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be of territories as by the treaties of 1815, or of grandeur as by your law

Gentlemen, before concluding, permit me to address from this tribune, a serious counsel to the party of the priesthood—the party which invade us. It is not ability which it lacks; when the circumstances aid it, it is strong. It knows the art of maintaining a nation in a mixed and lamentable state, which is not death, but which is not life, and it calls this governing. It is governed by lethargy, but take care, nothing like this agrees with France. It is dangerous game, if you allow her to espy it—only to copy it; and here is the ideal of it, the sacrilegious sovereignty betrayed, intelligence conquered and lettered, books torn, the homily replacing the press, might spread over the mind by the shadow of surplises, and genius checkmated by the lead. It is true the party of priesthood is able, but this does not save it from being simple. What! it is terrified by socialism; it sees the flood rising, and it opposes to this rising flood I know not what obstacle—a lattice. It sees the flood rising, and it imagines that society will be saved, because it has combined for defence social hypocrisies with maternal resistance, and has posted a Jesuit wherever it could not provide a GENÉRAL. What a pity!

I repeat it, let this party take care: the nineteenth century is opposed to it; let it not be obstinate; let it renounce the mastery of this great epoch, full of new and profound instincts. If not, it will only succeed in rousing it to anger, will imprudently develop fearful events. Yes, with this system, which makes education spring from the sacrilege, and governments from the confessional. (Loud interruptions, cries of order, many members rising, and the President and Mr. Hugo holding some conversation, which was inaudible in the great noise; violent tumult.)

Mr. Hugo continued,—with these doctrines that a fatal and inflexible logic must carry with it, in spite of men, and fruitful with the evil which horrifies us when we read of it in history—yes, with this system, this doctrine, this history, which the party of the priesthood only knows, wherever it be, it will bring about revolution. Everywhere men will throw themselves into the arms of Robespierre to escape Torquemada. That is what makes a serious danger of the party calling itself the Catholic party; and those who, like me, equally dread anarchical overthrow and sacerdotal lethargy, raise the cry of alarm while there is yet time! You interrupt me. Your cries and murmurs now drown my voice. Gentlemen, I speak to you not as an agitator, but as an honest man. Gentlemen, does it happen by chance that you suspect me?

THE PESTILENCE AT NEW ORLEANS.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

From the Crescent, 11th August.

To verify the many horrible reports of the doings among the dead, we the other day visited the cemeteries. In every street were long processions, tramping to the solemn music of funeral marches. In the countenances of plodding passengers were the lines of anxiety and grief, and many a door was festooned with black and white hangings, the voiceless witnesses of wailing and of sorrow. On the one hand slowly swept the long corteges of the wealthy, nodding with plumes, and drawn by prancing horses, rejoicing in their funeral vanities; on another, the hearse of the citizen-soldier, preceded by measured music, enveloped in warlike janoply, and followed by the noisy tread of men under arms; while there again the pauper was trundled to his long home on a rickety cart, with a boy for a driver, who whistled as he went, and swore a careless oath as he urged his mule or spavined horse to a trot, making haste with another morsel contributed to the grand banquet of death. Now among the steeples was heard the chiming of the bells, as of Ghoulies up there, mingling their hoarse voices as in a chorus of gratulation over the ranks of fallen mortality. Anon from some lowly tenement trilled the low wail of a mother for the child of her affections, while from the corner opposite burst the song of some low bacchanal, mingling ribaldry with sentiment, or swearing a prayer or two, as the humor moved him.

The skies wore a delusive aspect. Above was all cloudless sunshine, but little in keeping with the black melancholy that enveloped all below. Out along the highways that lead to the cities of the dead, and still the tramp of funeral crowds knew no cessation. Up rolled the volumes of dust from the busy crowds, and the plumes of the death carriages nodded in ceasing sympathy to the swaying cypresses of the swamp, enveloped in their dun appareling of weeping moss—fit garniture for such a scene.

At the gathering points carriages accumulated, and vulgar teamsters, as they jostled each other in the press, mingled the coarse jest with the ribald oath; no sound but of profane malediction and of riotous mirth, the clang of whip thongs and the rattling of wheels. At the gates, the wind brought intimation of the corruption working within. Not a puff but was laden with the rank atmosphere from rotten corpses. Inside, they were piled by fifties, exposed to the heat of the sun, swollen with corruption, bursting their coffin lids, and sundering, as if by physical effort, the ligaments that bound their heads and feet, and extending their rigid limbs in every outrageous attitude. What a feast of horrors! Inside, corpses piled in pyramids, and without the gates, old and withered crones and fat luster women, fretting in their own grease, dispensing ice creams and confections, and twirling away, with brooms made of bushes, the green bottles that lay on their merchandises, and anon huzzed away to drink dainty imitations from the old and new. A Maximon at the gates was making thirt out of the ashes of his black and sweating minions, that tendered sweat-meats and cooling beverages to the throngs of mourners or of idle spectators, who, inhaling the fumes of rotten bodies, already "heaved the gorgo;" while within the "King of Terrors" held his Saturnalia, with a crowd of stolid laborers, who, as they tumbled the dead into ditches, knocked them "about the mazzard," and swore dread oaths, intermingled with the more dreadful sounds of demoniac jollity.

Long ditches were dug across the great human charnal. Wide enough were they to contain a legion, but only fourteen inches deep. Coffins laid in them showed their tops above the surface of the earth. On these was piled dirt to the depth of a foot or more, but so loosely, that the myriads of flies found entry between the loose clods, down to the cracked seams of the coffins, and buzzed and flew there their ovaria, creating each hour their new hatched systems.

But no sound was there of sorrow within that wide Gehenna. Men used to the scent of dissolution had forgotten all touch of sympathy. Unconth laborers, with their bare shock heads, stood under the broiling heat of the sun, digging in the earth; and as anon they would encounter an obstructing root or stump, would swear a ludeous oath, remove to another spot, and go on digging as before. Now and then the mattock or the spade would disturb the bones of some former tenant of the mould, forgotten there amid the armies of the accumulated victims, and the sturdy laborer with a give, would hurl the broken fragments on the sward, growl forth an energetic d—n, and chuckle in his excess of plee. Skull bones were dug up from their long sepulture, with ghastliness staring out

"From each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,"

without eliciting an "Alas, poor Yorick," and with only an exclamation from the digger, of "room for your betters!"

Economy of space was the source of cunning calculation in bestowing away the dead men. Side by side were laid two, of gigantic proportions, bloated by corruption to the size of Titans. The central projections of their coffins left spaces between them at their heads and heels. This was too much room to be filled with earth. How should the space be saved? Opportunely the material is at hand, for a cart comes lumbering in, with the corpses of a mother and her two little children. Chuck the children in the spaces at the heads and heels of the Titans, and lay the mother by herself,—out there none! A comrade for her will be found anon, and herself and babes will sleep not too less soundly from the unwonted contact!

The fumes rise up in deathly exhalations from the accumulating hecatombs of fast coming corpses. Men wear at their noses bugs of camphor and odorous soices—for there are crowds there who have no business but to look on and contemplate the vast congregation of the dead. They don't care if they die themselves—they have become so used to the reek of corruption. They even laugh at the rottings of the skeleton Death, and crack jokes in the horrid atmosphere where scarcely they can draw breath for utterance.

The stoical negroes, too, who are hired at five dollars an hour to assist in the work of interment, stagger under the stifling fumes, and can only be kept at their work by deep and continued potations of the "fire water." They gulp deep draughts of the stimulating fluid, and reeling to their tasks, hold their noses with one hand, while with the other they grasp the spade, heave on the mould, and rush back to the bottle to gulp again. It is a jolly time with these ebony laborers, and with their white co-workers—as thoughtless and as jolly, and full as much intoxicated as themselves.

And thus, what with the songs and obscene jests of the grave diggers, the buzzing of the flies, the sing-song cries of the huxter women vending their confections, the hoarse oaths of the men who drive the dead carts, the merry whistle of the boys, and the stifling reek from scores of blackened corpses, the day wears away, the work of sepulture is done, and night draws the curtain.

Humorous.

