

other prisons in the state, but the proportion of the salaries of the officers of the law, and the loss of time and expense of jurors and witnesses, and "hangers on" at their trials.

We should also include the loss occasioned by fire, railroad and steamboat, and other similar disasters.

When Pittsburgh, a few weeks since, suffered so severely from the devouring flame, it was traced to a grogshop. When, more recently, nearly forty acres were reduced to ashes in Buffalo, it was the work of rum. Indeed there is scarcely a year that has not seen some part of our country, for many years, which was not connected with the use of strong drink. A large part of the losses of the Erie Canal, and of our water are occasioned by it.

Most of the crimes and disorders which are the result of the same practice. Not that the men having charge are at the time, absolutely drunk though this is frequently the case. But the Bible is true—strong drink causes men to "err in vision, and stumble in judgment," even when they are not actually intoxicated.

In view of all these facts, it is deemed safe to say, that the cost of pauperism and crime, occasioned by the use of strong drink, and the various losses to which we have referred, attributable to the same cause, will equal, at least, the amount paid for the liquor drunk.

The account then will stand thus:

Cash paid by the consumer for the liquor purchased by small measure,	\$39,420,000
Cash paid, and lost, for pauperism, public and private, and crime, and various casualties, occasioned by strong drink, an equal amount,	\$39,420,000
	\$78,840,000

Now, this is not simply a loss of so much money, but a thousand times worse than a dead loss. But we are now looking only at the dollars and cents.

See what might be done with that amount.

The New York and Erie Railroad, when completed to Dunkirk, cost (in round numbers) \$23,560,000. The Grand Erie Canal cost \$7,100,000. Now, the money wasted in this State, in consequence of the traffic in strong drinks, would build two such railroads as the New York and Erie Railroad, and three such canals as the Grand Erie Canal, every year. Or this money would place a Bible in every destitute family on the globe, in seven months.

Or it would give a free common school education to all the 5,000,000 of children in the United States. This would cost \$25,000,000. It would also support every minister of the gospel in the United States, which, at their present salaries, would cost \$6,000,000.

After having thus provided for the education of all the children, in district schools, and for the religious education for the whole country, we have left, \$47,840,000 of the amount paid, or lost, in consequence of the traffic in rum, in the Empire State.

With this money you may support every Female Seminary and every Academy in the land; all our 126 Colleges; every Law School, every Medical School, and every Theological School—make them all free—and then there would be enough left to support every missionary whom we have ever sent to the Pagan world, and all the Schools established by these missionaries.

The population of the State of New York is, about one-sixth part of the entire population of the United States.

On the supposition that this State loses no more by this traffic, in proportion to its population, than the other States will average, she earns less to the country would be four hundred and seventy-three millions and forty thousand dollars (\$473,040,000) every year.

To say nothing of the degradation, pauperism, crime, wretchedness, and death, which might be prevented by abolishing the traffic in strong drink, what grand internal improvements might be effected if this enormous amount could be saved and appropriated for the purpose!

A railroad from Chicago to San Francisco in a single year! What improvements in bays, rivers



### Ladies' Department.

#### HOME.

When every face we scan is new,  
And every form that passes by,  
Our anxious glances will review,  
With one of distrust for reply;  
'Tis then we feel that friends are dear;  
Then wish we had not dared to roam,  
While fancy flits back many a year,  
To boyhood's bright and happy home!

The early friends we knew and tried,  
No longer lead their counsels clear,  
No longer battle by our side,  
To ward or share reproach and jeer;  
The cold, suspicious, restless eyes  
Of strangers, track our actions now;  
Perchance to laud us to the skies,  
Or damn us to the depths below!

And if a little love they lend,  
To light us on our lonely way,  
They fancy we should crouch and bend,  
Their courteous kindness to repay:  
Should smile when they are light of heart,  
Or sigh if sorrow shades their share;  
Should, parrot-like repeat each part,  
That they may play in joy or care!

But how removed from all we love,  
From all to whom the heart would cling;  
Can we the sicken'd spirit move,  
To soar or stoop on fancy's wing.  
We would not bend the spirit down,  
To float on affectation's foam;  
Then let us smile or thoughtful frown,  
As we forget—or think of home!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Bytown, March, 1854.

**A JURY OF FEMALES.**—In the year 1603 the body of a female was discovered in Newbury, under circumstances which rendered a coroner's inquest desirable. A jury of twelve women was called, and a copy of their verdict has been preserved. As it is about as lucid and satisfactory as most modern verdicts, we copy it entire in the quaint language of the period:—"We judge according to our best light and continents that the death of said Elizabeth was not by any violence or wrong done to her by any parson or thing, but by some sudden stopping of her breath."

**HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.**—The holly and mistletoe, it is well known, are used to decorate houses at Christmas, but very few people are aware of the origin of the custom. The holly was dedicated to Saturn; and as the *fetes* of that deity were celebrated in December, and the Romans were accustomed to decorate their houses with holly, the early Christians decorated their houses in the same manner, while they were celebrating their festival of Christmas, in order that they might escape observation. The mistletoe was dedicated to Friga, the Venus of the Scandinavians; and as she was the goddess of love, hence arose the custom of kissing under the mistletoe.

