





The Church.

1854.

Bishop, an unequivocal Protestant, without sympathy or tendency toward sectarian leprosy.

I remain, my dear Sir, Yours very sincerely and faithfully, CHAS. C. BROUGH.

To the Editor of the Church.

Absence from home prevented an earlier notice of your editorial of the 22nd December last, headed "SAINT PETER'S CHURCH, BARTON."

On reading it, I called to mind remnant feelings of some days—the people of the Gore District will remember them—and while I truly and really admire your sentiments expressed in being driven by a kind friend of Hamilton in his carriage to see for the first time, "the little Barton Church, which is a perfect gem in its way."

The Rev. Ralph Leeming was the first resident clergyman of the Gore District, and the only clergyman of the Church that ever passed through it at that time, except the late Doctor Addison of Niagara, in his visits to the friends of the Altar and the Throne, on the Grand River—the Mohawk Indians.

That which was so ignorant of historical facts connected with the first planting of the Church in the Gore District. Now honor to whom honor is due.

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whole should be enclosed with a good board fence. The members in the neighbourhood have erected a neat brick church on a beautiful site, but have been unable to complete the interior.

The general tenor of advice indicate that the operations during Nov. were unfavourable to the Turks.

The ship Niagara, with 156 passengers on board, went ashore at Meadport. Cargo saved.

The Overland India Mail was telegraphed from Trieste, on the 23rd Dec.

At St. Mary's Church, township of Bradford, by the Rev. E. R. Stinson, Alfred Bowley, M. D., Margaret Chrysler, both of the village of Waterford, county of Norfolk.

At his residence in London, England, Mrs. James Fisher, the relict of the late James Fisher, Esq., who departed this life on the 15th of last month—was and was peacefully interred in the parish church of St. Andrew, London.

At Newmarket, on the 26th December, Sarah Ann, relict of the late James Fisher, Esq., was and was peacefully interred in the parish church of St. Andrew, London.

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There is nothing really later from Asia. The Home Secretary, resigned by Lord Palmerston, has been offered to Lord John Russell, but declined.

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Grand Promenade Concert. THE ANNUAL PROMENADE CONCERT IN AID OF THE FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF Destitute Colored Fugitives.

On Friday Evening, the 20th Inst. IN THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

Messrs. HECHT and HAYTER have kindly consented to arrange the Musical Department.

The Refreshment Room, will, as usual, be under the care of the Ladies of the Committee of the Association.

ST. JAMES' SCHOOL, Three Rivers.

COURSE OF STUDIES FOR THE FIRST CLASS for the ensuing year, commencing Jan. 23rd.

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE OFFICE, Toronto Street.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend has been declared on the paid up Stock of this Company for the half year ending the 31st inst.

MRS. CROMBIE'S YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY, GEORGE STREET, TORONTO.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT will be re-opened, after the Christmas recess, on Thursday, the 15th of January, 1854.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO'S LIST OF British Periodical Publications.

Delivered in all the principal Cities and Towns free of Postage.

TO BUILDERS. TENDERS will be received at this Office until Noon on Monday, the 1st of March.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made by the MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF TORONTO at the next Session of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

THE CANADA GAZETTE contains an official proclamation separating the County of York and Peel.

THE PORT DALHOUSIE RAILWAY.—The St. Catharines Constitutional says, that the people of Grantham and Thorold have declined tendering their assistance to this road.

REUNION SLAVES.—According to the statement of the Ferry master, at the Detroit, 1000 slaves crossed over to Canada in 1853.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE CO., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

RESIDENT GOVERNORS. A LADY desirous of forming an engagement in a family as RESIDENT GOVERNRESS.

TUTOR. THE REV. H. B. JESSOP, M.A., Director of Port Beauvel and Vienna, is desirous of receiving a few Pupils of the age of nine years and upwards.

ILLUSTRATED AND HANDSOMELY BOUND BOOKS. Suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts.

THE WILKIE GALLERY—a selection of the best pictures of the late Sir David Wilkie, R.S.A.

THE CABINET—a series of Portraits, with appropriate Descriptions—by several American Clergymen.

THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN—by Mr. H. Hall.

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WANTED. A LADY competent to teach English, French, Music, Drawing. She must be a member of the Church of England, and fond of a quiet country life.

