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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. APRIL 22, 1854.

NO. 15.

GOD—A GOD OF LOVE.

There is no need for human tongue  
Or human voice to tell,  
The wonders of creative power  
Which Nature shows full well;  
Each field is like an open book  
With living letters traced,  
Each flower an illustrated leaf  
Before our vision placed!

In every pendant blade of grass,  
God's handiwork we see,  
Each lake and streamlet mirror like  
Reflect the Deity!  
There is a voice in every breeze  
A song in every gale,  
That tells of an unceasing love  
Whose bounties never fail!

At morn we see God's loving smile  
His power the tempest is—  
He gives us rain for wine of joy—  
And sunshine for a kiss!  
Free bounding life thro' ev'ry vein  
And pulse of nature's heart  
Echoes the chorus—"Thou art God!"  
And God of love Thou art!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Westport, Canada West, March 30, 1851.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

I am a physician kind reader residing in the beautiful city of Elms. I was born in this same city, and have always lived here. I know its every nook and corner well. I have reveled beneath its lofty elms, through its streets by day and by night, for many, many long years. My business has called me abroad as often by night as by day, and I have heard the old clock up in the steeple of the "middle church," strike all the hours of the night, and that too, a great many times. I have been "called up" late at night very many times—more than I ever shall be again for I am old now, my forehead is wrinkled and my hair has been white a long time; and the time will soon come when I shall be "called up" for the last time. But, to my story—and in commencing, let me say that events which I am about to relate, took place a great many years ago, and you my dear friends who do not recollect the fire on long wharf will not recollect the time I write of. I was a young man then, and had been in "practice," but a few years. I recollect as well as though it were but yesterday, the morning I am about to tell you of, and a colder one I never saw. There was snow upon the ground, and the cold wind had piled it in huge drifts, the wind was blowing a tremendous gale, and the snow was still falling fast. I had just come from my breakfast and was sitting by a hot, blazing wood fire in my office. I had taken my boots off, and sat warming my feet, when I heard the door creak, and turning, I beheld a very little girl, she could not have been more than six years old, "Well, what do you want?" I asked sharply, (for I was not in very good humor that cold stormy morning.) The little timid thing stretched out her tiny red hand, and in her childish voice I heard "Please Sir, give me a cent to buy bread." Why I did not give her what she asked, and more ask me not; but I drove her from my door. I have shed many bitter tears over the fact, and have prayed many times to be forgiven, and to be able to find

a cigar and puffed away at that, but I could not forget the little girl. "Please sir, give me a cent," was ringing in my ear. I arose and walked to the window, I rubbed off the frost with my hand—and looking out I saw the tracks of the poor creature's feet, and discovered for the first time, that she was barefoot, yes, upon that bitter cold morning she was wading through the snow with her little bare feet, yes, there were the marks of her feet in the snow—and in the centre of one of them was a spot of blood. Great Heaven! what would I not have given to have called that little creature back!—Alas! it was too late—and "Please sir, give me a cent" rings in my ear to this day. I tried every way to forget the little girl, but I could not—and every time I looked out of the window, there were those little foot-prints; I believe they would have driven me mad, had I not taken the office broom and erased them. Night came at last, and the snow was still falling, the wintry blasts swept through the deserted streets, the snow fell against the windows, and the trees groaned as they bent before the storm. It was a dismal night, and few were abroad. I retired early, and was soon asleep, from which I was startled by a loud knocking at the door. I hastily dressed, and lighting a lamp, went to the door—inwardly hoping that no poor mortal would require my services that night. I opened the door and a gust of wind put out the light, half filling the hall with snow. When I got my eyes cleared, I perceived to my astonishment, a little boy standing shivering on the steps. He was poorly clad, and the little fellow was almost frozen; but he looked up into my face, and tears rolled down his little red cheeks, as he said, "Good kind Mister Doctor, will you come and see my poor mother, she is very sick, she is indeed—and mother is very poor, and she says she is afraid you won't come because she can't pay you, Sir, and little Sis says she'll never come to your place again, Sir, because she's very very sick, and says she's going to die Sir." Could I refuse such an appeal and from such a source? No! I went with the little fellow to his home. Away up in the top of an old frame house, I found what he called home. I thought I knew something of the World I thought that I had seen poverty, but I must confess that I never saw a sight like that before. A small piece of candle was burning from the mouth of an old junk bottle, by which I got a view of the premises. The windows were entirely gone, and a large drift of snow had formed upon the floor. Upon a bundle of straw covered with old rags I found a woman, and the little girl of yesterday. "My God!" I exclaimed, "how can you live here on such a night?" The poor woman opened her eyes. She was too far gone to speak: and pointed to a crust of bread upon the floor—for she had no table. I broke off a piece, and she motioned to give some to the little creature at her side. I took the little creature at her side. I took the little girl by the hand, and upon doing so, she opened her eyes and recognizing me, she exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, you will not hurt me, will you?" I assured her that I would not, and she fell asleep again.

They were both sick. Cold and want had brought them to the verge of the grave, they were too sick to be removed, and I was thinking how I could best make them comfortable when

father was with you, Sir?" I told the little boy that I would do all in my power to save them. I asked him why he did not call on me before? "Oh, Sir," says he, "I was just going to see you, yesterday, when little sis came in, and she said you was a dreadful cross man, and she said you had driven her away, and I was afraid to go, Sir—I was afraid you'd put me in the poor house, and I didn't want to go there, Sir. Don't tell me it's unmanly to cry! He must have had a hard heart indeed, who could stand where I did, and not feel as I did." I told the little fellow I was very sorry, and he should never want for a home or a friend while I lived. I told him to watch by his mother and sister, while I would go and get some wood for a fire, and some other things to make them comfortable. I did so, and returned as soon as possible, and I found the little fellow, completely exhausted, had fallen asleep, the mother was dead, and the little girl's fever was much worse. If it had been my own child, I could not have done more for it than I did for that little girl; but death had marked her for its own: it was too late, and before the sun had set the following day, her little spirit had gone to Him that gave it. I saw them both buried. I never shall forget that scene in the burying ground. The grave-digger with his pick-axe—that heap of frozen earth mixed with snow—that dismal looking opening in the earth—all form part of a picture I never shall forget. The old minister who officiated has long been dead. There were no long line of carriages, no mourners, but that one small boy and myself. The minister and I my self lowered them—mother and daughter—into the same grave, where they will rest until the judgment. God knows I wept bitter tears that day, and it made me a better and a wiser man.

A few words about the boy, and I am done. He lives. I took him to my home, reared and educated him. Twenty years since he made the South his home; and this day that little fellow who was, is one of the most eloquent members of the bar at —, and an ornament to the profession. He has been a member of the State Senate three terms, and the United States House of Representatives once.

My friends, my story is finished—and the old doctor will conclude by saying, when you put money in the contribution box for foreign missionaries, remember the poor at your own door—*Columbian Register.*

Read this, and ponder on its importance.

COST OF THE TRAFFIC.

REV. R. S. CREAMER, the able advocate of temperance, has prepared the following clear and convincing exhibition of the cost of the liquor traffic in this country, which we transfer to our columns, in the hope that it may influence the minds of some with whom no argument has any potency which is not based upon dollars and cents.

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In the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Rochester and Buffalo, there are over twelve thousand places where intoxicating drinks are sold by the small measure. In 1850, a Committee of the N. Y. Legislature, after a careful examination of facts which were spread before them, were de-

termined unless the receipts were as large as estimated. But suppose the amount received for these twelve thousand places mentioned, should average only six dollars per day. This certainly would be a low estimate—not for the profits, but for the receipts. Supposing the estimate to be correct, the amount actually paid for intoxicating drinks sold by small measure, in these six cities, would be twenty-six millions, two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in a year. (\$26,280,000)

These six cities contain only about one-fourth of the population of the State. We have seven other incorporated cities, and about one thousand townships, in many of which are large and flourishing villages. Now it is safe to assume that all these, embracing three-fourths of the population, receive one-half as much as the one-fourth in the six cities. This would amount to thirteen millions, one hundred and twenty thousand (\$13,120,000), making, in all, thirty-nine millions, four hundred and twenty thousand dollars (\$39,420,000) as the amount actually paid for these poisonous mixtures poured down men's throats, in the State of New York, every year.

