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THE SON OF TEMPERANCE

Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. JULY 8, 1854.

NO. 27.

A WAYSIDE DELIUM.

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

A warm and drowsy sweetness
Is stealing o'er my brow;
I see no more the Dunce
Sweep through his oval plan—
I hear no more the peasant gulls
Strut about the grain!

Soft silvery wings, a moment
Seem resting on my brow;
Again I hear the water,
But its voice is deeper now,
And the mocking-bird's note
Are singing on the bough!

The elm and linden branches
Drop close and dark o'erhead,
And the fanning forest brooklet
Leaps down its rocky bed;
Be still, my heart! the seas are passed—
The paths of home I tread!

The showers of dreamy blossoms
Are on the linden spray,
And down the clover meadow
They heap the scented hay,
And glad winds toss the great leaves
All the bright summer day.

Old playmates! bid me welcome
Amid your heather-land;
Give me the old affection—
The glowing grasp of hand!
Worship no more the realms of old—
Here is my Father-land!

ANECDOTE OF OMER PASHA.

Omer Pasha is a Slavonian by birth, forty-eight years of age, and has been in the Turkish service for upwards of twenty years. When he entered that service, he was obliged by the Turkish custom to change his name, which he did, from "Lattas" to "Omer." It appears that he never informed his family of the circumstances, and was to them as lost. His elder brother, Simon Lattas, is fifty years of age, and has resided in Jassy, a town on the Pruth, for many years past, devoting his time to mercantile pursuits. About ten years ago, an officer informed him that his brother Omer had been killed on the field of battle, and that he (the officer) had seen him both dead and buried. Having been thus so positively informed of his brother's death, Simon naturally concluded that the information must be correct. In the month of August, 1853, Simon Lattas was one day regaling himself with a cup of coffee at one of the numerous Cafes in the ancient town of Jassy, and not having any friend to talk with, took up a French news paper that was lying on the table. After having read the current news of the day, he accidentally fell upon a short biography of the celebrated Turkish commander, Omer Pasha, and from mere curiosity examined its perusal. He was rather astonished to find that Omer Pasha formerly bore the family name of Lattas; and, from a verbal circumstance related in the memoir, began to think that this renowned general might, by some accident, prove to be his own long lost brother. Yet how could this be, when he had, (what he considered) positive proof of his brother's death? The information which he had thus casually acquired dwelt so much upon his mind that he determined at once to write to Omer Pasha. He addressed his letter to the

address of the Turkish Consul, and sent it by a courier. It had not yet reached the Consul's office, when the Consul arrived at Jassy. He received the letter, and immediately forwarded it to Omer Pasha. Omer Pasha, on receiving the letter, was surprised to find that it was from his brother. He immediately wrote a reply, and sent it by the same courier. Simon Lattas, on receiving the letter, was surprised to find that it was from his brother. He immediately wrote a reply, and sent it by the same courier. Simon Lattas, on receiving the letter, was surprised to find that it was from his brother. He immediately wrote a reply, and sent it by the same courier.

AFFECTING SAGACITY IN A FISH.

At a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, the following curious facts were narrated by Dr. Warwick, one of the members with respect to instinct in animals:—He stated, that when he resided at Durham the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond, when fish intended for the table were kept. He took notice of a fine pike, about 15 pounds in weight which, when it observed him, started hastily away. In so doing it struck its head against a tenter-hook in a post (of which there were several in the pond to prevent poaching), and as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the fish was most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on the bank. He (the Doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture of the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver toothpick raised the incised portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relaxed, but in a few minutes it again started and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time he did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the water, and with the assistance of the keeper the Doctor made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water; and actually laid its head upon his foot. The Doctor thought this extraordinary, and he examined the fish's skull, and found it was going on all right. He then walked backward and forward along the edge of the pond for some time, and then

had that side towards the bank, as if he could not catch a fish. On then starting to go on, he was surprised to find that the fish was actually on his foot. He immediately wrote a reply, and sent it by the same courier. Simon Lattas, on receiving the letter, was surprised to find that it was from his brother. He immediately wrote a reply, and sent it by the same courier.

THE WIDOW FITZ ALLEN.

BY OSCAR DUMAS.

Some months since I chanced to be riding in a chain, on the road from N. a short town of some importance. This mode of travelling I always adopt whenever practicable. It was far better, to my taste, than to be whirled through the country in a close car, at a rate which precludes the enjoyment of sightseeing. In addition to this, a railroad is generally located in the most unattractive portions of those towns through which it passes.

For these reasons, unless particularly hurried, I usually eschew railroads and railroad cars, and cling to the old-fashioned method of travelling.

So much by the way of introduction and explanation.

The scenery on either side of the road over which I was passing being of a very attractive character, I checked my horse to a walk.

In front of us at some little distance I perceived a woman respectably dressed, who was walking slowly along and turning an occasional glance back upon us as if she had something to say.

She gradually slackened her pace as I approached, and when fairly within hearing, inquired whether I had any objection to take her in the chain with me.

Being naturally gallant, I could not do otherwise than comply with the request from such a source. Of course I informed her that nothing would afford me greater satisfaction. In a trice I was going over the highway with an unknown lady by my side.

I had an opportunity to scan her features, which I did fervently.

She was what would be called rather pretty, neatly but richly dressed, while from her neck depended by a guard, hung a gold watch. I took it out once to learn the time, which gave me an opportunity to remark that it was of costly workmanship.

"You must think," said she after a pause, "that I have more rather a singular respect of gentlemen with whom I am totally unacquainted."

"Not in the least, madam," said I politely.

"Nevertheless I feel bound to give some explanation of this step in my own justification. My name is Mrs. Fitz Allen."

"An aristocratic name," thought I. "I wonder whether she is a widow?"

"I am something of an invalid, in consequence of my physician telling me, of my taking too little exercise. He has prescribed to me a walk of

four miles daily, and I feel that my strength, and resolved to throw myself upon the generosity and kindness of the first passer by whom I thought I could catch. I am sure from your appearance, and that I am not mistaken in judging you to be of the character."

I felt exceedingly flattered at what I rightly judged to be done as a compliment, and began to feel myself as luck at having encountered so far from a lady who had placed herself under my protection.

We kept up an animated conversation, which, however, was now and then interrupted by Mrs. Fitz Allen bending forward and looking back over the side of the chain.

Supposing that she was desirous of seeing more of the country than could be observed from a covered carriage, I offered to let down the chain top, but she remonstrated so earnestly against this proceeding, that I was fain to let things remain as they were.

Meanwhile I had become more and more pleased with my companion, and began to consider more and more earnestly whether she was likely to be a widow.

For the purpose of ascertaining this, I resorted to a very ingenious fabrication, as follows:—

"It would be singular," remarked I, carelessly, "if it should chance that your husband and I are old acquaintances. I used to know a Mr. Henry Fitz Allen, who was, if I remember rightly, once a lawyer."

"No, I don't think it could have been the one. My husband died some years since. His name was Robert, and he was a merchant."

I had gained the information I desired. I need not say that Mr. Henry Fitz Allen, the lawyer whom I had mentioned, was quite an apocryphal personage.

I began to consider whether it would not be worth while to follow up the acquaintance when he was a widow, afterwards inquired, with visible agitation, whether I wouldn't drive a little faster.

To this I had not the least objection. I therefore laid on the whip, and the horse bounded forward at a rapid pace.

"I like to ride fast," said my companion, in explanation of her request, "it is so exhilarating. I think there is no enjoyment like that of riding rapidly."

"I agree with you perfectly," said I. "It is a favorite recreation of mine."

The sound of wheels was heard behind us.

"Couldn't you drive a little faster?" asked Mrs. Fitz Allen, anxiously.

I was about to apply the whip once more when I heard a shout to stop, from behind.

"No, don't stop," said my companion. "He isn't waiting anything with you."

I was puzzled, and was about to follow her advice, when the words were repeated in more authoritative tone.

"Stop! I command you in the name of the Lord!"

The instant afterwards, a constable drove up.

"What do you want with me?" I asked in astonishment.

"Nothing with you. But I have something to say to Mrs. Fitz Allen."

"Mrs. Pitt Allen" retorted the constable, laughing into a loud laugh. "Well, she was Mrs. Standish only this morning. However, what says her name in, she must come with me."
 "With you—what for?" asked I, bewildered.
 "On a charge of stealing a gold watch, and a dozen silver spoons. Just land 'em over."
 With a great deal of reluctance the lady took off the watch, and drew out of her pocket a dozen silver spoons, and consigned them with herself to the charge of the constable.
 Advising me to beware of keeping bad company, he drove off and I haven't seen the fascinating widow since. I was told, however, that she was sentenced to six months' confinement. I am still a bachelor!



Ladies' Department.

THE VIOLET.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE FIBBER.

My garden boasts of many a flower,
 And garlands crown the field and grove;
 But here, beneath the hawthorn bower,
 I've found the flower I dearly love.

Ah! curiously droops its fragrant head
 Upon the green earth's genial breast;
 And yet, it seems that heaven has shed
 Its purest azure on its crest.

And deep within its dewy eye,
 A radiant sunbeam always lingers,
 And from its bosom to the sky
 Its balmy breathings ever rises.

And sometimes, when, at dreamy eve,
 I've sought my favorite flower in vain,
 I spied that the radiant heaven
 Had claimed its starry blue again.

I oft have deemed this gentle flower
 In Flora's crown the sweetest gem,
 Like Piety with fragrant power,
 Adorning beauty's dusky dream.

