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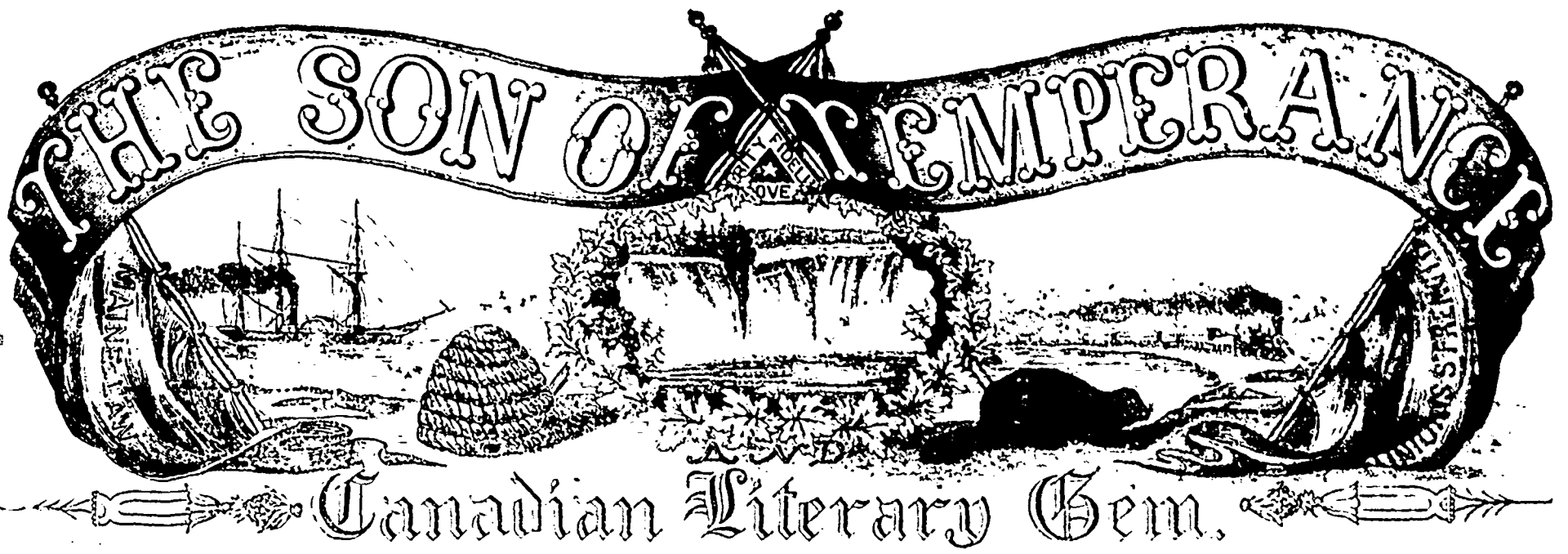
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HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, C.W. FEBRUARY 1, 1854.

NO. 5.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

The snow! the snow! away we go,
To the chiming music of silver bells;
The world all white, and a sky of light—
Oh! glorious night, and silver bells!

The stars are out to their midnight rout,
And twinkle and dance in the sober skies,
While the lady moon, to their joyous tune,
Is merry as mischievous maiden's eyes.

The snow! the snow! away we go,
With a glowing heart and a tugging toe!
Oh glorious ride by the moonlit tide,
On the crystal path of the gleaming snow!

Oh! who would ask to lie and bask,
Like a lazy pool in the summer glow,
When his heart may bound to the magic sound
Of silvery bells on the moonlight snow?

Fly on—fly on! nor rein be drawn,
Till the morning star to rest hath gone!
Then home to sleep while the sunbeams creep,
Like schoolward boys to the opening dawn!

The snow! the snow! away we go,
With the blue above and the white below!
Oh! magic night, and the earth low bright,
In the gleaming light of the crisping snow!

THE ASSYRIAN EMPIRE.

A letter was read from Colonel Rawlinson at the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, detailing his progress in the work of collecting and interpreting the Assyrian inscriptions.

He considers it now to be pretty well established that the Assyrian Empire was founded about 1250 B. C. The Assyrian Empire must now be considered comparatively modern; and any real antiquity must be sought for in the ante-Assyrian period. The names of three more Assyrian Kings have been discovered, which must be interposed between Tiglath Pileser and the original founder of Calnech; but the list cannot yet be regarded as complete; and he fears that the obscurity with which the genealogy is involved, cannot be cleared up until a complete tablet of dynasties or more bricks are discovered. From the tablets and cylinders he has made out a list of some 300 or 400 monograms, with their explanations; but he feels quite bewildered at the immensity of the work as the number of ideographs and compound signs is all but incalculable. In one tablet he has found a regular catalogue of all the gods of Assyria and Babylonia, and of the temples and cities in which they were worshipped. This list, although only a fragment, contains nearly 500 names. Mr. Aor and Rassam was at work with 100 men at Kileh Sherkat during the whole of November. Colonel Rawlinson mentions the discovery of a third obelisk at Nineveh. The historical part of this obelisk is very interesting, as it commemorates the exploits of a naval expedition in the Mediterranean, which set out from Aradus in 34 Phœnician vessels, and advanced as far as the Grecian Archipelago.

From Kelly's Excursion to California.

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

I now took a long farewell of the horses, and turned northward, selecting a line of travel by the

by a bear, as there were foot prints and claw-marks about it; and I was aware instinctively that the brute where water is nearest the surface, when he scratches till he comes to it. This was one of the very size, the foot-mark behind the toes being full nine inches, and although I had my misgivings about the produce of a *tele a tele* with a great grizzly bear, still the "better part of valor" was overcome, as it often is, by the anticipated honor and glory of a single combat, and conquest of such a ferocious beast. I was well armed, too, with my favorite rifle, a Colt's revolver, that never disappointed me, and a nondescript weapon, a sort of cross betwixt a claymore and a bowie-knife; so after capping afresh, hanging the bridle on the corner of the saddle, and staking my mule, I followed the trail up a gully, and much sooner than I expected came within view and good shooting distance of Bruin who was seated erect, with his side toward me, in front of a manzanita bush, making a repast on his favorite berry.

The sharp click of the cock causing him to turn quickly around, left little time for deliberation: so taking a steady good aim at the region of the heart, I let drive, the ball (as I subsequently found) glancing along the ribs, entering the armpit, shattering smartly some of the shoulder bones. I exulted as I saw him stagger and come to his side; the next glance, however, revealed him to my dismay, on all fours, in full pursuit, but going lame; so I bolted for the mule, sadly encumbered with a huge pair of Mexican spurs, the nervous noise of the crushing bush close in my rear convinced me that he was fast gaining on me; I therefore dropped my rifle, putting on fresh steam, and reached the rope, pulled up the picket pin, and springing into the saddle with merely a hold of the hilt, plunged the spurs into the mule, which, much to my affliction produced a kick and a retrograde movement; but in the exertion having got a glimpse of my pursuer, uttering a snort of terror, he went off at a pace I did not think him capable of, soon widening the distance between us and the bear; but having no means of guiding his motions, he brought me violently in contact with the arm of a tree, which unhorsed and stunned me, excepting, I saw my relentless enemy close at hand, leaving me the only alternative of ascending a tree, but, in my hurried and nervous efforts, I had scarcely my feet above his reach, when he was right under, evidently enabled by the loss of blood, as the exertion made it well out copiously.—after a moment's pause, and a fierce glance upward from his blood-hot eyes, he clasped the trunk, but I saw that his endeavors to climb were crippled by the wounded shoulder. However, by the aid of the jagged jaws, he just succeeded in reaching the first branch with his sound arm, and was working coarsely to bring up the body, when, with a well-directed blow from my cutlass, I completely severed the tendons of the foot, and he instantly fell with a level noise and horrible growl, the blood spouting up as if impelled from a jet; he rose again tardily and limping round the tree with upturned eyes, kept tearing off the bark with his tusks. However, I saw my opportunity, and I again, downward I sent a ball from my rifle, and the good of

relaxed, so I descended with confidence, and found him quite dead, and myself not a little overcast with excitement and the effects of my wound, which bled, profusely from the temple, so much so, that I thought an artery was ruptured. I bound up my head as well as I could, loaded my revolver anew, and returned for my rifle; but as evening was approaching, and my mule gone, I had little time to survey the dimensions of my fallen foe, and no means of packing much of his flesh; I therefore hastily hacked off a few stalks for a trophy of victory, I set out toward the trading post, which I reached about midnight, my frayed and my truant mule being there before me, but no horses.

I exhibited the foot of my fallen foe in great triumph, and described the conflict with due emphasis and effect to the company who arose to listen, after which I made a transfer of the flesh to the traders, on condition that there was not to be any charge for the hotel or use of the mule. There was an old experienced French trapper of the party, who judging from the size of the foot, set down the weight of the bear at 1500 lbs., which, he said, they frequently over-ran, himself, as well as Colonel Fremont's exploring party, having killed several that came to 2002. He advised me, should I again be pursued by a bear, and have no other means of escape, to ascend a small girthed tree, which they cannot get up, for not having any joint in the fore legs, they cannot climb any with a branchless stem that does not fully fill their embrace; and in the event of not being able to accomplish the ascent before my pursuer overtook me, to place my back against it, when if it and I did not constitute a bulk capable of filling his hug, I might have time to rip out his entrails before he could kill me, by lying in a most favorable posture for the operation. They do not generally use their mouth in the destruction of their victims, but hugging them closely lift one of the hind feet, which are armed with tremendous claws, and tear out the bowels. The Frenchman's advice reads rationally enough, and is a feasible theory on the art of evading unbearable compression; but, unfortunately in the hands of that animal these slim juvenile sapplings are rarely met with, and a person closely confronted with such a grizzly *ris-a-ris* is not exactly in a tone of nerve for surgical operations.

