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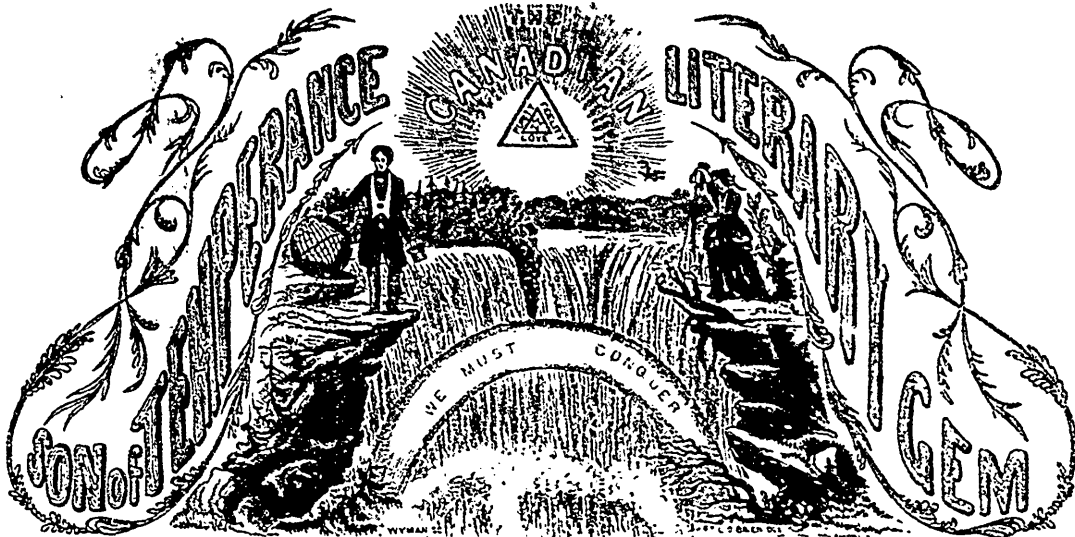
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

[ORIGINAL]
THERE IS GLORY EVERYWHERE.

There is glory in the sky,
And in the sun and in the light;
And in the stars and in the moon,
And in the clouds and in the air;
And in the earth and in the sea,
And in the rocks and in the trees;
And in the flowers and in the fruits,
And in the birds and in the bees;
And in the mountains and in the hills,
And in the valleys and in the dells;
And in the cities and in the towns,
And in the villages and in the farms;
And in the schools and in the churches,
And in the homes and in the hearts;
And in the lives and in the loves,
And in the joys and in the sorrows;
And in the triumphs and in the defeats,
And in the successes and in the failures;
And in the glories and in the ignominy,
And in the honors and in the dishonors;
And in the fame and in the obscurity,
And in the power and in the weakness;
And in the wealth and in the poverty,
And in the health and in the sickness;
And in the life and in the death,
And in the heaven and in the hell;
And in the angels and in the devils,
And in the saints and in the sinners;
And in the gods and in the idols,
And in the kings and in the slaves;
And in the emperors and in the peasants,
And in the nobles and in the serfs;
And in the lords and in the vassals,
And in the masters and in the servants;
And in the fathers and in the children,
And in the husbands and in the wives;
And in the brothers and in the sisters,
And in the friends and in the enemies;
And in the angels and in the devils,
And in the saints and in the sinners;
And in the gods and in the idols,
And in the kings and in the slaves;
And in the emperors and in the peasants,
And in the nobles and in the serfs;
And in the lords and in the vassals,
And in the masters and in the servants;
And in the fathers and in the children,
And in the husbands and in the wives;
And in the brothers and in the sisters,
And in the friends and in the enemies;

The o'ring buds of joyous spring,
With coral lips of red and white,
The velvet bloom the summer's wing,
Its bright and cloudless days
The autumn clad in robe of gold,
With treasures rich and rare
Old luxury shouts shouts
There's dawning glory here

There's glory in the hot or hail,
Where'er the continent dwells,
Should science move, or knowledge call,
The voice of glory awells
With childhood's silken locks 'tis sweet,
And in woman's proud career—
An age of life in virtue spent,
Hath truest glory here!

FREDERICK WATSON.

Wilmington, C.W., March 15th, 1853.

THE WINES OF OHIO.

The following interesting correspondence we copy from the *Organ*, edited by General Samuel Carey. Along the Ohio and South-western Rivers, there are immense vineyards, increasing in extent. The owners fear the enactment of a wine Law, and hence are endeavoring to induce the eminent of temperance to except them from prohibition. The arguments for and against will be seen below, affecting this question. This question no doubt resolves itself into this position:—The allowance of the manufacture for sale and sale of domestic wine cause drunkenness in society or not, and do more good? That drunkenness is the greatest evil of the States—greater than slavery—no sane man can deny. Then to permit anything to exist in society that keeps a terrible evil—which has already sapped the foundations of liberties of that great republic?—[EDITOR. SON.

CINCINNATI, July 30, 1853.

CON.—I would inquire of Gen. Cary, and other leading of the temperance cause, whether the friends of the liquor Law propose a law in our State that shall prohibit our domestic wines, and like wines made in our neighboring States, from the pure juice of the grape. As there is to increase the grape culture in our State, it is important that our vine growers should be advised on the subject. I myself, prepared to build a wine cellar and house, of three or four times my present largest wine house. If the manufacture of the pure juice of the grape is allowed, the distant States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Missouri apply the United States with wine, but compete in other countries with the vine regions of Europe. They had to other regions to obtain their vines, our States abound with a selection of the best grapes, in our woods, and new varieties from their seed, we can rival the best table of Europe, and their best still and sparkling wines. It is that our grapes contain more of the saccharine and make a stronger wine, that will keep in casks in for any number of years without the addition of alcohol. The best wines of Spain and Madeira have a large addition of alcohol, to prevent their turning to vinegar. I hold that in the States of Europe where drunkards do not abound are those where wine, the pure juice of the grape is so that it supplies the place of tea and coffee. To satisfy the needs of the truth of this, we require not the works of travellers, as we have the fact from the pen of Professor Johnson's work, with us, requires no endorsement. I regret temperance committees have not fully advised us of this. They owe it to their own character, and the that we may vote advisedly next fall.

N. LONGWORTH.

COLLECT HILL, August 3, 1853.

CON.—Our esteemed and worthy fellow-citizen, N. Longworth, Esq., in your excellent paper of yesterday, addresses to me especially, and other leading members of the temperance cause generally, which with your letter I will regard the medium of communication he has selected.

He asks whether the friends of a prohibitory liquor law in our State, propose "to prohibit the sale of our domestic wines, and like wines made in our neighboring States from the pure juice of the grape?"

So far as I am advised of the designs of those who demand the legal extinction of the liquor traffic, it is their settled purpose to outlaw the manufacture and traffic of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage, by whatever name known and designated. Mr. Longworth says (and no man has a better right to know) that "if the manufacture and sale of the pure juice of the grape is allowed, the day is not distant when Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Missouri, will not only supply the United States with wine, but compete in foreign countries with the vine regions of Europe." That the soil and climate of these States is adapted to the culture of the vine, and that the wine manufacture may be made a source of great pecuniary profit to those engaged in it, I will not deny. This is also a great corn country, and whisky makers have in some instances accumulated great wealth. The great question with me, and those with whom I am proud to act, is what is the effect upon the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of the people? We protest against that wealth and splendor which are secured by the insensate, tears, and blood of society. They are as revolting as the pyramids of skulls which adorn the rude palaces of a savage king—the wretched trophies of barbarous wars.

Mr. Longworth, however, maintains that the effect of the use of domestic wines would be highly salutary, promotive of health of body and mind, and elevating to the morals of society. In other words, "if wine was so abundant as to take the place of tea and coffee, drunkenness, with all its debasing effects, would disappear. Such he insists, is the fact in the wine-growing countries of Europe. To substantiate his position, he refers to the Rev. Dr. Dutton and other travellers. On this point there is a diversity of testimony, and, however, the fact may be, more is doubtless attributable to the disposition and temperaments of the people than to the character of the alcoholic liquors used. The effects of alcohol are the same, whether it be found in "Sparkling Catawba," "Head-stee," "Lager Beer," or "Whisky." Its introduction into the human stomach, in any form, perils if it does not destroy the whole man. We are not advised that Mr. Longworth's Catawba (when fermented) has any other remarkable property besides Alcohol. It is probably disguised under a very grateful and palatable aroma, but it is only poison "in a sugar coated pill."

We suppose the bills of Judea and Palestine raised as good "Catawba," as the hills around Cincinnati now furnish. The process of distillation in the days of the Patriarchs and Prophets was unknown, and we would prefer their testimony as to the effect of wine drinking to that of Dr. Dutton, and especially when their evidence is corroborated by all the known laws of the animal economy.

From the day that good old Noah, who "walked with God," planted his vineyard, drank wine, and was drunken, to the day that Mr. Longworth built his vast wine cellar, wine has been one of the mightiest agents in producing individual degradation and public mischief. The inventive genius of man, as displayed in constructing a distillery and sending out raw whisky, has done nothing more than to concentrate or condense the damning poison.

In the very beginning of the Atonic punishment, God himself affixed the penalty of death to the crime of drinking wine by those who officiated in the tabernacle. Why make "a statute throughout all generations" if wine was nutritious to body and soul? The great curse pronounced upon the Children of Israel for their disobedience, when God declared that he would reduce them to the condition of the "stone galle" that Jeremah had banished by the river Euphrates, was, that "every bottle should be filled with wine." Mr. Longworth would say that such an occurrence now, an intemperance of Providence that would "fill every bottle with wine" would be a great blessing.

The wise man declared not that whisky but wine, "sparkling Catawba," if you please, produces red, swollen, hebbings, contortions, wounds without cause, redness of eyes. That wine that "gives its color in the cap," that "movers itself bright" (unless given a fermentation) we are cautioned not "to look upon," because "as fast it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." "Wine is a mocker," a deceiver, and Solomon, and we have no evidence that its character has changed.

Better men than I profess to be, have in every age since Noah, affirmed the truth of what Solomon uttered. The first divorce

of which we have a record in the word of God, was caused by wine; and from the day of Ahasuerus, King of the Medes and Persians, to the days of Louis Napoleon, Prince President of France it has been disturbing the relation of husband and wife. Any one who will take the trouble to read sacred history will find that wine built the first gallows on record, and that it was the cause of the slaughter of seventy-five thousand innocent Jews in one day, under the reign of Ahasuerus. All the way along, the history of wine has been a history of blood.

Such was its known character that God, by His Holy Prophet, ages ago, before there was any "distilled dramation," when there was nothing but "sparkling Catawba" known, said "Wo unto him that giveth drink to his neighbor, that putteth the bottle to him, that maketh him drunken."

I should perhaps, respect, gentlemen, upon your generosity and the patience of your readers, by attending this article, and I will close by remarking, that when Mr. Longworth shall show by chemical analysis, that Catawba is not alcoholic in its character, or that being alcoholic is so dignified with other substances, as to be harmless, that it, in other words, is entirely different in its character and effects from that which deceived Noah, and the men of every subsequent generation to the present, then the friends of temperance will cease to demand its outlawry as an article of traffic.

"Salus populi suprema lex," is our motto. The traffic in alcoholic liquors endangers the health and life, corrupts the morals, and perils the peace of society, and hence must cease. Every friend of civil liberty should unite with us in bringing this great destroyer to justice.

Yours, for God and Humanity,
S. F. CARY.

LITERARY AFFECTION.—The Lord Advocate of Scotland, in the concluding address to the Philosophical Institution on the 1st of April, spoke of literary affection or manumission in the following words, pregnant with truth and common sense: "The vice of manumission is that epidemic which, whether in prose or verse, is the most discreditable type of our modern writers of fiction. Men seem to scorn to say what they have to say in simple words, and to think that their thoughts will not get justice unless dressed out in a peculiar, and generally a fantastic literary of their own. I shall make no invidious allusion; but I can't I long to see some man of healthy vigorous genius arise, who will despise trickery, and expel the demon of affectation from its literary throne—who will have courage to trust to the simplicity of nature, and not be too pedantic to make common language vehicle of his thoughts. In Byron's lines and Scott's novels, have a standing rebuke of our degenerate taste. In the work of fiction which has from various causes met with renown—I mean that picture of a life life contributes. American authors—I was struck by nothing more to exquisite simplicity and purity of style. The truth is, our authors was too much in earnest about her subject to be preoccupied about the words she used; and the result is, that, as a mere work of art, and viewing it as a mere critical performance, she has produced a work of fiction, to my mind, of a class which no one since Scott has reached."—*Atlas Advertiser*.