The richest beauty yields to death,
 And Genius' light will fade away;
 Fame may be blighted by a breath,
 And love and friendship own decay;

But Piety, divinely pure,
 However humble be its lot,
 Will shed, as long as life endures,
 A joy, a fragrance round the spot;

And calmly pass away to live
 Where purity and beauty reign,
 As dying violets seem to give
 Their azure back to heaven again.

THE CLARK'S WIFE.—A merchant's clerk, of the Rue Hauteville, recently married. His master had a niece, of Spanish birth, an orphan. She is not pretty, though very sensible and well informed. At the balls last winter, little or no attention was paid to her; indeed she seemed to attend them rather as a whim than from inclination or amusement, as she seldom ever danced. But if she did not dance, she noticed much and listened to more. The clerk soon observed that the lady was only invited to dance when no other partner could be obtained. She herself had already noticed the same fact. Being a gallant man he acted accordingly. The incident that led to the disengagement may be easily divined. In six weeks after his first dance with the fair Spaniard, he obtained her permission to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage. He, astonished, gave his clerk's proposal a very brief reception, and then had a long interview with his niece. Finally, however, all was arranged, and the lovers were married on a Tuesday. The Thursday after, at breakfast, Addine said to her husband, who exhibited considerable chagrin at being consulted in matters of this nature:

"Very well—do I go there—go there no more!"
 "My love, it is very easy to say so, but—"
 "Easy to say, and easy to do, both. I have a million and a half. Nobody knows it but my uncle. I always made a point of forgetting it myself, because I wished to choose a really disinterested husband. There need be no more office work for you, if you do not wish it. Yet still, my advice is, husband, that you neglect nothing."

ONE HAPPY HEART.—Have you made one happy heart to day? Envy'd privilege! How calmly you can seek your pillow: how sweetly sleep! In all this world, there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn: there is not a moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. Yet, how many of those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness? How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude? How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts? How many wives, by re-primand, estrange and embitter loving hearts? How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal? Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim, day by day,—strive to make some heart happy—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth.

THE POOR DRUNKARD.—"Oh! I have some times looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought, that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I once was playing with a beautiful boy, in the city of Norwich, Connecticut! I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play, I said to him, "Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that stone wall?" "Oh, yes," was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us lay upon his porous greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips, and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man, and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor drunkard; then did I pray to God to give me an ever-increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make such a thing of a being once as fair as that child.—Gough.



Youth's Department.

All water courses find the main;
 The main sinks back to earth;
 Life settles in the grave again,
 The grave hath life and birth;
 Flowers bloom above the sleeping dust,
 Grass grows from scattered clay;
 And thus from death the spirit must
 To life find back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
 Like water, changing forms;
 The mists go upward from the sea,
 And gather into storms;
 The dew and rain come down again,
 To wash the withering land;
 So doth this life exalt and wane,
 And alter and expand.

THE BLIND GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

Many years ago, said the Rev. Monsieur V— when a student in the University of Geneva, I was accustomed to spend the long summer vacations, travelling from village to village in my native

who would accept it, and teaching from house to house. On such an excursion in the summer of 183—, I entered a little vine-huge cabin in the environs of Dijon. In its low, wide kitchen, I saw a middle-aged woman, busily honing a boy's toy for young for labor, and a girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, of a sweet serious aspect, plaiting straw—She did not raise her eyes as I entered, and, on a nearer approach, I perceived that she was blind.

Saying that I was one sent to bring glad tidings of good news, I began to tell them the story of Christ, his love his suffering, his death. They listened attentively. It was indeed tidings new, and wonderful to them, like others of the simple peasantry of France. The next day, and the next, I visited the widow's poor cottage.

Poor sightless Marie! how was she affected when I told her of Him, who opened his eyes of the blind, and read to her how blind Bartimus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried unto Jesus of Nazareth passing by and received sight. Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before, longing for God's blessed gift of vision, seized upon the poor blind girl; not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her young brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus, how he said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

There dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who had gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come an hour every morning to learn to read and procure for her a bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—a warm bright August morning—one hand locked in her little brother's and the other fondly clasping the precious bible, to take her first lesson.

Alas poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the constant plaiting of straw. Again and again was the effort made but to no purpose. But one day, as she sat alone, sorrowfully clipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her. Could not she cut away the thick hard skin from her fingers, then it would grow anew, smooth and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she wittled the skin from the poor fingers, bearing the pain; was it not that she might read the word of God? But the straw work could not cease; it bought bread, and the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain.

After the first bitterness of her disappointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, "and ought she not to praise Him?" And the new bible! Ah! surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from the tree of life, and find healing in its blessed leaves. And, holding the volume near the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray. And touched the open bible with her lips. O joy! To the soft lips the slight indentations of the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outlines of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a low cry of joy, she passes line after line across her eager lips. She turns the leaf, the lips loose not their power. It is all clear, all easy now. The lips could do what the toil-hardened fingers could not—they could read.

A twelvemonth after I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its old look, but what a beaming, happy face was Marie's as she sat in her rude chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved bible. Blind, it was full of light. "N'est il pas heureux," she murmured in her rich musical tones, "n'est il pas heureux de baisser ainsi les douces paroles pendant que je les lis?" Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read.

Dear eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with darting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl could rise up in the judgment to condemn the many, who "having eyes, see not."—Best. Trans.

A man named Stone exclaimed, "I'll bet I have the hardest name in the company." "None," said one of the company; "what's your name?" "Stone."

Humourous.

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

THE DOCTOR'S CLARET CUP.

There is a good story well known among Scottish anecdote-mongers, respecting the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn. The doctor seldom troubled the inside of the kirk, but every Sabbath morning his jug of claret was to be seen on its way from the tavern just as the more staid portion of the population were going to morning service. The kirk elders were at length scandalized, and under the plea of preventing Sabbath trading, used frequently to seize the doctor's jug and confiscate his claret. Suspecting that the seizure was not altogether disinterested, the doctor one Sabbath morning sent a strong dose of tartar emetic at the bottom of his pewter. On that day to the surprise of all men, Dr. Pitcairn was seen in church—his eyes were turned to the elder's pew. The sermon had not advanced far ere one zealous opponent of Sabbath trading slunk out of church, looking very pale. Soon another followed, and presently the elder's pew was empty, to the bewilderment of all but the contriver of the mischief.—Times Correspondent.

GRAY IN A TUB OF WATER.

The poet Gray was remarkably fearful of fire, and always kept a ladder of ropes in his bedroom. Some mischievous brother collegians at Cambridge knew this, and in the middle of a dark night roused him with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames.

Up went the window, and Gray hastened down his rope ladder, as quick as possible, into a tub of water, which had been placed at the bottom to receive him. The joke cured Gray of his fears, but he would not forgive it, and immediately changed his college.

A FRENCHMAN was particularly anxious to pronounce and converse in English correctly. Having consulted a dictionary to find the meaning of the word press, and finding that it signified squeeze he one evening in the midst of a large party desired the master of the house "to squeeze one of the ladies, to sing." He had also heard one of the servants, when desired by his fellow to assist him in some particular job, excuse himself by saying that he "he had other fish to fry." He treasured the observation with much care, until an opportunity occurred of availing himself of it; when a friend asked him to take a walk, he replied, "No, sare, I cannot walk; I must go and fry some fish."

A youngster who had been sent to school for the first time, found it impossible to master the letter B. He could remember all the rest; but this was a teaser, and he was walloped for daily forgetting it. At length a comrade met him going home from school blubbering piteously, and accosted him with—"Bill, what are you crying for?" "Can't remember the B," says Bill. "Well, don't cry," rejoins his companion, "and if you can forget it by to-morrow morning, I will give you three fish-hooks." The result was, that Bill tried so hard to forget the fatal letter, that he always remembered it from that day to this.

NOR VICTORS BUT PLAYFUL.—"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Dabster?"

"Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got if that be a fault, is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then."

"By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?"

"Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles, a disarrangement rather than a vice."

"Is he alive?" inquired a little boy, the other day, as he gazed on a large turtle crawling in front of a restaurant. "Alive!" exclaimed a fat gentleman, who was looking at the monster with intense interest, "certainly, boy. He acts like a live turtle, don't he?" "Why, yes, he acts like one," answered the little quereat, "but I thought he was makin' believe."

THOUGHTFUL BUT DISAGREEABLE.—A letter from Constantinople, says the steamer Arabian, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, recently arrived in that city from England, with an assorted cargo of useful things. Among others she brought seven hundred wooden legs—on the instance of providence and for the benefit of the poor.

With a great deal of reluctance the lady took off the watch, and drew out of her pocket a dozen silver spoons, and consigned them with herself to the charge of the constable.

Advising me to beware of keeping bad company, he drove off and I haven't seen the fascinating widow since. I was told, however, that she was sentenced to six months' confinement. I am still a bachelor!



Ladies' Department.

THE VIOLET.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

My garden boasts of many a flower,
And garlands crown the field and grove;
But here, beneath the hawthorn bower,
I've found the flower I dearly love.

As I meekly droops its fragrant head
Upon the green earth's genial breast;
And yet, it seems that heaven has shed
Its purple azure on its crest.

And deep within its dewy eye,
A radiant sunbeam always lies,
And from its bosom to the sky
Its balmy breathings ever rise.

And sometimes, when, at dawn's early hour,
I've sought my favorite flower in vain,
I fancied that the radiant heaven
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I oft have deemed this gentle flower
In Flora's crown the sweetest gem,
Like Piety with fragrant power,
Adorning beauty's diadem.

The richest beauty yields to death,
And Genius' light will fade away;
Fame may be blighted by a breath,
And love and friendship own decay.

But Piety, divinely pure,
However humble be its lot,
Will shed, as long as life endures,
A joy, a grace around the spot.

