HONOUR AND HONESTY.*

* From "Norton HARGRAVE and other sketches," a very entertaining and interesting volume published by the S. S. Union.

"Have I not done well?" cried Charles Mordant in an exulting tone to his uncle, as he entered that gentleman's library, and had shaken hands with him.

"In what respect?" asked Mr. Mordaunt. "I have ridden nearly six miles to call upon you without its having cost me a single penny for tolls." replied Charles. " And how comes that?" said Mr. Mor-

daunt. "It always costs me fourpence, if not sixpence." "I dare say it does," returned Charles

consequentially; but I know how to manage, and probably you do not." "No doubt," replied his uncle; "at all

events I am at a loss to understand you." "You know the first toll-gate between N-h and this ?" said Charles.

"Yes; very well." "Then by going round Springfield Wood and coming out again upon the main road," said Charles, "you may avoid that toll. Go on about another mile and a half, and then by taking a circuit by Westman's farm and crossing one of his fields, you can get into a lane which will again lead you to the road just below the second turnpike at Barnby; and thus you will escape both tolls."

"Are you pleased with what you have achieved?" said Mr. Mordaunt. "To be sure I am," replied Charles,

rather surprised at his uncle's manner:

"how can you doubt it?" "We generally judge of the feelings of another," said Mr. Mordaunt, "by our own. Such opinion is not free from a certain degree of selfishness, and I must tell you, that your sensations and mine differ greatly in this respect; as placing myself in your position, I should feel not exultation but shame."

"Uncle!" exclaimed Charles in un-

feigned astonishment. I say what I mean," returned Mr. Mordaunt. "I do not approve of your conduct, or your dexterity, if such you like to consider it, either as a gentleman, a member of society, or even as a Christian; and I have no scruple in telling you, that so far from applauding you for having been so clever, I should form a mean opinion of your principles altogether, if I knew nothing else of you than what you have just made matter for boasting."

"You surprise me, uncle," said Charles, much disconcerted.

"I dare say I do," replied he; " and you have a right to request an explanation. Answer me, then, Is any shade of dis. honesty, slight as it may be, becoming a gentleman ?"

"Certainly not," answered Charles. "Are tolls established for public, or for private convenience and accommodation?' demanded Mr. Mordaunt.

"Public, undoubtedly," said Charles. " Are good roads conducive to any desirable end?"

" To be sure they are, to several," said "To what ?"

"O! good roads are beneficial in so many respects," said Charles, "that one can hardly enumerate them; the communi cation between towns, the promotion of trade and commerce thereby, are among these. They make travelling not only safe and pleasant, but, as to labour and duration,

they are a saving both to carriages and horses of all descriptions." "For what purpose are the tolls collected ?" demanded Mr. Mordaunt.

"To the keeping up of the roads, of coarse," answered Charles. "And to the payment of interest due to those who have advanced money with that view," said Mr. Mordaunt. "To defraud any company or association formed for the public good, then, is surely to be guilty of dishonesty, it is neither more nor less than cheating, and, as such, is utterly derogatory to the character of a gentleman and of a fellow-citizen. At the same time it is in defiance of that command which is bound upon the Christian, to 'render to all their dues, custom to whom custom, tribute to whom tribute.' The boy, therefore, who can exult in his having defrauded the public in one respect, though apparently trifling, shews me he is in training to defraud the public in more serious matters. As is the source, so will be the waters of the stream ; if, therefore, I am to take you into my counting-house, I must have a guarantee for your honourable conduct in every and the least particulars of your duty. Independently, however, of these private considerations, I hold it as a maxim, that as public conveniences are properly supported by public contributions, he, who would profit by the first, should be ready to furnish willingly his quota of the second, or abstain altogether from availing himself of a benefit which he declines to support. I desire that you return by the road, and if the saving of a few pence be really a consideration to you, I beg you will accept of

He held out a shilling as he spoke. Charles coloured as deep as crimson, and his proud spirit prompted an indignant reply-

"No, sir," said he; I have not this excuse to plead." He struggled with himself, and once or twice attempted to speak before his words found utterance-"I am wrong, uncle: your correction has been sharp, but it shall be effectual." (Mr. Mordaunt extended his hand to him with one of his most benignant smiles.) "Neither you nor my own heart shall accuse me of meanness, if I cannot bring myself to call it by a harder term."

> LITTLE ERNESTINE. (From the Geman, by A. D. T.)

No one, probably, could be found, who was fonder of dress than little Ernestine. From her earliest years she had been ac. extent, neat and orderly, every failure har parents and relatives, to buy therewith and faithful service of his father.

peautiful ribbons, coloured pocket-handterchiefs, a new-fashioned hat, or the like.

