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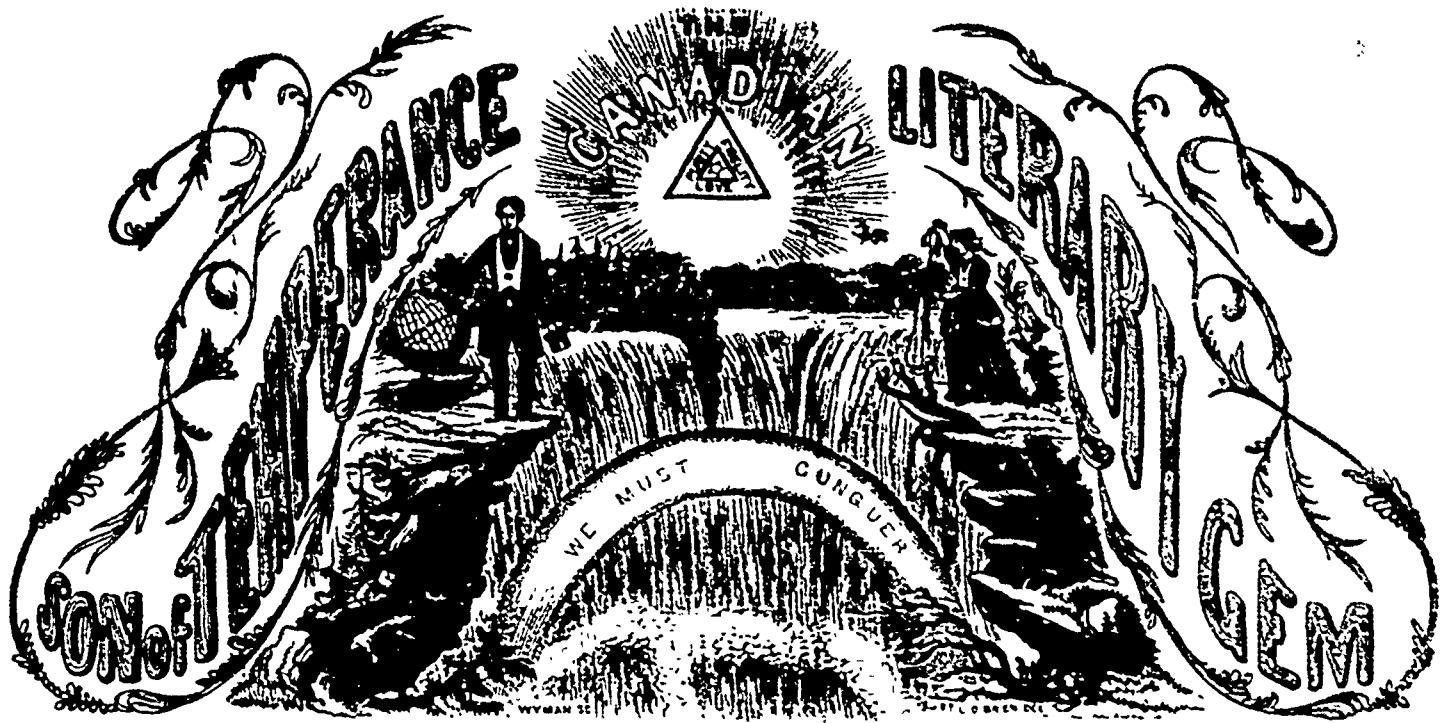
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W., TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1853.

NO. 27.

[ORIGINAL.]

FORGETFULNESS:

INSCRIBED TO WHOEVER LIKES IT.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

How cold is the breath that forgetfulness breathes,
How chilling the smile that she wears,
How joy the robe round her victim she wreathes,
How bitter the fruit that she bears;
Cold, cold is the sneer that the haughty cast down,
As they pass in wealth's glittering car,
But the act of neglect, than their sneer or their frown,
Is more chilling and blighting by far.

It has swept the fond hope undiminished by years,
Unscathed in our bosoms that reigned;
It has pruned from the shrine of affection our tears,
For the altar of friendship profaned.
Oh could we but banish it far to some isle,
Where the voice of affection ne'er came,
The heart's lonely temple might light with a smile,
And grow brighter the longer the flame.

Oh! banish it far to some dark dusky dell,
Where the mole or the bat has his nest;
And let it not come near the heart's cheery cell,
Where the soul of pure friendship should rest.
Let it not shade the name of the valued and dear,
Nor the tomb of the loved overcast;
Nor close the warm heart to affection's bright tear,
Or cloud the bright sunbeam that's past.

Drive it hence by the tomb of the craven to crouch,
Or to cumber the hoarse raven's wings,
That hovers with death o'er the despot's lord couch,
Or in croakings his requiem sings.
Go rest on the brow of the heartless and cold,
Go demon and breathe thy dank breath;
Glad their shrines who can worship but Moloch and Gold,
But to me thou'rt more chilling than death.

Go pillow thyself on the tyrant's cold breast,
Or shield the red sword of the brave,
But touch not the brow of the captive oppressed,
Nor light on the links of the slave;
Oh! leave them—go leave them to pity's last beam,
Since the voice of affection is hushed,
For thou cursed at the hope of their youth's happy dream,
To that heart where affection has gushed.

Away to the gloom of the anchoress's cell,
Go feast on the sight of his grief,
Thou may'st laugh that the soul's gainst its enemies should rebel,
And in solitude seek a relief;
But oh for a home where thy name was unknown,
The soul of true friendship would flee,
To share with one true heart a desert alone,
Ere the halls of a monarch with thee.

To mock me no more with thy pitiless heart,
Though with gold thou encumberst thy name,
To leave me my cottage and one faithful heart,
And I'll seek not for riches or fame;
To more I'll be lured till the mask be removed,
Each friendship unproved I'll reject,
And say that I've breathed from the lips that I lov'd
The cold chilling breath of neglect.
1853, 25th June, 1853.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD

I have received the following from a friend and correspondent in the West Indies, on whose veracity we can rely:—A choleric demp was thrown over my spirits last night by the death of a very affecting story. Many people will not believe parted shades ever appear to mortal eyes: of this incredulous number I was lately one. The following story of the appearance of an apparition to a youth who had lately died has been strongly confirmed that I can no longer doubt:—A very great friendship subsisted between "Thomas Ostrahan" and Robert Straker, sons of gentlemen possessing large estates in this Island (Barbadoes). This friendship was first formed at school in England, and continued after their arrival in the Island. Ostrahan died here a short time since; Straker

attended at his funeral, and expressed lively marks of sorrow on the death of his friend. Retiring at night he lay sometime thinking on Ostrahan's death, and consoled himself for his loss with the pleasing hope that his friend would enjoy a degree of happiness in the invisible world that he could never have had in this. While his thoughts were thus engaged, on a sudden, he says, he was sensible of a glim mering light, at a little distance from him, and almost immediately there appeared in his view a ghastly spectre, the sight of which made every nerve tremble with horror, and he lost all recollection for some time, and thinks he must have been in a kind of swoon or trance. On opening his eyes again he saw the same horrible spectre sitting on the side of his bed. Notwithstanding the ghastly appearance of the form, Straker says he recognized the features of his departed friend Ostrahan, who thus saluted him:—

"Do not be terrified, my dear Robert, at my appearance; be of good courage and recover yourself." At these encouraging words, Straker made an effort to take the spectre by the hand; but the apparition then spoke again as follows:—"No! my dear Robert, I cannot be touched by mortal hands, I am yet ignorant where I shall go, but I have received a command from the Most High to warn you of an impending danger that hangs over your brother. Two intimate companions of his, tell your father, will shortly tempt his son to the most abandoned wickedness, and, unless your father speedily uses some precautions your brother will be lost. I know you love him, and would wish to see him reclaimed, therefore fail not to acquaint your father. You will shortly die; at what exact time or hour I know not: another of our school-mates will soon follow. In order to convince you that I am commissioned from above, I will tell you some of your father's most secret thoughts:—He intends when you arrive at the age of eighteen, to disinherit your elder brother, and make you the heir. This thought he has never communicated to any soul living; indeed, the executing his design would have been an act of injustice to your elder brother, who is a most deserving youth. For a further proof of my commission, on Sunday evening you will go to church—the particular cause you are acquainted with; you will hear 'Parson Sner' use these words, (what the words were the writer of the original manuscript does not mention) One of your brother's bad companions will, in the church, utter a oath, for which you will reprove him. Fail not to tell your father of your brother's danger." With this the spectre disappeared from Straker's sight, and left him very much shocked and overcome at what had been told him; but he delayed communicating it to his parents or friends. The Sunday night following, he attended the funeral of a neighbor to church, and heard the Minister, Mr. Sner, repeat the very sentence in his sermon that the Spectre informed him he would. While he was in church, he likewise received the proof in respect to the young man's oath. This immediately made a very deep impression on him, and he returned home very low; of which his mother taking notice, he told her he should shortly die, on which she asked him his reason for so thinking; in reply to which he told her of his friend's spectre having appeared to him, which his mother, who only laughed at it, told him it was only a dream. "Madam," he said, feeling angry at her unbelief, "since you will have it so, it is a dream." At night he retired to rest with his brother as usual. Lying awake some time, with uneasy reflections on what had been communicated to him, he on a sudden, saw a great light, which terrified him; he immediately jumped out of bed, in order to alarm the family, but almost immediately he heard a noise, like the hovering of wings, and saw his friend arrayed in celestial glory, standing before him, having on a long white robe. An illumination spark'd all around, glorious to view. Straker beheld this heavenly visitor with delight, tracing the likeness to his late earthly friend. After some moments, the celestial messenger first broke silence.