And calmly pass away to live
Where purity and beauty reign,
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THE OLDER WIFE.—A merchant's clerk, of the Rue de la Harpe, recently married. His master had a niece, of Spanish birth, an orphan. She is not pretty, though very sensible and well informed. At the balls last winter, little or no attention was paid to her; indeed she seemed to attend them rather as a whim than from inclination or amusement, as she seldom ever danced. But if she did not dance, she noticed much and listened to more. The clerk soon observed that the lady was only invited to dance when no other partner could be obtained. She herself had already noticed the same fact. Being a gallant man he acted accordingly. The incidents that led to the disengagement may be easily divined. In six weeks after his first dance with the fair Spaniard, he obtained her permission to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage. He, astonished, gave his clerk a very bad reception, and then had a long interview with his niece. Finally, however, all was arranged, and the lovers were married on a Tuesday. The following day, at breakfast, A. de la Harpe said to her husband, who exhibited considerable chagrin at being compelled to return to the duties of his office so early in the honey-moon—

—If you do not wish it. Yet still, my advice is to your husband, that you neglect nothing."

ONE HAPPY HEART.—Have you made one happy heart to day? Envy'd privilege! How calmly you can seek your pillow: how sweetly sleep! In all this world, there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as gilding a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn: there is not a moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. Yet, how many of those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness? How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude? How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts? How many wives, by re- crimination, estrangement and embittered loving hearts? How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal? Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim, day by day,—strive to make some heart happy—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth.

THE POOR DRUNKARD.—"Oh! I have some times looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought, that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I once was playing with a beautiful boy, in the city of Norwich, Connecticut: I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play, I said to him, "Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that stone wall?" "Oh, yes," was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us, lay upon his porous gray face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips, and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man, and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor drunkard; then did I pray to God to give me an ever-increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make such a thing of a being, once as fair as that child.—*Gough.*



Boys' Department.

All water courses find the main;
The main sinks back to earth;
Life settles in the grave again,
The grave hath life and birth;
Flowers bloom above the sleeping dust,
Grass grows from scattered clay;
And thus from death the spirit must
To life find back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
Like water, changing forms;
The mists go upward from the sea,
And gather into storms;
The dew and rain come down again,
To fresh the withering land;
So doth this life exalt and wane,
And alter and expand.

THE BLIND GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

Many years ago, said the Rev. Monsieur V. when a student in the University of Geneva, I was accustomed to spend the long summer vacations travelling from village to village in my native France, preaching in the open squares the kingdom of God, distributing His holy word to those

—She did not raise her eyes as I entered, and, on a nearer approach, I perceived that she was blind.

Saying that I was one sent to bring glad tidings of good news, I began to tell them the story of Christ, his love, his suffering, his death. They listened attentively. It was indeed to these new and wonderful to them, like others of the simple peasantry of France. The next day, and the next, I visited the widow's poor cottage.

Poor sightless Marie! how was she affected when I told her of Him, who opened his eyes of the blind, and read to her how blind Bartimæus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried to Jesus of Nazareth passing by and received sight. Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before, longing for God's blessed gift of vision, seized upon the poor blind girl, not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her young brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus how he said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

They dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who had gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, and told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come an hour every morning to learn to read and procure for her a bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—a warm bright August morning—one hand locked in her little brother's, and the other fondly clasping the precious bible, to take her first lesson.

Alas poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the constant plating of straw. Again and again was the effort made but to no purpose. But one day, as she sat alone, sorrowfully chipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her. Could not she cut away the thick hard skin from her fingers, then it would grow anew, smooth and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she wittled the skin from the poor fingers, bearing the pain; was it not that she might read the word of God? But the straw work could not cease; it bought bread, and the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain.

After the first bitterness of her disappointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, "and ought she not to praise Him?" And the new bible! Ah surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from the tree of life, and find healing in its blessed leaves. And, holding the volume near the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray. And touched the open bible with her lips. O joy! To the soft lips the slight indentations of the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outlines of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a low cry of joy, she passes line after line across her eager lips, she turns the leaf, the lips loose not their power. It is all clear, all easy now. The lips could do what the toil-hardened fingers could not—they could read.

A twelvemonth after I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its old look, but what a beaming, happy face was Marie's as she sat in her rick chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved bible. Blind, it was full of light. "Nest il pas heureux," she murmured in her rich musical tones, "n'est il pas heureux de buiser ainsi les douces paroles pendant que j'y les lis?" Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read.

Dear eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with starting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl would rise up in the judgment to condemn the many, who "having eyes, see not."—*Best. Translator.*

A man named Stone exclaimed, "I'll bet I have the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one of the company; "what's your name?" "Stone," said the first; "Hand me the money," said the other; "My name is Harder."

—I am known among Scotch men and date mongers, respecting the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn. The doctor seldom troubled the table of the Kirk, but every Sabbath morning his jug of claret was to be seen on its way from the tavern just as the more staid portion of the population were going to morning service. The Kirk elders were at length scandalized, and under the plea of preventing Sabbath trading used frequently to seize the doctor's jug and confiscate his claret. Suspecting that the seizure was not altogether disinterested, the doctor one Sabbath morning sent a strong dose of tartar emetic at the bottom of his powder. On that day to the surprise of all men, Dr. Pitcairn was seen in church—his eyes were turned to the elders' pew. The sermon had not advanced far ere our zealous opponent of Sabbath trading slunk out of church, looking very pale. Soon another followed, and presently the elder's pew was empty, to the indignation of all but the contriver of the mischief.—*Times' Correspondent.*

GRAY IN A TUB OF WATER.

The poet Gray was remarkably fearful of fire, and always kept a ladder of ropes in his bedroom. Some mischievous brother collegians at Cambridge knew this, and in the middle of a dark night roused him with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames.

Up went the window, and Gray hastened down his rope ladder, as quick as possible, into a tub of water which had been placed at the bottom to receive him. The joke cured Gray of his fears, but he would not forgive it, and immediately changed his college.

A FRENCHMAN was particularly anxious to pronounce and converse in English correctly. Having consulted a dictionary to find the meaning of the word press, and finding that it signified squeeze, he one evening, in the midst of a large party desired the master of the house "to request one of the ladies, to sing." He had also heard one of the servants, when desired by his fellow to assist him in some particular job, excuse himself by saying that he "he had other fish to fry." He treasured the observation with much care, until an opportunity occurred of availing himself of it when a friend asked him to take a walk, he replied, "No, sare, I cannot walk; I must go and fry some fish."

A youngster who had been sent to school for the first time, found it impossible to master the letter B. He could remember all the rest; but this was a traser, and he was walloped for daily forgetting it. At length a comrade met him going home from school blubbering piteously, and accosted him with—"Bill, what are you crying for? Can't remember the B," says Bill. "Well, don't cry," rejoins his companion, "and if you can forget it by to-morrow morning, I will give you three fish-hooks." The result was, that Bill tried so hard to forget the fatal letter, that he always remembered it from that day to this.

NOR VICTORS NUT PLAYFUL.—"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Dabster?"

"Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got if that be a fault, is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then."

"By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?"

"Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles, a disarrangement rather than a vice."

"Is he alive?" inquired a little boy, the other day, as he gazed on a large turtle crawling in front of a restaurant. "Alive?" exclaimed a fat gentleman, who was looking at the monster with intense interest, "sartinly, boy. He acts like a live turtle, don't he?" "Why, yes; he acts like one," answered the little quercus, "but I thought he was makin' believe."

THOUGHTFUL BUT DISAGREEABLE.—A letter from Constantinople, says the steamer Arabias, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, recently arrived in that city from England, with an assorted cargo of useful things. Among others she brought seven hundred wooden legs—as an instance of providence and forethought on the part of the company, which it is hoped will prove pernicious.



The Son of Temperance.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1854.

DEATH IS IN THE WORLD.

BY HAZARD TAYLOR.

I lie in the summer meadows, In the meadows all alone, With the infinite sky above me, And the sun on mid day throne. The smell of the flowering grasses Is sweeter than the rose, And a million happy insects Sing in the warm repose. The mother lark that's brooding Feels the sunshine on her wings, And the deeps of the moon-day glitter With a dream of fairy things. From the billowy green beneath me To the tallion blue above, The creatures of God are happy In the warmth of their summer love. The infinite bliss of Nature I feel in every vein; The light and the life of Summer Blossom in heart and brain. But darker than any shadow By thunder-clouds untold, The awful Truth shows, That Death is in the world! And the sky may beam as ever, And never a cloud be curled, And the air be living odors, But death is in the world. Out of the deeps of sunshine The inviolable bolt is hurled; Theirs a life in the summer meadows, But Death is in the world! —N. Y. Tribune.

THE SOUL-KILLING GOBLET.

How repulsive to me are the scenes of the grog-shop, As straggled by the door they're presented in view— The drunkard, the sweated, the death-dealing wine-cup, And every low'dreamt that the drunkard e'er knew. The great name of Oysters, which means rum behind it, The screen and the shelf where the demijohns stand, The large glass decanter, and junk bottle high up, And also the Goblet which sets close at hand; The oat-making Goblet, the death-dealing Goblet, The soul-killing Goblet, which sets close at hand. That death-dealing Goblet, I brand as an evil— For oft in the evening, while using harsh words, The Drunkard is working his way to the Devil, By quaffing the liquor the Goblet affords, How eager they seize it with hands that are glowing, And quick of the Dealer the "Good Stuff" demands, And men with the poison of Death, overflowing, And dripping with villainy, 'tis grasped in his hand, The oat-making Goblet, the death-dealing Goblet, The soul-killing Goblet which sets close at hand.

A WATCHMAN.

NATIONAL DIVISION—ITS MEETING—

IMPORTANT ALTERATION IN THE ORDER.

