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DOUGLASS JERROLD'S

WOMEN'S DRAWING

Illustrated by

Bryce Smith



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QUEEN MARY'S BOWER, CHATSWORTH, DERBYSHIRE.

Original Tale.

CLARENCE NUGENT.

CHAPTER I.

A young, handsome and rich stranger appearing in any quiet country village, is the talk of gossips, the admiration of young ladies, the wonder of stiff-backed chaperones, and a lion amongst the gouty grand-fathers, who by chance may have on hand two or three grand-daughters to dispose of on reasonable terms with immediate possession.

The hero of our tale was sufficiently good-looking, and well to do in purse, to excite the curiosity of most persons residing within an easy distance of the pretty little village of Baslow. His manners and appearance were those of a gentleman, and he was instantaneously dubbed a lord by all eager gossipmongers. His father, a Mr. Nugent, was a wealthy tobacco merchant, whose house of business was in the vicinity of London Bridge, in the City of London. Our hero was his only son, and indulged in every caprice that his father could afford to meet with his well filled purse, and not unfrequent were the occasions upon which it was called to empty itself into the pockets of Mr. Clarence Nugent.

It was after one of those satisfactory encroachments on the father's generosity, that Clarence found himself on his way to spend some weeks in Baslow. Having travelled the same road myself, I can well imagine the train of thoughts that passed through our hero's mind. Arrived at Chesterfield,

and having overcome the bustle and annoyance of collecting one's baggage at the Railway Station, a tolerably comfortable seat is found outside an old stage coach, upon which conveyance we will fancy our hero to be seated, backed by a carpet bag, valise and sporting dog. All right! shouts a voice in the rear; all right! responds the coachman; crack! crack! goes the whip, the reins are tightened, the horses start and plunge, and with a swerve and a jolt, the cumbrous old coach leaves Chesterfield for Baslow.

"What a curious trap!" softly quizzed Clarence, "very like a bumble bee without wings, drawn by main force by two almost exhausted skeletons in the shape of horses. I should fancy the coachman had to feel them out of his wages, and support a family of six or seven children. The poor animals seem to get more thrashing than corn."

"This is a very murky, unwholesome kind of atmosphere!"

"Yes, sir, half smoke, half dirt, and tother aint to be got at without wings." And with a fresh crack of the whip he revived the drooping spirits of his horses.

"How many miles have we run?"

"About six, sir, and four left; I 'spose you're on a visit, sir, to some o' the grand folk?"

"No, plesure; London becomes dull after a certain season, and I then kill time in the country."

"Vell, sir, I can't help a thinking that hevery man should have a summut to do; anything's better than being a drone in the hive of the world's hindustry."

"But some men are born with sufficient means to enable them to live without labour, what then?"

"Then I'd have 'em travel about the hearth, hobserve heverything from a gnat hupwards to a helephant, and purdoose a book as would henlighten them as can't travel. Make use of their money, sir, for their hown enjoyment, and the pleasure and profit of hothers. Hall men is brothers, let 'em hact as such, and go and in and. Them's my principles sir, and I tries to hact up to 'em."

"But suppose a man born to inherit wealth has no taste beyond gratifying himself."

"I'd have sich a feller—for he could'nt be no gentleman—I'd have such a feller, as I said afore, deprived of his money, and put on the road to break stones."

"You are severe upon that class of persons."

"Not at all, sir, a man hon the roads, or like me, perched on this hero box from sunrise to sundown, has little time for hob-serving the vorks of nature, and other like things, therefore he ought to get hinstruction from them as can give time, without much trouble, to all as is going hon, he ought to try and convince the lower horders, (and between me and you, it would'nt hurt some above 'em,) that heverythink is at work for some great hend. No, sir, let no man sleep on his gold. Wo, wo, Betsy, wo, lass." And the stage pulled up at a wayside inn. "Here you are, sir."

"Thank you, my friend, for the information; I am here, and what then?"

"Vy, this here is the village of Baslow, and this here's the Peacock Inn."

Now all was bustle and confusion, shouting eagerly for boxes, carpet-bags, &c., a nervous elderly lady keeping up a most determined squeal, in the hope that some one would remove her from her uncomfortable seat. A dog yelping from the roof, a child screaming from some hidden corner of the old conveyance, made a scene in that quiet little village, only to be surpassed by the arrival of a long expected express train at London or Birmingham. Ten minutes saw every thing settled, and Mr. Clarence Nugent busy in removing the dust that had accumulated to no inconsiderable extent upon his garments. The old lady and child had removed to a relation's house hard by, and the stage had crawled onward towards Edensor.

Clarence having arranged his attire to his satisfaction, threw open the window to inhale the fresh country air. What a view lies before him, one of the most luxuriant parks that England can boast of. To the right all is rugged and wild, huge rocks of grey stone jutting out from the hill sides, covered with beech, mountain ash, fir, elm and oak trees; through the centre of the scene runs the river Derwent, now flowing softly under the shade of nut trees and honeysuckle, now sparkling in the sun, rolling, purling, dancing along, as tho' the wood-nymphs had been sporting in its limpid stream, and been robbed of their merriment. To the left, along the river's bank, all is smooth and lawn like, studded over to the very hill tops, with deer of every kind. Further on stands the Palace, a noble edifice of light grey stone, with its thousand fountains, its conservatories, orangeries and gardens of every clime, backed by the stand Wood of beech, elm, and fir trees; the wood rising abruptly to the height of about two hundred feet, dark and dense in foliage, forming a fine background to the beauties of the Palace and its parterres. Clarence was one of those young men (and I like such a man) who feel the meaning of a lovely scene glide to their very soul, that, for a time, holds the brain in a dreamy musing of unspotted bliss.

"Come in," said Clarence, as a knock at the door interrupted his musing; the door opened, and Mr. Broomhead, the host, entered. "Will you dine, sir?"

"Thank you I have dined; but tell me, landlord, does this river afford sport to anglers?"

"Splendid trout, sir, splendid, and Mrs. Broomhead knows well how to dish them."

"Then I shall sup off trout." And Clarence immediately betook himself to the river's banks to indulge in that quiet yet exciting sport, fly fishing. The shades of evening were far advanced when Clarence commenced throwing his fly, and by the time he reached Queen Mary's Bower, his basket was pretty well furnished. He had now come close to a fine clump of elm and beech trees, when snap, splash and a jerk told plainly that a fine trout was his game. Round

flies the wench, and for some minutes Clarence almost doubted the strength of his line; it slackens, and the fish rises to the surface of the water totally exhausted, the landing net is lowered, the fish secured and tossed out on to the grass.

"What a beautiful fish!" exclaimed a voice from amongst the trees. Clarence started, looked about, no one was to be seen near him. Now a titter was heard, and a stifled laugh, coupled with the word, "Blanche, dear, do not be so rude."

Clarence thought he had never before heard so sweet a voice, so full, soft and soul thrilling; he pretended to re-adjust his tackle in the hope of again hearing its silvery tone. "What would I not give," thought Clarence, "to have that voice always to speak to me; what a heaven of bliss 'twould raise in the path of any man; a constant sweetness. I must enquire of the landlord who they are." And Clarence now in reality put up his tackle, shouldered his basket, and prepared for home. Instead of returning the way he came, his curiosity led him round by where he fancied the ladies sat. He had not advanced many paces, when a low, snarling growl bade him beware.

"Carlo, lie down, sir, be quiet." And Clarence stopped, satisfied that 'twas no nymph of the woods that spoke so sweetly. "Be not alarmed, ladies, I pray, but if you can do so, will you be kind enough to inform me of the nearest path to the Peacock Inn."

"If you cross the bridge just below here, and keep the path to the right, it will, I believe, lead you through the garden."

Clarence was disappointed at receiving this answer from another lady than the one who had first spoken; he wished them good evening, betook himself home, firmly resolved to sup off trout for the next month, should his landlord not be able to give him satisfactory information, and leave the completion of his wishes to his own exertions.

The young lady whose beautiful voice had so enchanted Clarence, was the second of three sisters residing with their parents within the precincts of the Park. The father, a Mr. Goodwill, was an honest open handed English gentleman, ever ready to cheer the dispirited, help the sick, and raise the fallen to the utmost of his power. He was steward, secretary, attache, in fact everything to his master—the Lord of the Manor, the Duke of—, and so well did these men understand each other's nature, that constant intercourse had become almost essential to their happiness. Mrs. Goodwill, a tolerable lady in many respects, had more failings than good qualities in her composition. She was, before meeting with her lord, an orphan living upon the bounty of an aunt, who at that time was house-keeper to a gentleman of title. How, when or where Mr. Goodwill first met with the lady of his choice is not in my power to tell, but suffice to say that the aunt, upon Mr. Goodwill undertaking to share all his future joys with her niece, and having herself witnessed the tying of that knot which either adorns or

galls those bold enough to undergo the ordeal, handed to Mr. Goodwill the handsome sum of seventy-five thousand pounds.

About the time when my tale commenced Mrs. Goodwill was verging on her forty-seventh year, and though a decent education had been afforded her, she never imbibed much taste for intellectual amusements. Having outlived her youthful bloom and recreations, she now aimed at a life in London; its balls, theatres, soirees, &c., &c. might, she thought in part, make up for the years spent in the country; but Mr. Goodwill being an easy going satisfied sort of man, and moreover, firmly attached to his master's welfare, always turned a deaf ear to his wife's solicitations upon this one subject. Upon the evening of Clarence's arrival in Baslow, Mrs. Goodwill had been using the whole force of her argumentative powers in favor of removal to London. Mr. Goodwill firmly and tenderly replied that he could not entertain the idea at all, and requested his wife to wait until more favorable circumstances should present themselves. Mrs. Goodwill became instantaneously morose and sulky—the young ladies perceiving a storm rising procured their sunbonnets, and retired to the Park; 'twas thus they met with Clarence. On their return home that evening they did not fail to laugh at his perplexity in endeavoring to ascertain the precise locality in which they were sitting, and finally his being called to order by Carlo. Mr. Goodwill was informed of the stranger's arrival, and it was arranged they would all call on him in the morning. How little did Clarence on retiring to rest that night anticipate the joys of the morrow.

CHAPTER II.

Clarence rose the morning after his first meeting with the Misses Goodwill, full of that buoyant, youthful hope that swells the heart of every man, when he, for the first time, feels the influence and beauty of woman's charms.

Mr. Broomhead had not thought it prudent to answer Clarence's questions respecting the Goodwill family, though he knew, perhaps, more of them than any one in the village; yet, he knew little of Clarence, and felt disinclined to lay a trap for himself, in giving information that might be for a bad end.