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

An Alderman once called on Dr. Francis, when the following dialogue took place:

"Doctor, I have a strong tendency to the gout; what shall I do to arrest it?"

"Take a bucket of water, and a ton of anthracite, three times a week."

"How?"

"Drink the former, and carry the latter up three pairs of stairs."

We have not heard that he needed advice afterwards.

There is no truth in the rumor, published in Brattleboro', that Eng. of the Siamese twins, had eloped with Chang's wife.

It is an oriental idea that the spider draws its venom from the rose; and thus from the sweetest sources comes the blight of happiness and human affection.

A young physician asking permission of a young lass to kiss her; she replied, "No, sir, I never like a doctor's bill stuck in my face."

"THROW IN THE BACON." The following is too good to be lost. It illustrates one of the peculiarities of this "fast age."

An old lady in Cincinnati had a large quantity of bacon to ship to New Orleans, where she was going herself to buy supplies. She stipulated with the captain of a steamer, that he should have her freight, provided he would not race during the trip. The captain consented, and the old lady came aboard. After the second day out, another steamer was seen close astern, (with which the captain had been racing all the time,) and would every now and then come up to the old lady's boat, and then fall back again. The highest excitement prevailed among the passengers, as the two boats continued for nearly a day almost aside. At last, the old lady partaking of the excitement called the captain and said—

"Captain, you ain't going to let that thar old boat pass us, are you?"

"Why, I shall have to, Madam, as I agreed not to race."

"Well, you can try just a little, that won't hurt."

"But Madam, to tell you the truth, I did."

"Gracious! but do try it a little more—see, the old boat is almost even with us;" and a loud cheer rose from the passengers of the old boat.

"I don't propose to race any more, Madam, as all the tar and pine is used up."

"Good gracious, what shall we do? see, the old boat is passing us! is there nothing else on board that will make steam?"

"Nothing, Madam—eh, eh, (as if a new idea struck him), except your bacon."

"Throw in the bacon," shrieked the old lady, "throw in the bacon, captain, and beat the old boat."

"Judge, you say if I punch a man, even in fun, he can take me up for assault and battery?"

"Yes, sir, I said that, and what I said I repeat. If you punch a man, you are guilty of a breach of the peace, and can be arrested for it."

"Ain't there no exceptions?"

"No, sir; no exceptions whatever."

"Judge, I think you are mistaken. Suppose, for instance, I should brandy-punch him? then what?"

"No levity in court, sir! Sheriff, expose this man to the atmosphere. Call the next case."

FRESHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH PUBLIC DINNER.—Nothing is more curious than one of these repasts, which recall to mind the feasting described by Homer. Enormous pieces of beef whole fishes, load an immense table bristling with bottles. The guests, clothed in black, calm and serious, seat themselves in state, and with an air which one takes at a frown! Behind the presiding is placed a functionary called the toast-master. It is he who is charged to make the speeches. The president whispers to him de mot d'ordre, and "Gentlemen," says he, with the voice of a Scotchman, "I am about to propose to you a toast, which cannot fail to be received by you with great favor—it is the health of the very honorable, very respectable, and very considerable Sir Robert Peel, &c. &c." The guests, then shaking off their stentatiousness, rise as once as if they were moved by springs, and respond to the invitation by thundering forth laudatory cries. Whilst the glasses are being emptied, three young girls, with bare shoulders, slip from behind a screen and play a tune on the piano. The toasts do not cease until the guests, having strength neither to rise nor to remain seated, roll under the table.—M. Hygiene Canard in the Seede, Paris Paper.

A contemporary, speaking of the report on gentlemen's fashions, says—"there is not much change in gentlemen's pants this month." Very likely.

THE REASON WHY "BRUDDER DICKSON LEFT THE CHURCH".—Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of our large New England towns, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connexion with a colored church in that place.

"I believe you are connected with the Church on Elm street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.

"No sah, not at all."

"What, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not as year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson? if I may be permitted to ask."

"Why, I tell you sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a coarse razor on the palm of his hand. "It was jess like dis—I jined at church in good fail. I gin ten dollars towards de stated preaching de gospel de fass year, and de church peepil all call me BRUDDER DICKSON. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church peepil call me MISTER DICKSON. Dish razor hurt you sah?"

"No, razor toibul well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my body—and I didn' give NUFFIN for preaching. Well, sah, arter dat de call me OLE NIGGER DICKSON, an I LEFF 'EM!"

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHO WILL SING IT?

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

A fig for the sorrows of life and its care,  
Those joy-cheating knaves as they be;  
To fair open battle the coward's you dare,  
Like nists of the morning they flee!  
Oh! ne'er let them enter thy heart's secret chamber—  
That sanctum sanctorum of thine;  
One thing thou should'st always and ever remember,  
That folly delights to repue!

Thou' grief in the morning peeps in at the door,  
Ere noon she will vanish away;  
If hidden no welcome, she cannot endure  
More than a moment to stay!  
And beggarly trouble, her kinsman, is loth  
To dwell, though he'll often intrude;  
The best of all ways to get rid of them both,  
Is treating them curtly and rude!

For why should we cherish a robber or thief,  
To plunder our hard-gotten wealth,  
Care shortens a life that's already too brief,  
And trouble is bad for the health!  
Then let us, as pilgrims o'er life's varied way,  
What heaven hath will'd us to bear,  
Endure it with patience—let hope be our stay,  
And cheerfulness battle with care!

Spencerville, Nov. 27th, 1851.

"WOMEN AND WINE."

BY MRS. LINDSEY.

While dining in one of the fashionable hotels in Ohio, 2225 acquaintance, and a gentleman, by the way, of close observation, remarked that gentlemen at hotels seldom called for wine with ladies present, and requested us to observe those gentlemen accompanied by ladies, and those who were not.

The idea was new and novel to us, and, as a matter of course we observed closely to test the truth of our friend's suggestion. Above us sat gentlemen with ladies, below us sat gentlemen alone. Presently, we saw the gentils above lean over and whisper to the ladies and immediately an order for wine was given, and in came the sparkling champagne and other wines. As then we caught the eye of the gentleman who called our attention to this matter, and although he spoke not, yet his eyes seemed to say—"Was I not right?"

Why is it that ladies give their countenance and influence the propagation of this evil which brings so many victims to miserable, premature grave? Do they ever think of the good that would be done if they ever think of the hard struggles of the young men who learn to look upon the wine that is sold, as they are engaged in carrying on fashionable drunkennes; if their company, and for the sole purpose of feeding their vanity the vanity that ever gratifies by being able to say—"We eat sumptuously to-day—we had a basket of champagne."

How tempting. No matter whether the young gentils loves wine or not—he loves his lead. She holds a glass of goblet—with love in the eye and gladness of nature made more glad by the momentary exhilarating influence of the sparkling catawba, or the transparent Bordeaux. She, though she utters not a word, looks with an expression that speaks volumes, tongued to him who addresses, and by whom she is loved. He drinks because beauty bids him—because a manly sense of propriety of this impudently compels him. He drinks, because the tempter. The wine that was forced upon him once is now become a necessity. Its hold upon him becomes stronger and stronger. All that he may do—all that he can borrow—



everything—even his wife (the tempter who first placed the destroyer in his lips), is forgotten, and wine has become its pride! But this cannot last always. Poverty comes in His train—his fortune, perhaps, is exhausted. Wine is weak and expensive. Good whiskey is substituted. Lower and still lower runs his finances. Good whiskey becomes too expensive. A stimulus he must have! Mean whiskey, common strong beer. Drink and drink—quart upon quart. Money all out. Pocket handkerchief, hat, coat and boots, pawned at some low dissipated shop. Delirium tremens. Death. "A new grave and an old acquaintance," exclaims one standing by, while reviewing the spots that cover the fallen one. "Poor fellow. A clever man. Belonged to a respectable family. His father left him a snug little fortune. He has left a young widow, but a heart-broken widow. None can console her, for she feels too sensible that she it was who first tempted him to drink. Peace to his memory and may the Lord in His mercy send consolation to her who, in Her love and thoughtlessness, led him astray whom she should have led aright."