This sum, large as it is, must be regarded only as a small part of the actual cost of intemperance. As a general rule, the man who pays a dollar for liquor, loses another dollar by the loss of time, in consequence of his drinking, so that the above amount might be doubled in this one item, but, in our estimate, we shall make no account of it. Yet it should be understood that the real wealth of a State lies more in its productive energy than in any thing else. It has been shown conclusively in former years, and recent careful examinations in large sections of New England and this State confirm the fact, that every thirtieth individual is either an habitual or an occasional drunkard. In one town in Connecticut, containing about 1600 inhabitants, every fourteenth person is a drunkard. This fact I have from a published report of a committee composed of men of the first respectability, appointed to collect facts on intemperance in that town.

From the same report, it appears that the average life of intemperate men, for twelve years past, has been forty-nine years, the average life of other adults, sixty-one years, so that the drunkard loses twelve years of his life.

In this State, not less than fifteen thousand drunkards die every year. Each loses twelve years. Suppose that, if they were sober, each could earn, by some productive employment, \$300 per year. This loss of productive energy, which would be a dead loss to the community, would amount to fifty-four millions of dollars (\$54,000,000) annually. But we will not take this item into the account of the cost of intemperance in the Empire State.

Let us look at some other facts, which affect more directly the sober, tax-paying part of the community.

We learn from official reports to the Secretary of State, made by the County Superintendents of the poor, that in 1849 there were 99,433 persons wholly, or in part, supported by the counties. Three-fourths of their support must be charged to rum. The voluntary tax paid to relieve the families of friends, reduced to penury by intemperance, is



# Canadian Literary Gem.

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TORONTO, C. W. APRIL 22, 1854.

NO. 13.

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Each field is like an open book  
With living letters traced,  
Each flower an illustrated leaf  
Before our vision placed!

In every pendant blade of grass,  
God's handiwork we see,  
Each lake and streamlet mirror like  
Reflect the Deity!  
There is a voice in every breeze  
A song in every gale,  
That tells of an unceasing love  
Whose bounties never fail!

At morn we see God's loving smile  
His power the tempest is—  
He gives us rain for wine of joy—  
And sunshine for a kiss!  
Free bounding life thro' ev'ry vein  
And pulse of nature's heart  
Echoes the chorus—"Thou art God!"  
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a cigar and puffed away at that, but I could not forget the little girl. "Please sir, give me a cent," was ringing in my ear. I arose and walked to the window, I rubbed off the frost with my hand—and looking out I saw the tracks of the poor creature's feet, and discovered for the first time, that she was barefoot, yes, upon that bitter morning she was wading through the snow with her little bare feet, yes, there were the marks of her feet in the snow—and in the centre of one of them was a spot of blood. Great Heaven! what would I not have given to have called that little creature back!—'A'as! it was too late—and "Please sir, give me a cent" rings in my ear to this day. I tried every way to forget the little girl, but I could not—and every time I looked out of the window, there were those little foot-prints, I believe they would have driven me mad, had I not taken the office broom and erased them. Night came at last, and the snow was still falling; the wintry blasts swept through the deserted streets, the snow fell against the windows, and the trees groaned as they bent before the storm. It was a dismal night, and few were abroad. I retired early, and was soon asleep, from which I was startled by a loud knocking at the door. I hastily dressed, and lighting a lamp, went to the door—inwardly hoping that no poor mortal would require my services that night. I opened the door and a gust of wind put out the light, half filling the hall with snow. When I got my eyes cleared, I perceived to my astonishment, a little boy standing shivering on the steps. He was poorly clad, and the little fellow was almost frozen; but he looked up into my face, and tears rolled down his little red cheeks, as he said, "Good kind Mister Doctor, will you come and see my poor mother, she is very sick, she is indeed—and mother is very poor, and she says she is afraid you won't come because she can't pay you, Sir; and little Sis says she'll never come to your place again, Sir, because she's very very sick, and says she's going to die Sir." Could I refuse such an appeal and from such a source? No! I went with the little fellow to his home. Away up in the top of an old frame house, I found what he called home. I thought I knew something of the World I thought that I had seen poverty, but I must confess that I never saw a sight like that before. A small piece of candle was burning from the mouth of an old junk bottle, by which I got a view of the premises. The windows were entirely gone, and a large drift of snow had formed upon the floor. Upon a bundle of straw covered with old rags I found a woman, and the little girl of yesterday. "My God!" I exclaimed, how can you live here on such a night? The poor woman opened her eyes. She was too far gone to speak; and pointed to a crust of bread upon the floor—for she had no table. I broke off a piece, and she motioned to give some to the little creature at her side. I took the little creature at her side. I took the little girl by the hand, and upon doing so, she opened her eyes and recognizing me, she exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, you will not hurt me, will you?" I assured her that I would not; and she fell asleep again.

They were both sick. Cold and want had brought them to the verge of the grave. They were too sick to be removed, and I was thinking how I could best make them comfortable when the little boy—who had been standing by all the while—spoke. "Oh, Sir," says he, "can you do anything for them? You won't let mother and Sis die, and be buried up in the ground, as poor

father was with you, Sir? I told the little boy that I would do all in my power to save them. I asked him why he did not call on me before? Oh, Sir, says he, I was just going to see you, yesterday, when little sis came in, and she said you was a dreadful cross man, and she said you had driven her away, and I was afraid to go, Sir—I was afraid you'd put me in the poor house, and I didn't want to go there, Sir. Don't tell me it's unmanly to cry! He must have had a hard heart indeed, who could stand where I did, and not feel as I did. I told the little fellow I was very sorry, and he should never want for a home or a friend while I lived. I told him to watch by his mother and sister, while I would go and get some wood for a fire, and some other things to make them comfortable. I did so, and returned as soon as possible, and I found the little fellow, completely exhausted, had fallen asleep, the mother was dead, and the little girl's fever was much worse. If it had been my own child, I could not have done more for it than I did for that little girl, but death had marked her for its own, it was too late, and before the sun had set the following day, her little spirit had gone to Him that gave it. I saw them both buried. I never shall forget that scene in the burying ground. The grave-digger with his pick-axe—that heap of frozen earth mixed with snow—that dismal looking opening in the earth—all form part of a picture I never shall forget. The old minister who officiated has long been dead. There were no long line of carriages, no mourners, but that one small boy and myself. The minister and I myself lowered them—mother and daughter—into the same grave, where they will rest until the judgment. God knows I wept bitter tears that day, and it made me a better and a wiser man.

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unless the receipts were as large as estimated. But suppose the amount received from these at the twelve thousand places mentioned, should average only six dollars per day. This certainly would be a low estimate—not for the profits, but for the receipts. Supposing this estimate to be correct, the amount actually paid for intoxicating drinks sold by small measure, in these six cities would be twenty-six millions, two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in a year. (\$26,280,000)

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This sum, large as it is, must be regarded only as a small part of the actual cost of intemperance. As a general rule, the man who pays a dollar for liquor, loses another dollar by the loss of time, in consequence of his drinking, so that the above amount might be doubled in this one item, but, in our estimate, we shall make no account of it. Yet it should be understood that the real wealth of a State lies more in its productive energy than in any thing else. It has been shown conclusively in former years, and recent careful examinations in large sections of New England and this State confirm the fact, that every thirtieth individual is either an habitual or an occasional drunkard. In one town in Connecticut, containing about 1600 inhabitants, every fourteenth person is a drunkard. This fact I have from a published report of a committee composed of men of the first respectability, appointed to collect facts on intemperance in that town.

From the same report, it appears that the average life of intemperate men, for twelve years past, has been forty-nine years, the average life of other adults, sixty-one years, so that the drunkard loses twelve years of his life.

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Let us look at some other facts, which affect more directly the sober, tax-paying part of the community.

