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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

No. 21.

Poetry.

MEMORY.

Soft, as the rays of sunlight stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet, as chiming of low bells pealing
When ere fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan,
Through the breath of mountain tone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeam's from the heaven
!!! at eve their light;
As the bells when wakes the even
Peal not on the night;
As the night winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
Forth again shall break,
And the bells give sweet voiced warning
To the world to awake
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple head;
But the path is lost in Death—
He hath no memory.

MAIDEN BEAUTY.

Her hand's like a lily—
But just at the tip
It hath stolen a tint
Like the hue of her lip!
Her breath's like the morning,
When hyacinths blow;
Her feet leave a blessing
Wherever they go!

For each one she's something
To comfort or cheer;
When her purse falls her wishes
She gives them a tear!
E'en the sound of her step
Seems to bring them relief;
And they bless that sweet face
Which speaks hope 'mid their grief!

Her mouth's like a rose-bud,
Just budding half through,
When it opens at morn
Amidst fragrance and dew;
And her heart is a dwelling
Where angels might rest;
And forget their own heaven
In that of her breast!

SWAIN.

Literature.

NORMAN AND COLINA.

(Continued from our last.)

"The rising sun shed his beams through the open flake-like mists which overhung the lofty hills of Morven, and the thrilling notes of the bird of morning, which had erewhile broken the solemn stillness that reigned over the slumbers of the villagers of Lochalin, were still wafted far on the pinions of the softly fluttering breeze; while the early bleatings of the flock in the near glens seemed to call the shepherds out to watch their first meanderings towards the corn-fields. Meantime the *Jane Edwards* might be seen on her moorings at some distance, in the lovely bay of Aros, and as her snow-white

sails were, thus early, being one by one unfurled, it was an indication that the hour of her departure was fast approaching. But," continued Mr. Rose,—

'When daylight was yet sleeping under the pillow,
And stars in the heaven still lingering alone,'

Colina Lamb made her appearance on deck; and with pensive solicitude she watched the ushering in of the dawn. She gazed with tenderness and affection on the various objects which marked the home of her early years as the morning sunshine first clothed them with its golden vesture,—adding peculiar loveliness to their otherwise romantic beauty.—The intervening distance, however short, reminded her that even then a separation had actually taken place, which distinguished a period of her life to which her mind would never revert without awakening associations that would fling over her memory an ideal halo, presenting, as she then realized, those forms of scenic attraction on which she loved to dwell in her sweet converse with Norman in the sacred spots around the village of Lochalin.—Here, free from the cares and anxieties of an evil world to whose cruelties they were as yet strangers, and far removed from the unsalutary influences of social enticements—they found in their rural entertainments means for much mental culture as well as for the improvement of mutual affection;

'—Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

"As the morning advanced many small craft might be seen directing their course from Morven across the smooth, blue waters of the Sound, towards the opposite bay, and all crowded with passengers anxious to give a last adieu to their friends now on board the *Jane Edwards*; who were no less anxiously waiting to receive this mark of affection from those whom they were about to leave behind, perhaps for ever.

"With Colina, alas! however, a mingled feeling of blighted hope and painful solicitude succeeded the sweetly cherished expectation of Norman's arrival, when she saw that although several boats from Lochalin had already reached the ship there was no appearance of his coming. One more is seen skimming the extreme promontory of the bay; she also arrives, but he is not there! This world how tyrannical!" added Mr. Rose; "for it was the time, of all others, the faintest shadow of neglect on his part was likely to probe deeper her intenerated bosom and to appear as the prelude of an unhappy change.—And yet Colina could not for a moment harbour any suspicion of her beloved Norman's integrity, though now she would have treasured up in her heart the words of comfort and affection which he should have spoken to her on this occasion—when the feeling, awakened by the fond memory of the past—the tender sensibility connected with the peculiar event which affected the present, and the hope that looked forward to a sweet home beyond the Atlantic main, all would render the impression more enduring.

"But a short time and the word of command is given—the heart-moving sentiments of 'Home, sweet home,' are joined in by the cheerful crew, as they weigh the ponderous anchor;—and, as the ample canvass is spread to the breeze, the *Jane Edwards* veers round, and then glides along in proud majesty on the surface of the water. The numerous boats which before lay alongside of her, were now all returning homewards, and while the waving of hats and of hands represented the affection and good wishes that were cherished towards the departing friends—the plaintive notes of the 'Pibroch's' farewell Coronach,' echoed back symphoniously from the adjacent shores, caused many a tear of affection towards the land of their birth to be shed by the emigrants.

"Poor Colina felt like one absorbed in the more romantic visions of an adverse dream; and it was not till the ship had coasted round the western extremity of Mull, and Morven had for ever faded from the view, that she began to reflect on the scenes which had now passed, with feelings somewhat similar to those left behind by 'Adam's first recollections of his fall,' but free from the consciousness of any guilt. She thought of Norman, and she loved him still more than ever. She thought likewise on many causes which might have occasioned the disappointment he had given her. But often

'Imagination gives to aye nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

It was so with her; but among all that fancy had portrayed, Colina never supposed that sickness, sudden and severe, might have detained her young friend at home when he most desired to see her at the time of her departure."

"Ah, but," interrupted the affectionate Maria, "if illness prevented Norman from his appointment with poor Colina, it must have been sudden indeed since there had been so many persons on board the ship who had come from Lochalin on that morning, and through them, somehow, Colina would have been informed of the circumstance."

"My dear," resumed Mr. Rose, "it was without doubt such an unforeseen interposition of Divine Providence,—and it was some time after he had returned home from the *Jane Edwards* on the preceding evening when first he became seriously ill; consequently no one who had left the village early in the morning had any opportunity of hearing of his indisposition, save one bosom friend of his own, who had called at his father's house in expectation that Norman, (whose friendship with Colina he was aware of,) was to accompany him to the ship to see her there once more—but found he was suffering so much as to require immediate medical attendance. This young man would have communicated the sad intelligence to Colina—and if I recollect well how it was all represented to have occurred, the only words," added Mr. Rose, "which young Bethune had spoken to him, were expressive of a sincere desire that Colina should not be allowed to leave the

country in ignorance of what was the real cause of his detention at home, when he desired so much to see her; but whether 'he should live or die it would be for her alone.' But when his friend had reached the ship, and perceived in the expression of her countenance the anxiety which agitated her tender bosom, he could not, for sympathy with Colina, convey to her the intelligence of Norman's indisposition, whom he knew she loved as her own life, lest by doing so he should be guilty of increasing her grief, already expressed in intelligible characters, and thus edge it with keener affliction. A more mature consideration would however have suggested to him that the duty he had failed to perform was what true friendship and fidelity required, and which he could never have violated were he to have as much forethought as he had of sore reflection afterwards on the subject."

"It was to be deplored, interrupted Mrs. Rose, that Colina had left her native shore without knowing what prevented poor Bethune from seeing her at the time of her departure, according to his appointment; and especially as it would have enabled her to repel all suspicions of his constancy which she may have been tempted afterwards to cherish, and would have fortified her mind during a long separation to be cheerfully resigned to the will of Providence. But her parents must have known the circumstance, and her mother in particular would have given her every comfort which maternal affection is fit to administer."

But, said Mr. Rose, did we not experience that it is by first frustrating our fondest hopes the dispenser of all events often ultimately sweetens the cup of our comforts, we might have no hesitation in saying that it was much to be deplored that the loving Colina knew not the cause of her friend's apparent neglect; although it is hard to say, if she had known this, whether it would have been easier for her to think of his being laid on a bed of sickness, to which the grief of parting with her had likely contributed, and to the relief of which their separation had rendered it impossible for her to afford one drop of comfort, while it permitted her not to hope of hearing soon of his recovery. And from what I have already related regarding their friend, in whom Norman had reposed so much confidence, we may learn that it is of necessity for us, short-sighted as we are, to seek for better guidance than our own, even in our most laudable efforts, whether of a social or more private character, to dry up the streams of human sorrow, as well as to seal the fountains whence they originate; and this is still more evident in the manner in which her affectionate mother essayed to abstract Colina's mind from the object of her grief.