JUST PUBLISHED. SEVEN LETTERS on the Non-Religious Common School System of CANADA and the UNITED STATES.

NEW BOOKS. FIVE HUNDRED Sketches and Selections of Sermons suited for all occasions.

BOOKS JUST RECEIVED. READING for a Month Preparatory to Confirmation, compiled from the Works of Writers of the Early and of the English Church.

LAW BOOK. THE Subscriber has just received a few copies of the new English edition (1853) of CHITTY'S EQUITY INDEX.

ST. KITTS, WEST INDIES. A Curate WILL be wanted in May or June 1854, for twelve months for the United Parishes of Christ Church, Nichola Town, and St. Mary's.

WANTED. BY a Protestant Lady, recently from Great Britain, a situation as Visiting or Resident Governess in a respectable family.

AN INDEX TO THE STATUTES OF CANADA, FROM 3 & 4 Victoria to 12 & 13 Victoria, inclusive, 1840 to 1850.

COMPRISING all the Acts passed and Repealed in Upper and Lower Canada, from the Union Act to the close of last Session, together with a

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX, showing the date of receiving the Royal Assent.

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HERBERT MORTIMER, BROKER. House, Land and General Agent.

T. BILTON, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 2, Wellington Buildings, King Street, Toronto.

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Family Reading.

NOTHING LOST IN THE TELLING.

From Parker's Parochial Tracts. "Now wasn't that shocking, mother?" "Wasn't that shocking, Frank?" "Why about the Walkers?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Frank," replied Mrs. Wood, in the tone of one who was not attending very carefully to what was said to her.

"Well, mother, but wasn't it wonderful?" "Bless the child; wasn't what wonderful?" "Why what Mrs. Faddy told me about the pedlar, and the pie and the poison?"

"I dare say it was, Frank; Mrs. Faddy's tales are apt to be wonderful." "But don't you think it wonderful?" "What," enquired Mrs. Wood, as she laid down one iron and took up another,

"Why I do believe that you haven't listened to a word I said." "I beg your pardon, Frank, but I am afraid I have lost the best part of it. I heard you beginning with Sally Faddy as your authority for your story, and so I thought more of my work than what you had to tell."

"I don't dislike her, Frank. I dislike her gossiping ways, and her carelessness about truth very much, but I have a regard for her, and wish with all my heart that she would break herself of her fault."

"Well, mother, I must say that one thing did strike me as very odd; it was this, Mrs. Faddy said, that the very same afternoon he called at the farm again, and actually made a claim to be paid for a paper full of needles, and a dozen thimbles, which he declared he missed from his pack."

"But, mother, every body knows how kind hearted she is, and how good to her neighbours, and how attentive to her tiresome, deaf, old aunt Fitchel." "So she is, Frank, and she has many other good qualities besides, but nothing can make up for the want of truth."

"I do believe I do," replied the mother laughing, "for Mrs. Walker called here this afternoon, and told me how when her back was turned, that little mischievous, spoiled boy of her sister had slipped the pedlar's thimbles into the pie-dish, and covered them with fruit, so that she laid the crust on without noticing them; how she had been so thoughtful as to tell the story in Sally Faddy's presence, and to add that 'it was enough to poison them'; how Sally had repeated the story as she had first heard it, and before it had been found out that it was the boy's mischief; and how Sally had embellished the tale with additions of her own, till, without having any malicious intention, and out of sheer thoughtlessness and love of gossip, she had actually imputed the crime of murder to pedlar Penzon."

"And was that really and truly all, mother?" asked Frank, in a very disappointed tone. "Yes, really and truly all," replied Mrs. Wood, imitating her son's manner. "But why should that make you seem so down-as't? Would it have been better, do you think, that all the Walkers should have been poisoned, and the pedlar hanged for poisoning them?"

"No, mother, not better; only (with a little hesitation) 'it would have made a better story.'"

"Frank's mother looked very grave when she heard this, and said, 'My dear boy you may depend upon it that if you allow yourself to think or speak in this way, you will soon fall into the same habit of sin as that which has done such infinite mischief to poor Sally's character. Surely you remember where it is written, 'Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people; and who it is that hath declared, that, for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'"

"You will get into the habit of breaking the ninth Commandment in more ways than I can tell; you are an evil speaker, and a witness, and an evil speaker, and a slanderer. How should you like to have your character taken away as you, Frank, and Sally Faddy took away the pedlar's?"