THE STARVING LION.

The following incident is from Dr. Wayland's Memoirs of the Missionary, Judson, published a few weeks since. It occurred during the period of Mr. Judson's cruel persecution by the Burman authorities:

After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the bathsome inner prison, he was attacked by a slow fever which threatened to destroy his life. His Guardian angel was, as ever, on the alert, but it was in vain that she entreated permission to rebuild his room in the prison yard. About this time the poor sufferers were astonished by a most singular accession to their numbers. Something like a year previous to the commencement of the war the king had received from some

The successful defeat of Bandoak, his alarm, and the utter inefficiency of the Burman troops before these charmed warriors, were matters of grave concern, and strange glances were cast toward the king's noble pet; but for a time no one dared to speak. The matter was first broached by the queen's brother, an ignorant, brutal fellow, who owed his elevation from the lot of a common fishmonger entirely to his clever, intriguing sister's power over the king. He was positive that the English had dominated the palace, in the shape of this regal-looking bear, which had entirely won the heart of the king. The king, on a man of more sense, but, like all Burman operations, seconded his opinion; and other counsellors, now that they durst speak, came in with floods of argument and testimony. The king repelled the idea of any connection between his favorite and the enemy as absurd in the extreme, but at last consented to the animal being sent to the death prison, though he expressly stipulated that it should not be slain without his order. The queen's brother, however, gave secret directions to the keeper not to furnish the animal with food, and so merciless was he well known to be in the execution of his vengeance, that they dared not disobey him, even to please the king.

The cage, all newly ironed and barricaded, as though some unusual resistance was expected, was placed in the prison yard, close against the principal building. And now commenced a new and fearful scene of misery. The unhappy prisoners had seen men starved, and beaten and smothered and strangled to death, then dragged by the feet from the door and thrust like dogs into some shallow pit, or left for wild dogs to devour; and they thought they had gamed a fearful humanity with every species of wretchedness. But there was something almost supernatural in this new horror—a gradually starved lion. Day after day, the noble beast withered in the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding in his fearful struggles, while his roaring seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to the hearts of the occupants.

The jailor said it was the British lion, ineffectually struggling against the conquering Burmans though even his ferocious features were somewhat mitigated by superstitious fears. Sometimes a compassionate wretch would steal to the cage after dark, and thrust a morsel of food between the bars; but it was necessarily a trifle to the powerful beast, and served only to increase his ravings. At other times one of the keepers would throw pans of water over him, which would be greeted with almost human shrieks of pleasure, though it only served to lengthen for a little the terrible term of suffering. At last the scene was over. The skeleton of the noble beast was dragged from its cage, and buried with more care than many a poor human skeleton had been before.

The next time Mrs. Judson came to the prison door, and her husband crawled to meet her—created with the upper part of his body, but his feet still attached to powerless hands—he had



Canadian Literary Gem.

HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

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From Kelly's Excursion to California.

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

I now took a long farewell of the horses, and aimed northwards, selecting a line close by the side of the hills, going along at an improved pace, with a view of reaching the trading post the next night; but stopping in a gully to look for water, I found a little pool, evidently scratched out

by a bear, and the even foot-prints of heavy marks lay all about it, and I was struck with the idea that the brute who had scratched the water when he scratched the earth. This was one of the very first foot-prints I had seen, the foot-prints behind the toes being full nine inches, and although I had my misgivings about the probability of a *habeas* with a great grizzly bear, still the "better part of valor" was overcome as it often is by the anticipation of honor and glory of a single combat, and I was not of such a ferocious beast. I was well armed, too, with my favorite rifle, a Colt's revolver that never disappointed me, and a nondescript weapon, a sort of cross betwixt a claymore and a bow-knife, so after capping afresh, lancing the bridle on the corner of the saddle, and staking my mule, I followed the trail up a gully, and much sooner than I expected came within view, and good shooting distance of Bruin who was seated erect, with his side toward me, in front of a manzanita bush, making a repast on his favorite berry.

The sharp click of the cock causing him to turn quickly around, left little time for deliberation; so taking a steady good aim at the region of the heart, I let drive, the ball (as I subsequently found, glancing along the ribs, entering the armpit, shattering smartly some of the shoulder bones. I exulted as I saw him stagger, and come to his side; the next glance, however, revealed him to my dismay, on all fours, in full pursuit, but going lame, so I bolted for the mule, sadly encumbered with a huge pair of Mexican spurs, the nervous noise of the crushing bush close in my rear convinced me that he was fast gaining on me; I therefore dropped my rifle, putting on fresh steam, and reached the rope, pulled up the picket pin, and springing into the saddle with merely a hold of the bridle, plunged the spurs into the mule, which, much to my affliction, produced a kick and a retrograde movement, but in the exertion having got a glimpse of my pursuer, with a shriek of terror, he went off at a pace I did not think him capable of, soon widening the distance between us and the bear; but having no means of guiding his motion, he brought me involuntarily in contact with the arm of a tree, which unhorsed and stunned me exceedingly. Scrambling to my feet as well as I could, I saw my relentless enemy close at hand, leaving me the only alternative of ascending a tree, but, in my hurried and nervous efforts, I had scarcely my foot above his reach, when he was right under, evidently ensnared by the loss of blood, as the exertion made it well out copiously—after a moment's pause, and a fierce glance upward from his blood-hot eyes, he clasped the trunk; but I saw that his endeavor to climb was crippled by the wounded shoulder. However, by the aid of the jaws, he just succeeded in reaching the best branch with his sound arm, and was working conscientiously to bring up the body, when, with a well-directed blow from my cutlass, I completely severed the tendons of the foot, and he miserably fell with a dreadful noise, and horrible growl, the blood spouting up as if impelled from a jet; he rose, in a tardily, and limping toward the tree, with upturned eyes, kept bawling off the bark with his tusks. However, waiting long my opportunity, and aiming downward, I sent a ball from my revolver with such good effect immediately behind the head, that he dropped, and my nerves being now rather more composed, I leisurely distributed the remaining two balls in the most vulnerable parts of the carcass.

By this time I saw the muscular system totally

relaxed, so I descended with confidence, and found him quite dead, and myself not a particle hurt, with excitement and the effects of the exertion, which I had profusely felt, the temperature of my face so, that I thought an artery was ruptured. I was bound up my head as well as I could, but my revolver and sword returned for my tale, but the evening was approaching, and my tonic gone, I had little time to survey the dimensions of my fallen foe, and no means of packing much of his flesh; I therefore hastily hocked off a few stalks of his thigh, and hewing off one of his hind feet as a trophy of victory, I set out toward the trading post, which I reached about midnight, my friend and my trusty mule being there before me, and no horses.

I exhibited the foot of my fallen foe in great triumph, and described the conflict with due emphasis and effect to the company who cared to listen, after which I made a transfer of the flesh to the traders, on condition that there was not to be any charge for the hotel or use of the mule. There was an old experienced French trapper of the party, who judging from the size of the foot, set down the weight of the bear at 1500 lbs., which, he said, they frequently over-ran, himself, as well as Colonel Fremont's exploring party, having killed several that came to 2002. He advised me, should I again be pursued by a bear, and have no other means of escape, to ascend a small girched tree, which they cannot get up, for, not having any joint in the fore legs, they cannot climb any with a branchless stem that does not fully fill their embrace; and in the event of not being able to accomplish the ascent before my pursuer overtook me, to place my back against it, when, if it and I did not constitute a bulk capable of filling his bag, I might have time to rip out his entrails, before he could kill me, being in a most favorable posture for the operation. They do not generally use their mouth in the destruction of their victims, but, digging them closely lift one of the hind feet, which are armed with tremendous claws, and tear out the bowels. The Frenchman's advice reads rationally enough, and I a feasible theory on the art of evading unbearable compression; but unfortunately in the hands of the animal those slim juvenile's spindles are rarely met with, and a person closely confronted with such a grizzly ruse-a-vis is not exactly in the mood for surgical operations.

THE STARVING LION.

The following incident is from Dr. W. M. M. Memoirs of the Missionary, Judson, published a few weeks since. It occurred during the period of Mr. Judson's cruel persecution by the Burman authorities:

After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the bathsome inner prison, he was attacked by a slow fever which threatened to destroy his life. His Canadian angel was, as ever, on the alert—but it was in vain that she obtained permission to rebuild his room in the prison yard. About this time the poor sufferers were astonished by a most singular accession to their numbers. Some thing like a year previous to the commencement of the war, the king had received from some foreigner a present of a lion. The noble beast had been a particular favorite with him, and an object of great interest at court. But it was now the whispers, that the English bore a lion on their standard.

The lion, a beautiful specimen of Barbadois, I believe, was sent to the king by the British ambassador, and was kept in a cage before the king's chamber. The king was most fond of the lion, and he was most anxious to see it. The lion was first brought by the queen's brother, an English nobleman, who, being in the king's service, had been a common favorite, and entirely to the king's satisfaction, the king's power over the king. He was so fond of the English lion, that he had a picture of him, in the shape of the regal-looking lion, sent to the king. The king was a man of more sense, but, like all Burman despots, he followed his opinions; and the king's soldiers, now that they dared speak, and with floods of argument and testimony. The king expelled the idea of any connection between the lion and the enemy as absurd in the extreme, but at last consented to the animal's being sent to the English prison, though he expressly stipulated that it should not be slain without his order. The queen's brother, however, gave secret directions to the keeper not to furnish the animal with food, and so merciless was he, well known to be in the execution of his vengeance, that they dared not disobey him, even to please the king.