We learn from official reports to the Secretary of State, made by the County Superintendents of the poor, that in 1849 there were 99,433 persons wholly, or in part, supported by the counties. Three-fourths of their support must be charged to rum. The voluntary tax paid to relieve the families of friends, reduced to penury by intemperance, it is believed, will greatly exceed the cost of public pauperism.

Official documents show that more than 60,000 persons are annually arrested, or imprisoned, for

crimes resulting from or connected with intemperance. From official reports, given to the Secretary of State. In 1830, we are warranted in saying that three-fourths of the entire expense of our criminal justice may fairly be charged to the use of intoxicating drinks. In this should be included not only the cost and support of all the jails, and other prisons in the State, but this proportion of the salaries of the officers of the law, and the loss of time and expense of jurors and witnesses, and "hangers on" at their trials.

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

When Pittsburgh, a few weeks since, suffered so severely from the devouring flame, it was traced to a grog-shop. When, more recently, nearly "forty acres were reduced to ashes" in Buffalo, it was the work of rum. Indeed there has scarcely, if ever, been a destructive fire in any part of our country, for many years, which was not connected with the use of strong drink. A large part of the losses of Insurance Companies, on land and water are occasioned by its use.

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

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

The account then will stand thus:

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

Now, this is not simply a loss of so much money, but a thousand times worse than a dead loss. But we are now looking only at the dollars and cents. See what might be done with that amount.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To say nothing of the degradation, pauperism, crime, wretchedness, and death, which might be prevented by abolishing the traffic in strong drink, what grand internal improvements would be

and harbours! What educational interests might be secured with it! What philanthropic and benevolent enterprises carried forward! Let the benevolent, let property-holders let tax-payers, let insurance companies, let all classes of persons examine such facts as above presented, and then say, at the BALLOT-BOX, whether the public good is promoted thereby.



Ladies' Department.

HOME.

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

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

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

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

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Bytown, March, 1854.

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

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

The Empress of France has a rival! Louis has been smitten with the charms of an English lady named Smead. At the last ball at the Tuilleries, which by the way cost the city \$250,000—the Emperor paid but so much attention that the

Empress of France. Her type is altogether English; she has the fair complexion, the light hair, the blue eyes, which are characteristic of the nation, and a trifle of that *embonpoint* which a lady may have to advantage, even at twenty-one. In form she is faultless, and in manners she is a model. Every one seems to know the circumstances of the late flirtation at the palace, and consequently when she walked she was followed by a retinue; when she stopped she was the centre of a dense group of worshippers, and when she sat all circulation was rendered impossible, and the passages to and from her blocked up hopelessly. She bore it with unbroken equanimity, hardly noticing that she was the object of an unusual remark; she had learned that a beautiful woman is doubly beautiful when unaffectedly simple. I have never dreamed of such wonderful perfection, certainly no painter has ever created, from the depths of his imagination, and out of the unreal suggestions of an inspired fancy, a face so adorably lovely; there is not another like it, except, perhaps in Circassia, or at Baltimore. Heigh ho! 'The Empress has good reason to be jealous; she herself is far less handsome.'

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

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Youth's Department.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

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

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

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

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

We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's house in the skies,  
Where the hope of our souls shall have no light,

THE DOG AND THE CHILD.

What a lesson for man's inhumanity!

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

Humorous.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Be collected," as the newspaper printer said, when he saw a pile of debts lying on his desk rot

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

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

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

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

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

The account then will stand thus:

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

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

See what might be done with that amount.

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

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

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

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

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



Ladies' Department.

HOME.

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

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

And if a little love they lend,  
To light us on our lonely way,  
They fancy we should crouch and bend,  
Their courteous kindness to repay:  
Should smile when they are light of heart,  
Or sigh if sorrow shades their share;  
Should, parrot-like repeat each part,  
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But how removed from all we love,  
From all to whom the heart would cling;  
Can we the sicken'd spirit move,  
To soar or stoop on fancy's wing.  
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The Empress of France has a rival! Louis has been smitten with the charms of an English lady named Smead. At the last ball at the Tuilleries—which by the way cost the city \$250,000—the Emperor paid her so much attention that the Empress has forbidden her admission into the Tuilleries! A letter writer in describing the conqueror, says:—"She is the most thoroughly, perfectly beautiful woman I have ever seen, either in

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

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

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

I went one night to my father's house—  
Went home to the dear ones all—  
And softly I opened the garden gate,  
And softly the door of the hall.  
My mother came out to meet her son—  
She kissed me, and then she sighed,  
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept  
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And the horse he used to ride;  
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We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's house in the skies,  
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,  
Our love no broken ties,  
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,  
And bathe in its blissful tide;  
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be  
The little boy that died.

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

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

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

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







## The Son of Temperance.

My eye 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 biteth like a serpent  
and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs, chap. 23

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1854.

### THE REI-MAN'S FOE.

Beneath the shade, the sycamore made,  
The warrior of old embraced his bow,  
To the thirsty chief, afforded relief,  
The fountain that gushed from the bank below.

The Saxon came to pursue the game,  
His shoulder the deadliest rifle bore,  
He stopped to drink on the same mossy bank,  
Where the tawny savage had drunk before.

The fire-water came, like a wasting flame,  
The race of the red man vanished away,  
And the Saxon brave, oft sank to the grave,  
Ere the locks on his temple were turned to gray.

To the living till of the shady hill,  
To the running brook of the hazel glen,  
To the crystal draught that our fathers quaffed  
Let us once and forever return again.

J. S. W.

—National Temperance Organ.

### THE SPOILER.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

PAREN'T! who, with speechless feeling,  
O'er thy cradled treasure bent,  
Every year new charms revealing,  
Yet thy wealth of love unspent;  
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted  
By a drear untimely frost?  
All thy labour unrequited?  
Every glorious promise lost?

WIFE! with agony unspoken,  
Shrinking from affliction's rod,  
Is thy prop, thine idol, broken—  
Fondly trusted—next to God?  
HUSBAND! o'er thy hope a mourner,  
Of thy chosen friend aslamed,  
Hast thou to her burial borne her,  
Unrepented—unreclaimed?

CHILD! in tender weakness turning  
To thy heaven-appointed guide,  
Doth a lava poison burning,  
Tinge with gall affection's tide?  
Still that orphan burden bearing,  
Darker than the grave can show,  
Doest thou bow thee down despairing  
To a heritage of woe?

COUNTRY! on thy sons depending,  
Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,  
Hast thou seen thy pride descending,  
Shrouded by thy untimely tomb?  
Rise! on eagle's pinions soaring—  
Rise! like one of God-like birth,  
And, Jehovah's aid imploring,  
Sweep the Spoiler from the earth.

### "THE ONE-MAN POWER VETO."

An immense rejoicing has taken place in the neighbouring American States, by that part of the population that make beer and spirits and drink, kill and live by it, on account of the ONE-MAN POWER, brought to bear by Seymour against the deliberate opinions and actions of the good and rational part of the population, as well as against an overwhelming majority in the New York Legislature. Governor Seymour one of the corrupt scheming politicians of the United States, who courts like Douglas, the applause and votes of its vicious population, especially low, ignorant foreigners, has vetoed humanity's reform. An immense gathering of Dutch and Irish took place lately in Albany, who marched in procession to the Capitol at Albany and addressed the Governor, congratulating him on his patriotism and vigor in resisting what they called fanaticism and an "invasion of human rights." The leaders in the movement were Breckers, especially the great brewer Knight of Albany, and the inn-keepers of the city high and low, marched with dishonest demagogues. The Governor received them very graciously, happy to see that POPULAR CONFIDENCE was in his favour. This is

he who by a One-man Power resists the will and desires of the great majority of his countrymen and women, or they who act in accordance with it? Truth, common sense and American Republicanism, readily supply the answer. Yet we have Governor Seymour, no better or wiser than thousands of his fellow citizens, dishonestly opposing the wishes of both branches of the New York Legislature in a humane cause—thwarting the action of Philanthropists and Patriots, to please a vice and crime engendering class. What would have been the result had Seymour vetoed the will of the people on some great law or reform not connected with the traffic? Tyrant would have been attached to his name by the very men who now applaud. The New York Legislature came to the conclusion to pass the Maine Law, because they saw there was no other way of stopping the crime that results from drunkenness, and because the really substantial and worthy part of the population wanted it. A veto should never be used to obstruct good, a law promoting happiness and true republicanism. Nothing so severely threatens the stability of the American Union, as drunkenness, aided by low foreign and American advocates. The arguments brought to bear against the law are as stale as they are dishonest. Experience and wisdom confute them every day. We all know what the effects of the traffic are in Toronto. The dozen, more or less, of poor wretches that, every morning, crowd our police dock, prove this. The state of large American cities is even worse. Who and what is to stop it? The crime and misery exhibited in our police dock, would form a good leading article, every morning, for each city daily paper. Read one of many in the following. What a picture of domestic life does this exhibit! The wretchedness of the infernal regions is little worse.