"Well, but Frank, that rather looks as if Mrs. Walker, and not pedlar Penzon, was the ill-tempered person." "You haven't heard the end of my story, that is, Mrs. Faddy's. Mrs. Wood was to have a dinner party that day, and so, being very busy, she might have been rather hasty, but she didn't bear malice and hatred in her heart, like this wicked pedlar, mother."

"But what did he do?" "I'm coming to that directly, mother. Penzon did as he was bid, and packed up his things, and went out of the kitchen; but at some moment when their backs were turned, what do you think he did?"

"Drew the leg of mutton from the spit, I warrant ye," said Mrs. Wood with a smile, "and slipped it into the pocket of his rough coat." "O worse than that, much worse," continued Frank, not remarking his mother's countenance; and then added gravely in a low voice, "He actually tried to poison the whole family."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood. "And was that proved?" "Why, mother, when the apple-pie was carved at dinner, the very first time the spoon was put into the dish it brought up a paperful of needles (put in, no doubt to choke them), and three brass thimbles, and afterwards no less than nine thimbles were found among the apples!"

"Was that all?" enquired Mrs. Wood, but in a tone which made Frank feel that he was not nearly as much horrified as she ought to have been. "No, mother; there was ever so much verdigris besides."

"Are you sure about the verdigris, Frank? Verdigris, I believe, is the rust of brass. I don't see why a pedlar should carry such an article in his pack; and though it is said to be very poisonous, he was not likely to carry poison about with him, for the purpose of putting it into the food of those who made no purchases of him. Are you sure about the verdigris?"

"Frank colored up, and hesitated, for his conscience told him that he had not repeated what Mrs. Faddy had said quite correctly. He had caught her trick of exaggeration." "But Mrs. Faddy told me that she dared say there was very much verdigris."

"I am afraid Frank, that she dares to say a good many things for which she has no authority; what she meant to infer in this case was that the acid of the apples had probably had such an effect on the brass as to produce verdigris; that might or might not happen; but at any rate she did not positively assert what you did. O Frank, beware of exaggeration. Remember what I said just now. Remember that anything which is more than truth is a lie."

"I was wrong, mother, very wrong, but indeed I did not mean to deceive." "I know that; no more does Sally Faddy; but now look at her story; there is falsehood on the very face of it. If the pedlar wanted to choke folks who have left the needles in their paper? If he had wanted to poison them, would he have managed so clumsily as to put brass thimbles where they were sure to be seen?"

"Well, mother, I must say that one thing did strike me as very odd; it was this, Mrs. Faddy said, that the very same afternoon he called at the farm again, and actually made a claim to be paid for a paper full of needles, and a dozen thimbles, which he declared he missed from his pack. Mrs. Faddy spoke of this as a proof of his audaciousness, to me it rather looks as a proof that however so strange a thing had happened, he could not really have meant to poison the Walkers."

"Shall I unravel the whole mystery to you, Frank?" "Frank opened his eyes very wide, and exclaimed, 'why I do believe you know all about it.'"

"I do believe I do," replied the mother laughing, "for Mrs. Walker called here this afternoon, and told me how when her back was turned, that little mischievous, spoiled boy of her sister had slipped the pedlar's thimbles into the pie-dish, and covered them with fruit, so that she laid the crust on without noticing them; how she had been so thoughtful as to tell the story in Sally Faddy's presence, and to add that 'it was enough to poison them'; how Sally had repeated the story as she had first heard it, and before it had been found out that it was the boy's mischief; and how Sally had embellished the tale with additions of her own, till, without having any malicious intention, and out of sheer thoughtlessness and love of gossip, she had actually imputed the crime of murder to pedlar Penzon."