Ladies think of this picture. O, that we only had the ability to depict to your minds the abominations—the tears and afflictions—the curses and cries—the maniac grins, grimaces—the howling of despair, and the murders that are committed by men made demons by alcoholic drinks—by wines and cider—by cordials and brandies—and the various other names that the evil one has given to his sweet poisons prepared for the destruction of human happiness and life; then ladies we know that you would falter, every one of you, ere you handed a glass to your lovers' lips. We feel sure if the ladies only appreciated their power and influence in this great and glorious cause, that they would soon discard its use entirely.

The ladies are said to have been thrown into the greatest consternation at the recent appointment of a number of lawyers in all parts of England, to register the DEEDS of married women.

REVIEW OF UNCLE TOM.—Archbishop Whately has addressed a letter to the Editor of the Liberator, denying that he is the author of the celebrated review of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which appeared in the N. B. Review, and was imputed to him. This credit was not given by the English literary journals, which are usually very shrewd in detecting the disguises of anonymous writers, but originated with a guesser in this country. The Archbishop states, however, what is more surprising than that he should have been the author of the article in question, that it was written by a lady, a clergyman's widow, in the South of Ireland. The article being the most logical, eloquent and comprehensive discussion on this difficult subject, that has appeared in any English periodical, there will be a natural anxiety to know who this clergyman's widow may be.

WESTON SOIREE, on the 16th inst., is to come off with great eclat. A tea meeting and a temperance meeting are to be held at Weston on the 16th instant, for the purpose of building a new Hall in this thriving and beautiful village. A procession will be formed at 2 o'clock, P. M., and at 3 o'clock tea will be served in the Chapel. A splendid Band will attend and several eminent speakers will address the audience. Tickets 1s. 3d.; children half price. The co-operation of neighboring Divisions is requested. The Weston Division is one of the most praiseworthy and flourishing in this county, and let all who can, turn out and give them a hearty time of it.

The Erin Division Sons of Temperance celebrated their annual temperance anniversary on the 1st September inst. An attendance of about 500 persons was present. The Guelph Herald gives a glowing account of the soiree. A branch league was formed at the time.

The whole world Temperance Convention came off in due course in New York City 1st and 2nd September. The New York Tribune gives a long string of resolutions passed at this convention—what the attendance was we do not know. The New York temperance papers are as silent as death on this subject; they were afraid, we suppose, lest it might do harm, being the ox and the dog in the manger. However, these little differences will arise.

An attempt to rally the temperance men of Peterboro' for the coming elections is about to be made.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE.—Dr. Jewett and a Mr. Beebe, said to be a great anti-temperance orator in Ohio, had a great discussion on the "right to enact and utility of the Maine law." The discussion took place at Columbus, and Dr. Jewett was decidedly successful in argument, as well as in being supported by all the speaking men present. The Grand Division of Michigan met a fortnight ago, and the Grand Worthy Patriarch says now that the people have enacted the Maine law, there is still as much necessity as ever to keep up the order. The proceedings of the New York City world's Temperance Convention will be published in our next. It came to hand too late for our present number.

OHIO IS JUST NOW THE GREAT BATTLE-GROUND OF TEMPERANCE. The recent election came off last week—its result we have not heard. The New York elections this fall will turn much on the temperance question. Another struggle will be made in time. Many parts of Massachusetts are now enforcing the law thoroughly. Gough, in England, from all accounts, has been successful in his lectures. The Grand Division of Lower Canada met in August at Aymer, on the Ottawa River, and a large demonstration took place. Brother Craig, from the Gough Division, Quebec, called on us ten days ago. Temperance in Quebec holds its ground well.

YORKVILLE TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.—A temperance festival at the Sons' Hall, Yorkville, will take place on Friday evening, 1st September, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the liquidation of the debt standing against the Temperance Hall in that place. The Rev. Messrs. Harper, Goldsmith, Jeffers, Barras, Amston, and others, are expected to deliver addresses. Tickets 10c. each.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company refuse to transport liquors on their road. Several attempts have been made to impose upon the officers by means of false labels and novel means of conveyance, but they have generally been detected.



Youths' Department.

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

THE CLOSE OF DAY

BY MRS. C. DUNN.

How feeble are all earthly things, Another day has gone, And evening paints the western sky, Where sank the summer's sun. The crescent moon doth shine amid Her starry diadem. The birds have hush'd their vesper hymns, And sweetly they repose. The heavenly peace, my bosom fill, When life to me shall close. And thus the age of giddy youth, Is like a swift lived day, He smiles, nor marks the rolling hours That steal his bloom away. Thus, we should learn by flying time, The passing of a day, To lay rich treasures up in Heaven, When death shall call away.

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

We find in one of our exchanges, the following notice of the author of that exquisite and touching title song, 'Sweet Home':

As I sit in my garret here, in Washington, watching the course of great men, and destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions of the eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home.'—I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—Consul for Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poor poet subjected to all the humiliation of office seeking. On an evening we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we pass. Once in a while we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group that we would stop, and pass silently along. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings—his trials and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy a meal, or a place to put my head. Yet I have been a wanderer from childhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish is to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers and sleep in obscurity. I met him one day looking unusually sad. Have you got your Consulate? said I. "Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis: I shall never return." The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne: his wish was realized, he died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to this country I know not. They should be, and if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny, and for an inscription the following:

HERE LIES

J. HOWARD PAYNE,

The Author of "Sweet Home."

A wanderer in life. He whose songs were sung in every tongue, and found an echo in every heart;

NEVER HAD A HOME:

HE DIED

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

At the period alluded to in the above sketch we often met the poet in his halcyon strolls, and gazed upon him with a sorrowful heart, his personal appearance indicated the character of the man. He seemed to prefer solitude, yet the force of circumstances drove him to the national capital, in the humiliating capacity of an office beggar. How little regard is bestowed upon the memory of the man who edited it, "Home, sweet Home,"—for no language was ever put together so sensible and captivating. How few among the millions who repeat those verses, ever know the name of the author. His immortal lines should serve as an everlasting monument to his name.

A letter from London, received by the Africa, states that the third volume of Macaulay's History of England will appear in a few weeks; the manuscript had been delivered in to the printer's hands. It is added that the excessive use of opium has destroyed Mr. Macaulay's health, and incapacitated him for continued mental labor.

ALGALIA.—In the month of April last, there were 90,000 persons working on the Australian gold fields. Two pounds sterling per week is paid for a wretched cottage with two rooms.

A gentleman has given \$2,000 to Bowdoin College, to aid indigent young men in getting an education. No one is to derive any benefit from this donation who uses either rum or tobacco.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS

Oh! childhood a sweet and sacred time, Remind me of my early home, While gush'd in our simple ways, By thy fond parental care, Those happy hours of halcyon youth, And fill us with thy flow, And fillings, taught this mournful truth, Care must henceforth accrue. Oh! as we look with thoughtful eye, Back o'er the wave of time, To where the heart, free from a sigh, Rang forth a merry chime, We grieve to think those days have gone— Those days whose radiant glow Illum'd aspiring manhood's dawn, And screen'd life's coming woe. And yet so suddenly they swept Upon time's flitting wing.

HEAVY REMEMBRANCE.

A WONDERFUL MAN.—David Wilson, an old revolutionary soldier, and a native of New Jersey says the Madison Banner died, after a short illness, in Dearborn county, Indiana, in August, aged one hundred and seven years, two months and 10 days. He had had five wives, and at the time of his death, was the father of forty-seven children! While residing in Pennsylvania, near the old Redstone Fort, his wife gave birth to five children in eleven months! This extraordinary man, when in his one hundredth and fourth year, mowed one week for Esq. Pendleton, of Hamilton county, Ohio, during which he mowed one acre per day of heavy timothy grass. He was about five feet six inches in height. His frame was not supported by ribs, but an apparently solid sheet of bone supplied their place.

TAKING THE CREAM OFF A HOOSIER.—One of the Indiana Senators visited Clark, of Rhode Island, of coming from a State so poor that the Governor was obliged to raise calves and peddle milk, because his salary would not support him. "True," Clark replied, "we sell milk and raise calves, but we don't send them to Congress as your State does."—The Hoosier felt as though he was badly skinned.