MARRIAGE COMPARED WITH SINGLE LIFE.—Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath care, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin; while the care and the exercises of piety, and therefore, if the single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more variety of it, and is an exercise of more graces. Marriage is the proper scene of piety and penance, of the duty of parents and the charity of relations, here kindness is spread abroad, and love is kindled and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him, but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labor of love and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hearts and hands. It hath in it more safety than the single life, it hath more care, it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrow and fuller of joy; it has under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, which make those burdens delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the preservation of the world.—*Bishop Taylor*.

(From the New York Illustrated News)

A LONDON GIN PALACE.

Strange that man, the highest and noblest of beings, should so far forget himself as to sink to a level with the vilest! Strange that, boasting the power of reason and judgment, when darkened hours come over him instead of determinedly resisting and rising far above all little troubles, he should blindly bow them for the moment by a fatal compromise which soon brings them back again in the form of terrible tormenting tyrants!

In no country in the world does intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks appear in a more revolting form than in England and America. The habitual light-heartedness of the continental European, and the nature of the beverages most readily attainable to him with him safeguards against excess. In the Anglo-Saxon blood we find, however, a gravity and decision of character which, when fully developed, produces the noblest results, but which, under the current of adverse circumstances, is apt to sink into morbid melancholy. And when social causes combine to produce poverty, as is fearfully the case in England, there is great danger of the patient (for we must so regard the sufferer) yielding despite his better reason, to the insinuating but treacherous solace of the glass. Consequently, we find among the suffering poor, and among the labouring classes of England, a degree of intemperance which is more than disgusting—it is terrible and monstrous. What avails it to point back to the last century, and show that such improvements have taken place in this particular, when so much still remains to be done—when, in fact, only a beginning of a reform has been witnessed, and when the great majority of the people are still "evil influenced" by the greatest curse of the present age?

We know of nothing which so fearfully indicates the criminal indifference of those who make and execute laws, to the moral state of the multitude, as the attractive and treacherous splendor with which dealers in intoxicating drinks are, the world over, allowed to invest their calling. Particularly is this the case in London. The stranger passing the lower end of Holborn, or the neighborhood of Whitechapel, or the New Cut, and, at a late hour, be attracted by the glaring gas-lights and flashy elegance which distinguishes the entrance to some houses of more than ordinary pretensions. Let him enter—following the throng of visitors, and his eye will at once be struck with a scene which would be hard to rival elsewhere. In every direction there is the glitter of glass and of gilding, and a theatrical splendor of carvings and curtains. But what a contrast does the house present to the motley misery of its visitors. Look at them! the poor and the base, the degraded and the hardened. This is a Gin Palace—*one of Satan's vilest pandemoniums on earth. It is full to repletion—the air is filled with the fumes of abominable liquors, and is a poison of itself. As we gaze about and distinguish the individual features of this multitude, the place seems the general rendezvous of all that is vulgar and hateful in human nature. Observe that man—an inebriate—in whose countenance no trace of humanity remains, led away by his poor pale wife and little daughter!—He is drunk! Is there a single word in any tongue which more fully expresses the extreme of degradation and misery? There is a ragged child, too young to reach the counter, save on tip-toe, holding up a bottle for the unnatural wants of parents who starve and neglect her, urged by the most terrible and unconquerable of passions. There is a mother pouring into her infants' mouth, to silence its cries in intoxication, the last drops from her own glass of gin. This is the most terrible sight of all, and it awakes still sadder thoughts when we reflect that it is not an accidental or occasional thing, but a matter of regular occurrence among the mothers—and they are many—who frequent this place. Beyond the partition there is a spot which in many gin-houses is appropriated to gentlemen—for there are degrees and castes even in gin drinking, though it be a vice which of all others seems to sink its devotees to the most degrading equality. Yes—give the gentlemen gin-drinkers a place—for in a few years they will sink to the common room. Then the strong hand will be palsied, the right eye dim, and broadcloth and silk slant not in graceful folds, but in looped and windowed raggedness. And darker and drearer will be the downward and rapid course to—death. There is one—a black band around his crushed white hat—who once was among the gentlemen—God help him! Such are the patrons of a Gin Palace.*

The evil has never in our own country raged to the extent to which it prevails in England. Thanks to the strenuous exertions of philanthropists, it has been greatly subdued. Much, however, still remains to be done—very much. Our national character is that of men who, though impulsive and active, are still grave and earnest. While, on the one hand, we have all the temptation of the Englishmen, on the other, we are far more likely to experience nervous excitement and injury. This is simply a physical view of the case, but of what importance does it become when viewed in its fullest relations, and what a fair land would ours be, could we once banish from it the curse of intemperance!

AN UNEASY PREDICAMENT.

We were the witness of a ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, (says the New Orleans Picayune) for relating which we crave indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk, and laboring assiduously, with pen, scissors, and paste, to take out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly frightened from our propriety by the hasty exclamation of a gentleman, exclaiming, "For God's sake, help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of surprise mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood, quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" asked we, at last.
"The matter?" he exclaimed, "oh, help me! I've got something here, which just ran up my leg. Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, I can't let go. I must hold it. Oh, there!" he shrieked, "I felt it more just then! Oh, these pants without

straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. Ah! I feel it again."

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's unmentionables, as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that pile of rubbish there, in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning," and he clenched his fist still more tightly. If it had been the neck of an assassin, we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the newsboys had come in; the clerks and packing boys, hearing the outcry, stopped working, and the editors and all minds started around the sufferer, with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"Oh, I can't sit," said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee!—if I do, it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit."
"Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you have got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life left by this time, this last effort must have killed it. He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured, the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand, the gentleman put on a thick glove, and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing, whatever it might be; each ready to scamp out of harm's way, should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside my drawers. Its alive, too, I feel it!—quick! quick!—give me the knife again!" Another incision was made, in went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo! out came—his wife's stocking!

How the stocking ever got in there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was, and such a laugh as followed, we haven't heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and must pardon us for doing so. Though this is all about a stocking, we assure our readers it is no yarn.

AMOROUS.

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

The following mournful, but exquisite ballad, we find in the Buffalo Republic. The poets are not all dead yet—

I'll tell you of a nice young man
Whose name was Peter Gray,
The State where Peter Gray was born,
Was Pennsylvania.

This Peter he did fall in love
All with a nice young girl;
The name of her, I'm positive,
Was Lizzyanny Quill.

When they were going to be wed,
Her father he said "No!"
And brutally did send her off
Beyond the Ohio.

When Peter heard his love was lost,
He knew not what to do,
He'd had a mind to jump into
The Susquehanna.

But he went trading to the West,
In furs and other skins,
And there was caught and killed and dressed
By bloody In-ge-n's.

When Lizzyanny heard the news
She straightaway went to bed,
And never did get up again,
Until she died.

Ye fathers all, a warning take,
Each one has a girl,
And think upon poor Peter Gray,
And Lizzyanny Quill.

We notice in a contemporary's columns the advertisement of a lady for a husband:—None under six feet need apply. Whew! but the lady goes in heroically for hy-men.

A convict in the Auburn State Prison, it is stated, recently forged papers (which he managed to get to the Governor through an unsuspecting channel) certifying that he was a fit subject for Executive clemency, and recommending his release. The papers were signed by the Physician, Agent, Warden, Keepers and Chaplain of the prison, and on that opposed recommendation, a pardon was granted and the man released. The forgery was not discovered until a number of days after the doors had been opened to him, and he was not discovered until last week, after a thorough search. Whether he can be again imprisoned for the old offence, is a question which has been raised; and it is doubtful also whether the forgery can be proved upon him.

A HIGHWAYMAN OBTWITTED—"Stand and deliver," were the words addressed to a tailor travelling on foot, by a highwayman, whose brace of pistols looked rather dangerous than otherwise. "I'll do that with pleasure," was the reply, at the same time handing over to the outstretched hands of the robber, a parcel pretty well stocked, "but," continued he, "suppose you do me a favor in return. My friends would laugh at me were I to home and tell them I was robbed, with as much patience as a lamb; I propose you fire your two bullets right through the crown of my hat—it will look something like a show of resistance." His request was accorded to; but hardly had the smoke from the discharge of the weapons passed away, when the tailor pulled out a rusty old horse pistol, and in his turn, politely requested the thunderstruck highwayman to shell out everything of value, his pistols not excepted. The highwayman got the worst of it that adventure, didn't he?



Ladies' Department.

There's a pathos in the following that will reach the gushing of the deepest heart-well. No one who has ever lost a jewel from the casket of household affections, will read it but with the glancing eye that tells of buried hopes—

OUR LITTLE BOY.

I saw him in his play as in dreams I see him now;
The rose was on his cheek and the lily on his brow;
His lips were full of love and his laugh was full of joy,
And the sparks of life told the merry hearted boy.

I stood beside his couch, where in suffering he lay,
And soothed with dews of love till he breathed his last away.
No rose was on his cheek, and no sparkle in his eye,
Oh, how it broke my heart that the darling boy should die!

I saw him robed in white, as they decked him for the tomb,
And had upon his breast a sweet blossom in its bloom.
A smile of beauty lingered upon his face so fair;
I seemed as if an angel were sweetly suffering there.

I saw him once again, in the visions of the night,
He seemed a little cherub in his robes of snowy white.
A harp was in his hand and a garland on his brow;
Forever more an angel—Oh! such I see him now.

THE LATE SULTANA OF TURKEY.

The deceased princess was of Christian origin, and in 1811 was kidnaped by Circassian freebooters, from a village near Ananour, in Georgia. Her father was a wealthy peasant, and was killed fighting valiantly for the protection of his daughter. The girl, Mariani by name, was embarked at Satcha for Trebizond, and from thence was conducted to Constantinople, and sold for £150 to the celebrated Keresef Pacha, who gave her the romantic name of Bezur-Aalen (Assembly-of-the-World) on account of her beauty gave her an education to fit her for the imperial seraglio. She learned to read and write, to play the tambourine, to sing and to dance, and she acquired these accomplishments with astonishing facility. At the age of fourteen she was presented by the Pacha to Heibetullah Sultana, Sultana Mahmood's eldest sister, with whom she remained until she attained the age of seventeen, when, on account of her capacity and beauty, she was given to Sultan Mahmood, who at once acknowledged her as one of his wives. She had but one son, the present sovereign, Abdul Medjid, but she always maintained superiority over the other women, and was the preferred favorite. The monotonous life of the harem is easily imagined. It is a focus of intrigue and jealousy, and the princess had no occasion to display the talent and benevolence that has since rendered her so popular. When, in June 1839, Sultan Mahmood died, and his eldest son, Abdul-Medjid, at the age of sixteen, brekked a sword of Osman, the Princess Bezur-Aalem became valid Sultana, and took the reins of the state in hand. Things went thus for many years. The son consulted his mother on the affair, and the mother's injunctions were religiously obeyed. Up to the last week she was engaged in the public business. She was naturally parsimonious, but her acts of benevolence are innumerable. She never forgot her Christian origin, and protected the followers of her former faith on all possible occasions. She was often to be seen, incognito, at the *loakaf* (tribunal) inquiring if justice was done to cases she had derided, and more than once judge has been dismissed for acts of intolerance. She often visited the poorer quarters of the city, and gave aid to the sick and needy, without making known her quality. The treasury afforded her a monthly stipend of £7,727, but she expended but that sum chiefly in acts of charity. She built and endowed the only Turkish civil hospital in Constantinople, and gave her own to it. She has built and endowed the free school on the Lazaretian principle, under the direction of Kemal Effendi. She also contributed to the building and repairing of many public fountains. The Turkish Steam Company was established by her influence and interest in the concern. The coal mines of Iznik are worked for her account. In fine, most of the enterprises and commercial transactions have seen her among the chief holders with a view to encouragement. It is strange that she has not endowed a single mosque or Mussulman institution, if it is universally believed here that she still adheres to her Christian faith. She had repeated inquiries and researches made for members of her family, but they were ineffectual. It is said that the civil commotions and wars in the Caucasus have since annihilated and dispersed her relatives.