We give below a short account of the meeting of the National Division at St. John New Brunswick. The Sons seem to have had a glorious meeting there—perhaps more so than ours in June 1851—

It will be seen below that some alterations have been made in our constitution—provisions greatly suited our times. We trust these changes will give a fresh impetus to the order in Canada. We are in favor of all of them. The admission of

honorary degrees. The next meeting will be in Charleston South Carolina—[Farron Sox]

ST. JOHN NEW-BRUNSWICK

The Meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, at St. John, New Brunswick, on the 14th to the 19th, was a very interesting affair. On the arrival of the steamer Admiral at 9 o'clock in the evening, the Republic of the National Division, and the ladies accompanying them, were received by gentlemen of St. John at their own houses, and entertained during the stay with a hospitality never exceeded for its degree and liberality.

On Thursday there was a great procession and out of doors meeting, attended by many thousands of people.

Every night during the session of the Division there were temperance meetings in different parts of the city of St. John, and in the adjoining towns of Portland and Carleton, all crowded to the utmost capacity of the churches and halls, and continuing always until after 10 o'clock, and often until after 11 o'clock, and then terminated amid loud calls of the audience for "more."

These meetings at St. John, and the neighboring towns, did much to do good. The lectures were appointed for a day subsequent to the meeting of the National Division; but the Government changed the day, so as to have them during the preceding week, out of fear of their effect upon the olive holders and olive seekers.

All the visitors at St. John came away with their hearts deeply touched by the generous hospitality with which they were received.—Maine Journal.

A Section of Cadets of Temperance, numbered near one hundred members, was instituted in this city (Portland, Maine,) last Thursday.

NATIONAL DIVISION, S' OF T. OF NORTH AMERICA.

St. John's New Brunswick, June 15th, 1854.

The National Division opened its Session, this morning, in this city. Twenty-two Grand Divisions are represented from 21 different States and Territories—from Nova Scotia to California. Forty-eight Representatives are in attendance. Western New York is represented by P. G. W. P. Johnson and P. G. W. A. Richardson; Eastern New York, by P. G. W. P. McKean.

No business of importance has yet been transacted, except organization, appointment of Committees, reference of very many subjects to these Committees, and preparations for business, evidently for several days to come. The day has been mostly occupied by a public demonstration of the Order, and such as has never before been witnessed on such an occasion. At day-break the populace began to gather in the streets and in the public squares; and soon after sunrise the streets were crowded by the people, as you see them at a great fire; and at nine o'clock 100 guns were fired, the public buildings and the masts of the large ships in the harbor, were decorated with the flags of both nations, floating together in the breeze; and about ten o'clock the most splendid procession which was ever got up on such an occasion, moved through the principal streets of the city. Several magnificent cars, each drawn by six beautiful horses, were in the line, carrying the members of the National Division, and young ladies, with flags representing the several countries of this Province. At the stand, a beautiful silver goblet was presented by the New Brunswick Grand Division to the National Division; and stirring speeches were made by Judge O'Neil, Philip S. White, Gen. Cary and Mr. Eginton, to an audience of about 15,000, and as many more who could not get within hearing distance, were moving about the streets. Such a stir, among the world particularly, was never seen in the States. The rummish here, look as if we Yankees had come upon a filibustering expedition, to take them by storm.

I write this now, for the boat of to-morrow morning, which leaves here but twice a week, and the next boat will, no doubt, bring us and our next communication.—N. Y. Organ.

ON THE CARS FROM ALBANY, June 22

DEAR CHIEF: Much regret was had at St. John that our P. G. W. A. was not with us. Very great alterations were made in our system. Next meeting, June 1855, at Charleston, S. C.—Officers elected for the next ensuing two years: S. L. TILLEY, of New Brunswick, M. W. P. C. EAGLES, of Kentucky, M. W. A. F. A. PICKARD, of Penn., M. W. S. R. M. FOEST, of Penn., M. W. T. Rev. C. L. McCUMY, of Mass., M. W. Chap. G. P. BAX, of New Jersey, M. W. Con. L. LELAND, of Iowa, M. W. Sent.

Divisions are to be allowed to elect females as visiting members, of 16 years of age. For a to be presented by Grand Divisions.

Members may be reinstated without fine, as may be resolved without waiting 6 months.

Divisions may emit such parts of initiatory ceremony as do not include obligation.

Each Division may fix its own weekly dues and benefits.

A W. P. may be elected who has not been W. A. (if he has served two terms in other offices).

Members may be elected from 16 to 18, but not to vote or hold offices.

Three degrees are adopted which Grand Divisions may allow to be conferred by Divisions.

Neal Dow has given some encouragement that he will be at Lockport at the July Session, and Bro. Ryerson, G. W. P. of Canada West, has promised to be present.

ANNIVERSARY AND PRESENTATION

Westworth Buxrock June 26, 1854

The Second Anniversary of Bethesda Division of the Sons of Temperance, came off, Thursday, June 22, 1854. The occasion was a public one, and was continuing from the 14th to the 19th, was a very interesting affair. On the arrival of the steamer Admiral at 9 o'clock in the evening, the Republic of the National Division, and the ladies accompanying them, were received by gentlemen of St. John at their own houses, and entertained during the stay with a hospitality never exceeded for its degree and liberality.

The Glebe Brass Band, engaged for the occasion, performed well.

We trust the cause is progressing. A prohibitory temperance law is being prepared in this township, yet the desire for a Prohibitory Law at this time, may be judged by the following general opinion, which was adopted in a meeting called, only two or three persons dissenting from it.

Resolved—That we, the Sons and friends of Temperance, will not give our cordial support to any man as a candidate for a seat in our Provincial Legislature, who will not speak, by word and deed, to secure and carry a Prohibitory Law for Canada.

This is as it should be. The licensing system is based on the idea that the use of strong drinks is necessary in what is termed moderate quantities, is necessary, and beneficial for man's health and enjoyment. The history of the temperance reformation has clearly proved it to be an error, and the testimony of temperate men are that strong drinks are not only not necessary or beneficial, but injurious, though taken in small quantities. We perceive, then, at once, that the licensing system and the temperance cause stand diametrically opposite to each other. Consequently we avow it to be the duty of all the friends of the cause to withhold their influence and support, in every sense of the word, from a system fraught with so much misery and death to our race.

We cannot record our names in favor of the election of any man, as our representative in the Government of our country, who will use his influence to perpetuate this terrible curse, any more than we can put the bottle to our neighbor's mouth, with impunity. J. M.

REMARKS ON THE STATE OF TEMPERANCE IN CANADA.

WESTMINSTER, June 27, 1854.

MR EDITOR.—Having often read with pleasure and profit your valuable journal, and knowing the deep interest you and your readers take in the Temperance enterprise, I have thought it might be well to give you a few "dottings" of my experience in the Province. During the last four months I have been engaged in Canada as a Temperance Lecturer. I have visited fifteen Counties, and have addressed eighty-seven public meetings—and everywhere I have found the friends of the good cause very unanimous in favor of a stringent Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Amherstburg—a village of 2,500 inhabitants, I visited on the 29th ult. It is pleasantly located at the mouth of Detroit river. The country to the north and east is fertile and well improved. Apples, peaches, cherries, plums, grapes, and apricots, can be raised here in abundance. Butternuts, hickory-nuts, English walnuts, and chestnuts, are grown in the surrounding woods—Steamboats and vessels from the upper and lower lakes, pass and re-pass this place almost every hour in summer. Nature has given this section of country every desirable advantage except that of good spring water. It is a matter of surprise to many that Amherstburg with such plenty of position, should be of no more importance. The city, however, is readily solved. Some of the population are pensioners, destitute of every other resource. They live in cheap cottages and draw a bare subsistence from the land enclosures which the Government has assigned them; and will that they seem satisfied. There are also a great number of blacks located here—refugees from slavery—that accursed system still created in the United States. They have no enterprise, and but little industry. They labor a little to supply the absolute wants of to-day, but they take no thought for the morrow. There are also some French Catholics here, who regard progress and improvement as a heresy. Having no art, say that which serves to keep soul and body together, they suffer the dirt and filth to accumulate in the gutters along their sidewalks, and their buildings and fences to dilapidate and decay.

The English portion of the population are industrious and enterprising, and could they control the affairs of the corporation, would, no doubt, make Amherstburg what it should be—one of the most thriving cities of Canada. They have here a good Division of Sons, and also of the Daughters of Temperance. There was a good attendance at the Lecture, and at its close it was

announced that the Sons of Temperance, in this place, had the honor to be a most kindly welcome. I met with the impression that the Cause was in the hands of useful laborers.

Colches—twelve miles below, has no village of any consequence. There was, however, a good attendance at the meeting. There are two Divisions in the Township, one of them in a prosperous condition.

Kingsville—on miles east of the last mentioned place is a thriving village of about sixty houses, in the Township of Gosfield. There are two Divisions of Sons, a Section of Cadets, and a Lodge of Good Templars in the town. I spoke from time to time to good numbers in the vicinity. The Cause is progressing here.

Windsor—twelve miles further east with the lake, has a good Division of the Sons. A full house was my opportunity.

