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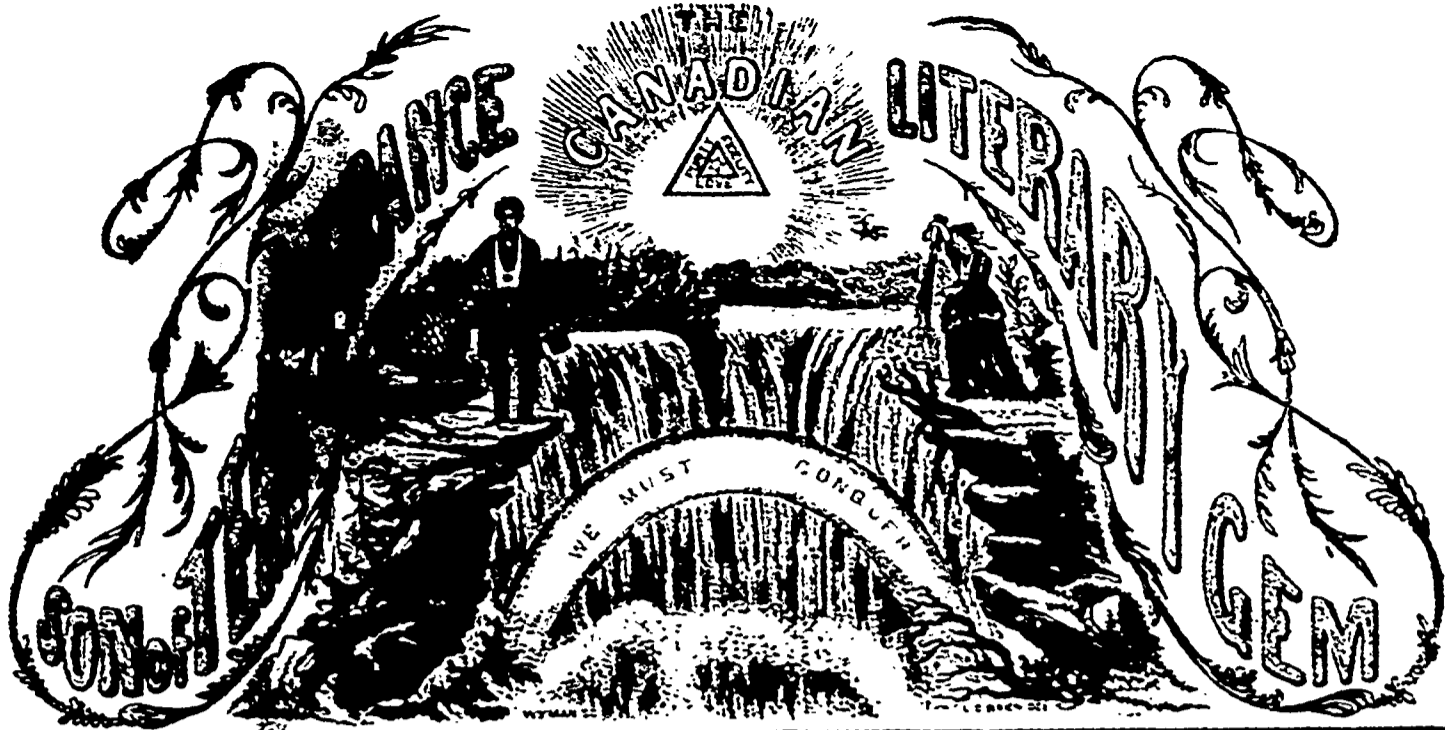
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HUMANITY. TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W. MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1853.

No. 1.

THE RAINBOW.

How oft have I viewed thee all glorious and bright,  
In the pride of thy birth-place, thou vision of light,  
Like an angel of gladness, in mercy designed,  
As a token and herald of love to mankind.

There too where the floods of the cataract's sound,  
Thou rainbow's rainbow, by the tempest's sound,  
And the eye may repose on thy soft smiling face,  
And the fancy may hail thee, the nymph of the place.

Oh! then when the moments of sorrow are bright,  
When the stern voice of Nature shall call us to fight,  
At that thrilling hour when in anguish and pain,  
Our spirits return to life's pleasure in vain.

May peace with her soft silvery pinions be there,  
To chase from our bosoms the phantom despair;  
May Hope, gentle Hope, with her sweetest smile,  
The darkness that shadows the depth of the tomb.

THE TIGER HUNT.

BY ARAGO.

"I had hunted the lion and the jaguar, or tiger-cat of America. I had equally chased the African lion; and I would for once at least, chase the royal tiger of Hindostan. Our party consisted of five Europeans—three Englishmen, one Irishman, and myself; French—besides four Malays, two Sepoys, and eight dogs, of which they spoke wonders. The heat was scorching, without a breath of air. In India, when once you have made preparations for a perilous expedition, you can no longer be interested in "smaller game." Good bullets, sharp harpoons, spears, the best tempered sabres, would be of little use to you against Bengal tigers, and the jaws clouds of birds of the most varied and brilliant plumage which vocalize the air, you leave them at liberty, respecting them even in their sleep; and that is the reason, probably, which makes them so familiar and tame in their incivilities. A powerful motive, however, compels you to respect them, should all when you are at some distance from a town or plantation; the report of your gun would not alone awaken these rapt and impetuous animals—under the bushes in the vicinity, near to the mole's mounds and vermin, reposes the lion, sleeps the tiger, and for such victims your arms should ever be in a state of readiness. It mid-day we came to a hut at the delightful residence of Dr. McQuinn, whom we found low-spirited, but who, nevertheless, gave us a warm reception. The previous evening, a panther had leaped the wall enclosing his lodge, and carried off and devoured the son of a Malay servant, while sleeping in his cot. The wall was thirteen feet high, and the legs of the ferocious beast must have been confined and disabled, still more by a ditch on the other side.

(Here a sudden tornado, peculiar to the East, overtakes the party, and compels them to remain all night.)  
"In the following morning, before break of day, we were on the march, reinforced by the brother and sister of the deceased Malay, who would be avenged of the panther or the tiger. The dog in front kept close to us, as if fearful of the approaching danger. By advice of our guides we quickly passed through a thick wood, and arriving at a clear and extensive plain, several elephants were grazing. The Tiger did not leave us much leisure. On his first and awful roar, the dogs, which they had told us were very shy, stuck behind us, their tails between their legs, and whistled and there, the most stupid fight experienced in their lives. With a whip, our blows with the gun, muzzles, not callous, did compel them, so we resolved to pass them by. A Malay, however, told us that the tiger was approaching. We halted, our priming, and awaited him in order of battle—the Malay three paces in advance, his sister by his side, both armed with an iron hand harpoon.  
"Behold him in our presence! More beautifully striped than the zebra, sporting a splendid, much more than frightened, as our eyes were immovable at first, putting forth deprecating and protesting looks, raising his grey eyelids, flicking his half open lips with a pink and red tongue. He was magnificent to behold. We started towards him some steps, he made some towards us. As if ashamed of their proximity, the dogs, which they had set on guard and placed themselves in our front, began to bark. At sight of the dogs the tiger became

timorous; he no longer regarded us—his first victims were to be the dogs, who dared to brave and await him. They advanced together at first, then divided, and attacked the ferocious beast in front, behind, and on the flanks. The tiger fixed his eye on the most bold among them; he gave a spring, and in an instant he had one enemy the less, the dog's entrails being strewn upon the ground by a single pressure of the lion's jaws. We wished to assist the others, who had run back some steps, but the Malay, by a sign of the hand indicated that it was not time to act yet; he wished us all to return home in safety. His sister showed admirable sang froid and intrepidity; in her vigorous hand she held up the sharp pointed harpoon, and I remarked that her yellow complexion gradually assumed a red copper tint. The field of battle now became more confined, not exceeding fifty paces at most, our enemy was surrounded by twenty within this space. At a signal from the Malay, the dogs flew on all at once; the tiger roared, bounded like a lion, and crashed one dog after another, and although bleeding in every part, was still as ferocious as ever. All the dogs were put hors de combat; the only three alive seemed still to inspire the Malay, who advanced and we followed—a bullet is discharged, the tiger runs, attempts to spring, but falls to the ground like an anvil; the young girl advances and lances her harpoon, which penetrates his body; he attempts to retreat, but the more the deadly weapon enters his flesh. A general discharge of muskets brought his end to a "dead certainty." We returned halfway home, when the two Malays, who preceded us, uttered a loud shriek. We hastened our steps, and soon found these two wretches stretched on the ground and kissing with transport part of a human body. It was a portion of the head and throat of their youngest brother, which they recognized from a slight scar on the forehead."

THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.—The population of the globe is supposed to be less than one thousand millions—907,000,000. A French writer, alluding to the subject, says:—  
"If all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of one country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the same idea it gives us of the number of the human race, is counterbalanced by its capability of expansion. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of maddening quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting 300 persons. According to his calculation, the population of the new world as given and civilization attained, may amount to the extent of 1,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America, (and not undervaluing the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, it will support 2,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 3,000,000,000 or thereabouts the present number.

RACE BETWEEN A LOCOMOTIVE AND A FLOCK OF GEESE.—The Rochester American has the following incident:—"Coming up on the express train the other day, it so happened that a flock of geese, a flock of some thirty wild geese swept over the valley of the Mohawk, just as the cars were under way. These geese being evidently bewildered, kept on steadily to the river, but well over on the opposite side of the valley, hence a good chance to compare their speed with the "lightning train" was afforded. At first it seemed to be about an "even thing," but after a few moments it was readily perceptible that the geese were drawing ahead of the locomotive. After a few minutes, the lead seemed half inclined to drop down into the Mohawk, and about such of their speed—the engine recovering the lost ground, but the geese thought better of it, changed front, sought a greater elevation, and pushed ahead again in the same direction of the train. By this time the race became quite exciting, and one could hardly refrain from exclaiming, "go in, engine; get in, geese," but there was no need of exhortation, as both seemed knowing all they knew—the geese gradually drawing ahead till within a short distance of Little Falls, when the berry headed up in the wind's eye, alighted a moment, and stood down the river again, having gained in the race about two miles. The geese must have been going, when last seen at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour. This is the first race we have seen between a locomotive and the feathered race, and though the latter had the best of it, the former did well, considering that it was compelled to carry weight."

STANZAS ADDRESS'D TO A DEPARTED ONE'S SHADE

(ORIGINAL.)

BY THE POET'S SARD.

Alone let me mourn by the side of that urn,  
Where the ashes I love are cocooned,  
And my only relief be my burden of grief,  
To the eye of no mortal revealed  
Like a tomb in the mind, be their memories cherished,  
That may open in solitude's calm,  
And the soul of the just, discomber'd of dust,  
May breathe o'er our ruins a balm.

Immortality's goal has beckon'd the soul,  
Just escap'd from mortality's throat,  
And it hasten'd away from the fast mould'ring clay,  
Ere we wrap it in death's sable pall;  
Yet retrace a trace cast across the pale face,  
That stay'd when the life tide had flown:  
'Twas affection's last hold that we found growing cold,  
And that sigh'd for to leave us alone.

But the death with his sword, hath cut short the bright cord,  
And with silence those lov'd lips hath bound,  
Yet the spirit so dear, I oft feel to be near,  
My lone pathway still howling around,  
Oh the lov'd form appears, that my brain so revises,  
Ah how could since removed from earth's strife,  
Is the smile thus I've met, and it beams on me yet,  
As it beamed on me greedily in life.

Oh when memory doth weave by the pale lamp of eye,  
With the present the thoughts of the past,  
Then that form the most dear, doth to memory appear,  
And I hear the lov'd voice on the blast,  
Oh say not indeed that the spirit once freed,  
Can revisit the lov'd ones no more,  
In the heavenly rest, may the spirit that's bless'd,  
Not still love the loved ones of yore.

Away with the thought, by the thoughtless 'tis taught,  
Who dream or ponder to sleep,  
I know the lov'd friends of our pathway attend,  
By mortality's eye the unseen,  
Have you not felt a power's sweet o'er's ruly heart,  
The ye knew not from whence that it came,  
To the combats heart would a sweet calm impart,  
Revering hope's flickering flame.

Behold then 'tis they who have vanished away,  
From the bosom of friends and of home,  
As our lov'd guardians they are still watching our way,  
Thou the breath of life while we roam,  
Thou art near and thought be with recit'd freight,  
New ardour of the Ad sereno rex,  
That the love when we love shall feel joy up about,  
And rejoice when we meet them again.

INTERM. C.S.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

We met the following singular narrative, one day, in the volume of a Canadian missionary, who has recently published certain reminiscences of his life and labors:  
About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M., a respectable farmer who had died at one of my own settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very poor and amiable woman, and three children to mourn his loss. The poor widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling off every thing but a little furniture.  
After the sale was over, I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortably, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state, in that lonely house, she could hardly enjoy.  
"O, no!" she said, "not unprotected, far from it. You forget, she continued with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of Him 'who careth for the fatherless and the widow,' and I feel quite confident that he will protect us."  
And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most

extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner. The farm-house was a solitary one. There was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale; the mother and three young children, and a maid servant, the sole inmates. They had retired to rest sometime. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast.

This kept the poor mother awake, and she heard, in the pause of the tempest, some unusual and strange noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in front of the house, immediately in front of the bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own.

