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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

No. 29.

Poetry.

THE FOREST TREES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze,
For our cradle bands and coffin boards
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and fire;
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our rule on the sea,
And the fame of the sailor band,
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crowned pine,
That spring on the quiet land?

When the ribs and masts of the good ship live,
And weather the gale with ease,
Take his glass from the tar who will not give
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,
And wait on its latest page,
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way
With footsteps short and slow;
But without the stick for his help and stay
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel-twig in the stripling's hand,
Hath magic power to please;
And the trusty staff and slender wand
Are plucked from the forest trees.

Ye are seen in the shape of the blessed plough,
And the merry ringing fall;
Ye shine in the dome of the monarch's home
And the sacred altar-hall.

In the rustic porch, the wainscoted wall—
In the gay triumphal car—
In the rude-built hut or the banquet hall,
No matter! there ye are!

Then up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze;
From our cradle bands to our coffin boards
We're in debt to the forest trees.

Literature.

LOVE IN A MIST.

BY JULIA M. BRYANT.

"Ah me, for ought that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."
"Dost thou deem
It such an easy task, from the fond breast
To root affection out?"

"I want a hero"—not a martial hero, seamed and scarred with traces of many a well fought battle; not a sighing sentimental lover; not a bewhiskered, mustachioed dandy, "a perfect love of a man;" but, a true substantial hero, of an every day story, such as is written on every young heart in its bloom of hope and happiness. Such an one as appeals to the thoughts and feelings of our earlier years, and carries us back to the time when "love's young dream" cast its bewitching spell over our senses.

Such a hero as my fancy pictures, was Dr. Langdon, a talented and popular physician in the town of—

Few men possess more qualities of mind and person to render him beloved, and few men were more beloved by all who knew him; and yet strange to say, he still remained a

bachelor, and at the time our story begins his "three score years and ten" were well nigh half spent; but while fair girls smiled or sighed, and matrons wondered, and old men gravely advised, he still kept on the even tenor of his ways, apparently untouched by Cupid's arts, whether he veiled his arrows under the serious words of counsel from the old, or the more bewitching smiles of beauty from the young.

The truth was, that in early life he had loved "not wisely, but too well," and it might be that the remembrance of that love still cast its shadow over his heart, or that the first fervor and glow of early feeling had passed with it, and the wayward heart of youth was now controlled by the cool judgment of the mind; in short, the Doctor was very philosophic in love, as in other things, and could reason as coolly upon matters of the heart, as of the head, and looked upon the fair form of beauty with as much indifference, as if admiring some of the inanimate workmanship of nature. Immersed in his books and practice, if ever an idea of marriage crossed his mind it came only as accompanied with thoughts of duty to himself and society, and as a matter of quiet calculation, rather than of deep feeling.

Years had passed on, and the bright eyes that had smiled upon him, turned their light on others; smiles that once beamed brightly at his approach, now shed their light upon their own domestic hearths, and on his thirtieth birth-day, Dr. Langdon awoke from his lethargy to find himself almost deserted by his former young associates, and surrounded by those who had attained to maturity long since he became a man. There were some unpleasant reminiscences awakened by his train of thoughts on his birth-day, and a sigh involuntarily came from his lips, as his mind reverted to the friends of his boyhood; most of them with young and lovely wives; many of them with "their babes about their knees," and as he glanced around his small bachelor apartment, an air of discomfort and loneliness struck him most forcibly, and thoughts of a cheerful home, pretty wife, and prattling babes, rose in striking contrast, and for the hundredth time he resolved to take to himself a wife; but to resolve was much easier than to perform, and the Doctor fell into a moody train of thought, from which he was awakened by the entrance of a servant, who came to bear an invitation to a party to be given at Mrs. Linwood's the following evening.

The next evening, as Dr. Langdon entered the well lighted apartments of Mrs. Linwood, his eyes fell on the tall and graceful form of a young and lovely girl, who stood near the centre of the room. As she turned with graceful dignity to answer the familiar introduction of Mr. Linwood, "My cousin, Miss Helen Linwood, Dr. Langdon," the Doctor felt the color mount to his very brow, and a degree of embarrassment very unusual to him, for a moment pervaded his manner, and he felt the gaze of those dark-eyes resting upon him; in a few moments, however, she resum-

ed her conversation with the gentleman by her side, and the Doctor moved away.

More than once, however, during the evening, he turned to look upon that face whose peculiar beauty had struck his somewhat fastidious fancy; and more than once he caught himself wondering if that fair form contained a mind as perfect in its proportions as its exterior, and when he returned home at a late hour that night, her face still lingered in his thoughts, and haunted him in a dream.

Helen Linwood was indeed bewitchingly beautiful; her dark hair was folded over a brow, "bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;" her eye, "spoke the warm feeling that her bosom moved;" and the rich bloom upon her rather brunette complexion, and the rounded symmetry of her figure, told that health, without which no perfect beauty can be found, ran through her veins, and furnished a rich life current to her heart.

Those who knew her best loved her most, for the warm emotions of her nature, and the many qualities which render woman lovely and beloved, shone forth only in the circle of home and friends. She was adored by some, beloved by many, and admired by all; and was it strange that even the heart of Dr. Langdon was awakened by the charms of her who seemed to him the bright embodiment of all that he had thought beautiful in woman, either in boyhood's dreams, or in the ripe judgment of his later years? and was it strange that she, who knew so well how to appreciate all the good and noble qualities of the human heart, should learn to look first with reverence, then with regard, and at length with love, upon him who under her influence now appeared the really warm and true hearted man that nature made him.

Before the lapse of many months, the Doctor owned to his heart that he loved, well and deeply, and yet he knew not if he was beloved in return. It was true, that Helen Linwood always met him with a cordial smile and friendly greeting, but did she not meet others so? True, he had seen the bright colour come to her cheeks more than once, when her glance met his; but yet, she, wealthy, beautiful and admired, would she not reject the heart whose homage he now longed to offer her? He rose from his chair with a sigh, and going to a book, he turned to the leaves to find a flower, a simple rosebud, given him by her a few evenings before, and as he recalled the blush that accompanied it, a glow of pleasure lighted up his manly features, and a smile involuntarily played around his handsome mouth. A few months back and he would have smiled incredulously to have been told of this; but now, the calm, still heart was awakened from its slumbers, and he was startled to find that its strong pulsations were beyond control.

Immediately after her arrival at the town of —, Helen Linwood was pronounced to be most decidedly and emphatically a belle, and it was not without a bitter pang of envy that Clara Howland resigned her formerly uncontested supremacy. She was a brilliant beau-

with large dark eyes, and hair like "the raven's wing," but without proud, selfish, and artful, but with an acquired softness of manner that partially concealed these defects. An only child, she had been petted and caressed, until the wayward girl had become transformed into the wilful woman, with all the strong impulses of her nature unchecked and uncontrolled by principle of affection, and yet, unlike as were their characters, Helen Linwood and Clara Howland were friends, in the worldly acceptance of the term; but though Helen's warm heart found some traits of character in Clara to love, and while free from every jealous thought, she admired her rare beauty, and generously excused her faults, Clara could not, and did not love the pure, high minded girl, whose gentle disposition, as well as exceeding loveliness, had won all hearts, and the words of praise lavished so freely upon Helen by old and young, fell like drops of poison into Clara's burning bosom.

