THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE

OMUS Mapoetry.

LAST WORDS. BY R. A. P. (From the British Colonist.)

There were sounds of wail in the darkened room, Where a fair child dying lay, There were fond eyes strained through the chambers's gloom

To watch him pass away;
And angel-wings that hovered near,
Unseen around him stirred,
And the mother held her breath to hear Her darling's parting word; "Mother, mother!" with his last sigh Fell quivering from his tongue, Then to his rest sank peacefully

The beautiful and young. An aged man lay down to die, A miser, old and wan, But ever fell his glazing eye, His cherished hoards upon!

He hath laid up all his treasure here, Where moth and dust decay, And here in agony and fear, Passeth his soul away; And dimmer burns life's wasting flame,
And his head grows damp and cold,
But the latest word his pale lips frame
Is the name of his idol—Gold.

A soldier sinks on the battle field, The hour of strife is o'er, But the arm once strong the brand to wield, May never wield it more; Tis hard, while yet life's tide is high

In every throbbing vein,
Unwept, unhonored thus to die,
Amidst th' inglorious slain;
But his keen eye flashed through the mists of death, As a glad cry rings afar,
And the last faint tone of his dying breath, Echoes the proud "Huzza!"

The setting sunbeams gently stream On a forehead seamed by care, Ah! many a brief and fevered dream, And blighted hope was there.

The Poet's high, but mournful dower,
Was written on that brow, But the harp he cherished many an hour, Lies mute and stringless now; He knows his hand no more may wake

Its wild and thrilling tune,
And he sighs, as fast his life strings break; "So soon-to die so soon!" "The stake-the pile-the blazing torch-

Heap high the funeral pyre! He hath blasphemed our Mother Church, Hence with him to the fire!' And up rose to the peaceful skies, And to the Christian's God, The smoke of that dread sacrifice,
That offering of blood.
"Oh! in this hour," the martyr said, "My spirit knows no fear,
Though by this fiery passage led,
Along death's shadowy vale I tread,
For thou my God art here."* Cobourg, C. W.

* "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."—Psahm 23rd.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH. (From " Wreaths and Branches for the Church.")

"My dear children," said Mrs. Mason, "do not let any thing which may appear to you strange in the village church to-day, lead you to forget in whose pre-

They all promised to behave with great propriety, and went to prepare for Church. "How beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, seating

herself by an open window; "how beautiful is this holy day of rest!"

It was indeed one of those Sunday mornings that seem like nature's festal days. The sky was uncommonly pure; the tall trees were bending like reverent worshippers, and sending forth the low deep melody of their rustling leaves. An old church-yard was church, with its square tower, bore the same marks of

"How can I find contentment here?" thought Mrs. Mason: "religion itself must be in a mournful state." She was aroused from these sad musings by the sweet and silvery tone of the near church bell: it was not like the deep-toned summons to worship God to which her heart had long responded in her native city. She had come to the quiet village of B*****, and taken lodgings at a pleasant country house, which the children had named Woodbine, for the purpose of devoting herself exclusively to their education. At the sound of the bell they appeared, attired for church. Cora, the eldest daughter, was a fair girl, whose sunny curls still floated upon her shoulders. From her laughing face one would have deemed that she had sported away the fifteen years of her life in one cloudless holyday. Yet deeper thoughts and feelings lay beneath that gay exterior. Leading her younger sisters, dressed in pure white, with straw cottage bonnets simply tied with blue ribbons, Cora said, "See, mother, how plainly we are all dressed; I would not even sport my pretty chip hat, with its blushing roses, to-day: in that old church it would be quite out of keeping, and make the young rustics stare.'

"My dear Cora," said Mrs. Mason, gravely, "you must lay aside this unbecoming levity, and set a better example to Florence and Charlotte. I hope your behaviour will be decorous in church however novel at letter-writing in addressing cousin Frank; and the scene may be."