She immediately arose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they both went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so; for the night was cloudy. Still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading to the kitchen, whence she thought that the noise she had first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation, when the dog rushed out and the widow saw, through the open door, two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelping of the noble animal that he sometimes had the worst of it.

The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M.— could only hear now and then a faint and distant bark.

The robbers, or, perhaps, murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastenings of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose.

The mistress and maid got a sight and secured the window as well as they could. They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in, wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess.

He then stretched his huge bulk at full length beside the warm stove, closed his eyes and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him his breakfast, such as any dog might have craved, after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit.

He stood whining at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterward. They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged.

It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M. remarked to me, that, when I last saw her, she told me they were not unprotected.—Ex.

THE MORMONS.—A correspondent of the Milwaukee News, who has taken the overland route of California, writes that he has reached the Mormon city. On the day of his arrival, there was a magnificent procession of 7,000 of the inhabitants in honor of the anniversary of the arrival of the pioneer settlers. The writer describes the procession as follows: Marshal of the day preceding—followed by flag, band, and a large painting, exhibiting the pioneers of 1845, crossing the upper ferry of Platte River. Pioneers then followed—Pen and Scribe (every sermon is taken down, in short hand, and inscribed in the Big Book)—men with the different implements and tools, of almost every art and profession in the world, forty old men and flag; forty old women, representing mothers in Israel, their flag being inscribed with "Our children are our Hope;" twenty-four young men with their motto, "Union and Liberty;" twenty-four young ladies Daughters of Zion)—very pretty girls; twenty-four boys; twenty-four girls; band, soldiers, and eighteen Bishops, bringing up the rear. I am quite confident there were seven thousand persons present; and taken altogether, it was a sight well worth seeing, out amidst these hills. In the evening, balls and parties prevailed all over the city. The Governor, was present with some of his wives, who came and went in a large, elegant open carriage. He has living with him in the city, in one house, sixteen wives and thirty children.—Each wife, with her progeny, lives in her separate furnished apartment, and spins, sews, weaves, &c., &c. All this is true: I went over the premises with a Jew to entertain you for an hour, and I believe saw pretty much of every thing. The person I heard with has two wives. Dr. Schmidt, a Councillor, has six and all of them good-looking healthy women. Thus, you see, polygamy is openly allowed and supported by these Mormons. A man; having a right to as many wives as he can find and support, takes a fancy, goes to a Justice and swears he is able to support her, and the marriage comes off with due ceremony—and so it goes on, as he grows richer, without limit.

FOURTEEN.—That house will be kept in a turmoil, where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood upon the anvil, and apply fire to it it will go out; put on another stick and they will burn; add half-a-dozen, and you will have a great conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in the others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its lurid uplander.

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.—Amongst the many pleasing traits recorded of the sagacity of this animal, the following deserves a place. A fine Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. H. L. Turner, of this place, on Friday evening last, carried something into that gentleman's store, which, on examination, proved to be a purse, containing about twenty dollars, the property of a gentleman in this town who had lost it.—Woodstock Progress.

Humorous.

PARODY—We are indebted to "Sampson," for this very good parody on "Comin' thro' the Rye." It is dedicated to the City Fathers:

If a buggy meet a buggy  
Comin' down the street,  
Is it right to run together  
When their buggies meet?  
Every driver has his failings,  
They're but men at last,  
But comin' up or goin' down,  
Should they drive so fast!

When a buggy meets a buggy  
Should three buggies race!  
And run over civil footmen  
In a public place  
Let the street speed like lightning,  
Lashing jerk and tank,  
But let their mind that human flesh  
Aint covered o'er with plank.

To which "Our Jeems" adds:

If a buggymet a buggy  
Ploughing thro' the mud,  
Should it stop and let it pass?  
Certainly it should  
Now "weather clerk" and buggy man,  
A lesson for "ye twain"—  
From henceforth bear in memory,  
To hold up on the rein—(rain.)

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IF A long nose affords a good handle for ridicule. The man that's "up to snuff," therefore will avoid them. By the way, talking of noses, what a queer one that must have been which Solomon informs us was like "the tower of Lebanon looking towards Damascus." To have blown such a nose must have required a gale of wind, and roasting shorter.

IF A friend of ours is such a believer in Young Hyson, that he doubts whether a single murder was ever committed in the presence of a tea-pot. The herb of herbs may make people loquacious—add to the scandal-producing powers of old maids—but that it ever gave rise to a single inhuman thought, he as much doubts as he doubts that nightmares will have colts.

IF "It is a very singular thing," said a tailor's apprentice to his master, as the latter was pressing a bob-tailed coat, "that the more there is of some things, the less there is."

"How can that be?" said the tailor.  
"Why, there's that bob-tailed coat—the less you make the tail, the more tub it has."

IF Shakespeare asks, "What's in a name?" This only shows that Shakespeare never kept a "family grocery." If he had, he would have known that white beans, under the name of "Old Government Java," sells for 16 cents a pound.

IF "Now put that right back where you took it from!" as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.

ART REPLY.—"Reply, sir," said a Judge to a blunt old Quaker who was on the stand, "do you know what we sit here for?"  
"Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker. "Three of you for four dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

IF Have the goodness to pronounce this little word. It is the original Mexican for country curates:  
"votahocahuntropica "uns!"

IF "Why do you set your cup of coffee upon the chair, Mr. Jones?"  
"It is so very weak, an'am," replied Mr. Jones, demurely, "I thought I would let it rest."

IF At the Astor House, not long ago, a gentleman saw one of his guests give his fork to another, with "just stick that fork into that potato for me, will you?" His neighborly neighbor did as he was requested, and left it sticking there!

IF "Madam, said a boarder to his landlady at breakfast the other morning, "your coffee is abominable—it's not sciled."  
"Indeed!" coolly retorted the lady. "I think you had better settle for the coffee, and then complain!"

IF "How many kinds of motion are there?" said a Glasgow professor of physics to one of his very bright pupils—  
"Time, sir," was the reply. "Three! Name them?" "The retrograde, the progressive, and the stand still motion."

IF Pomp E Brute us, Cesar, just stop a minute till I axes you a conundrum. Well, July us Gus with, peroced, peroced. Well, Pomp E, what key does cultured persons most lob? Whis key, am t not, July us. No it am not. Do you gebit up? Ub course, I gibbed it up fore you axes it. Why it am Afr key. Ha! ha! go long you callered man.

WINTER'S CURIOUSITIES.

- A crust from a printer's pi.
- A toe nail of a foot line.
- A heel bone of the sheep's foot.
- The pleasures received from an embrace.
- The little finger of a head.
- The tear that fell from a capital I.
- A few lines from a printer's boiler.
- A sight from a shooting sock.
- A meteor from a printer's star.
- A point of a printer's dagger.
- A glass of grog taken from a printer's bar.
- A leather taken from the bed of the press.

IF A drunken north countryman, in Scotland, returning from a fair, fell asleep by the road side, where a pig found him, and began licking his mouth. Sawyer roared out, "Who's kissing me, now? Ye see what it is to be wree liket among the hanes."

IF To prevent chapped lips, keep the chaps from coming near them. The ladies will please notice.

IF While thousands are gaily clanking swords, ten thousands fall by cut-throat blades; yet giddy females thoughtless train—for sake of fashion yield to pain.—Tight Boots.

CONJURY.—A man who chews \$14 worth of tobacco annually and smokes has paper because he cannot afford to take it.



Ladies' Department.

WELCOME HOME.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,  
Where all will spring to meet us;  
Where hands are stirring as we come  
To be the first to greet us.  
When the world has spent its frowns and wrath  
And care been sorely pressing,  
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,  
And find a fireside blessing.  
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,  
If we are but sure of a welcome back.  
What do we seek on a dreary way,  
Though lonely and benighted,  
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,  
And eyes that will beam love-lighted?  
What is the worth of your diamond ray,  
To the glance that flashes pleasure  
When the word that welcome back bears,  
We form a heart's chief pleasure?  
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,  
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

BEAUTIFUL SEXTON.—A man without some sort of religion is, at best, a poor reprobate—the foot-ball of fortune—with no use linking him with infamy and the woodrows eternity that is within him; but a woman without it is even worse; and a flame without heat, a rainbow without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume.

A man may in some sort be his frail hope and honors, with weak, shifting ground-tackle, to his business of the world; but a woman without that anchor which they call Faith, is adrift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of spiritual faith. He may crase his thoughts and his brain to thoughtfulness in such poor baggage as Fame and Reputation may stretch before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in heaven?

And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love—that endearing hope—mellowing every scene of life, lightening them with the pleasant radiance; when the world's cold storms break like an army with smoking cannon, what can bestow it all but a holy soul tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a good, loving mother, but will echo the thought with energy—hallow it with a tear?

A NEW LEGAL POINT.—An important case, says the Reading (Pa.) Gazette, affecting the Rights of Woman, was decided in the Berke County Court of Quarter Sessions last week. A wife indicted her husband for assault and battery, committed under the following circumstances. They were returning home together in a wagon from market; the husband provided himself with a "pocket pistol," well loaded, from which he took sundry "swigs," until he became "shot." The wife remonstrated earnestly against such conduct, which aroused the anger of her lord, and he commenced abusing her; whereupon she seized the said bottle and threw it out into the road. For this her lord's husband beat her. Judge Jones charged the Jury that the wife's act in breaking the bottle did not justify her husband in striking her; that although a wife had no right to destroy the goods and chattels of a husband, a run bottle was an exception; that a wife was perfectly justifiable in setting her husband's run-bottle wherever she could lay hands on it, and destroying it; and that in this instance the plaintiff did no more than what a sensible woman ought to have done. The Jury rendered a verdict in accordance with this sound opinion. Run bottles may, therefore, from this date, be considered without the pale of the law's protection.

A woman of India has discovered the art of cultivating breeds of silk-worms with success, and producing silks of several colors.

The way of advertising for a wife are various, but the best is the following, mentioned by the Mail Advertiser, in his most extra diary. A rustic residing near the "Hills" of by-under-De, wanting a wife, provided himself with placard, and posted upon it, "Wanted a woman wife of, with a little money, to go to America, pieced on his hat, and placed himself in front of door on Sunday last, when the congregation was here.

An old gentleman travelling some years ago, mailed his Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in slumber. "Ah, yes, indeed!" sighed the older sister, "a friend of the heart." "Dear me," was the sympathetic remark of her age! Omission, perhaps? "Oh, no, a friend of the heart!"

One of the most important female qualities is temper. Heaven did not give to woman immunities of sensation in order to be imperious; it did not give them a voice to be employed in scolding.

THE LADY FREEMASON.

Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever admitted into the ancient and honorable mystery of Freemasonry. she obtained this honor, we shall lay before our readers, saying that our information is derived from the best sources. Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, a warrant, and occasionally opened Lodge at Doneraile with his sons and intimate friends assisting; and it is said that Masonic duties more rigidly performed than by the lodge of No. 150, the number of their warrant. It appears from the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of the mystery, Miss St. Leger, who was then a young girl, happened in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a study; but whether the young lady was there by design or accident we cannot confidently asse. The room at the time was undergoing some alteration: amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part for the purpose of making a passage. The young lady having heard the voices of the Freemasons, and being prompted by the curiosity natural to all, to peep into this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, she had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her fingers, and thus witnessed the two first steps of the ceremony. Her curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and she who understood this passage well knew what the feelings of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony. Let them then judge what were the feelings of a young girl in such extraordinary circumstances. There was no mode of escape, except through the room where the concluding part of the ceremony was still being solemnized, at the far end, and the room was a very large one. Miss St. Leger had resolution to attempt her escape that way and with light and noise steps glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and awfully Tyler, with his long sword un-sheathed, a look that pierced through the apartment, alarmed the members of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, re-acted it is said, in the paroxysm of their rage, to put the fair intruder to death; but at the moving and earnest supplication of her youngest brother, her life was spared on condition of her passing through the two remaining steps of the ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through the trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, she thinking that they were taking into the bosom of their craft, a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of the mystery. Miss St. Leger was directly descended from Sir Richard de St. Leger, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and was of that high repute that he with his own hand supported the prince when he first went out of his ship to land in Britain. Miss St. Leger was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted that interesting race, and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes. Eventually she married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of a highly honorable and ancient family. Whenever a benefit was given at any of the theatres in Dublin or Cork, for the purpose of raising money for the female orphan asylum, Mrs. Aldworth walked at the head of the Freemasons, with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on these occasions. The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland.

That is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins its power of song, and leading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave. In the belief that it will not fold its wing near close to her eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unusual to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over a single grave.

THE MOORISH COSTUME.—The celebration of the Barain says Madame Prus, gives the best opportunity of examining the richness of the Moorish Costume, as the women parade all about the streets, holding their children by the hand. The "haik," or veil covers their whole person with the exception of the eyes, which eyes are in general so beautiful that I can understand the jealousy of the husband. But in spite of this veil which, however they sometimes raise, as if on purpose to display their charms, you can see their trowsers of silken muslin, their robes of silk embroidered in gold or silver worked in variegated colors. Their bare feet are incased in slippers of red, blue, or yellow morocco, likewise embroidered in gold or silver, the children are dressed in velvet or embroidered silk, and wear a "chuchra," or tansian cap, made of the same material of the vest, covered with sequins and ornamented with a golden tassels. Some are attired in a parti-coloured dress of blue and yellow, like the costumes worn in Europe at the time of the middle ages.

