

concerned. The Grand Piano upon which Mr. Jaell performed, which is undoubtedly the best on this side the line, both for brilliancy, power and fullness of tone, was kindly lent to the celebrated performer by Principal Baron of Upper Canada College. This instrument—one of Chirker's best Grand's—was got from Messrs. Northheimer's store, a short time ago by Mr. Baron, and considering that its great weight—seeing it takes ten men to remove it—rendered the placing of it in the large hall, somewhat of a task, it speaks volumes alike for the musical appreciation and the generosity of the worthy Principal, to risk the safety of so valuable an instrument on so great an occasion.

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?  
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!"

#### THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS STRAWBERRIES.

"A bird in the hand is worth two on the tree," is an old adage which appeals to our every-day being for its confirmation; but I do not remember to have seen it more literally or tantalizingly fulfilled, than in an incidental way a few days ago. A gentleman, whom I have here styled a philosopher,—because he is so virtually, both from his profound learning and his sagacity, had in due season purchased some very fine strawberry plants, and had planted them with his own hands, and tended them with the most anxious care. The little family, otherwise at liberty to roam at large through the garden, were not permitted to gambol near the strawberry bed, lest some tiny foot in an incautious moment should injure the precious plants.

Nature, ever gracious, when treated with respect, favoured his careful and intelligent culture, and an exuberant crop of most delicious looking berries was its reward. Three days ago the philosopher surveyed his strawberries with a complacent eye, and went in and sat down to dinner. The cloth being about to be removed, a playful smile irradiated his countenance, as he said—My dear Ellenor, I have at last got a luscious treat for you—those strawberries are now fully ripe, and I intend to give you one choice dessert. The children heard the announcement with delight and mamma went to secure some nice cream, while the philosopher,—basket in hand—glided off to pluck the promised dainty.

Courteous reader,—judge of his surprise when on reaching the strawberry bed, he discovered that all his treasured berries had been plucked by some sacrilegious hands, during the time he sat at dinner with his family, and within half an hour from the time he had made the last survey. With a rueful countenance he returned to his house, and holding up the empty basket explain in faltering accents the extent of his loss,—a circumstance which caused a sad and bitter disappointment. I saw him a few hours afterwards and his feelings were still so lacerated with the poignancy which the base transaction had superinduced, that he could scarcely speak of it with composure. I walked with him round the bed which a ruthless villain had so recently plundered, and there was only one berry left with which to moisten my lips, to enable me with sufficient appreciation to console with him in his very aggravated loss. Dear me! how far we are yet from civilization. P.

#### AUNT LITTLEJOHN'S TEA CHEST.

Well if there is one error more incident than another to my mental structure, or one into which I have more easily fallen in my sublunary journey, it is that one, of coming to a too hasty conclusion on certain matters. I had for instance very foolishly, imagined that no one could be so easily imposed upon as my old aunt Mrs. Little-

john; but I find that after all, human nature is but human nature all over. At the precise period in my aunt's history to which I more immediately refer, she was surrounded by a numerous and highly interesting family. One daughter had reached the realms of connubial bliss, two were marriageable, and a fourth, in all the blooming sweetness of mature girlhood, had entered on her teens. It would be unseemly, and altogether unnecessary for my present purpose, to enter more minutely into Mrs. Littlejohn's family arrangements, further, than to say she kept a comfortable house, and one in which I have spent many a pleasant evening. She prided herself in making a good cup of tea for a visitor, and when past a reasonable tea hour, there was always hot water and a little pure cognac.—This was, however, before Temperance Societies were talked off—One evening, about 5 o'clock, a travelling merchant called in a private way, and had a consultation. He had managed to get a few chests of tea smuggled over from China without paying the duty, and as he could thus afford to sell it cheap, he wished just to give Mrs. Littlejohn a bargain of a chest. A sample was produced, and with a view to test its quality an infusion was made on the spot, and the gentleman, who, by-the-way, had had some previous transactions there, sat down to tea with the family, and all concurred in pronouncing the tea to be most delicious. The gentleman having assured them that the tea in the chest was identical with the sample, a bargain was struck for £15 sterling.

Now came the turning point. The merchant required to leave town early in the morning and it was desirable that he should have his cash. But aunt had only £6 in the house and it was past bank hours, so that it became necessary to borrow, and also in so far to explain the urgency of the matter. The expedient was hit upon of consulting the secret to a grocer in the village and offering him half the chest if he was desirous to share in the bargain. Mr. Lawson had no objections to take half, but unfortunately had only £3 in the till. Here then the £9 was handed over as an earnest of the transaction and the gentleman having enjoined secrecy left the family in good spirits, with the understanding that he would call in the morning about half past 10 o'clock to get the balance.