So saying, Mrs. Mason took the youngest little girl by the hand, and Cora followed, quite demurely, with her sister Florence to the church, where they were soon seated in a large pew in front of the pulpit.

serted dwelling, the fallen tombstone, the feeble step assisting us now as much as you did last summer .of age, fill the heart with sadness; but a church in The church-dressing for Christmas is a delightful afruins strikes a still deeper vein of feeling: we fear, fair at B*****. The farmers have brought in every by the wondering looks of the inmates of Woodbine, where the house of God is neglected, that his word is variety of beautiful evergreens from the neighbouring as they came in to see the novel sight, and at their

at B**** the wind swept with a moaning sound, - know there are some young ladies who would be an "Mother, mother, do see what Santa Claus has while the cold air poured in through the open laths, ornament to any circle, have been so intimately asso- sent you!" exclaimed Lotty; "your stocking is such from which in large spots the ceiling had fallen. The ciated in benevolent enterprise, that all needless cere- a droll shape." wasps were sallying out in swarms from their nests mony and formality have been banished from among With some difficulty, Mrs. Mason drew forth a against the huge beams above, and kept the children us. We are all assembled on this occasion, tying small but beautiful silver tea-urn. Then followed in perpetual fear, as they alighted, or whirled around round wreaths, and flat wreaths. The grand plan for pin-cushions, needle-books, and work-bags in abuntheir heads. Even the cheerful light of that lovely decorating the edifice has been conceded to mother, dance; for the children always presented the produce day was gloomy, as it fell through thick glass, upon as a stranger. The minute parts, or little fancy-work, of their own ingenuity. discolored walls and dingy paint.

edifice. He had been an excellent minister, but was and skill in baskets, and tassels, and garlands, would cases, and guard-chains, to extricate a jar, which had now declining under the burden of nearly eighty years, astonish you. You would never guess of what our become completely wedged in. "Strawberries ga-His long white hair fell carelessly over a worn, soiled chandeliers are made; so if you will promise not to thered last summer," it was labelled; and Frank surplice, and in a broken voice he read the solemn laugh at them, I will tell you. The frame-work is a doubted not the fair hands that had made the nice

with its lofty arches and clustered columns. In imagination she heard the rich tones of the noble organ, while the full choir chanted in harmonious tones, did appearance. It is rumored that, in previous years, had put that beautiful brooch in her work-bag? "The Lord is in his holy temple." Then the solemn uncle Amariah (as the fat miller is called) has stood cannot tell. Perhaps Frank explained it that aftervoice of a beloved pastor, and the earnest response of the crowded congregation, seemed sounding in her chandeliers if they should chance to take fire. I to hear. He, too, was equally surprised to hear from ears: she gazed upon the few strange faces around, and wept in bitterness of heart.

three or four wasps leisurely creeping over a gay pink time to see how very lovely our little church will look opinion, and kind and gentlemanly conduct. bonnet in a neighbouring pew: with mirth dancing in on Christmas eve. Do not disappoint your friend, every feature, she turned her rougish eyes towards her mother. Mrs. Mason had drawn her veil closely over her face: tears had fallen upon it, and were sparkling mas eve had come. Mrs. Mason and her children a fault could be discerned. He did not reflect that in its black meshes. Touched by this demonstration were enjoying the effect of the tasteful decoration of he had not established Christian principles as the of the feelings of her mother, Cora became at once their little parlor with evergreens. "Come, sit down, foundation of his morality. sobered, and remained sedately attentive during the Cora, and compose yourself before going to church; Cora had been led, by this conversation with Frank remainder of the service, in spite of the meaning merry you are in a high state of excitement," said her mo- Lorington, to reflect more deeply upon her own charglances that her sisters frequently cast towards her ther. little parlor, and then she burst into long and uncon- the door."

"But the fat miller, mamma, in the white coat, pering,] cousin Frank's coming." with his enormous fan, killing the wasps," said little Lotty, "how could you help laughing at him?"

"And the chorister in the gallery, who opened his mouth so wide that I thought every moment his jaws would catch open, and never come together again," oined in Florence.

"Indeed, mother, you must excuse the little girls," pleaded Cora; "for even I could scarcely keep from laughing-it was all so droll, so ludicrous.'

"Even you, Cora! I sadly feared you would laugh outright; you surely forgot that it was a consecrated place of worship, where pious hearts were responding

to our solemn Liturgy." "Mother I doubt their piety, if it does not keep their church in better repair," replied Cora. Mrs. Mason did not reply, for she sadly feared

there was too much reason for the doubt. She had, however, judged wrongfully of the little band of Churchmen who worshipped in that old church. It was not want of Christian zeal, but poverty, which had prevented the house of God from being rendered

By untiring industry, the ladies of the parish had acquired, in their "sewing society," nearly a sufficient sum of money to paint and repair the building. Mrs. Mason joined eagerly in the project, and, a few weeks after her arrival, the requisite money was obtained.

But who should conduct the work? The men of the village were mostly farmers, and, at that seasou, too much engaged to lend their aid. The ladies' funds were not sufficient to spare a compensation for the superintendence of the work, and painters could with difficulty be obtained. In this emergency they volunteered to paint it themselves, and hired masons to repair the ceiling.