The cage, all newly ironed and barricaded, as though some unusual resistance was expected, was placed in the prison yard close against the principal building. And now commenced a new and fearful scene of misery. The unhappy prisoners had seen men starved and beaten and smothered and strangled to death, then dragged by the feet from the door and thrust like dogs into some shallow pit, or left for wild dogs to devour, and they thought they had gained a fearful familiarity with every species of wretchedness. But there was something almost supernatural in this new horror—a gradually starved lion. Day after day, the noble beast writhed in the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and braced and bleeding in his fearful struggles, while his roaring seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a chill of indescribable terror to the hearts of the occupants.

The jailor said it was the British lion, and frequently struggling against the conquerors. Burning with such even his ferocious features were now what he gated by superstitious fears. Sometimes a compassionate woman would steal to the cage, after dark, and thrust a morsel of food between the bars; but it was necessarily a truth to the poor lion, and served only to increase his ravages. At other times one of the keepers would throw a piece of water over him, which would be greeted with almost human shrieks of pleasure, though it only served to lengthen for a little the terrible term of suffering. At last the scene was over. The skeleton of the poor beast was dragged from its cage, and buried with more care than many a poor human skeleton had been before.

The next day Mrs. Judson came to the prison, and her husband crept to meet her—creaked with the upper part of his body, his one leg fast attached to rascalous bands—he had no way to bawling. He told her of the empty cage—what a comfortable retreat while the fever lasted, and he begged her intercession with the governor, for he had intimated the case jailor in vain. The "cat" refused to listen for a moment to such an insult to royalty. Mrs. Judson's application was successful; and with feelings of deep gra-

tribute to God for such a mercy, the son of a man removed from his worthless quarters to the better accommodations of a lion's cage.

Ladies' Department.

A BACHELOR TO A CRICKET

Belonging to the Cr. A. C. of 1852, In the valley of the night, With one tone for age and tongue, Clicking on with all its might, Like a Yankee clock whose "nangs" Are not altogether right.

Thus I speak with some emotion— "Cricket, when you'd st. then chirp, "Who doth thus the obnoxious office "Of a single bore usurp?" He chirps on—of my work's despair, And I am not a cold the wiser.

Then I think of old traditions, Storer current on this earth, How, well stated he uses it, Per Crickets Who do claim a starry heath, And I wonder, as I ponder, What makes all my cricket's north.

I seldom break fast or of mid-day; Then at home I never feed I keep to dainties in my chamber, Except the loathsome human word, And yet that cricket sings like Grass, It's very wonderful indeed.

On my Peetyangle's hearth (The tale of Dickens vs. ye wot) The cricket found there, ever swaying A large and most capacious pot, And a kettle softly humming, And besides, the Lord knows what.

Here our cases differ also, For kitchen furniture—'I've none, I wish, alas! that I were joking; But no—I do not write in fun, And kettle of whatever metal, I know that I had never one.

A scientific friend in dropping Has helped me at this awkward hitch, The cricket rubs, 'twould seem, his forelegs Across its breast.—This soothes his stitch. Thus, all my theory of song Has proved a simple cause of itch.

Quebec Mercury.

STORIA.

LAW OF THE NUMERICAL RELATION OF THE SEXES.

Some time ago we referred to the fact that in all the masses of the human race, the sexes were kept nearly equal in number—the facts of exceptional circumstances—disturbing the proportion as in California being merely temporary—as a remarkable illustration of a superintending Providence. We find in the New York Times of a late date, the following interesting statement, drawn from the statistics of our own population, bearing upon this curious subject:

There is a natural law of relations between the sexes, which is found to vary at different ages, according to the different dangers to which they are exposed. This is one of the most curious of the natural laws, and one of the most interesting—demonstrating the admirable economy of adaptation between the several parts of the natural system. If the number of males and females were born exactly equal, the result would be that, before they reached the middle age, the female sex would be reduced too low, and become inadequate to the purposes which it has to fill. In fact the number of males born is always greater than the female by about four per cent. To illustrate the numerical relations perfectly, take the following example from the last two censuses:

Table with 2 columns: Age group and Number of individuals. Rows include 1840 under 5 years of age (1,970,750 males, 1,903,349 females), Excess (67,401 males), 1850 under 5 years of age (1,472,052 males, 1,321,327 females), Excess (150,725 males).

Now let us pass on to the age of puberty and see what a change has taken place.

Table with 2 columns: Age group and Number of individuals. Rows include 1850 from 15 to 20 years (1,087,000 females), 1850 from 15 to 20 years (1,043,116 males).

Table with 2 columns: Excess and Number of individuals. Row includes Excess (4 per cent.) 43,884 females.

At seventy years of age, the females are again in advance, and the same fact is developed in each census. Above we see an immense change in this relation. From birth to twenty years, the loss of males by death was nearly two to one; but from twenty to forty the death of females was much the greatest—so that the males are again the preponderant sex. Past forty the death of females are the smallest. The numerical law of the sexes, then, is this:

- 1. There are more males than females born, by four per cent.
2. At twenty years of age this preponderance is entirely lost, and there are more females than males.
3. At forty the balance is again the other way, and there are more males than females.
4. At seventy the sexes are about even, and the ultimate age of the human being is reached without any decided advantage to either sex.

Both the census of 1840 and 1850 prove the law I have stated above. The causes I shall not attempt to discuss; but, certainly, it is a subject pregnant with interest to the physiologist as well as the statistician. Between seventy and one hundred years of age, there are 15,311 more women than there are males; being more than five per cent. of the whole number. Beyond forty years, the probabilities of longevity are much greater for American women than that of men. This contrasts singularly with the fact, that the physique (relatively) of American women is inferior to that of American men. The fact, as I have shown, however, tells tremendously on women between the ages of twenty and forty, when their mortality is very great.

ECCENTRIC COURTSHIP.

An eminent divine, who is as well known as he is universally respected, many years since was led to the conclusion that "it is not well for man to be alone."

After considerable pondering he resolved to offer himself in marriage to a certain fair member of his flock.

No sooner was the resolution formed than it was put in practice, and getting out his cane he quietly reached the dwelling of his mistress.

It chanced to be Monday morning, a day which my New England readers need not be told is better known in the household as washing-day. Unconscious of the honor which was intended her, the lady was standing behind a back kitchen with her arms immersed in the suds busily engaged in her occupation, which to say the least, is much more useful than romantic.

There was a loud knock heard. "Jane, go to the door, and if it is anybody to see me, tell them I am engaged, and cannot see them."

The message was faithfully rehearsed. "Tell your mistress," said Parson B., "that it is very important that I should see her."

"Tell him to call in the afternoon," when this answer was returned, "and I will see him."

But it was unavailing. "I must see her now," said the minister; "tell me where she is."

So saying he followed the servant into the kitchen to the great surprise of her mistress.

"Miss—, I have come to the conclusion to marry. Will you have me?" was the minister's opening speech.

"Have you?" replied the astonished lady.—"This is a singular time to offer yourself. Such an important step should be a matter of prayer and deliberation."

"Let us pray," was Mr. B.'s only response, as he knelt down beside the tub, and prayed that a union might be formed which would enhance the happiness of both parties.

His prayer was answered, and from this union thus singularly formed, sprang a family remarkable for talent, some of whom have made a mark which will not speedily be effaced. The reader will credit my assertion when I state that one of his family has written a book which is universally conceded to be the most remarkable of the age—I mean, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

So says "Timothy," in the Yankee Blade.

For some time in secret, and being apprised of the embarrassed state of his affairs, wrote him, tendering him the bulk of her fortune. Touched with this remarkable proof of her generosity, and supposing it could only be caused by some great misfortune, he at once made an offer of his hand and heart. He proposed, and the offer was promptly accepted.

PURSUIT OF A HUSBAND UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The following story is told in the New York Journal of Commerce:—

A neatly dressed Cockton female yesterday entered Mr. John Wiley's bookstore in Broadway and greeting the proprietor, Mr. James Bouton with a friendly salutation, inquired:—

"Have you an Irish Directory?" "Certainly, ma'am, you will find it under 'I' in Mr. B. pointed to the title in which that very useful compilation was deposited.

After turning over the pages of the volume for some time, apparently without success in her search, the lady ejaculated, "What kind of a Directory is this at all, at all? Shure we owk am sin't in it, and himself livin' in Boston since last Candlemas."

This, ma'am, answered the urbane clerk, "is a New York Directory, and does not include Boston."

"Well, ye own-sinnin', ye; and shure me has been ken to New York, two weeks ago, and go vorreck; and thin sint a letter to me to come on after him; and himself forgot to say where he was a worrakin'."

"Really, ma'am, it's a very hard case; but it is doubtful whether you will obtain any information from the Directory, as it is written only once a year."

"O, bad luck to the likes of Pat. McMullin; emphasized she, "to bewilder me this way, and meself lost in a big town without a shillin' in me pocket."

"What is your husband's name?" queried Mr. Bouton.

"Pat. McMullin, m' shure."

"Here are about seventy McMullins on this page, ma'am; what trade did he follow?"

"Ne'er a thrave at all; shure, he is an Irishman."

"Mr. Bouton was nonplussed."



Youth's Department.

If the reader can cite us to anything that mirrors to the soul more of holiness than the following, from Grace Greenwood's "Little Pilgrim," we would like to see it.

AT SEA—MOONRISE.

[A Child Speaks.]