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The thought rushed into Frank's mind that the pedlar would have heard of the false reports which had spread with respect to him, and conscience suggested to Frank that he himself had not been quite innocent in the matter. What if that great, strong, cross-looking, red-faced looking man should lay hold of him, and call him to account for what he had said? The very thought made Frank turn first hot and then cold, and then, as he afterwards expressed it, "all no how." As to facing the pedlar, it was out of the question. He dared not. What a relief when he spied a gap in the hedge, a few yards in advance! To be sure, he must come almost within arm's reach of the pedlar; but there was no help for it. On he dashed as quick as he could, and bounded through the gap when his imaginary enemy was about two yards off. "Look before you leap," says the proverb; but Frank had no time to think of proverbs; and the consequence was that in the very act of jumping the ditch on the other side of the hedge, his foot caught in a bramble, and down he went, head foremost, into a bed of nettles. Sharply enough they stung him, but at first he did not feel the pain, so terrified was he at hearing a gruff voice, which he recognised but too well. "Hillo, young one! what are you running away for? Come back!"

"Come back! no not if his life depended on it. Up he got, set off at his topmost speed, dashed across the fields, never stopping, and never looking behind him (but not doubting that the pedlar was close at his heels), till he found himself quite breathless and exhausted in the village street."

Even here he did not stop running, for he felt as if he should not be safe till he got home; however, he could not keep up his former pace, and so as he passed one of the cottages he heard one of his neighbours say to some one standing near, "See, see! there's Frank Wood! how he runs! Poor boy! well to be sure it is a true saying, bad news flies fast!"

"Bad news?" thought Frank to himself, "what can that mean?" But he did not stop to enquire. "Frank! Frank!" cried a voice from the next cottage doorway that he passed, "How is she now? Has the doctor been? Joe says he saw him galloping down your way like mad, half an hour ago. What does he say? I hope things are not so bad as was thought?"

Frank stopped, for he was bewildered. A woman's quick eyes saw that the enquiry had not been understood, and good-natured Mary Holland ran down to him and said in a sympathizing tone, "Ah, I see you have not heard. I am afraid your mother has met with an accident."

"My mother?" exclaimed Frank in an agony of dismay. "O do tell me what has happened." "Indeed I don't know any particulars. I made sure you could tell me. It was Lovel's wife told me. She said how shocking it was that Mrs. Wood had been found lying in the gravel-pit in the cow-pasture, with both her legs broke!"

Frank stayed to hear no more. He felt as if he could hardly breathe, he was so spent, but on he ran. He could not cry. He could not speak. His throat was so dry, that when in a few minutes he spied Strah Lovel coming down the road, it was with great difficulty he put the question to her whether it was true that his mother's legs were broke.

"True enough I'm afraid, Frank! more's the pity! I leastwise they say one of her legs broke in two or three places, and it is very well if the other isn't."

"But how do you know this, Mrs. Lovel? Have you been up at our house?" "I'll no bless you, I haven't been from home all day; it was Martha that waits on Mrs. Fitchel that told me. She was going down to the shop for butter, and says she—"

"But Mrs. Lovel, how did it happen?" "Aye, that's what it is. No body knows; and it seems so queer that she should have fallen into the gravel-pit. However, Martha was in a great hurry, and couldn't tell me more; but you'll pass Mrs. Faddy's on your way home, and she will be able to tell you all about it. Will you stop and take a drink of water.—You'll find me if you don't. Poor boy! Poor boy! You must keep up heart though. We all take what is sent us."

Frank drank the water eagerly, and hurried on. Before long he overtook Martha herself; but Martha was in what her mistress was wont to call one of her stupid ways. She had forgotten one of her errands. Mrs. Faddy had given her two; there was the butter, a pound, fourteen pence; and four-pence over, made the eighteen pence; but what was to have been done with the four-pence she could not remember; she could only remember one thing at a time; and she was so put about with respect to the errand or (she knew that Mrs. Faddy would send her back again as soon as she got home) that she couldn't call to mind all she had heard about Mrs. Wood's accident; only it was all true. John Lees, the cowman and his wife, had told her as how Mrs. Wood's leg was broke; and Martha added it must no doubt be very bad, for Mrs. Faddy said there was sure to be compound fractures.

Poor Frank knew no more about compound fractures than did Martha herself; but he heard enough to redouble his pace.

Once more, however, he was fated to be stopped. Mrs. Faddy was standing at her little wicket on the look-out for Martha, or any passing event, and Frank could not pass her without enquiring if it was all true.

"Oh yes, yes," said Mrs. Faddy, "not a doubt about it. Aunt Fitchel had it all from John Lees. He said he missed her as soon as he came down to the farm this morning" (this sounded very odd to Frank, who had seen his mother speaking to the cowman, just before he had set off for school), "and so he went to look for her, and they were the dreadful moans that led him to the gravel-pit."