The very day before the work was to be commenmenced, Frank Lorington arrived in the village, to pass the college vacation, previous to his senior year. It was fortunate that he took lodgings at Woodbine; for Mrs. Mason mentioned to him the novel project of the ladies, and he was delighted at the idea of distinguishing himself as "superintendent of repairing and painting a church," for which office he solicited. The ladies most gladly accepted his services.

Early the next morning the ladies were found plainly dressed, with animated faces, paint-brush in hand, assaulting the pews. The pulpit and reading-desk were assigned to Mrs. Mason. As she stood before the desk carefully laying on the paint, she could not refrain from smiling at the ludicrous appearance she would present, should a party of her tashionable city friends stray into the church. But her example was the main-spring of the undertaking, and she cheerfully went on with her singular employment. Cora was promoted to the honor of painting "the squire's pew." Although her mother's companion and friend, and, on account of the scarcity of young ladies, admitted to the "sewing society," she was in heart and manners a child. Delighted with the task assigned her, she commenced, holding her brush like a camel's hair pencil, and laughing at her own awkwardness. Many of the other ladies did the same, but feminine quickness and ingenuity soon taught them better, and at last they dashed away like real professors.

Frank Lorington, a tall, athletic young man, fearlessly ascended the ladders, and painted the beams and gallery, insisting that painting a church was the most pleasant employment in which he had ever engaged; doubtless, because the only one, excepting his studies, that he had ever attempted. Florence and Lotty were delighted to run and wait upon "cousin Frank," as they already called him; and many a bright eye was turned from the painting to the handsome young man who had thus become the hero of

This little excitement made the first few weeks of stones, high grass, and tangled sweet-briars. The decay as the neglected grave-yard by which it was family. He walked through the beautiful woods, and by the sweet little brooks with which the village abounded, Mrs. Mason and Cora supported by his manly arm, and the children sporting around them .-He read, talked, and played with them, until they forgot that he was not in very truth their own "cousin

> After the painting and repairing of the church had been completed, it was found that money enough renained to purchase cushions for the pulpit, desk, and and new crimson cushions soon delighted the eyes of had gradually grown dim, but the fire continued bright the admiring children.

> The men of the parish, aroused to exertion by the heroic example of their wives and daughters, were pointing to the shadows of the crammed stockings soon enabled to promise a sufficient salary to another thrown upon the wall. "It is like a caravan, bearing clergyman, to whom the aged pastor gladly resigned gifts to a distant land."

> his charge. The children, and Mrs. Mason herself looked quite of Banquo's line," remarked Mrs. Mason. lisconsolate as the hour of cousin Frank's departure drew nigh. He promised to return and pass the slightly jarred by the quick movement of the fireside Christmas holydays with them, and begged to write, party, they did wave to and fro. "They are wonderand to hear from them all, very frequently during his ful shades, to be sure; more like the regiment of begabsence. On his return to college, the story of his gars, blind, halt, and maimed, that took to their heels great achievements in church painting was so fre- and ran off so marvellously, when their imposition was quently told, that Frank Lorington was soon known discovered." by the soubriquet of "Michael Angelo."

> Florence and little Lotty made their first attempts Cora gave him a minute account of all her studies and ny, Frank. Do not think we have forgotten you. pursuits. The summer and the autumn passed rap- Florence and Charlotte have left their gifts with me." idly away, and Christmas was at hand. Cora wrote

to Frank as follows: "Dear Cousin Frank:-I wish those studies of All signs of decay are mournful to man. The de- yours would let you come to us, for you would enjoy at the earliest dawn. The children were in the parwoods, and many noble trees are already replanted in expressions of pleasure and curiosity at the bountiful Around the loose and broken windows of the church the church. Our little sewing circle, in which you filling up of their various stockings. devolves upon the older maiden ladies, who have done Frank was now in the parlor, boot in hand, endea-The clergyman was in perfet accordance, with the it from time immemorial; and such specimens of taste vouring, after taking out divers pen-wipers, watch-The response came feebly from a few scat- succession of wooden hoops, the largest at the bottom, sweetmeats, and well remembered the pleasure of gaand decreasing, to form a pyramid or cone: these are thering the fruit. Mrs. Mason thought of home; the beautiful church wound with wreaths, and suspended by ropes covered Florence and Charlotte were perfectly satisfied with hope it will not be necessary this year, for I am fear- her lips, "Frank, I should never consider my happi-

" CORA."

wonderfully grave countenance. She succeded in "Please just let me go to the door and see if the deep penitence for her own unworthiness, and the maintaining this gravity until they reached their own sexton has cleared away all the evergreens from before placing of her hopes where they should be safe from superior style.

trollable laughter, joined by Florence and Charlotte in "I know what sister Cora wants to go to the door Mrs. Mason seriously checked their for," said Charlotte, looking, very archly at her sister. "Stoop down, and I'll whisper it in your ear; [whis-

"Well, dear Lotty, run and see who will get the first kiss," replied Cora.