The morning repast at an end, all was in busy preparation for a day's fishing; and many a flattering idea was entertained of again meeting his charmer of the previous evening.

Here we will leave Clarence to the enjoyment of his favourite sport, and return to Mr. Goodwill's house, known as the Finery. Emily Goodwill, the eldest sister, strikes one as being very plain-looking, and bears a certain expression on her countenance, indicating a bad temper: of rather dark complexion, deep hazel eyes, surmounted by a pair of thick eyebrows, black hair, and

a slender, short figure. So friendly, laugh and talk, know her thoroughly, and her nature stands forth in firm contradiction of appearances. Quick and graceful in movement, a perfect lady in manners, well educated and well read, friendly without forwardness, and merry without frivolity.

Blanche, the second sister, is of a fairer complexion: blue eyes, dark brown hair, and a pretty mouth. Somewhat taller than Emily, a little gaucho in bearing, all the education and manners of her elder sister, a mind rather inclined to wit, a heart light and joyous as a bird, the life and soul of home, her father's pet, and everybody's companion; a voice of that sweet and mel- lowed fullness so seldom met with, and, when heard, strikes the hearer as something angelic, as a balm descended from heaven to pierce man's heart, and bid him live in peace.

Victoria, the youngest sister, was taller, fairer, and prettier than Emily or Blanche. A well-moulded, graceful figure, light hair, and deep, bright, blue eyes. Having been spoiled by her mother, she had not received so perfect an education as her sisters. Frivolous and childlike in manner to those with whom she condescended to associate,—for, having imbibed some of her mother's frailties, her notions of companionship were much above her station. Cold and distant to many of her father's intimate friends, on account of their living by their labour. Sighing in concert with Mrs. Goodwill for a London life, and the scented gentlemen of aristocratic descent, the life she led at Chatsworth was aimless and monotonous to her; she became peevish, and brought many an unhappy day to her contented sisters.

They are now starting for a walk in the park, with a strict injunction to be back at the usual lunch hour, in order to call upon the new arrival.

Emily and Blanche have their sketch books, Victoria feeling no interest whatever in that amusement, carries a piece of unfinished crochet work.

"Well, Blanche, dear," said Emily, "what are we going to sketch this morning?"

"Any spot you please; we can walk on until something attracts the eye. I wonder who our little fisherman is?"

"Ah, ha!" laughed Emily. "Suppose we take the clump of trees by the bower."

"Very well, dear; make it an evening scene, and introduce the mysterious angler. Are you content to go that way, Victoria?"

"I've no objection; but I'm really almost tired of your chatting so much about this man; and I think it would be more prudent to walk in the opposite direction, after his impertinent curiosity of last evening. What say you, Emily?"

"I think we may as well proceed; and should we meet him, I really can see no harm in it."

"Nor I," echoed Blanche; "a lady might as well shut herself in a bandbox, for fear a man should look upon her. Now look at

that clump of trees, Victoria, and tell me, as I'm a lover of nature, whether they are worthy of a place in my sketch book, or not? See what depth of colour, what beautiful blending of light and shade; the grace and grandeur of those lofty elms are well worthy a mere practised pencil than mine."

"I know it, Blanche; I did not intend wounding your feelings upon your dearest pastime. I verily believe if you ever fall in love, it will be either with a huge rock overhung with lichen, a noble elm, or a hoary ruin."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Emily, "well turned indeed."

Here they crossed the bridge and sat themselves under a fine old Yew Tree, from which spot they obtained a correct view of the clump in question, and set to work right earnestly. In the meantime, let us take a view behind the trunks of these giants of the park. There reclines Clarence enjoying a cigar, and Sir Isaac Walton's advice to young anglers. His rod lies on the river's bank, and the flies dances about unheeded, with the motion of the water. His thoughts wander from the book to a delicious dream of bliss. Fancy brings in her train to the hall of memory, a form of grace and beauty, a face of sweetness and expression unequalled in the delineations of reality. Hope fluttering at her side, hand in hand, offers the sounds that first thrilled his soul, from the spot where he now lay, wrapped in the voluptuous revelry of a mid-day slumber.

The three sisters sat on the opposite bank of the river, Emily and Victoria still employed at their respective work, but Blanche having finished a rough and effective sketch to her satisfaction, was, to all appearances, intently watching the water fowl. Being of rather a romantic disposition, she was busying her brain with all sorts of conjectures about her mysterious angler, as she had been pleased to term him, wondering who he could be, where he lived, &c., when a splash in the water dispelled her reverie, and they all three looked about for the cause of the disturbance.

"What's that long thing gliding on the water, Blanche," asked Emily.

"I can't say;" with that she rose and walked to the water's edge: "good gracious me!"

"What!" exclaimed Emily and Victoria, in the same breath, running to where Blanche stood.

"I suppose the gentleman must be fishing from the bottom of the river, there's a rod, and evidently a fine fish on it. Wait, it's coming over here. There, there," and stooping she caught the rod.

"Oh! Blanche, do not," said Victoria, "I shall go home if you insist upon carrying on this stupidity,—who knows but the man is somewhere near."

"I'm sure, Victoria, any gentleman would feel proud in a lady helping him out of a dilemma. How the thing pulls, to be sure; you hold the rod Emily, while I take off

my bonnet, to land it in; there, now wind up carefully. See what a fine fish it is; quietly!" and sliding down the bank, she placed her bonnet under water, and succeeded in securing her game. Clarence, having been awakened by the talking, rose, and emerged from behind the trees. His joy was intense at seeing the idol of his dream so adroit in his favorite sport, and leaning against a tree, he resolved that they should see him ere he spoke.

Victoria resumed her seat and needles. Blanche was busy in extricating the hook, when Emily, looking round, espied Clarence, dropped the rod, and ran to her seat. Blanche being on the very edge of the bank, in attempting to rise hastily, slipped, and fell back into the river. Emily and Victoria ran screaming to the water's edge; but the current being very strong, Blanche was beyond their reach, and, in another instant, clasped and upheld by the strong arms of Clarence, who swam like a powerful Newfoundland dog. All was the act of a moment. Blanche was once more on dry ground, pressed and kissed by her sisters, who, forgetful of her wet condition, were immediately in the same drenched state. Blanche tried to thank Clarence, but he so overpowered them all, with the assurance that he had done nothing but a man's duty, that all compliments and thanks from the ladies, were out of the question. He also, on conducting the ladies over the bridge, insisted on placing his dry coat, which he had thrown off before leaping into the water, over Blanche's shoulders. This was a signal for laughter, and right merrily did they all join in it. Clarence conducted them to the garden gate, and turned on his way to the Inn, glowing with pride and happiness, continually looking at the arm that had borne so precious a burden.

He had scarce time, on reaching the Inn, to ascend to his room, before a carriage pulled up, and a portly good natured looking man rushed from the vehicle into the house. He ascertained the apartment occupied by Clarence, and hastily flying up stairs introduced himself sans ceremony to the young man who by this time was in an unmistakable state of dishabille. Many were the congratulations, thanks, and invitations that flowed in a torrent from Mr. Goodwill, and nothing less than Clarence's removal to the Pinery would satisfy him.

Our hero and Mr. Goodwill are now on their way to the latter's residence, with every appearance of becoming bosom friends. Here let us leave them, assured that by next week, Clarence will have overcome all the unpleasantness, of so precipitate an introduction to the Goodwill family.

(To be continued.)

WHAT RUSSIA DID NOT EXPECT FROM ENGLAND.—The Russian Commandant is a colonel in the army. As he passed the debris of the first round tower, he looked up and exclaimed to an officer. "Oh, England, England, we did not expect this from you!"

ROSAURA AND HER KINS-FOLK.

(From the German of *Da La Motte Fouque*.)

CHAPTER I.

Gloomy, and wrapped in thought,—his heart wounded by the strange caprice of his beloved lady, the fair Rosaura of Haldenbach—Count Julius Wildeck, a young captain of horse, stood leaning against a widow, apart from the cheerful tea-circle, which he seemed almost to have forgotten. The glorious, but disastrous fate of his ancient house rose up before his afflicted soul. He asked himself, how he—the only remaining branch of an ancient house—was to terminate his career, since a long peace had permitted him not even one deed of war, while the future gave little or no prospects of such an opportunity,—and since the love which had kindled in his knightly heart reached forth to him, not the consolatory myrtle, but almost a garland of thorns. He well knew, that of all the suitors whom riches and beauty drew to Rosaura's feet, he was the only one to whom a sweet look of her gracious eye was a sufficient reward; and thus the more cruelly was he pierced by the lowering harshness, the rigid reserve, which, without any imaginable cause, seemed so often to possess the mind of the maiden against him.

It had happened to him thus to-day; and so much the more painful was it, since he knew that Rosaura was about to leave home on the following morning, and that he now probably saw her for the last time for many long weeks. It is true, she was not to travel to a great distance; she was going with her aunt to one of her estates, which lay not far off among the mountains; but it was well known that during her residence there, no one might converse with her. Every half year she was accustomed to perform this journey, spending the period of her absence in the most rigorous seclusion; and it was generally believed that some sad vow or penance of her deceased parents obliged her to such a course;—the more so, as she was always observed to look very thoughtful before her departure, and to return home, pale, and with the marks of weeping in her eyes.

Julius felt himself only the more strangely attached to his beloved on account of this dark mystery. At one time it seemed to him that he might be able to remove the hidden sorrow which hung over her; and this very day he gazed upon her pale angel-form with the deepest love and emotion. But again, her repulsive, and almost hostile mien stepped in sharply between them, and drew him back into his own deserted being.

Occupied with such thoughts, he had forgotten for the time the presence of those around him, and he whispered to himself: "To what end do we—mistaken offspring

of the old heroic race—still live on, when there is no longer any renown in the world for us to earn, and scarcely even one genuine pleasure!"

"We must resort to the chase," said a deep voice behind him, "That is, and will always be, the fittest pastime for our day!"

Julius looked round astonished. There stood, close by him, a tall man in antique dress, of noble, almost elegant form, with keen bright eyes, and a countenance which bore so much of suffering in it, that one could not look upon the heroic pride which so visibly moved over it without a feeling of sympathizing sorrow. The stranger seemed to have been addressing a councillor, who had just left him with an embarrassed smile; then, turning towards Julius, he said to him, with a confident friendly air, "You appear to be entirely of my opinion, Sir Count?"