In itself this was well enough, since children really ought to have some regard to appearance. But too much fondness or one's self and one's looks, ends in vanity and displeases whilst we desire to please. Such was the case here. Ernestine used and often sat half an hour at a time ogling hot, for it was a warm day. herself in the glass.

At length there was procured for her an lderly governess, an excellent and farseeing woman; and she used every means to cure her pupil of this soul-sickness, and to make her see its evil consequences. And once she caught Ernestine, too, paradglass, and said:

"My dear child, tell me, which do you value the highest your body or soul?" "The soul," said Ernestine "for this

never dies." "To which, then," was the next question,

should you pay the most attention?" "Why, naturally," was the somewhat

composed reply, " to the soul; but---"It is right and good," said the governess, "to be cleanly and neat. But one given to dress, is a contemptible person, who thinks only of the least enduring part mind, are neglected. How soon does with him. wouth, which outward beauty adorns, pass away; old age comes on, and the person

gether hideous." Such and the like exhortations had their ffect; and Ernestine, without being careess as to appearance, aimed to perfect and o adorn her heart and mind. - Children's Magazine.

who has no beauty of mind, or heart, or

INATTENTION.

Edward Marsden's father was employed as a light-porter in the service of a very respectable firm in the town of Liverpool; he bore a good character as a steady, honest, attentive servant, and his em. ployers regretted his loss greatly, when, by an unfortunate accident, the poor man was thrown under a heavy cart as he was passing it with a large number of parcels ne had to deliver, and so severely hurt that he died in a few days. His poor wife was left very badly off, for all her children were too young to work except Edward the eldest son, who was about twelve years | tunately, such mistakes sometimes occur

The persons who had employed his father continued to be very kind to his widowed mother, and offered to take him into their service as a second porter; promising that if he were steady, attentive and honest, as his poor father had been, they would be his friends, and increase his wages as he grew up, until they came to be the same as his father had from

This was a good prospect for Edwa Z. and the widow was very thankful. Edward was an obliging, good-tempered, active boy, and there appeared little doubt out he would get on well; his employers liked him, and he was soon a favourite with all the young men.

It was natural, every one thought, that at first there should be some mistakes with was, and these mistakes were borne very patiently; but after some weeks had gone over, every one began to think it was time hey should cease, for Edward's mistakes caused constant confusion. One day his employers sent for his mother, and when she came to speak to them, one of the

partners said :-" Mrs. Marsden, we wish to tell you hat we like your boy very much; but we fear he has one great fault.'

"What is that, sir?" asked the poor woman, quite trembling lest she should hear something very bad. "Inattention," he replied.

"Do you mean, sir, that Edward does not mind what you say to him?"

"No, I do not mean that, for the poor fellow always appears very sorry indeed bad habit of not thinking of what he is about, or of thinking of two things at a time, so that he confuses matters sadly; sage, without some mistake."

"That is very provoking, sir" said the nother; "but that has been his way all through, from his childhood."

" And why do you not correct this bad habit?" the employer inquired. "Oh, sir, he is so young, you will please

o remember. What can we expect from such a boy as he is?-You know, sir, we cannot put an old head on young shoulders.' "No, no, my good woman," said the

radesman, quickly; "but we can someimes cause a young head to grow on old houlders. Believe me, that habits which are formed in youth are not easily got over; and the boy who at thirteen cannot deliver a message correctly, or know exactly where he has left a parcel, is not ikely at thirty to be a good man of business.'

"I should be greatly obliged to you sir, f you would try what you can do for Edward," said Mrs. Marsden.

"I have not time, I am sorry, to say, to ake much pains to cure him of his fault; and I know that mere scolding will seldom cure any one," he replied. "We are as patient as we can be with Edward for his poor father's sake, but he has got many a ebuke already from the young men, whom he has often brought into troubl eby his mistakes. We will try, however, to do what we can for him, and hope you will advise him too."

Mrs. Marsden promised to do so, but she went away, and could not help thinking his employers were rather hard with poor Edward, "for he is such a child," she said to herself, and it is hard to expect an old head on young shoulders?" Thus, when she did advise her son to attend more customed to be, to a proper and reasonable to the orders he received, she lethim see at the same time, that she thought they thereof being reproved or punished. So, expected more than so young a boy would this little girl, who had also discovered that be likely to perform well. She was very a neat and cleanly garment added to her anxious however, that Edward should beauty, acquired a fondness for dress. To keep his place; but she depended on the this end, she laid by all her spare pennies' kindness of his employers to keep him, and all the little presents she received from and bear with him, on account of the long

"There is another journey for you," they were written on the parcel.