"The interesting island of Staffa and of Iona, whose lofty towers remind the passing voyager of the character of sanctity their country ought to retain in the mind of every true Caledonian, were dimly fading out of view, and the blue hills of Argyre presented only their summits above the distant horizon; while Colina, still leaning gently on the ship's bulwarks, seemed to be counting each rolling swell of the ocean which passed towards the shore and separated her further and farther from her beloved Norman. Her mother, perceiving that grief had quite overcome the fortitude whereby she endeavoured so long to conceal it, had now, for the first time, thought of representing to Colina the folly of grieving her mind much about an individual, whom, however worthy he always proved to be of her affection, and notwithstanding the revolutions and ardent hopes of untried youth, she had very slight prospect of ever seeing again. She held forth to her the expectation she might entertain of meeting with a loving partner in the colony whither they were going, who might be equally qualified to make her happy, and with whom she might possess more of the comforts of life than she could hope to obtain with Norman, for many years yet to come. This, she assured Colina, was not a visionary prospect; as it was well known that in every new colony of the kind they were to inhabit, females were few

in number, and had it much in their own power to choose the husbands that were most deserving."

"If that should be the case, papa, said Adelaide, it occurs to me there is no cause to fear we shall be doomed to go to the garret, when we may at once be transported to such a happy country; where ladies obtain a higher privilege than any ever enumerated in the celebrated catalogue of 'Woman's Rights,' of which Mrs. Poker so often talks—the privilege of choosing husbands for themselves."

"Rather let us fear, papa, said Maria, what effect her mother's words had on Colina's mind."

"Although Colina had endeavoured to appear more cheerful after her mother spoke to her lest she should make her uneasy by showing any signs of continued grief; yet she felt it would be cruel, and in vain, for any one to advise her to withdraw her affection from her beloved, until a change had first taken place on his own part, of which she had not yet had any real cause to fear.

*'Tis easier to kindle fire with snow
Than quench the flame of love with words;
The more 'tis stamped, the more it burns.'*

"I might also make known to you, if time permitted," continued Mr. Rose, "the train of meditations Colina had been often disposed to indulge in during a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, especially when the ocean had presented its most imposing and sublime scenes—which were often enjoyed during a longer than usual continuation of calm weather; and likewise the pleasure that was afforded her on her arrival in America, and while pursuing their journey to their final destination over its inland waters, by the grandeur of its general scenery. But, like many new settlers, they endured many hardships before they found anything like a comfortable home. Under such circumstances one would suppose that Colina would not, with a firm decision of purpose, reject proposals of friendship that were made by young men of character and worldly means; but such was the case, and such was her love for Norman Bethune and her regard for the sacred vows of her early love.

"Shortly after their arrival in the colony she wrote home to her friend in Lochalin, but at the time her letter had reached there, Norman was in another part of the country, sojourning with some of his friends, the still delicate state of his health having required such a change. His father received, and for obvious reasons destroyed it at once. The first intelligence Norman got of the safe arrival of Colina in America was after a long interval of eighteen months, and then only through letters received from other families who had left Lochalin at the same period. Having been by this time quite restored to his wonted health and vigour, he recruited courage to tell his father that he was anxious to try his fortune in the New World; and ultimately the father considered it his duty, though at the sacrifice of much parental affection, not to offer any resistance to his wishes.

A few months more, and after a rather tedious passage across the Atlantic, he arrived in the township of E—, in one of the western districts of Upper Canada, where Mr. Lamb was now settled on his own farm."

"O! papa, I hope they had a happy meeting, exclaimed Maria."

"Yes, dear Maria, virtue is its own reward; but I will now tell you something which will render the event of their meeting more interesting to you. You will perceive that poor Colina had been disappointed in not receiving any communication from Norman, in answer to her letter, which, together with the recollection of what had occurred on the day she had left Lochalin, caused her to entertain doubts of his fidelity for the first time, the very evening he arrived at E—; but ere he found his way to Mr. Lamb's house she had retired to bed, and after some bitter reflection and tears, she was soon absorbed in the following vision:

THE DREAM.

"The most lovely terrestrial paradise which adorns the plains of Shiraz or Damascus, with all their striking pictures of scenic and sylvan beauty, could not be more inviting than the spot into which Colina had been now transported. Its walks were shaded by waving and luxuriant foliage on the one hand; on the other, fringed with plants which exhaled the sweetest odours, and flowers of the most superb tints; while through the far-extending vistas, which here and there opened to view, might be seen rich parterres, over which the humming-bee noisily flattered, and the canopy of leafy branches and pendant fronds which overshadowed the purling brook, that gently flowed through this paradise of hope, were vocal with the song of the bird of pleasure. As Colina walked along its walks the appearance of the whole seemed to grow more and more in beauty upon the eye, and the harmony of sweetly mingled sounds rendered it a magic scene of delight. At length she observed two young females dressed in white robes,—the emblems of innocence and truth; and as they seemed to have been discussing the more delicate beauties of a flower which one of them held in her hand, an elderly man, whose countenance beamed with affection and intelligence, came up to them, and having presented to them a small paper, folded together, he bowed courteously and disappeared. One of them unfolded the note, and audible to Colina, who stood near them unperceived, she read its contents as follows:—

*The flower which boasts the brightest tints,
And drinks the sweetest dew,
May still contain within its core
The deadliest poison too!*

"Upon hearing these words Colina turned aside, and while musing deeply on what the meaning intended to be conveyed by these lines might be, her attention was arrested by the appearance of a delicate-looking young female, whom she approached in a more isolated part of the garden, and whose sad and sullied countenance and dejected deportment represented the experience of affliction. She heard her exclaiming in an affecting tone of soliloquy:—

*O! why had I forgot
That there is naught of mortal birth,
But some innate impurity
Still marks its child of earth!*

"The most sympathetic tenderness towards her who had given utterance to these sentiments made Colina anxious to know the cause of her grief, but as she drew nearer to her, her fair form had faded out of view; and she was again left alone to reflect on all she had heard in the garden. She began to think that these words no sooner expressed than they were given in her memory, were intended to show the folly of reposing too much confidence in any mortal being, and at once thoughts of her Norman darted across her mind. It occurred to her how he had disappointed her on the day she left her native shore, and caused by his dilatory neglect of writing to her, her hope to be blighted, and her mind to be no longer fit to repel these doubts of his integrity which before could never, never find a place in her thoughts. Deploping all which, and yet feeling she could love no one again as she did her beloved Bethune, she lay herself down on a bed of roses, and as her drooping form bent over the fragrant bouquet which her bosom pressed, and on the petals of one particular tender flower might be seen a fallen tear standing undiffused like a dew-drop in Eden, she suddenly heard a voice like that of an angel exclaiming—

*A guardian spirit still hovers around me,
To chase every thought that could dishonour thy love.*

She lifted up her eyes, and behold, it was her Norman, who at once embraced her in one arm, and with the other hand plucked the flower, on whose corolla her tear, transparent and spark-

ling, he observed, and folded it within his bosom, as a true emblem of the tender delicacy and loveliness of his Colina, as well as the repository of her sacred tear. In great ecstasy of mind, thereupon, Colina awoke, and found her Norman had arrived from Lochalin, during the time she was absorbed in the magic visions of her truly romantic dream."

TO OUR READERS.—Mr. Hutton has been appointed collecting agent for the Herald.—Our City friends will therefore be waited upon by and by for their subscription, and as the sum is small, we are satisfied, that parties only require an opportunity to pay to one authorized to receive it.

TO OUR READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald is published by Mr. Charles Fletcher, Bookseller, No. 54, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1850.

LORD COCKBURN'S LIFE OF JEFFREY.

In a late number of the Caledonian Mercury we have a very ably written review of Cockburn's Life of Lord Jeffrey, a work which has been longed for by the literary world, coming as it does from a talented contemporary. We have given one letter from Jeffrey's pen which displays the depth and purity of feeling, and the undivided affection of the great critic. One of the extracts refers to the commencement of the Edinburgh Review in which the critical acumen of Jeffrey was so powerfully illustrated. The first is:—

COCKBURN'S ESTIMATE OF JEFFREY.

