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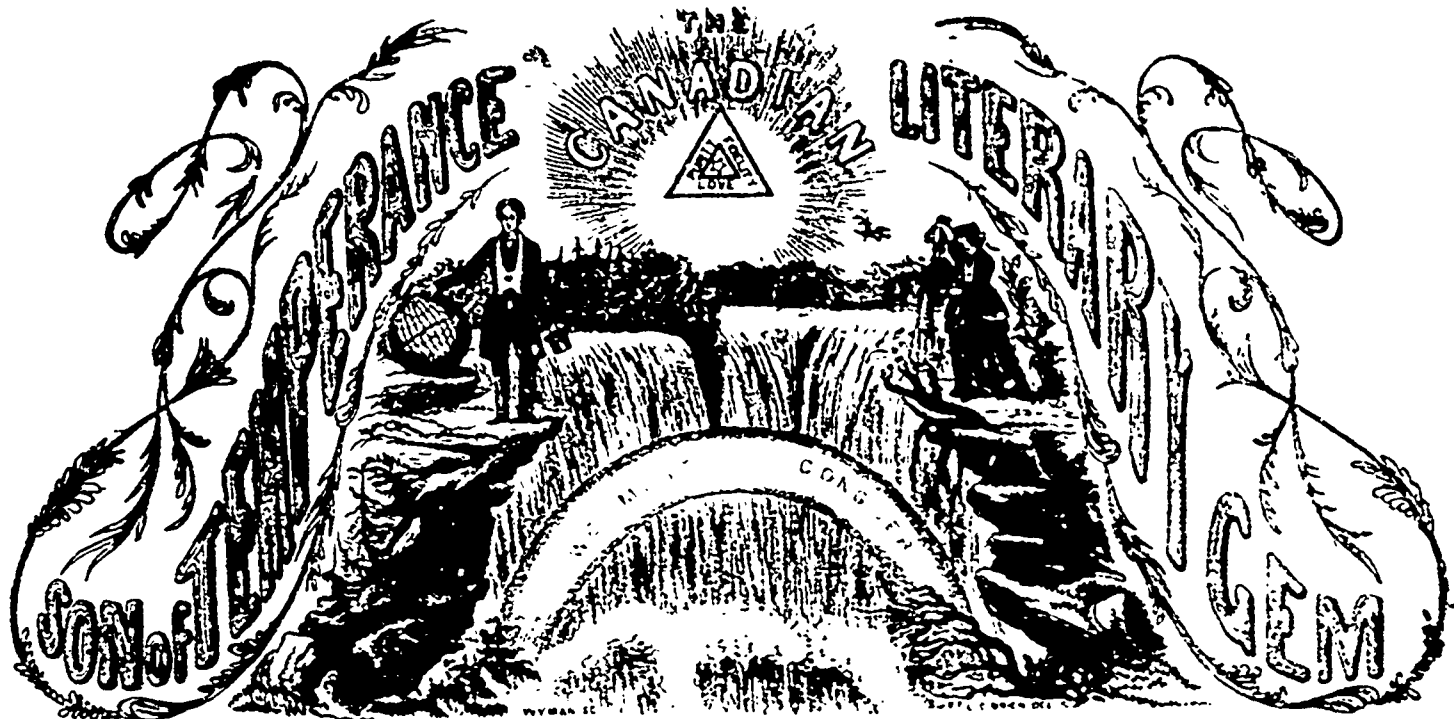
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

[ ORIGINAL ]  
CHILDHOOD AND SPRING.

When Spring returns with all her bloom,  
Upborne on music's wings,  
Her voice of joy from wintry tomb,  
Reminds of childhood's things;

Of joys, before we've known a care,  
Or seen the ills of life;  
Before our hearts were called to share,  
With men in worldly strife.

I then could chase upon the hills,  
In blooming June and May,  
The snowy lambs, or watch the rills,  
That gently court'd their way.

And then this heart was free from ills,  
But as the linnets sing,  
Whose glorious music ever fills,  
Our fields with rapturous words.

Whose songs of joy float on the air,  
Like angels' whispers sweet,  
And seem like childhood free from care,  
Our deep affections greet.

Gay butterflies danced o'er the mead,  
The sun looked down so bright,  
And time on wings of rapture sped,  
'Mid feelings of delight.

Oh days of childhood gone forever,  
With thy sweet dreams and mirth;  
Such dreams and hopes as never, never,  
Can be recalled to earth.

From the Tables for 1852

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Let him who has never suffered from the horrors of bashfulness, pass by this article. He will find here nothing with which he can sympathize. But he who knows the exquisite misery of impudence, whose almost very nature shuts him out from all sympathy, while it opens upon him the full sluices of laughter and ridicule, he only should read, for he only can understand this chapter of my sufferings. It is but a specimen of life. *Ex uno disce omnia*. To all others it will be but a good fortune; and as they pass it by in the proud consciousness of the unspeakable blessings of impudence, let them thank heaven that its waters can never flow for them.

My object is but to give a specimen of the numerous complaints that incessantly beset me, the moment I appear in society. I shall merely speak of those that befell me at the dinner in Paris, to which I was invited. Through laden introductory letters, I never delivered another was by the various effects I made, before I could master the delicate relation to Madame O., the one that gave me, and a friend who came with me, the dinner in question. I pass by, too, my trepidation at the everlasting pea, with which the bell responded to my timid touch. Scarcely could I quish the *Perles au Suisse*, over the waiter's lodge, when my Swiss waiter stood since my entrance. I pass by, too, all minor blunders; such as asking the waiter to direct us to the *chambre de Madame*, meaning her drawing room. Suffice it to say, that my less nervous companion, dictionary in hand, led the way; that having traversed a goodly number of streets and stairs, we at length arrived safely at an anteroom, and a servant held a pair of folding doors, which he wide open, and announced us by a pair of names, that we never have recognized as our own, had we met them in any other place.

My body agitated, and jerking with nervous trepidation, I entered the room, so different from the republican simplicity to which I was accustomed, was a formidable trial. My cheeks tingled, my knees trembled, and my heart beat fast. I shrank silently behind my unshaken companion, who seemed to gather sufficient courage to conceal the tremor that he like an ass. Madame O. rose to receive us; we approached her, it became necessary that I should tread behind my friend. But in so doing, I did not notice a pet dog, who, comfortably stretched on a red velvet cushion, lay napping beside his mistress, directly in my path. On I went, anxious only to get through the introductory ceremonies as soon as possible, and then to ensconce myself in some remote corner, where,

"The world forgets me, by the way," I might escape all notice or remark. But truly says the French proverb, "*L'homme se propose, mais c'est le bon Dieu qui dispose*," and very unfortunate were his dispositions for my intention. As I hastened on, all glowing with confusion, and quaking with fright, just as I began my bow, I stumbled over the detested pet, and was suddenly precipitated head foremost, into an ancient battering ram, into the lap of Mrs. P.; overturning episodically a countryman of my own, who was seated next her, balancing his chair on its two hind legs. To save himself, he instinctively grasped the back of her chair; and his weight at her rear, acting at the same moment that I was hurled at her in front, decided all his position, and over we all rolled together, the chairs uppermost. The vicar who had been at the bottom of the whole mischief, seized me by the leg, and receiving a hasty kick in return, added his shouting to the charms of company that now filled the apartment. Happy, the female sufferer in this melee, engrossed all due sympathy and attention of the company; but I well knew that in the short minute that had elapsed since I entered the apartment, I had made two mortal enemies of a man, a dog, and a lady.

For my own part, as soon as I had extricated myself from the terrible rash, covered with confusion and shame, I retreated into the most obscure corner of the room, where I sought to hide myself and my overwhelming mortification, behind the guests who were laughing about there. The call to dinner served as a relief to my embarrassment, for I hoped that that would engross every one's attention, which now, I could not help feeling, must be occupied with my awkwardness. Following the company into the dining room, I saw that each plate contained a card, on which was written the name of the guest who was to occupy the place thus designated. Every one seemed to find his own place by magic; but for me, four or five times did I make the circuit of the table, looking in vain for mine. Indeed I know not but I might have continued turning about unnoticed among the crowd of servants at dinner time, had not Madame O.'s eyes at length detected me, as I circled round and round with an hysterical increasing rapidity, my eyes dim with confusion, and a clammy perspiration beading every pore of my body; and I at length sunk into my seat, when, found, fairly exhausted by mortification and shame. Here again, I found myself embarrassed with my hat, which having observed that it was held in their hands in the drawing room, I had grasped with nervous pertinacity. Thus I at length disposed of, as I thought at the time, with a wonderful ingenuity, for I hung it on the arm between my knees, spreading my hands, which I held over the open chair.

My seat was next to a young lady, who of course I was expected to entertain. I consented. Watchfully, already, had I entertained the company, but I found myself infinitely better to entertain company on my own than to be entertained. The ordinary routine of a French dinner now commenced. Soup, and bread, fish, and fowl, and flesh, entremets and *hors d'oeuvres*, were a great series of servants appear, each instant at our elbows, urging us to partake of a thousand different dishes, and as many different kinds of wine, all under strings of names which I no more understood, than I understood their composition, or than they do my generation. Resolute to avoid all further opportunity of embarrassing my perspiring train, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying "oui," to everything that was offered me, and eating with a most devoted appearance, but in an evil hour, my fair neighbor, weary of my taciturnity and her own, at length began a conversation, by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. The question was put at an unlucky moment; I was just raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! I was as hot as burning lava. What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed on me, waiting a reply to her question. In vain I tried the burning morsel, huber and thuber, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were streaming from their sockets. She regarded me with an expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"*Monsieur est malade*," at length she gently, and in an anxious tone, inquired. I could bear no more. My mouth was flayed with the burning morsel, and smarting with insupportable pain; so quietly abandoning the point, I opened into its stream, and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to a smile, visible, ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She scathingly consoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics; till, exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could even join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of every action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of my calamities was completed for the day.

Let no one call himself happy before his death," said Solo; and he said wisely. The idea of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table; and when my fair neighbor inquired if I were fond of *chou-fleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard-pudding; and so high was my panegyric of it, that my plate was soon beautifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the *chou-fleur* had vanished along with it. But that remained doubly; and as I gazed dependently at the huge mass that loomed up almost as large, and as burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap; I struggled manfully on against the diabolical compound. I endeavored to sap the mountainous heap at its base; and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to imbibe as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began, intelligibly enough to imitate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not ever of expelling that which already gained unwelcome admittance.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite would not have inspired; when my plate somehow got over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, burst under it, in its turn; and a great proportion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person; and I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster. I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liqueurs were served around. Meantime, I had sought for what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, but I dared not carry it longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper into the crown, to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance in seeking for his own hat to look into mine. On returning to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I sat at dinner. Our conversation was naturally resumed; and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running, like a race horse, upon her arm.

"Take it off—take it off!" she ejaculated in a terrified tone. I was always afraid of spiders; so to avoid touching him with my hat, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the insect, who was already mounting over her forehead with rapid strides. Gracious Heaven! I had forgotten the cauliflower; which now plastered over her face like an eminent professor, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady, while little streamlets of soft butter, glided gently down her beautiful neck and bosom.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the astonished fair. "*Mon Dieu!*" was echoed from every mouth. "Have you cut your head?" inquired one. "*Non! Non!—L'araignee—L'araignee. Monsieur vient d'arriver l'araignee.*" "*Quelle quantité d'araignees!*" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unceremoniously, to himself. Well might he be astonished. The spray of the operable

vegetable had splattered her form from head to foot. For myself the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket; but the contents remained.

“What a monster it must have been,” observed a young lady as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. “I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower.”