A brilliant party was to be given at Mrs. Howland's and Clara stood before her mirror arrayed in a beautiful and costly dress, with the proud consciousness of beauty lighting up her brilliant features. Clara had long guessed the secret of Helen's heart; she had watched every tell-tale blush and smile, and she knew, though words had never revealed it, that Dr. Langdon loved Helen Linwood, and that she was not indifferent to that love, and in the depths of her wild, un-governed nature, she had vowed that she should never be his. For years she had loved him with all the selfish ardor that could be characterized by the love of such a being, and she could not bear that another should win the heart that had turned so coldly from her; and she had resolved to take a bold step to defeat the end she most dreaded, the marriage of Helen and Dr. Langdon.

That day, in seemingly strictest confidence, she had imparted to Helen a secret, which she said was interwoven with her very being; she told her that her hopes in the future were about to be realized, and she had promised to become the wife of him she loved best on earth; and when Helen, with fond eagerness, had asked the name, Clara had hid her blushing face upon her shoulder and whispered the name of "Langdon!"

Helen's cheek grew pale, and for a moment her little features seemed chilled, but, with a strong effort, she rallied, and bending her head to Clara's cheek, kissed her fondly, and tried hard to feel that she did not love her less, although she had taken from her the brightest hope that had ever lighted her pathway.

Clara had returned home, exulting in the hope of the success of her project, and Helen sat by the window where the cool breeze could play upon her burning brow, and tried to still the tumultuous thoughts that thronged her brain. Vividly she passed came all before her, and the blush of mortified pride and feeling dyed her cheek and brow, as she remembered how often she had betrayed her preference for him. The excited state of her feelings made her magnify every circumstance of the kind, and she felt degraded in her own eyes, as she thought how he must despise the heart that gave its love unsought; and then, as the remembrance of that love came over her mind, she hid her face in her hands, and tears flowed fast and free.

Twilight came on, and its shadows deepened into night, but still she sat there, absorbed in her own sad thoughts.

The entrance of her maid,—who came to assist her in preparing for the evening, roused her from her bitter reverie, and pushing back the disheveled locks from her throbbing temples, she rose to her feet, and hastily began her preparations, and a short time after, when her cousin Mrs. Linwood, came in to put the finishing touches to her dress, Helen's features betrayed no traces of her recent emotion.

That night there was a deeper flush on Helen's cheek, and a brighter beam in her eye, and her voice, though slightly tremulous at times, was more than usually gay and mirthful in its tones, and none could have read beneath that bright ex-

terior, the feelings that swelled her heart, and oppressed her brain.

Never had she looked lovelier than on that night, and so thought Dr. Langdon as he advanced to speak to her as she entered Mrs. Howland's drawing room. Helen's heart beat almost audibly, as he took her hand, and fearing he might observe her embarrassment, and detect the cause, she hastily withdrew it, and the smile that accompanied her few words of greeting, he saw was constrained and cold. Touched by her manner, he turned away, and meeting the eye of Clara he crossed the room to her and when Helen saw him again, he was standing by her side, her hand within his arm, and her beautiful face upturned to his. With a faint, sickening sensation, Helen turned away, and forgetful of all around her, seated herself by an open window where the heavy curtains partially enveloped her form, and where she could gaze upon the calm, still starlight without. A few moments after, a gentleman followed her, and seating himself by her side began a conversation in which she took but little share.

Frederick Loring had loved Helen Linwood long and devotedly, but had never dared to breathe to her his feelings; but at that moment there was a subdued softness in her manner, a touching sweetness in her tones, that made him love her more, and dare to hope what he never hoped before. Helen, engrossed by her own thoughts, listened dreamily as he spoke of the beauty of the quiet evening—of poetry—of love, and as he talked, she gazed into the heavens above her, unheeding the passionate gaze that was bent so earnestly upon her, and though he spoke in low, soft whispers which betrayed the love his bosom felt, she did not realize his meaning until emboldened by her silence he placed his hand upon hers which lay upon the window sill, and bending nearer, spoke plainly of his love for her.

Helen raised her eyes to his, and a burning blush overspread her features; she saw her error and felt she had unintentionally misled him, she leaned her head upon her hand, and he still bent over her, listening tremblingly for the words on which his hopes all hung.

At that moment Clara, who was still leaning upon Dr. Langdon's arm, directed his attention to Helen, and with a peculiar smile said, "Helen is very happy this evening."

"Why?" said Dr. Langdon quickly.

"She is always happy when Mr. Loring is by her side," replied Clara.

"Are they engaged?" asked Dr. Langdon, making an effort to speak calmly.

"Certainly," said Clara, unblushingly meeting this inquiring glance, "did you not know it? but of course you did not, as it is of late date; but you must promise me not to mention it," she added, "for I ought not to have told you, as it was told to me by her in strictest confidence."

"You can trust me, you may be assured, Miss Howland," replied the Doctor, and after a few idle remarks, with a slight apology to Clara, he led her to a seat and left the room.

Had he stayed a moment longer—had he seen the expression that crossed the features of the gentleman at Helen's side; had he observed her manner as she rose from her seat, and came forward to mingle among the guests, he would have detected, with the quick eye of affection, that some sorrow had touched her, and that the assumed gaiety of the hour was not from her heart. He did not return that evening, however, and Clara spoke of his absence as if perfectly familiar with all his movements, and as Helen bade her a kind good night, and pressed her usual kiss upon her cheek, she did not dream of the deep-laid plot against her.

That night Helen wept herself to sleep upon her pillow, and Dr. Langdon paced his room for hours, at one moment bitterly reproaching himself for his infatuation, and again softened almost to woman's tenderness, breathing a prayer for her happiness, forgetful of himself. Oh, could the veil have been removed from either heart, and

the true feelings have been revealed, how readily would happiness have taken the place of misery—how many hours of concealed wretchedness been spared them both. "Life, thou art full of mystery."

To a proud and sensitive nature like Helen Linwood's no mortification could have been greater than to feel that her affections had been given to one who merely esteemed her as a friend; and though she strove hard to conquer her feelings, and would not allow even to herself how deeply her love for him had taken possession of her heart, yet notwithstanding her bitter condemnation of what she considered a weakness, nature would not thus be controlled, and a long attack of illness proved how deep had been the struggle between love and pride; and when she arose from her sick bed, her eye had lost its sweetest light, and her cheek its brightest bloom. As soon as she was able to travel, she left for home. Dr. Langdon called to say farewell, but a crowd was round her, and they simply exchanged a few words, held each others hands a moment, smiled and strove to appear to be, as they really seemed—indifferent—and parted, he with his strong heart swelling with emotion—the forcing back the tears, and biting the quivering lip to check the sobs that only burst forth when alone in the carriage she gave vent to her long suppressed feelings.