"My dear Robert, I am again permitted to visit you. I am now in a place of happiness, and sent by the Most High to repeat the former command respecting that youth who now lies sleeping in the bed. Why did you delay the communication to your father?" Straker replied, "I designed to acquaint my father of it, but mother ridiculing it as a dream, prevented me.—Will you permit me to awake my brother, your warning him of the impending danger will have a stronger weight?" "No! it is not permitted," replied the spectre, "if you awake your brother, he may see me as I am at present visible to human eyes, which it is not designed I should be to him. Now, listen to me: you will be able to do this work in a few days, be resigned and expect the stroke." "I do not, I think, fear death," said Straker, "but will

prepare to obey the summons of the Most High." "Three hours before your death," said the blessed shade, "I will appear to you, be mindful of the injunction laid on you." On saying these words, he waved his hand to Straker, and then walked haurely to the window. Straker had resolution to follow him, and trode on the skirts of the white robe, but felt nothing under his feet. The spectre turned round and then to all appearance expanded his wings and disappeared. The day after Straker communicated all the above particulars to his father, who was much shocked and overcome at the recital, and felt all the anguish of an attached parent at the thought of losing a beloved child. "My dear son," he said, "I am convinced of the truth of what you tell me, from that circumstance alone of your elder brother. I truly designed to make you my heir at the age of eighteen years, but never named my intention to any person living. Providence has now thought fit to order it otherwise. I must bow with resignation to losing you, my dear Robert, since it is the will of the Almighty. I hope you will make a good use of your last hours, and prepare yourself by prayer and meditation for the awful summons." Their conference thus ended, and the next morning Straker penned every particular of this awful and extraordinary visitation, directing it in a letter to his father. Soon after he was seized with extreme sickness, which turned in a short time to its opposite disorder. After being seated in a chair for a few moments, he raised his drooping head and said in a low voice—"I come! I come! my dear friend." His surrounding relatives, surprised, asked the cause of his exclamation. "I have just seen," said he, "my friend Ostrahan, and shall expire in three hours." On hearing the young lady he loved was in the house, he desired she might be introduced into his chamber, when embracing her with great tenderness, he mournfully exclaimed, "Farewell! my dear Mary! Farewell! my much loved friends! After this he lay down on his bed, where he continued without moving, except to wave his hand, as if to request his relatives not to disturb his dying moments. In this silent butable manner he continued, until his soul departed from his body. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." It was generally supposed that the friends of the deceased would have published a little account of the above statements. No printed account has however appeared. What I have written, I collected from an intimate friend in Straker's family, to whom the whole circumstances were related.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

DESPERATE FIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

The Arkansas Shield contains an account of a desperate fight between a man and two women on one side and a panther on the other. The fight took place on Beaver Bayou, Phillips county, Arkansas, on the 10th ult. The Shield says:—

On the 10th, Mr. Grimes had left his house during the deep snow that then lay on the ground, to procure some firewood in the adjoining forest—leaving in the house, a sick child, his wife and her mother. Attracted by the crying of the child, it is supposed, a large and fierce panther approached the door of the house. The imitative note of a child crying drew to the door Mrs. Grimes most fortunately; for already was the nose of the fierce intruder thrust within the door. By an effort she succeeded in closing the door and shutting out the panther.

An alarm was then given by the ladies, which drew to the house Mr. G. supposing his child to be ill and into dreaming by how fierce an enemy his cause was besieged. Judge then of his surprise upon seeing coolly armed upon the step of his door a huge panther. Mr. Grimes advanced and attempted to get possession of his gun which Mrs. Grimes had, opening the back door, brought around to him; crouching, with his tail swishing and eye glaring, the panther watched the every movement of Mr. Grimes grasping his gun, and before he could use it, the panther made a spring at his throat. The panther got the left arm of Mr. Grimes in his mouth, and victory seemed to be with him. Every muscle of Mr. G. was now strained to the utmost, and a long struggle ensued, the panther was thrown, and by placing his knee on his neck, and retaining the grasp he had on his throat Mr. G. succeeded in releasing from the jaws of the panther his left arm.

They again rose from the ground; Mr. G. never abandoning his vice-like hold of its throat, and both of its fore legs grasped in his left hand, he thus kept it at arm's length, and prevented it from tearing him with his claws. Victory was not yet with Mr. G., and he still might have met with a Waterloo defeat, had

not the ladies Blucher-like come with reinforcements. A pair of tongs and a "batling stick" were brought to bear upon the panther. One blow of the tongs sent down his throat several teeth; for so tight was the grasp of Mr. G. that the animal's jaws were wide open. The heroine in this fight (Mrs. G. and her mother) continued laboring the panther until a blow broke down in the loins. Mr. G kept his hold until he breathed his last, and firmly believes that he choked the panther to death, notwithstanding the aid given him by the ladies. When captured, it measured eight and a half feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. Its skin now hangs on the outer side of his cabin as a trophy of a hard and bloody fight.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY MISS ANNE T. WILBER.

In ancient times, there once lived, at Manheim, a young man called Otto, who was brave and intelligent, but incapable of bridling his desires. When he wished for anything, he spared no efforts to obtain it; and his passions were like storm-winds, which crossed valleys, rivers, and mountains, crushing everything in their passage. Tired of the quiet life he had led at Manheim, he one day formed a plan to set out on a long journey, at the end of which he hoped to find fortune and happiness. Consequently he put his best clothes in a bundle, placed in his pocket all the money he possessed, and started, without knowing whether he was going. After walking several days he found himself at the entrance of a large forest, which extended as far as his eye could reach. Three travellers had stopped here, and seemed, like himself, to be preparing to cross it. One was a tall, mighty woman, with a threatening mien, holding in her hand a javelin; the second, a young girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by four oxen; and the third, an old woman in rags, with a haggard air. Otto saluted them, inquiring whether they were acquainted with the forest, and on their replying in the affirmative, asked permission to accompany them, that he might not lose his way. All three consented, and they set out. The young man soon perceived that his companions possessed supernatural powers; but he was not afraid, and continued his walk, conversing with the three strangers.

They had already pursued for several hours the path marked out among the trees, when the sound of a horse's footsteps was heard behind them. Otto turned and recognized a citizen of Manheim, who had always been his greatest enemy, and whom he had hated for many years. The citizen overtook the foot passengers and smiled insolently, and went on. Otto became very angry. "I would give all I possess, and almost all I ever expect to possess, to revenge myself on the pride and haughtiness of that man."

"I can satisfy thee," said the tall lady with the javelin. "Shall I make of him a blind and lame beggar? You have only to pay me the price of this transformation."

"And what is this price?" asked Otto eagerly.

"Thy right eye."

"I would willingly give it to be revenged."

The young man had scarcely finished speaking when the transformation promised by his companion took place, and he found himself blind of an eye. He was at first a little surprised, and consoled himself with the thought that the other was left, and that he could still see the misery of his enemy. Meanwhile they continued to march several hours without reaching the end of the forest, the road constantly becoming steeper and more difficult. Otto, who began to be fatigued, and looked with envy on the chariot in which the young girl was reclining. It was so skilfully constructed that the deepest ruts scarcely jolted it.

"All roads must seem very smooth and short on this chariot," said he approaching, "and I should like such an one myself."

"Is that all?" replied the second traveller; "I can this instant procure for you what you desire."

She struck with her foot the chariot in which she rode; it seemed to become double, and Otto perceived a second equipage, drawn by a couple of black oxen. Recovered from his astonishment, he thanked the young girl, and was about to enter when she stopped him with a gesture.

"I have fulfilled your desire," said she; "but I cannot make a worse bargain than my sister has made. You have given her one of your eyes—I demand one of your arms."

Otto was at first a little disconcerted; but he was very tired, the chariot was before him, and, as I have already said, he had never known how to conquer his desires; so after a short hesitation, he accepted the proposal, and found himself seated in his new carriage deprived of his right arm. The journey continued thus some time. Forest succeeded forest, and no outlet appeared. Meanwhile Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The old woman who was walking by his side seemed to perceive it.

"You are sad, my boy," said she; "when one is hungry, one is easily discouraged; but I possess a certain remedy against faintness."

"What is it?" asked the young man.

"You see this flask which I have in my hand, and often carry to my lips," replied the traveller; "it contains joy, forgetfulness of trouble, and all the hopes of earth. Whoever drinks of it, finds himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more dearly than my sisters; for I ask, in exchange, only half of your brain."

The young man this time refused. He began to be frightened at these successive bargains. But the old woman made him taste of the liquor in the flask, which appeared to him so delicious, that, after having tasted some time, he again consented.

The promised effect soon took place; he had scarcely drunk, when he felt his strength revive. His heart became joyous and confident; and, after having sung all the songs he knew, he slept soundly in his chariot, without caring what became of him. When he awoke, the three travellers had disappeared, and he was alone, at the entrance of a village. He tried to rise, but one side of his body was immovable; he tried to look, but the only eye he had was dim; he attempted to speak, but his tongue stammered, and he could collect only half his ideas. At last, he comprehended the greatness of the sacrifices he had so lightly made; the three travelling companions, whose fate had sent him, he left him no resources but to beg his bread until he died.

Would you know the names of these companions? The woman with the javelin was Herod; the young girl reclining in the chariot, Isabella; and the woman with the flask, Isabella's sister.

Humorous.

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

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

"Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zeke had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for, and in consideration of, a bran new milk pan.

"No, I never did—do tell it," was the reply.

"Well—you must know that I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a gunning arter ducks in father's skiff; so in we got and skulled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards, I tell ye—and bimeby a few of 'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feeding on muscies. I caught up my peauder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez to Uncle Zeke—'You're a pretty clever fellow—just let me take your peauder horn to prime,' and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't. 'Well,' sez I, 'you're a pretty good diver, an' if you dive and get it, I'll give you a primin'.' I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he didn't; but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid."

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some moments ensued, and Jonathan added—

"I looked down, and what do you think the critter was doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the lady. "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peauder out of my horn into hizen."

PERSONAL ORNAMENT.—An action for damages of 5000 dollars was brought in Cincinnati against a person for biting off the tip of the plaintiff's nose. The defendant put in a plea that he was entitled to remuneration on the ground that by diminishing the proportion of the plaintiff's nasal organ in a skilful manner, he had materially improved his personal appearance.