" Very well," said Edward cheerfully; he were not the least tired.

surprise, the lady appeared with a very den! displeased countenance, and asked what man said he had sent it; Edward was inattention. called, and said he had left it.

"Where did you leave it?" said his "In such a street," Edward answered.

Edward was confused. " At 45," he said; " No, 46, I think." His employer looked very angry, but

said to the lady,-"You shall not have any further trouble. it has been left at a wrong house, and you say-he caused his own death, and the shall have it in the course of half an hour. death of others, by inattention. We are very sorry for the mistake; unforfrom this boy's inattention. We hope you will excuse it !" And so he followed the lady to the door, making apologies all

Edward never saw his employer look so angry before, and he was glad to get away when told that he must go and inquire at every house in the street until he found the parcel he had left.

Edward went, and knocked at every door, and enquired at every house, and everywhere he got the same answer-"No such parcel was left here."

Edward began to cry; he was afraid to go back; and began to think of going home to his mother; fortunately while he was thinking of doing so, the young man who had sold the shawl came up; his for it. When he heard Edward's account

fear of going back, he said,-I am sure, if you were to run away to your mother, they would suspect you had made police would be sent to her house directly."

thing ! "Oh, no one knows," said the young man, "what scrapes inattention, in the is troublesome and impertinent. If she way of business, may get one into. Many people have been imprisoned, or even transported, for offences which began

merely in habits of inattention." Edward's master at once ordered another shawl to be sent to the lady, and then began to take every means to get when he is found fault with; but he has a back the lost one. But all in vain-the parcel never was heard of. It had certainly fallen into the hands of some dishonest person, whose sin was far greater he never brings a message, or takes a mes- than poor Edward's, but the fault and punishment were his. When his employer had given up all hope of recovering it, he wrecks and ruins into the grave-often

him,—

"Edward Marsden, you are now to quit days."

The wicked "liveth not half his days."

The world at once ratifies the my service; and I am sorry to say you truth and assigns the reason by describing had better not apply to me for a character. the dissolute as "fast men:" that is, they I think you are a pleasant-tempered, live fast: they spend their twelve hours in well-disposed, active lad, but I have lost six, getting through the whole before the more money by your inattention that your meridian, and dropping out of sight and wages would come to for some years. I into darkness while others are in the glow could not recommend you to any one and glory of life. "Their sun is down whom you might involve in the same losses. while it is yet day." And they might And I do hope that the pain you must feel have helped it. Many an one dies long for the loss you have caused me, and for before he need. Your men of genius, like the distress you will bring on your poor Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissiptell strange stories. What they say is this mother, who has only been by far too ated and profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal, indulgent to you, will have some effect in and your obscure and nameless "wandering ed to live in water with his jaws open, curing you of this fatal habit of inattention stars," who waste their youth in libertine which is the only serious fault I have ever indulgence: they cannot live long. They his throat, where, vigorously sucking his

of no avail to do so. He had to go home such a rate, that the fire goes out for want and remain a burden on his poor mother. of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by glad to receive the kiss she gave him in cannot stand the strain they put it to; exchange. He now felt that he was no while the state of their minds is often such longer thought so much of at home; he that the soul would eat the substance of obtain him another place; his poor mother way of escape from the incessant hell of its who had neglected to train him up in own thoughts .- T. Binney. better habits, forgot that she used to say "One must not expect to see an old head on young shoulders;" and often reproached him for having lost good friends by that one sad fault. The end of all this was, complainingly, of her child, 'She has such

I do not know how he got on in his early God for it. He who appointeth our lot course; at sea, of all places, I should knows for what purpose it was given. think attention is required, and therefore Have you never observed that the pathway I conclude poor Edward had punishment ordinary trials? It is a wise bestowment

time that I had known Edward and his hood and youth happy. Cloud not her mother, when the former was a boy, and sunny brow by drawing unnecessarily dark had heard all the affair of the lost shawl, pictures of life; fill not her confiding heart have been destroyed by the explosion of 300 when I came back to the town where he with distrust towards its fellows.