The morning after the party, Mr. Loring left to be absent some months, but Clara assured the Doctor that he was to follow Helen to her home, and be united to her there on his return.

Clara, freed from her fears of Helen's successful rivalry, put forth all her charms to win the heart of Dr. Langdon, and partly from the influence of her beauty, partly from the knowledge of her love for him, he insensibly became interested in her, and often he would spend an hour by her side to while away the moments that of late hung heavily on his hands, and more than once the floating breeze of busy rumor bore to the ears of Helen the report of an engagement subsisting between them, which tended to confirm her in her belief; and by degrees she taught herself to think upon the event with composure, if not indifference.

A change had come over the calm and quiet Dr. Langdon; his usually frank countenance was often overclouded, and his open, cordial manner had become reserved and cold. The truth was, this second disappointment had been felt more deeply than the first. The strong, deep feelings of manhood had been enlisted, and sturdy branches of the towering oak are less easily trained than the light limbs of the yielding saplings.

About six months after her return home, Helen received a letter from her cousin, Mrs. Linwood, urging her to pay her another visit; her husband was absent from home, her own health delicate, and she longed for the sweet companionship of her "sweet Helen."

After some hesitation Helen consented; she felt more confidence in herself, and thought, even if chance threw her in the way of Dr. Langdon, she could meet him without emotion, and in a short time she found herself again beneath the roof where she had passed her happiest, and most miserable moments.

Clara Howland was among the first to call, on her return, and found opportunity to tell Helen that, in consequence of some family matters, her marriage had been postponed, and that both she and the Doctor wished their engagement kept a profound secret. Helen's unsuspecting nature saw nothing to doubt, and readily gave the required pledge of secrecy.

Clara, who began to fear that Helen's unexpected return might mar the successful development of her plot, lost no time in impressing upon the Doctor's mind thoughts that would effectually preclude the possibility of expressing any feeling of affection for Helen; she knew his aversion to anything like coquetry, and she calculated well in supposing that the knowledge of such conduct on the part of any woman would go further to

prejudice him against her than almost any other circumstance.

Mr. Loring had lately returned, and his appearance and manner still betrayed the effects of the disappointment he had felt so keenly. Clara took occasion to speak of this dejection of manner, and feelingly attributed it to Helen's cruel treatment of him, who she avowed, had rejected him after their long engagement, without any apparent cause. She knew Dr. Langdon too well to fear his betraying her falsehood, and she knew Loring was too sensitive on the subject, though he had confided it to her, as the intimate friend of both Helen and himself.

Mrs. Linwood was taken suddenly ill, and, summoned hastily to her bedside Dr. Langdon, and Helen first met him again; yet even there a feeling of restraint affected both; he was cold and distant, and her manner caught the infection from his.

If Helen had appeared lovely and lovable in the pride of dress and beauty, she was doubly so now, when with watchful tenderness she hovered around her cousin's bed, bathing the fevered brow, cooling the parched lip, and soothing with gentle tones the restlessness of the sufferer, with a sister's fondness; and often when thus thrown together the warm impulses of their hearts would go forth to meet each other, to be as suddenly checked by the thoughts so carefully instilled into the mind of each by the artful Clara.

It was a cold autumnal evening; the wind blew blusteringly and the rain fell heavily, but, seated by a comfortable fire, smoking their fragrant cigars, sat Dr. Langdon and Frederick Loring. A degree of intimacy had sprung up between the two, and a strong feeling of instinctive sympathy bound them together.

"Doctor," said Loring, rising from his chair, and pacing the floor with hasty strides, "I am of all men most miserable. I have often wondered," he continued, "why you never married Helen Linwood; certainly I was not mistaken in supposing you loved her; she did not reject your love as she did mine—did she doctor?" he added bitterly.

"No," said Dr. Langdon emphatically, "I never made her an offer of that love."

"She is a noble girl," said Loring warmly, "and is worthy the love of any heart. I did love her, I do love her still, and will ever love her, so long as life lasts," he added with emotion.

"Tell me, Loring," said Dr. Langdon, surprised at his manner, "were you never engaged to her?"

"Never," said Loring; she told me frankly she did not love me, she did not deny she loved another, and I have good reason to believe that other was yourself."

It was now the doctor's turn to show emotion; "I will tell you Loring," he said, rising to his feet also, and speaking in low suppressed tones of deep feeling, "why I have not told Helen Linwood of the love you rightly guessed I felt for her. I was led to believe that she had engaged herself to you, and had wantonly trifled with your feelings; such a woman could never be my wife, and the hardest struggle of my life has been my effort to conquer my love for her."

Loring advanced to the doctor, and taking his hand he said earnestly, "fate has blessed you, doctor; I know that Helen loves you—you are worthy of her love—God bless you both, may you be happy."

With a fervent pressure of the hand, he turned away, and taking his hat left the house. Poor Loring, he did not dare to trust himself to speak farther, for the generous impulses of his soul were at mighty warfare with his selfish yearnings after his own happiness.

The following morning Helen was sitting alone when Dr. Langdon entered the pleasant parlor of Mrs. Linwood. There was something peculiar in his manner that made Helen's heart thrill, and when seated by her side he began to tell her of the past; how he had been deceived in regard to her; how long he had loved her, and why he had suppressed that love. Helen listened

with a beating heart, and as he spoke, light flashed upon her mind, and she saw at a glance that she, too, had been deceived, and when he told her of his true and deep affection for her, and asked her to become his wife, she withdrew the hand he had held, while speaking, to hide the glad tears that came bursting to her eyes.

"Helen," said the doctor, grieved and alarmed at her agitation, "I did not mean to wound your feelings. If you do not love me, tell me candidly; if you do, if you *could* love me"—he paused for a reply—the hand she withdrawn was replaced in his own, and with an impulsive movement the philosophical Doctor folded her in his arms, and his lips rested upon her cheek!

It was a pleasant party gathered at Mr. Linwood's (Helen's father,) at her cottage home. There were many of the mutual friends of Dr. Langdon and Helen, there were Cousin Harry Linwood and his sweet wife; there was Frederick Loring, calm and thoughtful, but enjoying the satisfaction that he had contributed to the happiness of two he most loved; and there too was Helen, lovelier, sweeter than ever, arrayed as a bride and leaning on the arm of her proud and happy husband, Dr. Langdon.

There, too, was Doctor Langdon's young and beautiful sister, and when in after time the love of Loring's manly heart was transferred to her, in her unbounded love and tenderness, she taught him to forget his early disappointment.