He was not so much distinguished by the pre-eminence of any one great quality, as by the union of several of the finest. Rapidity of intellect, instead of misleading, as it often does, was combined in him with great soundness; and a high condition of the reasoning powers with an active and delightful fancy. Though not what is termed learned, his knowledge was various; and on literature, politics, and the philosophy of life, it was deep. A taste exquisitely delicate and largely exercised, was one of the great sources of his enjoyment, and of his unmatched critical skill. But the peculiar charm of his character lay in the junction of intellectual power with moral worth. His honour was superior to every temptation with which the world could assail it. The pleasures of the heart were necessary for his existence, and were preferred by him to every other gratification, except the pleasures of conscience. Passing much of his time in literary and political contention, he was never once chilled by an unkind feeling, even towards those he was trying to overcome. An habitual gaiety never allowed its thoughtlessness, nor an habitual prudence its caution, to interfere with any claim of charity or duty. Nor was this merely the passive amiableness of a gentle disposition. It was the positive humanity of a resolute man, glowing in the conflicts of the world. He prepared himself for what he did by judicious early industry. He then chose the most difficult spheres in which talent can be exerted, and excelled in them all; rising from obscurity and dependence to affluence

and renown. His splendour as an advocate was exceeded by his eminence as a judge. He was the founder of a new system of criticism, and this a higher one than had ever existed. As an editor, and as a writer, he did as much to improve his country and the world, as can almost ever be done, by discussion, by a single man. He was the last of four pre-eminent Scotchmen, who, living in their own country, raised its character and extended its reputation, during the period of his career. The other three were Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, and Thomas Chalmers; each of whom, in literature, philosophy, or policy, caused great changes; and each left upon his age the impression of the mind that produced them. Jeffrey, though surpassed in genius certainly by Scott, and perhaps by Chalmers, was inferior to none of them in public usefulness, or in the beauty of the means by which he achieved it, or in its probable duration. The elevation of the public mind was his peculiar glory. In one respect alone he was unfortunate. The assaults which he led against error, were efforts in which the value of his personal services can never be duly seen. His position required him to dissipate, in untold and nameless exertions, as much philosophy and beautiful composition as would have sustained a novel and important original work. He has raised a great monument, but it is one on which his own name is too faintly engraved.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

At last, on the 10th of October 1802, the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* appeared. Besides several other articles, it contained seven by Smith, four by Horner, four commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham, and five by Jeffrey, one of which, upon Mourier on the influence of the French Revolution, began the work. The effect was electrical. And instead of expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of the shock was increased on each subsequent discharge. It is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in the heart of the scene, to feel, or almost to understand, the impression made by the new luminary, or the anxieties with which its motions were observed. It was an entire and instant change of every thing that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The old periodical opiate was extinguished at once. The learning of the new journal, its talent, its spirit, its writing, its independence, were all new; and the surprise was increased by a work so full of public life springing up, suddenly, in a remote part of the kingdom. Different classes soon settled into their different views of it. Its literature, its political economy, and its pure science, were generally admired. Many thoughtful men, indifferent to party, but anxious for the progress of the human mind, and alarmed lest war and political confusion should restore a new course of dark ages, were cheered by the unexpected appearance of what seemed likely to prove a great depository for the contributions of able men to the cause of philosophy. Its political opinions made it to be received by one party with demonstrations of its iniquity, with confident prophecies of the impossibility of so scandalous a publication lasting, much pretended derision, and boundless abuse of its audacious authors. On the opposite side, it was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day. It was not merely the intelligent championship of their principles that those on that side saw apparently secured, but the far higher end, that reason would be heard. The splendid career of the journal, as it was actually run, was not anticipated, either by its authors or by its most ardent admirers; none of whom could foresee its long endurance or the extent which the mighty improvements that have reformed our opinions and institutions, and enabled us to engraft the wisdom of experience on the maintainable antiquities of our system, were to depend on this single publication. They only saw the present establishment of an organ of the highest order, for the able and fearless discussion of every matter worthy of being inquired into; but they could not then discern its conse-

quences. Nowhere was its pillar of fire watched with greater intensity than in Scotland, where the constitutional whiteness was the darkest. Many years had to pass before it could effect actual reform; but it became clear every day that a generation was forming by which the seed sown by this work must at least be reaped. To Edinburgh in particular it was of especial benefit. It extended the literary reputation of the place, and connected it with public affairs, and made its opinions important. All were the better of a journal to which every one with an object of due importance had access, which it was in vain either to bully or to despise, and of the fame of which even its reasonable haters were inwardly proud.

LETTER.

EDINBURGH, 13th August, 1850.

My dear John, I am at this moment of all men the most miserable and disconsolate. It is just a week to-day since my sweet Kitty died in my arms and left me without joy, or hope, or comfort, in this world. Her health had been long very delicate, and during this summer rather more disordered than usual; but we fancied she was with child, and rather looked forward to her complete restoration. She was finally seized with the most excruciating headaches, which ended in an effusion of water on the brain, and sunk her into a lamentable stupor, which terminated in death. It is impossible for me to describe to you the feeling of lonely and hopeless misery with which I have since been oppressed, I devoted upon her, I believe, more than man ever did before; and after four years of marriage, was more tenderly attached to her than on the day which made her mine. I took no interest in anything which had not some reference to her, and had no enjoyment away from her, except in thinking what I should have to tell her or to show her on my return; and I have never returned to her after half a day's absence, without feeling my heart throbb, and my eye brighten, with all the ardor and anxiety of a youthful passion. All the exertions I ever made in the world were for her sake entirely.—You know how indulgent I was by nature, and how regardless of reputation and fortune. But it was a delight to me to lay these things at the feet of my darling and to invest her with some portion of the distinction she deserved, and to increase the pride and vanity she felt for her husband, by accumulating these public tests of his merit. She had so lively a relish for life too, and so unquenchable and unbroken a hope in the midst of protracted illness and languor, that the stroke which cut it off forever appears equally cruel and unnatural. Though familiar with sickness, she seemed to have nothing to do with death. She always recovered so rapidly, and was so cheerful, and affectionate, and playful, that it scarcely entered into my imagination that there could be one sickness from which she would not recover. We had arranged several little projects of amusement for the autumn, and she talked of them, poor thing, with unabated confidence and delight, as long as she was able to talk coherently at all. I have the consolation to think that the short time she passed with me was as happy as love and hope could make it. In spite of her precarious health, she has often assured me that she was the happiest of women, and would not change her condition with any human creature. Indeed we lived in a delightful progress of every thing that could contribute to our felicity. Everything was opening and brightening before us. Our circumstances, our society, were rapidly improving, our understandings were expanding, and even our love and confidence in each other increasing from day to day. Now I have no interest in anything, and no object or motive for being in the world. I wish you had known my Kitty, for I cannot describe her to you; and nobody else knows enough of her. The most ennobling part of her character was a high principle of honor, integrity, and generosity, that would have been remarkable in a man; and which I never met with in a woman before. She had no conception of prevaricating, shuffling, or disguising. There was a clear transparency in her

soul, without affectation or reserve, which won your implicit confidence, and commanded your respect. Then she was the simplest and most cheerful of human beings; the most unassuming, easy, and affectionate; dignified in her deportment, but affable and engaging in her conversation. Her sweetness and cheerfulness in sickness won the heart of all who came near her. She was adored by her servants, and has been wept for by her physicians, by the chairmen who used to carry her, and the tradesmen with whom she dealt. Oh! my dear John, my heart is very cold and heavy, and my prospect of life every way gloomy and deplorable. I had long been accustomed to place all my notions of happiness in domestic life; and I had found it there so pure, perfect, and entire, that I can never look for it any where else, or hope for it in any other form. Heaven protect you from the agony it has imposed upon me. Write me soon to say that you are happy, and that you and your Susan will love me. My heart is shut at this time to everything but sorrow, but I think it must soon open to affection. All your friends here are well. I shall write you again soon. Ever, my dear John, most affectionately yours.—F. J.

PENNY BANKS.