One day, however, it happened that a had lived, and heard every one talking of a handsome shawl, for which she paid a belonged to that port. I read the account decayed hopes and blasted anticipations. great many guineas. She wished it to be in the newspapers, and it was, indeed, 'God is love.' Life is beautiful. at a considerable distance. Just as she along, and not very far distant from the cheerful sun walking in brightness; the ing herself about with a ribbon before the for I have said he was a most active, issued the necessary order to prevent it. are open handed to the call of charity. good-tempered boy. And he ran off as if He called out, hastily, "Starboard!" to Tell not the young heart, so keenly suswhere he was directed to leave the parcel; to put a vessel to one side, by turning the coils. Who among us could fearlessly he had looked at the direction when it was helm that way, and "Larboard" means to again enter upon life, and cheerfully enjoy given to him, and he ran up the steps of a put it to the other. The captain cried, it with such a chart of shoals and quickhouse without looking at it again; the "Starboard!" and the man at the helm sands before our vision? God in His mercy door opened just as he came to it, and turned it to the "Larboard." Almost has hidden the future from our vision. Edward handed the parcel to the servant immediately, before the mistake could be 'Give us this day our daily bread,' is the who was at it, and without waiting for an seen, the packet dashed against the other. petition He has taught us. Shall the blessinstant, or saying a word, ran back as The shock was dreadful! The packet that ings of to-day be received with a churlish fast as he could. He was applauded for was going against the wind was the most spirit, because we know not what to-morrow his dispatch, for the young man was glad injured, almost dashed to pieces; many may bring us? That morrow we may of his nature, attends to the outward ap- to think he had kept his promise to the lives in it were lost; but in the other, the never see nor should we impatiently depearance, whilst the higher part, heart and lady who had laid out so much money man who was steering, and whose unfor- mand to know, whether for us it come tunate mistake caused the fatal accident, freighted with joy or sorrow.-Fanny's But the next day to the shopman's great was killed. That man was Edward Mars- Portfolio.

character, has none whatever, but is alto- was the reason the shawl had not been the captains, and by the evidence given each to have a wish that should be granted. sent home, saying, she would not deal they were both acquitted of negligence, or The first wished for wings, that it might again with the house if such inattention misconduct; for it was clearly proved that were permitted. She had spoken at first this dreadful accident occurred through knowledge, and to understand all about to one of the partners, who blamed the the steerman's mistake. It was also stated hooks and nets that it might keep out of young man for not sending the shawl; the that the man had often been reproved for danger; the third—a poor ignorant fish,

Madam; we will send directly to get it if from the habit of inattention, and-sad to so he pined away and died.

"I would warn every one, whose child shows a bad disposition, to hold him in while he is young, for there is not much fear of breaking his spirit. His innate prudence will protect him from this; and I feel, by myself, that our faults cannot be torn up with two much violence in childhood, before they have taken too deep a root." -Niebuhr

TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE UN-HAPPY.

We apprehend there are many husbands who will read the following with a him, and standing beside his boat, said:

"See your wife as seldom as possible. If she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper, or if after days or weeks of absence employer had sent him to see what she meets you with a smiling face and in an Edward was about, and to help to inquire affectionate manner, be sure to look coolly upon her and answer her with monoof his want of success in finding it, and his syllables. If she forces back her tears and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and "You must come with me, Edward, for gape in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have any thing to do to make her hapaway with that valuable shawl, and the py-but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she "Oh dear!" said Edward; "how could has done all that a woman can do, be sure any one think I would do such a wicked you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits; and if she ask your advice, make her feel that she attempts to rally you good humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she bait for different sorts of fish?' has faults, (which, without doubt, she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of,) never attempt with kindness to correct them. By such a course you will not fail to make an unhappy wife, and if you have one day, when I was fixin my line, my hook children, they will not fail to be inoculated fell into the water, and the fool took hold with the example which they will show in of it, and I drew him in." their respect to their parents.

FAST MEN .- The vicious die early They fall like shadows or tumble like called Edward into the office, and said to while quite young, almost always before The wicked "liveth not half his

CHILD-LIFE

How often do we hear a mother say, that Edward sought that refuge which so exuberant spirits !- she is so full of life! many careless youths do-he went to sea! Hush! lay your finger on your lips. Thank It was a great many years after the not her innocent gaiety. Make her child-

"Let her read, if she will, love in human lady bought in their great shop a very collision of steam-packets at sea, which faces. Earth is not all a charnel house of sent home immediately, and one of the most melancholy. It was a fine, fresh night,-starry, silent midnight-with its young men engaged to have it left at her day; a steam-packet, with both wind and glorious beauty; the silent moon riding in ouse in a very short time, although it was tide in her favor, was coming cheerfully majesty or veiled in fleecy clouds; the exery effort of dress to heighten her beauty, had gone away Edward comes in, tired and harbor, when another packet, with wind rainbow-tinted sunset clouds; the sweet and tide against her, was seen coming in gray dawn with its stirring life; the forestthe contrary direction, but taking a course clad hills crowned with the bow of promise: said the young man to him; "you must which threatened to bring her across that tee towering rock, the shining river, the run as quick as you can with this to such of the other. The captain had been quite flower-wreathed meadow, the deep blue sea, a street, and such a number;" and he named off his guard, but as soon as he was aware the grand old woods, with their whispered both the street and the number, though of the position of the other packet, and music; and in and among them all still, knew that he was going with much greater hearts that are noble, good, and true, beat speed and force, he saw the danger, and with sympathy for a brother's wrongs, and the man who was steering the vessel. ceptible, that every cup is drugged with He came very soon into the street Every one knows that "Starboard" means poison; that 'neath every flower a serpent "I have read a story of three little trout,