TO PREVENT OYSTERS FROM SMELLING.—"I say, Pete, does you know how dey keep oysters from smelling in do hottes ob wedder?"—"I don't tink I does, Sam—how'd dey do 'em?"—"Why, dey cut dar noses off, and they can't smell nuttin. O yah! yah! yah!—what an unpenuntratum nigger you is!"

SWEETS OF LIBERTY.—A convict escaped from prison by jumping out of a window. He came down upon the head of a molasses hog-head, which broke and let him in up to the middle. "Faith," said he, as he scrambled out, "I have often heard of the sweets of liberty, but I never knew what it meant before."

COURTIN' IN THE RIGHT STYLE.

"Git out you nasty puppy; let me alone, or I'll tell your ma!" cried out Sally, to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I arn't techin' on you, Sal," responded Jake.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to nuther—do yer?"

"N, I don't."

"Cause you are too tarnal scary, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, ganglie-kneed owl you! haint you got a tarnal bit of sense; get along home with you!"

"Now, Sal, I love you and you can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you, my dad will sue youn for that cow he sold him t'other day. By jingo he said he'd do it."

"Well, look heré, Jake, if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set there as if you thort I was pizen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"

"Why, side right up here and hug and kiss me, as if you had some of the 'bone and sinner' of a man about you. Do you suppose a woman's only made for to look at—you fool you! No, they're made for practical results, as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss, and the like."

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must, for I do love you, Sal."

And so Jake commenced sliding up to her like a maple-poker going to battle. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss; that's actin' as a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes," exclaimed Jake—"if this ain't better than any apple-sauce ever marm made, I'll be darned. Crack-e backwheat cakes, and slap-jacks and lasses can't no whar longside of it. O! my Sal how I love you."

THE "YANKEES."—All Americans abroad are called "Yankees"—the Southerner as well as the Northerner; and the Western man as well as the New Englander. Specimens of the thrifty, go-a-head Yankee, are now to be found in every quarter of the habitable globe, engaged in all occupations, from "whittling" up to "carrying out an empire." A friend who has travelled "far and free" through many lands, and "become acquainted with the manners of men," informs us that he found a Yankee keeping a grocery in Jerusalem; and another doing the same thing in the Feejee Islands! Think of that, O men of Christendom! an outside barbarian, a Western Gentile, selling liquor by the drink near the site of the Temple, in full view of Mount Moriah, in the midst of the Holy City! The monstrosity of the sacrilege is only heightened by the fact, that another "Yankee," at the antipodes, is letting down the dignity of the "universal nation," by retailing bad spirits to the cannibals of the Pacific. "Git a-go-a-t!"

AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the facade of which a stone cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred for accuracy to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur, but unfortunately he transcribed, to the scandal of society, the whole verse:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

The term "Putting your foot into it," it seems, is of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL] THE FAIR-FACED LOVER'S PERFDY

FOR MISS A. — — — — —

Continued.

He told her that soon as three moons
Would fall and fade from summer's
sky,

He would return with gill ten boons,
His Indian maid to beautify
And that their parting would be short,
Her tribe all gone—now he must go,
To join his brothers at the fort,
Where wild Niagara's billows flow

With tearless eye, but heavy heart,
The too confiding maid did view,
Her pale-browed lover thence depart,
She him gave love's last adieu.
Then with a sinking step she trod,
Back to her loon and loon retreat,
He that she loved next to her God,
Had gone, and—how'd no more was
sweet.

Slow swept five floecy moons away,
And lonely left the maiden still,
Now o'er her mind doubt's darkest ray,
Stole with its slow and chary chill,
Why comes he not? had he not said
That ere three moons would wane
and die,
The snowy sails again he'd spread,
And to my rocky covert fly?

Can it be that some stately maid,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
Eyes dazzling as Aurora's dewy head,
Claims now my light brow'd lover's
care?
Oh but that thought to her was hell,

There entered, nothing could dispel,
The taunting tempter's gleam again!

Her bark canoe the maiden took,
And launch'd it on the lordly lake,
Her home—her tribe—her all forsok,
To follow in her lover's wake
To seek for one who loved her not,
It seeth'd and sear'd her burning
brain,
Yet simple maid no thought had she,
That he could have so soon forgot,
One, that loved to—idolatry!

For five long days her paddle pled,
In Erie's rolling waves of blue,
The Loon and wild Duck round her
glide,
Unstartled by her white canoe
Upon the sixth the maiden saw,
The shore for which she left her
bone,
And view'd it with mysterious awe,
For Fate was whil'fering, "tis thy
fate!"

She landed on the surly shore,
And drew her birch bark high and
dry,
With faltering heart flew to explore
The waning scenes that met her eye
The mourning fur—the deep redoubt,
The mud'ron's caissons' throb'ing
yawns,
The merry laugh—the ringing shout,
Small comfort brought the frighten'd
fawn

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

BY FANNY FERN.

"The moon looks calmly down when man is dying,
The earth still holds her way;
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keep sighing;
Naught seems to pause or stay."

Clasp the hands meekly over the still breast, they've no more work to do; close the weary eye, they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks, there's no more pain to bear. Closed is the ear alike to love, kind voice, and calumny's stinging whisper—

Oh, if in that stilled heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance, and kindly word, and clasping hand, have come—all too late—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiselled lip—no flush of wounded feeling mounts to the blue-veined temple.

God forgive you! for your feet, too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue asks, "Can this be death?" your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth: your clammy hand yields its last faint pressure; your sinking pulse gives its last feeble flutter.

Oh, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What no word of greeting from all thy household sleepers? No warm welcome from a sister's loving lips? No throb of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?

Silent all!

Oh, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore! If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!

Aims for love if this be all,
And naught beyond—oh earth!

The Elgin Courier (Scotland) states that a respectable married woman, in the neighborhood of that place, was lately delivered of a negro child. The father and the mother are both white, and a black man has not been seen in that region for two years. It is surmised that the accident was owing to the effect, on the mother, of reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Several cases of wife-beating of the most brutal description appear amongst the metropolitan police reports of the week. All these cases originate in the gin-palace or the beer-shop. The husband gets drunk, the wife scolds; the scene becomes short, sharp, and decisive; the brute makes at his helpless victim, not alone with his half horny fists and hoofs, but with the nearest implements of revenge, a hammer, a poker, and, more horrible still, the deadly knife! There is something peculiarly revolting in this common habit of women-beating amongst the humbler classes of Englishmen, especially in our great cities and towns, and altogether incompatible with our traditional notions of English fair play. When Ponce gives his wife Judy a sound thrashing with a stick nearly as big as the puppet's own body, the crowd round the snow-box are in ecstasies, and applaud the popular hero to the echo. Even mothers hold up their babes to admire what is considered the best part of the fun. This incident, which every one of us has witnessed, trifling as it may appear, has its moral, which reflects anything but credit on the head and heart of the English multitude.—London News.

A VALUABLE TABLE.—The following table will be found exceedingly valuable to many of our readers:—A box 24 inches square, and 28 inches deep will contain a barrel. (5 bushels.) Box 24 inches by 16 inches square, and 14 inches deep, will contain one barrel. Box 16 inches by 15, 9 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one barrel. Box 12 inches by 12 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a barrel. Box 8 inches by 8, 3 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one peck. Box 8 inches by 8 inches square, and 4, 2 inches deep will contain one gallon. Box 7 inches by 8 inches square, and 2, 8 inches deep, will contain half a gallon. Box 4 inches by 4 inches square, and 4, 8 inches deep, will contain one quart.

Somebody who has a Dutch sweetheart thus discourseth of her charms:

My love wears a beautiful bawtie
Ne'er made up of cotton or brae,
But out of the genuine muscle,
According to nature's own plan—

VERSES ON AN EMIGRANT FAMILY

COPIED IN PART FROM ELIZA COOK'S POEMS

God speed the keel of the trusty ship That bears them to our shores...

Communicated by a relative in Georgia

EASTERN RELIGIONS.

We extract the following from an exchange paper, and one cannot fail to see in it many of the vices engrafted on christianity as taught in some countries.

HINDOO RELIGION.

Monachism originated in Eastern Asia a long time—probably fifteen-hundred years—before the birth of Christ.

The language of these ancient books is called Sanscrit. Like the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, it has been for many ages a dead language.

The most ancient of the Hindoo books are four in number, called Vedas. They are filled, for the most part, with religious precepts, prayers, and hymns.

Next in age to the Vedas, is a book entitled "The Laws of Menu," which unfolds the rules of this ancient religion.

These books form altogether an extensive library. They teach the doctrines, worship, mythology, and practical rules of this ancient religion.

Hindoo books teach that there is one infinite eternal God, who is the original source of all other beings, and comprehends them all in his universal essence.

But the sublime, original Godhead is not the object of Hindoo worship. He is thought to be too great for human knowledge.

Brahm revealed himself in three forms or persons, called Brahma, the Creator, Vishnu, the Preserver, and Siva, the Destroyer.

It seems that the worshippers were in early times divided into sects; some preferring the worship of one, some of another, of these divine persons.

Besides the supreme Trinity, the Hindoo mythology embraces many gods and goddesses of divers ranks and characters; and these all have their worshippers.

About their gods, their actions and transformations, the Hindoos of old invented a thousand allegories and fables, monstrous and absurd, of which we need say nothing more.

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

THE LITTLE STRAW HAT

'Tis a dear little hat, and it hangs there still— And its voice of the past bids our heart strings thrill.

'Tis a dear little hat, for each simple braid Tells that oft o'er its plaiting those fingers played.

Yes; there silent it hangs with its curling front, Still as playfully rolled as had been its wont.

Ay, the hat is the same, but it shades no more Those light blue eyes as in days of yore.

Sad memories they are; o'er their quivering strings Each breath of the by-gone a tremor flings.