The object of a penny bank is to assist the youthful portion of the working classes—those who for the first time are beginning to receive wages for their labour—in the formation of careful and prudent habits. The few pence or the odd shillings, when they bring an unaccustomed feeling to the pocket, bring with them temptations to spend; while public houses and other places tempt to waste, and at the same time lay the foundation of many evil habits. In the penny bank, from a penny upwards, halfpence, sixpence, or shillings, may be stored by the young people at will; and as fast as the stores of each depositor accumulate to the amount of seventeen shillings, it is transferred to the local savings bank, in the name of its owner, and bears interest. On the 8th of July, 1850, the "Huddersfield Preliminary Savings Bank" was started, with a deposit of three pounds and seven pence from fifty-seven persons. From the 8th of July, 1850, to the 1st of December, 1851, there have been in this bank six thousand nine hundred and sixteen deposits, averaging one shilling and five pence each, making a total of £183 14s. 6d.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

Literary Notices.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, MAY; Toronto, T. Maclear, C. Fletcher.

Already have we announced the receipt of this fashionable monthly, which now has become considerably enlarged. The embellishments for this month are January and May, from an original picture painted expressly for Godey. What may be the meaning of the symbolic representation it would be difficult to say; a demure looking maiden, with flowery wreathed chaplet, is leaning on the arm of a garrulous old man, and descending as it were from the steps leading to a magnificent temple. It is well to be imaginative. The second illustration is "May Day among the Juveniles"—a very cheery group of precocious juveniles. The next two are no great ornament to any work. The motto to the first paper is two lines from one of Scott's songs, put down by some ignoramus to represent the Scotch language. The second is a very good paper on music, but it has a considerable amount of the wildness of the Eolian harp in its composition. The other pieces are fair specimens of light literature.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, MAY, Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.; T. Maclear.

This popular monthly has again made its appearance, and is amply stored as usual with inter-

esting matter. It opens with the third chapter of *Rodolphus*, one of Jacob Abbott's *Franconia* stories—a series of stories for children, chastely and pleasingly written, and presenting cheerful pictures of domestic life, with illustrations of character worthy of imitation. This is followed by the continuation of Mr. J. S. C. Abbott's *Napoleon Bonaparte*; *Tiger Roche* is a spirited sketch, and we have the second part of *Dickens's "Bleak House,"* which is enjoying so great a run in England, as well as in America. This number finishes the fourth volume, and as it now enjoys the field alone its onward progress may be predicted.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE, MAY, Philadelphia, J. Sartain; Toronto, T. Maclear, C. Fletcher.

Sartain for May bursts upon us with all the blooming freshness of a morn in May. The two principal illustrations in this number are very finely brought out. The first, the *Forgotten Strain*, is a very neatly executed Mezzotinto, from the burin of Samuel Sartain, and is very happily illustrated by a fanciful, romantic, pathetic sketch, from the pen of Caroline Chacebro, entitled *Theolorn*, or the *Forgotten Strain*. The second is the *Corsair's Isle*, an imitation line engraving by A. W. Graham. The *Avalanche*, by R. M. Richardson, is a very interesting paper, illustrative of this wholesale destroyer. The other pieces possess a good deal of merit. There are some happy ideas in Mr. Barlow's poem, but we have never yet been able to discover the slightest germ of wit in Puck's Portfolio.

THE ART JOURNAL, April; Toronto, H. Rodgers, Agent for Canada.

Natural History.

CANINE SAGACITY.

Of all the speechless friends of man,
The faithful dog I deem
Drooping from the human clan
The tenderest and best.

A curious and very interesting instance of the sagacity of the Dog occurred a few weeks ago in Wales, at *Sterling Park*, the residence of S. Tardrew Esq. There were a large Bull-dog and a Newfoundland dog kept about the premises; and one day, as a little boy was wending his way along the path leading from the turnpike-road to the house, the Bull-dog broke the chain with which he was fastened, and sprang fiercely on him. The poor, little fellow cried for assistance most piteously. The Newfoundland dog was in another part of the premises, but as soon as he heard the cries for help he darted away with tremendous velocity, quickly reached the spot, and seizing the Bull-dog with his powerful jaws, flung him off his prey, and held him firm, until the boy got up from the ground, and was completely out of harm's way.

THE SEA EAGLE OR GREAT ERNE.

The *Inverness Courier* says that one of the largest sea eagles, and of the most perfect plumage we have ever seen, was trapped a few weeks ago by Mr. Donald, gamekeeper to Robert Reid, Esq., Glendhu, west coast of Sutherland. The extent of its wings, out stretched, is 7 feet 9 inches; length from beak to tail, 3 feet 1 1/2 inches; thickness of leg, 8 1/2 inches. Beak a beautiful yellow colour; tail pure white. Weight of the entire bird 16 pounds.

THE BIRD OF WISDOM.

Mr. Bower, in his "Journey from Constantinople to Corfu," throws some light on the bird of wisdom, which we, not having the original, transform into our owl:—"In the evening, I wandered by the light of a sweet half-moon to the side of one of the hills overhanging the monastery; where I lay down and napped for hours, undisturbed by any round but the gentle ripple of the waves be-

low and the quaintery of one of those little horned owls about the size of a thrush, which are almost unknown in England, but are common in Greece and Italy. The little creature, as usual, seemed utterly regardless of my presence, and sat on a withered bough within a few feet of me, pouring forth its peculiar cry and twisting itself into the most fantastic shapes. This is the real owl of *Minerva*, so venerated of old by the Athenians, and can be perfectly tamed with great ease. A number of them are kept in the University of Corfu, because an owl is borne on the arms of that institution! on the same principle, in short, as that which bears are preserved at Berne, eagles at Geneva, storks at the Hague, and lions were formerly preserved in the Tower of London. Far from seeming to complain

'Of such an, wandering nest I, in secret bower,
Mote of their ancient solitary reign.'

they usually appear to feel a fellowship with the solitary being who delights in contemplating at the same hour as themselves the gloomy scene which they choose as their favourite haunts. I have seen them among the ruins of the Coliseum and of the *Patheon*, on the plain of *Troy*, and on the height of *Syracuse*, seated, as to-night, close by me on a broken arch or fallen pillar, and hooting with a certain of mockery, varied with that of a more plaintive character. As the mournful or the sarcastic tone prevails, one might almost fancy the bird of *Minerva* demanding sympathy with its lament for the ruin of once a favourite seat of the arts and sciences which she of old presided; or the bird of desolation inviting to rejoice with it over the wreck of ancient glories, a member of our great Teutonic race—*Heils*, as we are, 'of all the ages in the foremost files of time.'

LARGE PINE.

There was lately cut, in the town of *Fayette*, a pine tree, the diameter of which at the stump was six feet and two inches; and thirty et above the stump the diameter was four feet. There were two branches, one being broken off, the remaining branch, at one hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground, measured one foot in diameter. This pine scaled eight thousand and fifty-six feet, and was cut by Daniel True, on what is known as the *Smith and the Lambert lot*. It was thought by lumbermen to be one of the largest ever cut in this region. If any persons interested in pineology can bring forward a larger pine tree than this, we should like to hear from them.

Agriculture.

THE SUN FLOWER.

Mr. Adgate throws out a few hints to farmers in reference to the sun-flower, whose value he considers is not so well known as to make it appreciated. He has raised it and tested its qualities, and considers it of great advantage for feeding various animals. It has yielded with him from 90 to 100 bushels per acre, manured as for corn. He says, I plant in drills between three and four feet apart, and scatter the seed about six inches distant in rows—using from four to five quarts per acre. When ripe, as the large heads begin to shell out, I cut it up, and leave it scattered in rows to dry, and when thoroughly cured, draw it into my barn, handling carefully and placing on an airy scaffold. When wanted, the seed will nearly all shell out by throwing down, and needs but little pounding. Clean in a common fanning mill. One hundred pounds of the seed yield fifty pounds of oil; one bushel will make a gallon of oil. I had part of my seed made into oil at a common mill, and used it in lamps and tested it well for painting. Our house has been painted a long time; and it wears fully equal to those where linseed is used, and the wall left more glossy as though a little varnish had been applied. The oil cake is nearly equal to any other—and there is nothing better to feed hens in winter than sun-flower seeds; they did not know what it was at

first, but by mixing it with oats they gradually grew more fond of it, and produce eggs more abundantly than usual on other food. The seed is well known to be good for horses, and is well worth fifty cents a bushel to the farmer. I hope they will test this matter for themselves, and I am sure they will find it profitable to raise their own oil, &c., as I have done.