Come up, the moon is rising fast; The sea is calm, the deck is clear; Come, mother, stay no longer late; The moon will not always last.

Do you remember once you talked With me, of Christ upon the sea? Now harken, for this seems to me The sailing path where Jesus walked!

And when the starry brightness came Along the sparkling waves to-night, My heart leaped to aching at the sight, And then I spoke our Saviour's name.

I should not fear his holy will, If now he stood in our bright place; And I could see his blessed face, And hear his words, "Peace, be still."

LINDLEY MURRAY.

attention to no considerable business, and amassed considerable fortune, by trading at the West Indies. Lindley was the eldest of twelve children, and when about seven years of age, was sent to Philadelphia, that he might have the benefit of a better education than could be had at Swatara. He studied law in New York, and at the age of twenty-two, was called to the bar, where he gained to himself the reputation of an "honest lawyer." His "Grammar of the English Language" was composed in England in 1791, and published in the spring of 1795, many millions of copies of which have been sold. He resided forty-two years in England, most of which time he was an invalid. He died in 1826, in a village in Yorkshire, being upwards of 80 years of age. He is represented as a Christian and philanthropist. He left legacies to a number of relatives and friends, and sums of money to religious societies. He also directed that the residue of his property after the decease of his wife, (a New York lady, his beloved and affectionate Hannah, who had been his companion for 60 years,) should be devoted to pious and benevolent uses. He was a Quaker, and is interred in the burying ground of that sect, in the city of York, "far from friend and fatherland."

A large wine-dealer in London, recently, on his death-bed, being in a great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had allowed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wine he could, and, by making use of sugar of lead, and other deleterious substances, to stop the wine to a palatable taste. He said he did not doubt he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the injurious effects of his mixtures on those who drank them. He had seen instances of this kind where the unconscious victims of his cupidity, after waiting and declining for years, despite of best medical advice, went to their graves, poisoned by the adulterated wines he had sold them. The man died rich; but, alas! what a legacy did he leave for his children!

Humorous.

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

RAILROAD LYRICS.

Attr:— "Coming through the Rye."

If an engine meet an engine "Coming round a curve." If they smash track, train and tender, What do they deserve? Not a penny is put to any So far as we observe; But all acquit the engineer, When "coming round the curve."

If an engine meet a steamer "Coming through the draw." If they crush or drown the public, Need we go to law? If the engineer was a rebel— Praps he's rather raw— They don't discharge and let 'em follow, "Coming through the draw."

If a steamer chas a steamer, "Running up to the pier." If they burst their pipes and boiler, Where's the machinery here? Should a jury in a tory, Make them pay one a dime. Or send the officers to prison, "Running up to time."

If they man or kill a body, Or a baby's wad, Need a body sue a body, For baggage, brab, or life? If you sue for damages, For pay for what you lost, You get a broken neck or leg, And have to meet the cost.

A PAIDABLE HIT.—Out West, a stump orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said:—

"I have heard some persons hold to the opinion that just at the precise moment one human being dies, another is born, and that the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent there, and I find that for some time previous to his nativity, nobody died. Fellow citizens you may draw the inference."

Kissing a pretty girl, "down South," a young gentleman asked her what made her so sweet. "Oh," she replied, in utter innocence, "my father is a sugar planter."

It is not generally known that this "Prince of Peace" Mrs. Partington was lamenting the other day, could not see "peace" herself correctly. "I

Ladies' Department.

A BACHELOR TO A CRICKET

Evening to the cricket ground,
In the witness of the night,
With me here for ever and a day,
Choking on with all its might,
Like a Yankee black when 'twas night,
Are not together at night.

Thus I speak with some emotion—
"Cricket, when I find it a sharp,
"Wh' refer, thus the other office
"Of a single bone usurp."
He chirps on—of my work's deep seat,
And I am not a what the west.

Then I think of old traditions,
Stones current on this earth,
How well stored houses sit, the crickets
Who do not sleep at night,
At all wonder, as I ponder,
What makes all my cricket's math.

I seldom breakfast in the field;
Then at home I never find
I keep to duties in my chamber,
Every of the handsome fashion world,
And yet that cricket sings like Gust,
It's very wonderful indeed.

On my Peerybangle's health
(The tale of Dickens is ye wot)
The cricket found there, ever swinging
A large and most capacious pot,
And a kettle softly humming,
And b' sides, the Lord knows what.

Here our cases differ also,
For kitch' & larder—I've none,
I wish, alas! that I were piker;
But no—I do not write in fun,
And kettle of whatever metal,
I know that I had never one.

A scientific friend in dropp'g
Has helped me at this awkward litch,
The cricket rubs, 'twould seem, his fore legs
Across its breast.—It soothes his stretch,
Thus, all my theory of song
Has proved a simple cause of itch.

Sic, etc.

Quebec Mercury.

LAW OF THE NUMERICAL RELATIONS OF THE SEXES.

Some time ago we referred to the fact that in all the masses of the human race, the sexes were kept nearly equal in number—the facts of exceptional circumstances—disturbing the proportion as in California being merely temporary—as a remarkable illustration of a superintending Providence. We find in the New York Times of late date, the following interesting statement, drawn from the statistics of our own population, bearing upon this curious subject:

There is a natural law of relations between the sexes, which is found to vary at different ages, according to the different dangers to which they are exposed. This is one of the most curious of the natural laws, and one of the most interesting—demonstrating the admirable economy of adaption between the several parts of the natural system. If the number of males and females were born exactly equal, the result would be that, before they reached the middle age, the female sex would be reduced too low, and become inadequate to the purposes which it has to fill. In fact the number of males born is always greater than the female by about four per cent. To illustrate the numerical relations perfectly, take the following example from the last two censuses:

In 1840 under 5 years of age	1,970,750 males.
In 1840 under 5 years of age	1,668,719 females.
Excess (17 per cent.)	302,031 males.
In 1850 under 5 years of age	1,972,052 males.
In 1850 under 5 years of age	1,924,325 females.
Excess (4 per cent.)	46,727 males.

Now let us pass on to the age of puberty and see what a change has taken place.

In 1850 from 15 to 20 years	1,687,600 females.
In 1850 from 15 to 20 years	1,043,116 males.
Excess (4 per cent.)	46,484 females.

The females have now passed the males: but let us go on and see what influence motherhood has on females:

In 1850 from 30 to 40 years	1,288,682 males.
In 1850 from 30 to 40 years	1,128,257 females.
Excess (14 per cent.)	160,425 males.

...the death of females was much less than that of males... Past forty the death of females are the same as that of males... The natural law of the sexes, then, is this:

1. There are more males than females born by four per cent.
2. At twenty years of age this preponderance entirely lost, and there are more females than males.
3. At forty the balance is again the other way and there are more males than females.

At seventy the sexes are about even, and the ultimate age of the human being is reached without any decided advantage to either sex.

Both the census of 1840 and 1850 prove the law I have stated above. The cause I shall not comment on; but, certainly, it is a subject pregnant with interest to the physiologist as well as statistician. Between seventy and one hundred years of age, there are 15,311 more women than there are men; being more than five per cent. of the whole number. Beyond forty years, the probabilities of longevity are much greater for American women than that of men. This contrasts singularly with the fact, that the physique (relatively) of American women is inferior to that of American men. The fact, as I have shown, however, tells tremendously on women between the ages of twenty and forty, when their mortality is very great.

ECCENTRIC COURTSHIP.

An eminent divine, who is as well known as he is universally respected, many years since was led to the conclusion that "it is not well for man to be alone."

After considerable pondering he resolved to offer himself in marriage to a certain fair member of his flock.

No sooner was the resolution formed than it was put in practice, and getting out his cane he peacefully reached the dwelling of his mistress.

It chanced to be Monday morning, a day which my New England readers need not be told is better known in the household as washing-day. Unconscious of the honor which was intended her, the lady was standing behind a back kitchen with her arms immersed in the suds busily engaged in an occupation, which to say the least, is much more useful than romantic.

There was a loud knock heard.
"Jane, go to the door, and if it is anybody to come, tell them I am engaged, and cannot see them."

The message was faithfully rehearsed.
"Tell your mistress," said Parson B., "that it is very important that I should see her."

"Tell him to call in the afternoon," when this answer was returned, "and I will see him."

But it was unavailing. "I must see her now," said the minister; "tell me where she is."

So saying he followed the servant into the kitchen to the great surprise of her mistress.

"Miss —, I have come to the conclusion to marry. Will you have me?" was the minister's opening speech.

"Have you?" replied the astonished lady. — "This is a singular time to offer yourself. Such an important step should be a matter of prayer and deliberation."

"Let us pray!" was Mr. B.'s only response, as he knelt down beside the tub, and prayed that a union might be formed which would enhance the happiness of both parties.

His prayer was answered, and from this union thus singularly formed, sprang a family remarkable for talent, some of whom have made a mark which will not speedily be effaced. The reader will credit my assertion when I state that one of his family has written a book which is universally conceded to be the most remarkable of the age—I mean Uncle Tom's Cabin.

So says "Timothy," in the *Yankee Blade*.

LOUARTINE'S MARRIAGE.—The story of the marriage of Louartine is of romantic interest. The lady, whose maiden name was Birch, was possessed of considerable property, and when passed the bloom of youth, she became passionately enamoured of the poet, from the perusal of his "Mc-

...the death of females was much less than that of males... Past forty the death of females are the same as that of males... The natural law of the sexes, then, is this:

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"Have you an edition of 'Theology'?"
"Certainly, ma'am, you will find it under Mr. B. posted to the table on which that very useful compilation is deposited."