Then recall not the past—though the dimpled hand May never again clasp the braided strand.

An' think of him now with a glittering crown O'er his heavenly forehead resting down.

Ay, I see him now with the holy light, Poured broad on his brow with radiance bright.

(For the Canadian Son of Temperance.)

MOVEMENTS OF CADETS IN LINCOLN.

On Friday the 24th June, 1853, being the Anniversary of Smithville Star Section of Cadets, No. 82, it was celebrated in the following manner:—

The happy, healthy, hearty little brethren met at 2 o'clock at Concord Farm, the residence of their highly esteemed Worthy Patron, B. Erva Dill.

The meeting was called to order by the W. A. and the services of the Chaplain consisted in reading a portion of the Holy Scripture, 35th chapter Jeremiah.

The party then had an intermission, and at 7 o'clock met to witness a splendid exhibition conducted by the Cadets, Daughters, Sons, and a few friends.

The party then broke up at a late hour, and returned to their homes delighted with what they had seen and heard.

In the Bonds of the Order, T. M. LUFFE, R. S.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF YOUNG MEN.—The greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five and twenty!

John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times, had it not been for the jealousy of Phillip, the next year he would have been Emperor Mauritania.

THE TEN TRIBES.

The Jews at Jerusalem are said to have received a letter from the synagoge authorities of Saphet, which speaks of important information being received concerning the lost ten tribes of Israel.

Let us look at the subject. A moderate calculation will show that the descendants of every man form connections with five other families in 50 years, on an average.

THE WORD "SELAH"—The translators of the bible have left the Hebrew word Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks him minister or some learned friend what it means.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.—I may here as well as any other part the secret of what is called good and bad luck.

Children and pigs take to earth as naturally as an Irishman to a sherry. The snow does not disappear before the one foot and the other plays marbles.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO, TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1853.

POLITICAL ACTION IN CANADA IS WHAT WE NOW WANT—OUR LEGISLATORS, LIKE THOSE IN THE AMERICAN STATES, MUST LEARN AT THE POLLS THAT ALL OF US, REFORMERS AND CONSERVATIVES, ALL PARTIES IN CANADA, WANT NO MORE OF THE LICENSING OF RUM SHOPS.

This Province is becoming every year more subject to public opinion. No Government can long withstand this public opinion. Vast as are its powers of corruption, our Canadian Government yet trembles before public opinion. The Canadians have made up their minds pretty generally that DRUNKENNESS is caused by the LICENSE SYSTEM, and that this is a dreadful evil, contrary to the light of the age. The opinion is secretly and openly expressed that it must fall. Men must not die by this evil—our young moral and political energies must not be corrupted any longer by it. It is an evil continually—a lie before the sun—having no good feature, but full of death—of crime—of moral pestilence—of social distress. The question is then asked, if mechanics, if agriculture, if science are to advance as they do—shall not our morals and customs keep pace? Why murder each other with alcohol? Why use it to the injury of health and happiness? The question is asked, shall the CURE OF LAW—the VETO OF PARLIAMENT be called to our aid—and shall the question be put to our members of Parliament before and at the polls—WILL YOU DO YOUR DUTY ON THIS QUESTION? WE WANT THIS SYSTEM STOPPED. "YOU KNOW ME OF OLD—TRUST ME"—will not do; the fox with his tail pulled off in the trap will be more careful next time, and will teach others to keep their tails sound. This is a day of ASKING and of PLEDGING: WHOM WE PAY, we have a right to question. Some of the Canadians had their tails pulled off at the elections of 1851; let them be more careful hereafter. The temperance question must be one of the electioneering questions of the next election—CONFINED TO NO PARTICULAR PARTY, but one agitated for the whole country. The sooner this is understood the better—and let all prepare for it. In the United States, the great touchstone has been found to be political action; stop the sale and manufacture for sale, and the evil falls. Michigan lately took political action on this subject—submitted the question to the people, and on the 20th of June TWENTY THOUSAND of a majority of her people voted for the cessation of the license system. The great obstacle that stands in the way of our action in this matter, is the desire of our genteel classes—our legislators, most of them we mean, to have the privilege of drinking wine and liquors when they please. They would have no objection, indeed desire it, to stop the low tipping houses and all the poor man's drinking, but they will not begin at the top. No; this would stop SPEAKER'S DINNERS—would reduce his salary again to £500, it being raised the other day to £800 in Quebec, by our self-styled retrenching Ministry, because he gave such fine dinners or suppers. Wines at such places are a very costly item you know. Our legislators don't want the law passed, because it will interfere with the customs (very bad ones all know) of genteel society. Now, these men must be taught that they live in a country where, not their whims, but the opinions of a whole people must be consulted. It is very easy for men to get together and squander away our taxes, but do they pay them? do they feel the evils of drunkenness? Bring this question to the political crucible and all will be right.

THE ACTION OF AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Below we give the substance of two letters, one from Lincoln and one from the County of Dundas. We feel that these men speak the truth, and that whilst our brains have been wearied in thinking for the benefit of the Order, THE MEN WHO OUGHT TO BE WORKERS are with FOLDED ARMS doing nothing to spread the influence of this paper, or indeed any temperance paper!! Do Sons and temperance men think this is just to the zealous Editors of temperance papers, or just to the cause they pretend to love? Mr. Hill below sends us ten new names for papers, and these ten papers will be read by at least 100 persons. Is this nothing? Suppose our list of subscribers were increased in July 1000—would it do the cause any good? It would probably in six months add from 200 to 500 names to the Divisions, cadets or unions of daughters!! and give temperance reading to 5000 people who see but little of it now. In case of a general election, it might induce many a man to pause before voting for a drunken Parliamentary candidate. Would this do good? We feel strongly on this point, and solemnly believe there is a shameful want of activity on the part of those who ought to pay for and support the temperance press generally. Our list of subscribers can be increased by local agents within two weeks 1000, without costing any one of them more than a day's labour in all, or perhaps a few hours' canvassing in their Divisions or villages. Let the thing be tried. It will do the cause more good than it will do us, for at \$1 this paper only pays the actual cost price. We are not joking nor kidding when we say that we want

to see the Maine Law enacted in Canada, and whilst we conduct this paper this object shall be furthered.

COUNTY DUNDAS, WILLIAMSBURGH, 27th June, 1853.

SIR AND BROTHER,—I feel ashamed of myself, and I believe there are many that are called good Sons of Temperance who ought to be ashamed of themselves, for their neglect in procuring subscribers to your praiseworthy paper. Their neighbors only want to be asked to subscribe and they will do it. I send you 5s for two new six months subscribers, &c., &c., and guarantee to you payment for eight more, whose names are as follows, &c., &c. Set me down on your list as agent.

I am not about to give an account of North Williamsburgh Division, or a grand demonstration we had here on the 22nd inst.; there are others more capable of this; but I will give a sketch of them. Our Division is doing well, considering the opposition we have. We are, however, opposed by two sections of the community—first, by the so-called respectable or genteel class, who will not join or assist us, and, TELL IT NOT IN GATH, by many of the clergy.

I think that the following comparison, as to the conduct of some ministers, may be allowable. A few were talking of the conduct of the clergy, in respect of the temperance movement, when an old shepherd said he had something to say on the subject to his minister the next time he saw him; and he his answer what it may, it shall be drawn out. I am going, says the shepherd, to ask him, the minister, why he is not a teetotaler, and why he does not do something for temperance. I am, says the shepherd, you know, a KEEPER OF MANY SHEEP; the bad intemperance seizes them and my sheep are about to be destroyed—many die; yet I look quietly on and try not to stop the disorder. My neighbors come in and save some, and try to save many that perish. I tell them it is of no use, that they will die of the disease. What, says the shepherd, would you think of me, and what would my employer think of me? When he asked me what became of his sheep, all I could say would be, that they DIED OF THE ROT, and I could not save them. He might well ask, did you try? Now, Sir (minister), you are a shepherd of HUMAN SHEEP, have a flock under your eye, and the ROT OF INTemperance is raging amongst them—it extends all over the land—the sheep die by scores; and your master, the owner of the sheep, will some time come and ask you for his lost ones of the flock. Are you ready to give him an answer, and what will that be? Do any of your neighbors (perhaps a small struggling Division of Sons) come and try to cure your sheep of this terrible ROT? do they save any? What do you say to these Sons? and are you doing anything to help them to cure the disease? A day of reckoning will come on all, and the GREAT SHEPHERD will ask the smaller shepherds for his sheep—the souls committed to his care. It is easy for you, minister, to say they died of the ROT INTemperance, I could not help it! But, saith the Great Shepherd, what did you do to prevent it? I tremble, O MINISTER SHEPHERD for your answer. Nothing! nothing! These souls, then, says the Great Shepherd, at your hands I require—their blood is on your skirts.

Yours in L. P. F.

WILLIAM HILL.

The above is the substance of a sensible letter written by this worthy brother to us. If Upper Canada was as full of such Sons, how long would we be without the Maine Law? He is a man of action and of words. It is the misfortune of the Sons that there are too few of such men among them. The picture he draws of two classes of society is too true. There is a SELFISH GENTEEL CLASS who will do nothing for temperance until they see it is universally popular, and then they will swim with the current. THIS CLASS hung for many years a dead weight on our American friends, but they are now joining the current FOR OFFICE SAKE; they will join in Canada in a year or so. The other class is composed of COLD, FORMAL ministers, who think the temperance movement a mere worldly movement, beneath their notice; hence they let their sheep die. Some excuse is always in their mouths. IT IS NOT THEIR BUSINESS—SECRET SOCIETIES are bad! or the Word of God is sufficient without any other organization—LEAVE ALL TO THE CHURCH! In the meantime, as Mr. Hill says, the sheep of the flock are dying, and they even oppose the Sons, who would cure them!—EDITOR.]

LINCOLN, GAINSBORO, June 18th, 1853.