"The horses are prancing,

shouted Florence, as the merry sound of sleigh-bells struck her ear; "now see who first meets cousin Frank." The children ran down the long court-yard to the gate, while Mrs. Mason and Cora waited at the door. Frank soon appeared, with a huge white overcoat, buttoned close to the chin,—a fur cap on his head, from beneath which a profusion of dark earls had escaped, and were powdered with snow,-Florence and Charlotte hanging on either arm. warmer welcome could not be desired, and, when

could scarcely be imagined. voice, "did you ever hear of hanging up stockings for heaven-intended work of mercy upon Frank Lorington. Santa Claus to fill?"

"Certainly, dear, and I have seen Santa Claus himgood girls and boys."

'for I know there is no real Santa Claus." "O, I only mean I've seen his picture," replied

"Well, Charlotte," said Florence, "we will scamper off to bed as soon as the rest have gone to church, for fear we should frighten this bountiful friend Myn- like a garden. Tall trees that reared themselves beheer Santa Claus, away from our stockings." "I am not so silly as you think," replied Lotty,

looking significantly at her mother; "there is my bountiful friend; but the quicker we go to sleep, the quicker morning will come; so good night all.' "Cora," said Frank, "I prefer sitting by this cheer-

church in the world." "What!" replied Cora with surprise, "not to see our beautiful wreaths and chandeliers! I am sure my

handy work will look much better by candle-light .-You must go." "My child can you offer no wiser reasons for going to church on Christmas eve?"

"O yes! a thousand and one; but Frank does not country folks are here by hundreds already. We mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

When they entered the brilliantly-lighted church, it seemed to have been suddenly created for the occastreams of light upon a crowded congregation, and the melody of the choir was thrilling as they sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will "and I knew it not."

The cheering yet solemn services that commemorate the coming of a Saviour, were listened to that evening, by many devout worshippers, whose grateful the world, and how different would have been your hearts glowed at the recollection of all that the Lord had done for them during the past year.

all services were like these, I would be more pleased with church-going." "My dear young friend," replied Mrs. Mason, "you

bility with true devotional feeling. May He whose him, that they may have life.' But, blessed be God! birth we celebrate on the morrow fill your heart with we are not in the land of despair, but the region of devout gladness, and purify it from all worldliness and hope. Listen to the song of the angels: Peace on as to the value of life.

if she did not love you," said Cora, gently.

"Will you be indeed a mother to me?" hastily whispered Frank to Mrs. Mason. She started, looked displeased, and made no reply. Cora she still considered a mere child.

The stockings of the household at Woodbine were surpended upon a line across Mrs. Mason's parlor, and chancel. Special meetings of the society were held, tied on with colored ribbons. The lamp in the room and sparkling.

"Look at that grotesque procession," said Frank,

"Or like phantoms of departed monarchs, ghosts "See! they actually move!" exclaimed Cora, as,

"No, Cora, they are a company of knightly warriors, with banners floating," said Frank.

"But I do not see your gallant horse in the compa-"Then my gallant boot shall be left at your door.

Good night.' A "merry Christmas" resounded through the house lor, where the fire had been already kindled, long be-

ful, Frank, that you would then displease my mother ness for life safe with a man not governed by religious During the reading of the first Lesson, Cora espied by laughing outright. You must certainly be here in principles. I am much obliged to you for your good

Frank returned to college, and devoted himself with unremitting ardour to his studies. He determined, The preparations were all completed, and Christ- too, that his life should be so strictly moral, that not of the best

acter than she had ever before done. The result was, the jarring and conflicting elements of life.

Nearly two years had passed, and Frank Lorington was completing his professional studies in the city to which Mrs. Mason had returned with her family.

"Pray, leave your books, and go to a southern climate awhile, Frank," said Cora; "you look pale and study-worn."

"For your sake shall I spare myself, Cora?" "Yes, for my sake, dear Frank; I am as anxious for your welfare as if you were my own brother." "Am I, then, to you, Cora, no more than a bro-

ther?" "No more," was the earnest reply.

