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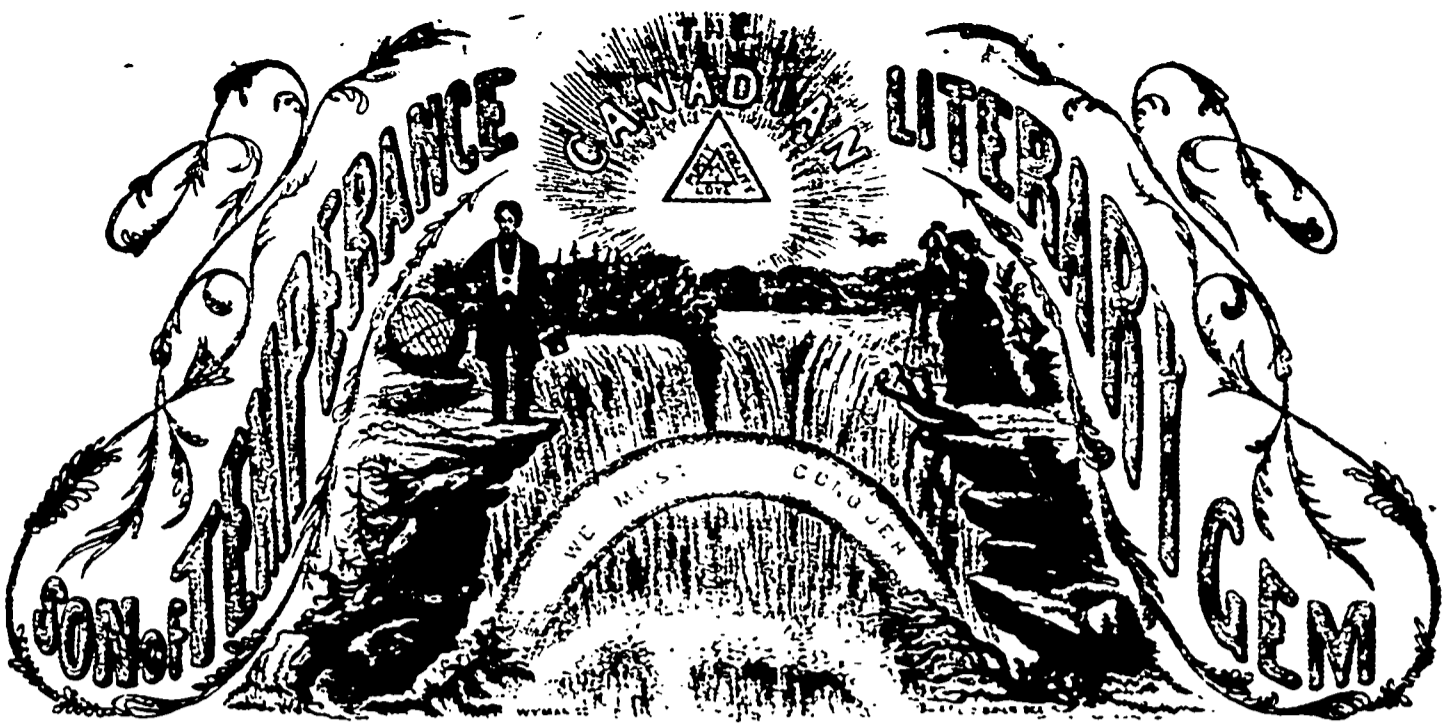
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

LILLY DALE.

'Twas a calm still night,
And the moon's pale light,
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When friends, mute with grief,
Stood around the death-bed
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,
Not the wild rose blossoms
O'er her little green grave,
Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale

Her cheeks that once glowed
With the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turned pale;
And the death-lamp was on
The pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Oh! Lilly, &c.

"I go," she said,
To the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail
I must tell you where
Near my own lov'd home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.

Oh! Lilly, &c.

"Neath the chestnut tree,
Where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream tipples forth thro' the vale,
Where the larks shall warble
Their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.

Oh! Lilly, &c.

The following thrilling and admirably written story is worth a reading. It will meet with a response from every mother's

THE LOST CHILD.

BY GRANDMOTHER GREEN.

It was in the autumn of the year 1826, that I was returning from the Western part of New York, with a heart wringed down with affliction, which you are too young to understand. It was a cold morning when I reached the steamboat wharf at Albany, and the scene of gaily which surrounded me was a contrast to my own feelings. There was no great festival day, on the occasion of joining the waters of the Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean, as it was peacefully expressed, in plain words, the day of celebrating the completion of the Erie and Ontario canal, and you are doubtless familiar with the large procession had been gathered from Lake Erie, and the whole corner, and also from many other parts of the State; and they had just reached Albany on their downward way. Fifteen steamers were about on the Hudson. They were crowded with passengers in their holiday suits, and the streets were arrayed in gay and beautiful dresses. The shops of Albany, and perhaps all nations, decorated the groups with banners and streamers of the most beautiful colors, and the air was a scene of exhilarating and almost being heavy; and for a time I forgot my own grief in a sense of the spirit of my country.

A procession was formed in due order, and was led by the Hon. De Witt Clinton. A long train of Capital City was in the rear; and as the procession began to move, many of the steamers which were stationed on board the different boats, began to fire. I was seated very close to the front of the boat, and I was invited upon taking it over, contrary to the wishes of the passengers, who, looking over the railing of the boat, and in a moment I was safe in the boat, before the steamer had been started. The circumstances of such natural anxiety, and the expectation that I had got safely over, would have been soon forgotten, but for the scene which presented itself on my coming into the cabin. The stove was surrounded by persons who were busy drying cloaks and other garments. Another group were consoling with a lady who was reclining in a large rocking chair, looking very pale and sad. She had a loose wrapper thrown about her, and her whole appearance indicated that she had escaped from danger, not without a plunge in the water.

Before I had time to inquire concerning the circumstances, a lady who had followed me from the dock exclaimed, "Only think of it! how providential! This lady," pointing to me, "came over with a child in her arms; and if the plank had slipped with her instead of you, either she or the child must have been lost. You cannot think how frightened the passengers were when they saw her coming!"

"Providential, indeed!" said the almost exhausted one, for the first time raising her eyes. "Had not both my hands been at liberty, so that I could seize hold of the plank which fell under me, I must have been lost. She would have clasped her babe—but," she added after a short pause, "she would have had the satisfaction of dying with her child," and she drew a heavy sigh.

I soon saw that something weighed heavily on the mind of the afflicted woman. She listened with an indifference almost amounting to insensibility, were it not for her subdued and sorrowful expression, to the congratulations of people, who occasionally looked into the cabin, to see the lady who fell overboard, and to enquire how she found herself. And the spoiling of a very nice dress, lame, I wish, voluble expressions of sorrow, gave her no concern. She did not seem to prize very highly the life which had thus been preserved, although she said that she had been several times rescued from death in a very remarkable manner.

Neither of us having any attraction toward the gay company above, the lady and myself remained together in the cabin. As soon as we were left alone, I could not resist a desire to know the cause of her deep melancholy. She told me she had lost her only child, and not by death. Alas! death would have been a blessing to that poor weeping mother; for her child was stolen away from her; and she knew not what dreadful fate might have befallen her.

Expressions of sorrow and sympathy burst simultaneously from the children; and a little Mary wept outright. When I, too, had comforted and quieted her, by saying that perhaps she was fond of this time, Grandmother Green wept on again.

It happened at the time when the yellow fever was in New York, which was about four years previous to the period I speak of; and yet she seemed as well apparently fresh to the poor lady's heart, as at the first moment of her loss, and at every thought of her child a cold blood shiver would pass through the city in all directions. The street where Mrs. Allen lived—for that was the lady's name—was filled from morning till night with passengers and their baggage.

She had arranged to go out of town in company with a friend who lived across the street; and having occasion to send her a hasty message in relation to it, she told the little Ellen to go; and that was the last time she had ever seen her.

Alarmed at her long stay, the mother ran across the way to look after her, when she found that she had done her message and gone, as she supposed, immediately home. An alarm was instantly given, and the neighbors were stretched, and finally as far as possible the whole city; but no tidings came. It was then to a year since her disappearance and nothing was heard.