Our Division is not a wealthy one, but I am sorry that more can not be induced to take the "GEM," as I am convinced if they should once get in the habit of reading it, that TWICE THE AMOUNT OF THE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION would not induce them to give it up. I think that there has been no very great exertion made by agents in this quarter to extend the circulation of your paper, and there is a general apathy pervading all classes of society, in regard to temperance movements and the temperance cause. Hoping that something may be done soon to arouse the slumbering energies of temperance men, and to give the cause a new impetus, I subscribe myself,

Yours in L. P. and F.

R. S. LEWIS.

THE LONG POINT COUNTRY—ITS FERTILITY—ITS POLITICS—ITS TEMPERANCE.

SIR,—Having said a little about the game and hunting in the Long Point country, allow me to say something about the country itself, for it is remarkable on other accounts besides that of game. In extent it is about 60 miles in length by 40 in breadth, and contains about 2400 square miles; bounded on the east by the Grand River, north by the Thames, west by Kettle Creek, and on the south by Lake Erie; which here furnishes one of the best fisheries to be found in the Great Lakes. This district of country includes the counties of Oxford, a part of Elgin, and glorious old Norfolk. The soil of this section is generally excellent; in Oxford county it is almost incomparably good, and with an ordinary mode of cultivation produces Beef, Pork, Butter and Cheese, Flour, and Meal, in an overflowing abundance. In fact (with a small exception) every part of this little territory is fertile to a high degree; and even that small exception is rich in mineral wealth. It is also watered in a remarkable manner; small rivers

rising in central parts and running to almost every point of the compass, gives to the inhabitants an amount of hydraulic privileges, perhaps not equalled between the Atlantic ocean and the Mississippi river; it is in fact the GENESSEE VALLEY of western Canada. With this great advantage over the Genessee, it furnishes annually tons of millions of feet of the best quality of Pine lumber for the American market, giving remunerative and healthy employment to thousands, more hands being yet required. But sir, the best is not yet told,

"For this district none surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses"

There are but two exceptionable characters connected with the affairs of all this region, and they, thanks be to God, spend the most of their time as far off as Quebec, and we hope their next move will be, not to Toronto, but to Sir John Franklin's neighbourhood, or some other region where the circumstances that surround them will not "compel them to abandon the INTERESTS OF THEIR CONSTITUENTS," after having pledged themselves to a contrary course of conduct; but we suppose they were pledged as POLITICIANS not as MEN OF HONOR; which of course makes a very great difference. But the Long point country is remarkable for the production of men: In the first place, they are generally large of stature, generous in heart, noble in their phrenological developments, of industrious habits, and partaking largely of the spirit of improvement that characterizes the age. It has produced some men of intellect who are spending their time and talents in promoting the welfare of the general community. Foremost among these, and preeminent in church and state affairs, stand the family of Colonel Joseph Byerson, whose very vices declare them to be an extraordinary family; but it is not necessary for me to say anything of them. But such has been the impression made by these men upon the Canadian mind, that it will not wear out for a generation to come.

In this country the principles of true Temperance have taken a strong hold, are working their widening way, and will ultimately drive drunkenness, in all its variety of shades and concomitant curses from the face of our beautiful land, a thousand ignorant and besotted Legislators to the contrary, notwithstanding. A few who are influenced by clanish principles are mourning the downward tendency of spirit advertising practices, but their fate is deplorable, for they have no comforter. The virtuous and stable-minded are for the most part adopting and practising the principles of total abstinence; and although some of the light minded and unprincipled have gone back and walk no more with us, the cause is not much weakened by their desertion, camp followers add but little to the strength of an army. There is one more class that are going from us, and may they have an increase of speed; it is composed of those who say they will do anything for money, and their actions prove the truth of their assertions; they will not only renounce VIRTUE, TEMPERANCE, and BROTHERLY KINDNESS, for the sake of gain, but they would sell their God for less than thirty pieces of silver!! It is the wise and virtuous that give stability to any institutions, and they will give success and perpetuity to the excellent principles of Temperance.

I sincerely hope that you will be blessed with health and strength in the performance of your various labours.

Your in L. P. and F.

THOS. BARNES.

Otterville, June 18th, 1853.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION AT THE NIAGARA FALLS.

DEAR BR,—I now take the opportunity of communicating a few lines to you, relative to the Temperance Convention. The day was uncommonly fine and pleasant; the noble Brass Band of Port Robinson was followed by about 100 people, who met at Port Robinson, at about 9 o'clock. The band played some excellent pieces of music before starting, and also upon the road that led to the falls. The congregation met in the grove about one quarter of a mile from the great cataract. Arriving upon the ground about half past ten, it was pleasing to behold, whichever way I cast my eyes, people coming from all courses, both men and women, (also the young gentlemen turned out strong with the young ladies.) About 11 o'clock the Royal Rifle Band of Niagara arrived upon the ground, playing some excellent tunes in a noble style. There were about 3,000 people present, and some eloquent speeches delivered by some of the Rev. gentlemen of Toronto and St. Catharines.

The meeting broke up at four o'clock, P. M. There were three cheers given for the supporters of the Maine Law, and three for the Queen. The Band then arose and played God save the Queen, and dispersed.

EDWARD L. FORSYTH,

Spectator.

June, 1853.

SMITHFIELD SOIREE.—A small though enthusiastic temperance party was assembled by the Division at Smithfield, on the 24th June. About 150 ladies and gentlemen, with happy smiling children, assembled at the Wesleyan church to hear the address. Quite a galaxy of speakers from Toronto were present (so including our humble self) and the Rev. Mr. Wheeler from Bolton's Mills. Mr. Bruce from the neighborhood, and the worthy chairman Mr. Hogle. Bra. Moore, Alcorn, and Wilson addressed the audience very ably for about twenty minutes each. The worthy chairman made some useful remarks, and Mr. Wheeler also made a sensible speech. The Bolton Mills band were present, with many of the brethren and their wives. The Bolton Division is growing finely—numbers 90. The Smithfield Division is also growing.

This account was crowded out of our last number.

A SOIREE AT CUMMINSVILLE takes place at that village on the 6th inst. A procession is to be formed at one o'clock, P. M.; the Nelson Brass Band will be in attendance. Engagements will prevent our attendance. We will speak to Brother Dick. We wish the Brothers there a full attendance.

LASKAY DIVISION, KING.—A SOIREE is to take place at or near the village of Laskay on the 6th day of July inst. The bills say arrangements have been made to carry passengers for half price to and from Toronto and Bradford. It is got up by the Division—tickets 1s. 3d. each. Several eminent speakers are engaged. Toronto Sons should attend. Passengers go by railroad.

The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]

NIAGARA FALLS

WRITTEN IN THE TORONTO ASYLUM, BY AN 'NNATE.

In omnium conspectu, hæc rupes valde mirifica

Niagara empress, queen of all and tide,
Thy billows high, o'er mighty cliffs do glide;
At thy dread roar, man stands aloof, aghast,
As stern he lists thy solemn potent blast

No fleets can curb, no armies make thee stay,
But onward swift, thy march still holds its way;
While music precede, and heralds go before,
And mists of thy streamlets wildly roar.

Thy diadem is green, of Erin's emerald hue,
All clad with spray, with foam, and azure dew;
Thy tresses and thy pearls do crown thy sheet,
The rainbow lays her gems, in tribute at thy feet!

Thy reign is old, thy sceptre from on high,
Thy birth, when morning stars did illumine the sky;
The orbs of light, that shine upon thee now,
Saw the first wreaths enconce thy lofty brow!

The Indian of the wood, in awe profound,
Along the forest bank and rustic mound,
Did list thy muse of old, and saw thy swell
By morning tide, by softest evening gale!

DELTA.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS OR RAPPINGS.

Late accounts represent that this phenomenon has become quite common in European cities, and is now agitating the old city of Rome—the City of Monks and Priests. The Jesuits, cunning all the world over in religious and political action and intrigues, cannot tell what it is; so in this Br. Jonathan's women have completely pulled the wool over their eyes. Is it possible that the powers of the Inquisition could be usefully brought to bear on this question? Why not attack tricks on the dead as well as heresy with its tortures? But in the United States, strange to say, it is daily assuming more importance. Mr. Tallmadge, an eminent American, has written a letter, asserting his belief, positively too, that spirits do communicate by raps. Table moving is becoming very common in the United States as well as in Europe. Now it is necessary in all these cases to have a medium through which to act. Yet such a medium is not absolutely necessary, for spirits have appeared in a form of light to human beings. Read also on our first page the terrible and it is said authentic account of the visit of a spirit to his friend. Spirits, if we believe the Old and New Testaments, used in the Jewish era, and in the days of primitive christianity, to appear in visible forms. Remember the witch of Endor and Samuel's ghost—the angels and Abraham—the angels and Lot—Jacob's ladder and angels—the burning bush and Moses—Elijah and Enoch carried up to heaven by angels—Daniel's dreams—old Zachariah's blindness—Elizabeth's angel—Mary and Joseph's angels—the angels that stood over the child Jesus—Moses and Elias who spoke to Jesus on the Mount, the voice from heaven, and the dove descending—St. Stephen—the angels who opened the prison to Paul—the angel that appeared to Peter—the angels of John on the Island of Patmos. Now christians at least believe all these things. The heathens believed in angels and the visits of spirits. Remember the visit to Brutus—the writing on the wall of Belshazzar—the dreams of the Assyrian kings. Swedenborgh, a great philosopher and christian divine solemnly says, he held constant intercourse with angels. In all these cases they appeared in the form of LIGHT, AERIAL FORMS, and spoke to man in sleep or awake. Now spirits, not of angels exactly, but of departed men, manifest themselves to the living by raps. They do it, they say by God's permission, to prove the immortality of the soul. Strange none of these spirits prove the existence of an eternal hell. This, if they are the imps of the EVIL ONE, they would conceal probably from men. Many American papers especially, are writing down WOMEN'S RIGHTS, but here we see women; for these mediums are almost always young women, confounding the American and European scientific world. Are they able to do this, if what they say be not true or from superior powers? Are women wiser in this generation than men? Why do the spirits choose such mediums as young women? Is it because they are pure and sweet? We the living know they are purer and sweeter than men, and ladies ears, married and unmarried, are known to be the mediums of some of our most secret and cherished thoughts and whispers. It is not to be wondered at then that the sweetest creatures of creation should be chosen as mediums for spirits, through which to communicate with the living. Be this as it may, we see clearly that the spirits are in favor of women's rights. By this another old adage is also done away with, and that is, that women cannot be trusted WITH A SECRET. Pshaw! who has so many secrets as women? Cunning as Greeley of the Tribune is, it is known that he is a believer in spiritual manifestations. Are we so editorially? On this head we wish to be further advised. The fact of the spirits choosing young ladies as mediums, knowing that the world is now and has always been mad with two things, GOLD AND THE LOVE OF WOMEN, would incline us to believe that these rappings may be from departed men, they are so much like our living selves! But the departed females rap, as well as the males.