After turning over the pages of the volume for some time, apparently without success in her search, the lady enquired, "What kind of a Dictionary is this, at all?" "Shure no one can find it in it, and himself livin' in Boston since last Candlemas'."

"This ma'am," answered the urbane clerk, "is a New York Directory, and does not include Boston."

"Well, ye are all wrong, ye and shure me has found him to New York, two weeks ago, and got work; and thin sint a letter to me to come or after him; and him self forget to say where he was a worrackin'."

"Really, ma'am, it's a very hard case; but it is doubtful whether you will obtain any information from the Directory, as it is written only once a year."

"O, had luck to the likes of Pat, McMullin; emphasized she, to bewilder me this way, and me self lost in a big town without a shillin' in me pocket."

"What is your husband's name?" queried Mr. Bouton.

"Pat, McMullin, an' shure."

"Here are about seventy McMullins on this page, ma'am; what trade did he follow?"

"Ne'er a thrule at all; shure, he is an Irishman."

"Mr. Bouton was nonplussed."



Youth's Department.

If the reader can cite us to anything that mirrors to the soul more of holiness than the following, from Grace Greenwood's "Little Pilgrim," we would like to see it.

AT SEA—MOONRISE.
[A Child Speaks.]

Come up, the moon is rising fast;
The sea is calm, the deck is clear.
Come, mother; stay no longer here;
The moon will not always last.

Do you remember once you talked
With me, of Christ upon the sea?
Now harken, for this seems to me
The shining path where Jesus walked!

And when the silvery brightness came
Along the sparkling waves to-night,
My heart leaped, trembling at the sight,
And then I spoke our Saviour's name.

I should not fear his holy will,
I now he stand in my bright face;
And I could see his blessed face,
And hear him whisper, "Peace, be still."

LINDLEY MURRAY.

It is not generally known that this "Prince of English Grammarians" was an American, and born within the present limits of Lebanon county, Penn. He was born in the year 1745, on the Switara in East Hanover township, the Lancaster county. His father was a miller, and followed that occupation when Lindley was born; but afterwards devoted

...the death of females was much less than that of males... Past forty the death of females are the same as that of males... The natural law of the sexes, then, is this:

A large wine-dealer in London, recently on his death-bed, being in a great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had followed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to pinch out all the sour wines he could, and by making use of sugar of lead, and other deleterious substances, to tone the wine to a palatable taste. He said he did not doubt he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the injurious effects of his mixtures on those who drank them. He had seen instances of this kind where the unaccountable victims of his cupidity, after waiting and dealing for years, despite of best medical advice, went to their graves, poisoned by the adulterated wines he had sold them. The man died rich; but, alas! what a legacy did he leave for his children!

Humorous.

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

RAILROAD LYRICS.

AIR:—"Coming through the Rye."

If an engine meet an engine
"Coming round a curve,"
If they smash track, train and tender,
What do they deserve?
Not a penny is paid to any
So far as we observe;
But all acquit the engineer,
When "coming round the curve."

If an engine meet a steamer
"Coming through the draw,"
If they crush or drown the public,
Need we go to law?
If the engineer was a rebel—
I'd rath' be rather law—
They don't discharge on foot or flow,
"Coming through the draw."

If a steamer chase a steamer,
"Running up to her,"
If they burst their pipes and boiler,
Where's the mighty crime?
Should a jury in a jury,
Make them pay one dime,
Or send the officers to prison,
"Running up to me."

If they man or hold a body
Or a body's wife,
Need a body sue a body,
For baggage, limb, or life?
If you sue for damages,
For pay for what you lost,
You get a broken neck or leg,
And have to meet the cost.

A PALPABLE HIT.—Our West, a stump orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said:—

"I have heard some persons hold to the opinion that just at the precise moment one human being dies, another is born, and that the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent there, and I find that for some time previous to his nativity, nobody died. Fellow citizens you may draw the inference."

Kissing a pretty girl, "down South," a young gentleman asked her what made her so sweet. "Oh," she replied, in after innocent conversation, "my father's a sugar planter."

Mrs. Partington was lamenting the other day that she could not "suppress" herself correctly. "I never open my mouth," she exclaimed in despair and with tears oozing out from under her spectacles, "but what I put my foot right into it."

Alle causes many ailments, while Beer brings many to the bier.



The Son of Temperance.

My son, look not that 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, FEB. 4, 1854.

A DREAM.

I dreamed a dream the other night,
When all around was still;
I dreamed I saw the Maine Law men
A coming down the hill.

No tippler's glass was in their hand,
Nor sorrow in their eye;
But all was happiness and joy—
Their banners waving high.

They went unto their M.P.P.'s,
And begged of them to pass
A law, to stop the vendors
From killing men *en masse*.

They went unto the vendors,
And prayed of them to cease
Retailing out their poisons,
(That make of man a beast.)

They went unto the ladies,
And asked a helping hand,
To free from Alcohol
This bright and happy land.

They went to the distillers,
(Who dig the drunkard's grave)
And prayed of them to help
The drunkard's soul to save.

They went unto the blooming youth,
And asked perpetual hate
To brandy, gin and wine—
That do intoxicate.

They went on doing good,
In "Love and Purity,"
Determined not to cease
Till Canada they'd free.

DARLINGTON.

Oshawa, January, 1854.

FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.

Few who have not investigated the state of society in our towns and cities can form any idea of the amount of intemperance existing among the female part of the community. Such is peculiarly the case in Toronto. The fact of about 500 females being arrested last year in Toronto on various charges, almost all resulting in some way from intemperance, clearly proves the truth of the assertion. There are never less than about 50 degraded females in our city prison, and our police reports furnish daily lists of females, punished for drunkenness. There is a Magdalene Asylum in Toronto described in the following remarks of the *Examiner*, got up to reclaim vicious and drunken females. It is well worthy of encouragement. Now, in reference to this institution and the evils it is got up to prevent, all must see that the liquor traffic of our cities can be seen in its every phase, to be terrible in its effects. Female prostitution is, at the same time, the most humiliating and destructive to human creatures. What sight is so pitiable as that of a beautiful and innocent girl throwing herself upon such a juggernaut of sin!! Female prostitution exists to an alarming extent in all American and European cities. Has the philanthropist enquired into its cause? Whilst much of it results from the cupidity of bad men and women, entrapping females into destruction, it cannot be concealed that a majority is caused by taverns, selling intoxicating drinks. Then, what is not originally caused by this, is perpetuated afterwards by the use of strong drinks. The female who throws herself away through the selfish intrigues of others, or through poverty, might repent and reform; but the use of strong drinks hardens her heart, and keeps her from seeing her degraded position. The low taverns of Toronto and every city, are the nurseries of female prostitution. In view of this how loudly does duty call upon virtuous females, upon all good citizens, to help to put down the traffic by a Maine Law.—*Editor Son.*

MAGDALENE ASYLUM.

Seven months ago an Institution was formed in this city for the laudable object of reclaiming female outcasts, and providing them a comfortable home, until they could be restored to an honourable position. It was formed by a Committee, to aid in making it practically useful, and with them were associated several gentlemen who formed a Managing Board. Unobtrusive have been the efforts of this benevolent association in the laudable enterprise in which it is engaged, and yet the results are such as to afford room for sincere congratulation.

It is hardly necessary that we should do more than indicate the class of unfortunates who are daily sought to be reclaimed and protected by the Magdalene Asylum Association. They are the outcasts of our female population—the victims of evil companionship and intemperance. They fill our jails; but they were trained elsewhere to vice. The schools where they learned their habits are to be found in our public streets, and derive no small share of their support from the respectable portions of society. Drink, the companion of almost every vice which destroys individual reputation and infests society, has its share, perhaps the chief share, in the training; and step by step the victim is led downwards to a life of hopeless prostration, which terminates—need we say how. The history of one would be found to be the history of a thousand.

The Magdalene Asylum, as we have said, has been found to answer, if not to exceed the expectations of its supporters. As may be supposed, the chief part of the labour has been shared by the ladies. Some members of the Committee visit the jail at least once a week, for the purpose of learning the condition of the female inmates, and directing those who may wish, to a comfortable home in the Institution. This labour, attended as it is by serious discouragements, is cheerfully performed, and in many cases, with gratifying results. Many of the unfortunate creatures have readily accepted the provision made for them; and the keepers of the jail already begin to find a marked diminution in the number of habitual commitments for drunkenness and disorder.—*Examiner.*

A broken bottle and a copy of the Maine Law were placed under the corner-stone of a new court house at Belfast, Me.

STATE OF THE ORDER ABOUT PARIS, CANADA WEST.

The fervour of this letter breathes of better times coming—it sounds like the things of 1852. We wish that all would turn out and again, like this brother, help to build up anew the noblest bulwark of humanity. Indeed we are safe in saying that quite a reviving spirit is manifesting itself in Canada, in our Order.—[*Editor.*]

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It is with feelings of pleasure that I hail the appearance of your valuable paper in its new dress.

It has outlived the storms of 1853, and comes to cheer our homes and firesides with its presents. May it, and its able conductor, long live to plead the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed.