There was a long examination of both which, discontented and unhappy, desired not knowing what was best-wished that Poor Mrs. Marsden was in great grief God would take care of him, and give him when the body of her first-born son was what He saw best. So God gave wings to brought up to her. Well might she be so! the first; and, delighted with the exercise She had to remember, that, in his child- of his new power, he flew far, far away, to "At what number?" soid the lady; hood, she was too indulgent to that fault a desert, where he died from thirst. To the for I am confident it was not left at my which she thought so natural; she had to second he gave knowledge, and so he was remember, too, the words of Edward's all the time in terror; he was afraid to go first master. "Though we cannot put an into deep water, lest the great fishes should old head on young shoulders, we can swallow him, and he was afraid to go into sometimes cause a young head to grow on shallow water, lest it should dry up and old shoulders." In his youth Edward had leave him. He dared not eat anything caused others, as well as himse f, to suffer lest a hook might be concealed in it; and

> "But God loved the third little trout (who trusted in Him), and took care of him, and kept him from all dangers, so that he was always happy.

"My story carries with it its own moral. Let the buoyant-hearted hopeful little mariner you love, launch his little bark on life's ocean, praying always the Great Pilot for a happy voyage and safe port .- Fanny's Portfolio.

SATAN A FISHERMAN.—I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to 'Sir, I am unacquainted with your busi-

ness. What kind of fish are these? He replied, 'They are cod.fish.' ' How long are you usually out in order

to obtain your load ?" 'Two or three weeks,' was the answer. 'At what price do you sell them?'

He informed me. 'Well, have you not hard work to ob-

tain a living in this way?" 'Yes, hard work, 'said he.' I inquired, 'With what do you bait these

With clams.

'Did you ever catch mackerel?

'Yes. And I suppose you bait them with clams too?"

'Oh, no', said he, 'they will not bait at clams. 'Then you must have different kinds o

· Yes. Well now, did you ever catch a fish

without bait ?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I was out last year, and

' Now, sir,' said I, 'I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook.'

He was silent. His countenance was solemn, and after a pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, 'I guess that's a minister.'- Chris

THE CROCODILE AND THE SIKSAK -- WE shot and ate a siksak, the trochilos Herodo. tus, a sort of gentleman-in-waiting on the erocodile, about which history and tradition -that the crocodile being too much addict. must die early. They put on the steam blood, they prove extremely troublesome. Edward wept, and promised, but it was till they blow up the boiler. They run at Against these enemies, however, he finds a faithful ally in the siksak, which, as soon as He had been proud of bringing to her reckless speed and rapid wear. Nothing and the bird rendered bold by instinct, leaps, he perceives, he opens his delicate mouth, every Saturday night his weekly wages; can save them.—Their physical system like another Curtius, into the gulf— not to be swallowed up, however, but to swallow. He kills and devours the leeches, and then knew he had no character that he might the most robust body, and make for itself a dile. Sometimes this lumbering animal, getting sleepy during the process, mechanically closes his jaws, so as to deprive his little friend of air; upon which, extending his wings, furnished with sharp spikes on the tops of his shoulders, he wounds the crocodile's throat, and reminds him that it is his business to be civil. For the truth of the story I will not answer, but certain it is that these birds have the sharp spike on the wings, shewing the date of receiving the Roya Assent, and that I seldom, perhaps never, saw a crocodile without a siksak standing close inattention must be severely punished; so of such an one is sure to be marked by no his reach, but without his exhibiting the beside him on the sand, evidently within slightest desire to molest or injure it. The enough. But the end of my story shows from Him who seeth the end from the beginning. Deal tenderly with her; check plumage, and very good eating.—St. John's

The Powder Mills at Cumminsville, Nelson

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In the different orders of Official Robes, that

strict regard to correctness of style will be adhered to which has secured to this establishment so large a portion of that branch of the business. Toronto, Sept. 3, 1853.

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Toronto, October 1st, 1852.

M. ANDERSON, PORTRAIT PAINTER.

N his tour of the British Provinces, bas visited

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