A "PROGRESSIVE" YOUNG LADY.—"You see grandma, before you suck this egg, or more properly speaking, before you extract the matter contained within this shell by suction, you must make an incision at the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base."

"La, my dear, how very ingenious! Why they only need to make a hole in each end in my time. Well, I declare they're making improvements in everything now-a-days!"

THE NORTH AMERICAN "casting about in his mind's eye for some new state of political existence." The political hypocrite who controls the SOLD NORTH AMERICAN is about to be thrown overboard to make room for the BEATY. Hence his paper of last week, as the cronus begin to leave him and RAP EBS, mutters coming thunders against the Administration. He has for a little Government patronage written down in 1852 and 3, everything he said in 1849 and 1850. Let any one compare his files of papers of those respective years. Every subscriber he has—every honest reformer of Canada—should hoot such an editor and his paper from their presence. The present Administration he says is failing, and who can wonder at it? Have not the combination Ministry, with the exception of the Clergy Reserve Bill, and even here Mr. Price's plan was adopted, trampled into the dust every political plank this platform patriot, McDougall, paraded before the country? We have his files of papers and knew his course in 1850, and it disgusts us to peruse them. The reform party have been infamously betrayed by a party of hungry office-seeking Editors and officials. Rolph has allowed himself to be duped by — and other influences, and Cameron is a base, unprincipled politician, like Hincks. When we write on the subject of politics or temperance, we write pure-handed; no living man can say we ever were an office-seeker—McDougall has always been such, and his opposition to Price and Baldwin originated in their refusal to give the upstart and hungry owl the office of custom-house officer of Toronto. He is an illiterate attorney, whose abilities never could raise him to the grade of barrister.

We invite attention to two articles in this number—Victor Hugo's admirable speech, and the account of the terrible plague of New Orleans.

The Editor's health is now partially restored, and he intends, during the balance of this year, to make this paper the most interesting to be found in Canada. A great amount of literary matter will be given, with very choice poetry, and the temperance columns shall increase in energy. Our present patronage does not warrant any such exertion, yet so long as we conduct a paper, it shall yield to none in interest.

OUR EXCHANGES.—The Western Literary Messenger of Buffalo, for September, is an excellent number. This is a very interesting magazine—price \$1 1/2 per year. The Templar's Magazine, Cincinnati, is improving, and we are happy to hear of increasing its circulation. It is a neat and well got up monthly—price \$1 per year. The Garland of Cincinnati, has not come to hand. The Anglo-American Magazine for September, is a good number—contains a representation of Montreal.

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 news. Subscription price for 1853. 5s. 6d. in advance. Or within one month after subscribing. 7s. 6d. currency if not so paid at the end of six months, and if left at the end of the year 10s. currency. Half yearly subscribers will be taken at the above prices provided it be distinctly understood the subscription was intended to be a half yearly one. All subscriptions must end with the year. No paper will be discontinued unless at the option of the publisher until the subscription price is paid up. No paper after the known receipt, and detention of the first number will be stopped without payment for the current year. New agents sending six new subscribers with their subscriptions, or guaranteeing due payment, shall receive a copy gratis. Old agents sending 10 old subscribers or 10 partly old and partly new, with the money or a guarantee, shall receive a copy gratis. The club system of year did not please well owing to the postage. Upon consideration we have concluded to send to clubs, if any of our friends wish to form them upon these terms—5 copies for \$4. 10 copies for \$8. 20 copies for \$16. 30 copies for \$24. In such cases the money must be paid down, and the papers put in one package and addressed to one person in all cases, otherwise the publishers will be unable. Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates. All postages must be paid, and communications addressed to C. Durand, Editor, Toronto, C. W.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 13 1853.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Onward and upward! tho' the way be rough,  
The sky be dark above us,  
The darkest cloud a silver lining hath;  
The prize lies still before us.  
Onward and upward! Was life given for sleeping?  
Calmly, to sit us down?  
To watch, in idleness, the moments creeping,  
Each worth a princely crown!

Onward and upward! On the field of battle,  
When peals the cannon's roar,  
When foe meets foe, death only ends the struggle,  
And earth is steeped in gore,—  
When waves the dancing plume, and foaming steeds  
Rush on with headlong haste,  
And fiercely, o'er the field of strife, there peals  
Cries of revenge and death.

Ours is a bloodless strife: no ringing steel,  
No clang of armed men,  
No prancing steeds, no drum with martial peal,  
Such fearful strife portend:  
We must press onward, for a nobler end,  
Upward, that not in vain,  
Has the rich boon of Life been granted thee,  
Not vain, its joy, its pain.

Onward, still onward! we were made to act,  
Made to improve each hour;  
Parely to live, bravely our path to tread;  
To shun the tempter's power.  
Whatever of goodness or true manliness,  
Life's changing scenes may show,  
That should we grasp, that strive to imitate,  
As on our way we go.

Onward! our standard should be high as heaven,  
Pure as the falling snow,  
Firm as the sea girt rock, which stands a beacon  
To guide the homeward prow;  
Lofly, in pure desires, in unstained virtue,  
In love, and truth, and charity sublime;  
Oce which shall point us "onward," on our journey,  
Shall guide us "onward" in our march with Time.

Massachusetts, August 13, 1853. ANNIE.

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN LEGISLATION ON TEMPERANCE MATTERS.

A great deal has been said of the Act of the last Session of our Legislature, passed to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks within three miles of our public works. Before examining it, we had hoped it was really something beneficial, but regret to find it a bungled, crippled, almost useless act; timid in its enactments, full of reservations, and everywhere favouring the liquor sellers by raving clauses. There has always been this timidity—this HALF-WAYEDNESS in Canadian and British legislation on the subject of the vice of intemperance; some loop-hole, as in the Sunday traffic question, is left for sellers to escape by. Since Chief Justice Robinson's sophistical decision on the right of innkeepers to sell liquor on the Sabbath (notwithstanding the action of municipal bodies), there has been a general carousal all over Canada; every bar is open, and this Judge and others will have the PLEASURE! no doubt, of sending many a poor devil to the penitentiary, or perhaps, gallows! for crimes committed through drunkenness on the Sabbath for a year to come! A glorious thought this—a result worthy of the efforts of the Leader and Colonist. Below we give the main enacting clause of Mr. Cameron's Act to prevent the sale of liquor near the public works. Doubtless the Act, as originally framed, may have been good, but it would have been better never to have passed as it is. It allows all taverns now licensed, or usually licensed, to exist, it allows all breweries and distilleries to exist; it allows the wholesale of liquors by them, which may easily be done to an enormous extent; it allows the sale within three miles in all cities, towns and incorporated villages, or other villages—thus in effect including all places where liquors are usually sold, and where rows would be committed. The fact of allowing liquor by wholesale to be sold by brewers and distillers would ruin the Act in many parts of Canada. How easy is it for a company of men to buy a barrel or keg of whiskey or beer? There are many minor clauses of this Act showing how it is to be enforced,

and rendering it very inane. Now the country generally will look upon this Act as a partial one. People will naturally say, what right has the Legislature, for half a dozen years to come, during the period of the building of the Grand Trunk railway, to grant a monopoly to a certain set of innkeepers "who are to or have usually been licensed" to sell and prevent all others from doing so? Again, why should innkeepers in towns, cities and villages be privileged to do what country inns cannot? Is it because more danger would happen in country inns? The contrary conclusion would be the true one. It is in cities, towns and villages where drunkenness more generally prevails, and large bodies of workmen would congregate to fight and carouse. The Act having a partial character, a monopolist odour, will be difficult to enforce, and all kinds of measures will be resorted to to destroy its effects. This is, to a great extent, the character of the New Brunswick Act. All British legislation has this character of timidity—the lawmakers are afraid to do the thing up correctly and thoroughly, and hence the laws fail. American legislation generally bears a different character. We think this Act will assist temperance very little.