Clara Howland embittered by her defeat, turned to one she inwardly despised, and married a man whose sole recommendation was his immense wealth, and when in after years the fashionable, heartless woman of the world, occasionally met the still lovely, and ever beloved wife of the universally esteemed Doctor Langdon, with her bright face and beautiful children by her side, she would keenly feel with a pang of envy and regret, that to her the unhappy and childless wife, wealth could not atone for the loss of the heart's dearest treasures, affection and esteem; but Doctor Langdon, and his happy home, made bright by the sunshine of affection's smile, felt that the clouds that had so long hung over his heart and mind, were all dispelled, and that to him, "Love," was no longer "in a mist."

TO OUR READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald is published by Mr. Charles Fletcher Bookseller, No. 51, 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, JUNE 26, 1852.

MAGIC AND MUSIC.

In the performances of Signor Blitz, amongst us during the last week we had a variety of pleasing entertainment. His ventriloquism is perfect, and is most admirably sustained. His laborious efforts at Canary training have been amply rewarded by the appearance of a well-ordered and obedient family; the very presence of which leads the mind back through the vista of ages to the time when all was harmony and peace; to the realization of the truthfulness of that picture given by Milton of man's primeval state, when.

Each bird stoop'd on his wing,
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God induc'd
My sudden apprehension.

His magical performances display long and unweary'd practise, with an eminent profici-

ency of attainment. But after all while such a performance exhibits the almost incredible skill, which may be acquired by an unswerving perseverance; it is almost a pity to see a man's whole energy devoted to what is but a mere pastime. It may draw the wondering gaze of an audience; but it cannot in the slightest way elevate the mind, or instil one solitary moral lesson, with the exception of that one so powerfully exhibited in the performer himself—that, success always crowns determined and enlightened perseverance. Such pursuits may do well for a little relaxation, but when made the business of life, the energies are surely misdirected.

On Wednesday evening we had a very fine musical display by the Toronto Vocal Musical Society, and ere this sheet has made its appearance, the ears of our citizens will have been delighted by the wonderful musical performance of the Germanians. This Society give another concert this evening, and we are satisfied they will not play to empty benches. As regards the Toronto Society it is very gratifying to state that the whole affair came off amidst the greatest enthusiasm. The three young ladies entrusted with the solos, sang remarkably well, and displayed correct musical appreciation. A little more careful tutoring, from our skillful musician, J. P. Clarke, M.B., will fit them for competing successfully with many of those who make singing a profession. Miss Paige and Mr. Paige acquitted themselves very well, but as our attention will be called again to the subject of music, in noticing the Germanian concerts, we will defer further remark at present.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

On the first of July the First number of the Anglo American Magazine is expected to make its appearance. We hope to find in it something useful and amusing, instructive and pleasing, insinuating by its attractiveness, and riveting by its excellence. From our knowledge of the publisher we speak in the magazine a cordial greeting throughout the province, as we feel convinced that he is determined to make it a grand medium of transit for all that will edify and improve the mind, and at the same time afford that healthful relaxation which active pursuits necessarily require. Time will test the soundness of his philosophy. The undertaking is very heavy, but Mr. Maclear has already surmounted many obstacles, and we are convinced that in this one his energy and perseverance will carry him through triumphant.

THE SNOW DROP.

We were led to believe that this interesting Juvenile Magazine conducted by Mrs. Cushing, and Mrs. Cheney of Montreal, —Editors and proprietors—was to be discontinued, in consequence of the absence of that necessary element—poetically termed,—material aid. For the sake of its Juvenile readers, for the sake of morality, we rejoice that such is not the fact. These two Ladies, impressed with the importance of their mission, have determined to carry on the Snow Drop as hitherto, and for this purpose they have entered into arrangements with John Armour of Montreal—youngeer brother of Mr. Armour, Bookseller, King St., to publish the magazine in future, commencing on the 1st day of July next, and they are determined to spare no efforts to render it in the highest degree deserving of a liberal patronage. The Editors beg most respectfully to inform their friends that the work will for the future be wholly

independent of Mr. Lav, or of any enterprise in which he may please to engage. They wish to state therefore that they never contemplated any junction with a Canadian Family Magazine as stated on the cover of the June Snow Drop. Agencies will speedily be established throughout the province, and as the Editors have been unable to procure from the late publisher the necessary lists; they respectfully request all subscribers to forward their names and address to Mr. Armour with the least possible delay. They rely with confidence on a continuance of the generous patronage which has hitherto encouraged them in their labours. We fondly trust they will realize their most sanguine anticipations, for of all the irksome tasks this life affords, that of plodding on in mental labour day by day, without material reward, is the most insupportable. Each number will contain as heretofore 32 pages, and the price will be one dollar per annum in advance. The publisher's address is No 9 Great St. James Street Montreal, and as A. H. Armour and Co. will cheerfully transact any matters connected with the magazine, our citizens who desire to encourage the work have only to make a call at King St. with their commissions.

THE UNFORTUNATE PIGS.

Not long ago, I asked you to look down, in imagination, upon the clear winding Devon, as it meanders in dreamy grandeur through the holm, which skirts the southern slopes of the Ochils. From the spot on which in fancy's creation we stood, might be seen the identical bridge which the musician crossed that morning before his perilous adventure. At the precise time, however, to which I now refer, this bridge was little better than a man trap. It consisted of two long girders, which crossed the stream, about three feet apart, and these were at first covered with thin fir planks, about 8 or 10 inches broad. But one after another of these boards had disappeared, until little else remained than the two girders and as many crosspieces as kept them from collapsing. I have passed it frequently when from 6 to 8 feet at a stretch would have been clear, and you had either to help yourself over by the side rail, or walk a couple of miles round by another way. The side rail dodge did very well when one was setting out on an excursion with all his faculties fresh; but it was not so suitable at all times for returning, and this I will proceed to illustrate by a circumstance which came under my cognizance. Andrew Wilson, a middle aged, and canny going shoemaker, lived in the village at a little distance. He was both master and mistress of his ale house, and as an outlet to any affection he might have, beyond what was duly devoted to himself, he kept a couple of pigs, with which to beguile a weary hour, for besides being a kind of animal companionship, Andrew had discovered, that when they had ceased to snuff the storm, they kept a rough larder. A part of his spare time was regularly spent in his kail yard, which supplied him with all the vegetables necessary for culinary purposes, and also with a few gooseberries and apples in their season. This was about the daily round of Andrew's extra duties: but now and again a wide gap in the larder recalled to his mind the necessity of keeping up an unbroken line of succession to his porkers, and on such occasions he pitted himself in his skill in making a selection from a good family. Such was the state of affairs at the moment to which I allude, and Andrew, having wiped the coom from his face, put on a

clean dickie, and his favourite red silk neckerchief, he then brought from the chest his blue swallow-tailed coat, with its massive yellow buttons, which was only used on great occasions, and having beight himself as trim as may be, set out to purchase two new tenants to his pig-sty. He crossed the little bridge, or rather in justice to him, I should say, he crossed the river about half-past six o'clock on a quiet night, about the end of July, and wandered on, upwards of a couple of miles, to the spot where the forthcoming tenants of his premises had been sealed. No temperance society had as yet made an invasion on "the good old customs of Scotland," and McNeill's "Waes o' War" was more than counterbalanced by "Willie brewed a Peck o' Malt," so that Andrew, having concluded the bargain, sat down to get a dram and a "bit o' chess and bread," as was his wont on such occasions.