"Died by the visitation of God" reverse it, and the truth is plain.—DIED BY THE VISITATION OF THE TORONTO CROG-SHOPS.

#### CORONER'S INQUEST.

Dr. King summoned a jury yesterday (the 13th of April,) afternoon, to inquire into the death of a woman named Catharine Reynolds, who died on Richmond Street under suspicious circumstances the evening of the previous day. The jury consisted of fifteen persons, and sat in Quinn's tavern, on the corner of York and Richmond Streets; Mr. Trueman acting as foreman. The body having been viewed, the following evidence was taken:

Thomas Gordon, labourer, sworn—I am father of the deceased, I saw her last alive yesterday. She died last evening, between six and seven o'clock. She was unable to speak for a long time before she died. Deceased lived with her husband near the Chief Justice's and was brought home to me on Tuesday last in consequence of my being informed that she was ill-used by her husband. She remained in the state I have described from the time she was brought home until she departed. I often saw marks on her person, inflicted by her husband's teeth. She was not, to my knowledge, in the habit of drinking. Her husband drinks, and is employed on board the steamer *Magister*.

Mary Gordon, sworn—The last time I saw the deceased well, was between six and seven o'clock on Saturday. She could take her glass as well as other people, but on that day she did not appear to have taken liquor. I saw her unwell on Monday, and she was able to speak very indistinctly. She complained greatly of her throat and stomach, and I was obliged to force her mouth open to admit food or drink. I heard from the people of the house in which she lived, that they heard slapping in the room in which deceased slept, and squabbling a few days ago.

To a juror—About a quarter of an hour before deceased died, she muttered "they would not let me out until they finished me."

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### BUILD TOWNSHIP TEMPERANCE HALLS.

We highly approve of the sentiments contained in the following remarks, and commend all Divisions of temperance, where it is possible to do so, to build similar houses. In years gone by, we have frequently written in favor of the order of the Sons, as an educational institution. There are hundreds, if not thousands, now in Canada, who have learned business habits, modes of debate, order in meetings, &c. from constantly attending Division-rooms. Let not such good be forgotten. Perpetuate it by increasing Divisions, by building in townships, Halls, where lectures may be given. Although others may cease to speak as warmly as formerly, in favor of this order, we still feel that it is worthy of continual support. The Division-room is a noble asylum for the inebriate,—a pleasant resort for the mechanic and laborer or any humane man.

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manufacture liquors by mixing them and by adulteration.

The distillers and original wine-makers are one class—the adulterators (the most numerous) come after them.

Few know what they are drinking when they sip the best of choice wines:—

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# The Son of Temperance.

My eye 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 biteth like a serpent  
and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs, chap. 23

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1854.

## THE REI-MAN'S FOE.

Beneath the shade, the sycamore made,  
The warrior of old embraced his bow,  
To the thirsty chief, afforded relief,  
The fountain that gushed from the bank below.

The Saxon came to pursue the game,  
His shoulder the deadlier rifle bore,  
He stooped to drink on the same mossy brink,  
Where the tawny savage had drunk before

The fire-water came, like a wasting flame,  
The race of the red man vanished away,  
And the Saxon brave, oft sank to the grave,  
Ere the locks on his temple were turned to gray.

To the living rill of the shady hill,  
To the running brook of the hazel glen,  
To the crystal draught that our fathers quaffed  
Let us once and forever return again.

J. S. W.

—National Temperance Organ.

## THE SPOILER

BY MRS. RIGOURNEY.

PAREN T who, with speechless feeling,  
O'er thy cradled treasure bent,  
Every year new charms revealing,  
Yet thy wealth of love unspent;  
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted  
By a drear untimely frost?  
All thy labour unrequited?  
Every glorious promise lost?

WIFE! with agony unspoken,  
Shrinking from affliction's rod,  
Is thy prop, thine idol, broken—  
Fondly trusted—next to God?  
HUSBAND! o'er thy hope a mourner,  
Of thy chosen friend ashamed,  
Hast thou to her burial borne her,  
Unrepented—unreclaimed?

CHILD! in tender weakness turning  
To thy heaven-appointed guide,  
Doth a lava poison burning,  
Tinge with gall affection's tide?  
Still that orphan burden bearing,  
Darker than the grave can show,  
Doth thou bow thee down despairing  
To a heritage of woe?

COUNTRY! on thy sons depending,  
Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,  
Hast thou seen thy pride descending,  
Shrouded by th' untimely tomb?  
Rise! on eagle's pinions soaring—  
Rise! like one of God-like birth,  
And, Jehovah's aid imploring,  
Sweep the Spoiler from the earth.

## "THE ONE-MAN POWER VETO."

An immense rejoicing has taken place in the neighbouring American States, by that part of the population that make beer and spirits and drink, kill and live by it, on account of the ONE-MAN POWER, brought to bear by Seymour, against the deliberate opinions and actions of the good and rational part of the population, as well as against an overwhelming majority in the New York Legislature. Governor Seymour one of the corrupt scheming politicians of the United States, who courts like Douglas, the applause and votes of its vicious population, especially low, ignorant foreigners, has vetoed humanity's reform. An immense gathering of Dutch and Irish took place lately in Albany, who marched in procession to the Capitol at Albany and addressed the Governor, congratulating him on his patriotism and vigor in resisting what they called fanaticism and an "invasion of human rights." The leaders in the movement were Brewers, especially the great brewer Knight of Albany, and the inn-keepers of the city high and low, marched with dishonest demagogues. The Governor received them very graciously, happy to see that POPULAR CONFIDENCE!! was in his favour. This is the man that Malcolm Cameron's Delevan of Albany calls "honest" for his veto. One would suppose that a moment's reflection would have taught this mob, on whose part lay the tyranny. Which party was governed by the most arbitrary views—

of his fellow citizens, dishonestly opposing the wishes of both branches of the New York Legislature in a humane cause—thwarting the action of Philanthropists and Patriots, to please a vice and crime engendering class. What would have been the result had Seymour vetoed the will of the people on some great law or reform not connected with the traffic? Tyrant would have been attached to his name by the very men who now applaud. The New York Legislature came to the conclusion to pass the Maine Law because they saw there was no other way of stopping the crime that results from drunkenness, and because the really substantial and worthy part of the population wanted it. A veto should never be used to obstruct good, a law promoting happiness and true republicanism. Nothing so severely threaten the stability of the American Union, as drunkenness, aided by low foreign and American advocates. The arguments brought to bear against the law are as stale as they are dishonest. Experience and wisdom confute them every day. We all know what the effects of the traffic are in Toronto. The dozen, more or less, of poor wretches that, every morning, crowd our police dock, prove this. The state of large American cities is even worse. Who and what is to stop it? The crime and misery exhibited in our police dock, would form a good leading article, every morning, for each city daily paper. Read one of many in the following. What a picture of domestic life does this exhibit! The wretchedness of the infernal regions is little worse.

"Died by the visitation of God!" reverse it, and the truth is plain.—"DIED BY THE VISITATION OF THE TORONTO DROO-SHOOP."