"Oh, certainly" replied Julius, half surprised and half assenting. "The chase is a kind of knightly pastime, and infinitely better than a carousing party, since some honourable and perilous adventures may be encountered in it; for, of course, the huntsman must not confine himself merely to the pursuit of hares and other timid animals."

"Bravo! you delight me extremely," said the old gentleman, seizing Julius' hand. "And what say you to hunting with us for the next few weeks at my old castle of Finsterborn? This, moreover, is a time which I would not willingly pass without some brave companions. I have, I believe, the honor of addressing the Count Lobach?"

"With your leave," replied Julius, "Count Lobach stands yonder;" and looking over he observed, with painful emotion, his rival (for such the Count was) holding at this very moment an earnest conversation with Rosaura. All the more willing, however, to accept the unexpected invitation, which appeared happily to sever him for a time from town, and regiment, and the whole circle of his acquaintance, he proceeded composedly, "I am Count Wildeck; and if your kindness refers not to the name but to the person, I shall have the honor of paying a visit to your castle if it is not at too great a distance. I do not remember to have heard the name of Finsterborn."

"My castle is only a few miles distant from hence," said the stranger, with evident embarrassment; "though it lies certainly somewhat wild and deep among the mountains. I will send one of my huntsmen, however, to conduct you to my little fastness. And you are Count Wildeck! a Count Wildeck still among us in these days! Now, then, heaven will prosper us. As for me, I am the retired Colonel Haldenbach. I talk somewhat confusedly; make allowance for me; it is too much for my head. In the morning I shall expect you. In the morning—is it not?"

He squeezed the Count's hand tightly,

and with a strange, hoarse laugh hastened forth from the door.

Julius remained behind in astonishment. And this was the old Colonel Haldenbach with whom he had conversed! He had heard something before of this strange, hermit-like uncle of Rosaura's. Some people took him for a deeply studious, but very unhappy, philosopher; others thought him altogether crazed—and his inexplicable behaviour at this time—friendly and attractive, and yet dark and forbidding.

"His fair niece has surely inherited something of this strange temper from him, murmured Julius ill-humouredly to himself."

Rosaura moved softly past him. "What had you to say with my uncle, Count Wildeck?" whispered she hastily, in a kind and anxious tone. "For God's sake be quite open and candid with me this once."

"Alas! that I have always been," sighed the kindling youth. "The Colonel spoke nothing but what was kind and friendly to me. I am to attend him on a hunting expedition for some days at his castle of Finsterborn."

Rosaura became deadly pale. She bent her face still nearer to him, and he felt her breath upon his cheek as she pronounced these words, "to-morrow evening, in the prince's park, at the hermitage."

She vanished.

Full of joy, and yet withal enveloped as it were in some fearful enigma, Julius returned home.

CHAPTER II.

A warm summer evening rested with golden light over the prince's park, while Julius, with beating heart, trotted along side the garden fence on his slender Arabian, and longingly watched through the branches of the dark green firs for the appearance of the beloved form. On a sudden Rosaura stepped forth from a neighbouring walk. But, alas! not alone, but with five or six chattering companions. In bitter vexation Julius pulled the reins, and struck the spurs into his horse's sides. The noble animal, unaccustomed to such contumelious treatment, gave some sudden leaps into the air. The ladies shrieked, and Julius, courteously greeting them, sprang onwards.

"My good Abdul," said he to his horse, pacifying him at the same time by a few kind strokes on the neck—"good Abdul, I was a fool to make you suffer for the heartless caprice of a woman. Be not angry my good horse, it shall not be so again." And, as if he understood his rider's words, the noble animal neighed joyfully up to him, and returned obediently to his light, gentle trot.

Julius, in the first moment of indignation, had thought of hastening back to the town; but, recollecting that he should only increase the triumph of his fair tormentor by shewing his resentment, he proudly subdued his swelling heart. He swung himself from the saddle, gave the horse to

his page, and walked on with assumed serenity towards a group of ladies, whom he saw assembled at a tea-table. In a turn of the walk he encountered the merry princess Alwina, with one of her kinswomen on her arm. After the first salutations had passed, she said to him, softly and quickly, "We have a piece of pastime in hand, in which you must assist us, Count Wildeck. That the Haldenbachs have a very strange family surname, we have long known; but Rosaura could never be prevailed upon to tell us what it was,—nay, she always seemed vexed and embarrassed when the question was put to her: and this has increased our curiosity. But, my brother, yesterday, ascertained, by private listening, that they call Colonel Haldenbach—when his full name is mentioned—Death-brand. Now, therefore, I beg you will bring into your conversation as many 'death-brands', or, again, as many 'deaths' and 'brands' separately, as you possibly can; we will do the same; and Rosaura must know nothing of our plan."

Julius bowed assent with a smile, and the ladies disappeared, in order to approach by another way, so that their jesting bargain with the Count might not be suspected. He found Rosaura very pale and serious; and she greeted him with indescribably moving grace—turning her large, dark eyes towards him, from under her long, shaded eye-lashes, and again casting them down to the ground with a deep sigh—that he almost repented of the part he had agreed to take in the princess's sport. He knew, too, how little Rosaura was accustomed to hear such jesting as this; and the thought of wounding the heart of this pale, sorrowing beauty, went to his very soul. But the impossibility of addressing one private word to her, or of receiving any explanation from her, in this circle of strangers, and in the presence of so many inquisitive and almost childish faces, roused his vexation afresh: and he began the jest by asking Rosaura whether it would not prove the death of her beauty if she allowed so fair a countenance to be exposed to the brand (or burning) of the evening sun. Rosaura evidently connected the two fearful syllables, and looked anxiously around. Then the princess Alwina stepped up with her companions, seated herself opposite to Rosaura, and taking up the Count's sentence, proceeded: "And, after all, is there not here a 'death-brand' among us?"

Julius rejoined in the same style; the others followed; and, as Alwina had planned, "death" and "brand" flew backwards and forwards so plentifully, in their laughing talk, that even those who were strangers to the secret found themselves involuntarily recurring to these two syllables; and "death-brand," and "brand" and "death," and "death" and "brand" and "death," rang like a multiplied echo through their jesting conversation. Alwina could scarcely refrain from laughing aloud.

But Rosaura became paler and paler; and suddenly rising, she said, in a very serious tone, "Count Wildeck, two words with you."

Hereupon, she stepped slowly down a linden avenue. The whole circle were speechless with astonishment; and Julius, half shuddering, walked after her.

Rosaura remained silent for a little. At last she said, "You have truly accomplished a great feat, sir count, when you talked out of my unhappy uncle the fearful surname of our race, in order, to furnish a little novelty, and to idle away the time at your liking with these agreeable companions. I thank you, Count Wildeck,—truly, I thank you; for, in some respects, I shall pursue my morning's journey with much more satisfaction; and then, I have, by this proof of your candour, considerably enlarged, or rather confirmed, my knowledge of men's character. You were in the right, last night, sure enough. You were as candid with me, as, I doubt not, you have always been."

The reproaches of his beloved had, at first, so melted the heart of the youth, that he silently walked beside her, with humble, downcast look; but the charge of falsehood raised at once his indignant spirit.

"On my honour, lady," said he firmly, "what I said to you yesternight was the pure truth. I have never heard your uncle utter a single syllable which acquainted me with the surname of your family. It was told me for the first time within the last quarter of an hour."

At the recollection of the fearful name, Julius shuddered and stopped.

Rosaura at the first words of his answer, had lowered her angry look before the bright knightly eye of the youth; and she now replied, with soft voice, "I am grieved to have judged you wrongly, Count Wildeck. It would have been doing you an injury, and therefore—O heavens! I speak distractedly;—but really,—therefore,—if you are indeed devoted to me, go not to my uncle, to castle Finsterborn to-morrow—or rather, go not there at all. "Your hand upon it, Julius."

She held out to him her fair right hand. For the first time she had called him Julius; her voice was so touching—so lovingly tender.

"O gracious Heaven!" said the youth softly, and touching the hand of his longed-for angel, "I will indeed do whatever you desire. But permit me one small request: may I pay you one visit during your absence, dear Rosaura?"

"Dear Rosaura!" replied the lady of Haldenbach loftily, while she drew back her hand,— "Dear Rosaura! truly, there is nothing in the world so bold as a young fashionable of our day! And the very little, little request! Pay your visits where you will, Sir Count—only not to me."

And with anger-glowing cheeks she turned herself away, and hastened back to her companions.

Julius followed her, and whispered softly, "Only one more word. Shall I go to Finsterborn?"

"On my account,"—said Rosaura to herself;—and it seemed to the Count as if she spoke it seriously—"On my account to death!"

"Willingly, from my heart," replied he, touched in the very depth of his spirit; and resolved now to give up all else in the world for the mysterious hunt of the Colonel Haldenbach, surnamed Death-brand.

Gloomy, and out of tune, the company dispersed; and Julius received no farewell from his beloved. But as her open carriage, already far before the slow, dejected rider, wound round a bending of the road, it seemed to him as if she waved her handkerchief towards him as an adieu, and at the same time hid her weeping face in her snow-white veil.

(To be continued.)

Original Poetry.

DAY-DREAM ISLAND.

BY DOUGLAS FERROLD.

A thousand, yea, a thousand isles,
Bedeck'd the sparkling seas;
Endear'd by her sweetest smiles,
And heav'n's sweetest breeze.

Fair places, fresh as with the bloom
Of Eden's fragrant bow'rs—
Ere sorrow's tears, or passion's gloom,
Defil'd the laughing Hours.

Ah, yes! not yet hath vanish'd hence,
That grace of blessed price,
That gives to human innocence,
A human paradise!

And not amidst these lovely lanes,
Still sanctified below,
From sordid hopes, and selfish pains,
Man's vanity and woe,

Can aught more beautiful be known,
Than that delicious spot,
Where dwell—a king on nature's throne—
A Fay of happy lot.

A very king, that Fairy wight,
Amidst a courtly throng
Of creatures, lovely to the sight,
And singing Truth's own song.

Ten thousand trees his courtiers were,
With fruits, aye, lowly bent;
And birds, that thro' the spicy air
Their unbought music sent.

And myriad flowers of brightest dyes,
Endow'd with ev'ry sweet,
Did turn on him, their laughing eyes,
And kiss his straying feet.

The kid, the squirrel, and the roe,
The parrot, Jay, and dove,
Did leap and scream, and murmur low,
Their unaffected love.

'Twas thus that pigmy Elf was king,
And thus, by noblest right,
He fealty had of ev'ry thing,
By love's supremest might.