The Siamese twins, Chang, and Eng, are the owners of a large number of slaves in North Carolina, and are said to be very severe task masters. They are married, and what is singular, Chang is said to be a Pierce and King democrat, and Eng something of a Hale abolitionist. Both are married, the former having six children and the latter five. Eng's wife weighs 120 pounds; the aggregate weight of the twins is but 100.

WOLF HUNTING IN FRANCE.—Some grand wolf hunts have been taken place in the environs of Goctria, department of the Ardennes, a very wild country. In one of them a young Parisian lady, accompanied by her husband, was noted for the ardor with which she followed the hounds. On entering a valley all at once she found herself in a bog. She made her horse take several leaps in order to reach solid ground; but at last the animal could go no farther, and began to sink. First she descended to the ground, and afterwards to the back. At this moment, the lady with great presence of mind, drew up her riding habit, and stood upon the saddle. Still the poor horse continued to go lower. She thereupon placed her feet on its head, and with a vigorous leap succeeded in reaching terra firma. Her husband was near to her, and as his horse was also sinking, he followed her example. The escape was considered most miraculous. The emotion occasioned by the danger of the lady and her husband was so great that the hunt was suspended. The horses were rescued with great difficulty.—Globe.



Youths' Department.

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

THE EMIGRANT BOY.

BY SYLVIOLE.

He went from his home with the bloom on his cheek, And the laugh in his eye amid strangers to seek— That region of dreams o'er the ocean's far foam, Which in slumber had wing'd round his pillow at home. And the father had breathe'd a blessing upon The head of his only and well-belov'd son; The mother had wept o'er her heart's darling joy, As she kiss'd the red lips of her Emigrant Boy.

He trod in the land of the forest-bound west, Yet the land of his childhood his memory possess'd, His dreams had all chang'd and with sadness were fraught, And he sigh'd for the fields round his father's lov'd cot: And at night his lone pillow was wet with his tears, And the sad sigh of age had cur'd o'er his years, - His cheek became pale, and his heart lost its joy For disconsolate now was the Emigrant Boy.

He lay on his couch, but his blue eye was dim, Yet no heart throbb'd in anguish or kindness for him, Unsmooth'd was his pillow, uncoof'd was his brow, For the lov'd of his bosom were far from him now. Oh! he wept as he thought of the desolate hearth He had left when he stray'd from the home of his birth, Of his father's last prayer, of his mother's last sigh, As a quiver'd adieu to her Emigrant Boy.

And they made him a grave, but no tear o'er him fell, And no tongue has said words to his mother would tell— He went down to death unknown and unwept, And far from the home of his childhood he slept: No tombstone is rear'd on the mound of the dead, No willow droops low on the grave o'er his head; And the stranger stops not as he passes him by, To learn the sad fate of the Emigrant Boy.

Illustr. C. S.

OUR YOUTH'S FRONTISPIECE.

Virtue, Love and Temperance form the motto, and are our country's hope. They are enveloped in light, because they are truths, lying at the foundation of mortal and immortal happiness. Beings young or old to be happy on earth or with God must seek and love virtue, and must love one another. Temperance in all rational pleasures, and temperance consisting in a total abstinence from all that is evil, or is known to tend to evil, must be observed. In our day all far-seeing minds know that the moderate use of intoxicating liquors, its traffic and manufacture, lead to evil. Wisdom calls upon us to abstain. Upon the young and tender heart and mind let its teachings fall; and when they gaze upon the little Frontispiece with its motto—VIRTUE, LOVE, and TEMPERANCE, let them remember that these things are virtues, the approved of God, and good men—the hope of our country. The Waterfall, the Fountain and Spring, are emblems of purity; water is our natural and health giving drink, those draught leaves the soul calm, and the mind sane and healthy. Youths of Canada drink all your days only of it. The Sun is rising, it is an emblem of truth—children of Canada love all that is truthful. The Cock, the companion of civilized man in all ages, his morning monitor, is an emblem of early rising and vigilance. Life is short, three score years and ten will soon fly their rounds and you, children of Canada, will, some of you, be laid forever under the green mound, whilst others will be tottering to the grave. The great Daniel Webster, lately deceased, mentions in one of his letters, that it seemed to him but a short time since he was a boy helping his father in the fields; yet since that time he had occupied the highest situations in his country, become renowned on earth for oratory and diplomacy. Alas, he has gone—and a mightier than he, Wellington—to the home of mortals. Let the cock warn all to be UP AND DOING while life lasts, for God has given each of us a field to cultivate, a talent to use. The GREAT TREE, like youth, blossoms but to die. So to the young—let them be bright, they start as it were in a gay dance, happiness is before them like a WILL O' THE WIND, and all seems bright and sunny. They heed not the advice of seniors, for their blood is heedless and hot. Alas! how often does the sickening lamp of pleasure (and none more so than the use of intoxicating liquors) lead them into swamps and quagmires of troubles, woes, disease and death! The green young tree will flourish for a time, but winter will come and it will be like all created things. Like the fragrant and fresh in youthful days, by a virtuous life an

I REMEMBER.

I remember the home of my childhood  
The scenes of my earliest days,  
When oft times I roamed o'er the wildwood,  
And chanted with songsters their lays.

I remember the murmuring streamlet  
That rippled along the green vale,  
Where often, at mid-day, I wandered  
Blooms gleaming from meadow and dale.

I remember the little thatched cottage—  
And the trees that embosomed it too,  
And oft I sat under their shadows  
As daylight bade nature adieu.

I remember the room where my mother  
In sickness, long wasted away,—  
There she passed from this world to another,  
Ah! well I remember that day.

I remember of youth all the pleasures,  
So rich with the beauty of joy,  
Though memory alone keeps the treasures  
No time and no change can destroy.

—Eden, Erie Co., N. Y.—Rural N. Yorker.

AFFECTING SCENE.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent, stand two large brazen images of a father and a son, who obtained this distinguished mark of the admiration of their fellow-citizens, by the following incidents:

Both the father and son were, for some offence against the state, condemned to die. Some favorable circumstances arising on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his share of the sentence, under certain provisions; in short, he offered a pardon, on the most cruel and barbarous conditions ever entered into the mind of even monkish barbarity; namely, that he would become the executioner of his father! His refusal to preserve his own life by means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for I hope, for the honor of nature, that there are but few, very few sons, who would have spurned with abhorrence, life, sustained on conditions so horrid and unnatural. The son, though long inflexible to his father, who represented to him, that, at all events, his father's life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation to him, in his last moments, to think that death he was the instrument of his son's preservation, youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering life and liberty; he lifted the axe—but as it was about to fall, arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them all after another, rather than again even conceive, much less execute, such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished before the dearest interests of filial affection—he fell upon his father's arms and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! we will die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand in the spectators of such a scene. A sudden appeal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The cation was suspended; and, on a simple representation of the transaction, both were pardoned; high rewards and honors conferred on the son; and, finally, those two admirable images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature, and transact it for the instruction and example of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of cutting fall the axe.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—The first settlers in Maine, besides its red faced owners other and abundant sources of porance and danger.

The incident which I am about to relate occurred in the history of Biddeford.

A man, who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit of his mother was busy with household cares, of running out the fields and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work. One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual and started for home. Just at the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves—without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep! To but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in place a small log, carefully replace the leaves and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result.

After waiting a short time he heard a wolf's distant howl quickly followed by another and another, till the woods were alive with the fearful sounds.

The howls came nearer and nearer, and in a few minutes a gaunt, savage looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves and in an instant scattering them in every direction as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrunk and cowered to the ground and passively awaited his fate; for, as he was engaged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled and plunged into the forest and disappeared. Within five minutes their first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him covered him with leaves until he could bring his comrade to feast; but himself furnished the repast.—Biddeford Journal.

DAMAGED MEAT.—A beefsteak that four apprentices have been at.

There is a boy down east, so uncommon tall that he can't when his toes are cold.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

TORONTO, MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1853.

Widely seen, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth 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

TRIBUTE TO MAINE.

We love thee fairest sister, we love to speak of thee, We love to glory in thy fame, and tell thy victory! For thou hast been the bravest, and the noblest of the train, Of all the sisterhood of states, our dearest sister Maine!

Soon all the happy sisters shall rise up and call thee blest, For thy glorious deeds of valor shall disenthral the rest! First in the glorious conquest, thou hast washed away the stain, Of Alcohol's pollution, our purest sister Maine!

And when in brighter years to come, our country shall be free From the desolating power of rum's dread tyranny, With rapturous exultation we'll repeat the glowing strain Of praise and admiration of our loveliest sister Maine!

The Father of that Glorious Law the blessed honored Dow— Deserves a crown of diamonds to deck his noble brow! The highest seat in our fair land we'd like to see him gain, That fearless and true hearted son of our sweet sister Maine.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.

MARY.

NEAL DOW.

Neal Dow is a small sized man, weighing less than one hundred and fifty; but he is every inch a man. He has an uncommonly quick vivacious eye, and it is as active as an Eagle's.— His general features are remarkably pleasant, his is one of those faces which wears a smile that art can never counterfeit. The smile of affectation is like the grin of a wolf over the bleeding carcass of a lamb, but the smile that comes warm from the well-spring of the heart, is like the Angel of mercy gazing upon the tomb of a martyr. The heart of a truly good man speaks through his features—no calamity can make the dark mist of gloom settle upon his brow, even though death's icy hand is passed over that face, it smiles in death. Such are the feelings we had while shaking the hand of the hero of the Maine Law. No man can sit an uninterested listener while Neal Dow speaks of Temperance, and yet he has not, save one, a single quality that enters into the composition of an orator. That exception is an important one—'twas the first, with him whose light has just sunk below the dark wave, and that Dow has—he feels the subject. That is all—those who hear him know that he is in earnest. Whether they agree with him or not, they will admit that he is an honest man. Maine has a Maine Law, and her people enforce it, and many people have wondered why they should have been the first in the good cause, but the whole story is told in these words, 'tis because Maine has a Dow. Neal Dow has made his mark, he has written his name on the pages of his country's history, not in blood nor by any wrongs, but by binding up the broken heart of the drunkard's wife, and his wretched orphan children.—Ex.

COMMON SENSE AND EXPERIENCE.

When we see a noble tree comely in all its aspects—its foliage beautiful and refreshing to the eye—the birds alighting upon its branches to sing and warble, moving in gentle majesty before the western breeze—how melancholy is the thought of its being blighted by the scorching sun or rude frosts of winter. Flowers are lovely to behold, and all created things have their beauties and fitness to please, but what are they compared with the form and mind of man or woman—form the most perfect and beautiful of created things—mind the image of God's in miniature—boundless in its powers of thought, reflection, and moral aspirations. One would think it should be the first duty of all human governments, that exist only for the common and individual weal, to protect this lovely form, the powers of this mind from destruction and debasement. Common sense declares that it is the first duty of governments to do this—common sense declares that factions and minorities when wrong must yield if the common weal require it. Truth demands that bands or classes of men organized for the promotion of destructive and useless avocations should be put down by the arm of public law. There exists in our land an avocation destructive to the beautiful forms of man and woman—debasing to their minds. It is followed by a class composed generally of hardened selfish and unchristian men, who deal out a poisonous liquor that destroys our race. This calling has no other merit than its being upheld by existing laws. Common sense pronounces it a nuisance, and Experience proves its results every where to be—riots, fights, quarrels, midnight broils—domestic misery—disease, crime, insanity and mental depression. Experience proves that like all evils it destroys a large majority of those who follow it. Three-fourths of all who have long been engaged in tavern keeping die of their own poison. How melancholy a reflection! Victims and victimizer sleep side by side. Wives and young men, plotting politicians, of whom all countries are full—think that human governments were formed merely to support individual ambition or the selfish views of factions—class legislation. Our legislature and the legislatures of the neighboring republics are cursed with too many of such men. Possessing these unpatric views of the true end of

governments, they cannot see that worthless trades and classes should yield to the public good. Common sense has long convinced thinking men that there is no use in upholding the legal traffic in alcohol—that its evils are immense in every city, town, and community of this land, and its good absolutely a nullity. All deep enquirers know that the liquors drunk are the vilest compounds—many of them as absolutely poisonous as arsenic in small quantities. Many know who have taken the pains to enquire, that the adulteration of liquors in all of our city groceries and inns is a trick of the trade to double profits. What is all this but a huge conspiracy to injure society—to disfigure the forms of human beings and blight the holy light of mind? A conspiracy by a few for a living to injure the mass of men. Common sense declares that a wise government would be acting more judiciously if (instead of licensing) it were to RESSION OFF this class of liquor vendors and adulterators on the public purse, as so many state paupers—unable to obtain a living except by breeding crimes in the community. Such an act would be the greatest blessing that could be conferred on any country for it could only be guaranteed against a fresh swarm. Alas, this guarantee could not be given whilst the Maine law remains a stranger amongst us. The provisions of this noble law are consonant with the common sense of England and America, and are dictated by man's experience everywhere. Truth and virtue call for its enactment—vice and evil—selfishness and unjust class legislation oppose it. A government—with the thunder of experience speaking to its ear is recreant to its duty—is criminal before God and to its true originators the people, that delays the enactment of the Maine law.—Crime in New York city is just now attracting prominent attention. Can its cause be hidden when these figures stare us in the face:

The New York Tribune says there are 3000 hotels, drinking saloons and dram shops in that city, and the amount expended in them is amazing, almost exceeding belief—If the sales average \$10 each, which is a very low estimate, the amount will be \$30,000 a day, \$2,400,000 a month, and \$29,000,000 a year.