I am not very clear whether there was any other attraction at farmer Ramage's fireside, for Andrew, though he locked the door and put the key in his pocket when he went out, often thought that if he could sa' in wi' a decent lass that would attend to his pigs and look after the calabages and onions, he might be tempted to offer her the situation. At present, however, there was no attractive feature at home. There was not even the dread on his mind of a 'fite from Janet' for staying late, so that when he sat down and enjoyed himself, the time passed more speedily than he calculated upon.

Having amply slaked his thirst he set out on his homeward journey, with the two pigs in a bag slung over his back, and I suppose all went well enough till he came to the bridge. The moon was in its last quarter and had not yet appeared above the horizon when he reached the fatal spot, and whether he was in a state to see planks where there were none, or was deceived by the darkness of the night, I cannot say, but down he went, plunge into the river, through the bridge, with his load on his back. The distance to the water was perhaps not more than six feet, so that he was not much injured by the fall, although it is evident he must have been considerably stunned by the splash. He made a dexterous struggle, but gained the bank, and hurried along the road, as fast as his legs could possibly carry him. His clothes were wet, but that was nothing, as he had no sooner reached his little domicile than he disrobed, and quietly consigned himself to the guardianship of Morpheus. He got up in the morning about his usual time and felt rather thirsty, and considerably growry; but not until he had lifted his wet stockings and his drenched trousers from the chair on which he had laid them, did the faintest glimmer cross his mind as to the adventure of the previous night. He endeavoured to realize the facts of the case, but he was unable to comprehend his position. I have frequently thought how exactly similar his position was to that of John Tamson, when he fell asleep in his cart as he was going to the coalfield, and some way for a little sport took out the horse and left him lying saugly. When John awoke, he was in doubt as regards his identity, and reasoned in this way—"If I'm John Tamson I've lost a horse, an' if I'm no John Tamson I've found a cart," so the shoemaker imagined if he was Andrew Wilson he must have lost his pigs last night, but if he was not Andrew Wilson some malicious person had wet his trousers for him.

In order to satisfy himself, for as yet so one knew of the circumstance, Mr. Wilson posted off to the river, and there, jammed between two of the upright posts, he found his bag and its contents, but the pigs were quite dead. You may imagine, but I cannot describe, the miserable state of Andrew's mind when he ascertained the fact. He made two resolutions on the spot, both of which I think he kept,—the first was that he would never mair taste whiskey,—and second, that he would call upon his old friend James Colvin, and hae a crack wi' him about the propriety of getting home Mrs. Wilson. It strikes me that my friend Stalker got an order to furnish

up one one of the rooms tastefully for the reception of the bride, and ere the next new moon had waned Andrew and his young wife passed the scrutinizing gaze of the busy group that usually collected at the parish Kirk door, to speak about the events of the week, and beguile the time till the minister made his appearance; so, that in fact, the kiss of the pigs was the gaining of a wife, and all the concomitant endearments that crown a state of connubial bliss.

DR. NICHOL ON ASTRONOMY.

Dr. Nichol delivered the sixth and last of his course of lectures on Monday afternoon, when the audience was more numerous than at the delivery of the previous lectures. The subject of this lecture was, "The relation of astronomical with geological epochs—sketches of the evolution of the earth." Geology and astronomy touched each other at several points, and, perhaps, the best route by which we could enter on a geological investigation was suggested by some of the revelations of the telescope. Upon looking at the present condition of the earth, we soon found that instead of being the result of some bygone cause—a fixed reality,—it was no more than the present, or existing, phase in the operation of a power certainly only inferior, in respect of the magnitude and consequence of its mutations, to that of gravitation. We found abundant proofs that the land and water were continually changing places, and not only that land had been comparatively recently raised up from the bottom of the ocean, but that it had undergone successive oscillations. There was no portion of land, with the history of which we were acquainted, which did not unfold to us the fact that it had undergone many changes in this respect. In Sumatra was to be found the birth of a river as large as the Ganges, which had formerly drained a large continent which had now disappeared. The fact that the marble columns of the temple of Pestum had been bored into by marine insects, was a clear proof that, after the building of the temple, the land on which it stood must have been submerged beneath the ocean from which it has now risen. Both these changes in the elevation of the land must have been gradual, as the pillars were not injured; and it was probable that neither of them extended over a great portion of land. It was only since the beginning of the present century that a rational investigation had been begun, with a view of finding out the laws which governed and directed these phenomena of the elevation and depression of the land. Previous to that time it was supposed that they were all the result of one great cataclysm, which was usually referred to the recorded *deluge*. Now, however, when they were looked at more deeply, it was seen that a mighty law, extending over immense periods of time, had governed them all, and all confusion seemed to vanish from them. Having seen that not only was there evidence of a vast upheaving cause, but also that it was probable that the stupendous changes produced by it were evolved in accordance with some grand law, the question now was, could we ascertain the manner in which this vast upheaving cause had been acting? In recent times we had got some glimpses of this law. The rocks with which geology had to do were divided into two classes, the stratified and the unstratified or crystalline rocks. The crystalline rocks appeared to have been protruded from below by some upheaving cause, while the stratified rocks had been laid down by the action of the water, and were constituted entirely from the debris of the crystalline rocks or mountain masses. As these stratified rocks had been laid down by the action of the water, we might be sure that they would diagonally assume an horizontal position, a view which was confirmed by the fact that the line of the deposits of organization found in them always corresponded with the line of stratification, while it was evident that such organization would be deposited in horizontal lines. These rocks were not now, however, found in an horizontal position, but