"Whereas it is desirable to restrain the sale and use of Intoxicating Liquors in the neighbourhood of the Public Works where large bodies of men are necessarily gathered together: Be it, &c., That from and after the passing of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, except ONLY SUCH PERSONS as shall have been LEGALLY LICENSED so to do before the passing of this Act, and only while the licenses they then hold respectively shall remain in force, to barter, sell, exchange or dispose of in any manner whatever, directly or indirectly, to any other person any alcoholic, spirituous, vinous, fermented, or other Intoxicating Liquor, or any Mixed Liquor, a part of which is spirituous, or vinous, fermented or otherwise intoxicating (and every such Liquor or Mixed Liquor shall be included in the expression, 'Intoxicating Liquor' when used in this Act); nor to expose, keep or have in his possession for sale, barter or exchange, any Intoxicating Liquor at any place not included within the LIMITS OF ANY CITY, INCORPORATED OR OTHER TOWN OR VILLAGE, and being within three miles of the line of any railway, canal, or any Public Work in progress of construction, whether such work be constructed by the Government of this Province, or by any incorporated company, or by private enterprise; nor shall any person, after the passing of this Act, obtain or receive a license, to sell any Intoxicating Liquor at any such place as aforesaid, and any such license, if granted after the passing of this Act, shall be utterly null and void, and the holder thereof shall be deemed to have no license. Provided always, firstly, That if any doubt shall at any time arise as to whether any work then in progress does or does not come within the scope and meaning of this Section, it shall be lawful for the Governor of this Province, if he shall see fit, to declare by proclamation that such work is within the scope and meaning of this Section, and that the prohibition herein contained applies to any place within three miles of the line thereof, which line may be described and defined in such Proclamation, and the declaration contained in such Proclamation shall have the like force as if contained in this Act, and the said prohibition shall apply accordingly; but nothing in such declaration shall be construed as a declaration that such work or any part thereof was not within the scope and meaning of this Section before the issuing of such Proclamation, but the question whether it was or was not so shall be decided as if such Proclamation had not issued; And provided secondly, That this Section shall not extend to any person selling INTOXICATING LIQUORS BY WHOLESALE, and not retailing the same, if such person be a licensed Distiller or a Brewer, nor shall it extend to prevent the RENEWAL OF THE LICENSE OF ANY HOUSE OR SHOP LICENSED at the time of the passing of this Act, or of HOUSES OR SHOPS which have BEEN USUALLY licensed before."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

What! prohibit the make, sale and use of our grog!  
What a thought to possess eighty thousand and wise men;  
To make women's peace, joy and piety our clog,  
And compel the black bottle to bow to the pen.  
Banish all thoughts of contention and strife,  
Guilt from a land which takes pride in its name;  
All hopes of the warmth of a long after life,  
And the laurels adorning the brow of a Cain.  
Bid a dark, everlasting and tearful farewell  
To the tear-drops which brighten the young orphan's eye;  
Shall our fond hearts, with gratitude trembling, or ever  
At the music which steals from the heart's broken sigh  
Shall the many acknowledging reason's black sway,  
Be permitted to say to the ignorant few,  
"Here's a path free from thorns, come travel this way,  
You can't be endangered by travelling too!"  
No! tho' twice eighty thousand should join in the cry,  
And tho' prayers and petitions to head quarters come,  
Yet we never will yield up our right till we die,  
Of ambrosian misfortunes and sorrows from rum.  
No! no! by the hopes which a bar-room inspires—  
By the sore heads and black eyes that shame in a horn,  
By the rans forsake the lord's gin shops of sin,  
We will vow to cast millions upon them when born.  
AUGUST 31st, 1853. JAMES.

OUR POSITION TOWARDS MALCOLM CAMERON—THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE'S CONDUCT.

About twenty months ago, the Canada Temperance Advocate, with which we then exchanged, suddenly, without any known cause, made a violent slanderous attack upon this paper. It was as surprising to us as to all of its readers, for we had never written a word against it. We, and all saw through the thing

at a glance, that it was to injure the circulation of our paper, and extend the field of circulation of the LITTLE TWO-AND-SIXPENY paper Mr. Beckett has long published in Montreal, in connection with other small papers, for his living. So no friends afterwards described the man to us as a SNEAK-FACED, VINEGAR-SOULED BIGOT, extremely selfish, and stout in religion and temperance, representative indeed of a small class of temperance men, well known in every community. This class are great braviacs and great cowards, but with all this, sneaking and mean, and shy a paying or working for temperance. This two-and-sixpeny paper of Beckett's, (No. 31. would suit better) exactly suits the class of men. We at once stopped all intercourse with the paper, sending back the exchange several times before it was stopped, and were not aware the owner took the trouble to persecute us, as we certainly did not his. Not so, however, with him;—last week a copy of the Advocate was sent to us containing another vile and unwarranted attack, after a long silence. Every one knows we have said nothing against this paper for a year-and-a-half. A cry has been got up by a few papers like the liquor advertising Canadian, Huron Signal and North American—the tool of Cameron—against us; and this bigot of Montreal thinks it a favorable time to renew an old grudge;—a few more half-dollar subscribers may be gained—hence we are maligned, and the political humbug Cameron puffed for temperance services. Some strange assertions are made too, by this Mr. Beckett, (he uses his name because he has used ours)—he says we have nothing to do as temperance men, with a man's conduct as a politician. True, not so far as he may be a consistent reformer or a Tory, but if we see that man professing much, assenting to reforms, persecuting other governments because they would not take a certain course: and then see him, when in power, rotting down everything he had promised to support, and doing the very things he had condemned in others; in exposing such a man, every good citizen has much to do. It is quite likely such a man may wish to make a stepping-stone of temperance for his purposes. There are other questions in Canada of more importance than temperance,—and the good of the protestant cause is one of them;—to this Cameron has proved a traitor. Again, the Advocate says, it may not be wrong in Mr. Cameron to make use of the temperance cause for his political purposes. No one but a poor shallow bigot would say this. He says we have spread discord among Sons—he means by this, the discussion of the propriety of liquor advertising. Why has he not condemned it? There is no difficulty found in quarreling with us, why not condemn others known to be wrong? These things prove very plainly that Mr. James Beckett is a slanderer—selfish, as he is willing to misrepresent. Many persons believe that Mr. Cameron did not want the Maine law passed last fall, and desired to keep it as an open electioneering scheme. Upper Canada papers had accused him of it, and others had said the Order of the Sons was a movement to aid him. To do away with this impression we have given our opinion candidly on this matter. The Order of the Sons have but little thanks to give Mr. Cameron; he is not one of them—never attended or assisted their Grand Division or aided any division;—he left the one in Sarnia without a good cause, and injured it. All this abuse of our paper arises because we gave praise to others, such as Brown, McKendrick, for their vote in favor of the Maine law, and did not fall back and worship a man we heartily despise, as a selfish pig, traitor. The good or bad opinion of the Canada Temperance Advocate, is a matter of indifference to us, and if the temperance cause were supported only by such narrow-souled bigots, its editor and owner, we would disconnect ourselves with it. We have said there is a class of mean FANATICS with temperance religion, and all subjects. You know them by their face they love to patronize half-dollar and quarter-dollar papers; they hate the order of the Sons because it is too expensive. They are slandered and persecuted many a weak division until at last they would run like wild-fire before the least opposition to temperance, although they bawl the loudest at meetings. In their business they will screw a man terribly—charge for an order broken at a fire, and frown down any man that looks at a Sunday—a regular blue light, blue law, vinegar set in temperance and religion. From such men—and James Beckett is of this kidney—heaven deliver us! It is this class of men that Blackwood's Magazine, the Leader, Colonist, and many other papers, who are libeling the temperance cause, are almost thinking that they really compose the whole temperance cause. If there were none in the army but such narrow-souled bigots some we could name—men, who think it a SIX, DEADLY SIN, in any man pledged or not pledged, to taste a glass of wine; they would think a church, pointed if a *fidate-bow* happens to be conveyed across its threshold—the criticism of Beckett and others would be just. But within ten years, especially the organization of the Sons, men of soul, education, energy and generous feeling, have joined the movement, and done the work, and paid for it too. This James Beckett does not know much of our sayings for two years past. Where did he beg a paper to persecute?—we are sorry to think that any dog ours crossed his door. It will be found that, while professing great purity, he is a sneak on all questions of principle—like the half-dollars. He gets his living by his little paper; we have, unfortunately, lost much by what is only a cold

business with us. Whilst the sons were weak, in 1851, we observed he was very sparing of his praise, for fear of offending the old temperance society men, he has never condemned a temperance cotemporary for liquor advertising—not he, he is a prude on the slavery question, and only consistent in opposing any one that interferes with his half-dollar field, which he has ploughed with an ill-looking paper for an age, as if it were the soil, with an Egyptian team of oxen and an ox yoked together.