Benheim—seven miles south of Windsor, on the Lake Shore, is a thriving Division of the Sons. Mr. McMichael and Mr. Day are the prominent leaders of the Temperance Cause at this place. A number of their friends, on the evening of the 7th inst., and at the close of the meeting it was voted that a address be organized. There was a larger gathering the second night, and an opportunity was given to the Maine Law cause to present its views to the assembly. This place is a flourishing village of about 40 houses. The soil hereabouts is extremely rich, but the land is not extensively settled. From Kingsville to Benheim are a series of long narrow strips of land, one to two miles in width, along the lake shore, some to be settled. Farming in the country is not so much of a business, though in a country as rich and beautiful as the Sun-Clerk zone upon the east, rolling down over the heads of the inhabitants; the people are at least fifty years behind the age. The air, however, some of the best in the Province. At Benheim, twelve miles from Windsor, I saw some beautiful locations. They have almost every variety of timber here, desirable for building purposes, except pine. Yet basswood and white wood is abundant, and answers to the same purpose in building. There is here a scarcity of water power, and it does not seem to have occurred to the minds of the people to some to utilize, through a paper, as attainable and efficient for manufacturing purposes. They have some excellent steam mills in the vicinity of Benheim. I am prominently has been the curse of this region. A sorry day was it for Canada when the Government placed in the hands of a monopoly so large a portion of its valuable virgin soil. That the course pursued by the Canada Company has been a choke-damp on the growth and prosperity of the country no one can doubt. Notwithstanding the difficulties against which the settlers of this part of Canada have been compelled to struggle, the land improvement is busily at work. The spirit of enterprise which prevails along the line of the Great Western Railroad is beginning to penetrate these forest wilds, and the wilderness is being converted into beautiful fields.

With these few lines I take my leave, promising that if this hasty sketch is acceptable, you and your readers shall hear from me again. O. L. R.

THE ADVICE OF A TRUE MAN.

UNDAS, July 1st, 1854.

In addressing you these few lines it is not with any intention of trespassing on your time, but with the desire to inform you of the state of things connected with our cause in this county, at the present moment, and the danger that I apprehend from the little information I have heard within a few days, about Mr. Miller of West Flamboro, who is to be the independent ministerial candidate for this county. In the first place, he is of broad Notoriety, and no doubt, has made money out of it. He is Irish, resident a long time at Flamboro. Has a good way of influencing the tavern keepers and groggeries on the two roads, which he owns; and, no doubt, as most of the taverns are kept by Irishmen, that he can claim them as his best supporters without regard to politics or religion, which I think is the case, for I have noticed that the Irish are the only ones that win now a days; and I am convinced that Mr. Miller cannot be beat unless other Societies unite in the same way, without regard to politics or religion. In this way many Temperance men might be returned as members throughout Canada.

You may rest assured that much good may be done by temperance voters uniting with another party with a difference in politics may exist; because if the present Anti Maine Law party lose their power of course a better set will get in their places. And so their magic power will be lost.

I look at it in this way. Our government is Irish. We are governed Donnybrook fashion, our members are returned by Irishmen, and you will see if so in your own city and other cities in Canada where most of the groggeries are kept by Irishmen. And out of 30 places in this village alone 25 are Irish groggeries. I ask what confidence can temperance or good minded men place in a man that is elected by tavern keepers and groggers votes or Irish votes. They influence a whole county community, and they take just such newspapers as will answer their ends.

When there are good and tried Temperance Irishmen of course it will be an exception. But I have little faith in any of them, however, perhaps it may be better to have one that is a temperance man than one that is not.

Furthermore I would say if at we must not look at the...

DEATHS IN THE WORLD.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

I lie in the summer meadows, In the meadows all alone, With the infinite sky above me, And the sun on mid-day throne. The smell of the flowering grasses Is sweeter than the rose, And a million happy insects Sing in the warm repose. The motest lark that's brooding, Feels the sunshine on her wings, And the drops of the noon-day glitter With avarice of fairy things. From the lillowy green beneath me To the fallow blue above, The creature of God is happy In the warmth of their summer love. The infinite bliss of Nature, I feel in every vein; The light and the life of Summer Blossom in heart and brain. But darker than any shadow, By thunder-clouds unfurled, The awful Truth shows, That Death is in the world! And the sky may beam as ever, And never a cloud be curled, And the air be living odors, But death is in the world. Out of the clergs of sunshine The invisible bolt is hurled; There's life in the summer meadows, But Death is in the world! -N. Y. Tribune.

THE SOUL-KILLING GOBLET.

How repulsive to me are the scenes of the grog-shop, As arrayed by the door they're presented to view-- The drunkard, the sweener, the death-dealing wine-cup, And every low'd dream that the drunkard e'er knew. The great name of Oysters, which means rum behind it, The screen and the shelf where the demijohns stand, The large glass decanter, and junk bottle high it, And also the Goblet which sets close at hand; The out-making Goblet, the death-dealing Goblet, The soul-killing Goblet, which sets close at hand. That death-dealing Goblet, I brand as an evil-- For oft in the evening, while using barab' words, The Drunkard is working his way to the Devil, By quaffing the liquor the Goblet affords. How eager they seize it with hands that are glowing, And quick of the Dealer the "Good Stuff" demand, And men with the poison of Death, overflowing, And dripping with vice, 'tis grasped in his hand The out-making Goblet, the death-dealing Goblet, The soul-killing Goblet is grasped in his hand. How sweet from the bright sparkling brim to receive it, As raised in the hand it inclines to his lips; But the cold water bucket could tempt him to leave it, Tho' filled with the nectar the temperance man sips. Oh! Manse Law, remove from the Drunkard's temptation, No tear of regret will it ever demand! And also remove from Blood's other the poison, And dash down the Goblet that stands close at hand. The out-making Goblet, the death-dealing Goblet, The soul-killing Goblet which stands close at hand. A WATCHMAN.

NATIONAL DIVISION--ITS MEETING-- IMPORTANT ALTERATION IN THE ORDER.

We give below a short account of the meeting of the National Division at St. John, New Brunswick. The Sons seem to have had a glorious meeting there--perhaps more so than ours in June 1851-- It will be seen below that some alterations have been made in our constitution--provisions greatly suited our times. We trust these changes will give a fresh impetus to the order in Canada. We are in favor of all of them. The admission of ladies as honorary members will do good, as will

On Thursday there was a great procession and out of doors meeting, attended by many thousands of people. Every night during the session of the Division there were temperance meetings in all parts of the city of St. John, and in the adjoining towns of Portland and Carleton, all crowded to the utmost capacity of the churches and halls, and continuing always until after 10 o'clock, and in some until after 11 o'clock, and the inter-chaunted loud calls of the audience for "more."

These meetings at St. John, and the neighboring towns, failed to do great good. The lectures were appointed for a day subsequent to the meeting of the National Division, but the Government changed the day, so as to have them during the preceding week, out of fear of their effect upon the office holders and office seekers. All the visitors at St. John came away with their hearts deeply touched by the generous hospitality with which they were received--Maine Journal.

A Section of Cadets of Temperance, numbering near one hundred members, was instituted in this city (Portland, Maine) last Thursday.

NATIONAL DIVISION, S. O. T. OF NORTH AMERICA.

St. John's New Brunswick, June 15th, 1854.

The National Division opened its Session this morning, in this city. Twenty-two Grand Divisions on any continent, from 21 different States and Territories--from Nova Scotia to California and Forty-eight Representatives are in attendance--Western New York is represented by P. G. W. P. Jernain, and P. G. W. A. Richardson; Last year New York, by P. G. W. P. McKean.

No business of importance has yet been transacted, except organization, appointment of Committees, reference of very many subjects to these Committees, and preparations for lectures, evidently for several days to come. The day has been mostly occupied by a public demonstration of the Order, and such as has never before been witnessed on such an occasion. At day break the populace began to gather in the streets and in the public squares; and soon after sunrise the streets were crowded by the people, as you see them at a great fire; and at nine o'clock 100 guns were fired, the public buildings and the masts of the large ships in the harbor, were decorated with the flags of both nations floating together in the breeze; and about ten o'clock the most splendid procession which was ever got up, on such an occasion, moved through the principal streets of the city. Several magnificent cars, each drawn by six beautiful horses, were in the line, carrying the members of the National Division, and young ladies, with flags representing the several counties of this Province. At the stand, a beautiful silver gavel was presented by the New Brunswick Grand Division to the National Division; and stirring speeches were made by Judge O'Neil, Philip S. White, Gen. Cary and Mr. Eginton, to an audience of about 15,000; and as many more who could not get within hearing distance, were moving about the streets. Such a stir among the women particularly, was never seen in the States. The rummies here, look as if we Yankees had come upon a filibustering expedition, to take them by storm.

I write this now, for the boat of to-morrow morning, which leaves here but twice a week, and the next boat will, no doubt, bring us and our next communication.--N. Y. Organ.

ON THE CARS FROM ALBANY, JUNE 22.

DEAR CHIEF: Much regret was had at St. John that our P. G. W. A. was not with us. Very great alterations were made in our system. Next meeting, June 1855, at Charleston, S. C.--Officers elected for the next ensuing two years:

- S. L. TILLEY, of New Brunswick, M. W. P. C. EGINTON, of Kentucky, M. W. A. F. A. FICKARD, of Penn, M. W. S. R. M. FOUR, of Penn, M. W. T. Rev. C. L. McCURDY, of Mass, M. W. Chap. G. P. REX, of New Jersey, M. W. Con. J. LELAND, of Iowa, M. W. Sent.

Divisions are to be allowed to elect females as visiting members, of 16 years of age. Forth &c to be prescribed by Grand Divisions. Members may be re-instated without fine, and may be elected without waiting 6 months. Divisions may omit such parts of initiatory ceremony as do not include obligation. Each Division may fix its own weekly dues and benefits.

A. W. P. may be elected who has not been W. A. (if he has served two terms in other offices). Members may be elected from 16 to 18, but not to vote or hold offices.

Three degrees are adopted which Grand Divisions may allow to be conferred by Divisions. Neal Dow has given some encouragement that he will be at Lockport at the July Session and Bro. Ryerson, G. W. P. of Canada West, has promised to be present. G. W. J.