A SCOTCH ACT-EO-N.

A pretty village on the coast of Scotland, frequented by summer visitors, was lately the scene of rather an amusing incident. Taking advantage of a lovely summer day, two young gentlemen took themselves to a sheltered spot a little way up the coast, where they hoped to indulge in an unobscured bath. After the usual preliminary proceedings, they had just accomplished their first few dips, when, to their consternation and disgust, they observed a young gentleman, of an inquiring turn of mind, and

on a neighboring rock and intensely enjoying the scene. The impertinence was aggravated by the fact that a powerful opera-glass was made the instrument of a more minute inspection of their aquatic evolutions. The blushing but indignant maidens remained in the water as long as was consistent with comfort and security, in the hope that the stranger would withdraw and leave them to, at least, their necessary toilet, when, to their horror, he was observed to descend calmly from his elevation, divest himself of his apparel, and proceed to bath in close proximity. His hair was instantly mistreated the remains, for the spirit of the maidens was at last aroused, and they secretly determined on a bold revenge. With an appearance of inspired modesty they timidly withdrew from the sea, and concealing themselves behind a convenient rock, proceeded to dress, then leaning up their bathing-gowns, they rushed upon the garments of the gentleman and bore them off in triumph. The unfortunate man instantly comprehended his position. A succession of shouts and supplications followed the ladies in their flight, growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased; while the "gentleman," with considerable modesty, remained in the water, evincing great agitation, and imploring restitution, at first with stentorian lungs, and subsequently in animated and appropriate gestures, but in vain—the insulted maidens were inexorable. As the spot was very secluded, some hours elapsed before he could make his situation known. At length a grinning rustic made his appearance, and informed him that the "two leddies had left his clothes with a vench at the green, a mile awa', wha wodna gie' them back without he paid a pun for taking care o' them, forby being a pennally for affronting the leddies dookin'." The penalty was paid on the restitution of the garments, and the unlucky wight quietly left the village, where the joke was already known, and the conduct of the damsels publicly approved of. The offender is now suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism.



Youths' Department.

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

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

LEAVE AN EYE—spread his wings
From a white hill
Upward and onward was his flight—
My eye pursued him soon.
The wind came—the clouds rolled on—
His thoughts were their van
Still onward and upward he went
Till he was lost to the eye.
The storm expired—the sky was clear,
Again I saw his form,
Still onward to the sun,
Triumphant o'er the storm.
I thought him like the noble swan,
Aspiring, brave, and free
And said, "How glorious eagle, may
My mind recapture thee.
I studied by the storm of life,
Still onward to my end,
And each dark and threatening cloud,
And the bills of fate
When I would do a noble deed,
I find that I'll think of thee,
And as thy flight was heavenward
bound,
God grant it so to me.

VALUE OF HONESTY.—An old trader among the Northern Indians, who had some years ago established himself on the Wisconsin, tells a good story with a moral worth remembering, about his first trial of trading with his red customers. The Indians, who ordinarily wanted goods, and had both money (which they call slouchy, and furs, because about his store, and examined his goods, but for some time bought nothing. Finally their chief, with a large body of his followers, visited him, and accosted him with "How do Thomas, show me goods, I take 4 yards calico, three conkasins for yard; pay you by my-morrow" received his goods, and left. Next day, he returned with his whole band, his blankets stuffed with conkasins. "American man, I pay now." With this he began counting out the skins, until he had handed him over twelve. Then, after a moment's pause, he offered the trader one more, remarking, as he did, "that it." "I handed it back," said the trader, "telling him he owed but twelve, and I would not cheat him." We continued to pass it back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At last he appeared to be satisfied, gave me a scrutinizing look, placed the skin within the folds of his blanket, stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried with a loud voice: "Come, come and trade with the pale face, he cheat Indian, his heart big. He then turned to me and said, "You take that skin, I tell Indian no trade with you—drive you off like dog—but now you Indian's friend, and he yours." Before sundown I was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. So I lost nothing by my honesty.

SHAKESPEARE'S DESCENDANTS.—Several of the descendants of Shakspeare's sister Joan, bearing a strong family likeness to the great poet, were in 1822 living in and about Stratford, and chiefly in a state of indigence, little creditable to the worshippers of his genius. The nearest living descendants were the Hares, of Towkesbury, the chief of whom, in 1818, was William Shakspeare Hare, a parsonman, coachman, earning only eighteen shillings per week, with a wife and several children. This poor man was obliged to sell the freehold of Shakspeare's two houses in Stratford, about the year 1855, for which he obtained two hundred pounds, leaving, after a mortgage and the expenses had been paid, but thirty pounds, as the price of the inheritance of this neglected family.

A WONDERFUL CHARACTER.—It is reported that there now lives an old man down in the swamp of the little Pee Dee, who never owned but one pair of shoes in his life, and he says they were so very hot he never wore them but once. He never cultivated the soil; nevertheless he has accumulated a considerable sum of money, which he deposits in hollow trees in the most frequented swamps. He affects extreme poverty, and when applied to for the loan of money, he declares he has none; but if the security and premium offered pleased him, and promises to repay in specie, he will appoint a day when he will try to get a little, which he never fails to do. He has made his fortune by the sale of fish, the finest of which he knows exactly where to fish for, and honey which he raises in large quantities, having his bee hives in swamps for miles around. No music is so charming in his ears as the booming of billfrogs and the lowing of the alligators, for these sang his lullaby when in his cradle, and have been his harbingers of his bravest days, from his boyhood to the present day. He never uses any other weapon to kill snakes with than his heels, and there never was but one known to attempt to bite him, and that one broke his teeth without penetrating the skin of the heel. He has never taken any doctor's stuff, nor let them come near enough to feel his pulse or to look at his tongue, and he is now seventy years old. It is so to me, it may seem that such a character should find a mate of similar tastes and fancies. Yet such is the case, only she is a little more like him than he is like himself. Has any of our contemporaries such a character in their neighborhood? It so, let us hear about him.—Carroll Gazette.

Persons' attractions may for a time fascinate and dazzle the eye. Beauty may please, but beauty alone can never captivate. The lily grows, the rose withers, and beauty sooner or later must decay, but the charms of the mind are imperishable; they bud and bloom in youth, and continue to flourish as long as life remains. These, and these alone, are the charms they meet, and will forever enchant.

It is a good way to be happy, not to be tempted when you are young.

THE LITTLE FAVOURITE

BY STYLLONIA.

She was her mother's favorite child,
The best of all was she,
And still her laugh and voice and wit,
Was ever filled with glee.
Her eyes were like the opening rose,
Her eyes were sweet like
And sweet was her sweet face,
Of nature's sweetest grace.
But as the summer's latest bud
Is apt to wither's fate,
And ere she had her bloom
From their number art.
So from that happy household train,
The youngest went away,
And tears that fell were hard to wipe,
The more could make her stay.
And surely her presence was
The thing that had been lost,
They stood the grave-warden the
To sweep
With flowers of sweetest hue.
Tears long again they were glad,
To see their laugh was wild,
And every a steady heart was glad,
To lose that favorite child.

CALUTION TO TERMAGANTS.—A woman named Elizabeth Carmichael has been fined £5 in London for flogging her husband. She tore his stock off his neck and his coat from his back, besides aiming several dangerous kicks at him, and bit his hand severely. She accused him of kissing another girl, which Carmichael says he didn't do.

A New Dope.—A fashionably-dressed Parisian entered a tobacconist's shop in the Rue St. Honoré, in which several persons were being served. He selected a cigar, which he lighted, and stood for a few moments as if waiting for something. He then turned to the shop girl and asked for his change out of the five franc piece he had given. The girl doubted that she had received any, at which he appeared very indignant, and said that if she looked in her till she would doubtless find it, adding that he found a five franc piece marked as described, and, apologizing for her mistake, was about to give him the change, when two police officers, who happened to have observed his mynaerues from the outside, entered and took him into custody. He was taken to the commissary of police, where he was recognized as a skilful practitioner of the description of that called rendez-moi (give me my change). His plan was to send some one into the shop some little time before him to purchase a trifling article with a marked five franc piece, and then to enter himself and act as above described, by which process he managed to get from 40 to 50 francs per day.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

The Emperor and Empress of France are about to visit the Pyrenees. The visit will be strictly incognito.... The Queen of Spain and husband Monoz have been well received in Paris. ... Another attempt has been made on the life of Napoleon, about 100 persons have been arrested, suspected of being concerned in the plot. The emperor and empress lately came near losing their lives in crossing a railroad just as the train was passing. Thus it will be seen that this depot lives with a sword of death constantly hanging over him.... The prospect of war between Russia and Turkey is again increasing, Russia being disposed to hold on to her present conquests. France and England are acting with great cowardice and indecision as usual.... The American Government have sent four companies of soldiers to the Rio Grand.... The yellow fever continues as bad as ever in New Orleans. A strict quarantine is established in all the cities and towns along the Mississippi and Ohio rivers.... Great divisions are springing up among the Mormons, one sect holding that it is not right to have more than one wife.... Lola Montes it is said is about to get married in California.... Late news from California represent the State to be prosperous and healthy.... It is said the Queen of Spain is trying to induce France to help her to establish a monarchy in Mexico, on the other hand it is said that Santa Anna is desirous of making himself king over that country.

Mr. Choate lately delivered a splendid eulogy in Dartmouth College, on the genius of Daniel Webster.... The negotiations between the American and English Ministers about the fisheries, have lately leaked out, and are, it seems, not likely to come to any definite conclusion.... Elections are to take place in Vermont on the 6th of September, and in Maine soon after, in which the run party are again trying to elect a Governor and Legislature opposed to the Maine Law. The temperance people are thus kept in constant activity.... Daniel Webster, it seems, was very much addicted to drinking habits. He was one of the great talented corrupt men who cursed the United States, similar to our Hinks school of Canada.... Raising of Maine law poles, unmounted with flags, are becoming very common.... The collision on the Camden and Amboy railroad is causing much excitement in the States.... An accident has happened on the New York and New Haven railroad.... A great many deaths have occurred in New York during the month of sun stroke—about 200 persons in a few days having died from it.... The cholera is making great ravages in Copenhagen.... Mr. Lafontaine has been appointed Chief Justice of Lower Canada. Mr. Carron has also been appointed Judge.... Dunbar Ross has been appointed commissioner by Government to enquire into the riot in Quebec.... John G. Vansittart has thrown aside his tory principles, and joined the present Government. The conservative papers are very severe upon him. He has attended a number of Ministerial dinners, published treachery being at a premium with our present Government. It is no wonder that such men as Prince and Vansittart join them. Office-seeking and newspaper dissembling of the McDougall kind will soon become a science in Canada.... The Orange men of Lower Canada and the Judges along Hamilton, have come out in favour of Mr. Benjamin as their legal Grand Master.

A human skeleton was recently found imbedded in a rock on the line of the Cincinnati, Wilmington, and Zanesville Railroad. A small fissure in the rock about two inches in width, opened to the resting place of those remains, which, in all human probability, may have been deposited there centuries ago. The rock contained an indentation of the greater part of the body, as perfect as though moulded of plaster of paris. From the hip to the foot, particularly, this sarcophagus was as complete as carving could have made it. The proemion, carapace, etc., of the head were distinct and regular, and indicated that the skeleton had been that of a person of full size. The editor of the Zanesville Times saw the skeleton and took the rock from which it was taken. The bones were in a good state of preservation.

I DARE THEE TO FORGET.

When thou first found me, a merry
And I knew not grief nor guile,
Till thou left me now, wreck'd and
And I
By thy reflecting smile
There, hasten to thy laughing hall,
With others come—but I
My course shall thy pleasures pull—
I dare thee to forget!
The darkest dreams shall rob thy rest,
Till sleep becomes a bane
Full forms shall hang thy leading breast,
From which thou'lt fly in vain.
For when thou art with tragic speed,
My arms shall clasp thee round—
Thy smiling features I'll implore,
And join thee to the ground!
Away, a wanderer from home
O'er foreign countries fly
No more a home "neath heaven's dome
Shall smile thy sunny eye.
Thy former lover may be thy foe,
Or tenderly embrace thee
In the true wience peace has flown,
I dare thee to forget!
And if the surly sea should seek,
Sails to shall be a wreck,
In danger's dreariest seas, though
Weak,
Shall dash thee from the deck.
Till I sleep to wake on beaming
blake,
With brow bedew'd by sweat
Thy clinging arms shall be to think—
I dare thee to forget!
NEST KENTVILLE.

