

no more premiums. I must now conclude for the present. C. H. H.

We have received from another Correspondent a fuller account of one of the above meetings, for which we thank him. The crowded state of our columns prevents its insertion. We shall be happy to hear from him another time.

Varieties.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel bears for ever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilised the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in chivalric drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills: so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'"

AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE OF EARLY RISING.—Lord Mansfield used to question every old man who came before him as a witness as to whether he were given to early rising, and generally, it is said, got answers in the affirmative. We know not whether his successor, the present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Frederick Pollock, desires to profit by this experience, but we happen to be aware that the learned lord is a very early riser, and is most methodical in all his arrangements. A proof of these valuable qualities is before us in a note from Sir Frederick to a tradesman in London, which is dated "5 a.m." We believe the Judge regularly rises about 4 a.m., and thus gets through a vast deal of business before most people are awake. This is a feat which we suspect few men at seventy-four, like Sir Frederick, will be able continually to perform. The letter to which we have referred is a characteristic one. We may quote a passage—"I sympathise (he writes) in your success, having had my own fortune to make, and the more so that my origin, like yours, is from Scotland."

THE LADDER OF FORTUNE.—The steps from the foot to the summit, are not many, but each has a name which must be distinctly known by all who would seek to climb. The first step is faith, and without this none can safely rise; the second, industry; the third, perseverance; the fourth, temperance; the fifth, probity; and the sixth, independence. Having attained thus high a position on the ladder, the future is easy; faith will have taught the climber never to doubt or despair; industry will have kept him from vice, either in thought or deed; perseverance will have shown him how easily difficulties are surmounted when calmly met; temperance will have preserved both health and temper; probity will have ensured respect and given stability to the character; and independence, of spirit, while it will give dignity to the man

and will gain the admiration of the world. One step more has to be acquired, which is experience—the only true knowledge of life, and then the summit of the ladder is surely reached.

FAME.—How constantly has mortification accompanied triumph! With what secret sorrow has that praise been received from strangers, denied to us by our friends. Nothing astonishes me more than the envy which attends literary fame, and the unkindly depreciation which waits upon the writer. Of every species of fame, it is the most ideal and apart; it would seem to interfere with no one. It is bought by a life of labour; generally, also, of seclusion and privation. It asks its honors only from all that is most touching and elevated in humanity. What is the reward that it craves for?—To lighten many a solitary hour, and to spiritualise a world, that were else too material. What is the requital that the Athenians of the earth give to those who have struggled through the stormy water and the dark night, for their applause?—Both reproach and scorn. If the author have—and why should he be exempt from?—the faults of his kind, with what greedy readiness are they seized upon and exaggerated! How ready is the sneer against his weakness or his error! What hours of feverish misery have been past, what bitter tears have been shed, over the unjust censure and the personal sarcasm! The imaginative feel such wrong far beyond what those of less sensitive temperament can dream. The very essence of a poetical mind is irritable, passionate, and yet tenderly susceptible, and keenly alive to that opinion which is the element of its existence. These may be faults; but they are faults by which themselves suffer most, and without which they could not produce their creations. Can you bid the leopard leave his spots, and yet be beautiful?—*Miss Landon.*

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH.—Excessive labour, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities on necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life, but they are none of them so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amidst rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.—*Bailey's Records of Longevity.*

STICK TO SOME PURSUIT.—There cannot be a greater error than to be frequently changing one's business. If any man will look around and notice who has got rich and who has not, out of those he started in life with, he will find that the successful have generally stuck to some one pursuit. Two lawyers, for example, began to practice at the same time. One devotes his whole time to his profession, lays in slowly a stock of legal learning, and waits patiently, it may be for years, till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority.

The other, tiring of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally, at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny, while the former will have a handsome practice, and count his tens of thousands in bank stock or mortgages. Two clerks attain a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employers, or at least in the same line of trade, at first on a small salary, then on a larger, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position, now that he has become a man, and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes for a new firm in the old line of trade. Where does he end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I would rather when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me, and say,—"There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young. No one knew it, but he aided me in time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choked utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflection of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever read.

ANECDOTES OF TURNER THE PAINTER.—You have, perhaps not many of you, heard of a painter of the name of Bird. I do not myself know his works, but Turner saw some merit in them; and when Bird first sent a picture to the Academy for exhibition, Turner was on the Hanging committee. Bird's picture had great merit, but no place for it could be found. Turner pleaded hard for it. No, the thing was impossible. Turner sat down and looked at Bird's picture a long time, then insisted that a place must be found for it. He was still met by the assertion of impracticability. He said no more, but took down one of his own pictures, sent it out of the Academy, and hung Bird's in its place. Match that if you can, among the annals of hanging committees. But he could do nobler things than this. When Turner's picture of Cologne was exhibited in the year 1826, it was hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Lady Wallscourt and Lady Robert Manners. The sky of Turner's picture was exceedingly bright, and it had a most injurious effect on the colour of the two portraits. Lawrence naturally felt mortified, and complained openly of the position of his pictures. You are all aware that artists were at that time permitted to retouch their pictures on the walls of the Academy. On the morning of the opening of the exhibition, at the private view, a friend of Turner's who had seen the Cologne in all its splendour, led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dim colour. He ran up to Turner, who was in another part of the room: "Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," muttered Turner in a low voice, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It's only lamp-black. It'll all