This present attack made on us without any provocation, and full of false statements—as was that of January, 1852—is made, because we have placed Malcolm Cameron in a proper view before the public, and exposed his political duplicity. There is not a thinking man in Upper Canada who does not know Malcolm Cameron is a traitor to his political profession, and a very selfish man. It is our belief that, a man who is false in one trust, is unfit to be a leader in any other. There are some men—like this Mr. Beckett and Mr. McQueen—who may believe that a man may from the same fountain, send forth purity and impurity—such as the advocacy of the Maine law in one column and liquor advertising in another: but we do not—Malcolm Cameron, when Mr. Price, in 1819, wished to bring the Clergy Reserve question before the cabinet, was one of the first to oppose it, asserting that he viewed it as a settled question; yet he had the effrontery to pretend afterwards, that he had always been in favor of this measure. In the beginning of 1850, he resigned on the retrenchment question—made a tremendous hallo-balloo about it, and got the clear-spirit reformers, joined by the tones to defeat poor Wrenhall in Halton, yet we find him consenting in the present government, to the erection, at a great expense, of a new and useless Bureau of Agriculture, wanted about as much in the country as a chair wants five legs; also, we find him opposing all retrenchment, and increasing by his influence, the salaries of the Speakers of both Houses. Again we find him, in 1851, voting to do away with the Chancery Court—to have the people choose their local officers, and against the Catholic French influence. Yet, in 1853, we see him opposing all these things;—indeed one of the meanest apologists of Catholics and their usurpations.

The Rev. Mr. Roof preached a Temperance sermon last Sabbath. The *Unica Teetotaler* represents the world's Temperance Convention, that assembled on the 6th, as having been confused and bawdier. A Mr. Clark, of Rochester, offered some TRULY REPUBLICAN resolutions, which, as usual, grated on the feelings of negro owners from the South and created a confusion. The slavery question in the order of the Sons is its greatest stain. It is most repugnant to a really free man to have slave-masters from the South dancing Northern freedom. As to the persecution of women at the preliminary meeting in June, we have always thought it unjust, ungentle, and that it will injure any cause.



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOST IN THE WOODS

BY C. N. D.

Lost in the woods is my brave little boy,  
Lost in the woods is the heart-piercing cry;  
Arise ye the settlers—your bugles employ,  
His mother is frantic; the night draweth nigh.

Loud round the horns o'er valleys and hills,  
For miles ring the forest with echo's wild sound;  
Excitement the bosom of every one fills,  
Alas, the poor mother! her boy is not found!

Loud howl the dogs—e'en they understand  
A dear one is lost, and snuff the dark air,  
The forests are searched with torches in hand,  
For miles do the searchers traverse it with care.

A father is there—his bosom beats high,  
For lost is his first-born—priceless and dear;  
He looks through the gloom, then on the bright sky—  
Bright with the stars—wipes off a stray tear!

As agreed on, the searchers unitedly meet,  
To tell of success, or failure deplore;  
No tidings are he sought of the lost one's retreat,  
Although the wild f rests are searched o'er and o'er.

They rest for a moment—all is gloomy and still,  
The wild hoot-wool of the owl strikes the ear;  
The fox barks loud from his sand-harrow'd hill,  
And the wolf's hungry howl fills the forests with fear.

Where is the lost one in forests so dark!  
They yield him, alas, for this night to his fate;  
Unconscious he lays—hears not the howl or the bark,  
The calls or the shouts of his friends made of late.

Alone on a hill, on a soft easy bed,  
The innocent lays, all hued in sleep;  
The forests' dark shadows encompass his head,  
Whilst the stars through the leaf-covered canopy peep.

A watcher lays by, ever faithful and true,  
'Tis Toby the house dog, so kind and so wise,  
Who guards the lone widow the weary night through,  
And watches his life against every snipter.

The sweet halcy morning, just Willie awakes,  
Who fondly caresses his scumel true;  
Whilst faithful old Toby a homeward path takes,  
And restores to his parents the loved one anew.

THE TERRORS OF BEING LOST IN THE WOODS.

Reader, were you ever lost in the woods? I have been lost in the Canadian woods, and that too, on horse-back—but it was for a few hours only. How terrible and lonely is the thought, even for that time! How much more so then must it be to be lost all night and for days and weeks! Being lost in the woods was once a common occurrence in Canada, but is now a rare one. Twenty-five years ago, the majority of the western part of the peninsula of Canada was one vast forest. A man might travel for a whole day in the solemn, silent forest without seeing a human being where rich settlements now exist. The country about Guelph, Woodwich, north and west of these places, and west of London, towards Huron, was covered with a stent forest. In 1832, I travelled on horse-back over every township now comprising the Counties of Halton, Wentworth, part of Wellington, and Waterloo. I was several times lost, and would often traverse forests for hours without seeing a human being. I still have a journal of the incidents of that journey. Children are most apt to get lost in the woods in June, when the flowers and singing of birds attract them, or the shooting of pigeons draws them away from the settlements; or in September, when the nuts, thorn-berries and plums are ripe. September is a beautiful month in which to stray in the woods. There is a pleasant coolness and stillness in the air; the forests just begin to turn yellow, and the little squirrels and autumn birds are about and busy. When first lost, we become partially confused, yet confident that we will escape, start off in some direction and walk smartly for a mile or two. Everything becomes more strange, and we are convinced that we are getting in strange places. We stop again—a little squirrel sets quietly on a tree and tiths away silently at us as if in mockery. A whirring partridge starts on the wing, or a black squirrel crosses our path. We stop to listen—no sounds strike the ear, but the rustling of the leaves—the solemn hum of the forest—the chirping of little birds, or the busy gambols of squirrels. A dreadful loneliness, with a giddiness, seizes us—we know not whither to go—we feel forsaken—yet, hope tells us try another route. Off we start and travel quickly, perhaps on a run, for some miles. The sudden dash through the thickets of a drove of deer, with tails erect, arrests our wild career for a time. We stand and gaze, until the foot-sounds and last light of the forest buck are heard and seen in the distant valley. Again we start and suddenly stop, as if puzzled. What does this mean? This spot is familiar—we were here one hour ago, broke some twigs, and are, therefore, not one inch farther out of the woods. A cold sweat covers the forehead—fear seizes the heart, and we feel as if we could cry. Elderly boys and men, under these circumstances, if the sun is shining, turn to it for aid, or watch the bark and moss of the trees. The tree towards the north is dark and mossy; lighter and free from moss towards the south. By these signs shrewd persons often escape, as it were by a compass. Small boys have not this presence of mind. When lost, in our circuits in the woods we generally come back to the same spot; we imagine too, that we travel much further than we do. The advantage of following the sun or the mark of the forest trees, is that by leading us in a straight course, we may reach some settlement. How dreadful must be the feelings of parents at the loss of helpless children! Dogs frequently find lost children, and watch them until they escape. An affecting instance of this kind occurred last year in the vicinity of Paris, on the Grand River. This subject, and that of autumn scenes in Canada, will be resumed in our next.

THE LARGE BLUE CRANE OR STORK OF CANADA.

"LARGE CRANE.—A Mr. Tracy of Guelph lately shot a very large and handsome Crane, measuring 6 feet 2 inches across the wings, and 5 feet 2 inches from the bill to the claws."