(To be continued in our next.)

TO—

Fairy quite, I dare not think thee,
Tho' thy fairy form's divine :
Half an angel in thy beauty,
Truth's a gem, by nature thine.

Pure, as is a star's pure light,
E'er' impulse of thy heart ;
As softly as the moon looks on us,
Thine eyes, thy love impart.

Thy voice so clear ; like dawning spring,
Melting from it's wintry dream.
Nature, claims thee 'mong her flowers,
That are, but what they seem.

Thy smile ! as warm as summer sun,
When all blossoms woo it's gaze,
Carries gladness in it's meaning,
Enchantment in it's rays.

Words of love and fondness spoken,
Borrow sweetness in their sight ;
All sipping as they kiss thy lips,
The dew of chaste delight.

Thy sighs : oh what a heaven
Their trembling meaning breathes :
Thy face : a rose in pride of bloom,
A smile on all it's leaves.

D. E. J.

TO A FRIEND LEAVING FOR EUROPE.

Farewell—

'Tis evanescent in its nature, as are
All things of the Earth—but in that word of
Parting, there is a holy spell, a holiness
Of thought, that we do cling to and retain
Farewell—far o'er the bright blue sea, our
wishes,

Pure from the soul's mould, with thee shall go :
Not with the winds, nor on the rolling wave,
But deeply treasured in the heart's confine,
Secure 'gainst changing tide, borea boisterous.
We are sad, sad at thy leaving, but to joy
'Twill be turned, when we welcome thee back ;
Then thy infants with gladness will prattle thy
name,

And the home of thy loved one, will bright
again be ;

Whilst the halo thou'lt spread round thy dwell-
ling,

Shall beam on for ever, radiant with beauty.
Farewell—we hope to see thee soon again.

E. E. J.

Selected Poetry.

THE ANGEL-WATCH, OR THE SISTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A daughter watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed ;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed :
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see ;
"Sleep, dutiful child," the angel said,
"And I will watch for thee!"

Sweet slumber like a blessing fell
Upon the daughter's face ;
The angel smiled, and touched her not,
But gently took her place ;
And oh, so full of human love
Those pitying eyes did shine,

The angel-guest half mortal seemed—
The slumberer half divine.

Like rays of light the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown ;
Like rays of light the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own.
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl ;
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl!

The mortal and immortal each
Reflecting each were seen ;
The earthly and the spiritual,
With death's pale face between.
O human love what strength like thine ?
From thee those prayers arise
Which, entering into Paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold—
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder shewed the curtain'd bed.—
The still and sickly room :
"My daughter?—art thou there, my child ?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh,
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!

If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried ;
"God knows my heart, I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide ;
Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray!"
The angel kissed her ; and her soul
Passed blissfully away!

A sudden start!—what dream what sound,
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead
Within the angel's arms!
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace—
But nothing there appears
Except her mother's sweet dead face—
Her own convulsive tears.

Fables from various Authors.

WOMAN'S FASCINATION.

(From the Eclectic Review.)

The Duke de la Force having run through all his property, as dukes often do, died, leaving behind him an only daughter. To this young lady nature had been as unkind as fortune, for, according to the Duchess of Orleans, she was thoroughly ugly. Among the courtiers of that period this was regarded not so much in the light of a misfortune as of a crime; hence everybody appeared to be at liberty to despise and ridicule the ugly. Still Mademoiselle de La Force had not been treated so entirely like a step-daughter by nature as to be left altogether without attractions. Instead of other qualities, she possessed a large share of intelligence, extraordinary powers of conversation, and the most fascinating manners in the world, so that in the blaze of her mental endowments the plainness of her countenance was completely forgotten. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that one of the princes of the house of Conde should have been so enamoured of her as to determine, in spite of her poverty, to marry her. As may easily be imagined, all his relatives became greatly alarmed, and took counsel together respecting the best means of frustrating the lover's hopes. At the court Mademoiselle de La Force enjoyed the reputation of a sorceress, because, without beauty or opulence, she succeeded in casting a spell over men by mere dint of accomplishments. It was not without violence that the scion of the house of Conde could be snatched from her side, and hurried away to the family palace at Chantilly. There, surrounded by all those "potent, grave, and revered seniors," who constituted the body of his relatives, he was taken to task like a child, and made distinctly

to understand that through their influence with the king the marriage he contemplated with a person so much beneath him should certainly be prevented. Having no other resource, the young man formed the idea of escaping from the dilemma by drowning himself, and, rushing forth into the garden, made directly towards a deep canal, bordered by poplars and willows, which ran and still runs, at the bottom of it.

At this point of the story an incident occurs which has always appeared to us inexplicable. It suggested itself to the mind of this fiery lover that it would be more agreeable to drown himself without his clothes, and so he paused on the banks of the canal, and began deliberately to undress. Among the other things which he took off was an amulet, which Mademoiselle de la Force with her own fair hands had suspended by a riband about his neck. The moment he had done this all his love vanished into empty air. He looked at the cold water of the canal with a shudder, and putting on his clothes again, and taking up the sachel, he returned into the palace, and having coolly related what had happened to his relatives, expressed his readiness to abandon his mistress for ever. In this way the young lady was deprived of her expected husband, and left to re-commence her attacks upon the hearts of men. It was not very long before another innamorata presented herself. This was a Mademoiselle de Brion, the son of a person high in office and influence, who, after the example of the Conde, offered the most violent opposition to the wishes of his heir. The plan he adopted promised to be no less effectual than theirs. Though the young man had reached the rational age of twenty-five, Monsieur de Brion shut him up like a child, and positively forbade him to hold any intercourse by letters or otherwise with his mistress. But if in one sense love be blind, it certainly exhibits great wealth of invention and quick wittedness in others. Mademoiselle de la Force became acquainted with a wandering musician, who travelled about with a troop of tame bears, which he made to dance in the streets as he played. It should, perhaps, be observed that this lady was a writer of romances, and therefore familiar with all the ingenious devices of passion. She now formed a design by which she doubted not she should be able to triumph over the argus policy of the elder De Brion. Her scheme was to get herself sewed up in the skin of a bear, and in this disguise to proceed in company with her ursine friends to the court of Monsieur de Brion's house, there to dance and play tricks for the amusement of her lover, whom she contrived to apprise of her intentions. Her scheme succeeded. The musician played, the bears danced, the ardent lover descended to the court, and there, while apparently engaged in frolicking with bruin, concerted a matrimonial rendezvous. The marriage took place, and the enchanted couple proceeded to Versailles, where Louis XIV. gave them apartments in the palace. But, alas! for the felicity of this world. De Brion, the father, proceeded like a tornado to the parliament of Paris, and there exerting his influence and his eloquence—perhaps also the force of his cash—obtained a dissolution to the marriage. Mademoiselle de la Force, once more become a spinster, abandoned all hopes of connubial life, and betook herself to the uniting of others in the pliant pages of romance, inwardly no doubt detesting that social system which thus enabled the wealthy and powerful to sport with the feelings and happiness of the poor.—Article : *Letters of the Duchess of Orleans.*

THE IDEAL MISTRESS OF ITALIAN POETRY.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

Still, through Dante's smaller poems chiefly, and through his own comments on them, are we enabled to learn, with any distinctness, the

particulars of his early life, and of that youthful passion which, formed in boyhood for one little more than a child, gave a colouring to his whole after-life; and, we think it probable, had also some effect on the imagination of other poets, and aided to create that fantastic exhibition of love which we find in many of the Italian poets and romancers. The "Laura" of Petrarcha and the "Fiammetta" of Boccaccio, with the perpetual quibbling about the Nurel and the flame (which would be trifling, if in love anything can be trifling,) are, in truth, but repetitions of Beatrice, whose name runs, in Dante's verse, into the thought of blessing, bliss, heaven, and all such thoughts as can be associated with the word Beatrice. Even in what would appear to be direct narrative, there seems to be mingled something of imitative fiction, as, while we cannot admit Biscioni's and Rossetti's inferences, that the ladies are, in all cases, mere allegories, it certainly seems impossible, except something in the Italian manners and habits of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries may explain it, that in so many cases these platonic lovers should have actually met all in the holy week, at church, at the first hour of the day, ladies, each of whom marries another, and each of whom dies before her adorer; each of whom, too, is transferred to the same third heaven. Rossetti regards the mysterious female, the lady of the mind, as the type of a perfect monarchy; as a something, the thought of which exists to animate and inspire, but which, if it is to be supposed as ever having had existence on earth, is now passed away, and has no other reality than its ardent worshippers themselves can give it, by fixing their imagination on a phantom. That the shifting cloud of allegory may now be like a whale, now very like an elephant; that the same outward reality, more especially if it be a young lady, may, just as her lover fancies, symbolise poetry, or philosophy, or theology; be the Old Babylon or New Jerusalem of the religious or political enthusiast; is, we think, not only very conceivable, but is in the drama of life acted every day by everybody, a character perpetually reappearing. All that we love, and feel, and wish, we associate in thought with the one being, for whom alone—such is evermore the dream of youthful passion—we live. To infer, as these commentators do, that these men did not love—that there were no Lauras, no Beatrices, nothing in actual outward life to which their thoughts referred—is, we think, not alone inconsistent with all the evidence which we have, or can have, on the subject, but with the nature of man. That in these loves there was much that was fantastic, much, as there is in the whole relation of the sexes to each other in every country, dependent on arbitrary and conventional manners, we can entertain no doubt. The old devotional attentions of the young knight to his mistress; the solemn courtesies and strange formalities of the courts of love; the peculiar relation in which it would seem that at all times in Italy married ladies receive attentions from admirers, which in our country, would imply more than it would be just to infer from them in Italy, remote in some degree the kind of surprise which we cannot but at first feel when reading the love verses of the great Italian poets. Yet how much must be allowed for the habits of the time, will perhaps be more felt when it is remembered what indulgent interpretation is required from the reader of such poems in our own literature; as, for instance, Sir Philip Sydney's sonnets, most or all of which were addressed to a married woman. We are too apt to think of poetry as if it were the direct language of present passion. If a great poet be right, it never is. It is not the language of assumed passion but the language of a passion which has passed away; the language of a state of feeling which, having been experienced in all its turbid strength, is recalled in a state of calm. If this be so, there is no insincerity

in these poems, even though there may be much that can be shown to be inconsistent. We should anticipate much of romance to mingle with every statement, nay, we should not feel surprised, in any of these cases, to find the poet, for the purpose of showing that all sensual thoughts had passed away, describing the lady as married, as passed into religion, as dead. In fact, we should as soon ask Donne, or Cowley, or any of our own "metaphysical" poets to swear to the truth of their songs, as except entire truth from the Indian poets in revelations of the kind. That the maiden whom the poet calls his first love, should, as he passes through the successive stages of life, be still a part of his dream, is what every one will recognize as in the ordinary experience of mankind. As this is beautifully illustrated in Coleridge's "Garden of Boccaccio." The image of the lover's earliest dream is with him in every stage of life, re-appearing ever in some new aspect:—

And last, a matter now of sober men,
Yet without sin, and with a credit shewn,
Whom as a fairy child my childhood wooed.
Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy;
Though then unconscious of himself parable,
She bore no other name than Poesy.