FLAX.

The Salisbury Herald says the cultivation of flax is occupying public attention in this as in other neighbourhoods. There is a certain and steady market already in our locality for all the straw and seed which may be produced in the surrounding neighbourhood.

Arts and Manufactures.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

All the experiments to form artificial diamonds may be referred to two methods, viz: the attempt to fuse carbon, and the endeavor to separate carbon in a crystalline state from a highly carbonaceous compound, by means of decomposition. It need hardly be remarked that all the trials hitherto have been in vain. The experiments made with the first view have been rendered unsuccessful by the infusibility of carbon in form of a black substance. If any one should be of opinion that, by the assistance of a constantly operating electrical stream, highly carbonaceous bodies might be decomposed so slowly that carbon might be separated in a crystalline condition, that is, in the form of a diamond, just as copper and the other metals have been recently obtained in a crystalline state, from solutions, by Jacob's method, such an expectation will prove to be a vain one; for, on one hand, the substances most suited to galvanic decomposition are non-conductors of electricity; as, for example, sulphuret of carbon, oil of turpentine, copaiva balsam, &c.; and on the other hand, if we should be successful in separating, from any compound, crystalline carbon on the conducting wire, yet, according to theory, at the very moment when even the most delicate covering of crystalline carbon should be deposited, all further action on the decomposing liquid would be interrupted, for the matter of diamond itself is known to be a non-conductor of electricity.—*Your Book of facts.*

IRON ORE.

The Leicestershire Mercury says that the newly discovered iron-ore in Northamptonshire is causing much remark and excitement, especially among the landed proprietors. It is said that it will enhance the value of the land where it is most abundant to upwards of £1,000 per acre. There is a considerable difference in the quality of the ore, ranging from 16 to 80 per cent, in the quantity it yields. The Hon. E. Arbuthnot has lately employed several men on his estate at Woodford to collect a quantity of the ore, which he has forwarded to the iron foundries as a specimen. Should the yield be found satisfactory, it is probable that the works will be immediately commenced, which will afford considerable employment in this locality.

USE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

One of the most useful applications of photography is that recently brought into operation for copying or taking pictures of machinery. By means of a camera-obscura and a few sheets of prepared paper, copies of the most elaborate mechanism, from a watch to a loom, can be obtained in a few minutes; possessing also the advantage of being perfectly correct in regard to the relative size of the parts, and from which it is easy to calculate their proper dimensions. Civil engineers and mechanics will find it of infinite service.

COAL TRAFFIC.

Heraclith's Journal says that the Great Western Railway Company are making arrangements with parties in South Wales to bring large quantities of Welsh coal to London at one-halfpenny per ton per mile. The Great Western, as well as the Great Northern, and we may say the Berwick and other railway companies, know full well the advantage of carrying coals long distances in large quantities.

Oriental Sayings.

THE MOUSE, THE SUN, THE CLOUD, AND THE WALL.

(From the Mishla Shua'im.)

A dandy mouse said one day, it is not good to be alone, and yet I cannot find among all the animals a wife which really pleases me. A wife which is handsome, kind, noble, and above all, that eats nothing.—But why confine my choice to animals? argued the mouse with itself, seeing I cannot suit myself, I will go and marry the sun; what can surpass her beauty? She brings light and refreshment upon her wings, and is esteemed and loved by all the creatures of the earth. The sun was just rising, and the mouse was greatly delighted, and said, Oh sun! I have ever loved thee with a great love, therefore, come now, and I will marry thee! Thou art silly, Mouse, replied the cunning sun, will you marry a light, which may every moment be eclipsed? Behold, I shine but for a short period, then I set again, and dull darkness takes the place of brilliant light, besides, how often am I not darkened, even during the day by passing clouds?—The clouds, Mouse, are greater than I, go, and woo one of them. The mouse somewhat disappointed, hastened to a cloud that was just passing, and addressed it thus; Oh my beloved one, my bride, I too have sought thee this long time, and have only now been so happy as to find thee.—come now and be mine, I shall never leave thee again. If thou marry me, replied the cloud, you must ever wander about like a fugitive without a home.—See, the wind drives me wherever it listeth, therefore, woo rather the mistress than the maid, for I am controlled by the wind. The mouse departed hence, in quest of the wind, and after a long search, found it at last in the wilderness. Come, said he, come with me out of this desert place, I have chosen thee for my wife, for I have found none so lovely and at the same time so mighty as thou art. If you think me powerful, replied the wind, you deceive yourself greatly. Behold, I may rage as violently as I please, every little wall withstands my force, and bids me defiance, go, the wall would be a more proper consort for thee, and make thee more happy. The mouse, again disappointed, went now up to a wall, and made his marriage proposal, saying that he had been sent by the sun, the cloud, and the wind. What, replied the wall, quite offended, are you mocking me, because I cannot move about so nimbly as you do? You should rather sympathize with me than deride me. See! the mice how they undermine me, and make for themselves, everywhere, a free passage through me. Even now, no less than two hundred families of them, have their abode beneath me, and continually annoy me with their gnawing teeth, and scraping feet, and would you be advised to take such a wife, surely, one of them, would make a more proper consort for thee. The young and dandy suitor, seeing himself deceived in all his proud hopes, returned to the mice, and chose a wife from his own species.

Reader, I leave the application of the above Fable to thyself.

R.

Miscellaneous.

PRECIOUS SWEETINGS.

What is it that vitilifies gold, and silver, and copper, and brass? What is that heap of dirt in the special shed? It is the sweepings of the Birmingham manufactories. What economy! In all goldsmiths shops every effort is made to save all the filings, and the minutest dust of the metals used. The floors are swept, and everything recoverable is picked up. Yet the imperceptible loss is so valuable to refine, that they pay, and pay high, for scrapings, sweepings, and pickings of the work-rooms. A cart-load of dirt is taken from a fork-and-spoon manufactory to the refinery, and paid for on the instant; and the money thus received is one of the regular items in the books of the concern. Perhaps it pays the wages of one of the workmen. Another establishment receives two hundred pounds a-year for its sweepings. It is worth noting these matters in concerns which are flourishing, and which have been raised to a prosperous condition by pains and care; less flourishing people may be put in the way of similar methods. For instance, how good it would be for farmers if, instead of thinking there is something noble in disregard of trifling economy, they could see the wisdom and beauty of an economy which hurts nobody but benefits every body! It would do no one any good to throw away these scattered particles of precious metal, while their preservation affords a maintenance to many families. In the same way the waste of dead leaves, of animal manure, of oils and ends of time, of seed, of space in hedges, in the great majority of farms, does no good, and gives no pleasure to anybody; while the same thrift on a farm that we see in a manufactory would sustain much life, bestow much comfort, narrow no hearts, and expand the enjoyments of very many.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

INDIAN LIGHT BICQUITY.

A quart of sifted Indian meal.

A pint of sifted wheat flour.

A very small teaspoonful of salt.

Three pints of milk,

Four eggs.

Sift the Indian and wheat meal into a pan, and add the salt. Mix them well. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately. The yolks must be beaten till very thick and smooth; the whites to a stiff froth that will stand alone of itself. Then stir the yolks gradually, (a little at a time) into the milk. Add by degrees the meal. Lastly stir in the beaten white of egg, and give the whole a long and hard stirring. Butter a sufficient number of cups, or small deep tins—nearly fill them with the batter. Set them immediately into a hot oven, and bake them fast. Turn them out of the cups. Send them warm to table, to pull them open, and eat them with butter.

They will puff up finely, if, at the last, you stir in a level teaspoonful of soda, melted in a little warm water.

ENGLAND'S SOIL.