TOUCH NOT THE BOWL.

BY W. G. GIBSON.

Look at you form of man, upon whose brow Is the deep impress of cunning woe! Look at his tatter'd garb—his languid eye— His paun'd cheek—and ask the reason why! Ah! that magic form was once the pride Of all who look'd upon him. By his side Walk'd his confiding partner; while success Crown'd every enterprise with happiness. Once gratis pour'd her glances on his sight, And his bright fancy grasp'd them with delight; But, ah! Intemperance, the child of sin, Open'd her snares and took the captive in.

Go to the hut, where penury and pain, With ghastly sickness hold their dreary reign; Where pleasure finds no entrance—where despair, With her infectious breathing issues the air Soney its wretched inmates! would'st thou know The hidden sources whence their sorrows flow? Intemperance e'er—'twas under my control; I gave, and they partook the tempting bowl."

Go to the prison-house; assume the task To gaze upon its sufferers, and ask Why man, whose intellect was given To fit him for a seat in Heaven, should thus degraded be—shut from the world, And into infancy's black torren, hurled? Intemperance e'er—'twas under my control; I gave, and they partook the tempting bowl."

Moral! touch not the bowl—within it lie Despair and anguish, hope's perplexing mazy, It sparkles to enter thee—yet beware. Remember, thousands have been ruined there 'Twill kill the body—it will wreck the soul; Moral! touch not—touch not the bowl.

THE LICENSE SYSTEM IN TORONTO, AND THE TOWNS, AND VILLAGES OF CANADA.

A this time no question is more agitated than that of the propriety of licensing inns, and it may not be improper to offer a few suggestions on the subject. In some parts of Canada it is thought useless to attempt to lessen the number of inns. No efforts are made in such places for this object. In other localities temperance men endeavour either to lessen the number of taverns or to prohibit them entirely. Experience in this city and other Canadian towns and cities, has demonstrated that the great cause of the defection of souls from their pledges is the constant temptation of inns. The order will never succeed in our large cities so long as temptation meets the reclaimed drunkard or moderate drinker at the corner of every street. What a diversion aims one year is subtracted the next. Our work is a constant struggle to keep the reclaimed from falling into the temptation of inns, groceries, and the use of intoxicating liquor in private houses. This influence has retarded the work of temperance men or twenty years, and will continue to do so, pulling down as fast as we build up. The order of the Sons of temperance—the best ever established—would finally yield to the influence of alcoholic drinks in society, if it were not aided in its efforts by a prohibitory law. The reason of this would be that Sons, in mixing with society, surrounded by temptation on all sides—seeing the large majority of their fellow-men indulge in the use of alcohol—that it is respectable, and the laws of the land make it so—would fol-

low with the current of folly. Canada must be cursed with the present license system for 1853. Parliament meets again in February, but it will be after the licenses are given out. No sensible man should question the utility of any movement that tends to decrease the number of inns. A struggle should be made to lessen the number in all parts of Canada, for in proportion to their number, so will be drunkenness. Who can doubt this with facts staring him in the face? In Toronto during the past year there has been no visible abatement of the vice of drunkenness and from the following statement it will be seen that there has been an increase of inns. Drunkenness (especially genteel tipping to excess) is very prevalent in this city, and no effort (except by the Sons) is being made to stop it. An effort is now on foot to do so, and a meeting will be held soon it is hoped to arouse public opinion. If our townships and towns can hold meetings for the purpose of turning public opinion against any increase, and if possible in favor of a DECREASE by ONE HALF in the number of inns in Canada, it would be a good movement.

INSPECTORS OF TAVERNS.

The Inspectors of Taverns and Houses of Public Entertainment in Toronto, have made a report in Council, of which the following is a copy—

The Inspectors having met twenty-five times this year, and the business which has come before them at each of their meetings has been similar to last year, with the exception of having had a greater number of Licences to transfer, which is partly to be accounted for by so many Tavern-keepers having been burned out by the fire which took place on the block adjoining the Market.

They would beg to state, that there has been an improvement in the observance of the Lord's Day by the Hotel and Tavern-keepers generally, during the last two years. But they have yet reason to complain that there are some who do not keep their houses in the order that they ought, on the Lord's Day, and other days of the week; or a case such as occurred in Mr. Dillon's Tavern, a short time since, which was brought before the Police Magistrate, would not have happened.

The Fines imposed for breaches of the License Law on the Lord's Day, in the opinion of the Inspectors, are too small. In numerous cases that have come before the Police Magistrate, the fines have not been more than twenty-five shillings; in some cases less.

The Inspectors would respectfully call the attention of your Worshipful body to the fact, that in two cases lately decided in the Police Court, and the parties fined,—a notice has been given of a new trial at the next Recorder's Court, and the Defendants have employed Counsel.

The Inspectors, therefore, deem it important, that some legal advice should be employed to represent the interest of the City in all such matters.

The number of Licenses granted this year, have exceeded that of last by Five, the increase has been in Taverns and Confectioners, Beer Licenses being three less the present year.

The number of Licenses granted, are:—  
Taverns ..... 178  
Confectioners ..... 15  
Beer ..... 2

Total ..... 196

All of which is respectfully submitted,

(Signed) JOHN WIGHTMAN,  
Chairman, pro tem.

MORE PETITIONS—SHALL WE HAVE THE MAINE LAW?

The following letter advocates a movement for more petitions to Quebec. The Legislature will reassemble there on the 14th February, when or soon after, the Committee on the Maine law act will report. As many opportunities at meetings and addresses will occur for getting new names in favor of the passage of the act before that time, we strongly urge on all the propriety of doing so. It is said the French members of Lower Canada are more in favor of the law than we anticipate, and we have good reason to believe that more than half of our Upper Canadian members will support its passage. The more numerous the petitions the less excuse they will have.

TO THE GRAND WORTHY PATRIARCH:

DEAR BROTHER—If you could call a meeting of the Grand Division immediately, issue circulars to every division in Canada West to canvass every locality as soon as possible, and get together 65,000 names (especially those of the ladies) to the petition for the Maine Liquor Law, it appears to me it would be an excellent thing.

Get committees of our sisters, "The Daughters," to canvass, and a committee to wait on every M. P. while at home, and let every M. P. take a petition on the 14th February next, with at least 500 of his neighbors names for the Maine Law.

The prospect for the passage of the law is good. We have now before the committee of the House a great amount of evidence from absentees, coroners, jailers, keepers of asylums, penitentiaries, judges, magistrates, military and naval officers, and also of gentlemen of high standing in the State of Maine—showing that the jails and lock-up-houses are empty in many places. We have also the evidence obtained before the British House of Commons in committee, and the report of that committee adopted by the House is much more stringent than the Maine Liquor Law. This report is now about to be reprinted in Toronto, and one copy will be sent to every member of both Houses of our united province, and we trust and hope that each division will exert itself immediately. It now remains with them to do the cause a great favor.

I remain, Your Brother.

ROWLAND BURR.

N. B.—I subscribe MY PRESENT TEMPERANCE BELIEGE. I will not vote for any officer high or low, except he be a consistent and known advocate of the Maine Liquor Law. I will not purchase any clothing for myself or family, or any purchased by others unless it be of Canadian manufacture, nor use any tobacco until the MAINE LIQUOR LAW IS PASSED.

DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

Mr. Editor and Brother.—I beg to hand you a copy of the motion introduced by yourself at the last meeting of our division, which was unanimously adopted, with a view of getting it published in the next issue of your journal, feeling persuaded that its importance will speedily be acknowledged by the adoption of similar conventions throughout the province.

Our cause needs stimulation—not such as alcohol affords—but the bringing together in convention, or otherwise, the wisest heads and the biggest hearts for devising the best mode of carrying on our warfare against the increasing number of licensed agents for the demoralization of our race.

ONTARIO DIVISION No. 26, S of T.  
TORONTO, December 13th, 1852.

“Moved by Bro. C. Durand, seconded by Bro. Geo. Oal, That a committee of seven be appointed by this division, consisting of Bro's. Hyram Pypor, J. W. Woodall, J. B. Boyle, J. McBain, C. Durand, Jos. Kocell, and George Oal, for the purpose of corresponding with other divisions in the united counties of York, Ontario and Peel, and the county of Simcoe, to see if it be practicable, and if they be willing, to meet in convention by sending, each, one or more delegates to meet in Toronto, between this and the 15th of January next. Said convention to arrange a plan by which a District Temperance Board shall be established, to meet at stated periods, to advance the temperance cause, revive divisions, hold meetings, employ lecturers, and raise means by private subscriptions, or otherwise to rouse the public mind on the subject of Temperance.”

“Also, That the sum of one pound five shillings is hereby voted by this division to defray the expense of circulars and postage of said committee. Said committee to report at as early a day as possible to this division.”

Yours in L. P. & F.

RICHARD J. OLIVER, R. S.

ABRIDGED CORRESPONDENCE ON TEMPERANCE

WESTON TEMPERANCE MEETING, 9TH DECEMBER, 1852.—Maine liquor law meeting was held in this village on this day in the Wesleyan Brick Chapel. The night was very dark, and the roads bad, yet the attendance was good. R. Brown, Esquire was called to the chair, and J. Cosmer, Esquire, opened the meeting. Judge Marshall (late of Nova Scotia), who has been giving gratuitous lectures in various parts of the neighbourhood, was then called on to address the meeting, with a did in an able and instructive manner, clearly proving our right to have the constitutionality of, and the necessity for, the Maine Liquor law. He spoke for nearly two hours to a highly instructed and delighted audience. Rowland Burr, Esq., then addressed the meeting in a short speech, giving some useful statistics of the temperance cause. There were also magistrates on the platform, and a large number of well known persons. The lecture was well in Weston. The lecturer was once a tavern-keeper.

The meeting was communicated by a Son of Weston. No communication was received from the Division for nearly a year, at which time the Division was in a very bad condition. A writer just informs us, who has been to hear, that divisions and angry discussions have arisen among the members, impeding the cause of temperance, and nearly destroying the Division. The writer says, “in the prevalence of bad passions in the Division room, originally it bled over the bowl, have ruined many a promising Division, in process the ardor of Sons, and finally broke up their meetings.” He attributes it to a foolish personal rivalry, and hankering after distinction in discussion, and powers to quarrel over every matter. These are truths that many should take to heart, and at once see reformed. This Glenmorris writer gives us a melancholy account of the Division. The publication of the letter would do no good at present. The writer asks us to give our advice as to the best course to adopt. Glenmorris, he says, has for many years been cursed with intemperance and now the demon rejoices at the differences among the Sons. The Division numbered 34 last April, and now numbers scarcely 24. We advise the brothers of this Division (many of whom are true Sons) at once to seal all differences by a generous concession to each others feelings, and let efforts be made at once to get a good lecture given in the place. We advise the really good to attend regularly and obtain some new members.

DUNVILLE SOIRÉE SOCIETY, 17th DECEMBER 1852.—A member of this Division (Bro. M. G. Scott,) writes a long and glowing letter, giving an account of an enthusiastic Soirée held on the above day at the growing town of Dunville. Dunville is situated on the Grand River, near its outlet, and is a prosperous busy place, containing near 1500 people. This brother says, their Division some time back was decreasing, but has taken a fresh start, and that it contains upwards of 120 sons. He says the Order has done great good there, and is prosperous. There is also a Union of Daughters in the place. A large number attended the Soirée from the town and country, and also the members of the S. U. M. M. U. S. D. of T., and the Cadets of temperance. A good time was served, and a splendid Bible was presented by the ladies through the Rev. Wm. Porterfield, accompanied with an address. The address was responded to by W. P., brother M. L. Carleton. The ladies, he says, should have presented the Bible personally, and it was not for want of qualification. Afterwards the Rev. Mr. Griffin of St. Catharines, addressed the audience with a glowing speech. The Rev. Messrs. Porterfield, Williams and Bradshaw also addressed the meeting with good effect. At intervals the assembly was enlivened by good music from the Odd Fellows Brass Band. Several temperance pieces were recited by Mr. Richard Smith, L. J. Westberry, Esquire, was in the chair. Great enthusiasm was manifested by all in favour of temperance. Let the ball be thus kept rolling.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.—Don Mills Division held a meeting on Christmas day upon opening their place of meeting. There was a respectable attendance of Sons and citizens of the vicinity. Father M. J. of the Harvest Home Division attended and addressed the audience, and other addresses were made.

THE HARVEST HOME DIVISION, SCARBORO', held a very pleasant party about two weeks ago. The attendance was very respectable.

NEW MONK DIVISION, VAUGHAN, held a meeting on Thursday last. The meeting was very interesting. The habit of holding public meetings every month—on a regular plan.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]  
TIME IS PASSING.

Time is passing—it waneeth not,  
Behold another year has fled,  
Its hopes—its smiles—its tears forgot,  
Where are they? buried with the dead!

Full many a face of rosy hue,  
Full many a heart with joy o'rate,  
Commenc'd that year oh man like you,  
Dream't not of death, their coming fate.

The young—the old—have pass'd away,  
The dearly lov'd have gone forever,  
The smiling face—so full of play,  
We'll see no more—never! never!!