My object in writing at this time is to let you and the friends of Temperance know something of the state of the cause in this part of Canada. On the 13th of the present month I attended a large and enthusiastic Temperance meeting in the village of New Hope, in Waterloo. It was held as the anniversary of the Division in that place.—About 6 o'clock, P. M., the tri-coloured flag of our Order was seen gently floating above the Division Room. At about half-past 6 o'clock, between two and three hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to the table, richly laden with the good things of this life. We could not but admire the taste displayed in the arrangements on the occasion. And here we deem it our duty to pay a tribute of respect to those young ladies whose services did so much to make the occasion agreeable, and whose STAR-LIKE EYES and rosy cheeks threw a halo of pleasure around the festivities of the meeting. After the table was cleared the congregation repaired to the Methodist Chapel. The chair was taken by Mr. George Clenins, D.G.W.P., who is a warm and true-hearted Son of Temperance.—After a few telling remarks from the chairman the meeting was addressed at some length by the writer, the Rev. Mr. Pearson, Rev. Mr. Scott, and a gentleman, (whose name I do not recollect) from Guelph. Those who attended this meeting seemed much engaged in the cause of Temperance. I also lectured a short time ago in the village of Canning. THE DIVISION THERE IS DOING WELL. They have got some men in their Division of the right stamp—men who are unflinching and determined not to be frowned down by enemies. I have also lectured twice to the PRINCETON DIVISION.—

The last time I was favoured with a congregation of about four hundred persons. James Green Esq. D.G.W.P., exerts a powerful influence in that place, in favour of the cause, and we hope his warm and generous heart will long be responsive to the calls of suffering humanity.

Brother Durand, I am STILL IN THE FIELD, and determined to let my voice be heard in favour of a cause, which is the one of ALL MANKIND. When I see the black hand of intemperance plucking so many of the fairest flowers of human hope and happiness, I feel to exclaim, "Oh ye angels of the third Heavens! bear on your wings to Heaven's Metropolis the sighs and tears of suffering humanity; unstring your golden harps whose strings are living sun-beams, and let your tears, star-like, glitter on the mercy-seat, for man is fallen—yes, fallen!" Mournful thought, that the mind which might be radiant as angels, and aid to roll the holy anthems of praise through the bowers of heaven, must sink beneath the blackened flood of intemperance. O! GOD, GIVE US THE MAINE LAW!

Yours in love,
F. B. ROLPH.

Paris, 20th January, 1854.

THE LATE DEATH OF A SOLDIER— TEMPERATE SOLDIERS.

Toronto, 23rd January, 1854.

SIR,—By giving insertion in your weekly, to the following remarks upon the proceedings of a Coroner's inquest held in the Canteen of the New Barracks for the purpose of ascertaining how Private James Shaw, of the Royal Canadian Rifles, came by his death, you will much oblige a poor unjustly despised and often a libeled class of Her Majesty's subjects.

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Let the revilers of the British Army in Toronto read the above, mark and digest it well; let them take 220 men indiscriminately from any part of their city; let their private characters be scrutinized; and I feel confident that for Temperance, eye and high morality, the soldiers composing the Toronto Garrison would leave them far in the shade.

I have been induced to make these statements in defence of my Comrades by several of them expressing themselves much annoyed at the remarks made by the Coroner. I feel confident in my own mind that the gentleman meant no offence, but as soldiers are frequently taunted with similar remarks they are particularly sensitive and feel uneasy whenever the subject is in the most distant manner alluded to.

Likewise it has been stated in some of the city papers that the unfortunate man who met his death by accident was drunk at the time: on be-

although they are able to say that the man was perfectly sober at the time.

A SON OF TEMPERANCE

And not ashamed to say it,
A SOLDIER."

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

QUEBEC, 1st January, 1854.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE CHARGE ON NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Commencing on and from the 1st February, 1854, Newspapers and Periodical Publications will be subject to the following Regulations and Charges when transmitted through the Post in this Province:—

1. The Postage charge on Canadian Newspapers will be—

When published 6 times a week,	8s. 6d. per annum
Ditto 3 " " "	4s. 6d. ditto
Ditto twice " " "	2s. 9d. ditto
Ditto once " " "	1s. 6d. ditto

and these rates are to be paid Quarterly in advance.

2. At the beginning of each Post Office Quarter, Postmasters will require the Subscribers receiving Newspapers regularly through their Offices to pay the Quarter's Postage thereon in advance.

3. Publishers may, if they see fit, make this Prepayment on behalf of their Subscribers at the Offices where the papers are posted; and, in that case, the mailing Postmaster must be careful to stamp such Papers as Prepaid, for the information of the receiving Postmaster.

4. These rates of charge will also apply to Papers published in the United States, addressed to Subscribers in this Province.

5. The postage on what are called *transient papers*, that is, Papers not sent from the Office of Publication to actual subscribers, will remain 4d on each Paper, as at present, to be collected on delivery, or prepaid at the option of the sender. When prepaid, a transient paper must be marked as such by the sending Postmaster.

6. Newspapers to and from the Lower Provinces, Newspapers sent to Subscribers in the United States, from office of publication in Canada, and Exchange Newspapers, will continue to be exempt from Postage charge.

7. The regulations respecting the transmission of Newspapers to and from the United Kingdom will remain unaltered.

8. On Magazines and other Periodical Publications, the Postage charge will be as follows:—

When issued in monthly Parts and weighing not more than 1 ounce	0s. 4d. per annum
When weighing over 1 ounce and not exceeding 4 ounces	1s. 0d. per annum
When weighing over 4 ounces	2s. 0d. ditto

When issued more or less frequently than once a month, the charge to be in like proportion—thus, on a weekly periodical of less than one ounce in weight, the charge will be 4d. per quarter.

These charges are to be collected in advance as with the Newspapers.

9. Transient Periodical Publications are to be charged 4d. per ounce, which may be collected either by the sending or receiving Postmaster; if by the former, the packet must be marked as prepaid.

(The next five sections relate to Postmasters private duties.)

15. As these regulations take effect on the first February inst., postmasters will on that day call upon the subscribers to Newspapers and periodicals delivered through their respective offices to pay the postage thereon in accordance with the foregoing rates, in advance, for two months ending 31st March next, viz:—

For a daily paper	1s. 4d.
For Tri-weekly paper	0s. 8d., &c. &c.,

and on the 1st April for a full quarter, and thereafter in like manner for a full quarter on the 1st day of each Post-Office quarterly period.

16. When a Newspaper, &c., commences to arrive, for a subscriber, in the course of a Quarter, the postage is to be paid in advance to the end of the quarter, in proportion to the time to elapse; thus, a daily Paper, received for one month only, will be liable to a charge of 8d. Postage.

17. As Postmasters are directed and authorized to collect these charges from regular Subscribers in advance, they will be held strictly accountable

My soul looks at the... when it gives... At the... of the... of the...

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1854.

A DREAM

I dreamed a dream the other night, When all around was still; I dreamed I saw the Maine Law men A coming down the hill. No tipplet's glass was in their hand, Nor sorrow in their eye; But all was happiness and joy - Their banners waving high. They went unto their M.P.P.'s, And begged of them to pass A law, to stop the vendors From killing men en masse. They went unto the vendors, And prayed of them to cease Retailing out their poisons, (That make of man a beast). They went unto the ladies, And asked a helping hand, To free from Alcohol This bright and happy land. They went to the distillers, (Who dig the drunkard's grave) And prayed of them to help The drunkard's soul to save. They went unto the blooming youth, And asked perpetual hate To brandy, gin and wine - That do intoxicate. They went on doing good, In "Love and Purity," Determined not to cease 'Till Canada they'd free.

DARLINGTON.

Oshawa, January, 1851.

FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.

For who have not investigated the state of society in our towns and cities can form any idea of the amount of intemperance existing among the female part of the community. Such is peculiarly the case in Toronto. The fact of about 500 females being arrested last year in Toronto on various charges, almost all resulting in some way from intemperance, clearly proves the truth of the assertion. There are never less than about 50 degraded females in our city prison, and our police reports furnish daily lists of females, punished for drunkenness. There is a Magdalene Asylum in Toronto, described in the following remarks of the Examiner, got up to reclaim vicious and drunken females. It is well worthy of encouragement. Now, in reference to this institution and the evils it is got up to prevent, all must see that the liquor traffic of our cities can be seen in its every phase, to be terrible in its effects. Female prostitution is, at the same time, the most humiliating and destructive to human creatures. What sight is so pitiable as that of a beautiful and innocent girl throwing herself upon such a juggernaut of sin!! Female prostitution exists to an alarming extent in all American and European cities. Has the philanthropist enquired into its cause? Whilst much of it results from the cupidity of bad men and women, entrapping females into destruction, it cannot be concealed that a majority is caused by taverns, selling intoxicating drinks. Then, what is not originally caused by this, is perpetuated afterwards by the use of strong drinks. The female who throws herself away through the selfish intrigues of others, or through poverty, might repent and reform; but the use of strong drinks hardens her heart, and keeps her from seeing her degraded position. The low taverns of Toronto and every city, are the nurseries of female prostitution. In view of this how loudly does duty call upon virtuous females, upon all good citizens, to help to put down the traffic by a Maine Law.—Editor Son.

MAGDALENE ASYLUM.

Seven months ago an Institution was formed in this city for the laudable object of reclaiming female outcasts, and providing them a comfortable home, until they could be restored to an honourable position in society. Means were liberally furnished by private subscription for the support of the Asylum; a number of ladies formed themselves

to the class of unfortunates who are... to be found in our public streets, and derive a small share of their support from the respectable portions of society. Drink, the companion of almost every vice which destroys individual reputation and infests society, has its share, perhaps the largest, in the training; and step by step the victim is led downwards to a life of hopeless prostration, which terminates—need we say how. The history of one would be found to be the history of a thousand.