Article: Dante and his Translators.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA.—Frederick William was most outrageously rude and insulting in speaking and writing. The epithets of "villain, rascal, scoundrel" were constantly on the royal lips. If he was displeased with a report or a petition, he used to draw up the margin asses' heads and ears. The noble ministers, who used to consider idleness as an aristocratical privilege, he ordered about like a parcel of non-commissioned officers. Any minister who, without leave of the king or the excuse of illness, was one hour too late for the sitting had to pay a fine of one hundred ducats; if he was absent from the whole sitting, forfeited, in the first instance, the salary of one half year; if the same thing happened a second time, dismissal from office was the unalterable consequence. In his autograph instructions for the General Directorate, he said, "The gentlemen are to do the work which we pay them for." One of his valets, one evening, had to read prayers to him. Arriving at the words, "The Lord bless thee," the silly man, in his habitual subservience, thought he must read, "The Lord bless your majesty," on which the king at once cut him short, "You rascal, read as it is in the book: before God Almighty I am a rascal like yourself." The servants were never safe to his presence. He had always two pistols, loaded with salt, lying by his side, which, if they blundered, he would fire at them. In this manner one man had his feet dreadfully injured, and another lost an eye; notwithstanding all which, he was quite offended that he should be generally considered a tyrant. Terror might be said to go before him. A functionary who was once unexpectedly summoned to his presence, fell down dead from fright. His cane he applied so unreservedly to everybody, that one day he maltreated with it a major in front of his regiment; on which the officer at once drew his pistols, fired one before the feet of the king's horse, and with the other shot himself through the head.—*Dr. Vetch's Memoirs of the Court of Prussia.*

VALUABLE HINTS TO TEACHERS OF CHILDREN.—"Ruth says they are not so very amiable, or things; children will be children, as for all," said Matty. "To be sure, she makes 'er best of everything, even noisy little tinnents she makes out to be not so bad, if they're teased and wiled, and talked to." "The most troublesome child may be made more docile by patience," said Ruth; "the most giddy, the most mischievous, the most sly, the most obstinate may be taught better, if you have but sufficient patience. The only thing with children, is

never to lose your patience or your temper." "Very difficult to preserve either, in dealing with them, when they are really troublesome," said Kate. "Not so much so as you might imagine, perhaps," said Ruth. "The thought that they are ignorant, that they err more from this than from wilful misbehaviour, that you have to forgive them seven times in a day, if seven times in a day they repeat, and to forgive them, chiefly, for that they know not what they do, will be a sufficient guard upon yourself; and once children find you capable of control, they insensibly learn to curb themselves." "The most formidable thing you must have to contend with, Ruth, are the perpetual din and clamour of tongues, the close confinement, and the want of fresh air," said Kate. "It is curious how you may become accustomed to the most unpleasant things by patience, by habit, and by comparing them with still worse," answered Ruth. "The recollection that the noise of a factory—the buzz of wheels and machinery—is worse than the hum of young voices, the thought that many innocent persons have been pent in narrow dungeons for years, the remembrance that hundreds of people, of their own will, undergo a nightly stiling in the low, noisome air of a gas-lighted theatre, or crowded assembly, render tolerable these few hours a day, shut up in a schoolroom. Besides, I'm only too glad to have them. I wished for the situation particularly, as one I could fill, and one which would give me the means of earning an honest livelihood."—*From Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Novel, "The Iron Cousin."*

THE RUSSIAN POLICE.—During my stay at Odessa, two French booksellers, the only good ones in the place, were visited one evening by the officials of this department, and, in a winter's night, with the thermometer at seven degrees below zero of Reaumur, were ordered into a sledge which was ready for them at their own door, and, in perfect ignorance of their crime, were posted off, night and day, to Kief—a distance of 600 versts, about 400 miles. On reaching their destination, the governor ordered them into the fortress, where they were confined in a damp casement near the ditch; there they were kept in a wretched state of filth with nothing but straw to lie upon, and their money having been taken away on their arrival, they had to put up with the prison fare, black bread and water. All communication was cut off, even from their families. Having been in the habit of dealing with one of them, a quiet, inoffensive man, I went several times to his nephew, who carried on the business, to inquire after his uncle, but no tidings did he receive for the space of five months. The prisoners were then released from their dungeon, and the affair ended by their being conveyed at a gallop over the Austrian frontier by some Cossacks, and turned loose like wild beasts, with rather an unnecessary recommendation never to recross it.—*Captain Jesse's Russia and the War.*

LUXURIES OF THE EAST.—A few frogs, of various sizes, hopped about a damp corner of my room, near one of the windows that was marked off by a brickwork ledge, three inches high, to do duty as a bath-room. The frogs were by no means alarmed at my presence; they were quite at home, although the apartment was on the second story. A lot of larger breed than I had been hitherto accustomed to, gyrated about the room noiselessly, somewhat confused by the light upon the table. There was too much light for him, and too little light for me. We were both puzzled in consequence, but he now and then tipped with his silent wing the glass shade upon the oil-burner, making the tiny bell sound singularly clear, which sent miniature echoes towards the rafters, among which they seemed to struggle and become confused. I noted these trifles more strictly than you might have done. They did not appear to be such trifles, and, if they were, they for the time, put

on a little musk of importance. A clear sound of a "clucking" character came from the doorway. It passed steadily round the apartment, and close to the wall, where objects of small size could not easily be seen. The sound was more distinct as it passed the stretcher on which I lay, for it was near the side-wall, and little feet became audible. I cried out "Hush!" as they passed; the little feet betrayed evidence of consternation, and an overpowering odour of musk, but of very coarse quality, pervaded the apartment. It was a musk rat. I took good care never to alarm a musk rat again, for that little fellow damaged my whole wine-cellar.—*Autobiography of an Indian Army Surgeon.*

Our Portrait Gallery.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

Count D'Orsay was a Frenchman by birth and education, he never lost the accent of his native tongue, even after years of naturalization in England. His manners, bearing, and mode of speech, were entirely French; and, I sincerely believe, he never meditated their alteration to those of the English. His associates were the best and most eminent men in London, by most of whom he was much respected. He was the Beau Nash of fashion, and made the fortunes of many a tailor and hosier, whose shops would swarm with eager customers, after a visit from the Count D'Orsay. His coat was the coat by which all the dandies would have theirs' cut; his cab eclipsed every other vehicle in town; the color and make of his horse were perfect; and the little tiger on the footboard who was a perfect prince amongst the others of the west end, would often weary of the numerous questioners, as to where the cab was built, or the horse purchased.

Count D'Orsay, was one of the best riders, the best shot, swords-man, boxer, cricketer and swimmer, perhaps in the whole of England. He was, decidedly, one of the handsomest men of his age, both in face, form and stature. His mind was no less graced; and it would have been a pity to see such a man, clever only in boyish sports, and the happy neck of elegant dressing. He was, most undoubtedly, an accomplished sculptor and painter, as all persons who have the entrée to the Salons of the haute monde, can testify: though few, if any, of his productions ever found their way to the walls or galleries of our public Exhibitions. His Statues of Napoleon and Wellington, are acknowledged to be of the finest specimens of art of the modern time; his works on canvass, his portraits of celebrated men and women, were mostly enclosed in Lady Blessington's drawing rooms and portfolios, where they remained shut from the gaze of all, but the habitués of Gov. House.

How few of the idlers, who pressed around, to study the color of his cravat, the make of his key, or the form of his studs, ever dreamed that D'Orsay had even one idea beyond the effect of his appearance;

or that he ever removed his coat, and clay in hand, formed lasting memorials of an intellectual man. None ever looked beneath the exquisite elegance of the outer happiness of this leader of the fashion, and discovered a mind void of cultivation and refinement. His works of art were executed for the pleasure and gratification of a few chosen friends, and as he never courted the applause of the public, by their exhibition: so his true character was little known beyond the circle in which he moved.

His income was small for the support of his title and luxurious habits; and frequent were the difficulties he experienced with his tradesmen, even by those who had amassed almost a fortune through his custom. He was sometimes generous; but there is one sad blot that clouds the whole sunshine of his popularity and talent,—he had little or no true feeling; the composition of his heart was more of passion than affection. Married, when but very young to one of the most beautiful women of his age, who very soon discovered the perfidy of his nature, she was deserted in all her youth and all her beauty to the temptation of the world—the while he solaced himself with her mother-in-law.

Count D'Orsay had, doubtless, many excellent qualities; but the one damning act of his life was his marriage, with the planned desertion of the young, good and beautiful creature whom he left almost at the church door. This marriage was a premeditated act of perfidy. The heiress was sacrificed, that the man who had betrayed her at the altar might leave her for the gratification of his own passion in the charms of the Lady Blessington.

This shameful act of perfidy brought its well-merited censure. His society was from that time unsought for, nay, forbidden by the greater portion of the *haute monde*. Thus he lived and died, this one blackened and still unredeemed, still hanging like a rotten pall, casting its rank shadows before every good quality of which his nature could boast.

Glasses of Punch.

DIRECTIONS FOR CARD PLAYERS WHO HAVE NO CARDS.

MATRIMONY.

This is quite a game of chance, in which you get the best hand you can. The eldest hand is by no means the most eligible, and if you wait till you are obliged to take the turn up whatever it may be, the odds are not in your favour.

SPECULATION.

This game may be played with railway shares instead of cards, and you must always aim at carrying off the pool; but if you dabble through it like a lame duck there will be little or no chance for you.

ALL FOURS.

This game is sometimes played by a person alone after leaving a dinner party by himself, when his potatoes have been a little too copious. It could badly deserve the name of a game if it were not for the fact that if you cannot count upon two for your heels, you will sometimes have to take one for your nob at this game of All Fours, and the stakes, which are usually settled at five shillings, will have to be made good on the following morning before a Magistrate.