The thought of his mother, whom he so

dearly loved, lying in such a condition, gave poor Frank the much needed relief of tears, and in the midst of his sobs, he found himself better able to think and listen than before.

"But how did they know she was so much injured?" he asked. "My aunt Fitchel said that John's very words were as how Mrs. Wood had broke her leg, and they found her crumpled up all in a heap in the gravel-pit. And I am sorry to say," added Mrs. Faddy, "that there is every reason to think that things must be very bad, for when soon after hearing it, I seen Dick Mudge going to the blacksmith's, and asked him what he had heard; he said he had not heard anything about it, but as he passed your back yard, his horse started, which made him look down, and he certainly did observe that the road thereabouts was all in a gore of blood!"

"All in a gore of blood!" This was the finishing stroke to the dreadful picture, the outlines of which had been already filled in. No wonder that on hearing this last circumstance, the poor boy's strength and resolution gave way, and that he sank down in a fainting fit at Mrs. Faddy's feet.

It was some minutes before he came to himself, and when he did, it was evident that he was about as able to walk home as to fly there. He reeled and tottered when he made the attempt, and was nearly fainting a second time.

Whatever were Sally's faults she did not want for good-nature, and she was wise enough to see that the kindest act on her part would be to get Frank home as quick as possible.

Luckily at that moment she discerned the butcher's cart approaching, and for some small remuneration induced the blue-frocked boy who drove it to carry her and her companion, whom she resolved to accompany (partly out of compassion, and partly, perhaps, in the expectation of learning all details and particulars of the accident), to the turpentine, where the road branched off in two directions, one towards the market town, and the other to Mrs. Wood's farm.

They were soon in the cart, and the turpentine soon reached. As the gate-keeper helped Mrs. Faddy to get down the following conversation took place:—"Thank you, thank you, John Hobson, I shall do well enough now; so; there, I am not so active as I was forty years ago."

"Few of us are, Mrs. Faddy; none of us I may say, unless it is Doctor Spint.—To my mind he isn't a day older than he was when I was a boy. How he does tear about the country, to be sure!"

"Aye, aye, John, but then he rides on matters of life and death. I dare say when he went up yonder," (shaking her head sadly, and pointing towards Mrs. Wood's house), "he lost no time."

"I don't know for that ma'am," answered John, looking as Mrs. Faddy thought, more than ordinarily stupid and puzzled, "for I never saw him go that way; but about an hour ago he came galloping down that way like a madman, on that blood-nare of his, that'll be the death of him or somebody else, and that's what my impatient master never can abide. My stars! but he near rode ever me; 'get out of the way you stupid, old, blundering, dithering block-head; what do you shut your gate for?'—There's sixpence, and be hanged to you! I shall be too late for dinner, and there's a roast goose!" And he dashed by, never waiting for change, and was out of sight before I could call him back."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Faddy and Frank at the same moment, "do you mean that he didn't wait to go up to the farm?" "Oh, my poor mother!" ejaculated Frank.

"Oh what brutes men are," ejaculated Mrs. Faddy, "a roast goose one way, and she dying, it may be, the other, and he to go after the goose!"

John Hobson looked so very stupid at hearing these exclamations, so bewildered, so dumfounded, that Mrs. Faddy saw it was hopeless to make further enquires, and so they hurried on.

And there, sure enough, were dark red stains, in spite of the large quantity of water which had evidently been used to obliterate them. No doubt the road had been all in a gore of blood. Mrs. Faddy gave a groan. Frank rushed forward towards the door opening into the back yard, and through which the blood had flowed. Who shall describe the revulsion of feeling which he experienced when the first object on which his eyes rested, was a fat pig suspended by its hind legs, in the manner in which pigs, just killed and cleaned, are usually suspended, while on one side stood John Lees, the cowman, and at a little distance was Mrs. Wood herself, very firm upon her legs, very well, very busy, and perfectly unconscious of the distress and sympathy she had occasioned.