At that moment I felt some one touch me, and turning I saw my companion who had come with me.

“Look at your pantaloons,” he whispered.

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft pate-like vegetable, which had doubled and dripped down them, till it seemed as if I was actually dissolving in my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

“Sacr-r-re! he! he! Sacr-r-re. Sacr-r-re?” the r in the last syllable being made to roll like a watchman’s rattle, mingled with another epithet and name, that any angry Frenchman never speaks, was heard ringing like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and then the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained. We had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustaches, and streaming gently forward; his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore. I stood no longer; but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a *faerge*, and arrived safely at home, heartily resolving, that to my last hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

[ ORIGINAL ]  
**SUNNY SPOTS IN LIFE.**

Oh, yes, there are bright sunny spots in life!  
“All, all is not one scene of endless strife  
From the cradle to the tomb,  
Along the way sweet flowers bloom,  
Yielding their fragrance of perfume  
To cheer our weary pilgrimage below.  
Such are the moments which we sweetly spend  
’neath smiles and glances of a valued friend:  
Such the fragrance which fond memory sings  
Over the shadow of departing things.  
When hope no longer in the bosom springs,  
And disappointment fills the heart with woe.”

Millbrook, October, 1853. W. H. F.

**THE WRONG HAT, OR THE WRONG MAN.**

About the time of the inauguration of President Pierce, a gentleman named Parker, belonging to Concord, joined in the general rush to witness the great ovation. Our friend, who is an attorney of note, has not been much of a traveller, but he takes the New Hampshire Patriot, and is well aware that there are such things as the swapping of umbrellas and hats at big hotels. To guard against the loss or exchange of his new “fillet,” therefore, Mr. P. got a printer to strike him off a four-inch square card, upon which looked out of the top of his hat, in bold two-line pica, “Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire.”

There was a great rush at Willard’s Hotel Inauguration Day—indeed there was a perfect rush every where—and our friend Parker found some difficulty in getting down to the dinner table along with some of his fellow-townsmen. The dinner was a fine one, champagne delicious, and after an hour’s sitting, the New Englanders left the table in the merriest mood imaginable.

“Now fellows,” said Parker, as they emerged from the dining-room, “every man look out for his own hat! I’ve got a mark on mine that nobody can mistake.”

But there was a sort of mistake somewhere, notwithstanding. It was sometime before Mr. P. found his hat at all, and even then he labored under the impression that it had grown a trifle older since he went to dinner. But the placard was in the crown, all right, “Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire,” stared him in the face as he looked inside.

“All right, fellows,” said Parker, raising the tile to his gourd. “Nothing like making sure of things when you are going into a crowd. My hat’s safe anyhow.” But he only put the hat on the top of his head, for it was certainly too small to go on.

“What’s the matter, Parker?” inquired one of the party, as the attorney attempted to put on the hat.

“Oh, nothing,” responded Parker, again looking into the hat—“nothing; it’s all right, of course. Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire.” And again he attempted to pull on the hat.

The party around could ill suppress laughter at the comical motions of the embarrassed lawyer, but he did not appear to notice it, and industriously endeavoured to make the hat fit somehow. In a state of the most absolute bewilderment, he at length turned to one of the party, and presenting the hat, desired him to tell him what name was in it. The man read, “Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire.”

“All right, of course,” exclaimed Parker, again attempting to pull on the hat, only to his still greater bewilderment.

“Will you have the kindness to tell me who I am?” said he, still more perplexed.

“Certainly,” said the man addressed; “you are Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, of Concord, New Hampshire.”

“Of course,” said Parker, “I know it.” And he made one more trial of the hat.

It would be very difficult to say whether Mr. Parker knew himself from “a hole in the ground” about this juncture. He looked again into the hat and read the inscription, and then at his friends, who still preserved straight faces, and finally cried.

“Gentlemen,” said he, with intense gravity, “if I am Asa Parker, Attorney at Law, Concord, New Hampshire, all I have to say is that my head has swelled most confoundingly since I went to dinner.”

Who changed Mr. Parker’s card into somebody else’s hat?—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

**Humorous.**

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

**MR. AND MRS. PRINGLE.**

An obstinate man had a scold for his wife,  
Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;  
They led, you’ll suppose, a queer cat and dog life,  
Like tavern bells always at jangle;  
Mr. P. was a man, to his word who stuck fast,  
He declared—when he said it, he’d said it;  
Mrs. P. stuck to her word, and would have the last,  
So for comfort you’ll give them some credit—  
Poor souls.

To Richmond by water determined to go,  
Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;  
He wanted the sail up, but she said “No!”  
The thought of it made her tingle  
He insisted it should be put up with a frown,  
And declared when he’d said it he’d said it;  
She vow’d if it was put up, she’d pull it down;  
So for firmness you’ll give them some credit—  
Queer souls.

For the sail then beginning to pull and to haul,  
Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;  
Says the boatman, “you’ll into the Thames both fall,  
With other odd fish to mingle.”  
And into the river they sure enough roll’d,  
As soon as the waterman said it;  
So out of hot water they got into cold,  
For extremes then you’ll give them some credit—  
Wet souls.

**A GENTLE HINT.**

I never saw such silly beaux  
As dwell in Norwich city;  
I wish they had some enterprise—  
Were smart, polite and witty.  
  
I wish they would stop gaily round,  
And ban the girls about;  
I wish some funny love affairs  
And weddings, would turn out.  
  
I wish a beau would call on me,  
And make a sly suggestion  
About conjugal happiness,  
And then would “pop the question.”  
  
I wish he would, *I do indeed,*  
For surely tis a pity,  
For maidens fair to stroll alone  
The streets of Norwich city.

**KNOCKED BACK.**—A pious old negro was set to plowing in a very rough piece of new ground. Every few feet the plow would run against a rock or stump. The horse moreover, was dull, so that, when thus stopped, it was very hard to start him again; and the poor negro of course had a hard time of it, and his piety and patience were severely tested. At last they began to give way. The altercations between him and his horse became more violent at every fresh occasion for getting him in motion again. Finally, in a moment of frenzy, he swore away at the horse in a terrific manner. A moment’s reflection, however, filled him with distress, and addressing his horse, he said, in a plaintive tone:—“Dar now, you miserable brute, see what you’ve done! You’ve jes gone and knocked me right back in the world again.”

**FOR TYTO’S.**—“\* of existence give me an em—,” said a Printer to his sweetheart. She immediately made a— at him and planting her I— between his I I, nearly put a . to his existence. “Such an outrage,” was the ! of Faust, looking † † at her, is probably without a ‡ in this ‡ of the country, and is a good subject for a §.

**NEW KINDS OF DRESS.**—“Broomers,” is the name which the *Journal of Commerce* gives to the ladies’ long dresses which sweep the sidewalks.

**PITHY.**—A negro who was called on as a witness in one of the courts of North Carolina, on being examined as to the nature of an oath, was asked if he knew what would be the consequence here and hereafter if he swore to a lie.  
“Yee,” says he, “ears off, and no share in the the ‘kingdom.’”

I— “I thought you were born on the first of April,” said a Benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birth-day. “Most people might think so from the cheek I made of a husband,” she replied.

An Irish girl in Gotham, who pined herself on being employed in a “genteel” family, was asked the definition of the term. “Where they have two or three kinds of wine and the gentleman sweats!” was the highly satisfactory reply.

**LETCRAM.**

When Harry was old, to Mary he said,  
“My dear, if you please, we will marry;”  
But Mary replied, with a toss of the head,  
“I never will wed the ‘old Harry.’”  
He waited till all her gay suitors were gone,  
Then cried, “A fine dance they have led you;  
The hand that I offered, you treated with scorn,  
And now the ‘old Harry’ won’t wed you!”

**VISITORS AT NIAGARA.**—During the present season, 47,000 persons are crossed the bridge leading to Goat Island, and paid their tribute of 25 cents each. The number is about 20,000 larger than last year.

Within the six years ending March, 1852, as many as 4,319,216 persons left the shores of Ireland, the number for 1851 being 24,552, and, for 1852, 224,997.—*London (England) Times.*



**Ladies’ Department.**

**OH, WEEP NOT THE MAID.**

The following lines were suggested on the lamented death of a lovely and amiable young lady, Miss Harriet Taylor, of Newcombe, Devonshire, England, who died on the 9th of July, 1843, aged 21 years.

Oh, weep not the maid, she is gone to her rest,  
To the land of the faithful, the home of the blest;  
Where joy knows no change, where the day knows no night,  
Where the glory of God is the fountain of light.

Oh, weep not the maid tho’ she sleeps in her grave,  
She trusted in One who is mighty to save;  
And the Saviour she trusted hath taken her home  
From the foibles of earth from the evil to come.

Oh, weep not the maid nor mourn her as dead,  
Tho’ soon the gay flower may bloom o’er her head;  
To mingle with Angels surrounding the Throne,  
To the bright beams of glory her spirit hath flown.

Oh, weep not the maid, tho’ dim’d be that eye  
That beamed with delight when fond parents were nigh;  
Again it shall sparkle with holier love  
As it welcomes them back to the mansions above.

Then weep not the maid but remember the day  
When again you shall meet her is not far away;  
If believing in Jesus and trusting his word,  
They only are happy who die in the Lord.

A FRIEND OF THE DECEASED.

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN.**

The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, makes some observations upon the health of American women, which seems to us as just as they are forcible. It observes:—

“That an English woman lives half a century before she begins to wane, while our females reach their prime mostly at little over half that age, and that another lazarum finds them on the decline, ought strongly to arrest our attention, and induce us to examine whether we are right in attributing all this difference to climate, and whether we might not find in some error of habits of early life, at least a partial explanation of the disparity. To be brief, then, after this preface—to state broadly our convictions—we think it is a radical error to make a difference between the physical training of a man child and of a woman child before nature has made a difference in their physical being. So long as there are the same muscles to develop, the same organs of digestion and assimilation to be stimulated, the same apparatus of respiration to be strengthened—so long should the means of doing this be the same in each sex. A system of physical training so planned should we also hold, only be varied as new functions come into play, which, in the further development of the being, may require special care, and then we allow that this training may be modified—but then, only so far and at such times as the demand of the last may be paramount—no longer so further.

We cannot but believe that, were the physical female under twelve years of age looked upon in the light in which we here placed her, and that were the course which we have sketched out pursued in bringing her forward to the uses of womanhood, those uses would be more properly performed, and with far less wear and tear to the system, than that which is now the daily gain of almost every physician to witness, and which, indeed, often makes her a wretched being before she has reached her ultimate physical peak—her crowning office as a mother. We would go further, and say that the same error is made in her moral training also—and with the close connection in view between the moral and physical being, this cannot be unimportant. Her moral training should be such that while it made her not less a woman, it should enable her to rise above the hundreds of arbitrary conventionalities that now every way fetter her—that mould every thought and control every judgment—but under the name of “propriety,” “refinement,” “conformity,” “fashion,” exert an absolute tyranny over her, from the cradle to the coffin. This tyranny is broken through only in a few individual cases, and then by a rebellion which, for want of the very moral training that originally permitted the oppression, is often so outrageous in its aspect as to expose her to the charge of seducing herself, and to render her if not repulsive, at least the object of ridicule and sarcasm. In short, we wish that women should be taught to know her proportion and to make herself fit to fill it—not as the antagonist in the slightest sense, but as the complement of man, the other half of a beautiful unity.

**THE SUNDAY LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN NEW YORK CITY.**

The recent publication in the *Sun*, of the Reports made to the Chief of Police, showing the number of places open on Sunday for the sale of intoxicating liquors, has produced a profound impression on the public mind. The disrespect of the Canon

Youths' Department.

