

Louis-Philippe is fortunate in his family. They are the finest that Europe has seen since the memorable promenades of the sons and daughters of the excellent George III. on the terrace at Windsor: perhaps the handsomest assemblage of youth and beauty, from one parentage, ever known. The Duke of Orleans is now thirty. He is tall, and, though of a rather slight figure, well made, and graceful in his movements. His countenance is handsome. He is also an accomplished person, speaks English and other tongues with fluency, and is well informed on the general topics of the time. Without taking any part in the politics of the legislature, and, indeed, scrupulously keeping aloof from all opposition to the throne, (a rare circumstance among heirs-apparent,) he performs, in some degree, the office of a Viceroy, sometimes attending the armies, sometimes making progresses through France; and, on all occasions, ready to be present wherever either public tumult or the royal will demands the activity of an intelligent and manly protector of the peace of the kingdom. The Duchess of Orleans, a princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is a tall and handsome woman; sufficiently acquainted with literature, of which she is fond; animated and affable in conversation; and, though a Protestant, possessed of sufficient good sense to avoid the dissensions in which a feebler understanding must be immediately involved.

The four younger sons are the Duke of Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke of Aumale, and the Duke of Montpensier. The King knows the value of activity in turning men to many uses; and he, therefore, keeps them all employed as much as he can. The Duke of Nemours is a soldier, and has served in Algiers, where he has distinguished himself as much as any other of the French *braves*, in a war whose original injustice forbids all laurels to be reaped, and whose results, as undoubtedly they overthrew the old Bourbons, will be yet heavily visited on France. But this was not the war of the King. He found it a disastrous legacy of Charles the Tenth. The popular clamour alone insists on its continuance; and, probably, there is not a man living who would be more rejoiced to see it abandoned within the next twenty-four hours, than Louis-Philippe himself. The Duke is a brave and accomplished gentleman.

The Prince de Joinville is a Captain in the Navy. He has been exposed to fire at Vera Cruz, and has behaved with steadiness and judgment. He now commands the squadron which has been sent to St. Helena for the remains of Napoleon. The two younger sons are fine youths, well educated, spirited, and active. They are to be soldiers.

Such is the exchange which France has made for the absolute dynasty of the Bourbons—a race worn out among the antiquated follies of despotism, and corrupted by the Jesuitism which has so suddenly and subtly revived in Europe. France, under her existing sovereign and his children, would have the fairest prospect of national hope; but the bitterness of Jacobinism is let loose again; and, under pretext of insults to the national honour, is preparing to assail the throne. Louis-Philippe now stands in the high position of the defender of Europe against war, and against more than war—against Republicanism. He has integrity and intelligence; he has the noblest field for the exertion of the qualities of the monarch and the man; and every aspiration favourable to human happiness is involved in wishing him victory in the stupendous struggle for civilization.

GIBBON, the historian, while at Lausanne, in Switzerland, became acquainted with Mademoiselle Curchod, daughter of M. Curchod, Minister of Cressy—a young lady of great beauty, wit and virtue. He loved her—his father would not consent to his marrying a foreigner. She afterwards became the wife of the celebrated Neckar, of Geneva, Minister of France, and mother of Baroness de Staël.

Had he been permitted to marry agreeably to his wishes; the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' perhaps, had never been written, nor the works of the celebrated Baroness been given to the world; but the elegant historian might have escaped those infidel connections and principles by which his mind and his writings became subsequently poisoned.

#### SPECIMEN OF THE MODE OF LIVING IN OLD TIMES.

PERHAPS the following view of the manner of living in the fifteenth century, may amuse and instruct some young readers; it is a part of the journal of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Gray. She was afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth, and died in confinement at Southwark, under Henry VII., in 1468. This was extracted from an ancient manuscript, preserved in Drummond Castle, and communicated to the public by Lady Ruthven:—

"*Sunday Morning*.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other dairy-maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

"*Six o'clock*.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest. *Mem.* To talk with the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

"*Seven*.—Went to walk with the Lady my mother, in the court-yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with the broken meat.

"*Eight*.—Went into the paddock behind the house, with my maid Dorothy; caught *Thump*, the little poney, myself, and rode a matter of six or eight miles, without saddle or bridle.

"*Ten*.—Went to dinner.

"*Eleven*.—Rose from the table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile.

"*Threc*.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burned down by accidental fire; John Grey proposed a subscription among the company, and gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent. *Mem.* Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

"*Four*.—Went to prayers.

"*Six*.—Fed the hogs and poultry.

"*Seven*.—Supper on the table; *delayed* till that hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune.

"*Nine*.—The company fast asleep. These late hours very disagreeable."

COWPER, the poet, in his Memoirs of his Early Life, gives an affecting instance of the benefit frequently derived from the recollection of some consolatory text of Scripture. It occurred while he was at a public school. "My chief affliction," he says, "consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. One day, as I was sitting alone upon a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind—'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirit and a cheerfulness, which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity—his gift in whom I trusted. Happy would it have been for me, if this early effort towards the blessed God had been frequently repeated by me!"

#### THE NEGRO BOY.

DURING the American war, a gentleman and his lady were going from the East Indies to England. The lady died on the passage, and left two infants, the charge of which fell to a Negro boy of seventeen years of age. The gentleman went on board the Commodore's ship with which they sailed. There came on a violent gale, and the vessel in which the children were on board was the point of being lost; a boat was despatched from the Commodore's ship to save as many as they could; they had almost filled the boat, and there was just room for two infants, or the Negro boy. What did he do? He did not hesitate a moment, but put the children in the boat, and said, "Tell my master that Coffin has done his

duty;" and that instant he was received in the bosom of the ocean, never more to rise till the ocean and the graves give up their dead.

The late Queen Charlotte requested Mrs. Hannah More to write a poem on this incident; but she declined it, saying that no art could embellish an action in itself so noble.

TEMPER.—A bad temper, in a woman, poisons all her happiness, and "turns her milk into gall"—blights her youth, and brings on premature, fretful old age—palls all her enjoyments—banishes her friends, and renders her home comfortless and barren. Far different is the ripe, rich harvest of a home made bright and happy by the sweet temper and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who, if afflictions cross her husband abroad, finds comfort and consolation in his domicile—is happy in a companion whose temper is like the silver surface of a lake—calm, serene, and unruffled.

#### MARRIED,

At Wesleyville, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hetherington, Mr. William Smilie, of Rawdon, to Miss Frances Ann Carr, of Wesleyville.

#### DIED,

At Lacolle, I. C., on the morning of the 21st December, after a very protracted illness, which he bore with all that patience and resignation which characterize the true disciples of the Saviour,—Patrick, son of the late Mr. Patrick Cottingham, Revenue Officer of Hollymount, County of Mayo, Ireland, aged 27 years.

### POETRY.

#### SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree;  
Or like the dainty flower of May,  
Or like the morning to the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.  
Ev'n such is man, whose thread is spun:  
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.  
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,  
The flower fades, the morning hastes,  
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,  
The gourd consumes—and mortals die.  
Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like a bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearly dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan:  
Ev'n such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.  
The grass decays, the tale doth end,  
The bird is flown, the dew ascends,  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan's near death—man's life is done.  
Like to the bubble in the brook,  
Or in a glass much like a look,  
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,  
Or like the writing in the sand,  
Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
Or like the gliding of the stream:  
Ev'n such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.  
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,  
The shuttle's slung, the writing's blot,  
The thought is past, the dream is gone,  
The water glides—man's life is done.

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