Crowded as England is with a hungry population, forty-five per cent of her soil is not under cultivation. Yet the proportion of cultivated to uncultivated land, is higher in England than in any other country in Europe. In Russia, less than one-fifth of the soil is under cultivation; in Sweden, less than one-seventh; in Austria and Holland, one-fifth; in Switzerland, one-fourth; in France, fifty-four hundredths. There is really no need of emigration. In England as appears by a parliamentary report, there are sixteen millions of acres wholly unproductive. The reason why these acres are permitted to lie unimproved is, that as soon as they are enclosed, and before they can be sufficiently reclaimed to produce a paying crop, they become subject to tithe and tax. Hence, only men of large capital dare undertake the task, and they prefer to invest their capital where the return is more speedy and certain.

Artists' Corner.

NO. VIII.—JOHN JOUVENET.

Until the last few years the ancestry of Jouvénét was involved in obscurity, but M. Charles Blanc, in his *Histoire des Peintres*, has shown that he was one of a numerous family of artists, whose ancestral head emigrated from Italy in the middle of the sixteenth century. John Jouvénét was born at Rouen, in April 1644, and was the son of Laurence Jouvénét, a painter and sculptor in that city. Having studied for some time under his father, and also received instruction from his uncle, Jouvénét was sent to Paris in the seventeenth year of his age to prosecute his art. At this time Mignard and Le Brun were at the head of the French school, having shortly before this established the Academy of the Fine Arts. The young artist became the pupil of Le Brun, and was employed by him to assist in painting the ceilings of the palace at Versailles, which Louis XIV. had then determined to convert from an insignificant chateau into a residence befitting so great a monarch. For nearly ten years Jouvénét seems to have been so occupied, but during the time he painted several pieces which tended to establish his reputation. In 1673 he had attained so great a proficiency in the higher qualifications for his art as to carry off the second prize in the Academy; and in the same year, being then only twenty-nine years of age, he painted the "Paralytic Healed," for what was then called the "May Picture." Up till the year 1708 a picture so designated was annually presented by the goldsmiths of Paris, on the 1st of May, to the Virgin, in the cathedral of Notre Dame. Jouvénét's picture established his reputation. In 1675 he was admitted into the French academy. The subject of his "reception picture" was "Esther before Ahasuerus." In 1683 the death of some of his relations induced him to visit his native city Rouen, where he was received with very great distinction; but Louis speedily recalled him to Paris, and gave him apartments in what was then called the Palace of the Four Nations. The first work he assigned himself in his new atelier was one on a magnificent scale, twenty-eight feet long by thirteen in height—subject, "Jesus Healing the Sick." Le Brun having died in 1690 Jouvénét became the head of the Academy; but three years afterwards was induced to seek a change of air, and to try the medicinal waters of Bourbon, in consequence of an attack of apoplexy. He returned again to the scene of his labours in 1696, having regained his wonted health, and was summoned to Rennes to paint the ceiling of the Chamber of Parliament. During his stay in this city he painted, in forty-five days, three ceilings for the Registrar General, in whose house he lodged. Louis, as a mark of favour, bestowed on this artist a pension of twelve hundred livres, which sum was increased by five hundred more, when the decorations of the Palace at Versailles were finished. One of the finest of Jouvénét's works is the "Descent from the Cross"—a subject previously treated very successfully by Rembrandt and Rubens—painted in 1697, for the convent of the Capuchins, at Paris. In this picture he seems to have incorporated the perfections of both these great masters. Another of his best pieces is the "Raising of Lazarus," a subject also illustrated by Rembrandt. In 1702 he completed "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," the last of the series painted by order of the king; and in order that he might the more truthfully represent the "Draught of Fishes," the artist travelled to Dieppe to make such studies on the sea coast as would enable him to paint to nature. In the early part of this century he, in conjunction with Coyvel and Poerson, executed the colossal frescoes of the Apostles, painted in the Dome of the chapel of the Invalids in Paris. These figures stand about fourteen feet in height, and are finely drawn. In 1713 or 14 he lost the entire use of his right side and arm, from an attack of paralysis, and was for a short time obliged to resign the prosecution

of his profession. But his studio was filled with pupils, and he was desirous to promote their interests. Among these was a nephew of his own, a favourite pupil, who one day painting a head in a large picture—the venerable artist was standing by and took up, with his striken hand, a pencil to put a touch or two into the work, but the hand refused to obey his will; the pencil was then shifted to the other, when, to the surprise of the painter, he found he could use it with almost as much facility as he had been accustomed to use the right. From this time he continued to paint with his left hand, and among the pictures so produced are—"The Death of St. Francis"—the ceiling of one of the chambers in the Parliament House at Rouen; and his last work "The Visitation of the Virgin," in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He died on the 5th of April 1717, in the 73rd year of his age.

Varieties.

The thinking man hath wings; the acting man has only feet and hands.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, judges others by himself.

The storms of Adversity are wholesome; though like snow storms, their drift is not always seen.

A man who gives his children a habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

Oh! the blessing of a home where old and young mix kindly—the young unawed, and the old unchilled, in unreserved communion.

Riches are like the leaves of a tree beautiful for a season; but when the winter storms arise, they fall off and are blown away.—

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant bough.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

Smiles are the sunshine of the heart, imparting beauty and ruddiance to the plainest features, and shedding a glow of pleasure and delight on all around.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

Every heart has some prefigured, ideal choice—certain qualities of form, of expression, of endowment, which this ideal object presents as supremely desirable.

Every individual, however obscure his situation in life, and however humble his lot, has an influence to exert either for the right or the wrong for good or for evil.

The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposed to remove.

He that hath never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom we alone can learn our defects.

ZENOARCHES. It is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

If your flat irons are rough, or smoky, lay a little fine salt on a flat surface, rub them well and it will prevent them from sticking to anything starched, and make them smooth.

Rub your griddle with fine salt before you grease it, your cake will not stick. When walnuts have been kept until the meat is too much dried to be good, let them stand in milk and water eight hours and dry them and they will be as fresh as when new.

When clothes have acquired an unpleasant odour by being from the air, charcoal laid in the folds, will soon remove it. If black dresses have been stained, boil a handful of fig leaves in a quart of water, and reduce it to a pint.—A sponge dipped in this liquid and rubbed upon them will entirely remove stains from crapes, bombazines, &c.

Biographical Calendar.

		A. D.	
May 2	1519	Leonardo da Vinci, died.	
" 3	1469	Machiavelli, born.	
	1678	Archbishop Sharp, murdered.	
	1795	R. J. Wyatt, born.	
	1815	Thomas Hood, died.	
" 4	1577	Isaac Barrow, died.	
	1799	Tippoo Sultan, killed.	
	1842	Sir Robert Ker Porter, died, (3rd by another authority.)	
" 5	1432	Count Carmagnole, beheaded.	
	1821	Napoleon Bonaparte, died.	
	1831	Admiral Yorke, drowned.	
" 6	1527	Constable Hourton, died.	
	1775	Mrs. Sherwood, born.	
" 7	1641	Sir J. Suckling, died.	
" 8	1731	Bishop Porteous, born.	
	1815	David Ramsay, died.	

Thomas Hood, a poet, humourist, and miscellaneous writer, the son of Mr. Hood, Bookseller, born 1798, was early placed "upon lofty stool, at lofty desk," in a merchant's counting-house, but his health failing, he was sent for a time to his father's relations at Dundee; and upon his return, was apprenticed to his uncle as an engraver. A desire to appear in the world of literature had, however, long been uppermost in his mind; and at length we find him contributing to, and in part editing, the London Magazine. But his connection with the press became more publicly known by the occasional appearance of his name to various clever and whimsical bagatelles, which enlivened the pages of some of the most popular among the weekly and monthly periodicals. After this came his "Whims and Oddities," "National Tales," "Comic Annuals," "Whimsicalities," "The Plea of the Missummer Fairies," "Tyne Hall," "Up the Rhine," &c. Much, however, as we have admired his abilities as a punster and a satirist, and heartily as we have laughed at his original sketches, droll allusions, and grotesque similes; much as we esteem the man of wit who can "shoot folly as it flies," without indulging in personalities, or inflicting pain on any but the worthless, we can still both admire and esteem him more, when, with true pathos, he fixes the attention of the reader, and commands the best sympathies of man's nature, by compositions so simple, eloquent, and forcible, as "The Song of the Shirt." In speaking of the long and wasting illness which terminated in Mr. Hood's death, the Literary Gazette has the following just and expressive sentences. "His sportive humours like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck. Yet so firm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last. He contemplated the approach of death with a composed philosophy and a resigned soul. His bodily sufferings had made no change in his mental character." He died May 3, 1845.—*Albion.*

The Yonths' Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.
(Concluded from Page 163.)

