an Indian who travelled from Lake Superior to Minnesota on snow shoes over the vast wilderness, eighty miles in one day. Many instances have occurred of persons lost, especially if young, becoming so familiarized with the new mode of life, that they have preferred it to the associations of civilized life. There is something in the quiet scenes of nature—the innocence of birds—the pure air of the forest, the gentle murmurs of the trees and leaves—the contentment that reigns over all, and the odours of sweetness and purity that pervade the herbs and vegetables which are expiring to the romantic, and draw forth the best aspirations of the soul. The stories of wild boys and wild men of the woods, we sometimes read of, are not fictions, but many of them realities. Man savage and civilized has an instinct for hunting; in the woods he feels as if he should seek his living; the old instinct of his ancestors is not dead. In Southern climates it is quite possible for a human being to exist for years in the woods. One would suppose that the Indian or white man would get lost on the vast western prairies, but it is not so, for there are always paths, headlands, and marks which catch the eye, and guide as a compass.

The Weston Society came off on the 16th inst. A procession was formed and marched through the streets about four o'clock, P.M., composed of the Weston and Smithfield Division—headed by the Weston Brass Band. At half-past four o'clock, a large company of ladies and gentlemen partook of a very good tea and refreshments in the basement story of the Methodist Brick Chapel. After this the company adjourned to the upper story; Mr. Tyrrell of Weston, an active and intelligent son and gentleman of that village, was called to the chair. The majority of the company assembled were ladies; it consisted of about 300 persons. The Weston Cadets turned out. Mr. Tyrrell made some pertinent remarks on temperance, stating that the meeting was held chiefly for the purpose of raising funds to build a temperance Hall, and dwelling on the evils that would result from the decision of the Chief Justice, as to the Sunday traffic. The Division propose building a Hall that will cost \$1200, to be located near Mr. Paul's School-house. Mr. Hulley has made a gift of the necessary land. We sincerely trust this useful Division may succeed in their laudable effort. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Editor of this paper, and by Messrs. Alcorn and E. V. Wilson, all of Toronto, for about half an hour each. The Brick Chapel in which the notice was held was ornamented with several mottoes, a triangle and evergreen. This Division and its acts deserve well of all good men and should be encouraged. May they continue to prosper. It was gratifying to see the take so active an interest in the affair.

The poetry of Sylvicola, on "Lake Simcoe," is very good.

Wm Cooper, a pretending naturalist, has written a letter in the North American, attacking our description of the red winged blackbird. Our description of Canadian birds are the result of close personal observation, and will bear any criticism. Strangers who come to Canada and remain here a few years, having a little smattering of Latin, must not pretend to know more than men who have spent their lives in Canada.

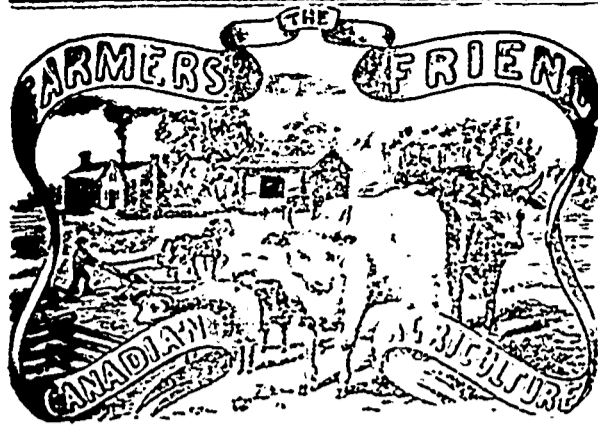
Three millions five hundred thousand pounds of India rubber were imported into this country during last year.

During the five years ending May 31st last, 14,533,576 bushels of salt were made in Kanawha County, V., nearly 3,000,000 bushels a year.

A NEW INDIAN—in England, Calumform is used for putting boys to sleep, while the honey is extracted from their lives.

More than 4000 Hungarians have lately been furnished with passports to emigrate to America. They received them on the only condition that they would never return to their native land! They will be cordially welcomed here.