Coyne Chief.

The National Division of the W. P. T. U. was held at St. John, N. B. on Thursday last. It was held in the evening, and was attended by the wives. A blessing was there pronounced by Rev. Mr. Fisher, and an abundant supply of refreshments was served. The meeting was held in the evening, and was attended by the wives. A blessing was there pronounced by Rev. Mr. Fisher, and an abundant supply of refreshments was served.

The Glasgow Brass Band, of 250 for all the best in the world.

We trust the cause is progressing. A Local strict temperance committee, cooperating with the town of, yet the desire for a Prohibitory Law at this time, may be judged by the following facts, which was a case of a man, who had only two or three persons of his kind.

Resolved--That we, the Sons and friends of Temperance, will not give our support to any man who supports to any man as a candidate for our Provincial Legislature, who will seek, by word and deed, to secure and carry a Prohibitory Law for Canada.

This is as it should be. The licensing system based on the idea that the use of strong drinks used in what is termed, moderate quantities, is necessary, and beneficial for man's health and enjoyment.

The history of the temperance reformation has clearly proved this to be an error, and the testimony of a temperate man is, that strong drinks are not only not necessary or beneficial, but injurious, though taken in small quantities. We perceive, then, at once, that the licensing system and the temperance cause stand diametrically opposite to each other. Consequently we avow it to be the duty of all the friends of the cause to withhold their influence and support, in every sense of the word, from a system fraught with so much misery and death to our race.

We cannot record our names in favor of the election of any man, as our representative in the Government of our country, who will use his influence to perpetuate this terrible curse, any more than we can put the bottle to our neighbor's mouth, with impunity. J. M.

REMARKS ON THE STATE OF TEMPERANCE IN CANADA.

WESTMINSTER, June 27, 1854.

MR. EDITOR.--Having often read with pleasure and profit your valuable journal, and knowing the deep interest you and your readers take in the Temperance enterprise, I have thought it might be well to give you a few "notings" of my experience in the Province. During the last four months I have been engaged in Canada as a Temperance Lecturer. I have visited fifteen Counties, and have addressed eighty-seven public meetings--and everywhere I have found the friends of the good cause very unanimous in favor of a stringent Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Amherstburg--a village of 2,500 inhabitants, I visited on the 29th ult. It is pleasantly located at the mouth of the Detroit river. The country to the north and east is fertile and well-improved. Apples, pears, peaches, cherries, plums, grapes, and apricots, can be raised here in abundance. Butternuts, hickory-nuts, English walnuts, and chestnuts, are grown in the surrounding woods. Steamboats and vessels from the upper and lower lakes, pass and repass this place almost every hour in summer. Nature has given this section of country every desirable advantage except that of good spring water. It is a matter of surprise to many that Amherstburg with such a plenty of pure water, should be of no more importance. The system, however, is readily solved. Some of the population are pensioners, destitute of energy and enterprise. They live in cheap cottages and draw a bare support from the limited enclosures which the Government has assigned them; and with that they seem satisfied. There are also a great number of blacks located here--not from slavery--that accursed system still tolerated in the United States. They have no enterprise, and but little industry. They labor a little to supply the absolute wants of to-day, but they take no thought for the morrow. There are also some French Catholics here, who regard progress and improvement as a heresy. Having no other way that which serves to keep soul and body together they suffer the dirt and filth to accumulate in the gutters along their sidewalks, and their buildings and fences to dilapidate and decay.

The English portion of the industrialists are industrious and enterprising, and could they control the affairs of the corporation, would, no doubt, make Amherstburg what it should be--one of the most thriving cities of Canada. They have here a good Division of Sons, and also of the Daughters of Temperance. There was a good attendance at the Lecture, and at its close it was unanimously voted that I should speak to them again. I did so on the following evening to a still

large number of the last mentioned village of about sixty families in the Township of Gosch. There are two Divisions of Sons, a Section of Daughters, and a Division of Good Templars in the Township of Gosch. The cause is progressing.

Mr. Miller is a further of with the law. His a good way of influencing the tavern keepers and groggeries on the two roads, which he owns; and no doubt, as most of the taverns are kept by Irishmen, that he can claim them as his best supporters without regard to politics or religion, which I think is the case, for I have noticed that the Irish are the only ones that win now a days; and I am convinced that Mr. Miller cannot be beat unless other Societies unite in the same way, without regard to politics or religion. In this way many Temperance men might be recruited as members throughout Canada.

You may rest assured that much good may be done by temperance voters uniting with another party, although a difference in politics may exist; because if the present Anti-Maine Law party lose their power of course a better set will get in their places. And so their magic power will be lost. I look at it in this way. Our government is Irish. We are governed from my brook fashion. Our members are returned by Irishmen, and you will see it so in your own city and other cities in Canada, where most of the groggeries are kept by Irishmen. And out of 30 places in this village alone 25 are Irish groggeries. I ask what confidence can temperance or good minded men place in a man that is elected by tavern keepers and groggers votes, or Irish voters. They influence a whole entire community, and they take just such newspapers as will answer their ends. When there are good and tried Temperance Irishmen of course it will be an exception. But I have little faith in any of them, however, perhaps it may be better to have one that is a temperance man than one that is not. Furthermore I would say that we must not look at the man that is to be returned as members, but look at what sort and description of voters they are which returned him or voted him in. If they

O. L. B.

THE ADVICE OF A TRUE MAN.

DUNDAS July 1st, 1854.

In addressing you these few lines it is not with any intention of trespassing on your time, but with the desire to inform you of the state of things connected with our cause in this county, at the present moment and the danger that I apprehend from the little information I have heard within a few days, about Mr. Miller of West Flamboro, who is to be the independent ministerial candidate for this county. In the first place he is of Road Notoriety, and no doubt has made money out of it. He is Irish, resident a long time at Flamboro. Has a good way of influencing the tavern keepers and groggeries on the two roads, which he owns; and no doubt, as most of the taverns are kept by Irishmen, that he can claim them as his best supporters without regard to politics or religion, which I think is the case, for I have noticed that the Irish are the only ones that win now a days; and I am convinced that Mr. Miller cannot be beat unless other Societies unite in the same way, without regard to politics or religion. In this way many Temperance men might be recruited as members throughout Canada.

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be votes which are of the class I have mentioned...

Your Temperance Cause is a good one... in this country...

A TEMPERANCE VOTE

We wish to see it in the case we should have three times as many of these.

We don't object to go with all of the ablest remarks to the ill-famed...

TEMPERANCE IN A NEW DRESS

THE ONTARIO LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS

To the Editor of the Sun and Gem.

DEAR BROTHER—I feel confident that you will hail with joy every ray of light which shines upon this dark world of ours...

Last evening we enjoyed the privilege of visiting with the Ontario Lodge of Good Templars located in the Township of Wrentham...

And, Mr. Editor, we feel confident the Ontario Lodge, composed, as it is, of the beautiful and the brave, will do much to rescue the drunkard from a disreputable grave...

We hail with joy every ray of light which shines upon this dark world of ours, and may this new movement in the temperance cause, wider and purer than any other, may go forth on its mission of mercy...

Yours respectfully,

F. B. ROLPH



BOONES DURING THE LATE SHORT SESSION.

The annals of Canada show no instance of so short a session of Parliament, as that just held in Quebec, and none so void of results.

and unskillful. It nothing was needed to be done... the House could not have been a better...

THE SUREST CASE OF INSENSIBILITY... The surest case of insensibility...

What is to be done with the Negroes... What is to be done with the Negroes...

HOW THEY WERE DECEIVED

Mr. de la Roche's Tories did hate the Ministry... Mr. de la Roche's Tories did hate the Ministry...

NOTE ON THE SENATORIAL AND CLERGY RESERVE QUESTIONS.

Then Cauchon and Sicotte introduced their resolutions to censure the ministry... Then Cauchon and Sicotte introduced their resolutions to censure the ministry...

MERIT AND CHRISTIANITY... Merit and Christianity...

At a late meeting of the Society... At a late meeting of the Society...

AMERICAN NOTES

At the meeting of the Society... At the meeting of the Society...

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE NEGROES.

What is to be done with the Negroes... What is to be done with the Negroes...

Frederick Douglass has been lecturing in Champlain County... Frederick Douglass has been lecturing in Champlain County...

The growing Convention was that held Saturday... The growing Convention was that held Saturday...

I observed that this family (it is a large one) had a party... I observed that this family (it is a large one) had a party...

OLD-TIMEISM—PREJUDICE.

It is not often that we have to refer to politics... It is not often that we have to refer to politics...

being worse than... being worse than...

SEVERAL ROW AT YORKVILLE

At the meeting of the Society... At the meeting of the Society...

THE BURNING OF THE BURNING

At the meeting of the Society... At the meeting of the Society...

THE BURNING OF THE BURNING

At the meeting of the Society... At the meeting of the Society...

It is said that nothing would prevent... It is said that nothing would prevent...

THE BURNING OF THE BURNING

At the meeting of the Society... At the meeting of the Society...

At the meeting of the Society... At the meeting of the Society...

bank of Finland and the Danube. The latest accounts seem to show that the Russians had about 20,000 men engaged along the line of the Danube... the Russian out-ports. The Turks have installed reserves, about 170,000 men to oppose those, and there are about 70,000 English and French troops in different parts of the country, over which the Russians would have to pass in going to Constantinople. These last are being constantly worn and it seems, judging of the past heavy and efficiency of the Turks, impossible for the Russian force in the field to carry the war much beyond the position now occupied on the line of the Danube. Where they gain one point they lose another. Prussia remains undecided.

LATE WAR NEWS.—The brave Turk have succeeded in driving the Russians across the Danube again from before Silistria, and thus relieving the strong fort. The British and French troops are at Varna.