"The Boston ladies, when promenading cross their arms in front, and look like trusted turkeys."

Well, you ought to pay us, because we have no such escape valves for our awkwardness as you have;—no dicky to pull up—no vest to pull down—no breast pockets, side pockets, or vest pockets to explore—no cigars between our teeth—no switch-canes in our hands—no beavers to twitch when we meet an acquaintance. Don't you yourselves oblige us to reef in our rigging, and hold it down tight with your little paws over our belts under penalty of being grappled by one of your buttons, as you tear past us like so many conicals.

Is it any joke for us to stand ris-a-vis with a strange man, before a crowd of grinning spectators, while you are leisurely disengaging the "Gordian knot," instead of whipping out your pen-knife and sacrificing the offending button as you ought to do?

Is it any joke to see a papa scowl, when we ask him for the "needle" to restore the laco or fringe you tore off your shawl or mantilla?

Do you suppose we can stop to walk gracefully, when our minds are in a prepared state to have our pretty little crushed toes, or our bonnets knocked into a cocked hat, or our skirts torn from our belts, or ourselves or our garter boots jostled into a mud-puddle.

Do you ever "keep to the right as the law directs?" Don't you always go with your head's hind side before, and then up against us, as if we were made of cast iron? Don't put your great lazy hands in your pockets and tramp along, with a cane sticking out from under your armpits, to the imminent danger of your optics? "Trussed turkeys," indeed! No wonder when we are run a-foot of every other minute.

Young ladies who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ears that you were only joking.

BEAVES IN CALIFORNIA.—Crying children in church are usually considered as nuisances, and taken out; but this is not always the case, as the following anecdote from the Ladies' Repository, for April, will show:—A brother just returned from California, says he was present in the congregation of brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California attracted not a minute attention, and the mother rose to retire. "Don't leave," said the preacher, "the sound of the babe's voice is more interesting to many in the congregation than my own. It is perhaps the sweetest music many a man has heard since a long time ago he took leave of his distant home. The effect was instantaneous and pure," and a large proportion of the congregation melted into tears.

OUR TERMS FOR 1853 ARE AS FOLLOWS.
 This paper will be issued on TUESDAYS, WEEKLY during the year. It will con-
 tain the news of the day, political and other news.
 Subscription price for 12 numbers, 50 cents in advance.
 Or within one month after subscribing. To be 60 currency.
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 a copy gratis. Old agents sending 10 subscribers, or sustaining due payment,
 with the money as a guarantee, shall receive a copy gratis. The club system
 of year did not please well owing to the postage. Long consideration we have
 concluded to send to clubs. If any of our friends wish to form them upon these
 terms—5 copies for \$10, 10 copies for \$20, 20 copies for \$30, 30 copies for \$40,
 40 copies for \$50, must be paid down, and the papers put in one package
 and addressed to one person in all cases, otherwise the full charge will be made.
 Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates. All parties must be paid, and
 communications addressed to C. Durand, Editor, Toronto, C. W.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it gleeth 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—AUGUST 23, 1853.

The Editor, for two weeks past, has been, and is still, la-
 bouring under a severe attack of illness, which will account for
 less than the usual amount of editorial matter in the paper, as
 well as some few typographical errors.

PROHIBITION—A SONG.

BY JAMES CHALKER.

Prohibition! Prohibition! Let us form a coalition, Strong and mighty our resolution, Thundering as our gushing fountain, Flowing now and flowing ever, Till it reaches a noble river, For a voice is heard in sadness, Nigh to walling and in madness, Which shall turn to joy in madness, I shall will and long to see, Over the hills and valleys bounding, From our sisters and our brothers, From our fathers and our mothers, Prohibition, sternly crying, Prohibition, for the dying, Prohibition, for the sighing, See, the foe is from us flying.	Prohibition! Prohibition! Let us form a coalition, Like our fathers, who in story, Won immortal fame and glory; When their rights had been invaded, Chained, fettered and degraded, Oh they rose, like clouds in heaven, By the gathering tempest driven, Over the galled ones are risen, Waxing, and the voice is louder sounding, Over the hills and valleys bounding, From our sisters and our brothers, From our fathers and our mothers, Prohibition, sternly crying, Prohibition, for the dying, Prohibition, for the sighing, See, the foe is from us flying.
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Philadelphia, 1853.

TEMPERANCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The two approaching World's Temperance Conventions are
 just about to take place in the City of New York. One takes
 place on the 1st and 2nd of September, called by a large number
 of very influential male and female friends of temperance, and
 favoured by the New York Tribune. The other is called by a
 very large number of old and tried friends of the cause for the
 6th and 7th of September, at the same place. The cause of
 these two calls is a dispute that arose last spring about the ad-
 mission of female delegates. The latter Convention refuse to
 receive them; the former is called chiefly through the influence
 of the women and some active men. There may be room for
 both, but it seems to us, each will take from the others interest.
 So far as we can see, the strength of the temperance cause is
 increasing in the United States—the zeal of all is still kept up.
 Much of the disease in New Orleans is caused by drinking
 liquor. In Canada there is just now ludo doing, there may be
 fresh exertions made after this month. A very culpable apathy
 exists in the temperance ranks in our country. Railroad excite-
 ment, speculations in land, and a grovelling sycophancy for
 office, and laudation of the Canadian Government, are with us
 swallowing up everything else. The following is an account of
 what is intended to take place at the World's Temperance Con-
 vention in New York on the 6th and 7th September next.

THE GREAT CONVENTION.

But three weeks are now to elapse before the meeting of the
 great Convention. In ordinary times we should despair of much
 being accomplished in so short a period. But we live in days of
 railroad speed and telegraph despatch. Our people are learning
 to do everything at a moment's warning. Besides everybody is
 preparing to come about that week to New York, to see the
 Crystal Palace and the World's Fair. We shall have a Mammoth
 Convention. Well, there is room for all. The Committee of
 Arrangements have engaged the Metropolitan Hall for four days
 and four nights. Only let every one who comes, desiring to be
 a member, bring a written certificate as delegate from some To-
 tal Abstinence Society. Without this, he will indeed be admitted
 as a spectator, but not as an acting and voting member. The
 forenoon of each day will be devoted to business, the afternoon
 to visiting the crystal palace, and the evening to public speaking
 in the Metropolitan Hall. On Thursday evening, a splendid
 concert will be given in the Hall, in which the Convention will
 participate as guests. We cannot yet speak definitely about it,
 but we trust it will be worthy of the occasion. The Rev. John
 Pierpont is engaged to prepare an original Maine Law poem to
 be there recited; and there will be some fine music, and plenty
 of ice cream to keep us cool; with a banner or two from Maine,
 Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Michigan, Minnesota,
 and Wisconsin. We think that every temperance man and
 woman who stays at home, will regret so doing, when they hear
 the Report. True, it will cost something to come, but what's the
 use of all work and no play? The farmers will have done their
 work, and the ladies will want to see the Crystal Palace, and go
 to the source. Besides, every one who comes adds so much to
 the temperance cause. Now, friends is the time to show to the
 citizens of New York the strength of the Maine Law forces.—
 Journal of the American Temperance Union.

A TEMPERANCE AGENT IN THIS CITY—We are strongly in-
 clined to believe in the necessity of the employment of a talented
 active temperance agent in this city. He should receive a salary.
 His duty would be to collect statistics of the effects of the rum
 traffic—the poverty, death, and crime, produced by it, the number
 of licensed and unlicensed inns; most of which should be
 published. He should give lectures at night, recommend the
 people to join Divisions of Sons or Temperance Societies. Put
 the Divisions on the alert as to what would best promote their in-
 terests—superintending getting up processions, mass meetings, tem-
 perance choirs, and the employment at times of assistant lec-
 turers. During elections he should canvass for the interest of
 officers favorable to temperance. His salary might be paid by a
 small sum from each Division and a voluntary subscription of the
 inhabitants.

WILL OUR CANADIAN ENEMIES read the following
 account of the effect of the traffic in the United States? It is
 only one of a thousand testimonies.—[Editor.]

The Albany Daily Knickerbocker, edited by Hugh Hastings,
 says: "Crime has become so alarming that the people evince a
 willingness to adopt almost any measure that will make hangings
 less frequent. The friends of Temperance say that an anti-
 rum law will produce this effect. There are others, however, who
 doubt it. If it does check crime, then we shall rejoice in its
 adoption. Should it not do so, the Legislature can at any time
 repeal it. Put it through. Four murders a week will excu-
 se even a little tyranny. These views differ somewhat from those
 we formerly entertained. This must not be charged to inconsis-
 tency, however. It only shows that the Knickerbocker is not so
 wedded to an old notion, that it will not swap it off for a better
 one, even if it is new."

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR QUESTION!—GREAT REJOICING OF RUM-
 SELLERS! AND RUM PAPERS!—It seems by a late decision of our
 highest Court that Municipalities have not the power, under ex-
 isting laws, to prevent the sale of liquor in inns on the Sabbath.
 A By-law of the Municipality of Galt has been quashed by the
 Queen's Bench. Municipalities may order the bars to be closed,
 but cannot forbid refreshments to be served out in the inn in the
 shape of liquors, &c. The Chief Justice holds spirituous liquors
 to be refreshments, the meaning of total abstinence being
 an enigma to him. The effects of Sunday sales of liquor are
 nothing as compared with the right to guzzle. This decision
 alone will, during this year, send many a man to his grave—
 create many a row—beggars dozens of families, and add FRESH
 PIETY to every church!! Rejoice ye drinkers of fire-water—
 rejoice ye Colonists and Leaders—RUM IS AGAIN LET
 LOOSE, and the Sabbath will be polluted with the howling of its
 victims. Oh, the liberty to drink rum is a fine thing! Now,
 we have, for the last eighteen months, been aware that doubts
 were entertained of the power of Municipalities to restrict the
 entire sale of liquor on the Sabbath, and have frequently alluded
 to the fact. The attention of our legislators and Malcolm Cam-
 eron must have been called to it, yet we find after two sessions
 no attempt is made by bill to make the matter plain—no attempt
 has been made to induce Great Britain to allow our Parliament
 to control merchant-shop licenses. All this shows that we
 really require a real Neal Dow in our Parliament, not a bastard
 one. We want a man or men in that house who understand
 something of the laws required to be passed to put down liquor
 selling. Very little has been done in the matter—our Provin-
 cial papers, pretending to be friendly to temperance, have not
 aroused public opinion or called the attention of Parliament to
 this matter. Many of such papers can abuse us because our pri-
 ntes don't suit them, but they silently see the Leader and Colo-
 nist, &c., wringing down the Maine law and Neal Dow without an
 effort to confute.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

**CONDUCT OF OUR POLICE MAGISTRATE—
 THOUGHTS ON TEMPERANCE.**

TORONTO, August 6, 1853.