Franklin says if every man and woman would work four hours a day at mending, sweeping, washing and cooking, would be banished from the world, and the remaining portion of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.



ORIGINAL.
WHATEVER FATE WE BEAR.
BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Whatever be the fate we bear,
Tough good or ill betide,
And rudo life's gales may blow, or fair,
Let us keep manly guide...

THE WEATHER during the past week has been mild and very seasonable—varied only by a fine warm rain of one day, Wednesday, from the south east. It rained also a little on the evening of Friday, but the weather has been very mild—no frosts.

SMITH STUMP MACHINE.—A contrivance for pulling stumps is described in the Michigan Farmer, which had taken out a hundred and forty stumps in half a day.

BREAKING COLTS.—The breaking of a colt should commence before he is twenty-four hours old. Handle him frequently, make a pet of him. Bridle him when young, and the winter when he is two years old place a wagon-saddle on his back and buckle the girth loosely.

THE BREAD FRUIT.—A friend recently from the Society Island, has presented to us a specimen of the celebrated Bread Fruit of that climate.

That tree which in unflinching stores,
The staff of life spontaneous pours,
And to these southern Islands yields
Two products of our laboured fields.

The bread tree is one of the most valuable productions of the fertile Islands of the Pacific. It produces three or four crops annually, and is seldom without ripe fruit on its branches. It

grows spontaneously and furnishes the principal food to the natives. The tree furnishes a valuable timber for the canoes, houses and furniture of the inhabitants; its bark is wrought into clothing, and it affords a resinous substance which is used for making tight the seams of the canoes.

DRIED TOMATOES.—Take ripe tomatoes and scald them in the usual way and strip off the skins, or wash and squeeze them through a sieve, then allow the pulp to dry, so as to evaporate as much juice as possible without burning, then spread it on plates and dry it in a slow oven or hot sun.

THE LONDON DAIRIES.—A Yorkshire cow in a London Dairy establishment is seldom calculated to give less than 20 quarts of milk daily, for the first 4 months after dropping her calf, and many of this breed have been known to give from 30 to 40 quarts daily for a few weeks after calving.

A STEP IN ADVANCE.—A new car, probably the first of a series, has been placed upon the Hudson River Railroad, which is divided into separate apartments large enough to accommodate parties. Each room is furnished with a sofa, chairs, centre table, &c.—Medina Whig.

COLLODION TO PREVENT COWS FROM SHEDDING THEIR MILK.—A correspondent of The New York Agriculturist says:—After milking, take a thin piece of muslin, the size of a three cent piece, wet it in the collodion, apply it quickly to the end of the teat. It dries immediately, and adhering firmly, prevents the escape of milk from the orifices.

PASTE FOR CLEANSING GLASSES.—Liquor of ammonia half an ounce, chloride of potash ten ounces, cured soap one pound, water; dissolve the soap in water, with a gentle heat, then as the mixture cools stir in the other ingredients. Use it by rolling it over the glasses until the dirt is off.

TO MAKE VINEGAR FROM BEETS.—Grate the washed beet, express juice in a cheese press, and put the liquor in an empty barrel; cover the bung-hole with gauze, and place it in the sun. In a few weeks the vinegar will be good. It is said one bushel of sugar beets will make five or six gallons of vinegar, which is probably correct, as nine tenths of the substance of the beet is liquid, and each bushel of roots contains about equal to six gallons in the measure, omitting the interstices.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