That insidious disease, consumption, was the most correct style, and at his customary unprecedented low scourge of the Lorington family. It had long been threatening Frank, but he resisted all the efforts of his friend to persuade him to take a sea voyage, or seek a more genial climate for the coming winter.

Mrs. Mason and her daughters were looking forseated round the bright wood fire, a happier circle ward with joy to the approaching Christmas, but a joy very different from the light-hearted mirth of the for-"Cousin Frank," said Lotty, in a low, mysterious mer year. Sickness and suffering had performed their That meek submission and perfect charity, which mark the true Christian, gave a holy beauty to his self, coming down chimney, with lots of nice things for daily life. But that life was near its peaceful closing hour. As he looked forward to the approaching "That is naughty to say so Frank," said Lotty; Christmas, a pious calmness pervaded his mind, and with assured faith he could say, with Simeon of old, "Now let thy servant depart in peace; for my eyes

have seen thy salvation." The white footprints of winter covered the frozen earth, but the church of God was blooming within tween its arches, seemed, like the world's weary children, to have sought there an asylum from desolation, where they might flourish in all their greenness. So startling was the contrast, in entering that beautifully decorated edifice, from the snow-clad earth, that the heart must have been cold indeed which felt not a ful Christmas fire, and talking to you, to going to any gush of feeling. Involuntarily, one trod lightly, as if afraid of breaking the holy spell. Hark! that is no note of joy pealing from the full-toned organ. The massive doors slowly open, and a deep voice is heard, as the clergyman ascends the aisle, repeating those solemn words which memory hath linked to the grave: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh need them. On with our cloaks and tippets. The shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and must hasten, or they will fill every pew before we are measured tread, the bier is borne to the foot of the green-wreathed altar, while the sad bell, whose every note is in itself a dirge, tolls for the departed. A funeral at Christmas! Evergreens around a bier! A The pure white walls contrasted finely with mortal's death and the Immortal's birth commemorathe deep green wreaths, hung in festoons from tall ted together! The preyers are said, -some but the trees; graceful boughs waved, as if keeping time to silent breathings of broken hearts. The servant of celestial music; the verdant chandeliers sent forth the Almighty arises; hear his message from God :-"In the night of death, the star of Bethlehem beams brightest. It was my purpose this day to have unfolded to you the necessity of the incarnation; but to men." Cora's eyes filled with tears as she turned his lifeless form, whose manliness and strength but a to her mother and met her sympathizing glance. The short time since seemed to bid defiance to the desensibility of Frank was moved, and for the first time stroyer, must whisper to every heart the reason why in his life his heart bowed with something akin to de- we rejoice in the birth of a Saviour. The spirit which votion, saying, "This is indeed the house of God," has forsaken this mansion, could it speak to us now, sung then their sweetest anthems. Imagine, for a moment, that no star of Bethlehem had arisen upon

would more plainly reveal why the heavenly hosts emotions! Then, mourners, might your tears flow. Then, worldling, you might turn from the grave, to On returning home, Frank said to Mrs. Mason, "If mingle again in the pleasures of earth; for heaven could offer you no brighter joys. Then, ye wicked, might ye sin on still, not without fear of retribution, but without the aggravated guilt of those who, when a must not confound the effects of a mere poetic sensi- Saviour is born into the world, 'will not come unto earth! good-will to man! Peace, you ask, where "My mother would not speak thus to you, Frank, sin still reigns? where sorrow dwells? where death at each moment claims its victim! Yes! peace which "Frank knows that, my child; in the absence of passeth all understanding. Sin is conquered, sorrow his parents I take a motherly interest in his welfare." is irradiated with light, and death unlocks the portals of heaven. The serpent's head is bruised, and the streams that Satan poisoned shall spring up fountains

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for a limited period, together with every other information, may be obtained on application at the Offices of the Company. By Order of the Directors, A. DAVIDSON PARKER, Manager for Canada.

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MEDICAL ADVISER: GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Esq., M.D. JOHN ROSE, Esq. A. DAVIDSON PARKER, Esq.

Toronto Board of Management. Hon. R. B. SULLIVAN, Q. C., Chairman, W. PROUDFOOT, Esq., President of the Bank of Upper Canada.

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THOS. D. HARRIS, Esq., Merchant. MEDICAL ADVISER: EDWARD HODDER, Esq., M.D. SOLICITORS: MESSRS. CROOKS & SMITH.