When the little Savoyard had ended, Manon put her arms round the neck of her good mother, and, kissing her, said—'Dear mother, Providence has thrown this poor forsaken girl into our arms for protection—ought we not to do what we can for her? Besides, you know, this evening will be Christmas Eve, and that gives the circumstance a more sacred character!'

'Why, dear Manon,' replied her mother, smiling kindly, 'you know we are already six in number.'

'Oh, never mind that; I am sure you will let her stay with us; she is a child, and will not require much; and she can help us at our work, and be useful in various ways.'

Marie said not a word; she timidly and anxiously cast her eyes on the ground, not venturing to look up, when the two younger children took her by the hand, and led her to their parent.

'Then be it so? Come, my dear forlorn child, if the Almighty's will has led you to us, He will also, be assured, grant us the means of supporting you,' said the good woman generously.

It need not be said, how delighted Manon and her sisters were at this arrangement. The latter especially, paid their new inmate the most affectionate attention; so that Marie was soon quite at home. 'And,' said they, 'as this evening is Christmas eve, our dear 'godfather' will be here; and won't he be astonished; as well as Paul and Robert?'

Paul and Robert were their brothers; the former still went to school, but the latter was apprenticed to the worthy 'godfather,' who kept a grocer's shop close by.

Monsieur Dupart, or, the 'godfather,' as he was always styled in the family, was, in reality, a good-hearted man, and although, as a national guard, he wore a very thick pair of moustaches, yet this outward fierceness of expression was finely contrasted with his mild and playful manner towards children.

The evening at length arrived, and with it the expected 'godfather.' He was in uniform, for on that day he had been on duty. The children, at other times when he came, would cling about him, and jump upon his lap, as he, of course, always came provided with something; but this time he could not allow it; inasmuch as he had all his pockets, and his very cap, loaded and crammed full with presents.

'Well, my children, said he, 'here we are once more altogether; it's a beautiful thing to be thus able to pass the Christmas eve amidst bright contented faces. It is not every family in Paris can do that. Come, my good children,' he continued, 'I feel quite happy that we have met in such good health, and for that, if for nothing else we ought to feel grateful and contented towards the Almighty.' Just at this moment his eyes fell upon the little stranger. 'Bless me, children, why who have you got there, pray?—Who is that little girl?'

The good mother and the sisters now briefly related to him the particulars connected with poor Marie's distressed situation, and how they had determined to give her a home amongst them. 'Well, that is good and kindly done,' said the 'godfather,' as he stroked his moustaches, which he always did when he felt pleased; 'and you are an excellent girl, Manon. Come here, my good Marie, look here; I am the 'godfather' of all these children here, and now I will be yours too—have you any objection?'

Joyful, grateful tears, were the only reply the happy Marie could return to this benevolent man, intermingled with bitter sobs of lamentation at the recollection of her mother and brother.

Monsieur Dupart, being told of the loss she had sustained, and having made every inquiry respecting his appearance, age, size, &c., assured

them that he would lose not a moment in applying to the proper authorities, to institute every possible search for him. And now the moment arrived for the distribution of the various presents; and among the happy ones who received them, the adopted stranger was not forgotten, for each one of them had generously arranged beforehand, with their mother, that she should take something from their portions, and give it to Marie; and which the matron, with gratified feelings, had not failed to do.

The good 'godfather' then took an affectionate leave of all; and thus was spent an evening full of love and gratitude to God!

With these good people Marie lived to see very happy days. They treated her as their own child and sister; and she saw punctually and carefully after whatever was given her to do, profiting, at the same time, by the instruction she received in their business.

One day Manon came home highly delighted, for she had just received a very large order, amounting to several hundred francs, from a lady of great wealth and distinction. And now the good girl made her calculation how long the job would take to execute and complete, and how long they could live upon the profit. Amidst her joy, however, she had forgotten to purchase something still necessary; and so she said to Marie: 'Go, my dear Marie, run and fetch me some ribbon like these patterns; here is the money.'

Marie bustled along, looking neither right nor left, when she felt herself suddenly clasped by two arms. As she looked up, the simultaneous exclamation was: Marie! 'Seppe!'—and, rushing into each other's arms again, they affectionately hugged one another closely, and shouted and wept for joy; and then they had so much to ask of each other—they had so much to tell—that Marie naturally quite forgot all about her dear Manon's commission. The latter, finding she did not return, became very anxious, and fearing something serious might have happened to her, she determined to seek for her, and was just leaving the house, when she was met by Marie, safe and sound, happy and joyful, with her brother and Monsieur Dumenil. She perceived at once the happy cause of the delay; for she had not the slightest doubt but that it was Seppe, the lost brother.

'Yes, mademoiselle,' said Monsieur Dumenil, 'it is indeed Seppe; and, thank God, the dear and affectionate brother and sister have at length been restored to each other!'

They all went up stairs, and there the good mother and her family expressed the most affectionate delight at the happy event. The 'godfather' was sent for, and soon came running down the street in his dressing gown and slippers, and joined cordially in the outbursts of delight which so happy a meeting called forth.

The worthy Monsieur Dumenil was much affected by the genuine friendship and sympathy shown by all the members of this good family towards Seppe and his sister; and he said within himself: 'I cannot increase by my money the happiness enjoyed by these cheerful, industrious people, but it shall be my study to reward them for their kindness, by supplying them constantly with profitable employment.' And thus did this truly philanthropic man ever think and act; for he knew the art of assisting the needy in such an ingenious way, that his aid appeared more as the reward of their own merits, than as an act of mere charity.

And now, in conclusion, we have only to add, that Marie remained in the happy circle of those who had taken her by the hand on the eve of the Christmas festival; and Seppe stayed with his benefactor, who set out himself for the Savoyard's home, and brought the delighted mother of these good children with him to Paris. He there also made the acquaintance of the worthy Thomas, who could not sufficiently congratulate himself on finding that his advice had met with such a happy result.

In the course of a few years afterwards, Manon and Marie became happy mothers of families; Seppe flourished as an opulent tradesman, having adopted and followed the motto of Monsieur Dumenil—'Want nothing but what God grants!' and that good man now rests in peace under the green turf, his memory cherished and revered by all!

ENIGMA, No. VIII.

I am composed of twelve letters.

- My 1, 7, 11, 4, 6 is the name of a celebrated ancient author, and once Governor of Spain.
- My 1, 7, 12, 3, 2 is the name of a tool used by carpenters.
- My 7, 2, 10, 9 is the name of a river of Asiatic Russia.
- My 1, 12, 3, is the name of one of the Gods according to Mythology.
- My 1, 9, 6, 4, 2 is the name of an author celebrated for his infidelity.
- My 6, 1, 2, 6 is the name of a river in Scotland.
- My 7, 12, 6, is the name of a celebrated bargainer now in Kingston Penitentiary.
- My 5, 1, 12, 8, 11, 3 is a disease to which horses are subject.
- My 5, 2, 10, 4, 12 is the name of a physical tree.
- My 1, 7, 2, 9 is the name of a term used in law.
- My 8, 2, 11, 3 is a part of the body.
- My 1, 12, 7, 2, 6 is the name of the author of a celebrated work on moral philosophy.
- My 1, 2, 10, 3, 6 is the name of a coin now in circulation.
- My 5, 2, 9 is the name of a large body of water.
- My 1, 2, 10 is the name of an instrument used in writing.
- My 5, 1, 11, 4, 2 is the name of a portion of the human body.
- My 1, 2, 12, is the name of a vegetable.
- My 5, 4, 11, 1, 2 is the name of a wild fowl.
- My whole is the name given to a tract of country in America.

Hamilton, 1852.

ALEXANDER.