COMMERCE.

There is a great deal of shuffling in the game of Commerce, and there is no limit to the number of players; for as long as the game goes on, persons may be taken in to any extent, and the dealings are very numerous. The eldest hand generally has the best chance; but the knave is frequently very lucky at Commerce. All sorts of counters are used, and the players often stand behind the counters. It is usual for very desperate gamblers to go on with Commerce till the game is all up; but it has been remarked that, in the long run, those that go through with the cleanest hands have, in reality, the best hands, and by playing their cards tolerably well, they are most likely to come off the winners.

VINGT-UN.

The game of Vingt-Un, or twenty-one, is sometimes a very serious game in the chances of life; but it depends a great deal on past experience, whether the game is profitable or otherwise. If the player begins his Vingt-Un recklessly and extravagantly, he is sure to be a considerable loser; but if he acts with caution he runs a fair chance with the rest of the players he is engaged with. Though it is not necessary to have any cards of your own when you enter upon Vingt-Un, it is probable that you will have all the tradesmen in your neighbourhood dealing out their cards to you when it will be necessary for you to make a good selection, and reject those which are likely to turn into odd tricks to your disadvantage.

CASSINO.

The game of Cassino has lately become rather low, and has been mixed up too much with quadrille. There is much discrimination in the choice of partners; and it is a rule that the tricks ought not to be looked at, for they will not bear inspection.

CRIBBAGE.

This is a game that may be played in the streets, and is played very frequently. The eldest hand sets the lead to a younger hand, and a pool is made of the first convenient pocket. A policeman, directly he sees the play begin, comes in with his sequence by following up the player as closely as he can, or if there should be a pair, he will take two immediately, and lead off to the station house.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON DOMESTIC LIFE.

By a Strong-Minded Woman—with a Strong Chemical Turn.

The subjects to be treated in this interesting series—and into which will be thrown the experience of a long married life—will be:—

- No. 1.—The AIR we breathe, and why our dear children (bless them!) always require a change of it at a certain period of the year.
- No. 2.—The COLD MEAT we eat, and why it generally produces ill-humour when there is no pudding after it.
- No. 3.—The JOINTS we cook at home, and the JOINTS that are cooked for us in a lodging-house, and how the latter invariably lose so much more in the cooking.
- No. 4.—The PANCAKES we fry and the wonderful PUDDINGS we contrive, whenever there is a doubt whether there will be sufficient for dinner.
- No. 5.—The POT-LUCK that our husbands will persist in bringing their friends home to partake of, and the various STEWS and BROILS that always come out of it.
- No. 6.—The LUNCHEONS we enjoy when alone, and the DINNERS we cannot touch when there is company.
- No. 7.—The SHERRY we drink ourselves, and the MARSALA we give our friends at an evening party.
- No. 8.—The SWEETS we give our children, and the BITTERS we receive from our husbands for so doing, on the absurd plea that it makes the poor little dears ill.
- No. 9.—The SOIL we cultivate in our conservatories and out in our balconies, and the FLOWERS (hyacinths particularly) we rear on our mantelpieces.
- No. 10.—The BEVERAGES we infuse after an oyster supper, and the SLOWS we imbibe when we have a cold.
- No. 11.—The ODOURS (including musk and patchouli) we love best, and the SMELLS we dislike most, especially that filthy tobacco-smoke.
- No. 12.—The PETS we cherish, and the real causes of the illnesses that are generally attributed to our over-feeding them.
- No. 13.—The QUARRELS we ferment and the STORMS we brew, whenever poor mother comes to make a short stay in the house.
- No. 14.—The TABLE-BEER we give our servants, and an analysis of the strange rapidity with which it is drunk, though the ungrateful creatures are always complaining of it.
- No. 15.—The TEA AND SUGAR we allow the Cook and Housemaid, and the extraordinary preference they have for that which is used in the parlour.
- No. 16.—What we BREATHE, and whom we BREATHE FOR, and the great benefit there is in STAYS, by their enabling us to breathe so much better, and how a

heated room generally improves the RESPIRATION and VENTILATION.

No. 17.—The BODY we love and nourish and take care of, with an exposure of the absurd fallacy that thin shoes, low dresses, and scanty clothing, are in the least injurious to health.

BEHIND THE SHUTTERS.

"My dear, these peas have no flavour."

"Not a bit, my love."

"You might as well eat bran, my dear."

"Just as well; but—no matter—I'll give it 'em. It's very provoking, my love, but—set your mind at rest—I'll give it 'em as they never had it."

Green peas are a sweet thing; like green youth; it is a pity they should ever be spoiled. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Dewlap—(no man is a Christian as proud of the beauty of his pew in the church of St. Oil-cum-Honey)—our esteemed friend, we say, was particularly fond of green peas, and in the course of a tolerable long and to himself extremely useful life, he had so educated his palate—and what it had cost for its education, not he himself could tell!—that with the first green pea he could pretty well tell the hour when it was plucked; whether at sunrise or sun-down; the precise time, too, when the pea was shelled, whether a certain number of hours before dinner; or whether a few timely minutes before they dropt into the pot. Now, on the Sunday—it was a beautiful Sunday, late in June—on which Mr. Dewlap condemned the peas as being of no better flavour than bran, he had been much comforted by a sermon under the roof of Oil-cum-Honey, preached by the Rev. Joshua Stickleback, in denunciation of Sunday bakings. A shoulder of mutton, dripping under the kidneys, was a fearful type of what the consumers thereof in this world might—upon his authority—take it upon themselves to expect upon the *ce-cis*. Mr. Dewlap dropt a five-shilling-piece in the plate that day; and Mrs. Dewlap observed to more than one friend, in the church porch, that they had been edified by a most sweet discourse. When the government wanted a bishop—she spoke in a whisper—she only hoped that the government would take its staff, and make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Oil-cum-Honey.

The next day, Mrs. Dewlap's brougham stopped, with almost ominous emphasis, at the door of Pottles, flourishing fruiterer and green-grocer; for the Dewlaps dwell in the beautiful suburban village of Tomtitfield. Nevertheless, the shop of Pottles, might have fairly held up its head, even in Covent-garden; it was so rosy with fruit; and so fresh, so cool, with the freshest and coolest of vegetables.

Mrs. Dewlap, having nothing to do, would always overwork herself, by causing herself to be driven to her own town-folk. She only dealt with people of unimpeacha-

ble character—in so far as that could be for their station—but how was she to know, who was who, unless she personally bent the whole powers of her intellect to the inquiry? Hence, Mrs. Dewlap drew up at the door of Pottles.

"Mr. Pottles, those peas you sent in yesterday"—

"Yes, my lady?"

"They were like bullets. You'll not contradict it,—bullets."

"Quite fresh, my lady. Picked on Saturday morning, and shelled the very last thing over night."

"Shelled over night!" exclaimed Mrs. Dewlap, astounded by the intelligence. "And do you think, Mr. Pottles, that you can dare to hope to continue to serve me with peas shelled over night?"

"Shouldn't do it, of course, my lady," said Pottles, who began to feel all his guilt coming upon him, falling from the avenging blow of Mrs. Dewlap—"shouldn't do it, of course, except on a Saturday night."

"And wherefore on a Saturday night?" asked the lady.

"Why, my lady, because you know we don't keep open any time of a Sunday."

"I should suppose not; or do you suppose I would lay out a penny with an infidel? But if you do close on Sunday, and have to supply me with peas, can't you, at the last minute, shell them behind the shutters?"

Pottles was weak—Pottles was money-making—Pottles was afraid of losing his custom. He had already been threatened with a rival. What was to be done?

We cannot answer—that is, not for the very truth. But it is said that never again did Mr. or Mrs. Dewlap complain of insipid Sunday peas. They asked no questions. Pottles' Sabbath shutters, were, as ever, closed; but who can tell what things were shelled behind the shutters?

Next Parliament, Mr. Dewlap intends to be returned for the borough of Coseysoul; if only, as he has been heard to declare, to lift his voice against the unhallowed bill of Joseph Hume—of the infidel who would open the British Museum and the National Gallery after the hours of church.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Dewlap may be brought to a compromise: he may vote for the measure, with the amendment, that what is to be seen, may be exhibited—behind the shutters.

RUDE AND CRUDE OBSERVATIONS.

BY A PLATITUDINARIAN.

None of us like the crying of another person's baby.

"I won't" is a woman's ultimatum.

No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab, what he will have to pay on getting out of it.

Red tape is the legal child, with which a lawyer riddles his sheep.

If we all had windows to our breasts to-

morrow, what a demand there would be for blinds!

When a man has been "drinking like a fish," it is "the salmon" always that is to blame for it.

The truth, with "London Pure Milk," lies certainly at the bottom of a well.

Years are the milestones which tell us the distance we have travelled, but it's rarely women count them.

Foreign Cleanings.

THE BASES OF PEACE.

The despatch in which Lord Clarendon replied, on the 22nd of July, to the last communication made to Vienna by the court of St. Petersburg, and the notes exchanged on the 8th of August between the English, French, and Austrian ministers, were laid before parliament on the first day of the session, but have only been delivered to members of the legislature within the past week. These important documents throw strong and clear light upon the intentions and engagements of the great powers of Europe. Lord Clarendon's despatch of the 22nd of July is, with some trifling exceptions, identical with that of M. Drouyn de Lhuys of the same date, and, indeed, the two governments had previously concerted the exact terms in which they should deal with the Russian overture. The chief difference between the English and French communication is, that M. Drouyn de Lhuys introduced the four points which are regarded by both governments as the bases of peace into his principal note, while they were transmitted to Lord Westmoreland in a separate despatch. The terms themselves are, however, identical; and accordingly on the 8th of August the British minister waited upon Count Buol by appointment, and the notes to which reference has so frequently been made were exchanged. The substance of these notes is, that after repeated confidential conversations in Vienna, Paris, and London, the three courts are of opinion that the existence of the Ottoman porte cannot be connected with the general equilibrium of Europe, and the relations of Russia and the porte cannot be re-established on solid and durable bases.

1. Unless the Russian protectorate of the principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia be discontinued, and the privileges secured to those provinces by the sultan placed under the collective guarantee of Europe.