MR. EDITOR,—I have taken my pen in hand to write a few
 words for insertion in your paper, on what I consider to be an
 important subject. From one portion of our land to the other
 the ravages of the demon Alcohol have spread; young and old,
 rich and poor, male and female, learned and illiterate, have been,
 from time to time, the subjects of its destroying power. The
 best energies of man have been cramped, and he whose simi-
 litude was originally divine, has been rendered as a brute beast, has,
 I might say, been made worse than a brute, by the use of alcohol.
 Yet this alcohol is, by many persons, considered as 'a good
 creature of God.' Now mankind are awakening from their
 lethargy, and demanding that this destroyer of the human race
 shall be confined to the Druggist's shelf, and not be permitted any
 longer to go to and fro in the earth, destroying the noblest of
 the human family. If you tread on a man's corns he will generally
 let you know it; and we find, that the priests and priestesses
 of the temples of Bacchus are fearing that the hope of their gains
 is to be taken from them. They are therefore using all their
 energies to render null and void the efforts of those who are la-
 bouring for the welfare of their fellow creatures. We are told
 that "the Maine Law interferes with the rights of man," that it
 is not proper for us to make laws prohibiting them from the
 drinking that which will intoxicate them." Now, sir, it is, I be-
 lieve, admitted by all that it is right to make laws for the punish-
 ment and prohibition of crime, though it is not so generally
 admitted that it is proper to prohibit by law the traffic in that
 which is a most prolific source of crime. Suppose that a man
 has a garden which is overrun with weeds, it would not, I presume,

be a very good means of destroying those weeds for him to go round
 and cut off the tops of them; neither is this the plan that would
 be adopted by him. But what would he do? His answer is
 plain. He would pull them all up by the roots. Let our Leg-
 islators learn a lesson from this. If we wish to eradicate crime
 we must commence with the destruction of that which causes
 it. What thinking man will deny that alcohol is a great source
 of crime? Surely none. The Druggist is not allowed to sell
 poison, unless he label the bottle in which it is, so that all may
 know that it is poison. But an exception is made in favour of
 alcohol. Our government grants licenses for the sale of liquid
 fire. The tavern-keeper is aided and encouraged, in his fiendish
 occupation, by the strong hand of law. He sells that which
 destroys life, stunts it, is true, but yet surely, and when his vic-
 tim reaches an unly grave, he defies every effort to bring
 him to justice, and shows you what he calls a license. He is
 allowed to sell poison to his fellow creatures; he is permitted to
 spoil the earth of some of its inhabitants, and is honored very
 frequently for doing so. But he is in some measure, it is true,
 restricted by his license. There are times when the law does
 not permit him to sell the poisonous draught. But what does the
 keeper of a tavern care for the law. Those who care not for
 God's day regard not man's law, if they think that they can escape
 untouched. Persons who are afraid to violate the law openly,
 will yet manage to evade it, and I am sorry to say, that our
 Chief Police Magistrate sometimes appears to connive at their
 doing. I conceive that we cannot employ too rigorous measures
 with those who violate the laws of both God and man, by retail-
 ing poison, in the shape of liquid fire, on the Sabbath day. We
 who can help observing, that when persons are brought up before
 our Chief Police Magistrate, charged with a breach of the
 law in this respect, he sometimes allows them to escape entirely
 unscathed, and sometimes he inflicts such a slight fine that its
 name is repeated immediately. Now, it appears to me, that a
 gentleman, occupying such a position, should show by his conduct
 that he delights "to keep holy the Sabbath day," and should by
 all lawful means seek to prevent its violation. If we have not
 at present such a Chief Magistrate, there is nothing to prevent
 our having one, and let us exert ourselves for it. Let temper-
 ance men redouble their exertions, and soon the temperance
 cause shall have a glorious triumph. Pardon me for trespass-
 ing so much.

Yours in L. P. and F.,
 JOHN H. HEWLETT.

The SUNDAY TEMPERANCE SERMONS of this city usually
 given, are postponed until September.

MEETING OF THE GRAND SECTION OF CADETS

The Grand Section will meet in Ontario Division Room, (if it
 can be procured), on Wednesday, the 24th inst., at ten o'clock.
 It does not seem to have been advertised in any paper so far.

THE "HURON SIGNAL," a miserable echo of Malcolm Cam-
 eron—that would whitewash all his dirty acts—edited by some
 upstart lawyer, and the Whisky Reporter, a miserable country
 rag—owned and edited by a little fop, who is hanging on to the
 skirts of the government for some office at the Congress, I
 have received the slanders of McQueen and McDougall, against
 this paper. If such men as these, or such a man as
 MASTERSING Malcolm Cameron, were to control the edit-
 ing of the Sons one year, it would be torn into fragments. The
 Signal and Whisky Reporter are both liquor advertising
 papers—are afraid to do their duty to the public—they court the
 patronage of merchants and innkeepers who sell liquors. The
 Signal is edited by a man who has never joined the Sons, and
 any real friendly feeling for them. Malcolm Cameron does not
 belong to the order, and it is questionable if he belongs to any
 temperance association. He has not given for the advancement
 of temperance ten pounds during the last five years, although
 within that period he has received probably \$16,000 of the peo-
 ple's money. The Editor of this paper has been a temper-
 ance man as long as he has, and has written and done more
 within the last three years for temperance than all the Editors
 of political papers of Upper Canada twice told together, and
 has expended within that period for the cause not less than \$38
 besides his time. Some may say we have been paid by
 the paper we publish. This is false, for this paper has never
 yet realized anything beyond its expenditure. As for our
 dispute with McQueen—he assumed before the public an unem-
 ployed position, and commenced and carried out the discussion,
 as the Signal well knows, with the most wanton and violent
 abuse of us personally.

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA—This ill-fated island, whose dis-
 tinction experienced a partial and temporary relief from the
 contributions of this country last spring, is still in a state of
 extreme suffering. The following, from the Washington In-
 telligence, is an extract of a private letter from a gentleman of
 Madeira, travelling for his health, to his friend in Washington—
 "I have letters from Madeira to the 22nd June. Alas, for
 dear Island! there will be no wine there this year. I am
 enabled it will be necessary to root up all the vines and get fresh
 cuttings from abroad, so that many years may elapse ere good
 wine be made there again. I fear the glory of the place is
 departed; certainly for a season. The people can only be
 relieved by emigration. Without this outlet being opened, tens
 of thousands will perish. The letters that have lately appeared
 in the papers will prevent much more being sent from this
 country, unless vigorous efforts be made to counteract the
 impressions and put before the public the plain facts, and
 means which chiefly supported the population of the island
 (125,000) have been swept away suddenly, completely; the
 produce of the vineyards supported the people, for nine months
 out of the twelve; that there is no immediate means of
 the vines to health; to root them up seems the only plan
 plant fresh cuttings, involving the necessity of waiting for at
 least three years ere they can get any return."



The Literary Gem.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE CELT.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

There came to our beach, from his home in the ocean,
A lone son of Erin's dear Emerald Isle:
The land of my sires and my kindred's devotion,
The land of their infancy's sunniest smile;
Said was the heart of the stranger, and lonely
Hush'd to his ears were his fatherland's lyres,
Gleam'd on our coast to him—cold to him only—
Far from the tombs and the dust of his sires.

I saw, with emotion his bosom was heaving,
And tears—big round tears rolling down from his eyes,
Told the tale that the heart of the stranger was grieving,
That his spirit was bow'd at the altar of sighs:
Pale was his cheek with the mildew of sickness,
All but one spot by the hectic still turned,
Dim was his eye, and departed its quickness,
Whene'er his bright glances once brilliantly burned.

Far from the crowd, then instinctively turning,
Secretly seeking to shed his hot tears,
He turned—with the woe in his bosom still burning,
Breathing his sighs to no listening ears;
But, though unseen, was my eye watching o'er him,
Watching his steps to a silent recess,
There, from his bosom, he drew quick before him,
Something with fondness he seemed to caress.

I press'd—'twas a shamrock, whose leaves dry and faded,
He press'd—to his lips with a rapturous smile,
The dear valued token, some kind hand had braided,
The lov'd withered relic of Erin's lone isle:
Plant of my parent land, sigh'd he with sadness,
How hast thou perish'd and faded forsooth,
S'ith thy heart lost its gay gushing gladness,
Exiled afar from the land of its youth.

Mute is the harp in the land of my fathers,
Cold the lov'd hand that 'as touch'd its sweet chords,
Silent the songs round my heart that still gathers,
Gone the proud tread of her brave feudal lords;
S't is the sun of her grandeur and glory,
Vanish'd the kings of her purple and pride,
Low on their shields, all unshrouded and gory,
Struck by oppression's base minions they died.

Gone are those bards, whose soft melody swelling,
Made the warm tear by their sweetness to start,
Hush'd the lov'd notes, oh on which fondly dwelling,
Woke with true ardour the patriot's heart;
Scalding the tears, he has hidden to roll,
Woe was the lesson of love that he taught us,
Seathing the life blood that fostered the soul.

Lone are the halls of her homesteads, and dreary,
Hush'd are the songs of her matrons and maids,
Broken the hearts that once joyous and cheery,
Woke with soft music the sweet sylvan glads;
Exiled a' in the land of the stranger,
Mock'd by the sneer of their pitiless pride,
S'at'er'd—thy sons court the death bonn from danger,
Aking the tomb their deep sorrows to hide.

Crash'd by that hand, whose bright gold has betrayed us,
Curs'd by ambition's perfidious art,
Dastard the stroke that a sister repaid us,
Having a dagger to Erin's warm heart;
Yet, oh! my country in ruins, I love thee,
Noble thou art in the wreck of decay,
Kingdoms have crumbled, but none placed above thee,
Wreath'd with more glory have faded away.

Ever thy sons in the battle undaunted,
Turn'd on their backs on the foeman or friend,
Faithfully guarding their standard, once plant'd,
Crash'd but to death, its proud folds to defend;
Taught by experience the braves of the bravest,
Shrank from the scathe of thy wild battle breath,
Faint grew their hearts at the war shout thou gavest,
Sons of Hibernia, we conquer as DEATH!

Now to your bosom, America take me,
Wreath'd and broken, my spirit would rest,
Queen of the ocean, oh, do not forsake me,
Exiled I sought thee, Fair Bride of the West!
Low 'mid thy wilds, let my death dirge be chaunted,
'Neath thy green turf, leave my ashes to dwell,
Then, on my tomb, if one shamrock be planted,
Erin, my spirit would bid thee—Farewell!

Cobourg, July, 1853.

THE SPIRITUAL BELIEVERS.

The wonders of table moving, &c., continue to excite in the United States continued interest. There is no cessation of the excitement—there is really no way to account for the mystery. Some very talented and eminent Americans have lately given

their assent to its genuine supernatural character. Indeed if what Judge Edmunds says below be true, the phenomenon must be attributed to spirits of some kind—good or evil—there must be something acting unseen by men, yet having intelligence. Some allege that the manifestation is to do away with the growing belief among men of the non-immortality of the soul. No doubt men are becoming more inclined to disbelieve the immortality of the soul. The Spiritualists promulgate a doctrine very similar to that of Swedenburgh. There are now 300,000 believers in the United States. The explanation of this phenomenon by Faraday, is certainly an entire failure. Below is the statement of Judge Edmunds:—

From an Address by John W. Edmunds, Judge of the Supreme Court, New York State.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It was in January, 1851, that my attention was first called to the subject of "Spiritual Intercourse." I was laboring under great depression of spirits, occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. I had read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know, if after death we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. I was invited by a friend to witness the "Rochester Knockings," and complied, more to oblige her and to while away an hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and determined to investigate the matter and find out what it was. If it was a deception, or a delusion, I thought that I could detect it. For about four months I devoted at least two evenings in a week, and sometimes more, to witness the phenomenon in all its phases. At length the evidence came, and in such force that no sane man could withhold his faith.

Thus far, the question was, whether what I saw was produced by mere mortal means, or by some invisible, unknown agency; whether it was a deception, an imposition, or what it professed to be, the product of some unknown, unseen cause. To detail what I witnessed would far exceed the limits of this communication, for my records of it for those four months alone fill, at least, one hundred and thirty closely written pages. I will, however, mention a few things, which will give a general idea of that which characterized interviews, now numbering several hundred. Most of them have occurred in the presence of others besides myself. I have preserved their names in my records, but do not give them to the world, because I do not desire to subject them to the obloquy which seems, most strangely, to be visited upon all who look into the matter with any other feeling than a resolute and obstinate incredulity, whatever the evidence. But these considerations grow out of this fact—1st, that I have thus many witnesses, whom I can invoke to establish the truth of my statements; and, 2d, that if I have been deluded, and have not seen and heard what I think I have, my delusion has been shared by many as shrewd, as honest, and as enlightened people as are to be found anywhere among us.