The midnight wind—the wintry blast,  
May moan around our lonely dwelling,  
And mournfully recall the past,  
Of the loved departed telling.

Those sounds can never wake the dead,  
The loved ones bring us back again,  
To reach them we must valleys tread,  
That reach beyond death's dark domain.

Time links our souls with earth and heav'n,  
The lov'd are gone—the lov'd are here,  
Affection's claims cannot be riven,  
By death's cold hand—we meet them there.

Time is passing—it levelleth all,  
Fame and glory—the pomp of earth,  
Empires and cities before it fall,  
The poor—the rich—the man of worth.

Passing—passing—time will ever be,  
The present now, alone is ours,  
Use it mortals, use it ere it flee,  
Wisely use the golden passing hours!

Yes let us all our parts act well,  
Time is passing—with bowen sweep,  
That our good acts a tale may tell,  
For others good—when we're asleep.

C. X. D.

SCIENCE THE LIGHT OF THE MIND.

Man without the light of science—of knowledge its fruit—is mere animal—the creature of blind prejudice, fear and superstition. When the glorious light of science—like a resplendent sun arising out of the dark abyss of a desert ocean—beams upon his intellect, he becomes a new creature. Truth is the light and friend of mind—as error is its vice and antagonist. The milk white marble is shapeless and dead—without beauty—in the silent hidden quarry, but it is glorious and beautiful, and as it were, speaks with a voice of triumph when moulded into the form of man or lovely woman. So mind,—the hidden diamond in every uncultivated man, is dark and unreasoning until the fountains of the soul are aroused by science—its enquiries and contemplations. Night is unnatural to creation—light being its true state. Thus God throughout the immense universe that the telescope reveals to us, has scattered innumerable suns to lighten up with joy and beauty millions of attracted worlds.—There they whirl in glory and truth obedient to the universal laws of matter—full of light—of life—of change—of beauties. When the light streaks the eastern horizon, and the reddening face of morn appears over the abyss of darkness, a gush of music from millions of throats breaks upon the air to welcome its approach. The flowers and the forests turn their heads—their balmy leaves to worship, and the little fishes rise and dash about the ambient waters. Light—holy light—creation worships it—and when its course is run through the sky—and the western horizon is filled with its tinted glories—the sounds of songs and gladness are its requiem dirge. So the light of intellect is worshipped by the soul—truth being as congenial to mind as light to animal and vegetable creation. When the capabilities—the ingenuity, reflecting and reasoning powers of mind are considered,—when we reflect on its triumphs in Egypt, Judaea, Greece and Rome—and especially within the past two hundred years—how glorious in conception must be that Being who made it! He made it too like His Own—fond of moral and natural truth.—Distracted from the fatality of evil which seems to surround it—for some hidden reason in this life—the mind longs for truth, moral and natural. In the midst of error and the coils of its serpentine influence—the soul secretly prefers virtue. It is the voice of God whispering in secret. Although it is true that the

mind is limited in its researches, yet what it has accomplished within the two past centuries is beyond the brightest anticipations of ancient philosophers. Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Seneca, Pliny and other worthies, never imagined the triumphs of Newton—of Franklin—of Herschel, or the immense discoveries in Chemistry, Geology, and the Natural Sciences, brought about by man within modern times. Demosthenes with his eloquence—Cicero and Cato with their patriotism, little dreamed of the strides of liberty effected by the Anglo-Saxon race. The true system of representative governments, or the right of religious toleration were unknown until within the last century. In the most enlightened countries of ancient times—Greece, Judaea, and Rome—men were hunted like wild beasts for the profession of opinions hostile to the established religions of those countries.—Socrates the great champion of the unity of God and the immortality of the soul, was sacrificed on this ground by his ignorant countrymen. The primitive christians were persecuted unto death by Jews and Romans because they dared to worship God as truth directed them. Man was the victim of usurpation, violence and political insecurity, in nearly every ancient government. Between the prevalent priesthoods and usurping military tyrants of various countries, they were looked upon as property to be duped or used for selfish ends. Science had not revealed to man the power of scattering broadcast over the world the results of his discoveries through the leaden type and the press. The lightning was not imagined to be capable of being the messenger of mind—the trumpet between man and man—the traverser of the ocean's bottom. Steam as a motive power was not dreamed of. No eye gazed upon the moon as if it were within a few hundred miles distance, or looked like a god into the immense mysteries of a distant universe, with the mighty telescope. The hidden chemical properties of matter were little investigated, and the oceans were not ploughed with myriads of vessels, bearing armies of men. Yet mind could not then be chained by tyrants or priests. A Pythagoras could reason on natural science—astronomy and ethics. An Archimedes on mechanics—a Solon, Lycurgus and Cicero, on political polity, and Plato and other bright minds on poetry, philosophy and human happiness. Egypt and Judaea had their thinking—truth and liberty loving spirits. Four thousand years have not destroyed the work of man's mind in Asia. The crumbling pillars of marble—the hidden hieroglyphics—the fallen statues—the ruins of Egypt's and Assyria's cities—all attest the truths of science, and declare the thirst of mind for beauty, truth and progress. In looking over the known history of the world—a period of time extending over five thousand years—we see that in proportion as man has cultivated his powers of mind, and been wise and virtuous, so has he been great and prosperous. The advantage the man of modern times has over his departed fellow beings of distant ages, is in greater scientific knowledge, and greater moral light. All we see and all we read should teach us to value the glorious truths of science, which, while they tend to make man love his liberty and dispel dark superstitions, will prepare him to value the better glories of that FUTURE STATE, which eye hath not seen nor heart imagined the happiness of, prepared by God for those who love Him.

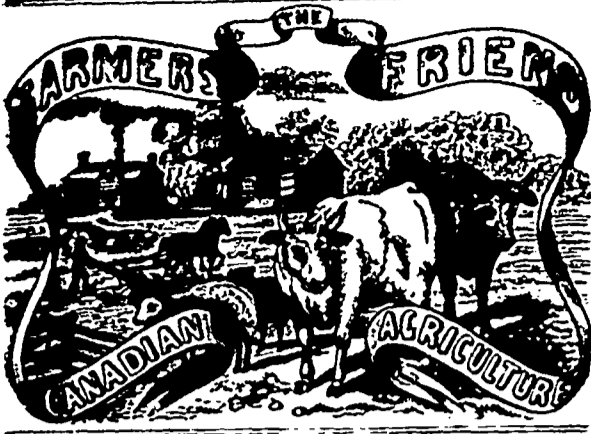
LIMITS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Newton was one day asked why he stepped forward when he was inclined; and from what cause his arm and his head obeyed his will? He honestly replied that he knew nothing of the matter. “But, at least,” said they to him, “you are well acquainted with the gravitation of the planets, tell why they turn one way sooner than another.” Newton still avowed his ignorance: “Those who taught that the ocean was salted for fear it would corrupt, and that the tides were created to conduct our ships into port were a little ashamed when told that the Mediterranean had ports but no tides. Who has been able to determine precisely how a billet of wood is changed into red hot charcoal, and by what mechanism lime is heated by cold water? The first motion of the heart is animal—is that accounted for? Has any one divided the cause of sensation, and ideas, and memory? Who knows more about the essence of matter than the children who touch—superficially? Who will instruct us in the mechanism by which a grain of corn, which we cast into the earth, disposes itself to produce a stalk surmounted by an ear? or why the sun produces an apple on one tree, and a chestnut on the one next to it? My doctors have said “What know I not?” Montaigne said “what know I?”—Scientific American.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY.

We are not in this life the end of human actions their influence never die. In ever widening circles it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world. Time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning we go forth we lay the mouldering band on our destiny, and every evening when we have done, we have left a doubt-like impress upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrate to eternity—as a voice but reports at the throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things, and let every one strive to be that in the world whose character is in its formation state, it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.—The Mentor.

Lyman Beecher, D. D. was born at New Haven in 1775, and is one of the very oldest, and certainly one of the ablest of American Divines. His life has been one of constant labor and great success in the best of causes, the welfare of his fellow creatures and the glory of God. Besides his labor as a preacher and an author, he has seen one of the earliest and most active platforms in the temperance cause.—Journal.



## Agricultural.

## THE OLD MULBERRY TREE.

BY J. M. R. BAYLY.

I pride in the oak, let it wave where it may,  
And would not an acorn see wasted away  
I love the broad elm, and the tall stirring pine,  
The green thriving olive, and flourishing vine;  
But dearer than these, and all others to me,  
Is the bright and the bonny "old mulberry tree"

When so wees and so tiny, I could not do more  
Than barely climb over the sill of the door,  
My hands might be seen quite engaged at its root,  
My face all besmeared by the juice of its fruit,  
And I, in the height of my frock and pride,  
With "Puss" at my heels and "old Tray" at my side.

I grew up a man, and I sought after fame,  
I saw not that tree, yet I loved it the same;  
I mixed with the world, had my "revels and routs,"  
My "right" xeric meetings and "banqueting bouts,"  
But the song was the sweetest, and so was the glee,  
Heard under the shade of "the mulberry tree"

The ties may not sever, the bonds may not burst,  
That bound my young heart to that tree from the first,  
The thought cannot perish the theme cannot die,  
That tells me how sacred 'twas held by my sire,  
How loved every leaf! how endeared every bough!  
But, methinks it is never lord better than now.

'Tis true he who planted that mulberry's gone—  
That its owners have perished off one by one,  
'Tis true my old grand sire, who pruned it, and gave  
Fresh life to its branches, is laid in his grave!  
And none live to tell how they cherish'd that tree—  
Still, still, 'tis, I guess, loved as dearly by me!

## CANADIAN AGRICULTURE.

Of all the present gratifying features of our young country none looks more pleasing than our agricultural progress. When a period of twenty years is looked over, and we reflect that there was not an agricultural Society in Canada in 1832, and compare our present position with that date, it is truly a matter of pride. Now every county has its active or incipient agricultural society; fairs and shows of stock and produce are very common. The breeds of horses, sheep and cattle, are yearly improving. Our markets (especially that of Toronto) are the best proofs of this great improvement. Any one who visited the Toronto market on the 24th December last, must have been convinced of the great capabilities of Canadian soil to fatten, and the skill of our farmers in producing the best of beef, mutton and pork. No market in America can exceed that of Toronto in its excellent display of beef and mutton, all raised on our soil. Agriculture is fast becoming a science amongst us, and the farm is no longer till'd by chance, without rule or thought. The farmer sees the necessity of scientific improvements in tools and machinery, and agricultural chemistry is studied with a view of improving soils, manures and seeds. The great utility of drainage is seen, and the value of judicious manuring. Now, all this is progress. And a prevalent thirst prevails for agricultural knowledge. Within twenty years our population and agricultural wealth have been more than doubled. The wealth of a country depends upon one of two interests, agriculture or manufactures, and that country is most likely to be truly prosperous which fosters both these interests. Our Province being as yet young and incapable of competing in manufactures with older countries on account of the comparative dearthness of labour, must depend chiefly on its natural productions. Grains, cattle, the produce of the dairy, lumber and wool growing, must produce our wealth, and pay for our imports. Farmers should pay more attention to these things, sheep and poultry raising, and the dairy; while wood is still plentiful warmer sheds and barns should be built for cattle. This would save the consumption of much fodder. Better and cheaper will in future command high prices in the Canadian and American markets. Poultry, and their produce eggs, always command a good cash price. Improved breeds of sheep are invaluable. As America grows woollen manufactures will increase, and the demand for wool will continue. Farmers to prosper must be intelligent; let it no longer be a reproach that they are thoughtless and ignorant, but as they are the most numerous class of our citizens, let them be found at once the most sober, thoughtful and intelligent. Labour is not incompatible with knowledge. Now that post offices exist every locality every farmer should take a newspaper.

**THE WEATHER.**—The weather up to the 26th December continued very mild excepting two days. Frequent warm showers occurred. Christmas day was mild. The roads being muddy kept farmers from our markets, every thing in the line was consequently high. Wheat during the last two weeks of December sold readily at from 4s. to 4s. 6d. per bushel, at from \$5 to \$6½ per 100 lbs. We saw one hog offered for sale that weighed, when dressed, 667 lbs. Some samples sold at \$7. On the 26th a snow from the east set in with wind, and we had a fall of about six inches. On the 27th a snow storm from the east set in, ending in rain, which took nearly all the snow. The 28th and 29th were clear and wind in the west. The 30th and 31st were snowy. Our lakes open. It snowed from the east on the 31st.

**A BULL KILLED BY AN ELEPHANT.**—A correspondent of *Baltimore Patriot*, writing from Athens, Ohio, says:—"I saw other day as a caravan of rare animals including one that travelled with a trunk, was passing up Federal Creek, in Athens county, Ohio, it encountered a sturdy Buckeye driving a large Bull. Now this Bull, unlike some people, had never seen an elephant before, and when the "critter" came in sight commenced making his fore foot familiar with the "free soil," his lungs familiar with their accustomed exercise. His driver's owner warned Barnum's agent to get his Elephant out of the way. But Mr. Barnum's agent said he "would risk his F. O. P. if Buckeye would risk his Bull." Where upon Western Tau renewed his bellowing, and made a desperate plunge at the huge monster of India. The contest, was somewhat similar to some political ones, for the Elephant with one blow from his trunk stretched the bull to the ground, breaking three of his ribs and driving the breath so far from his body that it utterly refused to return. My Buckeye friend was obliged to be content with Mr. Bull's beef, tallow and hide, whilst the Elephant went on his way driven by his whistling and whistling attendant."