Captain Allen, the father of the child, was a sea-faring man; and though he would gladly have given up his employment, to stay at home and cherish his wife, so was impressed that he had a better chance to find his lost treasure, if he continued to roam the foreign seas, for so many people were deserting the city at that time, that he might have been carried very far away.

The mother had since heard of a child found in Upper Canada, who resembled her, but she was doomed to disappointment; and she died more hoping than ever. To have believed her child dead, would have been less, compared with what she believed; but no power could persuade her of this. I never felt my sympathies so strongly excited. I did my best to comfort her, but she would weep out, "O! my poor little Nelly! my poor little Nelly!"

On returning to her in the city, my first duty was to try to comfort her, but she would weep out, "O! my poor little Nelly! my poor little Nelly!"

About a year after this, I was in New York, when, one fine summer afternoon, I joined a party of friends for a walk on the battery. I was in a rather abstracted mood, and did not heed much what was going on around me, when suddenly I was recalled to consciousness by hearing a very sweet voice say, "Why mamma! why do you stare so at that lad?"

I raised my eyes, and met those of the questioner. She was a lovely child of some ten summers; but though as it appeared, she was a perfect stranger, there was something in her look that enchanted—not to say enchanted me—I glanced at the lady who was her companion. In a moment I recognized Mrs. Allen. We flew into each other's arms. I comprehended at once how blest she was; for the dark-eyed, gypsy-looking child could be no other than the long-mourned Nelly. The first words Mrs. Allen could speak, were, "O, you were a true prophet. God did, indeed, work mysteriously, as you shall hear. But you must come home with us. I cannot yet speak of my happiness without more emotion than is proper to be shown in such a place as this. But come here, Nelly. This is the lady who was so kind to me, and whose parting words gave me so much comfort." I embraced the sweet child; and then it was arranged, as I had no special engagement that I should return, and spend the night with the happy mother.

As soon as we were seated, Mrs. Allen drew Ellen to her side, and thus began: "One day, about a week after I had lost you, a feeling of exhilaration came over me, for which I could not account. I really made an effort to be sad. It seemed as if I were cruel and unnatural, for indulging a lightness of heart toward a stranger to for years. But all would not do. I could not think about the home so lightly and merrily, I seemed as if I were in air, I was astonished at myself.

In this mood I was attracted to one of the finest spectacles I had hardly been opened since the time of my great affliction, except to indulge myself in a look down, for the very moment had become hallowed with the most precious of my treasures. I opened the blinds, I opened the window, I sat down; and still I went on humming a gay little air, as if there had never been a mother's heart in my breast.

Presently there came along a band of strolling minstrels. I would have retired, for my position was getting public; but it seemed as if I were glued to my chair. They crossed over, and came directly under the window. My hand went to my pocket, feeling for money, for oh! they had a marvellous and acquired look. There was one little girl—I thought of Ellen—my heart throbbled. The child might have been nearly her age, only that Ellen was a fat little chick—and this was so thin, and miserable looking. Yet what if such a face were here! Never before did I have a full conception of the harvest of my loss! I thought I should go mad! It seemed as if I should plunge myself out of the window, if I could not escape otherwise; but I could not move a jot. After the tune on the organ was done, the little girl began to sing; and by a strange coincidence the very song was that little Ellen loved best, and every time had sung of while sitting on my knee, in the pleasant twilight. I cannot describe how it affected me. It seemed as if I should burst out, as I said before, open the window, and plunge myself out, that I might grasp the child, and comfort her as would in me the cry of that song. But I feared to move, lest she should be apprised of my intention, and so escape me. A kind of night-mare temper withheld my wish to fly—no sleep that poor, dirty miserable child to my breast, and take her home—then for the sake of that song so sweetly, so softly sung.

"But the idea of Ellen's return—my heart throbbled. Again I felt as if I were glued to my chair. I could not move a jot. After the tune on the organ was done, the little girl began to sing; and by a strange coincidence the very song was that little Ellen loved best, and every time had sung of while sitting on my knee, in the pleasant twilight. I cannot describe how it affected me. It seemed as if I should burst out, as I said before, open the window, and plunge myself out, that I might grasp the child, and comfort her as would in me the cry of that song. But I feared to move, lest she should be apprised of my intention, and so escape me. A kind of night-mare temper withheld my wish to fly—no sleep that poor, dirty miserable child to my breast, and take her home—then for the sake of that song so sweetly, so softly sung.

But slowly the face was turning itself upward. I could see the protrusion of the nose, and the eyes, and the mouth. It came—turned—looked at last the eyes—large, deep, dark, and O! the eyes—of innocent simplicity, the eyes! They looked into mine; and then a flash of lightning, the truth unfolded itself—my child's face and I smiled, I heard one word—could I believe it?—she was my child! I had one word—could I believe it?—she was my child!

bring home the roast shoulder of mutton required by inexorable custom for the family dinner of that day. Eastern ladies often resort to this summary mode of proceeding with their lords and masters, even when not protected by the privilege of festival. It is true that, on the other hand, they are exposed to similar treatment if they carry the joke too far, or misbehave in any way—and that the sack—of which it is now the custom to make fun; amongst wags who have looked at the outside of Eastern manners—is always ready to punish serious derelictions of duty.—*The Turks in Europe, by B. St. John.*

HORRIBLE PHENOMENA.

It is generally known, says the Charleston Courier, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the sea side. In 1807, the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of Mr. Godard; in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it, and in 1812, Miss D. Chase. At the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of the Hon. T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead and very heavy, were found much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819, a Mr. Clerke was placed in the vault, and as before the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations—that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was regularly closed; the door, (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move) was cemented by masons, and though the floor was of sand, there were no marks of footsteps or water. Again the vault was opened in 1819. Lord Combermere was then present, and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with their heads down and others up. "What could have occasioned this phenomena? In no other vault in the island had this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake which occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation of the vault?" These were the questions asked by a Barbadoes journal at the time; and no one could afford a solution.

The matter gradually died away, until the present year, when, on the 16th of February, the vault was again opened, and all the coffins were again thrown about as confusedly as before. A strict investigation took place, and no cause could be discovered. Was it, after all, the sudden bursting of noxious gas from one of the coffins that could have produced this phenomena? If so, it is against all former experience. The vault has been hermetically sealed again—when to be re-opened we cannot tell.

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some time ago, at Haunton, in Suffolk. It is stated that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on tiers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault was properly closed, when, another of the family dying, they were again found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their piers, but one coffin, (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it) was found on the fourth step which led down the vault; and it seemed perfectly certain that no human hand had done this.

DARING FEAT.

A Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wondering Parisians: "The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper sustained by an Indian rubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet witnessed. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the India rubber cord, descending one hundred and fifty feet, and then returning and being fastened to the other side of the car, it thus formed a strong loop. The athlete was dressed as Mercury; his body, from the neck to the small of his back, was enclosed in a frame work, which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eyelet in the middle of the back placed so that he was held in perfect equilibrium. When the balloon had reached an altitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the voltigeur appeared on the edge of the car, looked over, shut his eyes, and dove off into space.

The eyelet slipped along the rope, so that the first one hundred and fifty feet were a positive fall through the air, without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making in all a descent of six hundred feet, accomplished in a few seconds. After having attained its lowest point, the rope contracted once, perhaps two hundred feet, and then descended again. There was no further rebound, and no oscillation; the voltigeur lay calmly cradled in mid-air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The aeronaut above now commenced at the windlass, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again. In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot in a cannon, as Baron Munchausen said he was."

Miss Ford, of Newmarket, has charge of the telegraph office at that village. Woman's rights!

Miss Mary S. Legare, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has given \$3,000 to found a female College in that State, to be under the care of the U. S. Presbyterian Church.

Two spacious African churches have been lately erected in Nashville, Tenn., principally by the contributions of colored people.

MORMON MODE OF COLLECTING DEBTS.—When a man refuses to pay a debt among the Mormons, they send three officers called *shuttlers*, who take their station in front of the debtor's house, each with a jack knife and a bundle of sticks, and whittle away, day after day, till the delinquent knocks under. It is said the remedy seldom fails.



Youths' Department.

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

WHAT IS RUM!

I asked an aged man, a man of care,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
Rum is the Tyrant of the soul he said,
Ye young and fair take warning from the dead.

I asked a drunkard, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke;
I asked him, what is rum? Rum, he replied,
The curse of earth—my rum—and he died.