Kossuth, after a long time of quietness, has been lecturing or speaking at Shillid England. Kossuth's sister is dead in New York. Madam Sontag had made \$10,000 in the United States and had engagements which would have realized her \$60,000 more. How hard it would be to induce the Americans to give that sum for benevolence and temperance. Yet it (money) is poured out like water after foreign singers and dancers. Alas for any prospects of the millennium! How much better is man in 1854 than in 1754 in matters of morality and justice? There has been a great debate in the House of Lords on the Bill to authorize the Canadians to alter the Legislative Council. Lord John Russell is elected for London. Sir George Grey is now Colonial Minister. The Times newspaper in London is still favorable to Russia. Mr Tyrrell of Weston, it is said, will oppose Canada. The latter gentleman has made a good member, but is not right on the Clergy Reserve Question. We recommend the support of Mr. Tyrrell.

There was a county temperance convention held in the county of Durham, on the 29th ult.

The Electors of the township of Markham held a meeting on the 6th inst., at Unionville, to choose delegates to meet delegates from Scarborough and East York, in order to nominate a reform candidate. The requisition calling the meeting, was signed by a very few of the inhabitants. We hope that the people here and elsewhere will be careful of hole and corner caucus meetings. Let everything be done openly, and thoroughly. Alas for the people be careful not to be entangled into supporting anti-Maine-law men. Here we would call attention to the letter on this subject, as to Mr. Miller's election in North Halton. It is not because Mr. Miller is an Irishman that we object to him, but because he is likely to be supported by liquor dealing men, and also because he is a man standing in nearly the same position towards Hincks that Hearty does at Toronto. We fear he will be a Government tool—will vote in a new Parliament, as they say, against the Maine law. Mr. Christie is running for North Westworth, Mr. Miller for South Westworth, Mr. Rolph for Norfolk, Hincks for South Oxford. The country, just now, is excited on the subject of the Elections. In many parts of the country the people feel indifferent and disgusted at the state of things. Immense quantities of pigeons continue to pass by Niagara. A great railroad accident has happened, near Baltimore, in the United States—30 persons were killed, and 100 more or less injured. **Dr. Ma. McDougall, of the North American, strange to say, comes out in favor of Mr. Price as a candidate for the East Riding of York, without any explanation of how he has changed his opinions. Even within a few months he has opposed Mr. Price. How does he reconcile this conduct? We have explained in this paper, and in the Globe last year, how we have been induced to take a different view of Mr. Price's conduct from what we did in 1851. Does the North American really be-**

...the Clergy Reserve question, and... not that we even now approve of it... Mr. Price is not a better officer, but says he will vote for the Maine law.

TEMPERANCE MEY—We strongly advise you to withhold your votes from all men whom you have reason to believe will oppose the Maine law; also from Government tools—men who have forfeited your confidence by supporting a bad Government.

The American Senate have rejected the Canadian Reciprocity Bill. A valuable liver more has been discovered on the farm of Mr. Patton, in Essex County, Canada. In Barbadoes, West Indies, the cholera is raging fearfully—10 deaths a day occurring. Total number of deaths thus far 2000. John Bell, Esq., is the returning officer for this city.

The siege of Silistria has been raised, the Russians having been defeated by the Turks and driven across the Danube.

The order of events is as follows:—Siege operations were begun on the 7th of May and carried on to the 11th of June. The attack and defence were carried on incessantly, and with equal bravery on both sides. Repeated storming parties were directed against the entrenchments, and mines and counter-mines were exploded, causing immense slaughter to both sides and being.

On the 7th June Musa Pacha, the brave Turkish commander, was killed, after which Prince Paskewitch, the Russian Commander, was struck down disabled by a shot ball and will probably die.

On June 13th a tremendous attack was made under General Gutschakoff and Childers, but after a very fighting they were repulsed, and the Turkish Brigade sent from Shumla by M. Pacha succeeded in entering the fortress.

Thus reinforced, the garrison on the 15th made a sortie, and a desperate hand to hand contest ensued, and ended in a complete discomfiture of the Russians. Prince Gutschakoff was severely wounded—Childers had his left leg shot off and two other Generals were killed. The carnage among the Russian troops was dreadful, and they retired fighting across the river.

Pursuing the advantage, the Turks crossed the arm of the river Ransed, near the island of Ilipa, and blew up the Russian siege works.

The Turks then brought out their guns, and erected temporary batteries on the bank of the river, before the face of the fortress.

The Russian battalions, east and west of Silistria, immediately returned in good order, and crossed the river, destroying their bridges behind them.

The Russians are now in the vicinity of Kalarrash, awaiting reinforcements; and several detached corps are marching in haste from Silistria to join them.

This victory was gained entirely by the Turks, the French and English not having made their appearance.

The Siege of Silistria thus raised must alter the whole Russian plan of operations in Bulgaria, and consequently must change the plan of the allies.

Several ships had arrived with goods.

HORRIBLE DEATH BY HYDROPHOBIA—The *Enquirer* says John Cookson, foreman of a foundry in this city, died of hydrophobia on the 2nd inst. He was attacked by a large dog in the street some nine weeks since, and bitten in several places. He felt no particular inconvenience until the day he died, when he was seized with all the terrible symptoms of hydrophobia, and died in the most excruciating agony. He had his senses all the time, and begged of his friends to keep away from him lest he should harm them. It required six strong men to hold him during his fits. The *Enquirer* says, the same dog bit several other persons, and what is incredible, he is said to be still alive and at large.

The Montreal *Vitras* notices that a Canadian Institute has just been established in St. Hyacinthe, the object of which is similar to that of Montreal, namely, the cultivation of French Literature, the establishment of a library with news-room, lectures on subjects calculated to instruct the people, and debates on the important topics of the day. We augur well of all efforts made amongst the young people to educate themselves, and to seek enlightenment.—*Globe*.

...the water of salt lake... Experiments have been made upon the properties of the water of salt lake... Wellington Mercury

Experiments have been made upon the properties of the water of salt lake... A large piece of fresh beef was suspended from a cord and immersed in the lake for over 12 hours when it was found to be tolerably well cured. After that, all the meat they wished to be preserved was packed in barrels without any salt whatever, and the vessels were then filled with lake water. No further care or preparation was necessary, and the meat remained perfectly sweet although constantly exposed to the atmosphere and sun. They were obliged to mix fresh water with the brine to prevent the meat from becoming too salt for present use.

FRENCH SUICIDES.

The frequent suicides committed are becoming a glaring feature in the French character. Not a day passes but the columns of daily journals have two or three to record, and the touching of romance which is cast around the narration, it is to be feared, does not tend to mitigate the evil. For instance the following:—

Ernestine, a young woman of an appearance singularly prepossessing, has been carrying on a liaison with a journeyman printer in the Faubourg St. Martin. She had suspicions of his fidelity, and a once furnished herself with a pan of charcoal, and a pair of tongs. Having carefully closed her bedroom and guarded against the admission of air by sheets and blankets attached to the doors and windows she lights up the deadly fire and swallows the lethal spirit. In due time, one of her female friends call, and becoming alarmed, has the door forced, when the poor girl is found calmly reposing on her couch of death. On her bosom is placed, as if had received her last gaze, a daguerreotype portrait of her lover, and on the table beside her are the following words to him:—"I am about to die. Pardon me, as I do you. You have made me suffer a good deal during the last three weeks. Adieu! take care of the little dog." The said little dog being a present from the man, which the poor lovelorn creature had taken the precaution of securing in a room adjacent, that it might not be injured by the fumes of the charcoal she had prepared for her own death.

COMMUNICATIONS.

D. W., of Newland, \$2, for 1854, in full. W. W. from J. B., of Ohawa, \$1, on account of 1854. We do not stop any paper as we have often said, in the middle of the year, unless the person is a half yearly subscriber, which M. W. is not—therefore, the 15 cent pays only for a part of the current year. He will be looked to for the balance. We wish all of our agents to understand this. Agents frequently injure us by not observing our published terms. See the first No. of 1854, and there it will be seen stated, that all persons taking and retaining the first number of 1854 are considered yearly Subscribers. H. B., for the Bath Division, \$2, 1854. From G., Pelham, will be attended to.

BOARD OF HEALTH NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the BOARD of HEALTH for the City of Toronto have determined that, for the present, Dog Rubbing, Sweeping, Earth, and other refuse, not likely to create offensive smells, may be deposited in the water enclosed with the breastwork, south of the Fish Market. But all persons are cautioned against throwing or depositing in the said space any manure or offensive matter whatsoever, or they will be prosecuted.

By order of the Board of Health,
Clerk's Office, } CHARLES DALY.
Toronto, June 29 1854. } 22

HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS,
40, King Street East, opposite Toronto Street.
NEAR THE POST OFFICE,
TORONTO, C. W.

SAMUEL HEAKES
Again invites Public attention to one of the best Assorted and cheapest stocks in the city.
Faint Summer Straws, of every description, Silk Satin, Saw, Tuscan and Fine, Bonnets—very fish mable, and very cheap.
Every kind of Dress Goods that can be named, and Printed Muslins, warranted fast colors, from 1/2 per yard.
Hoses and Ashton Prints, Parasols, Ribbons, Artificial Flowers, Silk Mantles, &c., &c.
All offered at the very lowest commensurate prices.
An Early Call is solicited.
S. HEAKES.

...the Niagara... SECOND TRAIN... At Suspension Bridge... Niagara, June 26th, 1854.