The word *du* was first used during the reign of Henry VIII. It owes its birth to Joe Duan, an English bailiff, who was so indefatigable and skilful in collecting debts that it became a proverb when a person did not pay his debts, "why don't you Duan him?" Hence originated the word which is in general use.

**WHAT WHISKEY IS GOOD FOR.**—Three boys were recently bitten by a copper-headed snake, near Liberty, Va. The hands in a few minutes commenced swelling, when a physician dosed them with liquor until they were drunk, and they shortly recovered from the effects of the bite.

The above statement has been travelling through the papers. We think it may be explained on the homoeopathic principle, *Similia similibus curantur*. Probably a dose of bottled copper-head venom would be found an excellent remedy for an attack of whiskey.—*Commonwealth*.

The Farm Lands of the United States are set down in the census as amounting to 118,455,622 acres of improved, and 184,621,348 of unimproved—total 303,076,970 acres worth in the average \$10 per acre. The average value of the Farm Lands of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania is about \$39 per acre (New Jersey highest, Pennsylvania lowest;) while Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont average about \$15 per acre. We are rather surprised to see the Farm Lands of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee valued in the average \$5 per acre.—

The *Bristol Mirror* records the recovery of a young lady from consumption who was unable to take cod-liver oil in doses, as it would not stay on her stomach, and by the advice of her medical attendant, saturated linen cloths with the oil, and applied it externally to the chest. These were continually changed by day and by night, and in less than three months the lady returned to her family in perfect health.

**A NEW MOTIVE POWER.**—It is stated that Mr. Charles Mowry, of the city of Auburn, N. Y., has invented an arrangement by which the elasticity of compressed air can be used to propel Railroad engines any distance required. The air is compressed by water power, or otherwise, and carried in a tube or pipe the whole length of the road.

**A PREVENTIVE OF CHOLERA.**—It has been fully ascertained, says the report of a French commission, both at Paris and elsewhere, that rain water is a prophylactic of cholera, and that this disease has never proved an epidemic in any city where rain water is exclusively used.

**TO JOIN GLASS.**—Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, and add a small quantity of water. Warm the mixture gently over a moderate fire. When mixed by thoroughly melting, it will form a glue perfectly transparent, and which will reunite broken glass so nicely and firmly that the joining will scarcely be perceptible to the most critical eye.

**TO MEND CROCKERY.**—Wash the articles in soap and water; rinse in soft water, and dry thoroughly without wiping. Place the pieces together accurately and secure them by winding several times around the whole a piece of very strong twine; then put the vessel into a pot a little larger than the vessel to be mended, and fill it with skummed milk. Boil briskly for ten or fifteen minutes, and remove from the fire, allowing it to stand till quite cold. Cut the string, and it will be found, if the above directions have been carefully observed, that the pieces are firmly reunited, and cannot be separated again in the same place—the fracture looking only like a crack.

**TO BOIL A HAM.**—A ham has an excellent flavour boiled as follows:—Preparatory to cooking, soak it well in vinegar and water; then boil in water with some heads of celery, two or three turnips, five or six onions, and a handful of sweet herbs. Put the ham in cold water, and allow it to heat very gradually. One of the sixteen pounds will require four and a half hours.

**TO MAKE CANDLES.**—To every ten pounds of tallow take two pounds of alum; dissolve the alum in water and then turn in the melted tallow; stir the whole quickly for a short time, and the tallow will be clarified and hardened, and make a most beautiful candle for either winter or summer use.

## ABRIDGED CORRESPONDENCE.

**SMITHVILLE TEMPERANCE HALL OPENING.**—Br. Thos. Luffe, in a lengthy letter gives us a full account of the beautiful ceremony of opening a fine Temperance Hall at Smithville, on the 17th Dec. last. Smithville is a small town seated in a wealthy part of the county of Lincoln, above the mountain midway between Lake Ontario and the Grand River. It contains 6 stores, 4 tailor shops, 5 blacksmith shops, 2 wagon and carriage factories, 1 harness-maker's shop, 6 shoemaker's shops, 1 bookstore, one cooperage, one iron foundry, one potash factory, one tannery, one butcher shop, 3 medical gentlemen, no lawyer! 3 taverns, two Methodist churches—Roman Catholic and Universalist congregations who intend to build churches soon,—a grist, saw and fulling mill carried on a large scale,—a Division of Sons, Union of Daughters, Section of Cadets, and new Temperance Hall, in which the three orders meet, each once a week, to disseminate the blessed principles of temperance and benevolence. The Hall is 40 feet long by 19 feet wide, with anterooms fitted up in the best style, embellished with the emblems of the three orders. Br. Luffe says it will compare with any in Canada. This Hall was solemnly dedicated on the evening of the 17th Dec. in the presence of the Division—Daughters and Cadets. The public were admitted free to witness the interesting ceremony, which was performed by the D. G. and his assistants, in a most impressive manner. At intervals the solemn scene was enlivened by appropriate musical pieces performed by the Smithville amateur bands and the Grimsby choir, who kindly volunteered to assist. Such efforts in building expensive Halls, show that the order is popular and energetic in Canada, and has taken hold of the popular affections—may it continue to last! Br. Luffe says "God is on our side, and who can put us down?"

Several eminent speakers were expected to address the meeting, but owing to very bad roads they could not attend. The Division was left to its own resources, yet acquitted itself nobly. This is another proof of the utility of the order, seeing that it elicits the talent of our country, heretofore lying dormant. Among the speakers Br. D. Griffin addressed the meeting with great fervor in favor of the Maine law. Other speakers then addressed it. Finally Br. Morse was called on to speak, which he did in his usual impressive truthful and eloquent manner.

The band closed the ceremony by playing "God save the Queen." The Brother then goes on to complain of the want of co-operation on the part of the old Temperance Society with the Sons, and speaks deservedly of the enthusiasm of the Order of the Sons, who are not afraid of expense to further the cause.

Finally, he speaks of a generous act of a citizen, B. Oel, who presented to the Division a splendid Organ for their use in the Hall, for the term of two years. He remarks upon the necessity of adding the *regional amusement* of good singing and music to our meetings, a *capital idea*. The length of the letter did want of room compelled me to bridge this enthusiastic epistle.

**SONS OF STEWARTTOWN.**—The Division writes us a long letter. He says "two years have passed, but reader of your valuable periodical, I am proud to be an inductor talent highly creditable to him. I am glad to see that you intend issuing your paper weekly, and may be generally sustained. Enclosed as proof of my good will, I enclose my subscription for 1853. There never was a time in the history of our Order in Canada, in which a good organ was more required to be supported by all. I am of opinion, sir, that what is so good a moral principle in members is the chief cause of all the strife and inattention with which Divisions have to contend, and of which you justly complain and mention in your article headed the "present crisis." Indeed, no man can or will continue a Son long, unless he be governed by a high sense of MORAL DUTY DETERMINED to curb his unruly passions. In our own locality we have about as many expelled Sons as we have in good standing, nevertheless, we are not discouraged. Let Sons act consistently in business matters as well as other things. I noticed Brother Clinton's remarks in your paper, but I think that the percentage paid to the Grand Division does not cause so much bad feeling as the necessity that small Divisions are under it times, in sending delegates great distances to attend the Grand Division—by which much expense is incurred as well as loss of time. To obviate this difficulty—important matters affecting the Order generally, should be laid before one session of the Grand Division and come up at the next one—such matters in the meantime could be discussed by the press and Divisions could be kept of the necessity of sending Delegates or not."

[Communicated by Wm. W., Stewarttown.]  
The brothers letter is long and we have abridged it. We thank him for his good opinion of our paper. It is a matter of gratification to know, that notwithstanding the slander of our personal enemies, and little cliques in certain localities, formed for PERSONAL OBJECTS, which are easily seen through, the efforts of this paper to advance the cause of temperance, are justly appreciated by the great bulk of sons in Canada, as well as the unprejudiced American temperance press. THIS PAPER IS NOT A SECTIONAL ONE, and in the conduct of it, as well as in the Grand Division, we have never preferred one part or city of Canada to another. Its circulation is also nearly equal in all parts of the province.

**MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.**—A valued friend and former T. P. of the Cold Stream Division of this city, under date of 14th December last writes us thus:—"Please send down my name and amount for 1853." After referring to some business matters, he continues—"Now make a call upon your friends, and tell every subscriber to get ONE NEW ONE as I have done, and you will then, if they will listen to your call; start 1853 with an increased list. I like the paper much and hope you will succeed with it. "It must have done good. I cannot see how it can be otherwise."

**IT WILL OUR NUMEROUS FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS IN CANADA** generally carry out the suggestion of our "valued friend"? One thousand of our subscribers acting on this principle could send us during January one thousand additional subscribers. The paper we present to them is the cheapest ever offered for the money in Canada. Let those who dislike this paper use their efforts to extend other temperance publications.

Having made manifest improvements in this periodical, we look for a little extra exertion on the part of its friends. Let each in the respective divisions to which they belong canvass a few names for its advancement and send on the names and money.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

To all our Friends and Patrons, and a prayer that this twelve months, Canada may be free from the sinful traffic!!!

NOTICE ALL.—Old Subscribers we ask you to take a careful look at this (the first number of our new volume) If you think a WEEKLY PAPER got up in this style, filled with a great variety of matter and embellished with wood cuts, not worth \$1 in advance payable now or during this month, send it back. We have tried to please all and have not spared means to do it. You will all remember that this paper is published in a manner that renders it more expensive to the proprietor than some others. The first number (after examination) must be returned once unimpaired by all old Subscribers, not wishing to renew their subscriptions—otherwise, they will be considered as having entered upon a new year. Subscribers may remit \$1 post at any time in January, or pay agents. Recording Scribers of Divisions and old or new volunteer Agents, would oblige by transcribing their respective localities and by sending on lists as soon as possible.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE NEWS.

THE NEW RITUAL.

The undersigned, committee of the National Division, authorized to promulgate a New Ritual, desire to make known, that they have had a laborious session of over a week, during which all the manuscripts submitted were carefully examined. No one of them was satisfactory as a whole; but a Ritual has been prepared by the committee, in part, by selections from several of the contributions submitted, &c., and which as far as completed, will be furnished to the Order as soon as possible.

The committee will hardly be able to complete their labors, and announce awards to authors, before the next meeting of the National Division, at Chicago, in June. New-York, December 9, 1852.

S. CAREY, SECRETARY, J. V. OLIVER.

The clergyman unanimously agreed to preach a sermon in honor of his own flock, and after that he preached at all the important points may be

initiated 71 members have reaching this less than two weeks time, establish a new Division, and multitudes to sign the Memorial.—Ashville (N.C.) Mess.

TEMPERANCE IN MISSISSIPPI.—By a new actment, one wishing a license in Mississippi, must get the signatures of a majority of heads of families in the incorporated town, within five miles of the place where the liquor is sold, to a petition to that effect. A town license costs \$300, and can be revoked on application of a majority of heads of families. Persons selling without a license, in quantities less than fifteen gallons, are subjected to fine and imprisonment.

TEMPERANCE MEN OF THE STATE OF IOWA now is the time for action. The Legislature is to commence its session in December, and as far as we know, most of the members elect are willing to pass a law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to submit the same to the people for their adoption. And as we understand it, this is all the temperance men of the State ask.—Sunbeam, Iowa.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Old 'Rip Van Winkle' is at last awaking! and the Temperance ball is rolling on in that State. A two days meeting was held at Rock Spring, Lincoln county, recently, at which speeches were made by J. Madney, Philip S. White, A. M. Gorman, Luke Blackner, J. Plimth, J. B. Odom, &c. A Temperance pole was raised, 100 feet high, and the large and beautiful banner of Lincoln Division was run up to its head, having the figures '1776' and '1842' scribed upon it—to commemorate our independence from English tyranny and our effort to be freed from the bondage of the Alcohol. The 'Flag Song' was sung by Brother Smith and others. A procession of 200 Sons of Temperance was formed, who, marching to the pole, gave three hearty cheers for the cause of Temperance—three for the ladies; and three for the downfall of the liquor traffic. The crowd present, at the public meetings, were estimated at from 2,000 to 2,500. Great good was done by the demonstration, and every thing went off in admirable style.—Tennessee Organ.

LECTURERS.—We congratulate the Order and the cause upon the gratifying fact that the G. W. F. Rev. James Young, and brothers Victor Monroe, and R. H. Juckley, have accepted the positions assigned them by vote of the Grand Division, and have already commenced lecturing. The good effect of their labour will soon be manifest in the increased light, intelligence and energy exhibited by the people upon the subject of a prohibitory law.—Kentucky New Era.

At the close of a discussion in the Boston Mercantile Association, recently, as to whether the Maine Law was calculated to advance the cause of temperance the question was decided by a vote of 43 in favor, and 30 against the Law. A strong vote for Boston business men to give on such a law.

WHAT A CURSE.—The Grand Jury of New York City, in a recent presentment, inform us, that during the year 1851, the number of commitments to the city prison amounted to 21,792; and that of this number 19,453 were intemperate persons. We quote a single passage from the presentment:—'Looking at the statistics of the city prison, for the year 1851, we find that the most frightful cause of crime is the prevalence of intemperance. Nine-tenths of the commitments for the year were of intemperate persons; and of the remaining tenth, we are assured on good authority, a large portion can be traced to the same cause.'