piled up against the primary rocks, proving that they had been thrown up by the upheaving of the primary rocks; and the relative ages of the mountains composed of these primary rocks could be ascertained by an examination of the stratified rocks which they had disturbed,—geology having previously ascertained the relative ages of the stratified rocks in all the portions of the earth which had been examined. Having thus got a mode of fixing the ages of mountains, we might hope to be able to ascertain how the great upheaving power had been acting. As had been observed in a previous lecture, our mountain masses were distinguished by being associated with parallel ranges, and it had been ascertained that these parallel ranges always corresponded in age. Thus instead of looking on the surface of the earth as a mere mass of mountains, connected by no general principle of regularity in the mode of their distribution, we had the great truth that the upheaving cause had through time been operating in different parts of the world, in consequence of some expansive power from below, sending upwards enormous rocks; and that each operation of that sort had been accompanied by the appearance, not of one range, but of a great series of ranges, of mountains, disposed in parallel lines. Of these great evolutions, we were now acquainted with 17 or 18 instances. The most youthful of the mountains were the Andes, with their parallel chains. With them probably originated the river Mississippi; and it was evident, from an examination of the stratification of its delta, that it must have been in existence for at least two millions of years. The mountains last thrown up before the Andes, were the Himalaya, Caucasus, and Atlas ranges; then mount Blanc, and part of the Scandinavian Alps; further still among the depths of the past, Lebanon, part of the Ural, Corsica, and Sardinia; next the Pyrenees, the Apennines, and part of the Alleghenies; and, across another immense interval, stand forth Snowdon and Ben Nevis. Here it was time to stop. Between the epochs of each of these upheavals there had been long periods of comparative quiet, such as that in which we were at present. Two questions naturally arose,—first what is this vast cause or power, and in what manner has it operated? They had already seen something of its mode of operation. It seemed to be a power acting now here, now there, expanding outwards, and casting upwards enormous tracts of the earth; the existence of mountain ridges along the tract which is upheaved being rather an incident than the thing itself—the real effect being a gentle throwing up of vast portions of the crust. A theory regarding the cause of this, much favoured in the older times of geology, was, that a great portion of our globe was still in an incandescent state, merely an outward crust being solid; and that mountain masses or fractures of this crust had been the result of action and reaction going on between the crust and the central incandescent mass. On looking at the moon (in a previous lecture) they had found reason to doubt this theory; and this doubt was confirmed by two or three facts connected with climatology. Had the earth been gradually cooling down, as was supposed by this theory, the temperature of all parts of its surface, or the climate, which was found to have greatly changed, ought to have been getting gradually cooler; but this had not been the case, as in some portions of the surface the climate was now warmer than it was formerly, and that within a recent geological period. A fact supposed to confirm the theory of the incandescence of the central portion of the earth's mass was that, in descending into the earth, after we had passed a line below which the sun's rays did not affect it, we found the heat gradually increase. The rate of increase having been ascertained, it had been calculated, what according to this theory would be the thickness of the earth's crust; and it was found that it would be only 100 miles. Undoubted facts, learned by astronomy, however, proved to us that the thickness of the earth's crust was at least 1,000 miles, which must prevent the theory of the

earth's incandescence receiving any confirmation from the increase of heat as we got below its surface. This phenomenon he suggested might have been caused by the earth's having been at one period of its history in a space where it was surrounded by many more stars than at present, and from which it may now have been carried by the revolution of the sun in its orbit. The next question that arose was, what was the condition of the earth, during previous epochs, how were land, water, and climate distributed, and what were the functions of our globe? To these questions we could only obtain an answer by observing in what manner the present epoch was bequeathing its history to a future time, and what indications would remain of it; and thus the physical geographer became of the greatest assistance to the geologist.—(Applause.)

Agriculture.

JETHRO TULL.

On the 2d of June, 1740, died Jethro Tull, the inventor and unwearied advocate of drill sowing and frequent hoeing—the greatest improvements which have been introduced into the modern practice of tillage. The saving of seed effected by this practice is no small consideration, for let it be remembered, that millions of acres are annually sown to grow food for man and his assistant animals, and that by drilling, more than one third of the requisite seed is saved. But this is of trivial importance when compared with the facility that drilling affords for the destruction of weeds, lying as it does upon the same soil as the cultivated plants among which it grows, is really a robber, depriving them of a certain portion of their nourishment, and rendering them less vigorous by depriving them of light and air proportionate to its own size. On the importance of loosening the soil we need not farther insist, for we have repeatedly explained that importance, and our coadjutors almost weekly advocate the benefit derivable from the practice. Before Tull's time, thick sowing by broadcast, and the scanty employment of the hoe, were the established mode; and when Tull adopted and published a work recommending a practice totally the reverse, though many came to see his "new system of husbandry," yet they for the most part came to deride it, and his very labourers thwarted him in "his new fangled ways." Yet he wrestled firmly and unwaveringly against all difficulties; and so nobly does he stand forth in every period of his life, that we must glance over his prominent passages, and hold them up to the cultivators of the soil, to cheer them as well as warn. Tull was educated for the legal profession, but acute disease drove him from a sedentary life, but not into idleness. During his travels in search of health he directed his attention to the agriculture of the countries through which he passed, and finding that they never manured their vineyards, he rashly concluded that all plants might be similarly cultivated. On returning to England he occupied his own farm of Prosperous, at Sharesham, in Berkshire, and commenced that warfare, to win success against adverse circumstances, from which he only ceased on his death-bed. If any cultivator despairs over a thin and hungry soil, let him take courage—for Tull won crops from a soil of the same character; nor let him be subdued though sickness enervate him, for Tull was afflicted with agonizing diseases, yet was never cast down. The tradition of his neighbourhood is, that when confined to his couch by his incurable malady, he carried on his experiments in boxes placed before his windows—sowing his seeds and trying his surface stirring processes with all the enthusiasm of an inventor. If stupid, prejudiced, and perverse servants encumber and thwart the cultivator, this, too, was Tull's fate; and like him let the cultivator meet such obstinacy and ignorance with a firmness that will defy all such opposition. He is still spoken of by the

old labourers of the district as being a man whom it was impossible to oppose with success, and the secrets of his triumphs over peasant prejudices is told in his own apothegm. "There is more than a centob in saying to the lustily servants, *Go and do this, or Come let us do it.*" Like many other inventors he arrived at some conclusions not justified by his experiments; and among these errors was the opinion that hoeing and pulverizing the soil might supersede the use of manure altogether; but he lived to see his mistake, and, which is still more worthy, to acknowledge it. Our space warns us to conclude and we will do so in the words of Mr. Cuthbert Johnston, who well appreciates his merits! "Tull lies buried without even a stone to indicate where such a benefactor of agriculture reposes. His grave is even undetermined; and if he died at Sharesham, there is no trace of burial in its parish register. The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that he died and was buried in Italy. His deeds, his triumphs, were of the peaceful kind with which the world in general is little enamoured; but their results were momentous to his native land. His drill has saved in seed alone, the food of millions; and his horse husbandry, by which he attempted to cultivate without manure, taught the farmer that deep ploughing and pulverization of the soil, render a much smaller application of fertilizers necessary."—*Cottage Gardener.*

Oriental Sayings.