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

LITTLE TOPSY'S SONG

The following song was set to music by Henry Russell, and published at the Musical Bouquet Office, High Holborn, London. Who ever has read "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and who has not!—will understand it:—

"Topsy never was born,  
Never had a mother;  
'Spects I grow'd nigger brat,  
Just like any other.  
Whip me till de blood pouts down—  
Old missus used to do it;  
She said she'd cut my heart right out,  
But neber could get to it  
I've got no heart, I do believ—  
Niggers do widout 'em.  
Neber heard of God or Love,  
So can't tell much about 'em."

CHORUS—This is Topsy's savage song,  
Topsy, cute and clever;  
Hurrah then, for the white man's right—  
Slavery for ever!

"I 'spects I've berry wicked,  
That's just what I am;  
Ony you just give me chance,  
Won't I rouse Ole Sam?  
'Taint no use in being good,  
Cos I've black you see;  
I neber cared for nothin' yet,  
And nothin' cares for me  
Ha! ha! Miss Feely's hand  
Dun know how to grip me;  
Neber likes to do no work,  
And won't widout they whip me."

CHORUS—This is Topsy's savage song, &c.

"Don't you die, Miss Evy,  
Else I go dead too;  
I knows I've wicked, but I'll try  
And be all good to you.  
You hab taught me better things,  
Though I've nigger skin;  
You hab found poor Topsy's heart,  
Spite ob all its sin.  
Don't you die, Miss Evy dear,  
Else I go dead too;  
Though I've black, I've sure that God  
Will let me go wid you."

CHORUS—This is Topsy's human song,  
Under Love's endeavor;  
Hurrah then for the white child's work—  
Humanity for ever!

THE UTILITY OF THE CADET ORDER.

We recommend to public perusal the following well written letter.—[EDITOR.]

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance  
TORONTO, 27th October, 1853.

SIR:—I observed in a late issue of your paper some remarks on the Cadets of Temperance. You say that "it will be found upon inquiry that this Order has not generally succeeded well." Now, Mr. Editor, as it was with the Sons, so was it with the Cadets; at first, numbers rushed to its ranks, attracted by the novelty of the project. These, of course, soon fell off; but now, a number of true and firm Sections, daily gaining accessions to their number, not of persons attracted by novelty for that has departed, but of young men desirous of destroying the vices of intemperance and tobacco using, continue to flourish.

Again, you say that "a fear that it would create in the minds of boys, left alone to act as they pleased among themselves, a sort of forwardness and premature manliness has been too often realized." Now, Sir, the Sections are mostly composed of youths between the ages of 14 and 18; they meet and transact their business; sometimes they hold open meetings, at which Cadets often deliver addresses, write pieces and original essays, and debate on questions of interest; but if you call the act of youths advocating the cause of temperance to the utmost of their ability, forwardness and premature manliness, I willingly plead guilty to the charge. But when in the present state of affairs, it is necessary for any one to do their utmost in the cause, the Cadets are willing to throw in their lot. Their debates make them acquainted with the great questions of the day, so that when they arrive at unassumed estate, they will not be ignorant voters. Their pledge keeps them from acquiring the ruinous habit of drinking and tobacco using, and the motions and arguments they bring up in their support, learn them to express their opinions in public, without fear or hesitation. I certainly cannot see anything forward or premature in this.

The last remark I shall notice is this: "Yet if carefully guarded by Divisions and prudent Worthy Patrons, it must do good." Ah! you have at last hit upon one great reason of want of success—prudent Worthy Patrons. What has been the cause of many a flourishing Section's dissolution? Prudent W. P.'s who thought that the money of the Section would be better in their hands, and therefore were prudent enough to keep it. Prudent W. P.'s who think it sufficient to attend the celebrations, open meetings, &c., of the Section, and would not waste time by attending the regular meetings. Prudent W. P.'s who think that the Section is a school, they the masters and the members the scholars. The Section of which I have the honour of being a member, has had enough of such gentlemen. At present they have a very good W. P., but they have suffered much in this line. A large amount of their funds is at present in the hands of one of them, but, Mr. Editor, I need only refer you to any number of Toronto Section to receive abundant information on that head. But with regard to being "well guarded by Divisions," the Cadets would be very thankful if they were; they

have invited the Sons to their meetings over and over again, and the result has been, at most, the appearance of one or two. This is another great source of disengagement in the Order. They are taught to look up to the Sons as patrons, and they grow careless when they see the little interest they take in them. If the Sons were to do their duty as patrons, the Order of the Cadets would flourish far more than it does at present. In conclusion, I would say that I would not have written this had I not known that your paper has a large circulation among the friends of temperance, and your remarks might have the effect of many disallowing their sons from becoming Cadets. Hoping that you will excuse my "forwardness and premature manliness" in writing this epistle,

I remain yours in V. L. and T.,  
A. P. W. A. of Toronto Section,  
No 15, C. of T.

TOM CORWIN—GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. Harvey, the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, tells the following tale:

About three years ago, a young man presented himself to Mr. Corwin for a clerkship. Thrice was he refused, and still he made a fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest in his welfare, and the secretary advised him, in the strongest possible terms, to abandon his purpose, and go to the west, if he could do so better outside the departments.

"My young friend," said he, "go to the north-west, buy 100 acres of government land, or, if you have not the money to purchase, squat on it; get you an axe and a hatchet, and a gun for your habitation, and raise a cabin. Live on your own, and keep your conscience clear, and live like a man, with no one to give you orders, and no one to hinder you. Do that and you will be honored and respected. But accept a clerkship here, and you will be despised; your energies become exhausted in a few years for any other and you will give you a place to-day and to-morrow there is another man over there, and he will kick me out, and the people will say by and by, 'how did he come out, and we go. But if you own an acre of land in your backwoods, and your cabin is your castle, you are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure you of your thanks for having thus advised you."

If the thousands who so ardently strive for places under government would ponder well these words, and exercise a sound discretion in their application, thus many a young and gallant spirit would be saved from inaction, to be useful to the world, and a joy rather than a grief to its possessor.

GET UP EARLY, BOYS.—In the will of the late Mr. James Sergeant, of the borough of Leicester, England, is the following singular clause: "As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executor that they have got out of bed in the morning, and employed themselves in business or taken exercise in the open air, from five to eight o'clock every morning, from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from seven till nine o'clock in the morning from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning: this is to be done for seven years, during the first seven years to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property. Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise united that can alone insure the fittest state of mental and bodily exertion."

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AND MOWA H. GRISWELL.—These are the names of two New York self-made millionaires. One of them builds, fits out and sails a ship across the Atlantic, and in the seas of Europe, at an expense of a round million. The other builds, fits out and sends a ship to the Arctic sea, at a very great expense, though probably not so great as that which is incurred by the other. The one does it for private ostentation and pleasure, to make perhaps the judicious grave and the vulgar stare. The other does it, not only to promote useful discovery—but to aid in the heaven born work of rescuing from the jaws of death, if it be yet possible, one of the noblest of that noble class of men—maritime discoverers. Which of the two makes the best use of his wealth? If the name of either of them goes down to posterity, which name will be surrounded by the brightest halo?—St. Louis Intelligencer.

PUNCTUALITY.—I never knew a child in my life who laid in bed late; who was late to his breakfast dinner or supper; who was continually tardy at school and late in his return home, but what grew up a lazy shiftless person, one who was never punctual, and who never fulfilled his promises faithfully, if at all.—Remember, little children, that one important rule to be observed, not only now in youth, but in future life when you become men and women, is punctuality. To be successful in life, you must be prompt in all your engagements.

Professor Sillman, Senior, has resigned his Professorship in Yale College, when he has held fifty-three years. He is now 73 years old.

ST. GEORGE'S SHIP.—Mr. Marston, Gunsmith of this city, at the late Exhibition at Hamilton, took the prize for the best rifle. A rifle made at this establishment by Mr. Marston, lately shot at the distance of 100 yards, nine bullets within a mark of an inch and a half square, one after the other. One of the bullets were joined together in the mark made. At 217 yards distance the same rifle hit a mark of about six inches square six or seven times, and would at that distance have killed a turkey each time. Very superior rifles and guns are made by Mr. Marston.

17 In consequence of the failure last year of the grape crop in Madras, that island for many months past has been suffering the horrors of famine; and now intemperance has just been reported that there is a second failure and great ail over the island.—West. Chris. Advocate.

Sabbath, the evil influence exerted, and the amount of intemperance, inseparable from so extensive a traffic in spirituous liquors, could not but arrest the attention of friends to good morals, to peace and order in society. In the lists published by us, the names of those engaged, in this city, in the Sunday liquor traffic, numbered over five thousand. Here, in the first place, are five thousand persons who do not recognize the command "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But in each store open, there are, on the lowest average, two persons engaged, so that we have ten thousand persons dishonoring the day, and placing temptations in the way of others to dishonor it.

Without exaggerating, we may estimate that each liquor store open on Sunday has, on an average, six customers, which would make a total for the 5000 places reported, of thirty thousand patrons. Half of this number drink until reason reels; so that fifteen thousand of the population of New York city are in a state of intemperance or drunkenness on the day set apart in all Christian countries for the worship of that Creator who gave to man reason and an immortal soul. Many will regard this estimate as too moderate; but we do not think the argument to be deduced from the facts would be strengthened by adopting the extreme.

One thousand intemperate Sabbath-breakers in a single city, is matter for serious thought; yet if we compute the wives and families, and servants of the persons who sell liquor in New York on the Sabbath—and add to the number those who support the trade, we have a grand total equal to not less than one-seventh of our adult population. Comment upon such facts is not needed to convince all reflecting minds that something ought to be done to reclaim this large mass from a condition destructive to their happiness and best interests, and most injurious to the general interests of society.

There are, however, other thoughts connected with this subject which the honest and patriotic journalist cannot overlook. We find among the Sunday liquor-dealers, and their supporters, the men who have controlled, and are still exerting themselves to control, every department of Government in the City and State. They carry the primary elections, they pack nominating conventions, they nominate Candidates to charter offices, to State offices, to the Bench, to seats in Congress. They have made their power supreme; and as nearly every man who aspires to office thinks that, to succeed, he must conciliate their support, the demoralized state of politics and the corruptions in Government are only the natural results. What must be the fate of the republic, if the way to power continues in the hands of men who array themselves against good morals, and openly show that they despise human and divine laws?

We do not wonder that many citizens have declared an uncompromising war against liquor traffic, on any day, or under any regulations. And can men who treat with flagrant contempt the most liberal laws of the State, and the mildest and least oppressive municipal regulations, except that their plea of right to do wrong will receive respect from men who believe it their duty to destroy the power to do wrong? Who furnish arguments to the anti-liquor traffic agitators, and give strength to their cause, but the Sunday liquor-dealers, who seem bent on making themselves the tyrants of society?

Society, to exist at all, must be governed by laws, and when laws are made, they are of no value unless they be obeyed or enforced. No man, in a popularly governed State, has a right to do what the laws pronounce to be wrong, or a crime; and that five thousand or ten thousand men in the city of New York refuse to be bound by a law which they think to be unfavorable to their interests, is no stronger reason for allowing the law to remain dormant than would be the refusal of a single individual. If the principal for which the Sunday liquor-dealers contend, were admitted and carried out, then every man might claim to judge for himself what laws he would obey and what he would disobey; and peaceable and orderly citizens would have no legal protection against the violence of those who neither fear God nor respect man.