The Magdalene Asylum, as we have said has been found to answer, if not to exceed the expectations of its supporters. As may be supposed, the chief part of the labour has been shared by the ladies. Some members of the Committee visit the jail at least once a week, for the purpose of learning the condition of the female inmates, and directing those who may wish, to a comfortable home in the Institution. This labour, attended as it is by serious discouragements, is cheerfully performed, and in many cases, with gratifying results. Many of the unfortunate creatures have readily accepted the provision made for them; and the keepers of the jail already begin to find a marked diminution in the number of habitual commitments for drunkenness and disorder.—Examiner.

A broken bottle and a copy of the Maine Law were placed under the corner-stone of a new court house at Belfast, Me.

STATE OF THE ORDER ABOUT PARIS, CANADA WEST.

The fervour of this letter breathes of better times coming—it sounds like the things of 1852. We wish that all would turn out and again, like this brother, help to build up anew the noblest bulwark of humanity. Indeed we are safe in saying that quite a reviving spirit is manifesting itself in Canada, in our Order.—[Editor.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It is with feelings of pleasure that I had the appearance of your valuable paper in its new dress.

It has outlived the storms of 1853, and comes to cheer our homes and firesides with its presents. May it, and its able conductor, long live to plead the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed.

My object in writing at this time is to let you and the friends of Temperance know something of the state of the cause in this part of Canada. On the 13th of the present month I attended a large and enthusiastic Temperance meeting in the village of New Hope, in Waterloo. It was held as the anniversary of the Division in that place.—About 6 o'clock, P. M., the tri-coloured flag of our Order was seen gently floating above the Division Room. At about half-past 6 o'clock, between two and three hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to the table, richly laden with the good things of this life. We could not but admire the taste displayed in the arrangements on the occasion. And here we deem it our duty to pay a tribute of respect to those young ladies whose services did so much to make the occasion agreeable, and whose STAR-LIKE EYES and rosy cheeks threw a halo of pleasure around the festivities of the meeting. After the table was cleared the congregation repaired to the Methodist Chapel. The chair was taken by Mr. George Clemens, D.G.W.P., who is a warm and true-hearted Son of Temperance.—After a few telling remarks from the chairman the meeting was addressed at some length by the writer, the Rev. Mr. Pearsons, Rev. Mr. Scott, and a gentleman, (whose name I do not recollect) from Guelph. Those who attended this meeting seemed much engaged in the cause of Temperance. I also lectured a short time ago in the village of Canning. THE DIVISION THERE IS DOING WELL. They have got some men in their Division of the right stamp—men who are unflinching and determined not to be frowed down by enemies. I have also lectured twice to the PRISCOTT DIVISION.—They are doing well at present. The Division in the village of Waterford is one of the most prosperous in Canada. I have lectured to them twice.

Paris, 20th January 1854. THE LATE DEATH OF A SOLDIER—TEMPERATE SOLDIERS. SIR,—By giving insertion in your weekly, to the following remarks upon the proceedings of a Coroner's inquest held in the Canteen of the New Barracks for the purpose of ascertaining how Private James Shaw, of the Royal Canadian Rifles, came by his death, you will much oblige a poor unjustly despised and often a libeled class of Her Majesty's subjects. The Coroner, in his remarks to the Jury said that he considered it the duty either of the City Corporation or the Railroad Company to erect a light at the crossing of the Railway leading to the Barracks. So far agreed, but listen to his reasonings for this recommendation. He, the Coroner remarked that this crossing was for the convenience of Soldiers, their wives and children going to and returning from the town; and that it was well known that Soldiers, after the duties of the day were over, were in the habit of going to town to enjoy themselves a little, see their sweethearts and—a and a—here he left his hearers to fill up the blank which I have no doubt the Jury and the majority of the Court did by inserting— to get drunk. Before the opening of the Court I heard the Coroner boast that he was an old soldier himself—now these remarks and insinuations of his, might perhaps be justly applicable to himself and the corps honoured by his services; but they cannot, in justice, be applied to the Royal Canadian Rifles. Allow me to tell the Coroner and all that heard him this day, that a large majority of the Royal Canadian Rifles can find a better purpose for their money than spending it on diluted poisons vended by the Licensed poison dealers of Toronto. The conduct of the Royal Canadian Rifles in this respect would shame, if brought to the test, the most would-be-religious church going part of the population of Toronto. I know well from experience that the latter class will sneer at what I am going to add but the truly pious, and the friends of Temperance will rejoice: OUT OF 220 MEN composing the GARRISON there 46 SONS OF TEMPERANCE, and to my personal knowledge there is an EQUAL NUMBER, if not more, who from principle alone voluntarily refrain from ever tasting that which can intoxicate and make men fools. Let the revilers of the British Army in Toronto read the above, mark and digest it well; let them take 220 men indiscriminately from any part of their city; let their private characters be scrutinized; and I feel confident that for Temperance, eye and high morality, the soldiers composing the Toronto Garrison would leave them far in the shade. I have been induced to make these statements in defence of my Comrades by several of them expressing themselves much annoyed at the remarks made by the Coroner. I feel confident in my own mind that the gentleman meant no offence, but as soldiers are frequently taunted with similar remarks they are particularly sensitive and feel uneasy whenever the subject is in the most distant manner alluded to. Likewise it has been stated in some of the city papers that the unfortunate man who met his death by accident was drunk at the time; on behalf of a departed comrade I beg leave to state that this is false for it can be proven by not one but twenty men that would scorn to tell a lie

Yours in love, F. B. ROLPH. Paris, 20th January 1854.

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and on the 1st April for a full quarter, and thereafter in like manner for a full quarter on the 1st day of each Post-Office quarterly period.

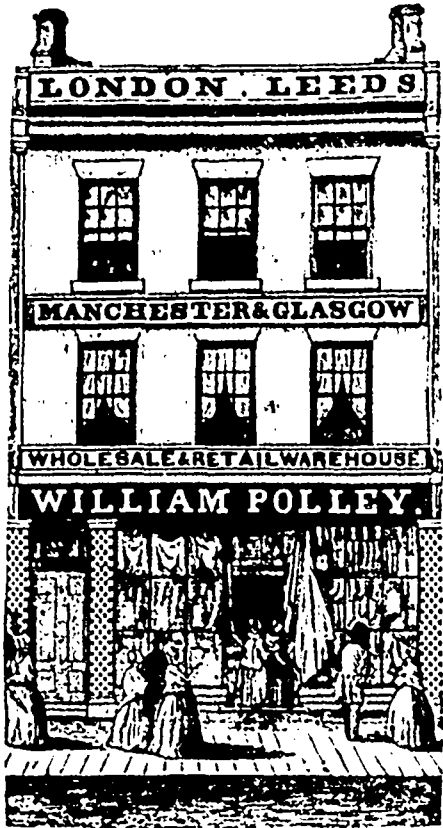
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17. As Postmasters are directed and authorized to collect these charges from regular Subscribers in advance, they will be held strictly accountable for the same.

18. When a Newspaper or Periodical is refused or not called for, the Publisher is to be promptly

FRESH ARRIVALS

WINTER DRY GOODS.



WILLIAM POLLEY, CHEQUERED WAREHOUSE.

66 KING STREET EAST, THIRD DOOR WEST OF CHURCH ST. TORONTO.

Best quality of goods... and assortment of goods...

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS. Imported expressly for the Trade...

Every description of... American Groceries... Soap, Shampoos...

A full assortment of... Cuffs, Caps, Hosiery... A fine quality of...

SMALL WARE IN ENGLISH VARIETY. The Stock with... Fine Stationery...

Checked Watch use } 66 King St. East } Toronto Jan 5, 1854 }

BREWER, McPHAIL & Co., WHOLESALE STATIONERS...

To which they have now received large additions by the Fall press...

TO BUILDERS. THE Undersigned take pleasure in...

COOK & HILL. Toronto, January 14, 1854.

RIALTO HOUSE, (Late Old Post Office), 45, WELLINGTON ST. EAST, TORONTO.

THE Undersigned take pleasure in... TENDERS TO BUILDERS.

COOK & HILL. Toronto, January 14, 1854.

TENDERS TO BUILDERS. TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED...

Redding & Co., Proprietors, No. 8 State Street, Boston.

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

Sign of the large Knife and Fork.

BRASS BANDS FOR DIVISIONS, INSTRUMENT AND MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT.

MUSIC AND INSTRUMENTS.

WINTER BOOTS AND SHOES.

H. BROWNSCOMBE, DEALER IN HIS NEW CHEAP YONGE STREET STORE...

W. P. MARSTON, MANUFACTURER OF GUNS, PISTOLS & CO.

THE RUSSIA SALVE VEGETABLE OINTMENT.

RUSSIA SALVE CURES RUINS, RUSSIA SALVE CURES CANCERS...

EVERY MOTHER WITH CHILDREN, and all Heads of Families...

Redding & Co., Proprietors, No. 8 State Street, Boston.

WINTER GROCERIES

CHEAP GROCERIES. JOHN HISCOCK, YORKVILLE.

Farmer's Produce Bought and Sold. GROCERY.

BUCKETT & WARD, READY-MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS.

GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER.

RAILWAY NOTICE. THE Great Western.

THE Great Western Railway Notice.

W. P. MARSTON, MANUFACTURER OF GUNS, PISTOLS & CO.

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HENRY LATHAM.

PAINTING, Glazing & Papering.

A. M. SMITH, OFFICE FOR SALE. At 101 Yonge Street.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. Toronto, Port Credit, Oakville, and Wellington Square...

THE STEAMER MAZEPPA. F. PUTERWORTH MASTER.

CARRYING THE MAILS. WILLIAM POLLEY, CHEQUERED WAREHOUSE.

NEW GROCERY STORE. P. M. CLARK.