Saïd, the great Persian Moralist, tells the following story of himself. Having taken offence with the society of some of my friends at Damascus, I retired into the wilderness of the Holy Land, and abode there in the company of the animals that make their abode there, until I was made a prisoner by the Franks, and made to work along with some Jews in the ditches at Tripoli. There I toiled for some time, till at last a chief of Aleppo, who was an old acquaintance of mine, happened to pass by and at once recognized me. How is this, said he, with great astonishment, how came you to be thus occupied my friend? I answered, what can I say? I was withdrawing from the society of man, and sought an abode in the wilderness, for my resource was in God and in him alone; now, fancy to thyself what my feelings must be, to be forced thus to work for a people scarcely human. Truly, to be linked in a chain with a company of acquaintances would be pleasanter than to walk in a garden with strangers. My friend took pity on me, and after having redeemed me from captivity with the Franks for ten Dinars, carried me along with him to Aleppo, and gave me his daughter in marriage, with a dowry of a hundred dinars. I had not long been married, when this damsel proved to be a quarrelsome vixen, and showed such a perverse spirit and scolding tongue as to destroy all my domestic comforts. Surely, I exclaimed frequently, a scolding wife in the dwelling of a peaceable man, is his hell even in this world; protect and guard us against a wicked inmate. Having on one occasion given liberty to her tongue, she said to me, are you not that fellow whom my father redeemed from captivity of the Franks for ten dinars? I replied, yes! I am that same person whom he delivered for ten dinars, and enslaved me with you for an hundred.—I have heard that a mighty man once released a sheep from the murderous jaws of a wolf—that same night he was thrusting his knife into its throat, when the spirit of the sheep reproached him, saying, thou hast redeemed me from the jaws of the wolf, when at length I perceive that thou provest a wolf to me thyself. R.

Miscellaneous.

HOLLOW BRICKS.

During Saturday, and again on Monday afternoon, the beam of hollow bricks and Portland cement, constructed by Messrs. White, and Sons, at the western extremity of the building, has been undergoing a trial of strength, which attracted a good deal of attention. This brick beam was identical in size with that of common bricks and Roman cement constructed at Nine Elms in 1836, and which, after standing 18 months, was broken down with a weight of 50,652 lbs. Its dimensions were 2 ft. 4 in. bearing between the piers, 2 ft. 3 in. thickness at the bottom of the beam, and 1 ft. 6 in. at the top, the height being 4 ft. 2 in. The layers of hollow bricks, besides being joined with Portland cement, were held together by thin bands of iron passing through them, and the whole has remained standing since the opening of the Exhibition, with an announcement attached that it would be weighted and broken before the close. On Saturday the supply of big-iron provided for this purpose failed, and the experiment was renewed on Monday in the presence of Dr. Ansted, Mr. Godwin, General Pasley, and others interested. When the load placed on the beam had been increased to 62,800 lbs. a crack was observed running right up the centre, and two others at equal distances on either side converging towards the centre as they extended upwards. Then the abutments were thrown out of the perpendicular, one to the extent of a foot, the other an inch and a half. Finally the beam broke right in half, the experiment terminating in the most satisfactory manner for the reputation of hollow brick constructions and Portland cement. It may be stated as a curious fact in connection with this supposed new species of building material, that the use of hollow bricks was well known to the Romans, and that in Tunis, at the present time, they are in constant requisition. It was originally intended by the Bey to send over specimens, but the interest of such a contribution was at the last moment accidentally overlooked.—*Notes*

THE BRAVE MAN.

There is nothing which a truly brave and persevering man may not accomplish. Heat and cold, mountains and seas, and sunshine, are alike to him, when he is bent upon his object. He pushes ahead, never tiring or fainting; until his proud design is achieved. Whether it be riches or honors, he permits no obstacles to impede his progress. The histories of all distinguished men from Alexander to Napoleon, show that it was perseverance that made them distinguished above their fellow men. And you, young man, if determined in your course, whatever end you have in view, shall be respected and honored. Never permit your energies to slumber, but be ever active in whatever field you choose to labor. To lag—to sleep—to doubt—to hang your head in fear, will prove disastrous to your best interests.

"To more in doubt and fear
And tremble at the shades of even—
What is it but a tomb to rear,
And wealing to it, turn from Heaven?"

The reason why so many turn out miserable tools—without ambition, lie, or even wealth—is, their lack of courage and their fear of the world. What has an honest man or a man of virtue and integrity, to fear? All are but shadows that look dark and forbidding before you—and these vanish before the light of truth and generous ambition. Let nothing stay your progress when you are in the path—nothing but the strong arm of death—then you will accomplish your bright expectations, while,

"Shadows fly,
And hope gleams beautiful from afar—
A sea of glory fills the sky,
And wisdom beams in every star.

LADIES' SHOES.

If shoes were constructed of the shape of the human foot, neither too large nor too small, and making an equal pressure everywhere, corns and bunions of the feet would never exist. But unfortunately, shoes are seldom made after this fashion, and in ladies' shoes especially there are two signal defects.—first, the extremity of the shoe is much too narrow for the part of the foot (namely, the toes), which it is to contain; and secondly, for the purpose of displaying as much of the foot as possible, the whole of the tarsus and metatarsus are left uncovered, and the pressure of the shoe in front is thrown entirely upon the toes. The toes are thus squeezed against each other, and then pushed out of their natural position; and all the projecting points, chiefly where the joints are situated, are pinched and tormented either by the neighbouring toes or by the leather of the shoe; and thus it is that corns of the feet are generated.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished: their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth, as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Varieties.

SORROW SHOWS US TRUTHS AS THE NIGHT BRINGS OUT STARS.

THERE IS IN EVERY HUMAN COUNTEenance either a history or a prophecy.

HOW MANY AN ENAMORED PAIR HAVE COURTED IN POETRY AND LIVED IN PROSE!

THE WORLD IS ALL UP-HILL WHEN WE DO, ALL DOWN-HILL WHEN WE SUFFER.

THE BASE METAL OF FALSHOOD IS SO CURRENT BECAUSE WE FIND IT MUCH EASIER TO ALLOY THE TRUTH THAN TO REFINE OURSELVES.

HURRY AND CUNNING ARE ALWAYS RUNNING AFTER DESPATCH AND WISDOM, BUT HAVE NEVER YET BEEN ABLE TO OVERTAKE THEM.

WE RARELY WISH FOR WHAT WE ARE CONVINCED IS QUITE UNATTAINABLE; IT IS JUST WHEN THERE IS A POSSIBILITY OF SUCCESS THAT WISHES ARE REALLY EXCITED.

HE WHO GAINS THE VICTORY OVER GREAT INSULTS IS OFTEN OVERPOWERED BY THE SMALLEST.

A MAN IN EARNEST FINDS MEANS; OR, IF HE CANNOT FIND, CREATES THEM.

IT IS ONE OF THE SINGULAR FACTS OF THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY, THAT THE QUALITIES WHICH IN THEORY WE HOLD TO BE MOST LOVELY AND DESIRABLE, ARE PRECISELY THOSE WHICH IN PRACTICE WE TREAT WITH THE GREATEST CONTUMELY AND DISDAIN.

OUR ACHIEVEMENTS AND OUR PRODUCTIONS ARE OUR INTELLECTUAL PROGENY, AND HE WHO IS ENGAGED IN PROVIDING THAT THOSE IMMORTAL CHILDREN OF HIS MIND SHALL INHERIT FAME, IS FAR MORE NOBLY OCCUPIED THAN HE WHO IS INDUSTRIOUS IN ORDER THAT THE PERISHABLE CHILDREN OF HIS BODY SHOULD INHERIT WEALTH.