AGENT:

Bank, 4, Duke Street. Branch Offices, with Boards of Management, have also been established at the following places in British North America: New Brunswick-Head Office, St. Johns-Agent, Duncan ROBERTSON, Esq. Nova Scotia-Head Office, Halifax-Agents, JAS. STEWART,

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Esq., C. J. STEWART, Esq. AS ALSO: For West Indies-At Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbadoes, British Guiana.
For Australia-In Sydney and Adelaide. For Cape Colony—In Cape Town. For East Indies and Ceylon—In Calcutta, Madras, Bombay,

Montreal, August, 1847. CASH FOR RAGS. THE Subscribers will pay 3\frac{1}{2} dollars per hundred weight, in CASH, for Linen, Cotton, and Moleskin RAGS, delivered at the Toronto Paper Mills, on the River Don.

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Napanee, M. D., 25th March, 1846.

CARD. THE business heretofore carried on at Cobourg by D. E. Boulton, Esq., Barrister, Solicitor in Chancery, Bankruptcy, &c., will for the future be conducted in the names of the undersigned who have entered into co-partnership-D. E. BOULTON.

JAMES COCKBURN. Cobourg, July 7th, 1846.

PORTRAIT THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED BY WARNER, FROM A PAINTING BY G. T. BERTHON.

Proofs 20s. Prints 12s. 6d. HE above Engraving is now ready, and the Subscriber for RPOOFS will be supplied with their copies immediatery. It will be a few weeks before the PRINTS are ready A variety of FRAMES, suitable for this PLATE, have been

prepared, varying in price from 18s. to 30s., and are for sale a HENRY ROWSELL, King Street, Toronto.

March 17, 1847. WOOL. THE highest market price will be paid in Cash for WOOL, at the Ontario Mills Woollen Factory, Cobourg, by the liabscriber.

S. E. MACKECHNIE. Cobourg, June 12, 1845. N. B.—Growers of Wool who may prefer it, will have an popularity of exchanging any postion of their Wool for opportunity of exchanging any portion of their Cloth.

Farm for Sale. FOR SALE, the South-East quarter of Lot No. 17, in

40 Acres of which are cleared. The Land is well watere and in a high state of cultivation. For terms of payment, &c. enquire of the Subscriber of THOMAS CROSSAN.

Hamilton, 12th June, 1845. NOTICE S hereby given, that D'ARCY E. BOULTON, Esq. of Co.

bourg, Canada West, is sole Agent for the general management, superintendence and sale, of all Lands in this Province recognised, or payments upon mortgages acknowledged, that are not effected personally with Madame Barbier, or this left Agent, Mr. Boulton. And all mortgagees, or persons indebted for payments on sales already mortgagees, or persons indebted. Trustee of EUPHRASIE BARBIER; and that no sales wi payments on sales already made, will please comm the articulars of their debts forthwith to Mr. Boulton, New York, February 14, 1845.

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HOUSE Comfortable and Commodious; Larder at Excelle times well supplied; Cellar of the choicest. Excelle Stabling. The MAIL STAGE daily to Preston, Hamilton, and every other days for the Control Elora Hamilton, and every other day from Fergus and Elors Horses and Carriages ready at a moment's notice, 485

MARKHAM HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTION

HE Institution above-named has been established by the HUNTER, M.D., in connection with other Median, at the Village of Markbam, a place chosen for the physics of the phys brity of its atmosphere, as well as its general advantages, reason for establishing this Institution was, because the Hydropathic treatment of Chronic Diseases, and many investorative cases of Acute Disease, has been found generally reste where the ordinary treatment has failed; and the praextensively adopted, both in Europe and America, having no such Institution, and as many were obliged to go HUNTER, who has himself had extensive practice in this m of treatment, as well as the ordinary mode, was induced to dertake the establishment of the Institution. The success the Institution, during the few months it has been in operation has surpassed his expectation and the surpassed his expectation has surpassed his expectation, and the cures effected are cient recommendation, where the cases are known. now taken the responsibility of it entirely upon himself, be assisted by Dr. N. R. REED, and having spared no expension where it as perfect in every respect as possible to the contract of th make it as perfect in every respect as possible, he feels si that it will, if fairly tested, prove a great advantage

community.

For particulars, as to subjects, terms, &c., address Dr. Hunter, Church Street, Toronto; or Dr. Reed, at the tution.

In connection with the above, the EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY will be continued as heretofore. The Institution will be attended by Dr. Reed daily, visited by Dr. Hunter weekly, or oftener if found necessary Toronto, Nov. 5, 1847.



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