Who shall adequately describe the joy of that meeting, or the mingled emotions which followed it? Deep was the thankfulness; and after a while, long and loud was the laughter when the origin of the dismal report was perceived. John Lees certainly met dear old Mrs. Fitchel as he was going to the doctor, the cow-doctor, and had told her that a cow of Mrs. Wood had had her leg broke. This Mrs. Fitchel had turned into an announcement "as how Mrs. Wood had had her leg broke." The poor animal had gone too near the edge of a deep gravel-pit; the sides were undermined, and gave way with her, and sure enough the leg was broke, and the butcher was obliged to make beef of her, but Mrs. Wood herself was as well as ever she was in her life.

A mistake had given rise to the report in the first instance; each person who had heard it had added some little exaggeration of his own, till it had grown up into the grotesque tale which had filled Frank's mind with such dismal apprehensions.

All's well that ends well. And to Frank that day did end well, for it enabled him to realize to himself by his own bitter experience, the sinfulness of exaggeration, and the misery it may cause; and as he thought over the events of the day, he saw how his own sin had been the means of his

punishment. If he had not been guilty of exaggeration with respect to Penzon the pedlar, he would not have been afraid to meet him; he would not have run away instead of going straight home; he would have escaped the tidings that met him in village, and the miserable hour that ensued.

However, it was a lesson that lasted Frank for his life, and whenever he felt disposed to retail, "or make the best of a good story," he remembered the broken-legged cow, and was silent.

Whether Mrs. Faddy was equally benefited by the lesson, this history saith not. She was heard to sigh when she quitted the farm, and when she got home she was more than commonly cross with Martha about the odd four-pence.

From our English Files.

COLossal ORGAN FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The committee, consisting of the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Professor Willis, and Mr. Donaldson, have made their report upon the construction of an organ for the Crystal Palace, from which we extract the following:—"Having carefully viewed the building, the committee unanimously recommended that the organ should be placed in the transept, as the best position for the instrument, supposing it to be placed in the building, and they have prepared the scheme of such an organ as they think will be of sufficient power and comprehensiveness. In this scheme they have included all the modern improvements in the organ department, and a much greater proportion of reed stops and large pipes than has usually been thought necessary. They have also inserted two stops, commencing with pipes 64 feet speaking-length. Hitherto the longest pipe employed has been 32 feet, sounding two octaves below the lowest note of the violin. The magnitude of this organ is necessarily very great. The rough drawings which have been prepared for the guidance of the committee show that it will occupy an area of about 5,400 feet, so that, supposing it to be placed at the end of the transept, and to extend from one gallery to another in width, its depth will be about 50 feet, and its altitude may be about 140 feet from the ground. The internal structure of such an instrument is divided in stories, like houses, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. In the present case the feeders of the organ must be placed in a small steam-engine, and this, together with the feeders, should be disposed in an under-ground apartment beneath the organ. The space beneath the first floor of the organ may thus be entirely disengaged, being only occupied by the pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks. The position of the structure should be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, and open on all sides with arches, and will thus form a part of the area of the transept. The pillars may be made hollow, to serve for wind-trunks, &c. The front of the organ must be an ornamental frame containing a select arrangement of pipes, and for the designing of this part the committee request that an architect be appointed to confer with them. In this front the large pipes will necessarily form a prominent and novel feature, from their unusual magnitude. The organ must be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general forms of the surrounding architecture. The interior of the organ should be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to show as many of the pipes as possible at one view. The side and back of the organ may be constructed in a great measure, if not wholly, of iron, framework and glass, and thus spectators in the galleries will be enabled to inspect the interior, and see the mechanism in action. Nor is it unimportant, in a pecuniary point of view, to observe that it will probably, on completion, become highly remunerative, if not wholly so, by authority that the Apollonian realised upwards of £4,000 in a few years, which leads to the belief that the Crystal Palace organ would be an excellent investment. It has been shown to your committee, by those well informed on such matters, that celebrated organs have for many years past brought, when sold, as much as they originally cost. It is said that the Haarlem organ, which cost £10,000, is worth more than that sum, and so with many others. It is necessary to state, for the information of the directors, that an organ of the scale required will absorb, of course, cannot be prepared until exact working drawings and specifications of the proposed instrument have been made. Its construction will probably extend over three years at least; and if carried on with the desirable rapidity, the sales in the successive years will be £8,000, £5,000, and £5,000 respectively. The committee are unanimously of opinion that the fittest person to build the organ is Mr. W. Hill, of Tottenham-court, New-road, London, the builder of the York and Birmingham organs, and of many others."