My attention was first drawn to the intercourse by the rappings, then the most common, but now the most inconsiderable, mode of communicating. Of course I was on the look out for deception, and at first relied upon my senses and the conclusions which my reason might draw from their evidence. But I was at a loss to tell how the mediums could cause what I witnessed under these circumstances. The mediums walking the length of a suite of parlors, forty or fifty feet, and the rappings being distinctly heard six feet behind them, the whole distance, backward and forward several times; being heard near the top of a mahogany door, above where the medium could reach, and as if struck hard with a fist; being heard on the bottom of a car when travelling, on a railroad, and on the floor and the table, when seated at lunch at an eating-house, by the side of the road; being heard at different parts of the room, sometimes several feet distant from the medium, and where she could not reach—sometimes on the table, and immediately after on the floor, and then at different parts of the table, in rapid succession, enabling us to feel the vibration as well as hear the sounds; sometimes when the hands and feet of the medium were both firmly and carefully held by some of one of the party and sometimes on a table when no one touched it.

After depending upon my senses, as to these various phases of the phenomenon, I invoked the aid of science, and with the assistance of an accomplished electrician and his machinery, and eight or ten intelligent, educated, shrewd persons, examined the matter. We pursued our enquiries many days, and established to our satisfaction two things:—First, that the sounds were not produced by the agency of any person present or near us; and, second, that they were not forthcoming at our will and pleasure.

In the meantime another feature attracted my attention, and that was "physical manifestations," as they are termed. Thus, I have known a pine table with four legs, lifted bodily up from the floor, in the centre of a circle of six or eight persons, turned upside down and laid upon its top at our feet, then lifted up over our heads, and put leaning against the back of the sofa on which we sat. I have known that same table to be tilted upon two legs, its top at an angle with the floor of forty-five degrees, when it neither fell over of itself, nor could any person present put it back on its four legs. I have seen a mahogany table, having only a centre leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor at least a foot, in spite of the efforts of those present, and shaken backward and forward as one would shake a goblet in his hand, and the lamp remain its place, though its glass pendants rang again. I have seen the same table tipped up with the lamp upon it, so far that the lamp must have fallen off unless restrained there by something else than its own gravity, yet fell not, moved not. I have known a dinner table taken from a high seat in a closet, rang over the heads of four or five persons in that closet, then rung around the room over the heads of twelve or fifteen persons in the back parlor, and then borne through the folding doors to the farther end of the front parlor, and there dropped on the floor. I have frequently known persons pulled about with a force which it was impossible for them to resist, a force, when all my own strength was added in vain to that of the one thus affected. I have known a mahogany chair thrown on its side and moved swiftly back and forth on the floor, no one touching it, through a room where there were at least a dozen people sitting, yet no one was touched, and it was repeatedly stopped within a few inches of me, when it was coming with a violence which, if not arrested, must have broken my legs.

This is not a utopia—nay! not a hundredth part of what I have witnessed of the same character. I have heard from others, whose testimony would be credited in any human transaction, accounts of still more extraordinary transactions.

There appeared in the newspapers various explanations and "exposures of the humbug," as they were termed. I read them with care. They were like the solution lately given by a learned professor in England, who attributes the upping of tables to a force in the hands which are laid upon them, overbalancing the material fact that tables quiver as frequently move when there is no hand upon them.

What I have thus mentioned was happened in the presence of others as well as myself. I have not alluded to any of the things which have occurred to me when I have been alone.

Whence comes the intelligence there is behind it all? For that intelligence was a remarkable feature of the phenomenon.

I have known frequently mental questions answered, questions merely framed in the mind of the interrogator, and not revealed by him. Preparatory to meeting a circle, I have sat down alone in my room and carefully prepared a series of questions to be propounded, and I have been surprised to find my questions answered, and in the precise order in which I wrote them without my even taking my memorandum out of my pocket, and when I knew that not a person present even knew that I had prepared questions, much less what they were. My most secret thoughts, those which I have never uttered to mortal man or woman, have been freely spoken of as if I had uttered them. Purposes which I have privily entertained have been publicly revealed; and I have once and again been admonished that my every thought was known to and could be disclosed by the intelligence which was thus manifesting itself.

I have heard the mediums use Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French words, when I knew they had no knowledge of any language but their own, and it is a fact that can be attested by many, that often there has been speaking and writing in foreign languages and unknown tongues by those who were unacquainted with either.

Still the question occurred, may not all this have been, by some mysterious operation, the mere reflex of the mind of some one present? The answer was, that such facts were communicated unknown then, but afterward found to be true: like this for instance, when I was absent last winter in Central America, my friends in town heard of my whereabouts and of the state of my health seven times, and on my return, by comparing their information with the entries in my journal, it was found to be invariably correct. So in my recent visit to the West, my whereabouts and my condition were told to a medium in this city while I was travelling on the railroad between Cleveland and Toledo.

Kindred to this are two well authenticated cases of persons who can read the thoughts of others in their minds. One is an artist in this city, of high reputation, and the other the editor of a newspaper in a neighboring city. The latter wrote me, that in company with three friends he had tried the experiment, and for over forty successive attempts found he could read the secret thoughts of his companions as soon as they were formed, and without their being uttered. So, too, there is the instance of two persons, one of them also a resident of this city, who can give a faithful delineation of the character and even the prevailing mood of mind of any person, however unknown to them upon whom they fix their attention.

The parties are at hand, and in our very midst, and any person that pleases may make the investigation that I have.

All this, and much, very much more of a cognate nature, went to show me that there was a high order of intelligence in this new phenomenon—an intelligence outside and beyond mere mortal agency, for there was no other hypothesis which I could devise or hear of that could at all explain that, whose reality is established by the testimony of tens of thousands, and can easily be ascertained by any one.

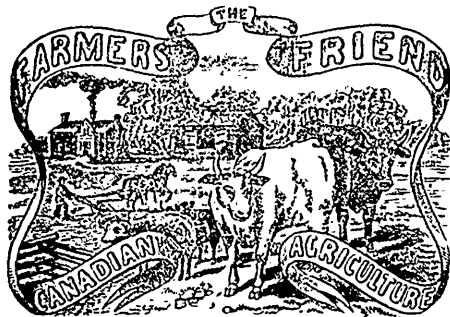
If these two points were established—and there are now in these United States hundreds of thousands of sentient beings who have investigated and believed they are—*qui bono!* To what end is it all?

There never was a religious creed promulgated among men which so entirely eschewed blind faith, and so fully and always demanded the exercise of the judgement and the supremacy of the reason.

HEREDITARY FEATURES.—The author of the work entitled "Records of Creation," mentions some of our faces under this branch of his subject. A peculiar characteristic of the under lip has been hereditary to the Imperial House of Hapsburg ever since the marriage, some centuries ago, with the Polish family of Jagello, whence it came. In our own royal family, a certain fulness of the lower and lateral parts of the face is conspicuous in the portraits of the whole series of sovereigns, from George I. to Victoria, and has been equally marked in other members of the family. The females of the Ducal House of Gordon have long been remarkable for a peculiarly elegant conformation of the neck. The Mackinnans—*Mac Braces*, who are descended from a common stock with the famous Robert Bruce, of Scotland, are said to have that strongly marked form of the cheek-bones and jaws which appears on the countenance of that heroic monarch, as it did in his actual face when his bones were discovered at Danfermline, about thirty years ago. The prevalent tallness of the people of Potsdam, many of whom are descended from the gigantic guards of Frederick I., the Spanish features observable in the people of the county of Galway, in which, some centuries ago, some Spanish settlements were made; and the hereditary beauty of the women of Prague, are well known facts, which have frequently attracted the admiration of foreigners. The Buxcesses of Rome (the most remarkable portion of every population) exhibit, at the present day, precisely the same type of face and form as their ancestors, whose bones may be seen carried in relief on the ancient sarcophagi; and the Jewish physiognomy, portrayed upon the sepulchral monuments of Egypt, are identical with those which may be observed among modern Jews in the streets of any of our great cities.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN RUSSIA.—M. H. Lamy, the engraver, lately deceased, who has also acquired a reputation as a poet, and as an archaeologist, made a discovery of the greatest importance in White Russia—a discovery brought to light when his papers were examined after his decease. Being occupied in making a road in that province he found it necessary to drain off the waters of a lake at a lower level, and in the operation he discovered in a forest, several feet below the surface of the soil, a

road paved in the antique Roman or Mexican style, with traces of a stone bridge of a peculiar construction. In M. Lursky's opinion 2000 or 3000 years must have elapsed before the face of the country could have been transformed to such an extent as he observed, and if this supposition be well founded, this district must have been inhabited before the time of the Scythians by a more civilized nation. M. Lursky's discovery will doubtless, not pass unnoticed, and may lead to important results.



DO YOUR BEST.

BY MRS. E. H. FAMES.

Yes! do your best in every scheme For human good design, strive with a strong and earnest hope To benefit your kind, try every plan and honest plan, and though you may succeed, be diligent that crowning blessing work sufficient for your need.

THE WEATHER.—On Monday evening of last week we had a fine refreshing shower, there was also on Tuesday, which cooled the air very much. On Wednesday a thunder storm accompanied with high wind and vast quantities of electricity from the north, passed over Toronto; since which time the thermometer has fallen as low in the evening as sixty degrees, rendering fires and warm clothing necessary at night to weakly persons. On Saturday it again became somewhat warmer. About the 20th of this month the weather in Canada generally changes—the nights become cooler, the days are warm, the mornings foggy—the crickets and grasshoppers sing the song of the death of summer. The little birds still linger, but some have gone and thousands are preparing to start. The seed birds stay out the month of September and part of October. Sunday was a pleasant day, also Monday, with pleasant summer heat. Wheat is coming in very freely and readily commands a dollar. Good times these for farmers.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—A correspondent thus prescribes a remedy for this disease:—I have frequently seen pitched cures for this most dreaded disease, some of which I have no doubt are good. I will give one which I have tested for twenty years, and have never known to fail—and in one or two cases when life was despaired of—but it ought to be taken in the first stages of the complaint. Take, for an adult, one table spoonful of Castor oil and one-third as much Spirits of Turpentine. This simple dose will relieve in most cases in a few minutes. I have tried it in two cases as near the cholera as they could be—if it was not. As I am not used to that complaint I could not determine, but descriptions of its progress which I have heard from those who have been among it, are exactly as those cases. It had so far advanced as cramp in the stomach—feet and legs cold as death. I used to be subject to this complaint from twice to three times a year; I took this more than twenty years ago, and had had only one attack since. As a well wisher to my fellow men I am induced to ask you to publish it in your paper.—American Ex.

HUSSEY'S REAPING MACHINES.—We have just enquired of Messrs. Mackintosh & Walton, whose agricultural implement store is below our printing office, how many of Hussey's Reaping Machines they have sold this season. The answer was thirteen. The price is \$125 each, and the machines went, one to Essex, one to Markham, one to Whitechurch, four to Vaughan, two to Chinguacousy, two to Albion, to Esquesing, one to Trafalgar.—Mackenzie's Message.

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.—You may make any horse follow you in ten minutes. Go the horse, rub his face, jaw, chin, leading him about, saying to him, "Come along" a constant tone is necessary. By taking him away from other persons and horses, repeat the leading, rubbing and stopping.—Sometimestimes turn him around all ways, and keep his attention by saying, "come along." With some horses it is important to whisper to them, as it hides the secret and gratifies the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice. The same will cause all horses to follow.

FERRULE DEATH.—Edmond Emmons, of Ridgeville, Loraino County, was bitten by a mad dog, his own, in the month of April. Last Friday evening he was taken sick about 4, P.M., when his hand became inflamed, and pained him much. Yesterday he died in the greatest agony, leaving a wife and several children. The wound had a long time been healed up, and he had lost all fears of madness from the bite. He worked in the field till 4, P.M. on Friday, when the terrible malady made its appearance. Physicians and friends were sent for. His pains increased and soon his ravings commenced. It took several strong men to hold him. At last after four days of the most agonizing suffering he died suddenly by the bursting of a blood vessel, occasioned by his violent pains.

[ORIGINAL] CERES

BY SYLVICOLA.

I saw a form divinely bright, With brow of snow and eye of light, With smile as cheek and golden hair, To me she came, a beautiful, and fair, And in her hand she held a crown, I gazed with golden type, "Reason immortal is we and glory be, To him who in Ceres' crown with me,"

BLACK KNOT IN PLUM TREES.