IN ALABAMA great efforts are being made to obtain the enactment of a law similar to that of Maine. A great and enthusiastic convention was held there recently.

IN CALIFORNIA the Sons are doing their duty manfully, and will, we hope, regenerate the fallen people.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A line of packet ships has been established between San Francisco and China.

It is computed that a Presidential election, including all expenditures, legitimate from the nomination, costs not less than half a million of dollars per State. The late canvass, then, cost sixteen millions of dollars, a sum nearly three times as much as the united salaries of all the preachers of all denominations in the United States.

Nearly \$1500 were received clear of all expenses by the Shirt Sewers' Fair recently held in Metropolitan Hall, New York. Our streets are merry with the jingling of sleigh bells, the cheering music of a Minnesota winter.—Minnesota Democrat.

Gen. Cary of Cincinnati, is now in Connecticut. Dr. Jewett is in New York.

Louis Napoleon's marriage to the Princess Vasa, it is said, will take place in January.

A machinet of Troy has the contract for fitting up 20,000 of George Law's muskets with percussion locks, in place of the old fashioned flint. This looks towards Cuba.

MEXICAN NEWS.—By telegraph last night, we received additional intelligence of the state of matters in Mexico, dated 26th November. The minister of Foreign Affairs had published a circular, forbidding the landing of strangers in the Republic. Mr. Stevens had addressed a note to the minister of Foreign Relations, withdrawing his Tehuantepec proposals. The name of Slow had also been withdrawn. The port of Alto was closed, and the introduction of goods forbidden at the risk of forfeiture. A project was set on foot in the Chamber of deputies, authorizing the Government to contract a loan of \$3,000,000. The insurgents force were being augmented, and 4,000 men with 22 pieces of artillery had moved against the revolutionists of Guadaluara.

DEFENCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The English administration appears to be seriously alarmed at the aspect of foreign affairs. The Times announces with a flourish of congratulation, that additions are to be made to the navy, and to the appropriations for coast defences. The Herald says that it is likely that the 5,000 men, proposed this year as a reserve for the navy, will be added to the regular force of seamen for '53 and '54. The same paper also learns that the vote for steam machinery will be comparatively enormous, about £380,000.

Madame Darusmont, better known as Fanny Wright, died in Cincinnati on the 12th ult.

REMAINS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—The remains of John Quincy Adams were removed this morning from the burial ground in which they had been deposited, in order to consign them to a tomb under one of the churches, with the remains of his widow, who recently deceased at Washington, and which were brought to Quincy this morning. The coffin containing the revered remains was opened, and the features of Mr. Adams were found in a perfect state of preservation. Mr. Adams has been dead nearly five years. The body was enclosed in an airtight case.—Herald 16th Decr.

FOR THE POOR.—About Lawrence, the Bee says, has appropriated \$5,000 to furnish food, fuel, &c. to the poor of the city of Boston. This is the way to spend money. Doubtless it makes a man feel happy to do it.

Nothing can be said against the munificence of Mr. Lawrence; there should be many more to do likewise; but we cannot help thinking how much would be accomplished for the poor if the anti-liquor law were enforced in Boston. Nearly all the suffering among the poor, is the legitimate fruit of the rum business, and yet our city fathers license it. Why don't some one apply to the Mayor and Aldermen for a license to make paupers?—Life Boat.

The Bank of England is increasing its bullion very much. There are now upwards of £21,000,000 in its vaults. The merchants in Liverpool are getting up an opposition to the North American Ocean Steam Company. Floods from excessive rains have occurred in some parts of England. Mexico continues in a very excited state and it is reported that Santa Anna is to return to the country. Mexico seems doomed to come under the power of some people of a more energetic character. The Derby ministry in England have succeeded in carrying their resolution against the opposition. Both the government and opposition resolution affirmed the fixed principle of a free trade policy. Lord Palmerston is playing fast and loose between the Government party and the whigs—having a small coterie of his own. England is trying to conciliate Ireland. It is supposed that secretly Napoleon III, Emperor of France, whilst professing peace is plotting to seize Belgium or to get up a war about some territorial question with England. His career will be a short one, for what is concocted in evil and accomplished by the sacrifice of all honesty and good faith with men, can hardly be durable. The Michigan People are agitating the question of making a Railroad from Port Huron, opposite Port Sarnia to Grand Rapids on the Southern side of Lake Michigan opposite Milwaukee. Applications to the state Legislature to form a company and build the road, are about to be made this winter. The route on this line via Milwaukee, it is thought will be the shortest route to the head waters of the Mississippi. The American papers are discussing at large the future policy of the new President, Franklin Pierce. It is thought that England will adopt the system of a decimal currency—the question being now discussed through the papers. The system will be adopted in Canada probably during this year. It is by far the most convenient mode of reckoning. An agitation is being got up by the women of England (including those in the highest classes) on the subject of the emancipation of American slaves. The Duchess of Sutherland is taking an active part in the affair, and an address of a glowing character has been issued by the WOMEN of England addressed to the WOMEN of the United States. The Countess of Lovelace (Byron's daughter Ada) is dead—aged 36 years.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Napanee Bee, discontinued for some months past, is to be again revived under a new name, to appear as the Napanee Emptorium.

W. L. Mackenzie, Esquire, during last week, issued an extra Weekly Messenger, being a sort of preface to the forth coming

paper. It gives his views upon European, American and Canadian politics. This paper of Mr. McKenzie's will no doubt be ably and independently conducted, and will be a spur in the side of some of our miserable drones, who, after having secured the government pop for writing, have slunk into their true position—the vehicles of EDITORIAL office seekers.

The dinner given in Sarnia on the same day on which Mr. Brown's festival came off is making some noise. One feature about it we like, and that is it was a strictly temperance one; 121 gentlemen sat down to the dinner in honor of Mr. Cameron.

EARLY SUGAR MAKING.—As an evidence of the mildness of the season, the Montreal Monitor Canadian states, that Mr. Paul Mayer, of Riviere des Prairies, made triple sugar on the 5th instant. This is probably the first instance recorded of sugar making in December.

The dinner to Mr. Ferguson M. P. P., of Wellington, has just come off at Elora. The speakers were Mr. Christie, M. P. P.; Mr. Ferguson, the Hon. Adam Ferguson, and Mr. C. Clarke. It seems by a statement of one of the speakers not to have been got up as a political dinner. This is a little curious. Why have two dinners been given to two members like Mr. Brown and Mr. Ferguson, who have voted together, generally against the ministry, if it be not for some political object? Mr. McKenzie, in his Weekly Messenger, seems to think that it is not the intention of the Ministry to meet in February, but that Parliament will be prorogued. We cannot think that so gross an outrage on the people's feelings would be perpetrated by any ministry. Such a proceeding would be the best proof of their hitherto suspected intentions of not performing their business promises. We hope for better things.

The enterprising town of Port Hope has taken £50,000 stock in the Port Hope and Peterboro Railroad and township of Hope, in which it is situated has taken £15,000. This is truly enterprising. A temperance Bazaar was held lately in Quebec. This is something new. A meeting has been held in Montreal to devise the best means of representing Canada at the great INDUSTRIAL FAIR next May. A Mr. Garneau of Montreal has just published a history of Canada in 3 volumes. It is said Sir Allan Macnab's mission to England is to effect a sale of Bonds of the Hamilton and City of Toronto Railroad Company. A Committee of our City Council has reported that the giving of the contract to build the Toronto and Guelph Railroad to the Messrs. Gzowski was done for the best interests of Toronto. A correspondence just published in pamphlet form, has been going on between the Rev. E. Ryerson and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Toronto on religious and sectarian subjects connected with schools. The Government have given the City of Toronto the use of a large tract of ground on the Bay shore near the old Garrison grounds for a public walk and esplanade.

TORONTO MARKETS, FRIDAY 31st December, 1852.

Flour per 196 lbs—Millers, \$4 to \$4½; Farmers, 18s. 9d. Wheat per bushel, 4s. to 4s. 9d. Oats per do., 3s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. Peas per do., 2s. 6d. Barley, 1s. 6d. Potatoes, 1s. 10d. to 2s. 6d. Onions, good, \$1 per bushel. Beef per 100 lbs., \$3½ to \$4½. Pork from \$5 to \$7—sells well. Butter continues high, selling readily from 10d. to 1s. per lb. Eggs 10d per doz. Wood sells readily at \$3½. Hay per ton, from \$14 to \$16. Poultry—Geese sell at 2s. to 2s. 6d. each. Turkeys at 2s. to 3s. 9d. Fowls from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. Our Toronto markets have been for some days—owing to the bad weather—rather dull for the season. Everything in the provision line has an upward tendency in Canada, America and British markets. Good times these for the farmer, and we are glad of it.

Receipts since our last Issue.

S. N., Vienna \$4½—3½ for old subscribers and \$1 for 1853; W. W., Stewarttown \$1, 1853; J. M. of Humber \$1, which he wishes applied on 1853.—He has not paid for 1852 yet: Thos. W—r, of Hamilton \$2½, 1851-2; D. W., Stoney Creek, \$1½ on account of T. W., 1853; Forest Bard, Imitah, \$7, partly 1852 and partly for 1853; C. L. Brockville, \$4½; J. A. Perth, \$2; A. S. Rytown, \$1; J. McN. \$1, leaves \$1 due for 1853; Stouffville Division \$1½, 1852; W. N. Grimby \$7, old and new subscribers. The money from H. A. G. of Trafalgar, \$2½ sometime ago and \$1½ in his last, has been received. F. C. B. St. Mary's, \$1, 1852; G. V. Hamilton, St. Catherine's, \$1, 1852; J. McDonald, Laskey, King, \$1, 1852.

Communications—Contributors Notice.

The poetry of the Forest Bard came to hand after the last number of 1852 went to press. His other piece will appear in our next number. This writer is a welcome contributor. It is our desire to hear from all parts of Canada, and we will from time to time as room permits insert all interesting letters and good poetry. Long letters we will have to abridge. The variety we wish to preserve in our columns, renders it necessary that all communications should be short. We have been obliged to abridge several letters that appear in this number. Let it be understood that short accounts of the progress of Temperance in all parts of Canada will be thankfully received. Poetry from Kempsville, an old contributor, will appear in its turn. H. A. G.'s letter abridged will appear Mrs. T's letter from Brooklin, is under consideration and will appear in our next or be returned.

List of our agents will appear in our next—also of all the elected officers of the Toronto Divisions.

TEMPERANCE MEN of the city of Toronto do your duty in the elections for 1853, to-day and to-morrow.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

This paper will be issued on Tuesdays, weekly during the year. It will contain eight pages—the two last being devoted to advertisements, and will give all the news of the day, political and other news. Subscription price for 1853, \$5.00 in advance. Or within the month of January. If not so paid at the end of six months, \$7.50. If not paid within six months, and if left to the end of the year, \$10.00. Half yearly subscribers will be taken at the above price, provided it be distinctly understood the subscription was intended to be a half yearly one. All subscribers must send with the year. No paper will be discontinued (unless at the option of the publisher) until the subscription price is paid up. No paper after the known receipt, and the date of the first number will be stopped without payment for the current year. New agents sending six new subscribers with their subscriptions, or an equivalent their due payment, shall receive a copy gratis. Old agents sending 10 old subscribers, or 10 partly old and partly new, with the money or a guarantee, shall receive a copy gratis. The club system last year did not please well owing to the postage. Upon consideration we have concluded to send to clubs, if any of our friends wish to form them, upon these terms—5 copies for \$4, 10 copies for \$7, 15 copies for \$10, 20 copies for \$13; but in such cases the money must be paid down, and the paper sent in one package and addressed to one person in all cases, otherwise it will charge will be made. Advertisements to be inserted at reasonable rates. All payments must be paid, and communications addressed to C. Burnand, Editor, Toronto, C. W.



IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

NONPAREIL LABOR SAVING SOAP!

For washing clothes, also for washing, cleaning and disinfecting, painted surfaces, the walls, ceilings, and entries, the halls, parlors and rooms of private and public buildings, the fronts, doors and windows of fancy stores and dwellings, the pews and interior of churches; furniture; the bath, cabins and state rooms of steamships, and passenger cars, &c. &c.

No injury whatever is sustained by the material, texture or color of anything washed with this soap. Its component parts have been submitted to the examination of eminent Chemists whose testimony is entirely in its favor. The obvious advantages of this great improvement will be apparent from the following considerations.

1. Time is saved; exclusive of the rinsing and drying, one and a half hour is all the time that clothes remain in the mixture of suds.

2. The wear and tear of clothes, resulting from the injurious effect of friction, or the use of the washboard or washing machine, are entirely avoided, so that everything will last much longer, and not one tenth the labor is required to do the family washing.

Directions for using the labor saving Soap.

All that is required is to dissolve one bar in ten gallons hot water (not boiling), and take a good sized tub; then place in your white clothes and let them remain 1 1/2 hour, stirring them occasionally, (roughly when taken out), then wring the clothes and put them in a kettle of clean water, without soap, give them a good wash and finish in the usual way; after your white clothes are done you can put in your colored clothes, and proceed as above, except boiling. Where clothes are more than usually soiled, as shirt collars, wrist bands, &c., a little rubbing with the hand may be necessary; previous, however, is better than friction. For cleaning carpets, furniture, stoves, marble, &c. apply the soap with a sponge or cloth, and rinse with clean water.