### CORONER'S INQUEST.

Dr. King summoned a jury yesterday (the 13th of April,) afternoon, to inquire into the death of a woman named Catharine Reynolds who died on Richmond Street under suspicious circumstances the evening of the previous day. The jury consisted of fifteen persons, and sat in Quinn's tavern, on the corner of York and Richmond Streets; Mr. Trueman acting as foreman. The body having been viewed, the following evidence was taken:

Thomas Gordon, labourer, sworn—I am father of the deceased, I saw her last alive yesterday. She died last evening, between six and seven o'clock. She was unable to speak for a long time before she died. Deceased lived with her husband near the Chief Justice's and was brought home to me on Tuesday last in consequence of my being informed that she was ill-used by her husband. She remained in the state I have described from the time she was brought home until she departed. I often saw marks on her person, inflicted by her husband's teeth. She was not, to my knowledge, in the habit of drinking. Her husband drinks, and is employed on board the steamer *Maifloater*.

Mary Gordon, sworn—The last time I saw the deceased well, was between six and seven o'clock on Saturday. She could take her glass as well as other people, but on that day she did not appear to have taken liquor. I saw her unwell on Monday, and she was able to speak very indistinctly. She complained greatly of her throat and stomach, and I was obliged to force her mouth open to admit food or drink. I heard from the people on the house in which she lived, that they heard slapping in the room in which deceased slept, and squabbling a few days ago.

To a juror—About a quarter of an hour before deceased died, she muttered "they would not let me out until they finished me."

Eduard Paterson, labourer, sworn—Deceased came to live in part of my house in March last, with her husband, and lived peaceably for three days afterwards, but since that there was a great deal of squabbling going on between them. I saw but one blow struck. They quarrelled occasionally on account of drink. Both used to drink, but she more than he did. I knew her several times to be under the influence of drink, for which he used to upbraid her. This day week, about four o'clock a.m., (the 6th instant,) I heard a slap given in her room, but it did not appear to be a hard one. She had liquor going to bed the previous night. On Sunday there was an argument between them, but no blows; in fact not a day passed over of late without their disputing with and abusing each other, and, in my opinion, as far as tongue was concerned, she always had the best of it. The first time she began to complain was on Sunday morning. I asked her a short time before she died, whether she had anything against her husband, and she said she had not. Her husband went down to the bed and kissed her before he went on board the steamer, and sent her four dollars before he started, with a message, desiring her to take care of herself. The evidence of this witness was fully corroborated by his wife.

Michael Furlong and John Farrell, labourers, were sworn, but their evidence is comprised in that given by the previous witness. This closed the evidence, and after a consultation of about twenty minutes, the jury returned a verdict of "Died by the Visitation of God."—*Globe*.

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monarch, a drunkard of the most notorious kind, to do anything secretly. Russia will soon be in embroiling the whole of Europe in war. Yet the people, unless the present continental monarchs are overthrown, will be no better off for this war. Even if that were done, with their priests and ignorance, what could they do?

The *Sarria Shield* says that Frome Talford, Esq., of that town, is the brother of the late Mr Justice Talford, of England.

The cholera has broken out in Glasgow, Scotland. On the 14th March 21 cases occurred, and on the next day 30. It is proposed to form three new territories in the United States—south of Arkansas and east of Kansas, for the benefit of the Indians. The British troops seem to have had very prosperous voyages so far en route to the war. Sir C. Napier is said to have bet £10,000 that he would take Cronstadt in 10 hours—this place contains 40,000 inhabitants, and is protected by forts, and 2,000 Russian cannon. It is at the mouth of the River Neva, which is only about six feet deep, and about half a day's march from St. Petersburg.

It would seem from the following that the Catholics of England and their priests, are furious that the government should have the right to inspect their secret numerics, where females are imprisoned:—

"A furious agitation has been commenced by the Roman Catholics of London, England, and it is extending itself into the Provinces, against the proposed Nunery Inquiry of Mr. Chambers, which they declared by resolution 'to have been dictated by a blind hatred of the Catholic religion, and a step toward the subversion of religious liberty.' The various speakers at the Freemasons Hall in Leeds, were perfectly frantic in their opposition to the inquiry, and threatened the government with little short of a universal Popish insurrection both in England and Ireland, if the Committee should be appointed and proceed to the execution of its task."—*Globe Cor.*

There is a rumour in some of the Canadian papers that Mr. Hincks has gone to England to be knighted. Knight of the Rail Road JOURNAL would sound well! There is now a Knight of Navy Island.

The *Queen's Sound* Lever, which we thought an independent and honest Reform paper, we see is a mere echo of Francis Hincks and the Government. When is our country to be rid of such miserable hireling prints? In the last number the wholesale jobbery of Hincks is fully justified. If editors in Canada are to justify the frauds of public men, then our country is fast sinking into morbid vice. If men in office are criminal how can we expect virtue in private life?

P. T. Barnum has bought out the shares in the New York Crystal Palace; and no doubt will succeed well with it. The *Daily Colonist* of the 12th instant, contains a long political article on the proposed union between the moderate Conservatives and old Reformers. It is about as honest and sensible an article as we have seen from the Tory press. Meagher, it is said, refuses to say what his opinions are on the slavery question. These Irish patriots are curious characters. It seems slavery in Ireland is one thing, slavery in America another!

A letter appears in the *Canada Christian Advocate*, of the 12th instant, from a correspondent, giving a curious, but not original view of the Spirit Rapping phenomenon. The clerical correspondent attributes it to Devils and wicked Angels acting on men and women. Such a view may be taken by some, but it is an extremely superstitious and heathenish one. The heathens (old Greeks and Romans) believed, so do the idolators now, in a vast number of evil genii hovering about and misleading mankind constantly. How such a thing squares with reason and common sense, or even with enlightened Christianity, or Judaism, is another matter. For ourselves, we believe the phenomenon arises either from galvanic and electric causes, or from properties of mind not as yet understood.

An American lady, named Madame Bugh, appeared in Florence, Italy, at the fancy Ball given by Prince Demidoff, in the complete dress of an American Squaw. Ex-Governor Marcy, now Secretary of the United States, has given it as his opinion, that children, born in the United States, of foreign parents, are, by law, natural born citizens. We always understood this to be the law there. It is said, Russia has employed an American Company to construct submarine batteries to blow up the British navy, if they should approach near the Russian ports. The Buffalo, Brant and Goderich Railroad, from Brantford to Paris, was opened on the 10th instant. The steamers have commenced running down the Lakes to Kingston. The *Magnet* went down about the 12th, and the *Arabia* on the 15th. The town of Goderich has voted to loan the Buffalo and Goderich railroad £25,000 for thirty years, that is, have agreed to issue stock, and pay the interest on it. McKay, the Queen's Scotch piper, has gone mad. The British Missionary Society propose to distribute, in China, 1,000,000 Bibles. The food, hay &c., of the horses of British cavalry, sent to Turkey, was purposely corrupted by some knavish contractor. A miserable man, named Callum, lately killed his wife, in Moore, near Sarnia. Alleged cause, jealousy; no doubt, drunkenness was at the bottom of it.

...and 13 Russian vessels are to attack Varna. As yet only 20,000 French and 10,000 English troops have left for the war. There is something inexplicable about the movements of the allies—they seem almost to combine at the attacks of Russia. Austria and Prussia are looking on like cowards, afraid to join either side—proving what we have often said, that there is no faith to be placed in monarchs or their ministers. Even England is sometimes no exception to the rule. From appearances Turkey seems doomed. Her troops do not of late fight so well. It will require at least 200,000 French, and 50,000 English troops to stop the career of Russia. Nicholas is outwitting England and France—guided by no principle, he is determined to have his own way.

The Niagara Dock Company and Ontario and Erie Railroad Company have sold out to an English Company, which is to carry on extensive railway machinery, &c.

Judge Burnham held the Quarter Sessions in Ontario county, on the 2nd and 3rd April. There were several small cases of larceny tried. An able address to the Grand Jury was delivered by him.

The Board of Agriculture are about to send samples of Canadian grain to the Sydenham Crystal Palace Show in England this year. News by the *America*, on the 15th instant state that about 60,000 Russians had crossed the Danube. Some serious skirmishes had taken place. 11,000 Turks had been surprised and taken. Kalesat had been attacked. 2000 Russians had been drowned in the river by the cutting down of a bridge by the Turks.