Commander W. N. Lockyer, R. N., who has for some time been resident in Australia, has been appointed to England, to superintend the building of an armed steamer for the service of the colony of Victoria. She is to carry eight guns, two pivots and six broadsides. This is the first ship of war, and may be the foundation of a naval force for our great colony in the southern hemisphere in the course of years will be £8,000, £5,000, and £5,000 respectively. The committee are unanimously of opinion that the fittest person to build the organ is Mr. W. Hill, of Tottenham-court, New-road, London, the builder of the York and Birmingham organs, and of many others."

THOMAS BILTON, Merchant Tailor and Robe Maker, No. 2 WELLINGTON BUILDINGS.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS. Compising, in addition to the various shades of blue, black, and grey, Cassimeres, &c., one of the best importations of Fancy Goods he has ever held in Stock. The encouragement this establishment has met with, in keeping a select assortment of the best class of clothing in the varied styles, has induced him to extend that branch of his business, the travelling community and others, having fully appreciated the advantage of being able to supply themselves at once, with an article got up in the best possible manner.

WILLIAM HODGINS, ARCHITECT AND CIVIL ENGINEER, CITY ENGINEER'S OFFICE, HAMILTON, C. W.

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! The Subscribers manufacture and keep constantly on hand, a very large assortment of new, School, House, and Panton Bell, made in an entirely new way recently adopted by us. We have 14 Gold and Silver Medals awarded for "the best Bells, for sonority and pure purity of tone." Nearly 10,000 Bells have been cast and sold from this foundry. We can send to New York in four hours, and by Canal and Railroads in every direction, at an hour's notice. Mathematical Instruments of the most approved construction on hand. Address: A. MENEELY & SONS, 51-tf West Troy, N.Y.

Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railroad.

THE Freight Train going north, will until further notice, leave the foot of Bay Street, on each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 A. M. for Bradford. Returning will leave Bradford on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 A. M. Freight for this train must be delivered before 7, on the morning of departure; or it will be received from 4 to 7 P. M., on the previous evening.

ALFRED BRUNELL, Superintendent. Toronto, June 23, 1853.

FEMALE EDUCATION. A CLERGYMAN, who is anxious to secure for his own child the advantages of home education under the superintendence of an accomplished lady, is induced to offer to receive one young lady into his family, to be treated in all respects as a member of it.

For further particulars, apply (by letter, postpaid) to the Rev. the Secretary of the Church Society, Toronto, October 26, 1853.

TORONTO AND HAMILTON. THE STEAMER CITY OF HAMILTON, (CAPT. JOHN GORDON).

WILL leave TORONTO for HAMILTON, every Afternoon (Sunday excepted) at 2 o'clock; and will leave HAMILTON for TORONTO, every morning at 7 o'clock. Fares—Cabin, 2s. 6d.—meals extra. Deck, 7s. Mail Steam Packet Office, Toronto, April 19, 1853.

FALL DRY GOODS & MILLINERY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT THE TORONTO HOUSE, No. 60 King Street, Toronto.

J. CHARLESWORTH would most respectfully intimate to the Ladies of Toronto and Vicinity, that his Fall Stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS is almost complete, and will be found worthy of inspection before purchasing elsewhere.

THE latest Millinery Fashions will not be ready for the Retail Trade until about the 17th of October, 1853; the Wholesale Trade about the 1st of next month, when all parties not having received their orders may expect to be supplied.

J. C. WOOD respectfully intimates to the Trade in Canada West that his stock of Dry Goods this Fall will be found to offer some of the greatest inducements. Having made special arrangements by which every advantage has been taken of the home markets, where purchases have been made for cash only, his

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT has without exception the advantage over all others in this branch of trade. Parties not visiting this HOUSE will upon inspection find the Stock not only the largest, but the cheapest.

J. CHARLESWORTH, Toronto, Oct. 5, 1853.

NEW MEDICAL HALL, No. 74 King Street West, (NEXT DOOR TO BLAIR'S HOTEL). T. SEAGRAM, Apothecary, Chemist, and Druggist. DRUGS—No. 74 KING STREET WEST.