The Empress of France has a rival! Louis has been smitten with the charms of an English lady named Smead. At the last ball at the Tuilleries—which by the way cost the city \$250,000—the Emperor paid her so much attention that the Empress has forbidden her admission into the Tuilleries! A letter writer in describing the conqueror, says:—"She is the most thoroughly, perfectly beautiful woman I have ever seen, either in

model. Every one seems to know the circumstances of the late flirtation of the palace, and consequently when she walked she was followed by a retinue; when she stopped she was the centre of a dense group of worshippers, and when she sat all circulation was rendered impossible, and the passages to and from her blocked up hopelessly. She bore it with unbroken equanimity, hardly noticing that she was the object of an unusual remark; she had learned that a beautiful woman is doubly beautiful when unaffectedly simple. I have never dreamed of such wonderful perfection, certainly no painter has ever created, from the depths of his imagination, and out of the unreal suggestions of an inspired fancy, a face so adorably lovely; there is not another like it, except, perhaps in Circassia, or at Baltimore. Heigh ho! The Empress has good reason to be jealous; she herself is far less handsome."

**STATISTICS OF DANCING.**—An ingenious French arithmetician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of the exercise of dancing, traverses in the gay saloons of Paris amounts, in the course of one dancing season, to four hundred and thirty-four miles and a half. He has also calculated that a French lady, fond of performing the functions of a tetotum, will spin round in a waltz, in one night, as many times as the wheels of a steamboat revolve while running the distance between Dover and Calais.

**THE ROAD TO MATRIMONY.**—The Great Western Railway is destined to become popular with maidens, young and old, if occurrences like the following become frequent upon it. On Friday last, a gentleman took his seat in the cars at Niagara Falls, by the side of a young lady. By the time the cars reached Hamilton, a decided tenderness existed between them; at London there was a pressure of hands, several side glances and sundry tender sighs; at Chatham, the arm of the gentleman encircled the fair one's waist; at Windsor, we regret to inform our readers, that a kiss supervened, and on Saturday morning the wedding took place at Webster's Hotel, in this city. Who shall say that Hymen's dart is not swift, as well as sure?—*Detroit Inquirer.*



### Youth's Department.

#### THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Dr. Chalmers is said to be the author of the following beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved:

I am all alone in my chamber now,  
And the midnight hour is near;  
And the faggot's crack and clock's dull tuck  
Are the only sounds I hear.  
And over my soul in its solitude,  
Sweet feelings of gladness glide,  
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think  
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—  
Went home to the dear ones all—  
And softly I opened the garden gate,  
And softly the door of the hall.  
My mother came out to meet her son—  
She kissed me, and then she sighed,  
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept  
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,  
In the garden where he played;  
I shall miss him more by the roadside,  
When the flowers have all decayed.  
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,  
And the horse he used to ride;  
And they will speak with a silent speech  
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's house in the skies,  
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,  
Our love no broken ties,  
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,  
And bathe in its blissful tide;  
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be  
The little boy that died.

His attention, he said, was attracted by observing something lying on a heap before the doorway; and, on approaching nearer he became witness to a curious sight indeed. There lay in the doorway a fine infant, evidently asleep, with nothing but the head visible, the remainder of the child's body being covered by a beautiful spaniel dog of rather large size. The dog had so disposed himself as to protect the infant completely from the high air, which was then at a freezing temperature. The animal had regularly coiled himself half around the child so as to impart warmth, and protect the helpless infant from the bitter air. When the police constable lifted the infant, the dog still continued watching his every movement, and when, finally, the child was conveyed to the station-house, and given in charge to a faithful nurse, the poor animal could not be got away, and accompanied the nurse to her lodgings, and remained all night watching the child in its cradle, occasionally looking up and licking the infant's face. The nurse with the child in her arms came before the Bench. The dog was also in attendance, having never left the side of the infant since they were both discovered by the policeman. Nothing at the time could be discovered about the mother of the child and the only clue to its parentage was a slip of paper which was found pinned to the bottom of its dress, calling its name, and declaring it to have been born in Manchester, on the 5th of January last. However, subsequently in the day, the mother of the infant surrendered herself to the police, and was brought before the Bench. She stated that she had left the infant exposed with the expectation that its father or his friends would take charge of it on seeing the note she had affixed to its dress. She said she afterwards got frightened and uneasy, and came to take it away; but, on hearing that the child was in the hands of the police, she determined to give herself up as the mother. She said her name was Mary Callaghan, and that she had gone off to England with the father of the child, who had left her. On the woman's promising to take care of the child, the magistrate ordered it to be restored to her. It was evident that she had previously taken good care of the infant, which was comfortably and neatly clothed, and in good health. The poor girl received her infant with thankfulness, and quitted the office; and the affectionate dog was quietly following, when, to his evident annoyance, he was made a prisoner of by the police, and brought off to livery until claimed. The mother of the child had never seen the animal, who did not recognize her, and there seems no way to account for the very fortunate attachment evinced by the dog to the deserted infant.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

### Humorous.

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

"A little more animation, dear," whispered Lady B—to the gentle Susan, who was walking through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

**ANTIQUITY.**—A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his the most ancient.

"Mine," said the disciple of Lyeurgus, commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in common law."

"True," rejoined Esculapius, "but my profession was coeval with the creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a surgical operation."

The lawyer dropped his green bag.  
The *Boston Transcript* mentions it as a sign of the times, that over a cellar door in Blackstone Street, is written—"Spiritual Knockings down here."

"Be collected," as the newspaper printer said, when he saw a pile of debts lying on his desk *not cashed* paid!

There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows:—"John Philips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."