[ORIGINAL.]
GOD IN NATURE:

BY R. A. LEWIS.

Mysterious God, whose slightest nod
All creatures should obey,
O! wisdom give me while I live,
To know and do thy way

Thy word to man is in my hand,
To read and learn thy will,
Sent from above, Thy wondrous love
Its sacred pages fill

But God of light, give me the sight,
Thy sacred form to see,
Thy sacred form, that rides the storm,
And fills eternity

"Then," God said, "look in the bub-
bling brook,
In the sunshine and the storm,
In the balmy breeze, in the forest trees,
Look and behold my form.

In the zephyrs bland, in the meadow
land,
In the flowers so fresh and fair,

In the harvest sheaf, in the fluttering
leaf,
My form is everywhere

In the falling rain, in the dewy plain,
In the sun, and stars, and moon,
In the deep midnight, in the morning
light,
And in the ferried noon

In the ether blue, in the gentle dew,
In light, and heat, and cold
And on the shroud of yon sable cloud,
My form, my form behold!"

I looked, and lo a beautiful bow
Of promise arched the sky,
All strangely bright, its colored light,
Beamed peerless majesty

Deep awe I felt, and humbly knelt,
And did no voice thus raise
"Thou God most High, what'ert
night,
For ever have the Praise"

ON ELECTRICITY—No 3.

BY E. V. WILSON OF TORONTO.

It is during the process of evaporation that it is supposed to be principally excited and silently conveyed to the regions above; and also during the condensation of the same vapour that the grand phenomenon of thunder and lightning is made manifest. The power of this agent is incalculable. I believe Cavillo says the evaporation of the Mediterranean sea alone, is six thousand eight hundred millions of tons of water daily. Then again the friction of opposite currents in the air, in fact of every rising and falling body in the atmosphere, with numerous other sources, tend to augment the grand and moving manifestations of the elements. The learned Dr. Ingenhousser has showed how a stroke of lightning may, by means of a shower of rain or hail, be conducted from the clouds to the extremity of a building, though the other end may be properly protected or secure; and this circumstance tends to prove the utility of protecting rods on the various prominent parts of a building. A further proof that the above is correct is, that there have been instances of gable ends of churches having been struck when storms came in that direction, although a rod may have been on the spire, yet being out of the radius of protection offered by the point. It is not proper rods should touch any metallic spouting, if the same does not reach the ground. Lightning takes by preference the shortest course to the earth, though it will pass along a good conductor a much greater distance. When there are several rods connected together on a building, they should have more than one connection with the ground; for this reason, if one should get displaced you will have another communication, and if one termination is in a better condition than the other by means of humidity, &c., it will take that one which offers the greatest facilities. Good contact with the earth is necessary. Rods should go below the foundation of the building, or be entrenched out some distance according to the porosity of the soil. It is wrong to terminate in a cistern, for cement being a non-conductor, it will necessarily be destroyed. I have no objections to charcoal, though I do not see its necessity if the above mentioned conditions are fulfilled.

Many persons conceive that one point is better than many, under the impression that the lightning is split and will strike between (which possibly may take place between ill-conditioned rods.) This was an erroneous impression some sixty years ago, by a Mr. Archard, finding that he could not discharge the cylinder of an electric machine by means of nine little cones one inch high, which were placed on a base of one inch square. This base of nine little cones has no kind of rotations whatever as regards lightning rods, and only serves that phenomenon advanced by some, of constituting a ball to gather explosion, &c., for so many points accumulated in so small a space, is in reality little more than being equal to a first point of one inch square.

Toronto, June 27th, 1853.

THE CANADIAN THRUSH is the size of the robin, only of a more slender form, with a longer tail and bill. It is the largest and best of our singing birds, the cat-bird being inferior to it in melody and number of notes or variations of voice. The colors are very plain, being of rusty brown on the head, neck, back, wing, and tail, and of paler brown on the under parts, spotted with blackish spots and stripes of black. The male and female are of a similar colour. It appears in Canada just as the trees are putting forth their first leaves, about the first week in May, sometimes earlier, and remains during the summer months. Its food is chiefly worms, but it is also very fond of berries, and is like the robin at times, very troublesome to our gardens in this respect. It is for this reason very often shot like the red-headed wood-pecker and the robin. The thrush builds its nest generally in low bushes, preferring thorns, and sometimes on the ground; using for this purpose coarse twigs and grass, building a rather rude nest. It lays four large eggs of a pale or whitish blue color, spotted with dark spots. Its time of incubation is early in June. The thrush is only found in the vicinity of the settlements of man, and will not, it is said, sing when confined in a cage. It pines under confinement; probably if reared from a very tender age it might sing. The tail of this bird is very long, and it flies very low by short jerks, keeping concealed in the bushes, uttering a short sharp sound, especially when its nest is obstructed on. The song is heard generally early in the morning, or just as the sun is sinking in the west; it also delights to sing just after May and June showers, when the trees are balmy and sweet, and the air redolent with odours of leaves, grasses and flowers. Often have I then listened to it. The sun bursting out from behind a cloud or the mists of the showers—the rainbow arching the skies and the breathings of nature, altogether form, with its sweet voice from the snowy flowering thorn bush, a lovely scene. Such scenes

in youth I have often admired, and yet can admire. There is something about it paradisaical—innocent, and enchanting. The trills of the thrush are very numerous, extending to at least a dozen various intonations of voice of the sweetest description. The exact number I never counted. The British thrush is somewhat smaller than ours, the tail is shorter and the form more plump, but the song is very similar; Englishmen think it superior to ours. It is, however, the same species of bird. The color of the English thrush is a brownish dun on the back and upper parts, and lighter below with black spots on the throat and breast, legs and beak of a flesh color. A neighbor of mine has one in a cage for which he paid five pounds. It sings beautifully, commencing at day-break and continuing several hours. The Canadian species also greets the rising as well as the setting sun with its melody.

THE CAT-BIRD has been before described in volume — Its song very much resembles that of the thrush, but has less compass. The notes are so alike in many respects, that heard from a distance it is impossible to distinguish them from those of the thrush. In size it is between the robin and the blue bird, or about half the size of the thrush. Its colour is a deep blackish slate colour, no difference existing between the male and female in color. It builds its nest in very dense thickets, which it frequents generally in unfrequented places, far from human settlements. The cat-bird lays four dark blue eggs in June. It is exceedingly neat in form and appearance—very quick in its motions, and utters when approached or when breeding or disturbed, a noise very similar to that of a young cat. "musee, meuse;" all the time concealed in the thick bushes and shrubbery. I can recollect some 28 years ago very well that it at first effectually deceived me, and after some searching for poor pussy in the bush, I found it was only the sly cat-bird. Where there is much shrubbery about our houses in Canada, it often builds its nest near our gardens and front yards. I have frequent visits from it at my present residence in Toronto. In the back forests it is generally found in blackberry and raspberry patches, upon the berries of which it is fond of feeding. Its general food is worms, but it also feeds on berries. The song of this bird, and in this it differs from the thrush, is often heard at noon when the sun is shining in his strength in June and July; it will then sing beautifully for half an hour, varying its notes like the Canadian or British thrush. This bird and the thrush effectually disprove the false assertions of some naturalists, that Canada has no song birds. The cat-bird somewhat resembles the mocking bird of the Southern States.

VICTOR HUGO,

Draws this picture of France, and we fear it is too true. It shows to what a lowness French patriotism has fallen under priests and soldiers. Victor Hugo is one of the greatest of living men. Read his picture of the degradation of France, and ask yourselves if it is not time that a new race had sprung up in this our world, to purify it of false patriots on the one hand, and of traitorous priests on the other. The people should never trust those who have betrayed them once.—[Ed. Sox.

Victor Hugo in the course of an eloquent but bitter oration, lately delivered over the graves of one of the French refugees in the Isle of Jersey, thus gives vent to his feelings in reference to his country and her ruler:—"Citizens! To-day, in France, apostasy is joyous. The old land of the 14th of July and of the 10th of August, assists at the hideous spread of treason, and the triumphant march of traitors. Not one unworthy action which is not immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the law—he is made a prefect; a soldier dishonours his flag—he is made a general; a priest sells his religion—he is made a bishop; a judge prostitutes justice—he is made a senator; a prince, an adventurer, commits every crime, from the base trick that would shame a pickpocket, to the cruelty which would make an assassin shudder—and he becomes an Emperor. Around and about these men are the sounds of triumphal music, bouquets and dancing, addresses and applause and genuflections. Servility comes to congratulate ignominy."

LONGEVITY OF THE FRIENDS.—According to the English census returns, the average age attained by members of this peaceful sect in Great Britain is fifty one years two months and twenty one days. Half of the population of the country die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of life in the world over is but thirty-three years. They therefore, live a third longer than the rest of us. They are temperate and prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensely, but preserve a composed demeanour always.