The above paragraph is cut from an exchange paper. The large Blue Crane of Canada, is a very curious and interesting bird. In appearance it is the largest of our birds, equalling, in breadth of wing, the black and bald eagles. It very much resembles in its flight the bald eagle. The Crane is more common in the southern parts of Upper Canada than to the north of Lake Ontario. It is seldom seen in the County of York, but is very common in all the ponds and rivers that empty themselves into Lake Erie. It is of a beautiful bluish dun color all over the body; varied a little by a darker blue above and lighter below. The legs are unusually long. I art held up close to the body when flying. It stands with head erect over three feet high, and the legs are long and slender. This bird breeds near marshes, and builds its nest in trees. We never found a nest, and do not know the color of the eggs. It lives on fish and frogs, wading

to procure them some distance into the water. It will remain motionless for hours looking into the water. The Blue Crane arrives in Canada early in May, and leaves in September. There is a species of Crane about the same size very similar to the above, very common on the plains of Illinois. They stop in the bays and swamps in the hollows. They cry they make on the plains early in the morning and late at night is loud and grating on the ear—and may be heard a great distance. Several will cry together. These Illinois Cranes are a different species from the one above described—being stouter and of a greyish color. We have often seen them walking among the tall grass of the prairies.

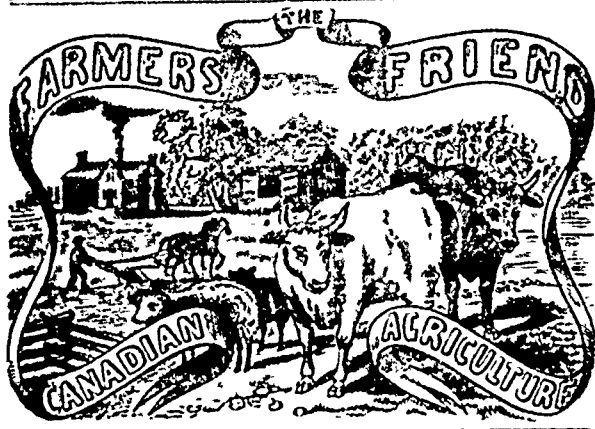
THE SNAKES OF CANADA.

RATTLESNAKES.—J. G. Jones writes the *Palmist Standard*, August 18—"A few days ago, being out hunting, I killed two large Rattlesnakes, measuring 4 feet 7 inches, one having eleven rattles. Those of the other were scattered, but I suppose they were as many. They were females of different stripes, but found together. In one I found eighteen young ones, and in the other seventeen, each measuring about 13 inches. These young ones were enclosed each in a separate sack, like the young of squirrels and rabbits, and I am now satisfied that the Rattlesnakes breed in this way instead of laying eggs, as is generally supposed."

This account is cut from an American Southern paper. Few persons have perhaps thought of the variety of snakes found in Canada. I have perhaps seen all the varieties, and am familiar with the habits of most of them. The number is much smaller than at first supposed. The most curious kind, and one perfectly innocent and harmless is the Garter or Striped Snake, which measures from two to three feet long. It is found in all parts of Canada—lives on frogs—is dark on the back—yellow and green on the sides, and blue on the belly. Men and boys often play with this snake by handling it, and even putting it in their bosoms. The following are other varieties. The Mountain Rattlesnake, and the Prairie Rattlesnake, smaller in size. Both are deadly poisonous. The Mountain Snake is generally about three feet long—sometimes four or five, and as thick as a man's wrist, of a green, black, and yellow color. The eye red and fiery—powerfully fascinating. The prairie kind I am not familiar with. It is smaller and of a darker color than the other—is sometimes called the Mississagua Rattlesnake—is found in the western district and in the western prairies. It is a common prejudice that the Rattlesnake will not run from or rattle at an infant under seven years of age. I once saw this tested in my person in Canada. I came upon a large Rattlesnake in a meadow under the mountain at Dundas, when of the age of six years. It was of a bright yellow and green color, and attracted my eye near a log heap. I stood within reach of it with a stick, but did not disturb it otherwise, than by calling an elder brother, three years my senior, to see, what I called a very pretty thing. It was in a round coil, the head pointed towards me. It was perfectly quiet for about a minute, and until my brother came up; when it suddenly moved off to the grass and logs with a loud rattle. We then, especially he, appreciated our danger. Whether the conduct of the snake was different from ordinary cases; or whether the Rattlesnake will really bite an infant I am not prepared to say, but should think it would. I never heard of a very young child being bitten by one. The Rattlesnake will charm or fascinate by the glare (animal magnetism) of the eye, bird, and squirrels, and even children. There are two species of adders in Canada, the Copper-head or blowing Adder, and the poisonous. I once saw one, about two feet long, and the smaller Adder, of a ground color on the back and reddish below—innocent in its nature. The last is about a foot long. There is the little Green Snake, about a foot long—found sometimes in bushes—innocent, I believe. There is the Milk Snake, black, spotted with white rings and spots—innocent—about two feet long—fond of drinking milk in cellars. Children have been known to feed it with a spoon with milk in its hole. The Black Water Snake—black, with blackish rings and spots—lives in marshes and creeks—on fish and frogs—about two and a half feet long—not believed to be poisonous. The large Swift Running Black Snake—found in thickets and brush-wood, windfalls, &c., not very common in Canada. It is larger than the Rattlesnake, measuring from four to six feet long, and as thick as a man's bare arm. I once saw one many years ago. This snake it is said can crawl with great swiftness, and will chase men and boys. It is supposed to be poisonous. This subject will be resumed in our next.

On the 1st September about 100 persons died of the yellow fever in New Orleans. It seems Malcolm Cameron accompanied Lord Elgin to St. Johns, New Brunswick. Lord Elgin was received in St. Johns with military honors by the Governor of that Province. The two men who were tried by a magistrate in Quebec, for not taking off their hats at the principal of the Catholic consecrated water, have carried up the case by appeal to a higher court. Four men, soldiers too, in France, lately refused to bow to the consecrated water, being protestants, yet in that arbitrary country, were not punished by their officers, although they had been commanded by their officers to kiss down! The *Penitentiary* says Mr. Livingston, M.P., was to take the chair at the great temperance trial that came off there on the 7th inst. Large numbers of Americans have recently visited Montreal. In the beginning of this month 1000 at one time were in Montreal. It is said there is a disposition among Americans opposed to slavery to emigrate to Canada.





Agricultural.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

These frosty mornings, Buckwheat Cakes, Ve are the comfort of my life, I'll say it for your precious sake, I love you better than my wife-loves me...

Of Buckwheat Cakes' O, Cakes! Methinks I see your dusky forms Lurking like steamers on the lakes Which never are moved by storms...

THE WEATHER.—Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, a week ago, were unusually warm. Monday evening was as warm as any evening of the month past. On Tuesday it rained; the wind shifted in the evening to the north, and Wednesday was a fine cool day...

WASHING THE HAIR.—The beauty and permanency of the hair are best promoted by the strictest cleanliness. Some writers strongly disapprove of even wetting the hair—and inuster up, we know not how many evil consequences as likely to follow the practice...

TO PREVENT MILK FROM SOURING.—We have kept from fifty to a hundred cows for years, and have milked seventy-two the past season. We strain the milk at night into a tin vat set in a wooden one, into which we pump cold water to cool it.

KEST, THE GARDEN OF THE WEST.—If those at a distance wish to know something of the unparalleled fertility of our soil and its advantages for the raising of all kinds of garden and field products, we can inform them that we have now in our office, a best weighing eight pounds and twenty-eight inches in circumference...

in the garden of Mr. Wm Wevers, on lot No. 1, 2nd concession, township of Camden. This is no isolated instance of the great growth which vegetables attain in this locality...

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Mr. James Batson, of Airdrie, says: "Gum Copal, when dissolved in chloroform, forms an excellent compound for stulting the holes of decayed teeth. I have used it frequently, and the benefits my patients have derive from it have been truly astonishing."

Cherries without rocks, have been produced in France, by the following method: In the spring, before the circulation of the sap, a young seedling cherry tree is split from the upper extremity down to the fork of its roots; then, by means of a piece of wood in form of a spatula, the pith is carefully removed from the tree...