Narcisse Filiou's case has been before the judges, at Quebec, and they have quashed the conviction of the Roman Catholic magistrate, who fined him for not taking off his hat to the host, as it passed. One thing, at least, in the shape of justice, has thus taken place. Judge Harrison, on Monday last, tried 170 cases, in the Division Court at Richmond Hill, in seven hours—many of them large and important cases, involving nice points of law. There were present about seven lawyers, all from Toronto. The American Congress propose granting \$275,000,000 for the construction of the Pacific railroad, \$20,000,000 to carry out the Mexican Gasden treaty, and \$5,000,000 for six new war steamers.

The libel trial of "White vs. Brown," is going on at Hamilton. Great excitement prevails there on the subject. Mr. Vankoughnet defends for Brown. Mr. Brown will address the jury himself. He has justified the libel.

MUSICAL SOIREES.—Br. James Fraser, one of the best temperance men in Bytown, is giving very successful and excellent musical soirees in Bytown.

We direct attention of the temperance public to the advertisement in this number of H. W. Jackson, late Grand Scribe, of that very useful work "Dr. Carpenter's use and abuse of Alcohol;" also to his advertisement of "Hood's Temperance Melodies." Both of these works are well worthy the patronage of temperance men. No better work was ever written than that of Dr. Carpenter.

NEW HAT STORE, by Mr. Ashworth, on Yonge Street. An excellent assortment of Hats of the best quality, will be found at this store. The proprietor has recently come to this city from Quebec, and is a son of temperance.

BUCHAN'S TONIC MIXTURE, sold by S. F. Urquhart, Yonge Street. This medicine, for Spring diseases, for Dyspepsia, and purifying the blood, is an excellent one. We have used it ourselves, and know of others who have done the same, and can safely recommend its use to all.

FASHIONABLE SPRING DRY GOODS.—We call the attention of the ladies to the advertisement of Mr. Wm. Polley, in this number. He has just opened a choice selection of new spring goods.

Letters from Bytown, Pelham, and Picton, containing interesting information of a temperance character, are received, and will appear in our next.

Pelham has carried the Maine Law, with a majority of the whole electors.


The letter from Picton says, the Division there is making great preparations for the approaching session of the Grand Division.

MEETING OF THE DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.—A Soiree, by the Daughters, on the occasion of the meeting of the Grand Union, is to be held at the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday next, the 26th instant.

RECEIPTS No. 16.

A. A. Thamesford, \$2 on account—his account will be forwarded to him. C. W. R. of London—his papers will be forwarded—the mistake was made in copying from last year's book to this year's by the clerk. A. B., Westminster \$4 for 5 copies in club form—the copy of act. will be sent. A. D., Lynden, Beverly, \$1 for a copy 1st April to end of year. J. E., Bytown; \$1, for 10 months.

MANCHESTER & GLASGOW  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL WAREHOUSE  
WILLIAM POLLEY



WILLIAM POLLEY,  
66, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO,  
Respectfully intimates to the citizens of Toronto and surrounding country, that he has now on hand his first arrivals of  
FRESH, SEASONABLE, STAPLE AND FANCY  
DRY GOODS,  
To which he invites special attention, comprising the latest and most approved styles in  
Rich Fancy Dress Silks,  
De Laines, and Parisian Dress Goods,  
Silk Bareges, and Printed Muslins,  
Plain and Fancy Straw Bonnets,  
Plain, Brocaded, and Moir Antique Parasols,  
Rich Bonnet Ribbons; Lace Veils,  
Sewed Collars, Sewed Habit Shirts,  
Muslin Sleeves; Flowers;  
Rich Cambric Prints, Neck Ties, &c., &c.  
With a complete assortment of Hosiery, and Gloves, (all sizes) Saisnets, Persians, Crapes, Muslins, Netts, Laces, Edgings, &c., &c.  
Every description of Cottons, Shirtings, Hollands, Linens, Drills, Gambroons, Tweeds, Doeskins, Cloths, Cassimeres, Table Covers, Shirtings, Toweling, Counterpanes, Carpets, &c., &c.  
Intending purchasers are respectfully solicited to examine the Stock, which, for quality, variety, and excellent value, is not surpassed by any House in the Trade.  
Superior Cotton Warp, (all Nos.) a prime article in Seamless Bags,—warranted first quality.  
Terms Cash. No Abatement.  
WILLIAM POLLEY,  
Third door West of Church St.  
Chequered Warehouse, }  
66, King St. East, }  
Toronto, April 19, 1854. } 16-1f.

REMOVAL.  
W. P. MARSTON,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, &c.,  
ELGIN BUILDINGS, YONGE STREET, a few doors north from Adelaide Street.  
GUNS re-stocked, altered to Percussion, Browned, and all other repairs done at the Shortest Notice—Warranted equal to any.  
Toronto, April 22, 1854. 16

DR. CARPENTER,  
On the USE & ABUSE OF ALCOHOL,  
AND  
EDWARD PAXTON HOOD'S  
British Temperance Melodies.  
THE SUBSCRIBER begs to notify the friends of the Temperance cause, that he has still on hand a few hundred copies of the above unequalled Publications, which he would be happy to dispose of at a very low price by the quantity for cash.  
He also takes this opportunity to request those parties who have not yet remitted for copies sold, to do so without delay, as he is anxious to close his first and last transaction in Temperance publications.  
Single copies of Carpenter on Alcohol at 1s 3d and Melodies at 7d each, can be obtained from Messrs. Leslie, Fletcher and Woodall, Toronto; Plumley & Co., Barnes & Co. and D. McLellan, Hamilton. Address Post-paid,  
H. W. JACKSON,  
Toronto.  
Toronto, April 22, 1854. 16

WANTED,  
AT THE LUNATIC ASYLUM, five Male Attendants. Satisfactory Testimonials, as to Character and Qualifications, will be required. Young Men will be preferred.  
Apply at the Asylum, on or before WEDNESDAY, the 26th instant.  
Toronto, 17th April, 1854. 16-1f.

...of the House, each at time of sale for the Lots, one-third cash down, one-third in six months, and the remainder in 12 months by approved endorsed notes  
A. T. McCORD,  
Chamberlain  
Chamberlain's office,  
Toronto, 24th April, 1854. 15-1f  
City papers insert till day of Sale.

TORONTO NEW WATER WORKS.  
THE Corporation of the City of Toronto having decided to construct new WATER WORKS, to be supplied by Water from Lake Ontario, will receive plans and estimates from Civil Engineers desirous to compete, until the first day of July next. Two Premiums, one of £100 and the other of £50, will be given for the two best plans. The plans to be sealed, and must be accompanied by a note containing the Signature of the competitor, or a motto corresponding with the plan.  
Any further information may be obtained on application at the City Chamberlain's office.  
CHAS. ED. ROMAIN,  
Chairman.  
Committee Room, }  
Toronto, 28th March, 1854. }

NEW WHOLESALE  
MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.  
J. CHARLESWORTH would respectfully intimate to his Customers and the Trade of Canada generally, that he has determined upon making great alterations by building an addition of 45 feet by 24, 3 stories high to his premises, when he purposes to carry on his Wholesale Business.  
Millinery in Particular,  
And is now Manufacturing as large a Stock as can be made, and hopes to be ready to offer his stock for the selection of buyers about the middle of March next.  
The Toronto House, No. 60 King Street, 6 doors West from Church Street.  
JNO. CHARLESWORTH.

Wanted Immediately,  
A GOOD MILLINER, to assist in the selling Department and in the general management of the Millinery Business. Apply personally, or by letter post paid, the Toronto House, No. 60 King street.  
JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

WANTED,  
AT the Toronto House No. 60 King Street, Toronto, 50 good Bonnet Makers; also 50 Cape and Mantilla Makers: to whom regular employment will be given.  
J. CHARLESWORTH.  
WANTED,  
2 GOOD SALESMEN for a Wholesale and Retail Millinery, Staple and Fancy Dry Goods Store. None but such as are competent to assume the management of the in-door business need apply, and to such a liberal salary will be paid.  
The Toronto House, No. 60, King Street.  
J. CHARLESWORTH.