Mr. Editor.—When the carrier brought the last Farmer into my door-yard, I met him, as I was returning from my garden, where I had been carefully examining some of the newly forming "knots" upon some young sprouts growing, or trying to grow, in the vicinity of an old "purple daisy" tree. I took the paper and the first article I noticed, was the one on the first page, calling attention once more to this subject. After reading the article which alluded but in the light upon this perplexing point of inquiry, and which was chiefly designed to induce careful observation, at this favorable season of the year. I returned to the garden and renewed my examinations, and I will give you what facts I have discovered, and my speculations upon them. First the facts. These protuberances, or "knots," commence about the time the leaves open upon the trees, in the character of a swelling, or enlargement upon the side of the limb, and generally upon the wood of the last year's growth; always upon young, fresh, and sappy wood. Soon the bark cracks open for a considerable extent upon the limb, varying from one to six inches, and sometimes extending along continuously for half a yard. This opening in the bark is rapidly filled with a sort of fungus, or porous woody substance, in which the regular fibres of healthy wood do not appear, but which will readily suggest to the observer the idea of disease—of a bad sore—of a cancer upon a human limb. Indeed, I can think of nothing they so much resemble as cancers or scrofulous sores, I have seen upon the human body. As these sores progress, they extend into the bone, or into the wood, come to the heart of it, and frequently nearly, or quite round and through the entire limb, and the wood becomes porous, resembling a diseased carious bone, and dies.

Now for another fact: in examining these protuberances, at this season of the year, I have found, on examining them carefully, near the central parts of the branches, or more prominent portions, a small maggot, very small, but large enough to be seen with the naked eye. My observations this morning, have detected at least, half a dozen of them, finding one or more in every branch, and often discovering their path, half an inch or more in length, which had undoubtedly been his "path of life," affording him food and shelter thus far in his maggot, or first form of existence. Two or three weeks later than this date, these maggots may be found considerably larger; but never, I think, attaining to more than three eighths of an inch in length, and the size of a common pin; or possibly a little more. Later in the season I have often discovered their path, extending along an inch or more, through the central part of this fungus matter, and leading out at length, where we may suppose he found himself possessed of a pair of wings, and the power of using them.

Now for my speculations. The inquiry may rise, are these fungi, or sores, thrown out as eruptions appear upon the surface of the human body, from disease in the sap, the blood of the tree, and thus affording a convenient place for the moth, or fly, in which to deposit its eggs, become incidentally its birth-place and cradle?

Or does the insect, the moth or fly, in the latter part of the season, insert its eggs in the healthy bark, or soft wood of the summer's growth, to be hatched out the ensuing season, as the sap flows freely, and the warm sun is felt by it? This latter is, I am confident, the true view of the subject. But what is the cause of such an extensive "knot" or sore upon the limb? Certainly no such result follows a slight incision or wound made in the ordinary way. Is it not probable that nature has prepared this insect to propagate its kind, through this peculiar process? and accordingly by a law we cannot fully scan, made its sting, or the deposited egg, act upon the wood as a poison, throwing out just such an excrescence as is necessary to its existence? This is my opinion. And I think the vegetable world affords many examples analogous to this theory. Many a time, in my boyhood, have I plucked a certain forest weed in the pasture, or by the road side, growing perhaps to the height of three feet; by the stock grown and about as large as a pipe stem, and having somewhere and in way of it a ball or bulge, an inch in diameter, and perfectly round. A careful examination of this ball, showed clearly that some insect had inserted an egg in the stock of the young weed, which caused the fibres to part in the centre, and swell out to the size above described, and containing within a balby substance, in the midst of which would be, at first an egg and then in due time a maggot, which feeds upon the tender juicy substance. Nature has so wonderfully provided for it. In Autumn these balls will be found to have, in the side of them, a small round hole, through which the imprisoned maggot makes his escape.

Similar to these are the round balls often seen attached to the leaves of the oak, and familiarly called "oak apples." They are composed of "vegetable matter; their formation is a wonderful specimen of mechanical precision and skill; and yet they grow, or result from the insertion of the egg of a moth or fly, in the fibrous substance of the young and tender leaf. They form a perfect ball, the wall of which is in substance much like the leaf itself, while in the centre of the large chamber within, suspended by fine fibres, extending to the wall all round, is a small sack, or shell, in which at first is an egg, then a maggot, which finally escapes by crawling through the wall of its prison.

Now in these cases, certainly the hermit insect is the prime cause. She lays her egg, and nature takes it into its fostering care; and though we cannot fully comprehend the subtle principles, by which the process is carried on, yet the fact cannot be disputed. Nature, in her beneficence, regards not man alone, but all living things. By laws the most subtle, by arrangements the most complete, as they often appear to us, yet really the most free and simple, are the wants of all supplied.

Possibly in some non-essentials in the above theory I may have erred, I may not be correct as to the time when the egg is inserted; when it takes its wings and moves in the air. I have made no discoveries, that fully determined every difficulty of these points; but that I am right as to the prime cause of the "Black Knots in Plum Trees," I have no doubt.

In respect to a prevention, I can only say, that in case of the "Curculio" that works upon the young fruit, upon the aspen trees, we must make our efforts in the direction of the insect itself. We cannot prevent the injury to the tree, when the sting is made and the poison inserted: We must find out the fly and destroy him, or apply something to the bark of the trees that will prevent its ravages.—Maine Farmer.

TORONTO MARKETS at the close of the week, August 22nd.—Flour (Miller's extra superfine) per barrel, 23s 9d to 25s; farmers' per 100 lbs. 20s to 21s 3d; Wheat—Fall, per bushel, 60 lbs., 4s 10d to 5s. Oatmeal, per barrel, 23s 6d to 23s 9d. Rye, per bushel 56 lbs., 2s 3s 6d; Barley, per bushel 48 lbs., 2s 6 to 3s; Oats, per bushel 31 2s 2d to 2s 5 1/2d; Peas, per bushel, 3s 4d to 4s, Potatoes, per bushel, 2s 6d, new, 5s 6d, Apples, per bushel, 2s 6d, Grass Seed, per bushel 48 lbs., 7s 6d, Clover Seed, per bushel 27s 6d, 1s 3 1/2d, Hay per ton, 42s 6d to 53s, Straw, per ton, 40s to 45s, Onions per bushel 4s to 6s, Butter, tub, per lb. 6 1/2d to 8d; fresh, per lb. 1s to 1 1/2d, Pork, per lb. 6 1/2d to 7d; Turkeys, each, 4s 6d to 5s, Geese, each, 1s 10 1/2d to 2s, Ducks, per couple, 2s to 2s 6d, Fowls, per pair 1s 9d to 2s, 4 chickens, per lb. 4d to 5d, Beef, per 100 lbs 20s to 22s, Beef, per lb. 34 to 5d, Hams, per 100 lbs. 40s to 42s 6d, Bacon, per lb. 37s to 40s; Wool, per lb. 1s 7 1/2d to 1s 8d, sheepskins, best singulated, 1s 10d to 2s; Calveskins, fresh, per lb. 6d 6 1/2d, Hides, per 100 lbs. 22s 6d to 25s; eggs, per dozen, 7 1/2d to 8d; Veal, per lb. by the quarter, 3d to 4d; Mutton, per lb. by the quarter, 4d to 5d.

AGENT'S FOR 1853.

The following persons are now our only authorized local agents in Canada West and East. Any person sending us six new names for half yearly subscribers, to end in December, will receive the seventh copy gratis—half yearly subscribers 2s 6d each, if paid in advance, otherwise 3s. 9d. Persons not paying, re-possible agents must guarantee payment at the end of the year. If half-yearly subscribers do not pay at the end of the year, and their subscriptions have to be collected by sending for the same, \$1 will be charged in all cases. The paper is weekly, and the half year commences with the first week in July. Local agents now appointed, and new agents, will oblige an immediate canvass for this paper in all their Divisions and among the community generally.

- C. W. Robinson, Woodstock—William Hill, North Willingham—John G. Brund, Brantford—John Tyner, Cumminsville—Robt. Balmar, Oakville—J. H. Sanders, Wellington Square—John Bess, Dundas—Reed Baker, Watertown—John Clinton, Pererence—R. G. Conner, Niagara—George Gimore, Beamsville—George Dine, St. Vincent—Dr. Powell, Cobourg—James Clint, Cornwall—C. L. G. Brockville—John Vert, Lambton—James Fraser, Bytown—W. Hargrave, Oshanae—R. M. Stephens, Port Dover—William McMillan, Mt. Idleton—William McCrotry, Ferguson—Wm. H. Carney, One Squid—Alonso Sweet, Walpole—S. J. Lancaster, Lobb—Murdoch, Aviler, Elgin—S. Newcombe, Vienna—J. Russell, N. Gower—L. D. Marke, Burford—Charles Taylor, Port Sarria—G. L. Johnson, Oshanae—J. W. Coulson, Guelph—George Graham, Richmond Hill—Fans Lawrence, Orangeville—D. D. Hay, North-Be. Hamby, Nobleton—J. Bowman, Alaska Division—E. B. Bee, Kienberg—James Shaw, Port Credit—Joshua Vanillon, Georgetown—Thomas Wilson, Markham Village—Moxam Jones, Stonefield—D. G. Wilson, Duffin's Creek—John Boyd, Oshanae—Elihu H. Newton—John Nott, Prince Albert—Rev. Mr. Clinie, Bonaville—C. S. Powers, Newcastle—Robinson Rutherford, Peterborough—G. C. Choate, Warsaw—Wm. H. Fanning, Kempsville—Wm. Reeder, Kingston—Dr. Thomas Aishon, Bath—Francis Finn, Sarnia—Josiah Purkiss, Thornhill—Leonard Tuttle and W. H. Finney, Toronto—John Ballard, Montreal—Mr. Booth, Quebec—David H. Guire, Weston—John Terry, Sharon—James Cooper, Sutton—C. Taylor, Newland—A. Younge, Tyrone—G. W. Cook, Goshaw—J. Teller, Summersville.

SPLENDID TEMPERANCE TALES

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.

HAVE in press and will publish about the first of September the most thrilling TEMPERANCE TALES which have been published since the inimitable series by SARGENT. It is sold by a Clergyman of New York—entitled

THE MYSTERIOUS PARCHMENT OR SATANIC LICENSE.

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

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

We bespeak the co-operation of Temperance Organized individual friends of Temperance, in a vigorous circulation of work. Place a copy in every family in the land, and drink and drinking will soon cease.

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co. 17 and 19, Cornhill, Boston.

The poem by the Forest Bard, styled "The Celt," is as beautifully and pathetically written. Although it is in imitation of Campbell's poem of the "Eagle of Erin," yet the verses and thoughts are nearly, if not entirely, original.

Further news.—The Chinese rebellion is said to be ended by a portion of the Empire from the rebel Prince and of the reigning family. Quite a discussion has lately arisen among our papers about the monastic rigor of Superintendent Ryserson's Normal School regulations. It is strangely and unjustly condemned. It is strange any man of common sense could have sanctioned such a tyrannical code for a nursery! The Governor and lady are about to proceed immediately to England on a pleasure tour. The great Ross demonstration will come off to-day.

Receipts.

S. V. Belleville, \$1 on account of 1853. A. Friel, Derham, \$2 on account of subscribers. A. Davidson, Dorchester, \$14 for 1853. L. C. Booklin, \$7 on account of old subscribers. G. W. C. \$1 from Crowland. Rev. G. A. Bucher, \$2 for 1853-3. This money does not pay the sum due—the paper will be stopped.

Communications.

"A Dream" sent cannot be inserted. Poetry from Richmond Hill is too long and requires too many alterations. Poetry from Thrush will be inserted, with a few alterations. A letter signed "An old subscriber," about the neglect of the Committee of the Grand Division in not co-operating with the League Committee of Toronto, was received last week, but as the real name of the author is not sent we cannot publish it.

TORONTO ESPLANADE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Office, on or before Twelve o'clock, Noon, on MONDAY, the 25th instant, for the construction and filling of the ESPLANADE and WATER LOTS, according to the several plans and specifications, which may be seen at this Office, on and after Monday next, the 15th instant.

By order of the Standing Committee on Wharves and Harbours. C DALY, C. C. C. Clerk's Office, Toronto, Aug. 9, 1853.

NORTHERN RAILROAD.

COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.

TENDERS applications having been made for Building Lots at the "KEY and CHURCH," the Subscriber takes this opportunity to inform the public that the plan for the SURVEY is being made and Plans prepared, the Lots will shortly be open.