The New Ritual and Cards, &c., can be obtained by writing to the N. W. S. a. Philadelphia. The New York Weekly Sun celebrated its twentieth Anniversary, of the issue of its Daily, on the 3rd September. This paper is very cheap, only \$1 per year weekly. Austria affects to think that Kossova's agents are executing an insurrection in Bosnia and Servia, and thus she makes this an excuse for invading these Provinces. The Emperor of Austria is married to a relation of the King of Bavaria. Admiral Cockburn is dead aged 82. It is thought that Russia will persevere in carrying on the war against Turkey. The Imperial Chinese troops continue to be defeated by the rebels. It is said Mr. Hincks escaped being examined in Chancery by going down to Quebec on the American side. Something very mysterious hangs over this £10,000 job affair—we regret to see it. A Mr. Leland, an American Engineer employed on the Northern Railroad, accidentally shot himself with a gun near Barre, and died within five hours after it. A man while in the woods near Picton hunting crows, caught his gun to a bush, it went off and killed his daughter, a child seven years old. A man named Wolfred, aged 65, lately hung himself at Hamilton to a pine tree and was found dead. The ex-Mayor Wilson lately gave a dinner at Montreal, at which the Italian tyrant Bedini, now the Pope's Nuncio in Canada, the newly made Judge Lafontaine, and the Catholic Bishops of Toronto and Montreal, dined. This is ominous of coming sympathy. We prophesy that a coming struggle, that will swallow all others, is about to take place in Canada, and that under its ruins the rubbish of papal superstition, nunneries, and consecrated waters will be buried for ever. The Montreal Agricultural show will take place on the 27th. The last piece of Tall-tale told lately. A grand dinner is to be given to George Brown, Esq., by the citizens of Cobourg. The number of deaths in New Orleans on the 5th September, was only 72 by yellow fever. The best sample of wheat sold in Toronto yesterday a week for 5s. 11d. per bushel. IT IS NOW IN AGITATION in this city to hold a Temperance Demonstration in the course of a month or so in this city. The Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that lately met at Niagara, passed resolutions in favor of the Maine Law. A great State Temperance Convention is to be held in Texas, at Austin, on the 22nd November. Temperance in Mobile and in Tennessee seems advancing, as it does indeed all over the Southern States. Patrick Sneed, the supposed murderer, arrested at the Falls, and taken to Buffalo, has been created on evidence showing that he has been kidnaped, run-away slave, and is not guilty of murder. He is now in Canada. See the fruits of the

infamous fugitive slave law, which stands as a record of eternal and infamous disgrace to the memory of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Their names will be scouted by future generations for this act. The whole Northern and Western parts of the republic should rise en masse and insist on its repeal. Here is a question in the United States more important than the Maine law. An additional number of Commissioners have been appointed over the Asylum, viz., Messrs. Tiffany of Hamilton, Whittemore and Perrin of Toronto, and Simon of Bowmanville. During the past week the city has been greatly agitated with the proceedings in the Court of Chancery to investigate what is usually styled the £10,000 job, in which Mr. Bowes, as Mayor of the city, is said to be involved. Nearly all the facts have been elicited in evidence. Mr. Hincks has not been examined. The evidence given was by Mr. Bowes and Mr. Ridout of the Upper Canada Bank. After all, it seems the affair is not so black as many supposed. It seems, on the part of Mr. Bowes, to have been a private speculation, in which he sought his private interest in preference to that of the city. He got about half of the share on the debentures. Mr. Hincks, through an English Banking Company, supplied the funds to buy the debentures, depositing them in the Bank of Upper Canada, and no doubt realized half of the profits in some secret way. So far it has not appeared that he has compromised the Government by it, or used Government funds. His position, no doubt, induced the English Banking Company to loan their name. Upon the whole, a calm observer might take this view of the matter. Mr. Bowes, when originally asked by the City Council to state the facts of the case, did not do so, but mis-stated them. Secondly, he has, being in an official position, acted in a way to bring discredit on the office he holds, by secretly mixing himself up in city finance affairs and trading in their debentures, taking advantage of the necessities of those who bought the debentures of the city, and not assisting them to make an advantageous use thereof. He should have had nothing to do with this matter whilst Mayor. Mr. Hincks has shown himself to be a scheming, selfish man, making use of his official power to further his private fortune, as was done, no doubt, in the road job, and has brought odium on the Canadian Ministry. He cannot be trusted in any position—self being his aim—not the good of his country.