I asked a weeping wife; she raised her eye,
All filled with tears, and this was her reply:
Rum dashed from me fond hopes of earthly bliss,
And made this life a cup of bitterness.

NUTMEG AND CLOVE PLANTATIONS IN SINGAPORE.

I went frequently to the nutmeg and clove plantations to enjoy their balsamic fragrance. The nutmeg trees are enveloped from top to bottom in foliage, and attain the size of the fine apricot trees; they begin to spread from the lower parts of the trunk, the leaves are bright and glittering, as if varnished, and the fruit resembles perfectly a yellowish, brown speckled apricot. When ripe it bursts itself, and displays a round kernel, about the size of a nut, covered with a kind of net work, of a beautiful deep red; this net work is the so called nutmeg bloom or mace. It is carefully detached from the nut, dried in the shade; during the process it is frequently sprinkled with sea water, as otherwise the fine crimson colour changes to yellow or black. In addition to this web, the nutmeg is surrounded by a slight delicate shell. The nut itself is likewise dried, smoked, and then steeped in sea water, mingled with a slight solution of lime, to prevent its becoming rancid. Wild nutmeg trees are found in Singapore.

The clove-tree is somewhat smaller, and the foliage by no means so beautiful as that of the nutmeg tree. The clove is the undeveloped flower-bud; when gathered, they are first dried in smoke, and then for a short time laid in the sun.

The *craka nut* grows in clusters of from ten to twenty, under the leafy crown of the palm of the same name. The fruit is somewhat larger than the nutmeg, and the outward shell of so bright a golden hue, that they look like the gilded nuts suspended to a Christmas tree. The kernel resembles the nutmeg, but without the net—like external covering; it is dried in the shade.

This nut, wrapped in beetle-leaf, slightly smeared with lime obtained from burnt shells, is chewed by both natives and Chinese. When a little tobacco is added, it produces a blood-red juice, and gives the mouth of the chewer a truly diabolical appearance, especially when, as is frequently the case with the Chinese, the teeth are filed down, and stained black. The first time I saw such a spectacle I was quite frightened; I thought the man had injured himself in some way, and had his mouth full of blood.—*Ida Pfeiffer's Travels.*

IMMORTALITY—A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

St. Paul, in speaking of the power of God to raise up the human body, incorruptible, to enjoy immortal life, beautifully says,—“But some man will say, ‘how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?’ Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain: it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body.”—1 Cox. chap. 15, v. 35, 38. Nothing can be more simple yet more striking than this simile. Here is presented to the caviller at the doctrine of immortal life, a problem—a mystery as wonderful, as grand—requiring as much power as the other. The acorn is sown, and by some wonderful provision in nature, expands into a mighty forest tree. The mustard seed is an exceedingly small black thing, like a mote; it is dropped into the ground and by its hidden energy, or some hidden quality of earth, it grows into a beautiful plant with long leaves, branches and flowers—how dissimilar to the little black speck from which it sprang. The formless yolk of an egg is kept warm a few weeks, and from its cold and apparently lifeless mass, springs a lovely bird—the cock, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, with a crown and a voice to wake us in the morn; he has courage, all the passions and some intelligence. Yet all this is the silent action of nature. So it is with the beautiful variety of butterflies which spring up as if by magic, from the shapeless grain. If God hath so impressed nature with the power of self-production, is it anything beyond rational belief to suppose that he has ordered, that when we throw off the mortal coil of matter, surrounding our souls in

life, our spirits shall arise to some new and higher state of existence? That the once mortal eye shall be awakened upon a new stage of existence, of unsurpassable beauty and glory? The body laid in the tomb is dust,—what we eat in food; all the substance—the real man, is vanished somewhere. Whether hath vanished that bright spirit—those burning thoughts—that feeling heart—those lofty aspirations—that thing which thought—reflected—revolved mighty conceptions? Was it no better than its shell? Is it inferior to the dust which we can see yet in its glass coffin? Surely it is so, if it live not too, for this matter will live for millions of years in other shapes! Mind so glorious—so superior to matter, cannot thus pass away, but must awake again and rise like the Phoenix to some other glorious state of existence. The decaying body is like the kernel of wheat, which, in its decay, gives to life a more perfect and beautiful form. God, in his universe, has some plan whereby man shall live again. Man, the most perfect being in form, and therewith blessed with a perfectly rational soul, cannot surely be allowed to know that God lives, and yet die like the plants of the fields! We are permitted to see the universe—to know that a God lives;—and beings worthy of this knowledge, are surely worthy of some higher life. We are in this world for an end, and that end is to rise to God—to act so as to please Him, and acknowledge His existence.

WOMEN'S STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION OF OHIO—THE LETTER IN THE WATCHMAN ABOUT THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

In the *Watchman* of the 8th October a letter appeared signed S., censuring our views of the one-sided character of the Ohio World's Temperance Convention. It is written by a young man, a Cadet now in Cincinnati, one of the publishers of the *Garland* of that city. Like most young men he is hasty, and has gone in this instance rather too far in his assertions about the doings and justice of this Convention. We have no reason to alter our opinion of the conduct of this World's Convention. It was sneaking and unprincipled towards the coloured man—guilty of truckling to the South—it was bigoted and narrow in its views of the sphere and duty of women, and relied too much for exclusive spirits. The calm consideration of the public mind in the United States will come to this conclusion. The Convention should not have called itself a World's Convention—it was one confined to one sex and one colour. From the beginning it was determined to exclude woman as a delegate or speaker. There can be no dodging this conclusion. American temperance men have encouraged the formation of Unions of Daughters and Grand Unions, and they should not at this day spoil the work of their own hands, by saying to women you shall not enter our Conventions as delegates. Neal Dow, it seems, is in favor of the rights of women in this matter. A great State Convention of Temperance women was held on the 21st September, at Dayton, Ohio. Many of the most eminent and talented American Temperance women were present. 200 delegates attended, and strong action was taken, and resolutions passed in favor of temperance. Some of the ladies gave excellent addresses on the occasion, among others Mrs. Gage the Poetess, and Mrs. Griffin, who moved these strong resolutions, which were carried by a very large majority. Every lady in this convention agreed that the unceremonious rejection of Miss Brown at New York was wholly unjustifiable. What will our young friend who wrote the *Watchman* letter say to this action of the women of the noble State of Ohio? Whilst we condemn the New York proceedings, it must be understood that we do not in all things go with the women's right party. In this matter, however, we think they were right:—

“The introduction by Mrs. Griffin, of Salem, of the following resolutions of censure on the World's Convention, created much excitement.

Resolved, That we regard the tyrannical and cowardly conformation to the “usages of society” in thrusting women from the platform in the late so-called, but mis-called World's Temperance Convention, as a most daring and insulting outrage upon all of women kind; and it is with the deepest shame and mortification that we learn that our own State of Ohio furnished the delegate to officiate in writing and present the resolution, and who presided at the session when the desperate act was accomplished.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to the Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, the President of the Convention, for so manfully and persistently decaying and insisting upon and in favor of the rights of all the friends of temperance, duly delegated to create and participation in all the proceedings. Carried by a large majority.—*Ohio Life Boat.*

During the late Agricultural Exhibition at Hamilton, several addresses were delivered on temperance. A very able address was delivered by the Rev. Wm. Ryerson, rehearsing the history of the movement for thirty years past.

The New Brunswick Division of Sons are adopting the excellent plan of voting sums of money each to supply a lecturer for the Province. Three of them have voted £50 each, two more £25 each, and two £10 each. (So says the *Telegraph*.)

The *Protestant Guardian*, by the publisher of the *Canadian*, is the name of a new conservative paper of this city just started. It is well got up.

The *New York Reformer*, Jefferson County, and the *Portland Watchman* do not come to hand. Are these papers purposely stopped? We still send ours.

OUR TERMS FOR 1858 ARE AS FOLLOWS,

This paper will be issued on TUESDAYS, WEEKLY, during the year. It will contain the news of the day, political and other news... Subscription price for 1858, 5s. by advance.

The Canadian Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1853.

THE CHILDREN OF NEW YORK AT THE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—One of the circumstances attending the holding of this Convention, was the assembling of about 5,000 children, gaily dressed, in the Metropolitan Hall, who sang, with rapturous applause, some beautiful temperance songs.