EXTRAORDINARY MONOMANIA.—A landed proprietor of the Girond, M. de Cans, died, about two months since, bequeathing to his heirs a fortune amounting to two million francs. The old gentleman was a great friend to the poor of his neighborhood, and also acquired a high reputation for his theoretical labors on the subject of agriculture and drainage of land.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

Gerrit Smith has given \$1000 for the benefit of the sufferers from sickness in New Orleans, and subscriptions are being raised in all parts of the United States. The disease is still raging there, and extending up the Mississippi. It is, however, on the decline in New Orleans, probably for want of victims...

Several unfortunate occurrences have taken place in the Asylum. A woman, soon being tied too tightly to the floor, it is feared will die. An insane prisoner from the Penitentiary, being left alone with another insane prisoner, killed him with an

iron rod. The Asylum is destined to prove an unfortunate institution. New papers are starting up in all parts of Canada. A new paper is just started in Guelph—another at Sarnia (Cameroon's organ, we presume)—another at St Catharines...

AGENTS FOR 1853.

C W Robinson, Woodstock—William Hill, North Williamsburgh—John Q Brond, Bradford—John Tyner, Cumtiusville—Robert Bannar, Oakville—J H Sanders, Wellington Square—John Bunions, Dundas—Reed Baker, Waterdown—John Clinton, Perseverance Division, Blenheim—M Shaver, Glanford—H A Graham, Central Trafalgar—J B Crowe, Pelham—J Rapelgee, Chippewa—Robert Connor, Niagara—George Gilmore, Beamsville—George Davison, St Vincennes—Dr Powell, Cobourg—James C Int, Cornwall—C Leggo, Brockville—John Vert, Lambton—James Fraser, Bytown—Wm Hargraft, Ottawa—R. M Stephens, Port Dover—William McClellan, Middleton—William McCrory, Fergus—Wm H Carney, Owen Sound—Alonzo Sweet, Walpole—S J Lancaster, Lobo—John Murdock, Avlmer, Elgin—S Newcombe, Vienna—J Russell, Nonh Gower—L. D. Marks, Burford—Charles Taylor, Port Sarnia—C. J. Johnson, Oueville—J. W. Coulson, Guelph—George Graham, Richmond Hill—Faris Lawrence, Orangeville—D D Hay, Innisfil—Wm Hamblly, Nobleton—J. Bowman, Alaska Division—E. B. Butler, Khenberg—James Shaw, Port Credit—Joshua Vanallan, Georgetown—Thomas Wilson, Markham Village—Moxam Jones, Stouffville—D G. Wilson, Duffin's Creek—John Boyd, Oshawa—Eliuz Hard, Newtown—John Nott, Prince Albert—Rev Mr Chmre, Bowmanville—C S Powers, Newcastle—Robinson Ru herford, Peterboro—G. C. Choate, Waraw—Wm H Fannin, Kemptville—Wm Padstone, Kingston—Dr Thomas Ashton, Bath—Francis Finn, Scarborough—Josiah Parkus, Thornhill—Leonard Tuttle and W. H Finney, Colborne—John Ballard, Montreal—Mr. Booth, Quebec—David McGuire, Weston—John Terry, Sharon—James Cooper, Sutton—Mr Cuyler, Newland—A. Youme, Tyrone—G. W. Cook, Crowland—J. Telfer, Summerville.

TORONTO MARKETS at the close of the week, Sep 12th.—Flour (Miller's extra superfine) per barrel, 23s 9d to 25s, farmers' per 196 lbs 22s 6d to 23s 9d; Wheat—Fall, per bus., 60 lbs., 4s 00d to 5s 2d; Oatmeal, per barrel, 23s 9d to 25s; Rye, per bushel 5s 10s, 2s to 3s 6d; Barley, per bushel 4s 10s, 0s to 3s 1d; Oats, per bushel 3s 4s, 2s 4d to 2s 9d; Peas, per bushel, 2s 9d to 3s 9d; Potatoes, per bushel, 3s 9d to 4s 0d; Apples, per bushel, 2s 6d; Grass Seed, per bushel 4s 10s, 7s 6d; Clover Seed, per bushel 30s to 36s; Hay, per ton, 75s 6d to 80s; Straw, per ton, 40s to 45s; Onions, per bushel, 4s to 5s; Butter, tub, per lb 9d to 11d; fresh, per lb 1s to 1s 3d; Pork, per lb 6d to 7d; Turkeys, each 2s 6d to 5s; Geese, each, 1s 10d to 2s 6d; Ducks, per couple, 2s to 2s 6d; Fowls, per pair, 1s 9d to 2s; Cheese, per lb. 4d to 5d, Breef, per 100 lbs. 25s to 30s; Beef, per lb 4d to 5d, Hams, per 100 lbs. 40s to 42s 6d, Bacon, per lbs 37s to 40s; Wool per lb 1s 7d to 1s 8d; sheep-kins, fresh slaughtered, 1s 8d to 2s; Calfskins, fresh, per lb 6d 6d; Hides, per 100 lbs. 22s 6d to 25s; Eggs, per dozen, 7d to 8d; Vest, per lb. by the quarter, 3d to 4d, Mutton, per lb. by the quarter, 3d to 3d.

Receipts since our last Issue.

F. A. SNAITH, of Prescott—the money remitted is acknowledged \$1—and pays in full for 1853. James Gordon, Clinton, \$1, pays to this date—paper stopped. \$1, G. B., Galt.

Communications.

Poetry from Colborne is received, and will appear in course. Letter from Omuli is duly received, and will appear in course. Poetry from "Uncas" is received—and is under consideration. Poetry from Oshawa is received.

NOTICE.

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

By order.

CHARLES DALY.

Clerk's Office, Toronto September 1st, 1853.

PLENDID TEMPERANCE TALE!

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.

HAVE in press and will publish about the first of September, one of the most thrilling TEMPERANCE TALES which has been published since the immortal story by SARGENT. It is said to be written by a Clergyman of New York—entitled

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It will be a 12mo. volume, of about 300 pages, bound in cloth. It is written with great power and beauty, and depicts, as with letters of fire, the dreadful evils which follow in the train of distilling, vending, and drinking ardent spirits, and the absolute necessity of prohibitory laws to prevent its sale and use. The contents of this thrilling work, which is destined to cause a commotion in the world, are as follows:

- CHAPTER I - Usages of Society—Effects. II—Shocking Results. III—Entering the Vortex. IV—The Villa. V—The Lowly Cot. VI—The Board of Excise. VII—The Satanic License—Horrible Dream. VIII—The Temperance Meeting IX—The Change. X—Resuming the Work of Death. XI—The Petition. XII—The Issue. XIII—The Experience Meeting. XIV—Villainy Developed. XV—A Pocket Argument. XVII—Force of Public Sentiment. XVIII—Legitimate Fruits. XIX—The Closing Scene.

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DR. N. BURNIE, BRADFORD, MEMBER OF THE Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the H. M. S. Society of Apothecaries...

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

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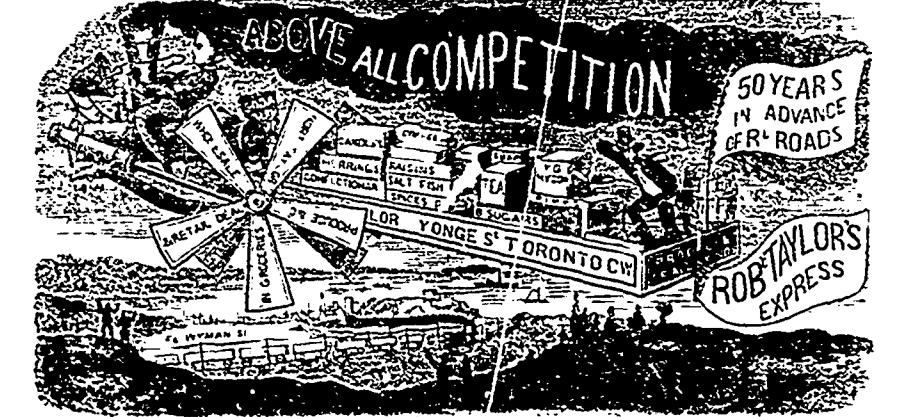
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