LADIES, FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE.—The young ladies of Dramericotte, in the state of Maine, have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following.—"That we will receive the attentions of no 'stayed' young gentleman who has not learned some business, or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood; for it is apprehended that after the bird is caught, it may starve in the cage. That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tipping, for we are assured his wife will come to want, and his children to be barefoot."

Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.	
June 27	1777	Dr. Dodd, executed.
	1818	Zachokke, died.
" 24	1491	Henry VIII., born.
	1712	Jean Jacques Rousseau, born.
	1776	Charles Matthews, born.
	1835	Do. Do., died.
" 29	1577	Peter Paul Rubens, born.
	1810	Lucien Bonaparte, died.
" 30	1797	Richard Parker, hung.
	1831	William Roscoe, died.
July 1	1614	Isaac Casaubon, died.
	1771	Henry, Lord Holland, died.
	1851	Dyce Sombre, died.
" 2	1750	Francis Huber, born.
	1850	Sir Robert Peel, died.
" 3	1646	G. W. Leibnitz, born.
	1778	Jean J. Rousseau, died.
	1816	Mrs. Jordan, died.

William Roscoe was born of parents in an humble sphere, who gave him the mere rudiments of a common education, and even of this he neglected to avail himself. But he early began to think for himself, and being placed in a lawyer's office, he found leisure without neglecting his duty, to make himself master of Latin, so as to translate the classics, and also to study other ancient languages; and he went through the same course with modern languages, reading the best authors in each. At the age of 16, he published "Mount Pleasant," a poem that was well received. On the expiration of his clerkship, he entered into partnership with Mr. Aspinall, an attorney of considerable practice. But while he was attending to his professional duties, he did not lose sight of literature and the arts. Painting and statuary were objects of his regard; and he occasionally lectured in Liverpool on these and kindred subjects. In 1789, when the abolition of the slave trade was much discussed, he published two pamphlets against that traffic. His ardent love of liberty induced him to compose two songs in favour of the French Revolution; this was before it had led to great excesses. In 1795 he brought out that great work on which his fame chiefly rests—"The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," 2 vols., 4to, soon after which he retired from practice as an attorney, and entered himself as a student at Gray's Inn, with a view to the bar. In 1798 he published "The Muse," a poem from the Italian; and in 1805 appeared his other great work "The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.," 4 vols., 4to. He subsequently wrote several political pamphlets, and scientific treatises. In 1806 he was returned to parliament in the Whig interest, but parliament being dissolved next year he retired from the representation. He had, before this, become a banker in Liverpool; but the firm failing, all his property was sold off; his library, &c. producing £8000. He continued to reside there, however, till his death, which took place June 30, 1831, with the character of Liverpool's greatest benefactor.—*Albion.*

The Vouths' Department.

ANSWER TO GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM IN OUR LAST.

The pool is distant therefore, from the longest tree, 36 1/3, and from the shortest, 53 8/9 feet

H. HOGUE.

MINUTENESS OF ANIMALcules; THEIR ORGANIZATION AND FUNCTIONS.

The globules of blood, small as they are, are exceeded in minuteness by innumerable creatures whose existence the microscope has disclosed, and whose entire bodies are inferior in magnitude to the globules of blood.—Microscopic research has disclosed the existence of animals, a million of which do not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand, and yet each of these is composed of members as admirably suited to their mode of life as those of the largest species. Their motions display all the phenomena of vitality, sense, and instinct. In the liquids which they inhabit they are observed to move with the most surprising speed and agility; nor are their motions and actions blind and fortuitous, but evidently governed by choice and directed to an end. They use food and drink, by which they are nourished, and must, therefore, be supplied with a digestive apparatus. They exhibit a muscular power far exceeding in strength and flexibility, relatively speaking, the larger species. They are susceptible of the same appetites, and obnoxious to the same passions as the superior animals, and though differing in degree, the satisfaction of these desires is attended with the same results as in our own species. Spallanzani observes, that certain animalcules devour others so voraciously that they fatten and become indolent and sluggish by over-feeding. After a meal of this kind, if they be confined in distilled water so as to be deprived of all food, their condition becomes reduced, they regain their spirit and activity, and once more amuse themselves in pursuit of the more minute animals which are supplied to them. These they swallow without depriving them of life, as by the aid of the microscope, the smaller, thus devoured, have been observed moving within the body of the greater. The microscopic researches of Ehrenberg have disclosed most surprising examples of the minuteness of which organized matter is susceptible. He has shown that many species of Infusoria exist which are so small that millions of them collected into one mass would not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand, and a thousand might swim side by side through the eye of a needle. The shells of these creatures are found to exist fossilized in the strata of the earth in quantities so great as almost to exceed the limits of credibility. By microscopic measurement it has been ascertained that in the slate found at Bilin, in Bohemia, which consists almost entirely of these shells, a cubic inch contains forty-one thousand millions; and as a cubic inch weighs two hundred and twenty grains, it follows that one hundred and eighty score millions of these shells must go to a grain, each of which would consequently weigh the 187,000,000th part of a grain. All these phenomena lead to the conclusion that these creatures must be supplied with an organization corresponding in beauty with those of the larger species.—Lardner's *Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy.*

LIFE AND DEATH IN LONDON.—Few know that in every seven minutes of the day a child is born in London, and that in every nine minutes one of its inhabitants dies! The population of London is roundly, 2,362,000. If the averages of the past fifty years continue, in thirty-one years from this time as many persons as now compose its population will have died in it, and yet in about thirty-nine years from this time, if the present rate of progress continue, the metropolis will contain twice as many persons as it does now.—*Dailier.*

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Hamilton, May 12, 1852

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THESE REPRINTS have now been in successful operation in this country for twenty years, and their circulation is constantly on the increase, notwithstanding the competition they encounter from American Periodicals of a similar class, and from numerous Eclectic and Magazine made up of selections from foreign Periodicals. This fact shows clearly the high estimation in which they are held by the intelligent reading public, and affords a guarantee that they are established on a firm basis, and will be continued without interruption.

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TORONTO, C. W.:

THOMAS MACLEAR.

22-11

Now Dry Goods Establishment AND MILLINERY SHOW ROOM.

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WOULD most respectfully announce to the Ladies in Toronto, that the Millinery Show Room, in connection with their

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25-

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C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

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

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A Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

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- Whately's Kingdom of Christ and Heresies of Romanism.
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- Dr. K. Lectures on Theology.
- Hill's Lectures on Theology.
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- Taylor's Logica and Semantics.
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CHARLES FLETCHER,

Toronto, 30 May, 1852.

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Toronto, May 15th, 1852.

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Best Roman and English Violin, Harp and Guitar Strings.

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BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

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April 6, 1852.

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April 6, 1852.

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