THE "RETREAT," ORILLIA; FOR THE CURE AND CARE OF THE NERVOUS AND ISSUES OF THE FEMALE SEX.

THE above Establishment is now open for a limited number of Patients. ORILLIA is remarkable for the purity of its air and freedom from Epidemics. The House is situated on an eminence, and commands a view of Lake Simcoe, its Islands, and picturesque Scenery. The rooms are all on the ground floor, after the approved plan of the Continental Asylums, with a separate apartment for each Patient. For the treatment, the combination of Moral and Medical Remedies will be adopted.

ORILLIA has Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, with resident Ministers—is within a day's Journey of Toronto—has a Mail three times in the week. The Management will be entirely under the control of J. ARDAGH, M.D., M.R.C.S., England, for eight years Physician to the House of Industry and Lunatic Asylum, Waterford, Ireland.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS. THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE, MONTHLY publication of 24 pages, with Illustrations, each No. in a neat printed cover. Published by the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, New York.

THE STANDARD BEARER. An Illustrated Magazine, for the Young, 16 pages, each No. in a neat printed cover. Published monthly by the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge, New York.

VENTILATION. THE Subscribers are now prepared to furnish at their Foundry the most powerful and economical house-warming and VENTILATING STOVE in the world—of three different sizes—from that which will warm Churches or other large buildings to the smallest office. Specific directions will be furnished gratis by application to Henry Rattan, Esq. of Colbourg. J. B. ARMSTRONG & CO. Toronto, April 30, 1853.

City Assessments.

THE Court to Revise the Assessments for the current year, will meet on THURSDAY the 21st instant, at one o'clock, P.M., to hear the remaining appeals against the Assessment of ST. JAMES'S WARD, and to revise the Assessment of ST. DAVID'S WARD, of which all persons interested are to take notice. The Court will meet on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS in each week, at the same hour until the Assessment of the City is revised.

By order of the Court, CHARLES DALY, C. C. Clerk's Office, Toronto 18th July 1853.

JOHN COOK, Accountant, HOUSE, LAND & COMMISSION AGENT, 35, King Street West, Toronto.

TORONTO COACH FACTORY, (ESTABLISHED 1832), 130 and 132 King Street West.

OWEN AND WOOD, (FROM LONDON), Toronto, July 8, 1853.



INSURES Dwellings, Houses, Warehouses, Buildings, in general, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Mills, Manufactories, &c. DIRECTORS: JOHN McMURDOCH, Esq., President. James Shaw, Wm. A. Baldwin, Alex. McLaughlan, Wm. Grant Mathews, Joseph Shaw, Thomas Clarkson, Franklin Jackson, John B. Warren, A. McMaster, B. W. Smith, J. RAINS, Secretary.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping-cough, croup, Asthma and Consumption.

AMONG the numerous discoveries Science has made in the generation to facilitate the business of life, in its enjoyment, and even prolong the term of human existence, none can be named of more real value to mankind than this contribution of Chemistry to the Health of Man. A vast trial of its virtues throughout this broad country, has proved, without a doubt, that no medicine or combination of medicines yet known, can so surely control and cure the numerous varieties of pulmonary disease which have hitherto swept from our midst thousands and thousands every year. Indeed, there is no abundant reason to believe that a Remedy has of length been found which can be relied on to cure the most dangerous affections of the lungs. Of space here will not permit us to publish any proportion of the cures effected by its use, but we would present the following opinions of eminent men, and refer further enquiry to the circular, which the Agent below named will always be pleased to furnish free, wherein are full particulars, and indisputable proof of these facts.

From the President of Amherst College, the celebrated Professor Huxtable. "James C. Ayer—Sir: I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own case of deep-seated Bronchitis, and am satisfied from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngeal and bronchial difficulties. I am fully of opinion as to its specific character can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper."

From the Widely Celebrated Professor Stillman, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Yale College, Member of the Lit. Hist. Med. Phil. and Scientific Societies of America and Europe. "I deem the CHERRY PECTORAL an admirable compound from some of the best articles in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the class of diseases it is intended to cure."

Now Haven, Ct., Nov. 1, 1849. MAJOR PATRICK W. PRYOR, of the S. C. Senate, states he has used the CHERRY PECTORAL with wonderful success, to cure an inflammation of the lungs.

From one of the First Physicians in Maine. S