The True Witness, the Roman Catholic Organ of Lower Canada, opposes the secularization of the Reserves. It will be found after all that this question is to be hanged. The Catholics in Canada must be taught that they live in an empire which is essentially protestant in its institutions and spirit, yet tolerating all creeds. An accident on the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad happened last week—it came near proving very serious, but no lives were lost. The voters of Lambton to the number of 632, have presented an address of confidence to Mr. Brown of the Globe. This shows he is very popular there. Mr. Cameron had better change his mind about contesting this County. Politically he has forfeited the confidence of all true reformers. The Guelph dinner to Mr. Ferguson came off in due course, 150 of the leading reformers of the County sat down to the dinner. Mr. Ferguson, the member of the County, made a good speech. This gentleman is an independent member worthy of his constituency. The Scotch people of Zorra west have invited George Brown to a public dinner. A Baptist minister was lately tried in Kentucky for seducing a young girl, and the jury gave a verdict of \$5000 against him. He is a married man. Mr. McKenzie says he has learned that the next session of Parliament is to be deferred until February. The Eastern Turkish question is still unsettled, England is acting in a cowardly undecided manner in this affair. An influential political dinner lately took place at Washington, at which the acquisition of Cuba was freely broached. Fever in New Orleans is greatly abating, but it is prevalent up the Mississippi. It is reported that the dead are burned in New Orleans.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in compliance with the Petition of the "EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION," the Bell of the St. Lawrence Hall will ring for a short period every evening, at 7 o'clock, commencing from the present date.

By order, CHARLES DALY, Clerk's Office, Toronto, September 1st, 1853.

PLENDID TEMPERANCE TALE! JOHN P. JEWETT & Co. HAVE in press and will publish about the first of September, one of the most thrilling TEMPERANCE TALES which has been published since the immortal series by SATON. It is said to be written by a Clergyman of New York—entitled THE MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT, OR SATANIC LICENSE. It will be a 12mo. volume, of about 300 pages, bound in cloth. It is written with great power and beauty, and depicts, as with letters of fire, the direful evils which follow in the train of drinking, gambling, and drinking ardent spirits, and the absolute necessity of prohibitory laws to prevent its sale and use. The contents of this thrilling work, which is destined to cause a commotion in the world, are as follows: CHAPTER I.—Usages of Society—Effects. II.—Shocking Results. III.—Entering the Vortex. IV.—The Villa. V.—The Lowly Cot. VI.—The Record of Excess. VII.—The Satanic License—Horrible Dream. VIII.—The Temperance Meeting. IX.—The Change. X.—Resuming the Work of Death. XI.—The Petition. XII.—The Issue. XIII.—The Experience Meeting. XIV.—Villainy Developed. XV.—A Pocket Argument. XVII.—Force of Public Sentiment. XVIII.—Legitimate Fruits. XIX.—The Closing Scene. We bespeak the co-operation of Temperance Organizations, and individual friends of Temperance, in a vigorous circulation of this work. Place a copy in every family in the land, and dram-drinking and drinking will soon cease. Early orders are solicited by the publishers, JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., 17 and 19, Cornhill, Boston.

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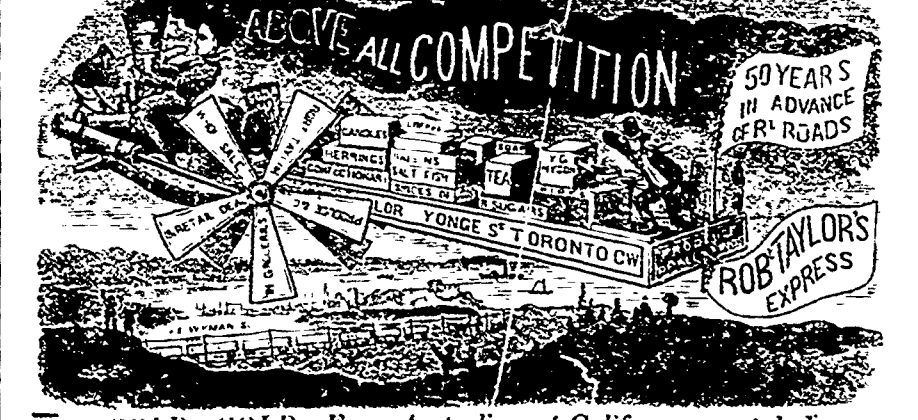
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