We do not belong to that class who would coerce men's consciences; nor would we sanction the least infringement, even for an apparent good on any civil, social, or constitutional right of the citizen, but when civil arrangements are set at naught, when social order is disturbed, and the very principle which gives vitality and value to Constitutional Government is endangered, we cannot be silent, for any consideration, and must and will, as law loving citizens and firm republicans, demand that those entrusted with the execution of the laws shall execute them. In the indiscriminating enforcement of law is involved the peace, the welfare, and the permanency of the Republic. Let us have just laws, and let them be justly and fearlessly maintained.—N. Y. Sun.

The above remarks will apply to our city of Toronto. We are literally in the hands of a democracy which rule all of our civic elections.—[EDITOR.]

"PASSING AWAY."

BY C. H. WACOMER.

O'er hill-top and dale, with the swiftness of light  
Sped the wandering hind in his mystical flight,—  
While forest and cavern re-echoed his lay,  
As he warbled at intervals—"Passing away."

In the hall of the rich, where splendour reigned,  
Where pleasure and mirth mingled deep in the wine,  
Where high-swalling pride came its tribute to pay,  
Sounded shrill mid the merriment—"Passing away."

To the hotel near by, where poverty dwelt,  
Where a gleam of life's sunshine never was felt,—  
Came the wandering one, with his beautiful lay,  
And he whispered distinctly there—"Passing away."

A mother devoted bent in love o'er her child,  
Droop'd the tear of affection, looked upward, and smiled,—  
There came a slight sound, 'twas the hind in its play,  
And it murmured, yet tenderly—"Passing away."

A miser, secluded, sat telling his gold,  
Half perished with hunger, and trembling with cold,  
Through the quivering pane which but told of the day,  
Came the warning mysteriously—"Passing away."

"Passing away" is the song of this world,  
And we are forgot, as the tale that is told,  
May truth's fewest flowers be strewn in our way,—  
And in doing our duty, sing—"Passing away."

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 otherwise.  
 Subscription price for 1853 2s 6d in advance  
 Or within one month after subscribing 7s 6d currency  
 If not so paid at the end of six months.  
 Half yearly subscribers will be taken at the above prices, provided they do not desire to be inserted in the list of names on the cover of the year. No paper will be discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until the subscription price is paid up. No paper after the known receipt, and detention of the first number will be shipped without payment for the current year. New agents sending six new subscribers with their subscriptions, or guaranteeing due payment, shall receive a copy gratis. Old agents sending 10 new subscribers or 10 partly old and partly new, with the money of a guarantee, shall receive a copy gratis. The publisher reserves the right to alter the price of the paper from time to time, without notice, upon the terms—3 copies for 4s, 10 copies for 9s, 20 copies for 17s, 50 copies for 35s, but in each case the money must be paid down in advance, unless it is put in one pack, and added to some other person's address, otherwise the full charge will be made. Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates. All notices must be paid, and communications addressed to C. Driscoll, Editor, Toronto, C. W.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1853.

LINES

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF THE APPROACHING ELECTION IN NEW YORK, THAT TAKES PLACE THIS DAY, 8TH NOVEMBER, 1853.

Mark those who stand the stoutest,  
 Who are not afraid of the stoutest;  
 Who are not afraid of the stoutest,  
 Who are not afraid of the stoutest.

Let him strike with footstep you,  
 Let him trample down and slay,  
 Mark the youthful and the lusty,  
 How they fall beneath his sway  
 Rally voters—rally voters!  
 Beat him on the battle day!

Shall that Masted King of Harlots  
 With his million longer boast?  
 Sit on the drunkard's sorrow?  
 Fallen at the poor man's cost?  
 With your ballot—with your ballot,  
 Box him bravely from your coast.

Shall the reckless, greedy vender  
 Regard and palpers multiply?  
 Ask our price of lawful tender,  
 Sell our tax for their supply?  
 Free men rally!—free men rally!  
 Try them at the boxes—try!

Landlord, beware, run dealers,  
 Marshal, shirk thy tainted hands,  
 Brandy, woe, whiskey, evil,  
 Red with rage, with bloody hands,  
 Furious rally, furious rally,  
 At King Alcohol's commands.

EPIDEMICS AND INTEMPERANCE.

We were intimate with the effects of the Cholera in Canada in 1832-4 and in 1849. The victims generally attacked were noticed by us during these years. It would be amazing nearly the experience of all close observers to say that during these years in Canada and the United States the cholera generally seized for its victims the intemperate and uncleanly. A man addicted to drunkenness, or who was known to be an habitual tippler, seldom escaped when attacked. The uncleanly also suffered greatly. During the times of the raging of epidemics it is a very common practice for the fearful and those attacked with diarrhoea to indulge in large or moderate portions of brandy, wine, &c. This habit is too often encouraged by physicians. Nothing can be more foolish, the remedy being worse than the disease, adding indeed to its virulence or increasing the likelihood of its attack. Brandy and wine in small quantities as a stimulant in certain diseases is no doubt useful. Porter may be useful as a medicine in certain stomach diseases. We do not mean to say that they are not, although often uncleanly recommended when other things would do as well. The cholera is now raging in England. It will be here next spring and it may be well for all to adopt temperance principles in view of it. In connection with this we ask our readers to peruse these remarks.—[EDITOR.]

INTEMPERANCE AND THE EPIDEMIC IN NEW ORLEANS.

Under this head the New Orleans Organ, of the 29th ult., contains an ably-written article, from which we extract the following:—  
 "It would be untrue to state that Intemperance was the cause of yellow fever; but it is a lamentable fact that the sick are increased and the dead multiplied by the habits of continued dissipation. The laboring population have hitherto been the greatest sufferers. During their working days, they, with few exceptions, daily patronize the grog-shops—ever open for customers. On the Sabbath, a day mostly spent in recreation, they gather in crowds at these foci of ruin, and prepare themselves for the remorseless destroyer raging in our midst.  
 We venture the assertion that of the six thousand dead now reposing in our cemeteries, one-third might have been saved had it not been for the habitual use of ardent spirits. It is a common remark, when an inebriate or even a moderate drinker, is taken, 'His chance is slim.' Fever riots in his brain with an awful violence, and when the paroxysm is over, the shadow of death settles down upon him. We know not, nor probably will it ever be revealed, how many are now victims, when habits of the strictest temperance might have saved; but, when the day arrives when all things will be made known, we doubt not a fearful account of destruction of human life will be entered to the account of grog-shops of our city.  
 Examine, for a moment, the statistics of the charity of New Orleans, and see at what an expense we maintain the license system. The city council have appropriated \$10,000; New York has sent \$30,000; Philadelphia donated \$10,000; Baltimore gave \$8,000; Savannah appropriated \$1,000; private citizens of this city at least \$15,000, and strangers and citizens of other places at least \$3,000, making in all now known to be given the astonishing amount of \$75,000. This is but a tythe of the charity in dollars and cents, which is given, or will be needed to mitigate the horrors of the present unexampled epidemic. Add to this the time of the heroic citizens, who, abandoning their business, go about like angels of mercy, carrying blessings among the destitute—count the valuable lives lost in this labor of love—reflect upon the dreadful contagion which we

all inhale with every breath; and the result of ruin is so astounding that imagination can scarcely grasp its amount.  
 But for the license system—destroying the constitution, depraving the habits, engendering utter recklessness and unnecessary exposure, making the attendants upon the sick less cautious and observant, reducing the convalescent into hasty indulgence, that ends in quick relapse and speedy death, thousands of the sick might be saved, and perhaps tens of thousands escape an attack. But for the grog-shops, the present scourge, so fearful in its results, would produce reflection instead of an excess, which at times, seems almost blasphemous against high Heaven.  
 The graves are dug under the influence of intoxicating drinks. Funeral processions are at times converted into riotous assemblages, and cases have occurred where, before the open tomb, in presence of the unburied corpse, the attendants have, under the effects of rum, engaged in scandalous and heated strife.  
 We ask you, as a sanitary measure, the grog-shop is not closed? We put it to our citizens, are you willing that these now universally acknowledged fountains of death shall be longer tolerated? We are not fanatics. We speak words of sober truth. Rum now digs the graves of thousands, it pollutes the air of Heaven with still more fatal poison; it cuts up our substance; destroys our commerce; depreciates the value of our property; stigmatizes our city as the grave-yard of the Union; and carries the seeds of pestilence into our families, taking away our wives, our husbands, our fathers, our stay and relief, who are compelled to remain and breathe the exhalation of the sick and the dead.  
 Let sober reason for a moment sway your determination. In view of the universally acknowledged mortality among those who are inebriate or moderate drinkers, and the suffering and distress, pecuniary, social and commercial, let the resolve now be taken that hereafter, if Providence, or the carelessness of men, bring this scourge again upon this city, it shall come upon us guarded and fortified by temperance habits and a temperate population.  
**ST. CATHERINES AND ITS TEMPERANCE INTERESTS—ITS MINERAL SPRING.**  
 This town is improving very fast. There are very few places in Canada that are better situated than it is. The soil is high, sandy, and warm; the water good. The inhabitants seem to be happy, prosperous, and enterprising. The North American Hotel, kept by Mr. Brown, is an excellent one. We only regret that it is not a temperance house. The landlord lays an excellent table, and has remarkably attentive waiters. There are two additional hotels now preparing for occupation. The old stand, St. Catherine's House, is now being fitted up in a superior style by E. W. Stephenson, and will be ready for occupation in a few months. A large new hotel is in process of erection by a joint-stock company composed partly of Sons of Temperance and partly of dealers in and manufacturers of spirituous liquors. This is certainly an anomaly in its way, and has occasioned quite a discussion in the town through two of the newspapers there, the Post and Constitutional. The disputants have written a number of letters pro and con—one contending that it is consistent for Sons to be stock holders in such a company, and the other party holding the contrary. Both of these writers are Sons belonging to the Grantlam Division, and both of them members of the Grand Division. The constitution of the company does not specify or guarantee that the hotel shall be used as a temperance one. A large majority of the stock holders are not temperance men, and only about one-fifth of the stock is owned by temperance men. At least so we understand the facts. Some of the stock holders are brewers and distillers. Such being the case, it is argued by one of the disputants that the inevitable consequence is that this hotel will be converted into a huge liquor inn and increase the intemperance of the town. For this reason, he says Sons of Temperance should not encourage its erection or hold stock in it. The other writer holds that this contingency is too remote, and that the holding of stock in such a company is quite compatible with a Son's pledged duty and vow and not at all likely to increase intemperance. From this we would suppose he believes a multiplicity of inns in a town do no harm, or that Sons can consistently with duty engage in any enterprise in the community even if it do indirectly lead to the selling of liquors, and that a landlord to sell is morally in a different position from his master who rents him a house purposely to do so, and aids with his money in erecting a house which he knows must be used as a liquor hotel. That he who receives the fruits of the traffic is morally pure, whilst he who handles the money is guilty. So far as we are concerned it is easy to guess on which side we are. Trackling and dishonesty in temperance or politics we despise. Let a man be one thing or the other.—For the traffic or against it—for God or manum. Reason says there is no middle course. If the constitution of this company incorporated a provision that this hotel erecting, should in no case be used as a liquor-selling hotel, or if it were so used, that as a condition precedent, the temperance men holding stock should be paid for their shares, it would not look inconsistent.  
 The Grantlam Division in this town is still doing well, and numbers about 250 good members.  
 The Union Division is not doing so well.  
 THE MINERAL SPRING of this town is a celebrated and important one. The mineral qualities of the waters, to which we allude more at length elsewhere, are very important. We should not be at all surprised to see these springs, attached to which there are now some excellent inns and a large bath-house, just erected by Mr. E. W. Stephenson, an old and enter-

prising citizen, become in a few years as celebrated as any in the United States. Already are the baths and waters used extensively by the public and found to be highly beneficial in rheumatic and especially in dyspeptic diseases, so common among American people. The bath-house is beautifully located and the attendants civil and obliging. We wish Mr. Stephenson in the enterprise abundant success.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND DIVISION AT KINGSTON