Advertisements.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

J. CORNISH,

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, & CHILDREN'S
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

DESires to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him, and trusts that by continuing to manufacture Goods of the Best Quality, to merit a continuance of public support.

J. C. begs to inform his numerous customers, that in consequence of the Re-building of his present premises, he has

Moved to 78, Yonge Street,
CORNER OF ADELAIDE ST.,

Where he has a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, of every description and size, which he will continue to sell off, until he returns to his old stand; and in order to dispose of the whole, he has put them down to THE LOWEST PRICES. All orders promptly attended to.

Toronto, March 27th, 1852.

15—

W. H. DOEL,

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,

IMPORTER of English, French, Mediterranean and American Drugs, and Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Artists' Colours, Tools, Trusses, &c., &c.,

5, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851.

1-96

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS !!

BROWN & CHILDS,

At No. 83, KING STREET EAST,

ARE selling the above STOCK, consisting of the following kinds and prices.

- 5000 pairs superior thick Boots. 11s 3d
- 2000 " " Kip " 12s 6d to 13s 9d
- 2000 " " Calf " 15s 0d to 17s 6d
- 10,000 " " Boys' " 6s 7d to 10s 6d
- 10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys' Brogans, 3s to 10s.
- 5000 " Ladies' Cloth & Prunella Boots, 6s. 2d. to 10s.
- 5000 " Children's, of every variety and Style.

B. & C. manufacture their own—the Manufacture producing from 500 to 1000 pairs daily.

A liberal discount to the purchaser of more than £25.

Any unreasonable failure repaired without charge.

N. B.—No. 83, Painted Boot, nearly opposite the English Cathedral, is the place.

3000 SIDES BEST SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF OOD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.

Toronto, Dec., 1851. 3-55

The Castilian Hair Invigorator.

THIS elegant Toilet Preparation is warranted to excel all others ever offered to the public, for Preserving and Restoring the hair; it prevents or cures baldness or grey hair; cures dandruff and ringworm; and what is of the highest importance, is, that it is unlike most other Toilet preparations, by being perfectly harmless, yet successful for the purposes recommended. It gives the hair a beautifully soft, smooth and glossy appearance; in this, it also differs from other preparations, all of which more or less harden and dry the hair. The Spanish Ladies, so justly famed for beautiful and glossy hair, have used

THE CASTILIAN HAIR INVIGORATOR

for centuries. It causes the hair to retain its original colour to the latest period of life, only making it assume a darker shade if originally very light. Diseased hair loosens and falls out or turns grey. The Invigorator removes such disease, and restores the skin and hair to a healthy condition.

For sale by BUTLER & SON, London, and by

S. F. URQUIHART, Toronto, The only Wholesale Agent in Canada.

1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per BOTTLE. Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851. 4-1f

General Printing Establishment.

JAMES STEPHENS,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING ST. EAST.

EMBRACES the present opportunity of returning thanks to the Citizens of Toronto, and to the Inhabitants of the surrounding Neighbourhood, for the very liberal support received from them during the few years he has been in business, (especially since his removal to his present stand,) and begs to assure them that he will endeavour to execute all their future orders in the same neat style, as heretofore, with the utmost promptitude, and on the most liberal terms.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. 1-1f.

REMOVAL !!

CONFECTIONARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THOMAS McCONKEY

IN returning his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and patrons, for their liberal and generous support extended to him during the past and former years, would beg leave to inform them that he has leased the premises lately occupied by MRS. ELIZABETH DUNLOP

No. 22, KING STREET,

And having fitted it up in the most modern and elegant style, he will be prepared to execute all orders in his line of business, with promptitude, neatness and dispatch. T. McC. having engaged a cook who is unrivalled in his profession, flatters himself that his cuisine will always be found of the most rich and delicious description, and such as will satisfy the taste of the most fastidious gourmand.

Suppers and Dinners furnished on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Luncheon—Consisting of Soup, Coffee, Hot and Cold Meats, ready at all times.

T. McC. is now in receipt of a splendid lot of Spring Shell Oysters, and will continue to receive them regularly to the close of the Oyster Season.

The prices of T. McC.'s Old Establishment adhered to.

Toronto, April 8th, 1852. 12-21

PENNY READING ROOM !!

THE undersigned has opened a News Room in his premises, 54 Yonge Street, supplied with the leading Papers and most valuable Magazines, both

BRITISH AND AMERICAN,

As follows, viz:—

- London Quarterly Review,
- The Edinburgh, "
- North British, "
- Bibliotheca Sacra,
- Eclectic Magazine,
- Blackwood's, "
- International, "
- Littell's Living Age,
- Harper's Magazine,
- Sartain's Union, "
- Constitution and Church Sentinel
- Dublin Newspaper,
- Globe, "
- Colonist, "
- Patriot, "
- Examiner, "
- North American, "
- Canadian Family Herald,
- Literary Gem,

with a large number of others, and as the charge is only One Penny per visit, or Seven-pence half-penny per month, he trusts to be honoured by the patronage of the reading public.

C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

NEW BOOK STORE !

No. 54, Yonge Street, Toronto,

(Two Doors South of Spencer's Foundry.)

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public that he has commenced business as

Bookseller and Stationer

In the above premises, where he intends to keep on hand a choice and varied assortment of

BOOKS & STATIONARY.

The Stock on hand comprises—STANDARD WORKS in every department of Literature, together with Cheap Publications, SCHOOL BOOKS, &c., &c., &c.

A Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

NEW WATCH AND CLOCKMAKER'S ESTABLISHMENT.

JAMES W. MILLAR respectfully intimates to friends and the public that he has commenced business as a Chronometer, Watch and Clockmaker, and Jeweller, &c., No. 21, YONGE STREET, 2nd door North of Adelaide Street.

W. M. types, by his long experience and training in all the branches connected with the manufacturing and repairing of time-pieces, in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and other parts of Britain, and being for Three years principal Watchmaker in a respectable establishment in this city, that he still be found worthy of public confidence.

A large Assortment of Fine Clocks and Silver Watches for sale—warranted for twelve months in working. Gold and Silver Chains, newest patterns; Gold Biscuits, Fancy and Working Rings; Gold and Silver Pen and Pocket Cases; Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale. American Clocks of every design, cheap for Cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Levers, for £2. 10s.

To THE TRADE—Cylinders, Duplex and Lever Watches made to order; Watches of every description repaired and cleaned.

Toronto, March 14th, 1852. 12-40

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE:

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

All who desire to be promptly, thoroughly, and reliably informed on the proceedings of Congress; the great questions of our Foreign Policy; the Tariff; the extension of our Lines of Steamers to the Sandwich Islands, Asia, and Africa; the Presidential Election, &c., &c., will find their wishes gratified in the New York Tribune. No arrangements for procuring early and accurate information, are not supposed either in extent or perfection by those of any Journal in the world.

In addition to the above named features, we shall regularly publish the Letters of HAYARD TAYLOR, one of the Editors of The Tribune, who is now exploring the unknown and mysterious regions of Central Africa, and before his return, will visit the famous Oriental cities of Damascus and Bagdad, and examine the ruins of ancient Nineveh.

Postmasters taking charge of and remitting on the money for a club of twenty will be entitled to a copy of the Weekly Globe.

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(Payment in all cases required in Advance.)

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Mail Subscribers, \$3 a year; \$1 50 for three months.

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WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy	2 00
Three Copies	6 00
Eight Copies	16 00
Twenty Copies, (to one address)	30 00

The Weekly Tribune is sent to clergymen of all denominations for \$1 per year.

Subscriptions from individuals and clubs are respectfully solicited. They may be forwarded at any season of the year. Address the letters to

GREELY & McBRATH,

Publishers, Tribune Building, New York.

Notes of all specie paying Banks in the United States are taken for subscriptions to this paper at par. Money enclosed in a letter to our address, and deposited at any Post-Office in the United States, may be considered at our risk; but a description of the bills ought in all cases to be left with the Postmaster.

New-York, January, 1852. G. & M. B.

D. MATHIESON'S

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

GENERAL Outfitting, and Dry Goods Warehouse, Wholesale and Retail, No. 13, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. 1-1f.

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