BURGESS & LEISHMAN, 45, WELLINGTON ST. EAST, TORONTO.

HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND The Largest, the Cheapest, and the Best Assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS IN CANADA WEST.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. WE have a complete assortment of New Fall and Winter Goods...

Men's Boy's Hats, Coats, etc. Men's Paris Cloth Vests, etc.

Men's Paris Cloth Vests, etc. Men's Paris Cloth Vests, etc.

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While we are these...
The many have...
And you see...
While blowing...
Strange indeed...
Where our...
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But lead us...
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Then lands...
But prosper...
This year...
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That nations...
Her prosper...
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By calling...
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Yet our...
Quite as...
Our Bonnets...
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And our...
And induce...
Our manner...
The lowest...
And such...
The unceasing...
THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

While many must know...
Has been made...
Yet our...
Quite as low...
Our Bonnets...
With a prospect...
And our Shawls...
And induce even...
Our manner of...
The lowest price...
And such, we...
The unceasing...
THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Our Bonnets and Cloaks...
With a prospect of...
And our Shawls and our Furs...
And induce even the most...
Our manner of business...
The lowest price asked...
And such, we determine...
The unceasing practice...
THE LARGE 103, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

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And such, we determine...
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HAIR, CAUS, AND FURS
The many have...
And you see...
While blowing...
Strange indeed...
Where our...
blown
Though our...
But lead us...
Should be...
Then lands...
But prosper...
This year...
And now she...
That nations...
Her prosper...
Where her...
While all...
At prices...
To many...
Why Dry...
is true, not...
By calling...
While many...
Has been...
Yet our...
Quite as low...
Our Bonnets...
With a...
And our...
And induce even...
Our manner...
The lowest...
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CHARLES Baker, Merchant...
No. 37 King Street West, Toronto...
The many have...
And you see...
While blowing...
Strange indeed...
Where our...
blown
Though our...
But lead us...
Should be...
Then lands...
But prosper...
This year...
And now she...
That nations...
Her prosper...
Where her...
While all...
At prices...
To many...
Why Dry...
is true, not...
By calling...
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THE CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE
AND LITERARY GEM.
The many have...
And you see...
While blowing...
Strange indeed...
Where our...
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Though our...
But lead us...
Should be...
Then lands...
But prosper...
This year...
And now she...
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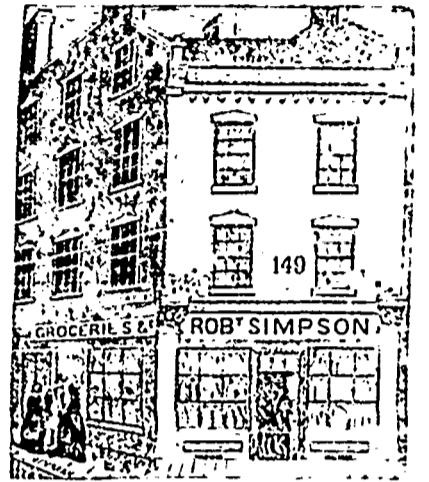
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NEW STOCK OF GROCERIES.



ROBERT SIMPSON, Corner of Yonge and Albert Sts., Toronto. Has for sale a large stock of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, SALT, FISH, FRUITS, CROCKERY, &c. At the very lowest prices. Farmer's Produce Bought. Toronto, 24 January, 1854. 1-1f

W. HAMILTON, Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker. BOOT and Shoe Establishment. W. HAMILTON, has on hand and for sale, a superior and well selected Stock of Boots and Shoes, suitable for the Season, to which he invites the attention of the Public. W. H. respectfully solicits an inspection of his Fall Stock of India Rubber Shoes and Boots, and of the latest Fashions. Third Door North of Adelaide Street, Ely, in Buildings No. 2, Yonge Street. Toronto, 24 January, 1854. 1-1f

MONTREAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY. THE Cheapest in Canada! BROWN & CHILDS, 85, King St., Toronto; 150, Notre Dame St., Montreal. Their Manufactories produce 100 pairs daily. Their prices defy all competition. Every attention given to the retail patron in Town or Country. Liberal credits given on purchases of more than \$25,—none for less amounts. Cash paid for all kinds of Leather 3000 and 5 best Spanish Sole for Sale. Also, 400 brls. Cod Oil. Would you make the most of your money, don't miss those places. Toronto 24 January, 1854. 1-1f

W. STEWARD, PREMIUM SADDLERY WAREHOUSE, 95 Yonge St., Toronto, Sign of the Man with a Cat. W. S. returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal support he has received. He still continues to manufacture a superior article, such as he has received so many premiums for at numerous fairs in Canada, and which has been honorably mentioned at the World's Fair in London. W. S. will sell very low for cash, and every article warranted to be such as sold for.—Good and Cheap. Remember the Sign of the Collar. Toronto, 24 January, 1854. 1-1f

A CARD. YONGE St. Pottery, Near Toronto. JOHN DAVIS, Proprietor.—Manufactures 2500 pieces per week, producing 30 to 45 worth of goods on the average per week, through the whole year. These Potteries excel all other potteries in the Upper Province for quantity and quality. They took all the three prizes at our Toronto Provincial Show, and have done so at other Fairs. Orders can be promptly supplied with our unsurpassable Brown Ware, and Bronze Glaze, Milk Pans, Crocks, Basins, Pickle Jars, Garden Pots, and ornamental Chimney Tops, on short notice. J. D., having secured a large quantity of clay superior to any ever manufactured in Canada before, he can recommend it as being far better for Duty purposes, than the miserable yellow and dirty white looking trash made in some places. January 24, 1854. 1-1f

NEW Painting and Glazier Establishment.—S. BOOTH & SON, House, Sign and Ornamental Painters, Glaziers, Gilders, Paper Hangings, &c., No. 13 Adelaide St. East, Shop—Victoria St., Respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the inhabitants of Toronto and vicinity. Hoping by strict attention to business, and moderate charges combined with good workmanship, and the best materials, to give satisfaction to all who favor them with their patronage. S. BOOTH & SON. Toronto, 24 January, 1854. 1-1f

JOHN Bentley, DRUGGIST AND STATIONER. No. 71 Yonge Street, has constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Glycerine, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Oil, Fine Writing, Patent Dye, &c. Also Wholesale and Retail Stationery, School Books, Account Books, Pocket Books, Portfolios and General Stationery. N. B.—Wholesale Depot for Bent's Baking Powder, Smith's Improved Rat and Vermin Exterminator, Jones's Pills, Fartell's Arabian Linctus, &c. &c. Rags Bought for the Paper Mill as usual. Toronto, January 24, 1854. 1-1f

JOHN PARKIN, FEEDER & GAS FITTER. Adelaide St. East, 2 Doors from Victoria St., Copper Brass, Lead, Iron, or Galva. Pipe and Fittings, up and repaired. Gas, Water, Steam, &c. Baths, Water Closets, &c. &c. supplied with the most promptitude and on the most liberal terms. Toronto, January 24, 1854. 1-1f

NAGARA TEMPERANCE HOUSE, No. 11, Liberty Pole, Buffalo City—H. BAYLEY and L. BAYLEY, Proprietors.—Good accommodation can be had at all times at this House at very moderate charges.—BOARD ONE DOLLAR PER DAY. Toronto, 24 January, 1854. 1-1f

J. MURPHY, PAINTER AND GLAZIER. Grand St. Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, &c. &c. No. 13 Adelaide Street, West of Yonge St. Toronto, 24 Jan. 1-1f

J. McNab, Barrister, Attorney, &c. No. 1st Door North of the Court House, Church Street Toronto. 1-1f

PRATT'S, Temperance House. Division Street, near the Wharf Cobourg. Good Stabling attached. Cobourg 24 January 1854. 1-1f

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! SAMUEL WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST 2 door West from corner of Bay and King Streets Toronto. Toronto January 2nd 1854. 1-1f

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT. HARCOURT & Co., TAILORS, CROTTINGERS, and General Outfitters, No. 11, North side of King Street, Directly opposite the Colomist Office Toronto.—The Subscribers keep always on hand a large assortment of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, Venetian and Summer Cloths, of the Newest Style of Pattern and Material. A choice selection of Vestings of the newest styles, consisting of Plain and Figured Velvets, Silk and Cotton Plushes, Satin and Figured Material of almost every description Ready-made Garmets, Hats, Caps, Smocks, Gloves, Suspenders, Mufflers, and Gentlemen's Wear in General. Judges' Earristers' and University Robes, of every Degree and quality, made to order. G. HARCOURT & Co., Toronto, January 24, 1854. 1-1f

CROCKERY! CROCKERY! THE Subscriber have just received a large assortment of CHINA, GLASS, AND EARTHENWARE, to which they invite the attention of country Merchants and others. —ALSO—Breakfast, Dinner, Dessert, and Tea Services, of PLAIN, PRINTED, AND ENAMELLED STONEWARE, PLAIN AND RICHLI GILT CHINA Breakfast, Tea, and Coffee Services, CUT AND PLAIN Glassware—Wine Glasses, Decanters, Tumblers, Custard Cups, Jelly Glasses, &c., &c. Parian Statuettes: Wyatt's Apollo, as the Shepherd Boy Flaxman's Bust of Nelson. D'Oisay'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 } 6-w.

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. Whitmore Rotherford, & Co., begs respectfully to invite the attention of the Public in Toronto, and its vicinity, to his Well-Assorted STOCK OF HARDWARE, Comprising in part of the following GOODS: Furnishing and Building Hardware, Superior Table and Fine Cutlery, Cabinet Makers, Joiners, Coopers, and Blacksmith's