In addition to the names of officers mentioned last week, we will give the following: James Hoffman, G. Con.; John J. Timmerman, Grand Sentinel; Rev. J. Williams, Grand Chaplain. The place of holding the next session of the Grand Division is Bytown; and it seems the Grand Division, under some supposed rule of the National Division allowing it to be done, has appointed the fall session of 1854 to be held in Picton. We think this unfair. Toronto was clearly entitled to have either the spring or fall session of 1854. We have no objection to Bytown for one session in 1854, but three consecutive sessions in the east is too much of a good thing. We like to see fair play all round. There was nothing of importance done at this session—nothing that the Order at large are much interested in. Nearly half a day was spent in discussing the propriety of Divisions aiding the League movement. The Grand Division, we are told, agreed to further no movement as far as possible. We think it would be the best policy for all Divisions to save their failing fellow Divisions, rather than let them die and build up another ephemeral institution. If they can do both, then it is all well enough. There was a very good turn out, and in this the east has set the west an example worth copying. The Order is sounder at the east than in the west. The procession in Kingston is said to have been very creditable. The Order upon the whole is in a sound state. It cannot be disguised that a great many of the smaller Divisions have gone down or are going down. The novelty of the movement having gone, and the burden of the dues have caused many loose fish to leave the Order. We cannot but advise all sensible and patriotic men to uphold this institution. Personally, we have much to complain of. We have met with the grossest ingratitude often, and this whilst we were labouring most faithfully to promote the interests of the Order.—Yet with all this to effect us, we see that much good will arise by the well working of the Order of the Sons of Temperance.

**INTEMPERANCE AND ITS EFFECTS IN TORONTO.**—Since the 1st January last the following cases have been admitted to the Toronto General Hospital, all traceable to the effects of intemperance: Accidents, 53, varying from a simple dislocation to a compound fracture of the skull; delirium tremens, 19; badly frost bitten, 5; disease, 155; making a total of 223.—*Toronto Leader.*  
 In addition to these there have been perhaps, all included, a thousand cases of assaults, larcenies, suicides and arrests in this city since January, all arising from the same cause of intemperance! It will be remembered the *Leader* is the paper which for two months or more laboured to write down the Maine Law movement in Canada. Here it gives 223 cases, arising from drunkenness, which came before one institution in this city. It is given without comment. The question naturally arises, what cure does the *Leader* propose? Where there is a disease, one naturally thinks of its eradication. This disease, too, like most others, will increase. The Maine Law is a sure cure for drunkenness; but the *Leader* opposes it because it is too summary. *The cure must be of a protracted kind.* One cannot help wondering what he thinks the best cure is. Is it to put down all the small grog-shops and license only big ones, which will kill big men? If this is done there will be thousands of secret-sellers, and the evil will be greatly enhanced. Is it to license a few favored ones and let the less fortunate ones, though just as good as the favored ones, go free? How much would this mend matters? Well here is the great fact that Toronto is a Grog-ridden city, full of crime and distress from intemperance. Would not that remedy be best which would stop the sale of liquors to be drunk in inns entirely? Let it be done by degrees at all events. The Council of 1853 should at once put down one-half if not two-thirds of the inns and all Sunday traffic.

A Temperance Convention composed of delegations from various Divisions and the League was held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday last. The attendance was very small, no proper notice having been given. Very few of the Divisions sent delegates, there having been about thirty in all in attendance.—There seems to be a want of cordial action amongst temperance men in this city. Little coeries exist, having their preferences and dislikes in the Divisions, and men are persecuted by factions. If those concerned think that temperance is to be advocated in this way, they are mightily mistaken. What the temperance ranks want in Canada is intellect and the favor of the respectable classes. We warn all of this truth. Faction will never advance any Division and will surely kill it. If a convention is to succeed all interests and all papers must be aiding. Little one-sided movements are useless. Many of those concerned in the convention of last week meant well, but little good has resulted. The committee appointed to carry out its objects is not good.



The Literary Gem.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE STANDING NEAR THE NIAGARA FALLS, SEPT. 15, 1835

Roll on, thou mighty fall, roar aloud,  
As thou hast done for ages past,  
Send up thy foam in a pillow cloud,  
And drown the northern blast.

I am but one of thousands more,  
Who have and will thy scenes behold,  
Full many pilgrims from foreign shore  
Of seeing thee have been told.

Parts from their native lands have  
come,  
The friends of science, princes, lords,  
Have left for thee their native home,  
To view the sights thy scene affords.

A pilgrim every clime has sent,  
To offer at thy shrine deep thoughts;  
Philosophers and kings their names  
have lent

To grace thy rocks and trees—their  
hand-in-waught.

Fair Italy, gay France, proud Spain,  
The German with his thoughtful  
brow,  
Free Britain's sons, have crossed the  
main,  
To worship and to wonder at thy  
show.

But long ere white men trod thy brim,  
And long ere poets praised thy name,  
When the green cedar dipped its limb,  
In the 'mid rainbows varied flame;

When roared the tall pine o'er thy steep  
And scream'd the eagle mid thy foam  
The Indian squaw did o'er thee weep,  
The red man near thee had his home.

The Indian girl when her lover fell,  
And died with his tribe in blood,  
Embraced thy waters with frightful  
yell,

In full career of birchen wood  
The warrior old sought God in thee,  
When his brothers fell, his tribe was  
dead;

Thy roar to him seemed deity,  
White as thy foam he bow'd his head.

Tears of centuries gone he trod  
The groves that shade thy roaring  
brink,  
And pitched his camp upon thy sod,  
On Delity to muse and think.

Thy forests, woods, were then the  
haunts  
Of mighty mammoth, the wolf and  
deer;  
And soaring gulls did proudly flaunt  
Their snowy wings in thy waters  
clear.

Roll on, roll on, and thus forever  
An emblem be of passing years,  
Thy roar will cease with time—not be-  
fore—never,  
Thou needest not a student's tears  
C. M. D.

JOURNALISM IN CANADA.

Continued from No. 42, page 333.

In a previous number we gave a general outline of the conduct of the majority of the Canadian presses, the character of their conductors was also hinted at. A press that is subservient to unprincipled men—that is guided by the barometer of personal interest is a curse to any society. It is said by lawyers that written or printed slander is worse than oral slander to the extent of its wider diffusion and greater perpetuation over the latter which dies away like the gentle ripples of the sea. A very bad—a young man with little principle, but possessed of the power of inditing smooth and specious political articles, yet unknown to the public, and regardless of the great interests of the country in which he lives, may, and does very often mislead the opinions and corrupt the political minds of his readers, through a venal press. The following description of the JUMP-JIM-CROW TENDENCIES of a French editor, will fit the cap on many of our Canadian writers. We advise them and their numerous duped readers to ponder over and inwardly digest it:—

“GRADATIONS OF A FRENCH NEWSPAPER.—When Napoleon escaped from Elba and returned to France, the *Moniteur* announced the event as follows:—First announcement.—“March, 1815. The monster has escaped from the place of his banishment, he has run away from Elba.” 2nd.—“The Corsican dragon, (l'ogre) has landed at Cap. Juan.” 3rd.—“The tiger has shown himself at Gap. The troops are advancing on all sides to arrest his progress.” 4th.—“The monster has really advanced as far as Grenoble; we know not to what treachery to ascribe it.” 5th.—“The tyrant is actually at Lyons. Fear and terror seized all at his appearance.” 6th.—“The usurper has ventured to approach the capital to within sixty hours march.” 7th.—“Bonaparte is advancing by forced marches; but it is impossible he can reach Paris.” 8th.—“Napoleon will arrive under the walls of Paris to-morrow.” 9th.—“The Emperor Napoleon is at Fontainebleau.” 10th.—“Yesterday evening his Majesty the Emperor made his public entry, and arrived at the Tuilleries—nothing can exceed the universal joy!”

There are now somewhere about 100 newspapers political, religious, and of a mixed character in Upper Canada. Of the political papers which compose, perhaps eight tenths, how many are really straight forward and independent—will speak the truth—will stand up for eternal principles irrespective of men? Very few indeed. What are the causes of this subserviency of the Canadian press. We know of but two prominent ones and these are the character of the men who control them, and the present corrupt frame of our Government which yields an immense corrupting patronage. At this moment a majority of the presses of Canada seem drunken with the mania of railroad influences. One would suppose that they were willing to sacrifice the most sacred principles in order that foreign speculators, styled “Jackson Bette & Co.,” might garrison our country from the extreme West to the extreme East with an iron railroad, depots, and dependent mainstays. They are willing to sacrifice every other question to this. And why? Because it will tend to put

a few extra dollars in their pockets. Such men would sell their country—yes their liberty, for the consideration of a temporary prosperity. They are thus ready to hurrah for a GRAND RAILROAD POLICY, and shut their eyes to the ulterior effects of this policy. They will not see that it is possible for a COMPANY OF MEN to bind us in such financial chains, as that our government, will be a mere instrument in its hands to further its interests at the expense of the people. Hence we see a large portion of the press, even such papers as the *Brookville Recorder*, which pretends to be an old patriot, abusing the *North American*, which, whatever may be its faults, deserves credit for opposing the huge RAILROAD TYRANNY WHICH threatens to swallow up our government. We have no hesitation in saying that we believe there is a deliberate attempt on the part of this Grand Trunk Railroad Company to corrupt the Canadian Executive, and that they have already secured the services of the Premier and a great part of the press.

We are in favor of the objects of this company if carried out in a legitimate way, but are unwilling to see our country bend down its neck to them as serfs. We here insert the opinions of the *Quebec Gazette* of the character of Canadian journalism:

“It is very well known now-a-days that any journal launching into the political service of government, must submit to be trimmed, manned and steered in indiscriminate defence of the whole policy (public and private) cherished by Cabinet ministers—in short; must sell, assign, transfer, convey, and make over its advocacy to government for good or for evil. We—in common with every right-thinking journalist—are convinced of the baneful tendencies of such practice. It reduces editors to foremen in printing organ-shops of the government—to mere machine en-comians—commits them to immoral excuses, exposes their opinions to the ridicule of intelligent men, as unsound venalities, inclines people to receive their statements with suspicion, endangers public weal, and lessens respect for the entire press. Witnessing these effects we cannot wish our contemporary that measure of success as a politician which under a sound system of journalism—we would most heartily record.”

The *Gazette* is an ably conducted paper and the oldest British paper in Canada. Is it not time after reading such things for all true hearted Canadians to awake to duty, and recollect that as desirable as prosperity and money may be—moral worth, liberty, religion, a pure conscience, an upright press, with a levity, aro better than eastern pageantry with its sycophancy and slavery. An important election will take place in Canada within a year, and let the conduct of this press be watched—trust not to its dictates—remember that its advice and advocacy may flow from the secret service money of corrupt ministers, or a huge railroad system. Let men who are chosen as members be men who are known to be trustworthy. It cannot have escaped the observation of discerning protestants, that the Press which we have been describing, although secretly protestant in its feelings, has suppressed these powerful instincts of their forefathers, and abetted the infamous assumption of Roman Catholic and Jesuit spies and plotters; because a government having a large patronage, has told them to do so.

BARRIE AND THE NORTHERN RAILROAD.