Gushing so bright in the morning light, Gleams the water in yon fountain; As purely, too, as the early dew That gems the distant mountain.

Quietly glide in their silvery tide, The brooks from rocks to valley; And the flashing streams, in the broad sunbeams, Like a bannered army rally.

Touch not the wine, tho' brightly it shine, When nature to man has given A gift so sweet, his wants to meet, A beverage that flows from heaven.

Not only here of the water clear, Is God the lavish giver; But when we rise to yonder skies, We'll drink of life's bright river.

Then drink your fill of the grateful rill, And shun the cup of sorrow; Tho' it shines to-night in its gleaming light, 'Twill sting thee on the morrow.

THE OBJECTS OF THE ORDER OF THE SONS.

Originally, two leading objects prompted the founders of the Order of the Sons—temperance, and benevolence to the sick, destitute and unfortunate brothers. Latterly, in the United States, the benevolent object seems to have been greatly overlooked everywhere: it is certainly as important as the first.

orders. An odd-fellow, according to his age, has to pay before he can become a member, from 15s. to £4, of a certain age he has to pay 1s. 3d. per week in addition to other dues.

TORONTO AND CINCINNATI—INTEMPERANCE IN EACH.

The following letter is a peep into the secret causes of crime and poverty in large cities. It is but an epitome of those of Toronto. Toronto is probably in a far worse situation, yet we go on and shall from all appearances, continue to go on from year to year.

The following letter from Capt. Ross, of Cincinnati, was then read, and entered upon the proceedings of the women's Convention at Dayton:—

OFFICE CITY INFIRMARY, CINCINNATI, Sept. 19th, 1853.

MY DEAR SISTER,—As you have long and arduously labored in the cause of Temperance, I deem it my duty as a brother to give you a few statistics of figures and facts, which you are at liberty in my name to defy the world to controvert.

First, From the year 1844 to the year 1851, it has cost the tax-payers of this city \$321,813,85 to take care of the poor. I will take the controversy in my feeble hands, and prove to the entire satisfaction of an impartial jury of twelve men, that 95 per cent. of the whole tax levied and disbursed can be charged directly to intoxicating drink; if I fail, I will pay the expenses of investigation.

Second, From about the middle of May 1852 up to the 20th of March 1853, relief has been granted to 200 paupers, most of them heads of families. This number includes relief granted at the Infirmary, at the Hospitals, and at their homes, and burial of dead. On this I will also take the same contract.

Third, We have now in the Infirmary about 200; in the Commercial Hospital, Lunatic Asylum, and Pest House, about 250 paupers. On these paupers now on hands I will take the contract as aforesaid, and the task will be easy. To prove to you that I know of what I am writing, I will give you the names of most of the last mentioned; 3269 paupers relieved, of which 1518 were of Ireland; 722 United States; 747 Germany; 27 France; 24 Scotland; 5 Switzerland; 5 Wales; 2 Prussia; 1 Italy; at sea (2 colored) 10; and unknown 129. Of this number, 2511 have resided in the city over one year. Non-residents or those who have resided in the city less than one year, 575, not report, 183.—Are not these figures a voice from the Tombs?

This horrible office I now hold, I am now trying to get rid of. I expect to resign in a few days, and on leaving I will publicly express my honest opinion, which is, if the use of intoxicating drinks can be done away with, 5 per cent. on the amount now levied and disbursed will be amply sufficient in this city, for poor purposes, if not an entire abolition of the whole concern.

I am at a loss to know how this evil can be got rid of, or a reform effected. However, the object of your sex in accomplishing so noble an act is never questioned. The objects of men in accomplishing the same, is never questioned by me. So go on; you are fighting in the noblest of noble causes. You have my best wishes and small prayers. "God speed the plough!"

CHAS. ROSS, President Board of Directors City Infirmary. To my sister, MARY PUELL.

SONS AWAKE TO DUTY.

The following remarks from the New York Organ should find a response in every true Son's heart. It is peculiarly applicable

just now to Canada, where Sons see the League movement taking the wind out of their sails. We hear of Branch Leagues being opened—opened to live in name and then die—but we hear little of new Divisions being opened in Canada.

SONS, AWAKE!

There is reason to fear that while many once flourishing Divisions of Sons are slumbering, other organizations will take the field, and do the work which the Sons should be performing.

The Order of Sons of Temperance is admirably adapted to the present exigencies of the temperance cause. All that is wanting is that our Divisions shall be penetrated with a sense of their obligations, and come up in earnest to the work of exterminating the traffic in rum.

A sorry conclusion this would be for the once glorious and mighty Order of the Sons! Brothers, shall we slumber on, and bring this reproach upon our noble organization? Or shall we take and keep the van and lead all other organizations to battle and victory?

Of course, we are bound to rejoice that temperance is preached and carried forward, by whomsoever done. We are bound to be grateful that in the absence of hearty working Divisions, other organizations spring up and toil in the reform.

The GRAND DIVISION will meet on Wednesday the 26th instant, at Kingston. The officers will be chosen chiefly by eastern delegates. Br. L. Farwell, of Oshawa, will make a good Grand Worthy Patriarch, and we hope if he accepts the office, that he will devote a few months to lecturing over Canada.

The Old Countryman newspaper has at length made its appearance. It is in quarto form, contains sixteen pages, five of them filled with advertisements.

A young man (son of one of our most respectable and wealthy families in this city, and a lawyer by profession) died a few days since at Hamilton, it is said by epilepsy, but in reality of delirium tremens.

WORTH KNOWING.—Dr. Robert de Lamballe, a Paris physician of some distinction, asserts that a shock of electricity given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, counteracts the influence of the chloroform and restores life.



The Literary Gem.

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE—How true are the following lines. The forests of Canada and America have waved and sighed in the wind over the graves of many a famed warrior. Their ashes shine through the green foliage—their dust, as it were in the old trees, looks upon the same bright sun—the same pale moon—the same twinkling stars, upon which their living eyes once calmly gazed. Our readers will recollect that last year we gave an account of the bones of an Indian warrior, with his stone arms and brass kettle found in Nelson, under the roots of a large tree which had blown down. The tree had sprung up out of his tomb. So there lie in all of our forests the bones and dust of Indian races passed away.

THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

BY WILLIAM A. BADEAU.

On the spot where he roamed in his unfettered childhood,
In the depths of the forest, in the wild far-off West,
'Neath the green springing boughs of the lone solemn wildwood,
With his bow and his quiver, they have laid him to rest.

To his rest they have laid him, never more to awaken.
Till earth shall be summoned to surrender its dead,
They left him alone in his slumber unshaken,
For the soul of the hero from its portals had fled.

To that "Great Spirit land" of empyrean brightness,
To those green "hunting grounds" that oft rose in his dreams,
To chase the wild deer as it bounds in its lightness
Through valley and forest, and by clear crystal streams.

O, sleep then serenely, for nought can now harm thee,
Thou Chieftain undaunted, gallant, noble, and brave;
Though the wild beasts thine are hunted, who ne'er could alarm thee,
And the foe of the "pale face" now tramp o'er thy grave.

Soon these sentinel green trees that in majesty tower,
That have guarded thy slumbers in sunshine and gloom,
Soon, alas, they must sink, neath improvement's strong power,
And in humbleness lay their proud forms o'er thy tomb.

'Neath this emerald green mound in thy dark home and narrow,
Where peaceful and silent thy bones now repose;
The hoe and the ploughshare, the spade and the harrow,
Ere long shall thy sad crumbling relics disclose.

'Tis saddening to think how the red man is driven,
Step by step, from the land of his birth-place and home,
And far sadder to think when his life's bonds are riven,
There's no peace for his ashes where the white man shall roam.

Yet, warrior, though they scatter thy dust on the wind,
Blot out every sign of thy last resting-place,
In the hearts of thy comrades now living, are enshrined
Thy proud deeds of valor, which death alone can efface.

Long, long shall they treasure thy feats of great daring,
Recite them in councils round camp fires by night;
How oft thou didst awe the strong foe by thy bearing,
Defying their strength, and scorning their might.

Then sleep on, true hero, for thy battles are o'er;
Rest, rest thou in peace in thy cold, narrow grave,
With the earth and the sod for thy pillow and cover,
Slumber on, thou proud warrior, gallant chief of the braves!