2. Unless the navigation of the Danube, at its mouth, be free from all obstacles.

3. Unless the treaty of the 13th of July, 1841, be revised in the interest of the balance of power of Europe.

4. Unless the Russian claim to the official protectorate of the Christian subjects of the porte be given up.

The British and French governments declare, as belligerents, that they are decided not to discuss or take into consideration any proposition from the cabinet of St. Petersburg which shall not imply on its part a full and entire adhesion to these principles; and the Austrian cabinet, taking cognizance of this declaration, except for itself the engagement not to treat except upon these bases; all parties reserving to themselves a free deliberation on such further conditions or guarantees as the continuation of hostilities with France and England, or the commencement of hostilities with Austria, may render necessary.

The Circassian chief, Mehmet Etnin, Schumyl's nab on the western slope of the Caucasus, and the other chiefs who visited Marshal St. Arnaud at Yarna, have arrived at Constantinople, where they have been most

cordially received, both at the palace and the porte. These mountaineers have held here the same language they used at all headquarters. They are quite ready to march against the Russians, and they have no need of arms or ammunition, being amply supplied with both; they are only waiting for the directions of the allied generals in order to act. The Circassian chiefs have discussed with the ministers of the sultan the question of ulterior relations between their country and the Ottoman empire. The porte, it has been told them, has by no means the intention of bargaining, as the price of their assistance, that its claims to the suzerainty formerly exercised by it in Circassia shall be acknowledged. It proposes exclusively to help the inhabitants of the Caucasus in driving back the common enemy far away from their territory. The nab of Schumyl and his companions propose returning very shortly to their tribes, where they will hold themselves in readiness to rouse the masses who are at their disposal, the moment the signal shall have been given them.

THE FRENCH CHASSEURS AT WORK.—The principal battery is a very formidable looking affair, built in the shape of a half moon, and mounting some eighty guns of a heavy calibre. This fort is bomb-proof, and built of stone; it stands within about forty yards of the water's edge, and behind, at a distance of some 300 yards, on an eminence, stands a round fort built of the same materials, and also of considerable strength; again, on the summit of a high hill to the left, and distant from the chief battery about 500 or 600 yards, is another round tower. Each of these mount between twenty and thirty large guns. This last-named fortification was the first object of attack, and well did the gallant Frenchmen perform the work intrusted to them; they set about their operations in the coolest and most determined manner possible. Those formidable fellows the Chasseurs de Vincennes seized upon every available spot from which their deadly minnie rifles could reach—every embrasure which commanded the approaches was beautifully peppered, not a Russian face could be shown without having a shower of balls pitched at it. The aim was so true that the men employed in loading the guns were rapidly picked off. The French battery opened its fire on Saturday, and during the whole of Sunday a heavy cannonade was kept up on both sides till dark. The French continued to blaze away at intervals during the night, and as soon as the day broke on the 15th they pitched eight shells right into the fort, which, however, did not return the compliment; but we could not, from any visible or outward signs, suppose that they had surrendered. The French troops, however, crawled up, and were at once permitted to take possession, though not without some show of resistance on the part of the commandant, who declared he would not give himself up. His men—about 35—were all drunk, and had refused to support him any longer. The number of the enemy killed amounted to at least 50, and the wounded to 30. The garrison had originally consisted of 150, but some contrived to escape into the principal fort. This fort was blown up on the second day after its capture by a well-directed shell from the large Russian works, and Captain Sullivan, of the *Lightning*, who had probably no business there, with one or two French officers, narrowly escaped with their lives. As it was, they got off with the loss of their inexpressibles. A French sapper was killed and one or two soldiers were wounded.

A MILITARY HERO.—Mr. Burke's body was found, after the action at Giurgero in which he lost his life, with no less than thirty-three wounds upon it. The Russians had taken his sword belt, but his sword was found hidden in some long grass close to the corpse. The ring finger of both hands were cut off. He was seen by the sapper who went with him, fighting

desperately to the last, though surrounded by a horde of Russians. When he first leapt on shore from the boat six soldiers charged him. Two he shot with his revolver, one he cut down with his sword—the rest returned and fled. While he was encouraging the Turks, who were in the stream to row quietly to the land, and forming them in line as they landed, conspicuous as he was in full uniform and by his white cap cover, a number of riflemen advanced from behind a ditch, and took deliberate aim at him. Poor Burke charged them with headlong gallantry. As he got near he was struck by a ball, which broke his jaw-bone, but he rushed on, shot three men dead at close quarters with his revolver, and cleft two men through helmet and all into the brain with his sword. He was then surrounded, and while engaged in cutting his way with heroic courage through the ranks of the enemy, a sabre-cut from behind, given by a dragoon as he went on, nearly severed his head from his body; and he fell dead, covered with bayonet wounds, sabre gashes, and marked with lance thrusts and bullet holes. The sapper who was with him stood by Mr. Burke till the last, but he could not save him. He is now only recovering from his wound and the effect of his exertions.

ITALY.

A treaty for the reciprocal freedom of the coasting trade has been concluded between England and Sardinia; and a treaty of commerce has also been concluded between Sardinia and the sublime porte.

The Swedish press, both in the capital and in the provinces, has lately taken up the question of the war with great seriousness and energy. They declare that the time for action has now arrived, and deprecate further delay on the part of the Swedish cabinet.

ABD-EL-KADER AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

—A letter from Broussa, 26th ult., in the *Moniteur*, says:—"The Emir Abd-el-Kader shows great anxiety to be acquainted with everything connected with the eastern question, and takes great pleasure, in reading in the journals of Europe and of Constantinople all that is written on this subject. He also follows up on the map all the movements of the allied armies and of the Russians from the commencement of hostilities. The emir loudly extols the Emperor Napoleon for the support he has given to the sultan and to the great nation of Islamism, and feels convinced that the means at the disposal of France and England will be more than sufficient to reduce the ambition of Russia to reason. Desirous of seeing tranquillity and happiness succeed the misfortunes which now afflict Turkey, he has confidence in the enlightened and kind intentions which animate the government of the emperor. About a month ago the Belgian minister at Constantinople being at Broussa, expressed a wish to be presented to the emir. In the conversation which took place during the visit, the Belgian minister asked Abd-el-Kader if, in the midst of all the reports of war, his heart did not beat to take part in it for the cause of the sultan; to which the emir replied, 'My heart sleeps in peace since I became acquainted with the Emperor Napoleon, and it now desires nothing, except it be the continuation of the glory of its benefactor.'"

DI-APPOINTMENTS IN AUSTRALIA.—Many Australian colonists are about to proceed to England, in consequence of which the passenger fares are greatly increased. Such is the demand for berths, it is difficult to obtain one either in a sailing vessel or steamer. The cause of the movement homewards is attributed in a great measure to the present exorbitant price of house-rent and provisions, which, within only twelve months, has been nearly doubled. Four or five years ago, an income of £200 to £100 a year was deemed an independence. Now, a house of four or five rooms and a small courtyard will command the for-

mer rent. The mode of letting here is different from that of England. Rents are fixed by the week, and a tenant may be turned out or leave of his accord, at a week's notice. For such a house as above described £1 to £5 a week is required. Beef and mutton (in most cases poor and tough) were five years ago sold at 2d and 2½d per lb., and are now 6d to 8d, with a prospect of a further advance. Domestic servants are difficult to be obtained. They are highly paid, but are in general pert, ignorant, lazy, and uncleanly.

Called Rose Leaves.

The velvet moss grows on the sterile rock, the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches, the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the vegetations of the preceding year; and, Heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this:—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

A SISTER'S VALUE.—Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so worthy and noble. He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at, if the fountain of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind.

An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbours. Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition, and the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison or quicksilver which consumeth the flesh and drieth up the marrow of the bones.—*Socrates.*

PRIDE.—Of all human actions, pride seldomest obtains its end; for, aiming at honour and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.

The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking, from which they had expected great things, grow desponding and hopeless; but others will rouse themselves, and say, "the more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honourable it will be."

A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

A good conscience is more to be desired

than all the riches of the East. How sweet are the slumbers of him, who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day, without condemning himself! A good conscience is the finest opiate. *Nemo malus felix.*

MULTUM IN PARVO.—"Estimating every thing at its real value, keeping everything to its proper use, putting everything into its proper place, doing everything at its proper time, and keeping everybody to his proper business, would, perhaps, comprehend all, or nearly all, that can promote comfort, order, and contentment in our hearts and homes."—*Home Truths for Home Peace.*

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity.—*Skenstone.*

Mistrust the mind which suspects others. Suspicion is involuntarily self-betrayal—the rattle appended to the snake warning us of its venom.

Tie up a vein and sickness ensues; clog up a stream and the water overflows; obstruct the future and revolutions break out.—*Victor Hugo.*

The best throw of the dice is to throw them away.

Wisdom cannot be obtained without industry and labour; how can we expect to find gold upon the earth's surface, when we dig almost to the centre of it to find the baser metal?

GENIUS.—A spark from that fountain of light round the Eternal Throne,—a link of that golden chain by which this world is suspended from its parent Heaven: invisible to all save its possessors: sometimes not even to them, according as the immortal mind is dimmed by the shade of earth or touched by the dazzling rays of heaven.—*Grace Aguilar.*

Flowers that beautify the earth with colour and delight by their fragrance, are everywhere; the poison-berry and the deadly night-shade are found only in the untrodden swamps.

Conversation was hid for a long time, until it was discovered in a bag of filberts.

Some persons are fond of "opening their minds" to you, as if it were a dirty-linen bag—only to let you see the foul things that can drop out of it.

Women, when they talk of "a good figure," must mean the figure 8, for that is the figure which is the most pulled in at the middle.

The dissipations that persons resort to to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull round them to keep off the dark.

The broad of repentance we eat, is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

A museum is fitting up in London, specially to keep records of men who have benefitted the country.

The Lords of the Treasury have directed that the weight allowed for publications bearing newspaper stamps, but not being strictly newspapers, which are permitted to pass through the post under the newspaper privilege, be limited to three ounces. The paper is to be so folded as to expose the stamp to view, and there is not to be any outside wrapper, with the exception of a loose cover for the address.

Court Circular.

The Queen and Royal Family have proceeded on their autumnal trip to the Highlands of Scotland.

Whilst the Prince Consort was witnessing the grand military spectacle in the neighbourhood of Boulogne—the Queen was employed in visiting the Southampton Docks, and inspecting the magnificent steam-yacht belonging to the late Pasha of Egypt. Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Premier, goes in the vessel to Egypt, in the hope of recovering his delicate health.

On Saturday the 8th ulto., Prince Albert arrived at Osborne, from Boulogne. The Prince, who was in the yacht *Victoria and Albert*, was met off the coast by Her Majesty in the *Fairy*, and, with the Queen, received the parting adieux of the King of Portugal and the Duke of Oporto, who were about returning to Portugal.