This road is now a fact and an achievement worthy of the enterprise of Torontonians. It is a well finished work of art and seems to be substantial. We travelled over it for the first time on the 28th October, from Toronto to Barrie on a lovely day, in three hours and a half, sixty miles. There cannot be a pleasanter, safer, and cheaper trip than this. We consider the road perfectly safe. There are good fires in the cars—comfortable seats, and attentive, obliging, and careful conductors. Between Toronto and Bradford there are six stopping places—Thornhill, Richmond Hill, King, Mitchell's corners, New Market, and Holland Landing. Quite a number of passengers get on at these points, and large quantities of freight are obtained. Between Bradford and Barrie there are but two stopping places, indeed only one for passengers, viz. at Innishil. The trains generally stop at another place to take in wood. The Barrie depot is on the west side of the lake, about a mile and a quarter from the old town. A new town is springing up near the depot, several tracts of land having been lately laid out in town lots. When this new village is built up, it will join the old part of the town on the opposite side of the Bay, forming a town encircling the head of the Bay, in the shape of a half moon, two miles long. Barrie now consists of one long street nearly a mile long, a shorter street a portion of the distance runs in rear of the long one. The town is built on the side of a sloping hill, which rises in rear near a hundred feet. It is on the banks of Kompenfelt Bay, a beautiful sheet of water over a mile wide, being a portion of Lake Simcoe. The population of the place may now be about 1200. It seems to be growing considerably, and is certainly very beautifully located. The people appear to be very much annoyed at the railroad not coming into the town. In its present location the depot is very inconvenient to men's habits. Barrie did more than any other locality in Simcoe for the road, and the company should have a curved line running to Barrie. It is said that they will not make a branch off running into the town. Next year it is intended to make a branch of 3 miles long to De Grass's point, where a large quantity of freight is expected to be obtained. From Barrie to Bradford the line now runs through a country mostly unsettled. Yet there is no doubt but that in a few years and of this it will be used. The lumber on it indi-

cates that it would afford good wheat and pasture land. The opening of this road has more than doubled the price of land in the vicinity, and indeed in most of the county. The road from Barrie to the present market port on Lake Huron, the Hen and Chickens, is in a very forward state, and will be finished next spring. It is a very level route, partly through a poor sandy country, and was very cheaply made. The land in Natawasaga is however very good. At this end a very fine tract of country will immediately be opened by the road, consisting of Osprey, Notoawasaga, Sunnidale, Euphemia, Artemisia, and other townships. The land in many of these townships is equal to any in Canada, and all kinds of grain and common fruit can be grown on them. We believe this road is destined to be entirely successful. It will be no doubt run as far as Owen Sound ultimately.

VERSES WRITTEN BY C. M. D., JUNE 27TH, 1831.

THE ANCIENT CEDAR AND THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Lines suggested by hearing an Indian from the River Credit say he had cut down a cedar tree in which a bald eagle's nest was built. He said the eagles were very shy and flew away. The young ones were of a dun colour and covered with down.

Upon a cedar's ragged boughs  
An eagle built her nest,  
Where the wildcat idly throws  
Her body down to rest.

This hoary tree, whose ancient head,  
Had borne the northern blast,  
For ages gone—that long have sped,  
And to oblivion pass'd;

Amid a deep and gloomy wood,  
Where solitude e'er dwelt,  
In aged grandeur firmly stood,  
Nor seemed to heed the pelt,  
Of rudest storms that round the skies;  
The hail or lightning's stroke;  
Or all the wind that strongly tries  
To bend the mighty oak.

So does some gothic dome afar,  
In lands that now are wild,  
With stand old times destructive war,  
Architecture's favorite child.

EAGLES.—These birds are becoming very common, and generally make their appearance in the commencement of cold weather. We give this from an exchange:—

A monster Eagle of the Rocky Mountain variety was shot in Pashuch this week, by one of the sons of Major Reeves. It measured ten feet from the tip of each wing, and its talons and legs were of such prodigious strength, as to enable it to carry off an animal of 30 or 40 lbs. with the utmost ease.—*Coal Reporter*.

When at Barrie a week ago we were told that a year or two ago a very large specimen of the black eagle was killed in the winter season near Barrie. It measured nine feet from tip to tip of its wings, and after it was wounded, it required a large dog to kill it.—[Ed. Sox.

“THE EXAMINER” of the 2nd instant contains two very able and independent articles, one on the lamentable failure of justice in Montreal in punishing the murderers of twelve innocent men; the other the ablest article we have read for some time, urging the government of Canada to immediate action in secularizing the Reserves. The proposal, supposed to be broached through the *Pilot*, of the Canadian Government, to delay action on this question until a new election, is filling the Province with indignation. These articles are highly creditable to the *Examiner*. The editor of this paper denies that he has received any compensation as yet for the mispatented land in Dundas. For the credit of Canadian Journalism we hope the *Examiner* may yet be found to be true to reform, and above all purchase silence by a corrupt Minister like Hancks. Where we see a strong independence it shall ever be praised. There has been and is so much truckling and shuffling among papers and politicians in Canada, that the people have got suspicious of all. McKenzie's *Message* and the *Examiner* were supposed to be the most independent. The *Globe*, for two years past, has done its duty well on most of the great questions of the day.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF ST CATHARINES—in which we alluded elsewhere, have only recently been brought before the Canadian public—but it seems have been known for ages past to the Indians, who have used them for various diseases. The sick of all the tribes of New York in the region of the Hudson, and those of Canada and the region of the lakes, it is supposed, used to come and visit them. The chief properties of the waters of this spring are salt, iodine, and chloride of calcium. The waters have been well analyzed by a New York chemist, and by Prof. Croft of Toronto. They are good for consumptive and dyspeptic persons, and for all who have an impure blood. The salt of itself is excellent for the system. It appears to be the chief property of the water. The water has an oily saltish and not disagreeable taste, and is very heavy. We were told that bathing in the water is very pleasant and invigorating. The spring is now located on a level with the water of the Welland Canal, about 120 feet, from the top of the hill, on which the town of St. Catharines is situated. There is a house built over it, and apparatus for well-

ing salt, and filtering, analyzing, and cleansing the water, are put up in the lower building. There is also a powerful engine and pump for raising the water. The proprietor, Mr. Stephenson, has lately caused a shaft to be sunk 300 feet below the level of the canal...

Agricultural.

TRADE AND SPADE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

Between two friends, in days of old, A bitter strife began; And Father Spade and Brother Trade Disputed man to man. "Your vain, ungodly and proud," Said Spade, with flashing eyes, "You earn your thousands while I starve; You mock my children's cries; You ride in state with beddy looks; You dwell in bowers and halls; You speak of me reproachfully, And prupper on my fall. So from this hour, in silence shower, We'll learn to live apart. I trow the earth ere you were born— I cast you from my heart."

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

Late accounts from Italy state that that unfortunate country, under the terror of a papal inquisition, is fast becoming a French Province. There are now ruling there two armies, a French and Austrian. The people are terribly persecuted by the priesthood. An attempt has lately been made by a large body of the inferior priesthood to reform the Roman Church in Italy, but the plan was discovered, and the punishment of the pains of the inquisition was the consequence.

... MONTREAL TRIALS.—The grand farce has ended. Messrs Heward and Morrison, the two protestants, who were tried for defending a peaceable audience of people in a church against a ruthless mob of Irish Catholics, have been acquitted as they should have been. The whole affair has ended in a SORT OF DRAW GAME. The Papist authorities, through a friendly Grand Jury, cleared their own skirts from the blood of the twelve murdered citizens of Montreal, and they could hardly have the face to murder any more victims by hanging.

Counterfeit Montreal Bank Notes are said to be in circulation. One dollar bills are so altered as to appear to be twos, by cutting out the figure 1 and inserting 2. ... Another accident has happened on the Hudson River Railroad. By a miracle, no lives were lost, yet many of the cars were greatly injured and thrown off the track.

The fall assizes commenced last week in Hamilton Judge Burns presiding, there is a very large docket. The Canada Christian Advocate says drunkenness in Hamilton is very prevalent. ... Two houses in Richmond street were burnt last week.

A VEGETABLE DIET.—There is not now one grape-vine or fruit-tree, except of the coarsest and commonest kinds, where there should be twenty, taking one State with another; and one consequence of this is an enormous and perilous consumption of flesh as food, to an extent unknown in other countries. We are nationally surfeited with pork and tainted with Scrofula, not because we are so fond of pork, but because for an important portion of each year, the majority of our population can get little beside.

USE FOR APPLES.—If any of our farmer readers are anxious to know what they shall do with their apples, if they do not turn them into cider, we may mention that a gentleman who deals in facts and figures as well as in fine cause, informs the New England Farmer that he had fed out last winter more than 200 barrels of sweet apples to his milch cows, and that the increased quantity and richness in quality of the milk paid him better than any other use to which he could have applied them.

ment with enthusiasm. ... Mrs. Bloomer lectured in Detroit to a full house on woman's rights. ... The Point Levi sale of government property, exposed by the North American in all we learn was a corrupt affair. There is no doubt that Hincks and Adams as government officials have secretly been making profit out of the power vested in them as officials in a most indecorous way.

Opening of the Great Western Railroad at Hamilton and No. 2nd November 1853.—This road from Hamilton to the Falls was opened in due form on Tuesday the 2nd November. The day was unusually fine. An immense concourse of persons were at the depot and cheered the train as it left at a moderate pace. All along the line, especially at St. Catharines, companies of people were assembled to cheer the new enterprise. Some time after starting the woodwork of one of the cars came near catching fire owing to the friction of the iron. It was dropped and the train proceeded without any accident until it arrived at an unfortunate place, where the contractors have had much trouble.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.—Mr. Mackenzie says he has lately been obliged to strike off his list 500 names for not paying in advance. We are sorry to hear this. He is one of the few editors in Canada who takes a bold consistent democratic course on all subjects, and his paper should have a circulation of 10,000 instead of 2000, which is about its actual paying subscription. We suffer greatly by non-payment of monies. Our paper only pays its actual cost, perhaps a few hundred dollars more, if it would pay this year. There are now at least 1000 persons who have paid us nothing as yet.

THE CLERGY RESERVES.—The Pilot, of Montreal, Illinois Lower Canada organ, has come out against the settlement of the Clergy Reserves by the present Parliament. Its reasoning seems very fair, but it must be recollected that the present Parliament were elected specially on this ground. It was a test question, and the leading question in the last elections. Moreover, the Reform party owing to the misconduct of the present Ministry the retrenchment and especially on the Catholic question, is very much disheartened just now.

THE COMMON COUNCIL of this city, with marked dishonesty, have whitewashed Mayor Bowes' conduct. In one breath they condemn, yet excuse and sit with a dishonest officer. What sort of morality are our children to learn? Are they to believe honesty and dishonesty, truth and falsehood, synonymous? Every member who voted for this whitewashing resolution should be turned out at the next January election!

A session of the World's Peace Congress is now in session at Edinburgh. Peace principles will not do when despots like the Emperors of Russia, Austria and Franco trample on liberty with each half a million of soldiers.

The Montreal rioters are all acquitted by the Grand Jury. Only one was indicted by that body, Barry, a Catholic name. He was tried by the petty jury and acquitted. Let British Canadians boast no more of the purity of Canadian justice!

NOTICE.—Agents taking or sending us less than our published prices for subscribers, for 1853 will be held liable for the difference. Yearly subscribers who have had the paper during the year, will be charged (as our terms indicate) after the 1st July. Half-yearly subscribers \$2. from 1st July to 1st January. If half-yearly subscribers cause their accounts to be collected by our sending collectors to get them after the 1st January, \$1 will be charged. Our published terms are always inserted: so there can be no mistake on this head.

AGENTS FOR 1853.