THE CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL—MINISTERIAL CELIBACY.

One of the most extraordinary men that ever lived was St. Paul the Jew. He was remarkable for learning, oratory, energy of character, and sincerity. No man of ancient times had more energy than he had. His fault, if any he had, was fanaticism. At first he was extremely fanatical in favor of the old Mosaic Law, persecuting to the death the Christians who did not comply with it. Afterwards he was very extreme in some of his views, especially in regard to the marriage relation and the rights of Woman. Some of his doctrines to some extent contradicted others which he asserted, and also parts of the old Testament. In the writings of no man of his age or before it, can there be found so much sound reasoning, good sense, new and forcible ideas and similes, as in his admirable letters to the churches. His illustrations of faith—of the doctrine of the resurrection—of the working of reason in the human soul, and his pure and lofty morality, as well as the self-denial and absence of all love of gold, that so distinguishes most churches of modern days, are truly admirable.

The following verse shows how guarded he was to let the Christians of his day see that he did not wish to live on them—that he was opposed to a union of church and state, and willing to earn his bread by the work of his hands and preach too. St. Paul was a tent or sail-maker, and worked at it for a living. Although he was a mechanic, still he was learned in all the wisdom

of the Jews, and probably in that too of the Greeks and Romans. He thus speaks of church support: "Behold the third time I am ready to come to you. FOR I SEEK NOT YOURS, BUT YOURS FOR THE CHILDREN ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children." "Did I make a gain of you by any of them whom I sent unto you? Corinthians, Chap. 12, verse 14-17.

Paul's doctrine about marriage was an unreasonable one, contrary to nature, sound morals and policy. It was also contrary to the command of God, given immediately after the flood. The Roman Catholic doctrine of Celibacy in the priesthood, and among females called nuns, dedicated to God, arose from the fanatical views of Paul. The evil and vice that have arisen in the papal church from this system, will never be known until the secrets of the world are laid open to a gazing universe. This system is one of the main pillars of the papal power, and its great source of vice. St. Paul never meant his words to be so construed. He never meant that his desire to have men and women incarnal, should be turned into a huge system of profligacy. He wrote as if the world was to last but a short time. It was a current opinion among most of the primitive Christians, and probably with him, that the world would be destroyed, or Christ's kingdom come to its earthly maturity within the first century after its promulgation. (See the verse after quoted to confirm this.) By these words man is commanded to marry:—"And God spake unto Noah, saying, go forth of the ark—thou and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee, every living thing that is with thee, of a flesh, both of fowl and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may BREED ABUNDANTLY in the earth, and multiply upon the earth"—Gen., Chapter 8, verse 15, 16, 17.

"And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, be FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY, and replenish the earth." "And you, be ye FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY; bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein."—Gen., Chapter 9, verse 1 and 7. The earth could now, populous as it is, contain a hundred times its present numbers. There are now at least one thousand millions of people in the world. It could contain one hundred thousand millions without any great inconvenience. The continents of Asia and America could each contain that number if the soil were all cultivated properly. The United States could support, if fully cultivated, half of the present population of the globe. Think of its immense extent from ocean to ocean—the immense plains which might glow with golden grain crops. Think of the immense wastes of land in the steppes of Asia, China supports 300,000,000, or near one third of the inhabitants of the earth. India probably once contained as many people—and could contain as many now.

Paul says with regard to population:—"Now concerning the things whereof you write unto me, it is good for a man not to touch a woman. I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide even as I. Art thou bound unto a wife? seek not to be loosed. Art thou loosed from a wife? seek not a wife."

"But this I say, BRETHREN THE TIME IS SHORT: it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none."

"So then he that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better."—1st Cor., Chap. 7, verse 1 to 40.

Paul was never married himself, yet he associated much with women—worked with them in religious works, and received great assistance from them. And although in some places he says it is improper that they should speak in church &c., it is evident that those who associated with him must have exhorted in church. Paul however would not be favorable to what are called women's rights doctrines. He was certainly fanatically favorable to celibacy in men and women, and undervalued the power of nature. "For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, for as much as he is the image and glory of God: but the woman is the glory of the man." "For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man." "Neither was the man created for the woman, BUT THE WOMAN FOR THE MAN."—1st Cor., Chap. 11, verse 7, 8, 9.

Paul, in Ephesians, Chap. 5, verse 22-3-4, speaks very plainly to women to be subject to their husbands. "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord." "Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in EVERYTHING."

What would our ladies, Bloomer, Vaughn, Brown, Stone, and Gage, say to that and this? "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord—Colossians, chap. 2, v. 18 Paul acknowledges the aid he had received. "And I entreat thee also—true yoke-fellow, help these women which LABORED WITH ME IN THE GOSPEL, with Clement also, and with other my fellow laborers, whose names are in the book of life."—Philippians (chap. 4, verse 3. Paul in his epistle, last chapter, to the Romans, commends to the love of Christians, Phoebe, his sister. "Receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and she shall assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you, for she hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also."—Romans, Chap. 16, verse 1 and 2. "Greet Priscilla and Aquila," she former a woman. "Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us." He speaks too

of "Julia," and Nereus' sister, and of Chloe's house. Paul was a man of a warm temperament, and vital sanguinity, and was constitutionally fond of female society, but his great self-denial made him favor a system of priestly and religious celibacy ruinous in its results.

The Jews were not as favorable to women as many heathen nations. No woman ever reigned over them. They were at least favorable to concubinage. The system of a plurality of wives degrades woman—it is equally bad with unlimited socialism. Marriage is woman's glory and protection and the State's greatest bulwark.

We said above that no woman ever reigned over the Jews, but it will be recollected that one woman, and a celebrated heroine she was, did—that is Deborah. She, captain of Jael's host, had enslaved the Israelites for twenty years.—"And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidath, she judged Israel at that time."—Judges, chap. 4, verse 4. What is to be said to this instance of God's allowing a woman to speak as a prophetess, and rule as a king in Israel? In our next, we will give the song of Deborah and a little of her history, and that of ancient women.

BIRDS OF CANADA.

THE CURLEW is a curious bird, and the largest of the snipe species. It measures from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other 25½ inches—wings very long and powerful—longest wing feathers six and a half inches long—length, from the end of the bill to the end of the tail nineteen inches—length from the end of the bill to the end of the tail sixteen inches—length of bill three inches and five eighths of an inch, and one third of an inch in diameter at the base—length of tail feathers three inches. Legs four inches long, being as well as the feet of a black color, strong, and bare an inch and a half above the second joint. There are three strong toes on the feet, a small one behind, armed with black nails. The body is long, and the size of that of a pigeon. This bird stands at least one foot high. The eyes are small and black, the head round—upper mandible black—under one flesh coloured—bill tapering off to a very small black point,—nostrils seated near the base, extending through the bill. Colour on the parts of the body beneath and on the back, neck, upper part of breast, head, and top of tail a darkish dun, nearly the colour of the female pigeon. Under parts of wings variegated with black and white patches; head and breast approaching nearly to a complete ash or dark dove colour. Abdomen, and parts under the tail, a whitish dun colour. Root of the tail above white, tail feathers black, some of them at the end being tipped with white. A light strip crosses the wing feathers. The male and female of the snipe genus are in every respect nearly similar. A prominent feature of this bird is its powerful bill and large mouth. The size of the bill is disproportionate to that of the body. The golden legged plover is nearly as large in every way, yet the bill is not more than half the size. About the manner of breeding of this bird I know nothing from observation. It does not breed in Canada, at least in the southern parts of it, but probably goes north or north-west, and comes easterly and south in the autumn. I have always thought the bird that breeds on the western prairies, and which utters such a mournful noise whilst floating in the upper air, is the same as the curlew of Canada. Nothing that I ever heard of these vast western solitudes so struck my imagination with loneliness, as the sound of the Curlew in the air, floating perhaps a thousand feet above his partner's nest. It is to the contemplative and musing mind a sound of beauty—one that delights the soul. Fancy yourself standing in an immense undulating plain, no tree nearer than five or six miles, the clouds floating in scattered fragments over a blue sky, and the sun shining nearly in his strength upon the lonely meadows of verdure; a hollow but scarce audible sound, like the booming of the ocean, strikes the ear—an immense meadow of green grass, variegated with flowers, spreads itself before the eye—from which ever and anon the bobolink, with outspread wings and twittering song, arises. Suddenly the lonely but shrill cry of the curlew, in the upper air, startles the heart with a pleasing mournfulness. We see the tree and as if we formed a part of the vast desert. I always thought that the bird was thus amusing its sitting mate. We know that the song bird, whilst the female is sitting on the nest, will sing its song of plaintive loveliness to her, as if to say, turn my task with patience my darling partner.