SALE BY AUCTION IN TORONTO, Of which further notice will be given. The Terms will be one-half down, and the balance in two equal annual instalments with interest, secured by mortgage or otherwise, at the option of the buyer. A liberal discount will be made to those who prefer paying in full. B. W. SMITH. Barrie, May 15th, 1853.

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 Montreal, and that he now resides at Richmond Hill. He respectfully invites Farmers and others to call and inspect his NEW and WELL ASSORTED Stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Croceries, Oils, Paints, Glass, and other articles, which he has selected with care and sold at very low rates. Every article will be marked in plain figures, and sold at Toronto prices. Intelligent purchasers will find it to their advantage to call hereafter, as he has a great variety of goods, and as he has determined to sell at a very small profit. M. TEEFY. April 26th, 1853.

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

Dr. James Hope's Family Medicine, for curing all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and all Diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood. The usual symptoms of which are Constipation, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Headache, and Pain in the Stomach, and all the Disorders of the Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys, will be cured by the use of these Pills. They are a powerful purgative, and are entirely free from any of the dangerous effects of other purgatives. They are a powerful purgative, and are entirely free from any of the dangerous effects of other purgatives. They are a powerful purgative, and are entirely free from any of the dangerous effects of other purgatives.

- List of agents for Dr. James Hope's medicine across various cities including Montreal, New York, London, and others.

"A NIMBLE SIXPENCE BETTER THAN A SLOW SHILLING." CLEARING OUT STOCK. TREMENDOUS BARGAINS!

J. CHARLESWORTH HAVING closed his branch Store—the "ALBERT HOUSE," and removed the remainder of his Stock to his own place, "THE TORONTO HOUSE," No. 60 KING STREET EAST. So well known to the community for CHEAPNESS, desists of clearing it out, together with as much of his SUMMER STOCK, will commence on

MONDAY, AUGUST 1, 1853, SELLING AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, THE WHOLE OF HIS STOCK, BUT MORE ESPECIALLY IN SUCH GOODS AS ARE DECIDEDLY SUMMER STOCK. IN THESE GREAT AND ASTONISHING BARGAINS WILL BE GIVEN. THIS OPPORTUNITY WILL CONTINUE ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME. ALL ANXIOUS OF SECURING BARGAINS MUST CALL EARLY.

THE "TORONTO HOUSE, No. 60, KING STREET EAST. JOHN CHARLESWORTH. Toronto, 1853

NOTICE TO THE TRADE. TORONTO HAT AND CAP FACTORY, SIGN OF THE GOLDEN CAP, No. 77, Yonge Street. The Subscriber in returning his grateful acknowledgments to the Trade, for the support given to him since his commencement in business, and desirous to cherish that patronage so liberally bestowed, begs to call their attention to his extensive Spring stock of

HATS AND CAPS! now open for sale. Great care has been taken to procure the latest fashions and the newest styles, from England, France and America. Nothing has been left untried. By the Subscriber in preparing for the Trade his present stock, which will be found on inspection to be superior in quality, greater in quantity, and lower in price than can be had at any other Establishment on the Continent of America. His present Stock consists of Black Silk Fines, Assorted, Bowlers, Boys, and Children's Hats, in great variety of styles, and colors. Sole Factors, Gaiters, Guards, Suits, and Glazed Cotton Caps in endless variety of size and style. Having procured some of the best HATMAKERS in America, the Subscriber has commenced manufacturing Hats in connection with his Cap Factory, and will supply the Trade with Hats of every description, made of the finest materials and finished in the newest style, at lower prices than any other House in the Trade. Samples will be furnished on the shortest notice to persons wanting a large supply. Terms encouraging, and made to accommodate the Trade. The highest prices given for Canadian Fur of every description. L. SHARPS. Toronto, 18th April, 1853.

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

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS. BROWN & CHILDS, 88, King St. Toronto. Their Manufacturers produce 1000 pairs daily. Their prices defy all competition. Every attention given to the retail patron in Town or Country. Liberal credits given on purchases of more than \$25.—none for less amounts. Cash paid for all kinds of Leather. 2000 sides best Spanish Skin for Sale. Alex. 400 lbs. Cod. If you would you make the most of your money, don't miss these places. Toronto, Jan. 1st, 1853.

J. McNAB, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c. &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Church Street Toronto. Toronto, January 1853.

Illustration of a steam locomotive pulling a train with various freight cars. Text above: CLEAR THE TRACK.

B. M. CLARK, GROCER, RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Toronto and its surrounding country, that he has just opened a new and improved assortment of GROCERIES, COMPRISING Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Raisins, Fruits, Nuts, Rice, Molasses, Soap, Candles, Butter, Spices, and every description of Family Groceries. Prices Low—Goods New. REMEMBER the stand—B. M. CLARK's, near the corner of St. Lawrence Street, near Temperance Street, in the House formerly occupied by Messrs. Green, Sears & Co. B. M. CLARK continues to manufacture the celebrated WINDMILL BRAND LARD and ERASER FOG, at his Stand, 87 Yonge Street.—N. A. CLARK Keep of all kinds of light and hard. B. M. CLARK. January 1853.

ONTARIO, NIAGARA, & HURON RAILROAD. NOTICE. On and after the 1st of July, the Passenger Trains will run daily between Toronto and Bradford, as follows: Toronto to Bradford, at 8 A.M.; Bradford to Toronto, at 1 P.M.; Toronto to Bradford, at 4 P.M.; Bradford to Toronto, at 7 P.M. Arrives at Bradford at 10.30 A.M. Accommodation Trains leave Toronto at 12.30 P.M., arrive at Bradford at 4 P.M. Accommodation Trains leave Bradford at 7.15 A.M., arrive at Toronto at 10.30 A.M. Express Trains leave Toronto at 12.30 P.M.; arrive at Toronto at 10.30 A.M. Passengers by these Trains will please take notice that the current rates will be charged in addition to the regular fare, for all baggage purchased in the cars, by Passengers having their tickets for a distance where tickets are sold. All other baggage by the Express Trains will be carried in charge of the Express Agents. ALFRED BRUNCE, Superintendent of Office, Toronto, July 1st, 1853.

CITY ASSESSMENTS.

THE City is about to issue the Assessments for the current year will meet on THURSDAY, the 21st instant, at one o'clock, P.M., to hear the assessor, and to grant the assessment of JAMES WARD, and to give the assessment of JAMES WARD, which all persons interested are to attend. The Court will meet on Tuesday and Friday in each week at the same hour, until the assessment of the City is passed. By order of the Court. CHARLES DALY, C. C. C. Clerk's Office, Toronto, July 1st, 1853.

A CLARKE'S MANUFACTORY. 3 DOORS EAST OF SLANT LAWRENCE MARKET, King Street East, Toronto. BEAD, Patent, Patent, Confessionary, &c. Private Toilet, Brushes and all sorts of Merchandise, supplied. COUGH CURE, AND PNEUMONIA, AND ALL THE VARIETIES OF GREAT VARIETY. Please call before purchasing, and examine the goods. May 27, 1853.

For Cheap Boots and Shoes GO! GO! T. H. CHAPMAN'S SHOP, CORNER OF THE RED BOAR, West side of Yonge Street, Opposite to Armstrong's Foundry, near Queen Street. May 27, 1853.

T. PRATT'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, Dist. on Street, near the Wharf. Opening January 1st.

CHARLES DURAND, Esq., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR IN CHIEF (LEGAL), respectfully informs his clients of his removal from his former office, to his new office, over the store of B. M. CLARK, Grocer, near the corner of King and Temperance Streets, near Lawson & Chalkley's Store. He is now prepared to transact business in the courts of the Province, or by a Power of Attorney.

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING!! BY E. V. WILSON AND H. PIPER & BROTHER, (OR THE FRATERNITY OF JAMES BRADY) ELECTRICIAN AND ELECTRO-METALLURGISTS, AT THEIR WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Lightning Rod Manufactory, On Yonge St. between King and Adelaide Sts., TORONTO, C. W.

Advertisement for Boston Lamp Store, Removal. Messrs. A. HERRING & Co. beg to announce to their Customers that the Public Store, which they have been carrying on since the 1st of July, 1853, at No. 20, King Street East, has been removed to the place where they have received a large and varied assortment of Lamps, Shades, Glass, Oil, &c. &c. The new Store is situated at No. 10, King Street East, between Queen and Front Streets, and is a very convenient place for the purchase of all kinds of lamps and shades. The new Store is situated at No. 10, King Street East, between Queen and Front Streets, and is a very convenient place for the purchase of all kinds of lamps and shades. A. HERRING & Co. Toronto, April 22, 1853.

REFORMATION IN TRADE.

Reform, reform is the cry of the day, While old-fashioned ways are passing away...

Just look, if you please, at its elegant houses—its beautiful churches, their spires and their domes...

Will you call at McDONALD'S if it is but to try, I mean his well-sorted Black Wool you can buy...

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

JOHN McDONALD, Respectfully invites attention to his very large Stock of Seasonable DRY GOODS, RECEIVED THIS SEASON...

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

Yorkville Saddle & Harness Shop. JOHN DALE

Notifies his numerous friends that he is prepared to attend all calls in his line as a journeyman and despatcher...

Niagara Temperance House, NEAR THE LIBERTY HALL, BUFFALO CITY.

H. BAYLEY, Proprietor. Good accommodations can be had at all times at this pleasant moderate charges.

DR. N. BURNELL 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 1833.

Those wanting bound volumes of this work in 1833 year, can obtain them upon applying at this office.

To Farmers & the Country Generally. The undersigned, at No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street...

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

McINTOSH & WILSON. Toronto, 28th March, 1833.

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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...

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...

Table with columns for Men's Brown Holland Coats, Men's Black Cloth Vests, Men's Moleskin Frockers, etc. with prices.

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

DRY GOODS. TABLE LINENS, quilts, counterpanes, bed tick and towels.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, 174O SECOND PRICE. Corner of King and Church Streets, adjoining the Court House.

Fresh Arrivals of New Spring and Summer Goods.

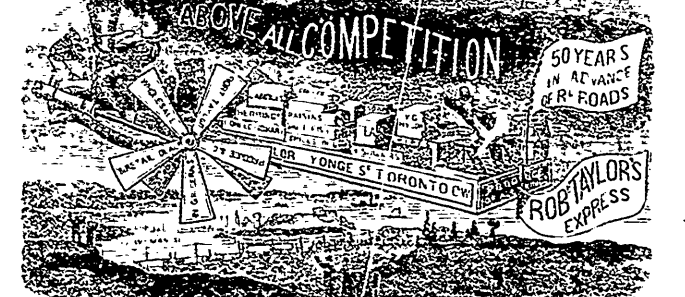
WILLIAM POLLEY, 66, King Street East, Toronto.

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

INCLUDING THE LATEST STYLES IN PLAIN AND FANCY STRAW BONNETS, PARASOLS, BONNET RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, &c.

WILLIAM POLLEY, Third door west of Church Street.

Inspection Invited.



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

His Groceries are the Cheapest in Toronto.—They comprise FRESH GREEN TEAS, BLACK TEAS, COFFEE, SUGARS, SPICES, FRUITS, RICE, CONFECTIONARIES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—LOW PRICES—QUICK RETURNS. INSPECTION IS INVITED.

J. H. GOWAN, Carver and Gilder Looking-Glass & Picture Frame Manufacturer.

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

J. FOGGIN, DYER AND SCOURER, 93, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

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

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

COMPANY and LODGE SEALS engraved in the best style, and designs furnished if required COATS OF ARMS found and engraved.

January, 1833.

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

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEON, VETERINARY FOUL-E AND BLACKSMITHS HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES.

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

W. STEWARD, Premium Saddle Warehouse, 95 Yonge St. Toronto, Sign of the Mammoth Color.

JOHN DAVIS, PROPRIETOR, Manufactures 2500 plates per week, producing 20 worth of goods on the average per week.

JOHN BENTLEY, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER, 71, Yonge Street.

CHARLES BAKER, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 27, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

G. HARCOURT & CO., TAILORS, CLOTHIERS AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS.

BRASS BANDS FOR DIVISION Instrument and Music Establishment.

MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHIE, Messrs. A. & S. NORDHIE, Messrs. A. & S. NORDHIE.

ROBES, Of every Degree and quality, made to order.

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