The Quakers are a remarkable people, and the above account speaks much in their favor. It shows what good habits will do. Some papers are in the habit of decrying the custom of women speaking in assemblies—their opponents say that public speaking makes them immodest and bold, yet if experience be any guide among the Quaker sect, this license has quite a different effect on women. Among the friends the women are universally famed for modesty. Many of their women it is known speak to religious assemblies, and very modestly and eloquently too. It does not follow because women do this that they should be immodest. All things in life depend upon education, moral and otherwise. If human beings are properly educated, morally and otherwise, there is no danger of their going far astray, under the light of christianity.—[Ed. Fox.

NOTICE SUBSCRIBERS.—Our six months term is about expiring, and the attention of all interested is called to the payments due at this office.

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 the news of the day, political and of news.

Agricultural.

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman spare that tree! Touch not a single bough In youth it sheltered me, And I'll protect it now.

THE WEATHER ON Monday was fine, with some rain; Tuesday was very warm with some rain; Wednesday was still warmer—a slight thunder shower the previous evening.

A GREAT SHEEP SHEARING.—The shearing of the flock of pure French Merino sheep of A. L. Bingham, took place at the Hotel of J. K. Hyde, Sudbury, Vt., on the first and second days of June.

POTATO SOUP.—Almost every farmer's household is fond of soup for supper. I will now say a few "home-spun" lines on making a cheap and palatable soup from the potato.

REMEDY FOR THE CHERRY SLUG.—The cherry slug or snail, makes sad havoc on our cherry trees in this vicinity.

I tried dry dust, taken from the ground near the tree; with a shovel make it fine, or you may scrape it from the highway when it is dry and dusty.

The first weeping willow in England was planted by Pope, the poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree.

Mr. Edward M. Shephard of Norfolk, has sixteen cows from which 128 lbs. of butter was made during the past week, an average of 8 lbs. per week per cow.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the Agricultural Society of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville have purchased a three year old and a one year old bull, and two heifers of a breed similar to the above.

In six years the consumption of tea in Great Britain has increased only from 57,600,000 pounds to 65,000,000 pounds; in the United States it has increased from 18,000,000 pounds to 34,300,000 pounds.

A California paper says that the largest tree in the world is growing in California, which it describes as follows:—"There is a cedar tree growing in the mountains of Calaveras county, situated about twenty miles northeast of Murphy's, which is said to be the largest tree in the world.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—On Saturday evening a friend called on us, and concluded to spend the night. On arranging the bed for him, which had not been used for a few days, a buzzing sound was heard, and on further examination a fine queen bee was discovered, safely ensconced between the sheets, with a nice cell of honey—the nucleus of a future colony.

THE FACTORIES OF LOWELL consume between eighty and ninety thousand bales of cotton a year, about one-sixth of the whole consumption of the United States.

HORTICULTURAL TASTE.—The Prairie Farmer has an excellent editorial on the cultivation of the taste for horticulture, and the effects on the character and the home. We extract a few sentences:—"The country is a true home of beauty, and horticulture is the free school of taste, in which all our readers may become apt pupils if they choose, and gratified and useful professors if they will it, and help to create as much beauty in their spare hours as the wealthy citizen can purchase with the gains of years, to decorate his brick and mortar palace in the metropolis.

MEASURING HAY IN BULK.—Multiply the length, breadth, and height of the hay into each other; and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards will weigh a ton.

THE SMITHVILLE LETTER OF BROTHER L.'s, he says, is written by the authority of the temperance people there. For this reason we will refer to it at some length in our next, and also express our opinion fully on the difficulties we labour under IN GETTING SUBSCRIBERS TO PAY—the UNWILLINGNESS TO PAY, &c., shown by dozens every where.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Russian question remains the same as in our last. The latest news showing a disposition on the part of Russia to back out from her hitherto very hostile position. The New York and Liverpool grain markets remain stationary on account of the uncertainty of war.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Ripe Peaches from Mr. Proudfoot's gardens, and a fine display of strawberries were exhibited, raised by Gardeners around the vicinity of Toronto. The Court of Chancery in Toronto have determined to have the £10,000 railroad job fully investigated.

The assessors of the city of Toronto say that the population exceeds 40,000. A Grand Provincial Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition is to be held in Montreal on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of September, 1853. Neal Dow is expected to lecture here on Temperance on the 7th of July last.

A young man named Burns was killed by the train of the Northern Railway running over him near Thornhill, last week. The N. Y. Legislature have passed bills to enlarge the Erie Canal. The Madiai protestants are in Switzerland. At the annual meeting of the Orangemen at Kingston it seems a split has arisen, owing to a quarrel between Mr. Gowan and Mr. Benjamin of Belleville.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE AT WHITBY VILLAGE ON THE 30TH JUNE.—This ceremony took place on the above day; it was done with Masonic honors in the presence of about 200 of the fraternity, and of 2000 spectators from the surrounding country. Two bands were in attendance, one from Brooklyn and one from Toronto.

The Sons of Temperance of Mariposa held a meeting at Elm Grove on the 25th ult., addresses were delivered by Br. Farewell and Nixon.

NEAL DOW, we see by American papers, is lecturing in New York, and, therefore, cannot be in Canada on the 7th inst.

Mr. DANIEL CROSSWART, an old and respectable resident of Canada, left Toronto to-day to visit his friends in England. He has been resident in this Province near fifty years.

ALL AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS will notice that our published terms will be strictly insisted on during this year. We find so many willing to MISUNDERSTAND these terms, that we give the public notice again.

Receipts since our last Issue.

W. H. of North Williamsburgh, \$1 on account two new six months subscribers; Wm. Gamby, Oran, 3s, 91. cy. on account six months subscription to 1st July. This subscriber, and also Jesse Gamby were sent to us as yearly subscribers, and owe each 7s 6d. at this date.

Poetry of Mrs. F. S. is received. G. L. S., Detroit, letter received. Letters from Jacob Smith Howard will be attended to from J. B. D., of Bowmansville, is received.

TORONTO MARKETS, Monday, 4th July, 1853 - Wheat per bushel 4s 6d to 4s 10d, Oats 1s 6d to 1s 10d, Young...

The Guelph League men and Sox have lately held several terrace celebrations. A Boats came off lately at Dundee near Brighton.

DIED.

We regret to state that John Mcintosh, Esq., one of our oldest citizens, died on Sunday last, after a severe illness of about two months.

RICHMONDHILL DEPOT FOR CHEAP GOODS, Direct from Montreal, New York and Boston.

The Subscriber takes this opportunity of informing the Public that he has abandoned his former intention of going to Australia, and that he now intends remaining at Richmond Hill.

NORTHERN RAILROAD. COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.

Numerous applications having been made for Building Lots at the "Hex and Curves," the Subscriber takes this method of informing the applicants and the public, that as the 2d DEVEY is being made and Plans prepared, the Lots will shortly be open.

BOSTON LAMP STORE. REMOVAL.

Messrs A HIBBARD & Co. beg to announce to their Customers and the Public generally, that they have REMOVED to No. 30, King Street East, next door to J. LESLIE'S Book Store, where they are receiving a large and varied assortment of Lamps, Globes, Chimneys, Wicks, &c.

ONTARIO, SIMCOE, & HURON RAILROAD.

Commencing on Monday the 20th instant, the Passenger train will leave the foot of Bay Street, at 7 A.M. and 2 P.M., for Bradford, connecting the Steamer "Morning" on the St. Lawrence. Returning will leave Bradford at 9.45 A.M., and at 4.45 P.M.

CITY OF TORONTO DEBENTURES.

NOTICES will be received by the undersigned, up to the 1st day of August next, for Corporation Debentures, to be issued under a By-law of the Corporation, upon any day thereafter, to the amount of £.3,850, or any part thereof.

TENDER OF LANDS.

NOTICES of Lands for Sale to the City of Toronto, for the purpose of an Industrial Farm, will be received at this Office on FRIDAY the 14th July next.

Received this Day, the Boston Lamp Store, Winter Bleached, Whale, Etc., Lard, and Machinery Oils.

A. CLARKE'S MANUFACTORY. DOORS EAST OF SAINT LAWRENCE MARKET, King Street East, Toronto.

FOR CANDY AND DYSPETIC BISCUIT, TEMPERANCE DRINKS IN GREAT VARIETY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

For Cheap Boots and Shoes GO! GO!

T. PRATT'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 117 Queen Street, near the Wharf.

A NEW FAMILY MEDICINE, AND VALUABLE SPRING & FALL PURIFIER DR. BUCHANAN'S TONIC BITTERS.

This medicine is recommended by the first Physicians of Europe and America as the most appropriate and truly harmless, yet successful general Family Medicine ever invented.

The preparation acts most kindly on the liver and mucous membranes, corrects and prevents acidity, aids assimilation where gross articles are used as food, and is suitable in every kind of constipation, complicated with defective biliary secretions.

- such as Dyspepsia - Loss of appetite - Low spirits - Drowsiness - Heartburn - Flatulency - Pain in the stomach - Pain in the side - Pain in the small of the back - Pain in and between the shoulders - Acidity in the stomach - Bilious attack - Nervous, Periodical and sick head ache - In chronic hepatic affections with dyspepsia.

It produces a powerful and lasting impression upon the glandular system and secretory organs, unequalled by any other article. The great and controlling power which this medicine exercises on the secretory and excretory organs, renders it a medicine of peculiar properties as a curative agent, of various complaints and diseases, not mentioned above.

As a FAMILY MEDICINE, IT IS SAFE AND EFFICACIOUS. IT IS WARRANTED TO BE SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. Indeed, the Bitters is a regulator of all the secretions, as far as a general remedy can be so.

FOR SALE BY BUTLER & SON, London; HUGH MILLER, Medical Hall, King Street, and by S. F. URQUHART, GENERAL AGENT, 62, Yonge St., Toronto.

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

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING!! BY E. V. WILSON AND H. PIPER & BROTHER.