By careful attention to the above directions, your washing will be done in one sixth of the time required by the old way, and will be perfectly clean and white.

It contains no soda, lime or other caustic ingredient. Warranted not to injure the finest fabric. Try it and judge for yourselves.

Prepared only by S. M. CLARK & Co., sole proprietors for C. W., Yonge Street (opposite Beaver Street, Toronto.) Trade supplied on liberal terms.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND AMERICAN FANCY GOODS,

Imported and for Sale by THOMAS J. FULLER, No. 1, St. James's Buildings, King St. East, Next the English Cathedral.

The Stock comprises a beautiful and varied Assortment of Back, Dressing, and side Combs; English Hair Brushes; Looking Glasses, all sizes; Paper Hangings; Window Blinds; Patent Medicines; Ink; Stationery and School Books; and Fancy Goods in endless variety.

Country Merchants are invited to inspect the Stock, which will be sold on liberal terms.

THOMAS J. FULLER, 1, St. James's Buildings, Toronto, Jan. 1853.

JOHN MCGEE, TIN AND COPPER SMITH.

43, Yonge Street.

KEEPS constantly on hand an extensive assortment of every description of Plain and Japanned Tin Ware and Sheet Iron Ware. All kinds of Jobbing attended to punctually, and moderate charges. Steamboat, Mill, and Brewery work; Roofing, and Pipes put on or repaired, and warranted to give satisfaction. Hot Air Furnaces and Pipes fixed up on an approved plan.

STOVES: STOVES!!

THE undersigned begs leave to call the attention of the Citizens of Toronto, and his customers generally, to his large Stock of Cooking, Parlour and hot STOVES, including the unrivalled CROCKET STOVE, the best in the world. Lion and Premium, which I am determined to furnish with the best materials, and sell at Lower Prices than any house in the City.

JOHN MCGEE, Toronto, Jan. 1st, 1853.

T. WHEELER, ENGRAVER AND WATCHMAKER,

KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

COMPANY and LODGE SEALS executed in the best style, and designs furnished if required.

COATS OF ARMS found and emblazoned. Jan. 1st, 1853.

SONS AND CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Subscriber begs to announce that they are prepared to furnish BANNERS for Divisions and Sections of Sons and Cadets of T., in the best style, at from £12 1/2 to £25 cy each.

They are also manufacturing, and keep constantly on hand, Cadets' Officers' Caps, REGALIA and SASHES; Grand Division Regalia, Drapery, Emblems of Sons and Cadets, S. of T. Emblems, Blank Books for Divisions, &c. SEALS engraved to order. ODD FELLOWS' REGALIA kept constantly on hand.

P. T. WARE & Co., King St., Hamilton.

D. T. WARE & Co., Dundas Street, London, Jan. 1st., 1853.

J. H. GOWAN,

Carver and Gilder Looking-Glass & Picture Frame Manufacturer.

No. 75, Yonge Street, Toronto.

The subscriber respectfully informs the Trade in general, that he has on hand a large assortment of Fine, Calumny, Toilet and Shaving.

Glasses and Fancy Goods, ALSO

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES, Which from his new and extensive Machinery he is prepared to sell at New York Prices. Wholesale and Retail.

N. B. Country Merchants will save 25 per cent, by calling before purchasing elsewhere. Toronto, January, 1853.

JOHN PARKIN,

Plumber and Gas Fitter,

Adelaide St. East, 2 Doors from Victoria St.

Copper, Brass, Lead, Iron, or Galva Pipes, Pumps, Stoves and repaired.

Gas, Water, and Steam apparatus, fit in Water Closets, &c. &c.; supplied with the utmost promptitude and on the most liberal terms. January, 1853.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN,

Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House, Toronto.

THE LARGEST, THE CHEAPEST, AND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS

IN CANADA WEST. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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

Tailoring in all its Branches, executed with Taste and Despatch. Mourning's Furnish'd on the shortest Notice. Paris, London and New York Fashions received monthly.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Table listing various clothing items such as Men's Brown Holland Coats, Men's Black Cloth Vests, Men's Mole-skin Trowsers, etc., with prices.

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

DRY GOODS.

Table listing various dry goods items such as Muslin de Laines, Dry Linens, Quills, Counterpanes, etc., with prices.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN,

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

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

FRESH ARRIVALS, WINTER DRY GOODS.

WILLIAM POLLEY,

66 King Street, three doors west of Church Street,

BEGS to call the attention of the citizens of Toronto and surrounding country to his large and well selected stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

Imported expressly for this trade, and is replete with every article in the line, including all the latest styles in dress goods, calicoes, cloths, silks, cravats, shawls, ladies' wool scarf shawls, wool pelkas, (all sizes,) ribbons, &c.

A full assortment of Staple Goods, viz: Grey Oxtone, white cottons, heavy stripe shirtings, red, white, blue, and pink flannels, shirtings, sherry, tick, Hungarian cloth, Blenheim cloth, Beaver, Elephant, Whittier, and S. F. cloths, duckskin, cassimere, broad sailings, Canadian grey cloths, Broad, &c. &c. Buckskin mitts, gloves, hosiery, wool sleeves, Boat cravats, &c. &c.

This stock will be found large and well assorted, with fresh, seasonable goods, which for QUALITY and CHEAPNESS is not surpassed in the city.

Intending purchasers are respectfully solicited to inspect his stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

SUPERIOR COTTON YARN (all Nos.) a prime article in Cotton Weaving, Black and White Wadding, &c.

WILLIAM POLLEY, Third door west of Church Street.

Chequered Warehouse, Victoria Row, Jan. 1853.

GREAT BARGAINS!

AT THE BRITISH WAREHOUSE.

J. CARMICHAEL, (8, KING STREET EAST,

2 Doors West of Church Street.

Preparatory to making extensive alterations in his premises, he is now selling off the whole of his extensive stock of Staple and Fancy

Dry Goods and Millinery.

As he expects large importations of Spring Goods, he has reduced his present stock to such prices as will ensure a speedy sale, and meet the approbation of the most economical purchaser.

NOTICE.—Such as are exclusively Fall and Winter Goods he will sell at

COST PRICE AND UNDER!

rather than keep them till next fall, or have them on hand to be destroyed by plaster, &c., in time of altering the shop.

His Bonnets & Cloaks, Ribbons, Flowers, Blankets, Cloths, Linens, Shawls, Scarfs, Hose, Flannels, Gloves, Orleans, Calicoes, Staff Goods, Plaids, Prints, &c. &c. he will sell on these terms for cash.

J. C. has also on hand a choice selection of Jewellery and Fancy Goods, Bracelets, Ear drops, Whittier's, Gold Pencils, Lockets, Shavel Pins, Rings, Watch Keys, &c. &c. Wholesale and Retail. January, 1853.

WILLIAM WHARIN,

WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWEL ER, &c.

No. 17, Church St., 1 door South of King St.

Clocks, Watches, Time pieces, and Jewellery, of every description repaired, cleaned and Warranted.

A variety of Clocks, Watches, Jewellery and Fancy goods constantly kept for sale. Toronto, January, 1853.

G. HARCOURT & Co., TAILORS, CLOTHIERS,

AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS,

11, North Side of King Street, Directly opposite the Globe Office, Toronto.

The subscribers keep always on hand a large assortment of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Duckskins, Turkeys, Vests and Summer Cloths of the Newest Style of Prints and Material. A choice selection of

Vestings of the richest style,

consisting of Plain and Figured Velvets, Silk and Cotton Flannels, Suits and Figured Material of almost every description.

READY-MADE GARMENTS,

Hats, Caps, Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders, Hosiery, and Gentlemen's Wear in General.

Judges' Barristers' and University

ROBES,

Of every Degree and quality, made to order. G. HARCOURT & Co.

Toronto, January, 1853.

HAYES BROTHERS & CO,

IMPORTERS OF

GROCERIES, TEAS, &c.

27, YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

THE ORIGINAL GREAT English Remedy,

For curing Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera-morbus, &c. "Sir Benjamin Brudie's Vegetable Cordial" for the Cure of Bowel Complaints.

The Subscriber can with perfect confidence recommend the above truly valuable medicine, as a

safe, speedy and certain remedy for the cure of Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera-morbus and Cholera infantum, (or Summer-complaint of children).

The medicine is very pleasant to the taste, as well as effectual in curing the above diseases. Testimonials in favor of the Medicine, from individuals of the highest respectability, residing in this city and vicinity, may be seen at the office of

S. F. URQUHART, 68 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Wholesale Agent for Canada.

Dr. James Hope's Vegetable Purifying Health Pills and Oriental Balm.

This Valuable Family Medicine, of long-tried efficacy, for correcting all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and those Diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood. The usual symptoms of which are Costiveness, Flatulency, Spasms, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Sense of Fullness after eating, Dimness of the Eyes, Drowsiness, and Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, Pains in the Side, in and between the Shoulder, Indigestion, producing a torpid state of the Liver, and a consequent inactivity of the Bowels, causing a disorganization of every function of the frame, will, in this most excellent combination of Medicinal Agents, by a little perseverance, be effectually cured.

A very few do not realize the afflicted of their salutary effects, which will soon regain its strength, and the Liver, Bowels, and appearance, strength, will be the quick result according to the instructions.

As a pleasant, safe, and easy aperient, the recommendation of a mild action, most successful effect, and require no restraint or confinement during their use; and for elderly people they will be found to be the most compatible Medicine offered to the public.

Females at a certain age should never be without it. They are warranted to contain no Calomel or other deleterious ingredient.

For Sale by Baile & Son, London; Johnson & C., Edinburgh; McLaughlan & Son, Glasgow; following Foreign Agents:—

Calcutta, East Indies, McIntosh & Co. Madras, F. Corbyne. St. Petersburg, Russia, J. R. Moroff. Vienna, Austria, Dr. F. C. Mulden. Rome, Italy, Dr. J. Rubini. Berlin, Prussia, Dr. R. VonHoffland. Capetown, New Zealand, John Tannison. Hamburg, Holland, Dr. J. N. Muller. Paris, France, F. N. Watson, M.D. Havana, Cuba, Dr. J. Harris. New Orleans, U. S. A., C. Hay, M. D. Charleston, H. Cohen & Co. New York, Dr. R. B. Douglas. San Francisco, Al. Stott & Co. Lima, West Indies, J. R. Fraser. Lima, Peru, D. C. Wells. Sydney, N. S. W., John Keany. Hobbs Town, V. D. Land, H. Roberts. Lancaster, J. W. Mackay. Adelaide, S. Australia, John Hoskin. Smyrna, Turkey, W. H. Monon. Valparaiso, Chili, A. L. Webster. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, John Hall, and F. URQUHART, Toronto, Canada, General Agent, British North America.

J. FOGGIN,

[From England] DYE AND SCOURER,

93, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

KIDGLOVE 3 CLEANED.

Niagara Temperance stores, BUFFALO CITY,

Opposite Market, near the Liberty Pole. BAILEY & SON.

Good accommodations can be had at all times at this house at moderate charges. Passengers conveyed to and from the Railroads and Steam Boats. January, 1853.

YONGE ST. POTTERIES,

NEAR TORONTO, JOHN JAVIS, PROPRIETOR.

Manufactures 100 pieces per week, producing 30 to 40 worth of good on the average per week, through the whole year.

These Pottery excel all other potteries in the Upper Province for quality and quantity. They work all the three points at of Toronto Province, and have done so at other Points.

Orders can be promptly supplied with our unexcelled Brown Ware, including Green, Milk Paint, Cream, Blue, Pickle Jar, Indian Pots, and Ornamental Charming Tiles, on short notice.

J. D. having secured a large quantity of clay superior to any ever manufactured in Canada, he has commenced it as being better for Dairy purposes, than the inferior yellow or dirty white looking ware made in some places. January, 1853.

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YORKVILLE TEMPERANCE GROCERY.

JOHN HISCOCKS,

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TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, FRUIT,

FISH, TOBACCO, DRY GOODS & CROCKERY.

suitable to the season, which for quality and price cannot be surpassed in the trade. The following is a list of prices of a few of the leading articles.

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Fine Young Hyson at 2s. 3d. Superior do at 2s. 6d. Very Fine do at 3s. 3d. Fine Gunpowder, 2s. 8d. 3s. 3d. Black—Good strong Souchong, 2s. Fine do. Pekoe flavoured, 2s. 6d. Finest Oolong, 3s.

COFFEES.

Good Strong Ground, 10d. Very Superior do 1s. Finest Java or Mocha, 1s. 3d. Muscovado, 4d. 3d. 5d. London Crushed, 7d. Finest Crushed, 7d.

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Good Cooking Baking, 3d. Superior do 4d. Finest Muscovado, at 7d to 8d. Fine Zante Currants, 3d to 6d. Fine French Raisins, 1s. 4d. (Gros, Lemon, Orange Peel, 2d per oz. Superior Mixed Spice, 4d. per lb. London Pickles, 1s. 6d. per bottle. Washing Soda, 2 1/2d. per lb. Finest Salad Oil 2s. 6d. per bottle.

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Salt Water Salmon, Salmon Trout, Cod Fish, White Fish, North Shore Herrings, J. Mac Herring, Pealed Herring, &c. And every other article in the above Line equally low. January, 1853.

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RAGS BOUGHT FOR THE PAPER MILLS

AS USUAL. Toronto, January, 1853.