- C. W. Robinson, Woodstock William Hill, North Williamsburg John Q. Bond, Branford—John Tynor, Cammisaire—Edgar Balmor, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Bax Dandas—A. Diamond, Belleville—John Clinton, Perth—James A. G. Brown, London—J. H. Shaver, Galt—H. A. Graham, Galt—Trafalgar—J. B. Crowe, Pelham—J. Rapetge, Chippewa—Edgar Connor, Niagara—George Gilmore, Beamsville—George D. King, St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Cobourg—James Clint, Cornwall—C. E. Go, Brockville—John Vert, Lambton—James Fraser, Bytown—W. Hargrave, Otonabee—R. M. Stephens, Port Dover—William H. Hill, Middleton—William McCrory, Fergus—Wm. H. Caray, Onondaga Sound—Atonzo Sweet, Walpole—S. J. Lancaster, Lobo—Murdoch, Avimer, Elgin—S. Newcombe, Vienna—J. Russell, Gower—L. D. Marks, Barford—Charles Taylo, Port Sarra—J. Johnson, Onterville—J. W. Coulson, Guelph—George Grattan, E. Mond Hill—Felix Lawrence, Orangeville—D. D. Hoy, Innisburgh—Hamby, Nolleton—J. Bowman, Alaska Division—E. B. Kienberg—James Shaw, Port Credit—Joshua Vanalieu, Georgetown—Thomas Wilson, Markham—Wm. J. Jones, St. Catharines—D. G. Wilson, Duffin's Creek—John Boyd, Oshawa—Edgar Newtows—John Nott, Prince Albert—Rev. Mr. Chmie, Brantford—C. S. Powers, Newcastle—Robinson Rutherford, Peterborough—C. Choate, Warsaw—Wm. H. Fannin, Kempsville—Wm. Kingdon—Dr. Thomas Ashton, Bath—Francis Finn, Scarborough—Josiah Parkes, Thornhill—Leonard Tuttle and W. H. Fisher, Toronto—John Ballard, Montreal—Mr. Booth, Quebec—David Gair, Weston—John Terry, Sharon—James Cooper, Sarnia—Cuyler, Newland—A. Younie, Tyrone—G. W. Cook, Cornwall—J. Telfer, Sarniamville.

NEW FALL DRY GOODS

AND MILLINERY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE "TORONTO HOUSE, NO. 60, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

J. CHARLESWORTH, would most respectfully announce to the Ladies of Toronto and vicinity, that his Fall Stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

is almost complete, and will be found worthy of inspection before purchasing elsewhere. His MILLINERY DEPARTMENT will be found to be the largest in this City...

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

J. C. would respectfully intimate to the Trade in Canada West, that in his Stock of Dry Goods this Fall will be found some of the greatest inducements...

HIS MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

has without exception the advantage over all others in this branch of business. Parties not having visited this house, will upon inspection find the Stock not only the largest but the cheapest...

Call and examine Stock, Quality and Prices, for which no charge will be made.

JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Toronto, October, 1853.

THE LARGE ONE HUNDRED AND THREE, YONGE STREET.

The rage for the gold of Australia is past, and more sagacious wisdom and show it is not. For now they believe that they've got a new gold...

While here we are blessed with a generous soil. The man may have gold who is willing to toil. And you may be rich for a happier shore...

Strange indeed would it be, if a land like our own, where our roses, though latest and sweetest when blown through our winters are long, and some time a year...

But prosper us as Canada always hath been. This year is the best that she ever hath seen. And now she is wearing a laurel to wear...

Her prosperous condition will appear very plain. When her farmers get a dollar and a quarter for grain. While all their productions so readily sell...

To many, it doubtless may seem in your quest. Why Dry Goods are cheap and Profits so dear. It is true, notwithstanding, which our patrons may see...

While many know, an advance very great. Has been made in the value of woolsens of late. Yet our fleecings and blankets will quickly appear...

Our Bonnets and Cloaks have been tastefully made. With a prospect of greatly increasing our trade. And our Shawls and our Furs will at once please the eye...

Our manner of business is extensively known. The lowest price asked, with the article shown. And such, we determine, shall continue to be...

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

M. PEARSON, SUCCESSOR TO

JOHN McDONALD,

Respectfully invites attention to his very large Stock of Seasonable

DRY GOODS,

RECEIVED THIS SEASON

The whole of which he offers very reasonable, which the following List of Prices will show

- 6,000 yds. of yard wide Prints, fast colors, from 7/10. Also, a few Pieces as low as 4/10. 3,000 yds. Narrow Prints, fast colors, 4/10. 1,500 " Gingham and Derry, very heavy 7/10. 4,000 " Heavy Manchester Shirting stripes, 7/10. 3,000 " Fine printed De laimes, 4/10. 2,000 Fine linen Handkerchiefs, 1/10. 1,000 Draw Silk, Satin and Velvet Bonnets, 1/10. 3,000 yds. Fancy Bonnet Ribbons, 2/10. 250 doz. Silk, Cotton, and F. Kid Gloves, per doz. 2/10. 200 " Hosiery 4/5. 600 lbs. Fishing Thread, warranted good.

A Case of Milliner's Doll Head and Cloth. Ladies' Sacques and the new Clothing Cloak. Blankets and Flannels at last year's prices. Stone Martie, Mink, Grey Squirrel, and all other furs. WITH EVERY OTHER ARTICLE IN THE TRADE.

Wholesale Department up stairs. REMEMBER THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET.

A CARD.

CHARLES COCKBURN, (Barrister at Law, No. 4, in Lincoln, West End). Licensed Auctioneer. Office at his residence Pine Street, THOROLD. Sales attended in Town or Country on short notice and Moderate Terms. August, 1853.

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

J. CORNISH has constantly on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of every description. Also, INDIA RUBBERS and Ladies' over Boots, which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to those who buy favor him with a call. All orders promptly attended to. Remember the "Old Store," No. 12, King Street, 5th door east of Yonge Street, Toronto. Toronto, January 1853.

For Cheap Boots and Shoes GO TO

To H BROWN'S "BURN'S" SHOP, 5th door east of Yonge Street, opposite to Armstrong's Foundry. May 1st, 1853.

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c. &c. has resumed his Professional abode at his Old Office, over Headman and Co's Store, Corner of King and Nelson Streets. Toronto, January 1853.

Mr McKenzie has succeeded in obtaining an excellent boon to printers from the Post Office Department. It is the privilege of sending free inside of each paper the written or printed account due from subscribers, heretofore not allowed.

It is reported that Mr. Hincks as Inspector General intends to press the executive of Canada to issue £3,000,000 worth of Canadian debentures to be deposited with Bankers in England, to enable them to loan the necessary funds to the Grand Trunk Railway.

The Powder Mills of C Kelly & Co., at Cummingsville, were blown up last week, with 300 kegs of powder in them. No lives lost. The discharge was heard at a distance of 10 miles.

In New Brunswick the leading temperance men have issued a circular stating the reasons why the late anti-liquor law has failed in its effects. The chief reason is the fact that it allows the sale of beer.

The North American and Canadian, two papers that mutually copied only three months ago, violent articles written against us by each other, are now denouncing each other as unprincipled. We newly believe that the editor of the Canadian is one of the meanest lickspittles that the political corruption of Canada ever cast up from its sinks.

J. M. PEARSON, THE LARGE 103, Successor to J. McDonald, Yonge St. - A newly imported stock of fall goods, of every description, sold at low rates, will be found at this establishment with attentive clerks. Farmers and others visiting the city would do well to call and examine. See the advertisement on this page.

A few of our numbers of last week were defective and were delayed, owing to an accident in the delivery of paper.

Receipts.

J. R. S. of Fort Credit, for three half yearly sub. \$1 1/2, which having been paid 4 months after the time leaves \$3 still due from them or 1s 3d each. J. R. D. L. ware, \$3 pays for 1852-3, leaving \$3 due for 1851.

Communications.

The paper to Miss A. H. Johnson has been regularly sent to "Norwood," Pickering instead of to Peterboro County. The mistake arose from the fact that Mr F. who sent the name did not state which "Norwood" was meant, there being two post offices of that name. His paper will be sent to Peterboro. J. C. of Cornwall \$2 on account of E. Phillips. This subscriber has had the paper all the year 1853 according to our books, and now owes a balance of \$1 1/2 still. Letter from Blenheim, regarding the habits of serpents will appear in our next: "The Old Mill" poetry of Mrs. C. Dunn will appear in our next. Poetry by D. Toronto, will also appear.

TORONTO MARKETS, Nov. 5, 1853.

Hay per ton \$11 1/2 to \$16; Straw per ton \$10 to \$12. Oats per bush 2s 6d to 2s 10d; Barley 3s 9d; Potatoes 2s to 2s 4d wholesale; Onions 7s 6d; Tomatoes 1s 6d; Wheat per bushel 6s 7d; Pork per lb 10d to 1s scarce; Fowls per pair 1s 3d; geese 1s 8d a piece; turkeys 2s 6d to 3s 9d; ducks 2s per pair; apples \$1 to \$1 1/2 per barrel. The markets are well supplied. Only a moderate quantity of wheat in Wood, best per cord by contract \$4 by load \$4 1/2 to \$5. Coal has risen.

CANADA HOUSE, 100, Yonge Street.

DUFFETT & WARD,

Keep constantly on hand, a splendid assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING & DRY GOODS

Which will be sold at the smallest remunerating profit. Garments made to Order. Of every description, and warranted a perfect fit, or the money refunded. CALL AND SEE, DUFFETT & WARD.

Boot and Shoe Establishment.

W. HAMILTON,

HAS ON HAND AND FOR SALE, a superior and well selected Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Suitable for the Season, to which he invites the attention of the Public.

W. H. respectfully solicits an inspection of his Fall Stock of

India Rubber Shoes and Boots, ALL OF THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Third Door North of Adelaide Street. EIGIN BUILDINGS No. 2, YONGE ST. Toronto, November 4, 1853.

HAMILTON

General Hat & Fur Warehouse.

MESSRS. MILLS & WRIGHT,

Hatters and Furriers,

CORNER OF KING AND JOHN STS., HAMILTON,

KEEP constantly on hand, the largest selection of HATS, CAPS and FURS to be found in this city, all of which they will sell at Low Prices. NOTICE - They have just imported from New York city, a large supply of Fresh Goods within their line.

They solicit an early call from Ladies and Gentlemen. October 25th, 1851.



October 4th,

Received of

At the Boston Lamp Store, Winter St. No. 30, King Street East, near the Post Office. Also, Hellog, Picking, Riverton and Lansing. A. HIBBER.

A CLARKE'S MANUFACTORY,

3 DOORS EAST OF SAINT LAWRENCE MARKET King Street East, Toronto.

BREAD, Biscuits, Pastries, Confectionery, &c. Private Families, Restaurants and Country Merchants, supplied. COUGH CANDY AND LUNG PATENT BISCUIT, TEMPERANCE BREADS IN GREAT VARIETY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Please call before purchasing and examine the goods. MAY 27, 1853

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING!!

BY E. V. WILSON AND H. PIPER & BROTHER.

(ON THE PRINCIPLE OF JAMES FRANKLIN'S) ELECTRICIAN AND PLATE-METALLIC PAINTERS, AT THEIR WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Lightning Rod Manufactory,

On Yonge St. between King and Adelaide Sts., TORONTO, C. W.