The Curlew, like all of its species, frequents the water or marshy places, and lives by suction in the mud and on water insects.

JOURNALISM IN CANADA.

Great respect for, and confidence in the Press, exist among many of the people of Canada. The freedom of the Press, and the liberty of the subject, has long been a favorite and acknowledged expression. Both have been most egregiously abused like many other good things. A question arises, is this confidence decreasing—does experience in Canada and elsewhere warrant the respect entertained by many for the Press? I spent last spring up in Canada within three years past, and witnessed in all our small towns and villages, and the increase in Toronto has been even just of the country. No one values the true freedom of

the Press—the liberty of the subject more than we do, but it is unquestionably the case, that in this Province, as well as in the neighboring Republic, the Press has become licentious, venial, and disgustingly personal. In Canada it is no longer to be relied on, but can be bought up like so much old merchandize, and what is equally bad, it is made an instrument whereby malicious men slander those who are personally obnoxious to them. The consideration of a little advertising, perhaps a thousand dollars a year, is sufficient to buy up a county or village paper, having a list of a thousand subscribers. This paper is supposed to give the political cue to a county, and its independence is just worth so much trash. What better is such a newspaper trader than a common harlot or a soldier of fortune, who fights on any side for pay? Another paper is owned by some man who is supposed to have a little political influence through a class of friends or some church, and it has a circulation scattered all over Canada. Such a one is bought up with higher wages—promises of future office, in addition to some special favor granted, buttered with five hundred pounds worth of advertising, more or less, and an order to the sheriff, &c., to transfer advertisements to his columns, are sufficient to turn his tune to the government key. Such a change is brought about in the same way as loss of chastity with a female—by degrees, with a seeming modesty at first and hesitation—gentle apologies, until the brazen creature comes out in the full blaze of ministerial laudation. Another way of acting by some papers that are bought up, is thus—They profess vehemently that they are pure in patriotism, and as independent as ever—will harp on some old string, such for instance, as peculiar sectarian prejudices, and gradually become mum on vital questions—once loudly agitated and called for in their columns. Take for example, the abrogation of the tories by Bill, and the expediency of submitting them to the court of chancery. Take as other instances, a sudden silence on law reform—on retrenchment—on the right of the people to elect their local officers—the ballot—the necessity of independence of members of parliament—the interference of the executive and parliament in creating religious corporations and establishing sectarian schools. Such papers will, notwithstanding, continue to write down the Church of England, and hint at the popularity of the government, evidenced by great feuds, got up by their office-seeking Jackals. In 1850, dozens of the so-called reform papers were loud in their praises of Price, Baldwin, Lafontaine & Co., nothing could be done by any other set of men—if that ministry went down, the tories must come into power; these men and their measures were immaculate; the University Bill of Baldwin, now knocked into pieces by Rolph, was excellent. No retrenchment was needed—a silence prevailed on the subject of elective institutions—an elective Legislative Council. The financial magician Hincks tinkered up another cabinet, and then this pack of newspaper jackals were mum on the subject of the three great fallen ministers, Baldwin, Price, and Lafontaine. Many virtues were seen in Dr. Rolph and Cameron, and it was seen that it was possible to form a different ministry. The contents of 1850, in Taucyrand fashion, became again content, and the non-contents putted down platforms, or stopped the hue and cry about extensive reforms. This same pack now say it is impossible to form another ministry if the present one goes down. One of the non-contents of 1849—then a furious annexation Journal of Toronto, became one-third Rolph, one-third Baldwin, and one-third Hincks; and finally fell into the arms of the papacy. It was in 1848 warmly in favor of Irish rebellion, and in 1853 is opposed to French, Hungarian, and Italian patriots! the vehicle of the Jesuit poison that overflows our land. Those papers over which our farmers, mechanics and merchants look so grave, are sometimes edited by beardless boys, just from a grammar school, by adventurers, who received an education in letters, but none in morals, in the mother country, and who come amongst us to write on any side for a living, by others whom nature has blessed with a little mother wit and talent, but with lowered and debased souls and ideas; who to please some patronizing minister will say anything or abuse any one, they are penniless and characterless, in other words, political practical writers. They nominally own a paper, and perhaps the foreman in their office holds a mortgage on it, or a note given for the materials with which it is printed. Such are some of the conductors of the press for which too many Canadians have respect. If they could be seen as they really are, hireling, slanderous, vindictive, and ignorant; actuated by no truly noble, patriotic, or independent ideas or motives, they would be most heartily despised, and their effusions cast aside as dirt. There are some few noble exceptions. These remarks are intended to apply equally to the conservative and reform Press. Notwithstanding this truthful description we honor and value an honest press. The remedy is to discountenance all who are dishonest.

(To be ended in our next.)

Agricultural.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

The Autumn leaves ' the Autumn leaves!
How gorgeous in their golden green!
And yet it is but death that gives
Their glowing hues for simple green
Oh! spirit of the frozen North!
Oh! mocker of our Summer dreams!
Why com'st thou thus to blight our earth,
And hush the music of our streams!

The Autumn reads the Autumn winds!
Ye come once more with plaintive song;

Ye breathe a dirge to sadden minds,
As softly low ye sweep along
Ye're sighing for the faded bloom
Of dying Summer's beauty fled,
Like monuments waiting o'er the tomb
Of young and loved ones early dead.

The Autumn rain ' the Autumn rain!
Its sound falls sadly on our ears,
And coursing down the window pane,
The pearly drops seem gushing tears.
Each pale and flower hath caught a gem,
Which trembles in its loving eye,
'Then fallen from the withered stem,
It lays its cheek down low to die.

And yet I love thee, Autumn time!
I love the blessing thou dost bring;
Though thou hast not the merry chime,
That thrills the soul in joyous Spring.
'Tis sweetly sad ' tis sadly sweet!
'To gaze upon this solemn scene,
Nor would I, if I could, retreat,
Where laugh out vernal bloom is seen.

THE WEATHER AND THE LIGHTS THEREON.—It has often been remarked that our Canadian Autumns are 'delightful'. Any one who has watched the Weather since the beginning of September up to this time, must be convinced of this. The present Autumn is only a sample of what we have seen in Canada for forty years. During the past week the Weather was truly delightful—the days sunny and bright with clear blue skies, sprinkled now and again with floating clouds—winds generally west or north-west, not high. A hazy Autumnal mildness covers everything. The sun's light contrasts well with the appearance of nature—the glorious rainbow tints of the dying foliage, even the old green headed pines are half yellow and half green. The pines, cedars, and hemlocks, which are evergreens, shed their tiny leaves within the two first weeks of October, covering the earth with a soft and beautiful bed. We have had no rain the past week. The sun has risen and set each day with magnificent beauty. It is a glorious sight to behold the gleaming golden beauties of the hour of half past five o'clock. Yet beautiful as is the scene of the setting sun—rich night is equally so. During each night of the past week the skies have been clear and cool, a fine white frost falling, which gave way immediately to the rays of the morning sun. The moon has shone out in all her silver loveliness, making the night almost day. Oh, how beautiful it is to behold her calm silvery face—so peaceful, and like the sleep of innocent death. She sails among the stars, as it were, like a spirit of grandeur on a mighty sea. The wild fowl from the north, fly in quietness through the air, wending their way to the sunny south. They pass across the skies like fairy spirits, and the gentle whistling of their wings is scarcely heard. The trees have now assumed red, yellow, and purple tints, and are strewn the ground with their beauty. The blue-bird still whistles in the air. The shores of our rivers and lakes are covered with flocks of the tribes of the plover and snipe, and myriads of ducks gaily cover each plot of water. The roads are dry, and travelling excellent. Everything seems to say to man in Canada, be peaceful, be honest, be kind to each other. The earth yields her abundance, the skies are clear and beautiful, the inhabitants healthy, and the reward of labor high. What do we want? We want just laws honestly administered—public servants honest in their offices—religion without bigotry and persecution—all classes and sects enjoying the same privileges, and willing to yield to each other the hand of charity and friendship.