STAPLE AND FANCY  
DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY  
Wholesale and Retail,  
The Toronto House, No. 60, King Street.  
THE Stock is replete with all that is seasonable and Fashionable, and offers great inducements to buyers. The stock of Millinery for variety surpasses any other stock in Canada.  
No Second Price.  
J. CHARLESWORTH.

HEARN & POTTER,  
(FROM DOLLOND'S)  
Mathematical Instrument Makers, Opticians,  
and Jewellers,  
54, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.  
IMPORTERS and Makers of Theodolites, Levels, Compasses, and all kinds of Surveying and Optical Instruments.  
TELESCOPES AND MICROSCOPES,  
In great variety; Spectacles to suit all sights; Royal Admiralty Charts of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes.  
ENGLISH GOLD AND SILVER LEVER WATCHES,  
of the best description always on hand. Also, Electro-plate and Jewelry of all descriptions. Instruments repaired and adjusted.  
Watches and Jewelry repaired and warranted.  
Toronto, February 9, 1854.

No. 100. JAMES DUFFETT NO. 100.  
KEEPS constantly on hand a splendid assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS, which will be sold at the smallest remunerating Prices.  
GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER,  
Of every description, and warranted a perfect fit or Money refunded.  
CALL AND SEE  
No. 100, Yonge Street, near "Bay Horse Inn."  
JAMES DUFFETT.  
Toronto, March 11, 1854. 1-f.

MESSRS. BOSTWICK & MACDONELL  
BEG to inform their numerous customers that they have Removed from their old Stand to  
No. 4, King Street East,  
Adjoining Messrs. Betley & Kay.  
Toronto, March 20, 1854. 13

A CARD.  
JAMES TYNER,  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.  
SALES attended on the Shortest Notice, and on Moderate Terms.  
Residence—Cumminsville.  
Cumminsville, Nelson, March 25, 1854.

CHARLES DURAND, Esq., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR in CHANCERY...

MR. ROBERT MOORE, ATTORNEY, Esq., will attend to any legal business entrusted to his care...

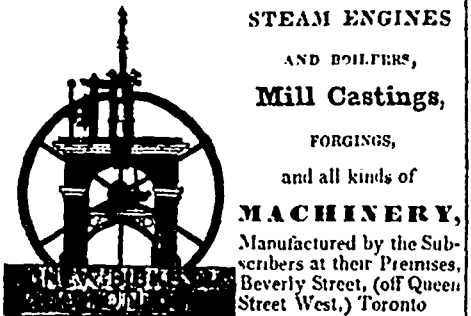
H. BROWNSCOMBE, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, NO. 111, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

BRASS BANDS FOR DIVISIONS, INSTRUMENT AND MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT.

MESSRS. A. & S. NORDHEIMER beg to inform their friends and the public in general...

A. & S. NORDHEIMER, King Street, Toronto.

SOHO FOUNDRY AND STEAM ENGINE WORKS.



AGNEW, DICKEY & Co., Toronto, Jan. 22, 1854.

BOUND Volumes of the Son of BEMERANCE for 1852-3. Those wanting bound volumes of this work for the above years can obtain them upon applying at this office.

PAINTING, Glazing, & Paper Hanging—GILBERT PEARCY begs to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him for many years past...

CANADA vs. THE WORLD!!

READER, If you inquire of any person or persons who have ever visited C. S. Powers' Newcastle Marble Works...

Monuments, Obelisks, Tomb-tables, Head-stones, Ornamental Inclosures, Mantle Pieces, & Marble Furniture.

C. S. POWERS' "Marble Works," Newcastle, C. W.

Spring and Fall Purifier. DR. BUCHAN'S Aperient and Digestive TONIC BITTERS.

THIS Medicine is more generally approved of than any other ever offered to the public. It is unhesitatingly recommended to be far superior to any, or all others for the cure of DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, & CONSTIPATION—the universal base to lead to and source of numberless diseases and complaints.

S. F. URQUHART, General Agent 69, Yonge Street, Toronto.

Dr. James Hope's PURIFYING HEALTH PILLS.

SUPERIOR Family Medicine, and a thorough purifier of the blood. It requires no long certificates, it is recommended for the cure of Bilious attacks, Sick-headache, Indigestion, and the whole train of symptoms arising from a weak and disordered stomach...

S. F. URQUHARTS Eclectic Institute, 69, Yonge Street, Toronto.

Parliamentary Notice. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipality of the City of Toronto will make application at the next Session of the Provincial Legislature...

CHARLES DALY, Clerk of the Council.

THE RUSSIA SALVE VEGETABLE OINTMENT. Has been used and sold in Boston for the last Thirty Years, and its virtues have stood the test of time.



RUSSIA SALVE CURES BURNS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES CANCERS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE EYES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES ITCH, RUSSIA SALVE CURES FELLOWS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SCALD HEAD, RUSSIA SALVE CURES NETTLE RASH, RUSSIA SALVE CURES CUTS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES CORNS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SCALDS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SALT RHEUM, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES FLEA BITES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES WHITLIDS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES ULCERS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES WARTS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE NIPPLES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES STIES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES YESTERS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES RINGWORM, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SCURVY, RUSSIA SALVE CURES BUNIONS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE LIPS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES INGROWING NAILS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SPIDER STINGS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SHINGLES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES ERUPTIONS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES MOSQUITO BITES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES CHILBLAINS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES FROZEN LIMBS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES WENS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE EARS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES BOILS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES FLESH WOUNDS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES PILES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES BRUISES, RUSSIA SALVE CURES CHAPPED HANDS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SPRAINS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES SWELLED NOSE, RUSSIA SALVE CURES ENTITELIAS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES LAME WRIST.

R. H. BRETT, 161 King-street Toronto, Canada. GENERAL MERCHANT—WHOLESALE IMPORTER OF Hardware, Earthen-ware, Old Paint, Dry Groceries, Window Glass, Gunpowder &c. &c. Toronto January 14, 1854.

H. ROVELL HOPE, Covey & Co., Ltd. House, Late, at Fire Insurance, Agent, Broker, Commission Merchant &c. Office, corner of Church Street, on Front St., adjoining The Old Countryman Office.

RAILWAY NOTICE.

THE Great Western Railway open from London to Niagara Falls, on and after WEDNESDAY, the 21st Decr, 1853.

Trains will run as follows: GOING EAST. Leave London at 8 30 A. M., 12 25 P. M., 2 45 P. M. Arrived at the Falls at 2 45 P. M. GOING WEST. Leave the Falls at 11 45 A. M., 2 11 P. M., 6 0 P. M. Arrived at London at 6 0 P. M.

A CARD. YONGE St. Potteries, NEAR TORONTO. JOHN DAVIS, Proprietor.—Manufactures 2,500 pieces per week, producing 30 to 450 worth of goods on the average per week, through the whole year.

WANTED, two journeyman Potters, and two apprentices to the same Business, at the Yonge Street Potteries. Apply to John Davis, on the premises.

COMPETITION THE SPIRIT OF TRADE! PEOPLE'S HAT AND FUR WAREHOUSE, 84, YONGE STREET TORONTO.

W. H. ASHWORTH. RESPECTFULLY informs the public of Toronto, and vicinity that the above Establishment is now open with a very large and well assorted Stock of HATS, CAPS, KOSSUTHS, &c., &c., Manufactured under his own immediate inspection from the best materials.

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.

HENRY LATHAM, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, &c. &c. Office, No. 111, Yonge Street, Toronto.

J. B. RYAN, Importer of English and American HARDWARE.

Sign of the large Knife and Fork, (Old Stand, No. 111, Yonge Street, Toronto.) HAS constantly on hand a general assortment of all kinds of Hardware, consisting of a part of House Furnishing Goods, Cutlery, Builders' Materials, Farming Implements, Carriage Carpenters' Tools, and other Tools, Warranted American & English Goods, at all kinds of low prices.