But for an unlucky circumstance the transaction might have been kept quiet. At sharp ten o'clock, a messenger was despatched to the bank for the necessary funds, but eleven o'clock came, and not a word of the merchant. One half hour and aunt Littlejohn's courage began to fail her. She suspected that all was not right, and an old chisel and a hammer were put into requisition to open the tea chest, in order to make an exploration.

On the top there was a thick layer of very fine fresh tea; but so soon as the crust was pierced something hard was struck upon, and a little clearance having been made, lo! and behold, a large boulder, or whin-stone, as aunt called it—nicely packed with sawdust, filled up the chest. An enquiry was immediately instituted, but the gentlemanly merchant was nowhere to be found. The grocer called along to witness the deception, and having demurred to stand half of the loss, since he did not make the bargain, the story thus got wind, and it speedily spread.

When I had learned all the particulars, I just said, well experience is a hard master, but his lessons are always instructive. Next time a bargain is offered you, aunt, you will likely look at both sides of it, before it is completed, for I am sure no one else would have parted with £9, without knowing they had got value for it.

This had happened some years ago, and I have frequent occasion since, to demur to my own conclusions.

Without specifying all the instances I have noted, I will only refer to what took place in the early part of this week among the fair citizens of the fair city of Toronto.

Two or three men dressed as sailors, reached our city a few days ago, and in their well known canvass bags, they had a fine supply of Chinese silk shawls, and rich dresses, of a most elegant description. As these goods had been most especially smuggled over from China, with a view to supply the ladies of Toronto with an elegant article at a cheap rate, and as these jolly souls of Neptune had risked their reputation to bring them over in spite of the watchfulness of the Custom House officials, it was not too much sympathy, surely, for some of our lady friends to ease them of their dangerous treasures.

Well Mrs.—no, by the way—I will not mention names,—one lady purchased two dresses from these obliging tars, for twenty dollars, another purchased a handsome one for fifteen dollars, and a third purchased a more elegant one still for eighteen dollars. These three cases have come under my cognizance, and I hasten to say to all my fair friends that these dresses are virtually not worth twenty cents each. They were very ingeniously made to sell. The fabric is a closely woven cotton body with a finely dressed silk face, most admirably finished. The dresses are worked in lengths, and at each end a few shots of fine silk are thrown on in order to present a solid silk fabric, and thus make the deception complete. The same parties have been practising their nefarious traffic in Hamilton and other places within the last ten days, and I have no doubt many more victims have been made.

Although I could not suppress my risibility on hearing of the tea chest with the boulder packed in sawdust, still, the exhibition of such instances of trading displays a low tone of morality, both in purchaser and vendor. In no city in Canada do we meet with more nauseous and fulsome, tall talking of loyalty, than in this same said city of Toronto and if the truth was known, here are several of our most loyalty-loving citizens, conniving with pretended smugglers, in order to evade the laws that regulate good society. If the purchasing of smuggled goods be loyalty, then robbery is virtue, and murder an innocent pastime. It is highly immoral thus to evade the law even although getting little more than value for the money given. The man who stands up boldly and says, I cannot submit to the law you impose, because it is unjust, is a nobleman, compared to the one, who with loyalty in every expression sneakingly evades the law on every opportunity. We are far, still very far, from the correct appreciation of the pure and incontrovertible principle, do unto others as you would wish others to do unto you. P.

#### Literary Notices.

ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE,—Toronto: T. Maclear.

THE ART JOURNAL, June—London & New York: G. Virtue and Sons. Toronto, H. Rodgers, Agent for Canada.

The three engravings in this number are: The Mother, from the group of J. H. Foley, A. R. A.; Juliet and the Nurse, from the picture by H. P. Briggs, R. A., in the Vernon Gallery; and Sea Shore in Holland, from the picture of Sir A. W. Calleon, R. A., in the Vernon Gallery. These are beautifully executed.—The Sea Shore is an admirable piece, and is rendered in a very truthful and effective manner. "The Mother" is an engraving from a beautiful group of Sculpture by J. H. Foley, and bears ample evidence of the Sculptor's eminent and highly poetical attainments. There is a rich and graceful simplicity about the group, which show the artist to be thoroughly conversant with the true principles