STRAWBERRIES.—We are again enabled to record the beneficial effects of tannic acid applied to strawberries, and even spent tan, if partially decomposed so as to render the remaining portions of the tannin soluble, produces like effects. We last year planted a bed of Hovey's Seedlings, with an occasional plant of the Boston Pine, and covered two-thirds of the bed with a light coating of spent tan in the fall. The result is, that the portion of the bed to which the tan was applied is now yielding four times as much fruit per plant as the other part not so treated, while the beds to which we applied the dilute bark liquor, two years since, continue to yield extraordinary crops, and of superior size and flavor. A berry of Myatt's Eliza, pulled yesterday, (June 7th,) measured four and a half inches in circumference, and although larger than the average, will give some idea of the general size, as compared with the same kind of strawberries differently treated.—when bark liquor is applied to the beds, it should be diluted with one hundred times its bulk of water.—Mayer's Working Farmer.

WHITE WEED.—Captain Daniel Trefethen, of this town, assures us that he has discovered a method for killing effectually this plague of a 'farmer's life'. He says that the present season he had a field which was literally covered with the blossoms of the white weed, so called, and having a small quantity of salt on hand, the thought suggested itself to him that possibly some benefit might accrue to the field from the distribution of it upon the surface. The act was 'father to the thought.' He scattered the salt over the field, and in a short time the blossoms all withered, and upon examination the roots were found to be entirely lifeless. This is certainly a valuable remedy for the eradication of this detestable weed, providing the experiment prove as effectual in all cases as in this. At all events, we should recommend to those farmers who are troubled with this species of weed—to try it.—Doer (N. H.) Gazette.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

During the past week several important meetings have taken place in this city. An Episcopal (English Church) Conference has been held, resolving itself into a Synod. Over a hundred ministers attended, and perhaps as many laymen representatives. Bishop Strachan is reported to have proposed and strongly recommended a union in political and religious matters, offensive and defensive, with the Catholic Church of Upper and Lower Canada, to save the church property, FROM INFIDELS, AS HE CALLS THOSE who would devote the Clergy Reserves to Edu-

cation. Here is a sample of what the head of the English Church will do. It is only of a piece with the political character of this priest for the last thirty years. He has been filling his OWN POCKET and building up his churches at the expense of all others, since the year 1830 in Canada. He has lived on the fat of the land—driven in his coach—lived in a Palace, and had an income of from \$1000 to \$6000 a year out of the property that belongs to the people, out of lands which have been improved and made what they are by all classes. And this UNION or a PROTESTANT EVANGELICAL CHURCH!! with the GREAT SCARLET HARLOT OF ROME! See the sins of this monster denounced by God in the Book of Revelations, and is what Bishop Strachan thinks will promote religion! People begin to think now-a-days that some Priests are knaves in league for plunder, and all this political and religious jugglery looks just like it. If the ministers of the Church of England submit to this infamous proposal, they will deserve the execration of all protestant Canada.... A great public celebration of the British and Foreign Bible Society took place in the Richmond Street Methodist Chapel on Wednesday last. A large attendance was present, and a number of speeches were made by Rev'd Gentlemen.... Knox's College commenced its opening Fall Session on the 13th inst. Rev. Dr. Willis gave the opening lecture, and there was a large attendance.... The public examinations of the Normal School took place on Thursday and Friday. It seems 127 scholars have recently been in attendance.... Laying the foundation of General Brock's Monument took place at Queenston on the 13th. The day was beautiful and favorable for the solemn ceremony. 100 of the companions in arms of the General were in attendance, and a number of the Indian Chiefs from the Grand River. Dr. Thorburn, Esq., on the part of the Chiefs read an appropriate address, speaking of the many virtues and bravery of General Brock. Col. McDonell, adjutant General of the Militia of Canada, and brother of Col. McDonell, aid-camp of General Brock who was killed on the same day with the General, laid the foundation stone. The attendance from abroad was not so large as might have been expected, but a very large number of the inhabitants of Niagara and its vicinity were in attendance. The Royal Rifles marched with arms reversed, and the band played solemn airs. Several Bands were in attendance, and Captain Balfour Hamilton Artillery fired off minute guns from Queenston Heights. There were 10 Indian Chiefs present, 6 of whom were present 40 years ago in the battle on that day. The Monument is but 185 feet high, and stands 485 feet above the river. The memory of General Brock is deserving of all this enthusiasm, and more, for he was a noble, brave, and generous man.... The combined fleets of England and France have entered the Dardanelles, and are now before Constantinople. The prospect of war continue to thicken.... Grain markets are rising and the money market is becoming more depressed.... The various assizes are now being held all over Canada. Judge Richards presides at the assizes in this County. There is a large amount of business in Court.

The American fleet, under Commodore Perry, is now in the Japanese seas, and it seems there is a Russian fleet there also, sent there ostensibly to watch the American fleet, but in reality to obtain a sea-port on the Pacific ocean.... The Russian war is increasing.... The contemplated railway to the Pacific, across the waste lands of the United States to California, is exciting much attention—three routes have been examined.... Mr. Ross, who has figured so conspicuously lately in Canada, is about to return to England, and it is said, for his eminent services in getting up the Irish Exhibition, will be knighted by the Queen.... The Turks are determined to go to war, and have told the Sultan that he must go to war or abdicate.... A battle has lately taken place between the Americans and the Indians in Utah, and many Americans were killed.... The Bible Society of Toronto is giving their annual celebration on the 12th instant; a public breakfast was given in the St. Lawrence Hall, at 8 o'clock.... Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Martin, two more of the exiled Irish patriots, have made their escape from Van Dieman's Land, and are on their way to America—this is good news for the friends of these noble-hearted men.... Late news from the Mesilla Mexican valley, that hostilities have already broken out between the Mexican and Americans: the Americans are concentrating troops on the Grande.... The London Morning Chronicle has come out with a leading article in opposition to the plan of an elective Legislative Council, proposed by our present government; it, however, admits the necessity of some change in the constitution of the body: it is said to be a leading ministerial paper. This is one of the great reforms of Canada, called for by the people. The House should be directly elected by the people: this is the majority of all parties want. Mr. George Brown is opposed to this, and indeed to elective institutions generally—in this clearly opposed to reformers.... The noted and infamous Dr. McNab, of Perth, has just been convicted of a wanton assault on Judge Malloch, and has been fined £10 and sentenced to be imprisoned six months.... Severe gales have lately blown over Lake Erie.... A dinner was given to Mr. George Brown on the 10th, and another on the 15th instant, at Warminster, Wiltshire, Middlesex.... The Ohio temperance organ has a circulation of 20,000—it is owned by General Carey.

THE £10,000 JOB.—The City Council had the vote of one on Mr. Bowes up before them on Monday week, and laid it until last evening, when it was again to come up. In their proceedings this city council show themselves to be quite regardless of moral character. One would have hardly supposed that it would have been, in a respectable body of men, a serious addition to a vote of censure moderate in its wording against Bowes, but it seems in this matter the Council are about showing that this drunken city is ruled by a set of men whose ideas of honor and purity in their officials, are very low. One of the Patriots, acts as creator and counsel for Bowes. One expects nothing else from such a man. The inhabitants who voted him down last spring did themselves honor. The vote of censure will no doubt fall through, so will the character, and all will go on smoothly again with the corruption and base unscrupulous politicians of the Hincks CALIBRE SORT and until some other dirty job is found out—to be like this 10 days talk. The people have little to expect from any politicians. Government is said at best to be a necessary evil and the only thing a prudent people can do is to keep their government as cheap and simple as possible, limiting the term of service of their officers to short terms, and limiting the cost of the patronage of the government. The New York Herald come to the help of the character of Mr. Hincks. Has it bribed this Press to sound a note across the ocean?

FURTHER ITEMS OF NEWS—The Galt dinner to Mr. Brown, was a very successful one; 250 persons sat down; it was also almost a temperance dinner, for very little liquor was drunk.

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

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

THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS. BROWN & CHILDS, 88, King St., Toronto, 130, Notre Dame St., Montreal.

TAYLOR'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, New York.