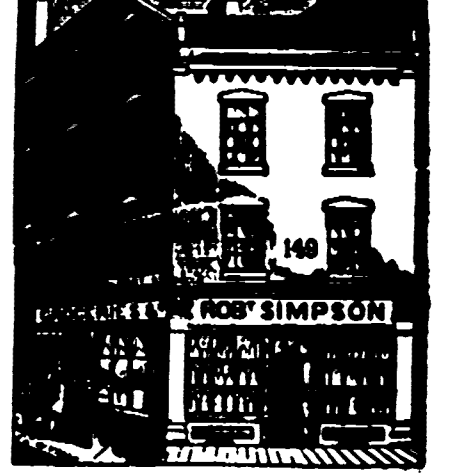
Passengers from Toronto by the steamer *Peel* will reach Niagara Falls in three and a half hours from the time of leaving Toronto and the same time returning.

J. SPAULDING,
Eng. and Supt.
Niagara, June 26th, 1854.

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1854.

J. CHARLESWORTH
WORLD respectfully intimate to his customers and the public generally, that his stock of Seasonable Millinery, Stuffs and Family Dry Goods, &c., &c., is now complete, and of a quality and inspection by the most judicious purchasers. J. C.'s stock, this season, will be found much larger than usual, having made great additions to his premises. He would call particular attention to his department of Millinery, Valetins, Caps, Bonnets, &c., &c.
Also,
His Stock of Fancy Straw Bonnets, Children's Family Bonnets and Hats.
His Dry Goods Department
Will present many new articles connected with the trade, not hitherto kept.
To wholesale buyers the greatest discount offered in variety and prices.
No Second Price.
TWO GOOD SALESMEN WANTED
JNO. CHARLESWORTH,
No 6, King Street East.
The Toronto House.
Toronto, June 9th, 1854.

NEW BOOKS AND SERIES.



Rob Simpson
149
ROB SIMPSON
149
ROB SIMPSON
149
Toronto, 21 January, 1854. 1-17

W. HAMILTON,
Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker.
BOOT and Shoe Establishment, W. HAMILTON, has on hand and for sale, a superior and well selected Stock of Boots and Shoes, suitable for the Season, to which he invites the attention of the Public. W. H. respectfully solicits an inspection of his Fall Stock of India Rubber Shoes and Boots, all of the latest Fashion. Third Door North of Adelaide Street, Elgin Buildings No. 2, Yonge Street.
Toronto, 21 January, 1854. 1-17

MONTREAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA BROWN & T. CHILDS, 88, King St. Toronto; 120, North Lane St., Montreal. Their Manufactories produce 100 pairs daily. Their prices defy all competition. Every attention given to the retail patron in Town or Country. Liberal credit given on purchases of more than \$25—none for less amounts. Cash paid for all kinds of Leather. 30 Aids best Spanish Sole for Sale. Also, 40 lbs. Cot Oil. Would you make the most of your money, don't miss these places.
Toronto, 21 January, 1854. 1-17

TERMS OF SITTING OF COUNTY OF YORK DIVISION COURTS.
Toronto City, Monday, 21 July.
" " " " " Monday, 11 August.
" " " " " Monday, 4 September.
Richmond Hill, Wednesday, 9 August.
Newmarket, Wednesday, 16 "
Berwick, Friday, 4 "
King, Saturday, 5 "
Sandhill Albion, Wednesday, 21 "
Streetville, Thursday, 21 "

Dr. James Hope's PURIFYING HEALTH PILLS.

A SUPERIOR Family Medicine and a thorough purifier of the blood. It is recommended in all cases of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, and the various ailments arising from a weak and disordered stomach.

The pills are warranted to contain no calomel, or any other deleterious or poisonous substance. For Sale by Dr. J. & S., Cheap de London, and at S. F. U'QUHART'S, Leche Institute, 19 Yonge Street, Toronto.

CHARLES DURAND, Esq., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR. CHANCERY, respecting all business connected with the office of a Commissioner of the Court of Chancery and the office of a Receiver of the Court of Chancery.

DR. CADWELL, OPERATOR OF THE EYE & EAR. HAVING concluded his professional studies, he is now qualified to attend to all cases of the Eye and Ear.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT IN THE CITY. SPRING GOODS. THE Subscriber has just received a choice assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of Fine Black Cloth, Venetian and Mixed Millineries, Keenymeres, Daskins, new Fashionable Plaid and Marbled Dues, O'leaves, Coatings, and a variety of Fancy Tricots, Gentlemen's Fine Shirts, Ties, Collars, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, &c.

CHARLES BAKER, Merchant Tailor. No. 37, King Street West, Toronto, C. W. Toronto, April 28, 1854. WHITEWASHING & COLORING. JAMES BAKER respectfully informs the citizens of Toronto, that he is prepared to do all kinds of WHITEWASHING and COLORING in the neatest and most fashionable style.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY! OPEN FROM WINDSOR TO NIAGARA FALLS! and after MONDAY, the 30th January, 1854. Trains will run as follows: GOING EAST: EXPRESS TRAIN. Leave Windsor at 10 00 A. M. Leave London at 2 30 A. M. Leave Hamilton at 6 15 P. M. Arrive at the Falls at 8 01 P. M.

GOING WEST: EXPRESS TRAIN. Leave the Falls at 10 30 A. M. Leave Hamilton at 12 50 P. M. Leave London at 4 05 P. M. Arrive at Windsor at 8 40 P. M. ACCOMMODATION TRAIN. Leave the Falls at 12 15 P. M. Leave Hamilton at 2 45 P. M. Arrive at London at 6 40 P. M.

REMOVAL. W. P. MARSTON, MANUFACTURER OF GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, &c. Main Buildings, Yonge Street, a few doors north of the Bank.

No. 100, JAMES DUFFETT NO. 100. READY MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS. GENTS MADE TO ORDER. Of every description, and warranted a perfect fit or money refunded.

J. B. RYAN, Importer of English and American HARDWARE. Sign of the large Knife and Fork.

HATS AND CAPS. H. B. VILLE HOPE, Coveyancer, Land, House, and Fire Insurance Agent, Broker, Commission Merchant, &c. Office, corner of Church Street and Front Street, Toronto.

K. H. BACIL, GENERAL MERCHANT—WHOLESALE IMPORTER OF Hardware, Earthenware, Oils, Paints, Dry Groceries, Window Glass, Gunpowder, &c. &c. Toronto, January 14, 1854.

H. B. VILLE HOPE, Coveyancer, Land, House, and Fire Insurance Agent, Broker, Commission Merchant, &c. Office, corner of Church Street and Front Street, Toronto.

YONGE ST. POTTERIES, NEAR TORONTO. JOHN DAVIS, Proprietor. Manufactures 2,000 pieces per week, producing 30 to 40 worth of goods on the average per week.

WANTED two journeyman Carvers, and two apprentices to the same business, at the Yonge Street Pottery. Apply to John Davis, on the premises.

H. BROWNSCOMBE, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. NO. 111, YONGE STREET, TORONTO. All orders promptly attended to. March, 1854.

BRASS BANDS FOR DIVISIONS, INSTRUMENT AND MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT. MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHEIMER beg to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have received and are constantly receiving from Europe, the newest and most IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS FOR BANDS.

A & S NORDHEIMER, King Street, Toronto. Spring and Fall Purifier. DR. BUCHAN'S Aperient and Digestive BITTERS. THIS medicine is more generally approved of than any other ever offered to the public.

S. F. U'QUHART, General Agent, 63, Yonge Street, Toronto. N.B.—IMPORTANT CAUTION.—Several persons have been imposed upon by palming off their "Buchan's Tonic Mixture," which differs very essentially from the above medicine.

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER AT LAW. Office, corner of King and Nelson Streets. Toronto, January 2, 1854.

J. B. RYAN, Importer of English and American HARDWARE. Sign of the large Knife and Fork.

Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, including a full assortment of House Fitting Goods, Cutlery, Builders' Materials, Farming Implements, Carpenters' Tools, Shoemakers' and other Tools, Warranted Axes, and Edge Tools of every kind at low prices.

SOHO FOUNDRY AND STEAM ENGINE WORKS. STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS, Mill Castings, FORDING, and all kinds of MACHINERY.

W. H. ASHWORTH, COMPETITION THE SPIRIT OF TRADE! PEOPLE'S HAT AND FUR WAREHOUSE, 81, YONGE STREET TORONTO.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!! The subscribers have also on hand an assortment of MILITARY GOODS, comprising SWORDS, BELTS, BELT-MOUNTINGS, SASHES, SHIELDS, &c. S. SHAW & SON.

W. H. ASHWORTH, COMPETITION THE SPIRIT OF TRADE! PEOPLE'S HAT AND FUR WAREHOUSE, 81, YONGE STREET TORONTO.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, (Corner of King and Church Streets.) HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND The Largest, the Cheapest, and the Best Assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS IN CANADA WEST.

Men's 3/4 and 1/2 Coat, from 3 1/4 to 4 1/4. Men's Black Cloth Vests, from 7 1/2 to 8 1/2. Men's Mole Skin Trowsers, from 7 1/2 to 8 1/2. Men's Paris Satta Hats—Black and Drab. New style. Ladies' Coats—in all Materials & Colors.

A. M. SMITH, OFFERS FOR SALE. At 106 Yonge Street, 50 HOGHEADS BRIGHT PORTO RICO and CUBA SUGARS.

50 HOGHEADS BRIGHT PORTO RICO and CUBA SUGARS. 25 Hogsheads of No. 1 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 2 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 3 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 4 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 5 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 6 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 7 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 8 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 9 Crushed Sugar, 20 Hogsheads of No. 10 Crushed Sugar.

BREWER, McPHAIL, & CO. WHOLESALE STATIONERS. Publishers of the National and other Standard Books, No. 40 King Street East, Toronto.