A. M. SMITH, OFFERS FOR SALE AT 101 YONGE STREET, 50 HOGSHEADS BRIGHT PORTO RICO and CUBA SUGARS.

50 HOGSHEADS BRIGHT PORTO RICO and CUBA SUGARS. 75 barrels London and Port & Co. Sugar, 20 barrels London and Port & Co. Sugar, 200 bags Liverpool Salt, 100 barrels (American) Coarse Packing Salt, With his usual supply of barrel Pork, Bacon, Smoked Hams, Butter, Lard, Cheese and Fish.

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







While here we are blessed with a generous ... The man may have gold ...

Strange indeed would it be, if a ... Where our roses, though latest ...

Though our winters are long, and sometimes severe ... Put lead us to summers delightfully clear ...

But prosperous as Canada always hath been, ... This year is the best that she ever hath seen ...

Her prosperous condition will appear very plain ... Where her farmers get a dollar and a quarter for grain ...

To many, it doubtless may seem very queer ... Why Dry Goods are cheap and Provisions so dear ...

While many must know, an advance very great ... Has been made in the value of wools ...

Our Bonnets and Cloaks have been tastefully made, ... With a prospect of greatly increasing our trade ...

Our manner of business is extensively known ... The lowest price asked, with the article shown ...

THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

M. PEARSON, SUCCESSOR TO JOHN McDONALD ... Respectfully invites attention to his very large Stock of Seasonable Dry Goods ...

HAT AND FUR STORE. HAMILTON GENERAL HAT & FUR WAREHOUSE. Messrs. MILLS & WRIGHT, Hatters and Furriers ...

PRIVATE BILLS. PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislative Assembly for PRIVATE or LOCAL BILLS, either for granting exclusive privileges ...

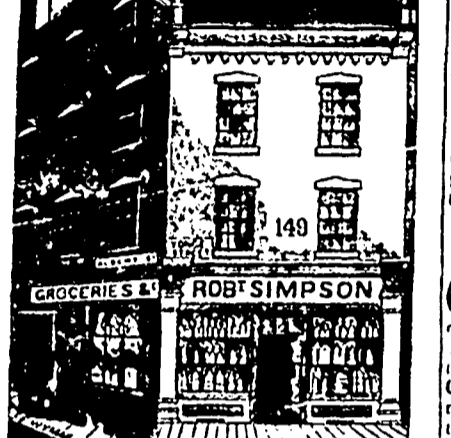
W. B. LINDSAY, Clerk of Assembly. Quebec, 14th Jan., 1854.

NOTICE. WHEREAS by a By-law, passed by the Municipality of the City of Toronto, entitled, 'An Act to authorize the imposition and collection of certain Excise Duties, and to appoint an Officer to collect and receive the same ...'

system of business which for twenty years, has characterized this Establishment ...

Bonnets & Millinery. Consisting of Silk Velvet, Drawn Silk and Satin Bonnets, Tuscan and every variety of Straw, Ribbons of every description, Dress Caps, Artificial Flowers ...

NEW STOCK OF GROCERIES. ROBERT SIMPSON, Corner of Yonge and Albert Sts., Toronto. Has for Sale a large stock of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, SALT FISH, NAILS, FRUITS, CROCKERY, &c.



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 ...

MONTREAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY. THE CHEAPEST IN CANADA! BROWN & CHILDS, 88, King St., Toronto; 130, Notre Dame St., Montreal.

W. STEWARD, PREMIUM SADDLERY WAREHOUSE, 95 Yonge St., Toronto, sign of the Mammoth Collar. W. S. returns his thanks to his friends and the public ...

NEW Painting and Glazier Establishment. S. BOOTH & SON, House, Sign and Ornamental Painters, Glaziers, Gilders, Paper Hangers, &c., No. 13, Adelaide St. East ...

1854. Spring Arrangements. 1854. HAMILTON AND TORONTO. THE STEAMER CITY OF HAMILTON. WILL, until further notice, commencing on Monday next, 20th instant, leave Toronto for Wellington Square, every morning (Sundays excepted) ...

CHARLES COCKBURN, (Bailliff of D. C., No. 4 in Lincoln, Welland.) Licensed Auctioneer. Office at his residence Pine Street, Thorold. Sales attended in Town and Country on short notice and Moderate Terms.

JOHN Bentley, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER, No. 71 Yonge Street. Has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Genuine Drugs ...

JOHN PARKIN, PLUMBER & GAS FITTER, Adelaide St. East, Opposite Court House. Copper, Brass, Lead, Iron, or Galva Perella Pumps, fitted up and repaired. Gas, Water, Steam apparatus. Baths, Water Closets, &c. &c. supplied with the utmost promptitude ...

NIAGARA TEMPERANCE HOUSE, "Near the Liberty Pole," Buffalo City. H. BAYLEY and E. BAYLEY, Proprietors. Good accommodations can be had at all times at this House at very moderate charges.

J. McNab, Barrister, Attorney, &c., 1st Door North of the Court House, Church Street, Toronto.

PRATT'S, Temperance House, Division Street, near the Wharf. Cobourg 2d January 1854.

AMUEL WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST 2 doors West from corner of Bay and King Streets Toronto. Toronto January 2nd 1854.

GEORGE HARCOURT, TAILOR, CLOTHIER, and General Outfitter, No. 11, North side of King Street. Directly opposite the Colonel's Office. Toronto. The Subscriber keeps always on hand a large assortment of West of England Broad Cloths ...

CROCKERY! CROCKERY! THE Subscriber here just received a large assortment of CHINA, GLASS, AND EARTHENWARE, to which they invite the attention of country Merchants and others.

Parian Statuettes: Wyatt's Apollo, as the Shepherd Boy; Flaxman's Bust of Nelson; D'Orsay's Bust of Wellington. BUSTS of Napoleon and Peel, and a variety of other figures. PATTON & CO. No. 5, Wellington Buildings, King Street, Toronto, Jan. 2, 1854.

NEW HARDWARE STORE, Adjoining the Post Office, Corner of King and Toronto Streets. THE undersigned having leased a portion of those extensive Premises formerly occupied by Messrs. Whittemore Rutherford, & Co. begs respectfully to invite the attention of the Public in Toronto, and its vicinity, to his Well-Assorted STOCK OF HARDWARE ...

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!! Turkey against Russia! ROBERT TAYLOR, At his well-known Stand, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets, Toronto. Makes War upon no One; But he invites his numerous customers to commence a Campaign against his well-assorted Winter Stock of Groceries.

He will offer against the assailants any amount of TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES, RICE, RAISINS, SALT FISH, SOAPS, SALT, SPICES, Cheese, Raisins, Starch, Flour, Brooms, and every description of Family Groceries. All of which will form his only barricades—and he craves that the Ammunition used against them May be only Silver or Gold Bullets, or good paper missiles, payable at some Canadian Bank on demand.

SPRING IMPORTATIONS. Which will comprise a large assortment of FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS, personally selected in the British and Foreign markets, which they will offer at a small advance, and upon the most Liberal Terms. Toronto, March 8, 1854.

Protection from Lightning, BY SPRATT'S PATENT. LIGHTNING RODS manufactured by F. V. Wilson and H. Piper & Brother, 59 Yonge Street. The subscribers are the only authorized agents for the sale of these valuable rods in the Canada. Manufactured and for sale, wholesale and retail, at No. 59, Yonge Street, Toronto. CAUTION—Allow no man to protect your buildings without first examining the points of his rods, and if they have not the Platinum Wire in the point, they are not genuine. The coating of them is of a composition metal that never rusts, retaining its brightness for years.

Agents for 1854. WILLIAM HILL, North Williamsburgh; John Tyner, Cumminsville; Robert Balmor, Oakville; A. Diamond, Belleville; J. H. Healey, Quebec; Joseph Milner, Whitechurch; H. A. Graham, Hornby, Trafalgar; J. B. Crowe, Pelham; J. K. ...

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