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

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

J. FOGGIN, [From England] DYER AND SCOURER, 93, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

KID GLOVES CLEANED.

NEW FALL DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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

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

HIS MILLINERY DEPARTMENT has without exception the advantage over all others in this branch of business.

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

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

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, &c. &c., has resumed his Professional Business at his Old Office, over Henderson and Co's Store.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE. TORONTO HAT AND CAP FACTORY, SIGN OF THE GOLDEN CAP, No. 77, Yonge Street.

HATS AND CAPS! now open for sale. Great care has been taken to procure the latest fashions and the neatest styles.

PROCLAMATION. JOHN GEORGE BOWES, ESQ., Mayor of the City of Toronto.

ONTARIO, SIMCOE, & HURON RAILROAD. NOTICE.

GILBERT PEARCY. Reas to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him for many years past.

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

J. CORNISH has constantly on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of every description.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! SAMUEL WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST, 2 doors west from corner of Bay and King Streets, Toronto.

Received this Day. At the Boston Lamp Store, White Bleached, White, Ebon, Pearl, Lead, and Bl. Chisery, Oil.

A CLARKE'S MANUFACTORY, 5 DOORS EAST OF SAINT LAWRENCE MARKET King Street East, Toronto.

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

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

At which place we beg to offer our Improved Spiral Twisted Insulated Lightning Rods, with Zinc Protection, and Electric Fuses.

BOSTON LAMP STORE REMOVAL.

Wool WANTED! TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS & FARMERS. 500 pieces Canadian Wool, Tweeds and Flannels to exchange for Wool on the most advantageous terms.

A CARD. CHARLES COCKBURN, (Barrister at Law) No. 4, in Lincoln, Welland Licensed Auctioneer Office at his residence Pine Street, THOROLD.

For Cheap Boots and Shoes. To H. BROWN'S SHOE SHOP, Situated at the Red Coat, West side of Yonge Street, Opposite to Armstrong's Feed Store, near Queen Street.

CHARLES DURAND, Esq., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR in CHIEF, C.E.R.A., respectfully informs his numerous and honorable clients, that he has removed his office from Yonge Street near his private residence, to his new office, over the store of H. M. Clark, Grocer, at the corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets, near Lawson & Clarkson's store.

NEW GROCERY STORE. B. M. CLARK. Having Removed from Front Street, first door west of Red's Tavern, Now offers for Sale a New and EXTENSIVE STOCK of GROCERIES, DRY GOODS and READY-MADE CLOTHING, all of which he intends to sell at the Lowest Prices.

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

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REFORMATION IN TRADE.

Reform, reform is the cry of the day. While old is being passed away...

Let us glance at Toronto, which a few years ago, was dark muddy York...

It is not the case, as we were told, that the reformers have had the aid of our dealers...

Will you then think that you bought a good pair of a riding per yard...

Do you then think that you bought a good pair of a riding per yard...

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

JOHN McDONALD, Respectfully invites attention to his very large Stock of...

DRY GOODS, RECEIVED THIS SEASON, The whole of which he offers very reasonable...

- 4,000 yds of yard wide Paris, fast color, from 71d. Always a new piece as low as 64d.

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

Yorkville Saddle & Harness Shop. JOHN DALE

Inform his numerous friends that he is prepared to attend all orders in his line with promptness and dispatch...

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

H. DAYLEY, Proprietors. Good accommodations can be had at all times at this house at moderate charges.

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

Bound Volumes of the Son of Temperance for 1852.

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

To Farmers & the Country Generally.

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

Rem-nder the place E 77 No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street, General Agricultural Warehouse, under Mackenzie's "Work-a-Message Office."

MR. INTOSH & WALTON. Toronto, 24th March, 1853.

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

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

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 Molekin Trowsers, etc. with prices.

Men's Paris Satin Hats—Black and Drab. New Style Business Coats—in all materials. DRY GOODS. Muslin delaines, yard wide from 1s. 10yd.

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

Fresh Arrivals of New Spring and Summer Goods. WILLIAM POLLEY, 66, King Street East, Toronto.

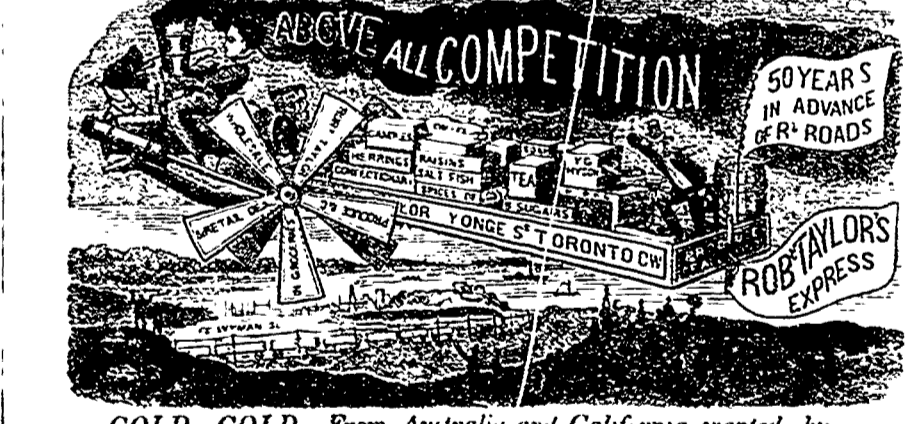
RESPECTFULLY intimates to his numerous customers, and the public generally, that he is now receiving his Spring arrivals of Fresh and Fashionable...

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, INCLUDING THE LATEST STYLES IN PARASOLS, BONNET RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, &c. &c.

With a full assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, all sizes. Silks, Satins, Persian, Mustar, Nets, Sleeves, Collars, Veils, Handkerchiefs, Lace, Edgings, &c., and a large and well selected stock of EVERY DESCRIPTION OF STAPLE GOODS...

W. P. would also intimate that his Stock is now selected in the British and American Markets, expressly for this Trade. Intending purchasers may therefore rely on the very latest and most improved Styles...

WILLIAM POLLEY, Third door west of Church Street. Chequered Warehouse, Victoria Row, June, 1853.



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

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

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

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

(Old Stand) 73, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

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

T. PRATT'S, Toronto, October, 1853.

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

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

THOMAS PAUL & SON, VETERINARY SURGEON, VETERINARY FORGE AND BLACKSMITH'S HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES.

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

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

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

W. S. will sell very low for cash, and every article wanted to be such as sold for—GOOD AND CHEAP. Remember the sign of the Collar.

YONGE ST. POTTERY, NEAR TORONTO, JOHN I. AVIS, PROPRIETOR.

Manufactures 2,500 pieces per week, producing 300 worth of goods on the average per week, through whole year. These Potteries excel all other potteries in the Province for quantity and quality.

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

Has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Genuine Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Patent Dyes, &c. &c.

ALSO, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPER, School Books, Account Books, Pocket Books, Partitions, GENERAL STATIONER.

N. B.—Wholesale Depot for Bentley's Baking Powder, Smith's improved Hot and Vermilion Extinction Pills; Farrell's Arabian Balm, &c. &c. RAGS BOUGHT FOR THE PAPER MILL AS USUAL.

CHARLES BAKER, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 37, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

Notifies the public, that in addition to the above business he has on hand, (or will make to order) ALL KINDS OF FLAG, FREEMASONS' APRONS ON HAND Agency of Mann's Paris and New York Plates of Fashion; and J. H. Chappell's London and Paris Magazine of Fashion System of Cutting.

G. HARCOURT & CO. TAILORS, CLOTHIERS AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS, 11, North Side of King St.

Directly opposite the Globe Office, Toronto. The subscribers keep always on hand a large stock of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Venetian and Summer Cloths of the Newest of Pattern and Material.

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

READY-MADE GARMENTS, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders, &c. And Gentlemen's Wear in General.

Judges' Habitués and Universal ROBES, Of every Degree and quality, made to order.

G. HARCOURT & CO. Toronto, January, 1853.

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

Beg to inform their friends and the public, that besides their large stock of Brass and other Musical Instruments, which they keep constantly on hand, they received and are constantly receiving from Europe the most and most IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS...

Any order from any part of the country will be attended to. A. & S. NORDHEIM, 117 AVONDALE STREET, TORONTO.

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