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

At which place we beg to offer our Superior Spiral Twisted Anodized Iron Lightning Rods, with Zinc Protectors, and Electro Positive Elements combined in their Manufacture.

TUESDAY, MAY 17th, 1853! MILLINERY AND SHOW ROOMS OPENED.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his Customers and the Public generally, that the latest French, English, and American Millinery Fashions in Bonnets, Coiffes, Veils, &c., will be opened on TUESDAY, 17th May, 1853.

NEW ARRIVALS FROM NEW YORK.

The Greatest, the Best, and the Cheapest Lot of Fancy Ribbons, Flannels and Broad Bonnets ever offered in Toronto. A beautiful assortment of English and American Parasols, Gaiters and Rich Bonnet Ribbons, French KM Gloves at Reduced Prices.

\$4,000 WORTH

OF Grey Factory Cottons, White Shirtings in heavy and fine makes, Striped Shirtings, Chints, Prints, Mole-skins, White Marseilles Quilt, Utrassian and Crap Cloths for Dresses, having been bought very cheap at Auction for Cash, will be sold at prices worthy of special attention.

J. C. has a few maxims in the management of his daily increasing business, which, from principle, he cannot deviate from, viz. On all occasions speaking the truth, whether in favor of himself or otherwise.

Remember THE TORONTO HOUSE, No. 60, King Street East. NO SECOND PRICE. J. CHARLESWORTH.

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, INDIAN RUBBERS and Ladies over Boots, which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call.

TAYLOR'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, New York.

THE Proprietor takes this opportunity to inform the Temperance community and the public in general, that he still continues, as he has done for the last six years, to keep the above-named house, on strictly temperance principles.

Thankful for past favors, he would again invite all who want a quiet, comfortable and cheap home, while stopping in the city, to give him a call. This house is well located for business men, using No. 28 Cortlandt Street, near Broadway, and the landing of most of the Steamboats and Railroads in the city.

Painting, Glazing, & Paper Hanging.

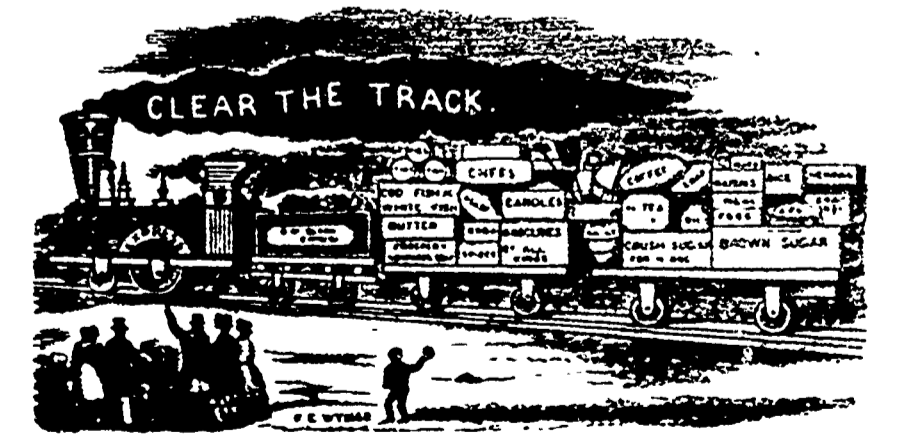
GILBERT PEARCY begs to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him for many years past, and intimates that he has opened that large and commodious shop on Richmond St., 3 doors East of Yonge St., where he can execute all the various branches of his business with that well known neatness and dispatch which heretofore has secured for him a considerable share of trade.

A. WANLESS, Plain and Ornamental Book-Binder, No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge St., Toronto.

The Advertiser, from his long experience in the establishment of Messrs Henderson & Nisbet, of Edinburgh, and other establishments in Scotland, begs to inform his friends and the Public, that he is prepared to execute any description of work in the finest style of the art, however complicated.

WOOL WANTED! TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS & FARMERS.

500 pieces Canadian cloths, Tweeds and Flannels to exchange for Wool on the most favorable terms. Also, Cash paid for Wool, Sheep skins, Goat and Deer skins, by W. A. CLARK, No. 3, St. Lawrence Buildings, up Stairs. Toronto, 15th April, 1853.



B. M. CLARK, GROCER, RESPECTFULLY inform the inhabitants of Toronto and the surrounding country, that he has just opened a splendid assortment of GROCERIES,

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Raisins, Fruits, Nuts, Rice, Molasses, Soap, Candles. Butter, Spices, and every description of Family Groceries.

REMEMBER the stand - B. M. CLARK, Yonge Street, near Temperance Street, in the House formerly used by Mr. Gordon, 222 Queen St. W. B. M. CLARK

REFORMATION IN TRADE.

Reform, reform is the cry of the day, While old-fashioned habits are passing away; While caloric has triumphed, so plainly 'twould seem, O'er the old-fashioned method of puffing by steam

Let us glance at Toronto, which a few years ago, Was dark Muddy York, as you very well know; And see it today, midst our cities the best, And deservedly styled, the Queen of the West.

Just look, if you please, at its elegant homes, - Its beautiful churches, their spires and their domes, While its fine public buildings, erected with taste, Adorn the site of some old marshy waste.

Its marshes have fled by the aid of our drains, Its forests are open'd by the speed of our trains; The past we have seen, the present we see, Well, well, we may ask, what the future will be.

Even now, where the waves of Ontario roar, And dash their white spray on the long-beaten shore, That spot so long sacred does science invade, And the billows give place to a grand Esplanade.

But reforms as important as these have been made, Which greatly have altered the aspect of trade, Old styles and old habits, old prices have past, And customs much better are practised at last.

The BONNETS, for instance, which a few years ago Would cost you a dollar and a quarter, or so; A much finer style you now may procure, For less than one fourth of that sum, I am sure.

Now did you then think that the terms were hard, If you bought; a good print for a shilling per yard; But now you may purchase for half of that price, A cloth quite as good, and a style just as nice.

Will you call at McDONALD'S if it is but to try, From his well sorted stock how cheap you can buy; And we venture to say, when you look through his Store, You will wonder you never have found it before

'Tis a three story house, with the front painted white, Which makes its appearance both graceful and light, With very large figures, which you plainly may see, Describing its number as ONE HUNDRED AND THREE

THE LARGE 103, YONGESTREET. TORONTO.

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 1/2

Wholesale Department up Stairs. MEMBER THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET.

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

Niagara Temperance House, NEAR THE LIBERTY POLE, BUFFALO CITY. H. BAYLEY, Proprietor.

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

To Farmers & the Country Generally. Tax undersigned, at No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street, begs to intimate to the country generally, that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Knappe and Co. of Rochester,

R. H. BRETT, GENERAL MERCHANT, -WHOLESALE. Importer of Heavy Hardware, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, and Birmingham Goods.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, Corner 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. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

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

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

DRY GOODS.

Table listing various dry goods such as Muslin de Laines, Table Linens, Factory cotton, etc., with prices.

BROAD CLOTHS OF ALL KINDS.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, NO SECOND PRICE. Corner of King and Church Street, adjoining the Court House. Toronto, January, 1853.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

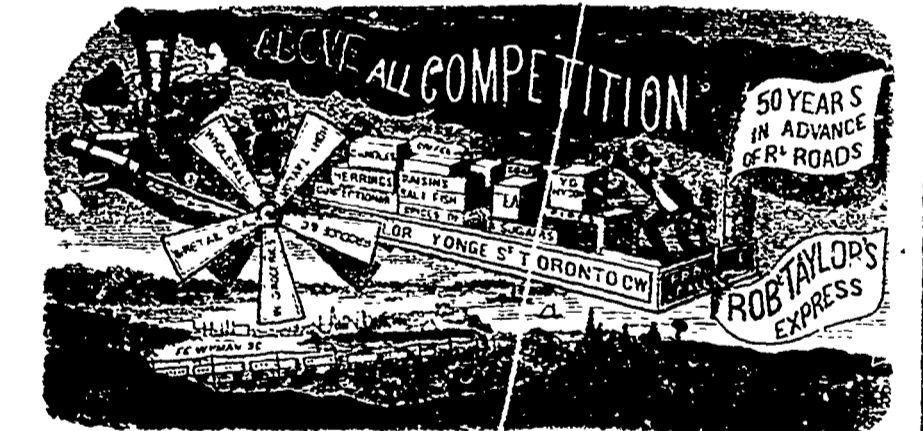
FRESH ARRIVALS, WINTER DRY GOODS.

WILLIAM POLLEY,

66 King Street, three doors west of Church Street,

DEGS to call the attention of the citizens of Toronto and surrounding country to his large and well selected stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

Imported expressly for this trade, and is replete with every article in the line, including all the latest styles in dress goods, colouring cloths, etc.



GOLD—GOLD—From Australia and California wanted, by ROBERT TAYLOR,

Corner of Yonge and Albert Streets Toronto, nearly opposite the Green Quay, and a 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.

G. HARCOURT & Co., TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS, 11, North Side of King Street,

Vestings of the richest style, consisting of Plain and Figured Velvets, Silk and Cotton Flashes, Satin and Figured Material of almost every description.

HAYES BROTHERS & CO., IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES, TEAS, &c. 27, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

J. FOGGIN, (From England) DYER AND SCOURER, 93, YONGE STREET, TORONTO. KID GLOVES CLEANED.

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

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEONS

VETERINARY FORGE AND BLACKSMITH'S SHOP, HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES DISPENSARY—Queen Street, near Yong Street, Toronto

WILLIAM WHARIN, WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWELER, &c., No 17, Church St., 1 door South of King St.

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddlery Warehouse, 95 Yonge Street, Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Collar.

W. S. returns his sincere thanks to his friends and public, for the very liberal support he has received.

YONGE ST. POTTERY, NEAR TORONTO, JOHN DAVIS, PROPRIETOR

Manufactures 2,500 pieces per week, producing 30 tons worth of goods on the average per week, through the whole year.

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