On Monday the 10th ulto., the Baron de Gersdorff, Envoy from the present King of Saxony, conveyed to Her Majesty a letter announcing the death of the late King of that country, and to return the insignia of the Order of the Garter, worn by that Sovereign. The Baron after the performance of this important duty of etiquette, had the honor of dining with Her Majesty. On the following day, Senor Gonzalez, the new Minister of Spain at our Court, was presented for the purpose of "delivering his credentials."

On Wednesday the 12th ulto., at 2, p.m., the Queen and Prince Consort, the Royal children, and suite, left Osborne House for London, preliminary to their Scottish visit. They embarked at East Cowes on board the *Fairy*. In a drizzling, penetrating rain, and a strong "wet" breeze, making a thoroughly disagreeable day, the Royal family reached Gosport, where a special train was in readiness to convey them to London. On arriving at the Nine Elms Station, the Royal family and suite proceeded, in five carriages, escorted by a detachment of Carbineers to Buckingham Palace. In the evening the Queen held a Privy Council, which was attended by Prince Albert and four of the Cabinet Ministers.

On Thursday morning, at a quarter to eight o'clock, the Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by their youthful family, and attended by a somewhat numerous suite, consisting chiefly of ladies

and gentlemen of the household, left Buckingham Palace, for the King's-cross Station of the great Northern Railway, en route to Balmoral. Fine weather has been so generally a characteristic of the days on which the Queen makes her "progresses," that the phrase "a Queen's day," has grown quite into a proverb, as indicative of a fine day. The present occasion has been an exception. Wednesday and Thursday were the wettest and dullest days that have been experienced for some time.

The Steam-yacht *Mindello*, with the King of Portugal, and Duke of Oporto, on board, attended by the Viscount Carriero, Count Sormento, &c., left Cowes' Road on Saturday, at four p.m., for Portugal.

Count Buol, gave a grand dinner at Vienna, on the 6th, in honour of Baron de Meyendorf, Prince Gortschakoff, and all the Russian Legation, were invited.

Queen Marie Amelia, the Duke de Nemours, the Count d'Eu, the Duke d'Alencon, the Princess Margaret, the Countess Mollien, with other members of the Royal suite, have, within the last few days, returned to their temporary residence, at Torquay, from a short visit to Claremont, where the Royal party attended the ceremony in commemoration of the death of Louis Philippi.

Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess de Brabant, the Count de Flandres, and the Princess Charlotte, arrived at Courtray, at one p.m., on the 10th inst., where they were received with great enthusiasm. In the evening, there was a grand ball in honour of their visit. The King of the Belgians was prevented from attending by indisposition.

The Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary, who are still remaining at Kew Cottage, are expected to leave this Royal Villa, at the close of the month, on a tour of visits.

On the 5th, the Empress of the French, visited the *embouchure* of the Adour, in the steamer *Ville-de-dax*. The weather was magnificent, and the beauty of the landscape on either side of the river, excited the admiration of Her Majesty, and the persons in the Imperial suite.

Prince Albert, before leaving Boulogne, presented the Captain of the port, with a valuable gold watch and chain, for his services, on the arrival and departure of the Royal Yacht.



Births.

In this City, on the 26th ult., the wife of James A. Brown, Esq., of a daughter.

In this City, on the 20th ult., in Bay Street, the wife of Thomas Ridout, Esq., of a son.

In this City, on the 24th ult., the wife of Mr. M. Bowman, Richmond Street, of a son.

At Quebec, on the 21st ult., the wife of Frederick T. Judah, Advocate, of a son.



Marriages.

At Quebec, on the 21st ult., at the Cathedral, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Rev. Geo. Mackie, D.D., Percy Godfrey Bottfield Lake, Esq., Lieutenant and Adjutant 24th Foot, to Margaret, second daughter of the late William Phillips, Esq., of that city.

In Hamilton, on the 20th ult., by the Rev. James Elliot, Thomas, eldest son of Mr. Hutchinson Clark, to Annie Maria, fourth daughter of the Rev. John Dawson.

On the 18th ult., by the Rev. T. C. Slater, Mr. James Burlington, to Miss E. Brown, both of Ar. of



Deaths.

On the 13th ult., John Goffrey, oldest surviving son of Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sprague.

In this city, on Friday the 27th ult., after a few hours illness, Mr. Richard Wason, Senior, aged 74 years. He was one of the oldest inhabitants of the city, and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn his loss.

On the 18th ult., of chronic Croup, Thomas Alexander, only son of Rev. A. Campbell, Wesleyan Minister, Clinton, aged three years, five months and nineteen days.

Colon Talk.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

We visited the Lyceum Theatre, on the occasion of Mr. Nickinson's benefit, and were much pleased, both with the performance and the numerous assembly of spectators; who, undoubtedly, made their appearance that night as much as to show their appreciation of Mr. Nickinson's unremitting endeavours to please the Toronto public, as to amuse themselves.

Having frequently visited the Lyceum, we have acquired some knowledge of Mr. Nickinson's taste in the selection of his Pieces, and the *mise en scène*, and we think, that few of the many who seek entertainment at his hands, can refuse to acquiesce in the opinion that he is deserving of the applause and support of his fellow citizens.

The "Follies of a night," was the principal piece on the above occasion, and taking into consideration the smallness of the Theatre, we never saw anything better put upon a stage, the scenery and dresses were good, the characters well cast, the

principal ones well conceived and admirably rendered.

Sir William Don, is undoubtedly, a valuable acquisition to any theatre, and right well has he performed and pleased his Toronto audience. We could wish his engagement permanent in our little corps Dramatique, for, it is only through good acting like his, Mr. Nickinson's, Miss C. Nickinson's, and Mr. Couklock's, that an author's conception is truly delivered to the public.

We are glad that during our short experience, Mr. Nickinson has never thrown away the talents of his Company on that most absurd of all theatricals, "Burlesque." We look upon all such, as little less than bare-faced robberies of other men's good works; cast before the world, horribly mutilated, grotesquely and ludicrously dressed for the sole purpose of creating laughter; often keeping from many persons the beauties of the originals. Cleverly as any work may be burlesqued, roars of laughter peeling down upon the well turned witticisms; yet, it can only amuse for the hour, without creating admiration.

We understand that a new Scenic Artist has been engaged for the purpose of re-decorating the house, which, we believe, will re-open in the course of a month. Mr. Nickinson's labours, merit good returns; we wish him all success at Hamilton.

The most fastidious critic might spend an evening at our little Theatre, and retire at the fall of the curtain, assured, that he had received from the stage, good sterling value, for the currency paid at the Pigeon hole.

We shall not fail to announce Mr. Nickinson's return.

Part of the detachment of the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment, that has been so long stationed in Toronto, has left for Kingston, there to be quartered for the winter; the remaining portion will leave in a short time, at least such is our information from good authority. Those stationed at Niagara, are to remain for the present, but for how long, is not exactly known.

The Old Fort, we believe, has been sold to the Railway Company; possession to be given at some future date. The new Stone Barracks, it is rumoured, will be occupied by Pensioners, after the departure of the Canadian Rifles.

Monsieur and Madame Macallister, are at present doing their best to amuse the evening holiday-makers of the City; and if report says true, their efforts are tolerably successful. We are not ignorant of the reputation attached to Monsieur Macallister's name, both for his cleverness, and the variety of amusement that his Entertainments generally afford; but not having yet seen him in Toronto, we will no longer trespass upon the time of our readers.

We simply write what we have heard, and judge from the numbers leaving the Theatre, of the success of his efforts.

The Chest!



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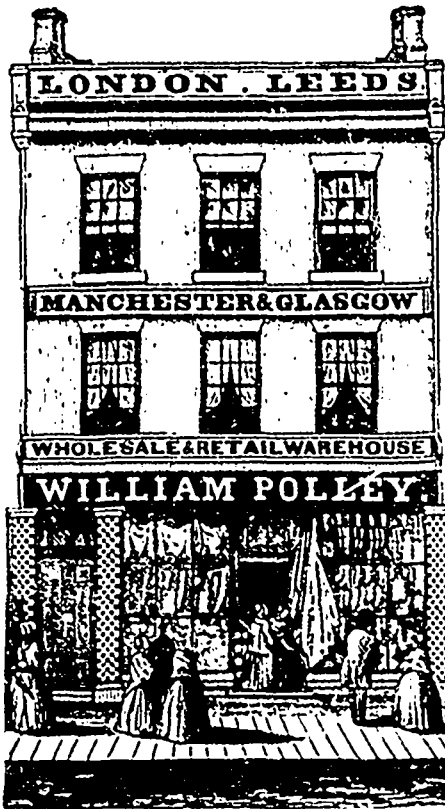
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Scottish Educational Journal, vol. 1, 1853.

Wellington's Speeches in Parliament, collected by Col. Gurwood, two vols. Pro.

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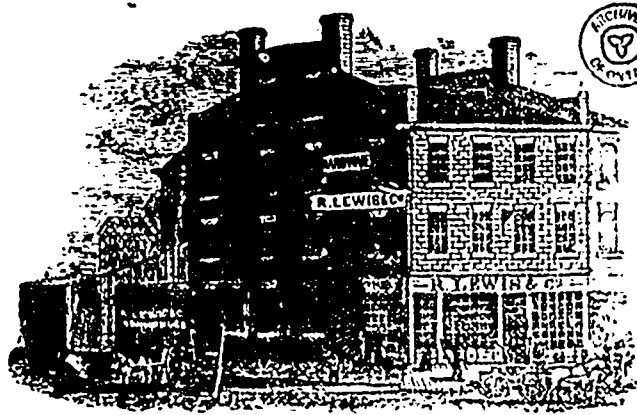
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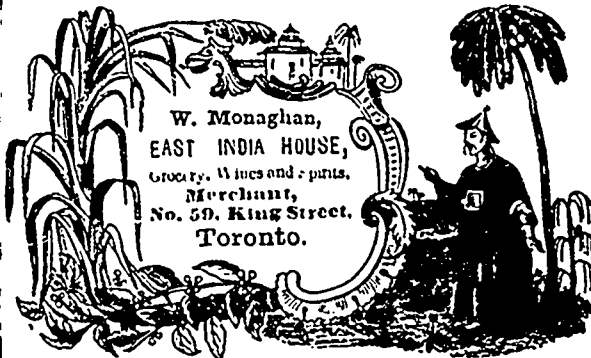
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