At which place we beg to offer our Superior Metal Twisted America Iron Lightning Rods, with Zinc Protectors, and Electric Protective Elements combined in their Manufactory, thus rendering them equal to Copper as conductors. They are in two, three, and four inch lengths, with accurately fitted brass screws connecting joints, an entire new style of metallic attachments for brick or frame buildings, also, brass leaders of a novel and ingenious construction, forming a lock. The work is finished with a solid platinum Silver Point, fourteen inches long, surrounded at the base with three angular brass rings, which possess the power to an extraordinary extent, of discharging the opposite elements of the most fearful thunder storm, and embrace the entire periphery of the present time; the whole constituting the most magnificent and perfect Patent conductor ever presented to the public. The public are cautioned against purchasing Rods of any person or persons unless they possess a certificate of agency, signed by E. V. Wilson, L. R. Agent, and their respective Patent, stamped in full by the Patent Office, &c. &c. as we are not answerable for any property or loss, or unless they have our certificate as above. Your attention is called to the above caution from the fact, that several persons have offered to the public inferior articles, of poor metal, and otherwise glossed over, when in truth they are not worth anything as Lightning Rods, nor do the parties offering them know anything about the laws of electricity, consequently it is dangerous to employ ignorant men to protect your buildings and your lives.

E. V. WILSON, & H. PIPER & BROTHER.

BOSTON LAMP STORE

REMOVAL.

MESSRS A HIBBER & Co. beg to announce to their Customers and the Public generally, that they have REMOVED to No. 30, King Street East, near the Post Office, a fine stock of Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wicks, &c. &c. Also - Fancy Goods, Paper Hangings, &c. Agents for Boston Lighting Company. And also Tinned Stripped Leather Belting - Thankful for past patronage, we would respectfully request a continuance of the same.

Toronto, April 29, 1853.

A HIBBER & Co.

WOOL WANTED!

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS & FARMERS 500 pieces Canadian cloth, Towels and Flannels to exchange for Wool on the most liberal terms. Also, Cash paid for Wool, Sheepskins, goat and Deer skins, by W. A. CLARK

No. 3, St. Lawrence Buildings, up stairs Toronto, 5th April, 1853

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

TORONTO HAT AND CAP FACTORY,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN CAP, No. 77, Yonge Street.

The Subscriber is returning his grateful acknowledgments to the Trade, for the support given to him since his removal to his present abode, and desires to be enabled that patronage so liberally bestowed, by giving a call their attention to his extensive Spring Stock of

HATS AND CAPS!

Now open for sale - Great care has been taken to procure the LATEST FASHIONS of the present season, in England, France and America. Nothing has been left undone by the Subscriber in procuring the Trade his present Stock, which will be found on inspection to be superior in quality, variety in shape, and lower in price than can be had at any other Establishment on the continent of America. His present Stock consists of the London Fashion Hats, Bonnets, Caps, and Children's Hats, in great variety of style and color - Neck Ties, &c. &c. and a great variety of all the latest styles of Hats and Caps - all of which are and will be having a reasonable price of the present season. In America, the Subscriber has procured a manufacturing Hats in connection with his Cap Factory, which will supply the Trade with Hats of every description - made of the best materials and finished to the greatest perfection - and will be furnished on the shortest notice to personal customers, or large supply. Terms moderate, and made to correspond to the Trade. The highest price paid for the best quality of every description. L. MARKS Toronto, Feb 4th, 1853

Painting, Glazing, & Paper Hanging.

GILBERT PEARCY

Plans to be drawn and executed in the best and most economical manner. Also, to be done in the best and most economical manner. That he has opened that large and commodious shop on Richmond St., 3 doors east of Yonge St. Where he can execute all the work of a Carpenter, and joiner with that which will save the expense and dispatch which heretofore has occurred for one's own shop. GILBERT PEARCY Toronto, March 11th, 1853

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

This Valuable Family Medicine, of long- tried efficacy, for curing 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, Swelling of the Limbs, Nighting, Dimness of the Eyes, Drowsiness, and Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, Pains in the Side, in and between the Shoulder, Indigestion, producing a rapid state of the Liver, and a consequent inactivity of the Bowels, causing a disorganization of every function of the frame, with a little perseverance, be effectually removed.

A very few doses will convince the afflicted of their salutary strength. The stomach will soon regain its strength, a healthy action of the Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys will specify take place, and instead of listlessness, heat, pain, and jaundiced appearance, strength, activity, and renewed health will be the quick result of taking these Medicines, according to the instructions which accompany them.

As a pleasant, safe, and easy aperient, they unite the recommendation of a mild action, with the most certain effect, and require no strict diet or confinement during their use - and for elderly people they will be found to be the most comfortable Medicine offered to the public.

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

For sale by Butter & Son, London, Johnson & Co, Edinburgh, McLachlan & Son, Glasgow, and the following Foreign Agents:

- Calcutta, East Indies, ..... Mcintosh & Co. Madras, ..... F. Corbyne. Sierra Leone, ..... M. Louis. St. Petersburg, Russia, ..... J. K. Moroff. Vienna, Austria, ..... Dr. F. C. Mullen. Rome, Italy, ..... Dr. J. Ruhini. Berlin, Prussia, ..... Dr. R. Voelland. Canterbury, New Zealand, ..... John Tennison. 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. Philadelphia, ..... H. Cohen & Co. New York, ..... Dr. R. P. Douglas. San Francisco, ..... Al. Salt & Co. Ancon, West India, ..... J. R. Fraser. Lima, Peru, ..... D. C. Wells. Sydney, N. S. W., ..... John Kenney. Hobart Town, V. D. Land, ..... H. Roberts. Laureston, ..... J. W. Mackay. Adelaide, S. Australia, ..... John Hoskin. Smyrna, Turkey, ..... W. H. Weston. Valparaiso, Chili, ..... A. L. Webster. Rio Janeiro, Brazil, ..... John Hall, and S. F. URQUHART, GENERAL AGENT, 5th, Front St., Toronto.

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS. BROWN & CHILDS,

88, King St., Toronto; 130, Notre Dame St., Montreal. Their Manufactories produce 1600 pairs daily. Their prices defy all competition. Every attention given to the retail trade in Town or Country. Liberal credits given on purchases of more than \$25 - none for less amounts. Cash paid for all kinds of Leather. 2000 sides best Spanish Hide for Sale - Also, 400 lbs. Cod Oil. Don't miss these prices. You make the most of your money, don't miss these prices. Toronto, Jan. 1st, 1853.

Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railroad. CHANGE OF HOURS.

On and after WEDNESDAY, 26th inst., and until further notice, the Trains will run as follows: - The Express Train, carrying the Mail, and connecting with the Steamboat on Lake Simcoe -

Leaves Toronto daily, (Sundays excepted), at 8 A.M. Arrives at Hamilton at 11 45 A.M. Returning Leaves Barrie at 2 P.M. Arrives at Toronto at 5 30 P.M.

THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN Leaves Barrie daily, (Sundays excepted), at 7 A.M. Arrives at Toronto at 10 30 A.M. Returning Leaves Toronto at 2 P.M. Arrives at Barrie at 6 45 P.M.

Both Trains call at all Way Stations. Passengers from Barrie for the Ports on Lake Simcoe, will take the Moring Train, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

A Freight Train leaves each end daily. ALFRED BRUNEL, Superintendent.

Superintendent's Office, Toronto, Oct 23rd, 1853.

TORONTO & HAMILTON.

The Steamer City of Hamilton CAPTAIN JOHN GORDON,

Will leave TORONTO for Hamilton every Afternoon, (Sundays excepted) at 2 o'clock, and will leave HAMILTON for Toronto every Morning, at 7 o'clock. Tickets to New York and Boston procured at this Office.

GEO B HOLLAND, Agent.

Royal Mail Steam Packet Office, 4 Toronto, October 25th, 1853.



ing salt, and filtering, analyzing, and cleansing... up in the lower building. There is also a... pump for raising the water.

DR. N. BURNIE BRADFORD, MEMBER of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Honorable Society of Apothecaries, London, England...

Bound Volumes of the Son of Temperance for 1852.

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

To Farmers & the Country Generally.

The undersigned, at No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street, begs to call attention to the country generally...

Remember the place No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street, General Agricultural Watercourse, under Mackenzie's "Weekly Message Office."

R. H. BRETT, GENERAL MERCHANT—WHOLESALE IMPORTER of Heavy Hardware, Sheet-iron, Wrought-iron and Birmingham Goods...

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

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

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

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

J. FOGGIN, Dyer and Scourer, 93, YONGE STREET, TORONTO. KID GLOVES CLEANED.

CHARLES DURAND, Esq., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR in CHIEF, respectfully informs all persons...

NEW GROCERY STORE, B. M. CLARK, Having Removed to Front Street, first door west of Rolph's Tavern.

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

TEMPERANCE HOUSE, Division Street, near the Wharf, COBORO, Good Stalling attached.

J. B. RYAN, IMPORTER OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HARDWARE, Sign of the large Knife and Fork.

T. PRATT'S, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Church Street Toronto.

CARRIAGE & LEISHMAN,

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

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

Tailoring in all its Branches, executed with Taste and Despatch. Mornings Furnished on the shortest Notice. Paris, London and New York Fashions received monthly.

Table with columns for Men's Brown Holland Coats, Men's Black Cloth Vests, Men's Mole-skin Frockcoats, etc., listing prices and quantities.

DRY GOODS.

Table listing various dry goods like Muslin de la-ines, Table Linens, and Fanny cotton, with prices.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, CORNER of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House.

Fresh Arrivals of New Spring and Summer Goods.

WILLIAM POLLEY, 66, King Street East, Toronto.

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

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

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

WILLIAM POLLEY, Third door west of Church Street.



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

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

J. B. RYAN, IMPORTER OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HARDWARE, Sign of the large Knife and Fork.

Has constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE, consisting in part of HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, CULLERY, BUILDERS' MATERIALS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, COOPER'S, CARPENTERS', SHOEMAKERS' and other TOOLS, WARRANTED AXES & EDGE TOOLS of all kinds.

T. PRATT'S, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Church Street Toronto.

CHARLES BAKER, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 37, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, begs to inform the public, that in addition to the above business on hand, (or will make to order) ALL kinds of Flags, FREEMAN'S ARMS or HAWK, Agents Bishop's, Paris and New York Patterns of Fashion; I. H. Campbell's London and Paris Magazine of Fashion System of Cutting.

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

MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHEIM, to inform their friends and the public in general, besides their large stock of Patterns of the best of their kind, which they keep constantly on hand, received and are constantly receiving from the most and most IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS, both Brass and Wood, which they are enabled to sell at a lower price than any other Establishment in the City. Particularly they would recommend their new Saxophones and other Brass Instruments, made by the celebrated maker CURTIS of Paris.

TORONTO: PRINTED BY FRANKLIN & CO., 46 KING STREET EAST.

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

WILLIAM WHARF, WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWELLER, No. 17, Church St., 1 door South of King Street. Checks, Watches, Time pieces, and Jewellery, description repaired, cleaned and Warranted.

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddlery Warehouse, 95 York Street, Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Collar. W.S. returns his sincere thanks to his friends, public, for the very liberal support he has received, continues to manufacture a superior article, such as received so many premiums for at numerous fairs and which has been honorably mentioned at the Fair in London.

YONGE ST. POTTERY, NEAR TORONTO, JOHN AVIS, PROPRIETOR. Manufactures 2,500 pieces per week, producing worth of goods on the average per week, than any other Pottery in the Province for quantity and quality.

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

CHARLES BAKER, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 37, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, begs to inform the public, that in addition to the above business on hand, (or will make to order) ALL kinds of Flags, FREEMAN'S ARMS or HAWK, Agents Bishop's, Paris and New York Patterns of Fashion; I. H. Campbell's London and Paris Magazine of Fashion System of Cutting.

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BRASS BANDS FOR DIVISIONS, Instrument and Music Establishment, MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHEIM.

TORONTO: PRINTED BY FRANKLIN & CO., 46 KING STREET EAST.