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# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue Is True Richness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

No. 34.

## Poetry.

### BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,  
For so the world has done  
Since myrtle grew, and roses blew,  
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair;  
Be sure ye pledge with truth;  
Be certain that your love will wear  
Beyond the days of youth;

For, if ye give not heart for heart,  
As well as hand for hand,  
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,  
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have  
A goodly store of gold,  
And hold enough of shining stuff,  
For Charity is cold.

But place not all your hope and trust  
In what the deep and ocean brings;  
We cannot live on yel low dust  
Unmind with pure things.

And he who piles up wealth alone  
Will often have to stand  
Beside his coffee-stand, and own  
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,  
And soothe where'er we can,  
Fair speech should blind the human mind,  
And love-link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,  
Let deeds with language dwell,  
The one who plucks a starling bird  
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The Mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand,  
For those who talk, yet fail to do,  
But "build upon the sand."

## Literature.

### THE MERCHANT OF MARSEILLES.

Those who have been at Marseilles will remember that vast building on the quay (close to the Hotel de Ville, and in the same style of architecture), which, though now subdivided into warehouses, bears token, by the unity of its design, of once having been in the possession of one owner, and originally intended for one purpose. That great building was long known as the Hotel St. Victor, and belonged to the wealthy family bearing the name.

In the year 1700, he who bore the honours of the house was in trouble. His firm, for years the largest and richest in Marseilles, was on the eve of bankruptcy; their credit, which had stood for ages unimpeached, was tottering to its very base. He was a man in the prime of life, that St. Victor, but the dark fine hair was thickly strewn with silver, and the broad brow was furrowed by lines that care must have planted there. All around the room in which he sat, silent and alone, might be seen the evidences of the wealth once possessed by the family, and of the luxury in which they had been accustomed to live; rich furniture, velvet, and gold, mirrors, carvings, soft carpets—rare luxuries in France even at the present time—trinkets, pictures, all that money could purchase or taste could select,

were gathered in that splendid apartment. Each panel of the walls contained, or had contained, the rarest paintings, of large size, and mostly by the Italian masters, but it might be observed that some of them had been recently displaced, and such,—as the marks on the walls testified, had been of greater size than those remaining, and, doubtless of greater value, though those still hanging on the panels were meet for the palaces of kings. Above the high mantel-piece, of pure white marble with its elaborate decoration, and majestic proportions, hung an oval portrait—the portrait of a young man. It was a fair, radiant face, with an open, happy expression, and surrounded by soft, falling hair. It was the portrait of St. Victor—but of St. Victor long ago. Every now and then, and mechanically as it were, the man, amid his sad, silent musings, would raise his eyes to the bright picture of the boy. What a contrast did these present!—the one, how beautiful—how happy! the other; how mournful, and how wan!

The door opened, and an old man entered. He was old enough to be the father of St. Victor; but it was only Devereux, once head clerk to the house of St. Victor, now a substantial merchant of Marseilles. The dress of this person was worn and rich, his gait was feeble, and he leaned heavily on his staff, his brow was also furrowed, but the lines were those of age and thought; there was much of harshness, of pride, of determination to be traced on his countenance, but none of that woful anxiety which seemed withering up the manly prime of St. Victor.

The latter rose at his entrance, and moved towards him with evident pleasure,—

"Devereux!" he exclaimed—"Welcome!" But Devereux put back the offered hand with a smile, and said,—

"To-morrow, St. Victor, all those bills I hold of yours become due."

"St. Victor started.

"It is so, I know; but I am safe, for you hold them; and you will not press me."

"You miscalculate, St. Victor," said the old man, coldly. "I shall want the money."

St. Victor tried to laugh.

"You know, Devereux—you know it is impossible that I could meet the demand. I could not take up one of those bills, far less the whole number."

"I want not the amount of one, nor two, nor three, but of all; and 'tis this I come to say."

"Devereux," said the debtor, with a cheek as white as ashes, "you might throw me into prison, you might ruin my credit and my name for ever; but I take Heaven to witness, I could not raise one-half the sum, though it were to save my soul. What mean you? Is it not as a friend that you have become the holder of those bills?"

The creditor rose to his feet.

"No!"

The poor debtor groaned aloud,—*"It was not always thus. Why do you now turn against me?"*

"I turn not now," answered Devereux.

"I have longed for this hour—sought it early and late—lived but for it! You wronged me once, St. Victor, but my revenge is at hand! Yes, they shall be thine! the disgrace of bonds, the ignominy of the prison—proud, beautiful, beloved St. Victor! I shall triumph now!"

Does the old man rave? This—St. Victor, shrinking, bending before him, weary, care-worn, with dark locks so sadly streaked with white—this world-broken man! How is he worthy such epithets!—"proud, beautiful, beloved."

But the old man speaking thus, looked not at his wondering auditor: his eyes were raised to the bright, smiling portrait, and to that he spoke.

Devereux continued,—

"Ah! St. Victor, dost thou remember, long ago, when thou wert a young gay gallant, and I but a poor clerk in thy father's prosperous house? When you, the young heir, wert but a boy, I was past the season of youth. When you attained your brilliant majority, I, Devereux, was a man of sober middle-age. But I loved, oh! passionately and truly, loved for the first time, and even yet, St. Victor, that love is here!" And he laid his withered hand upon his heart.

"She was very beautiful and good, that girl, and she accepted my suit; we should have been happy, but you came. I need not tell you how it was: how soon the young, the dazzling St. Victor won from the plain clerk that heart, with all its wealth of love; how soon I was forgotten and discarded, how deeply you were loved. I need not repeat all—all my efforts to retain her, all my pleadings—pleadings poured vainly on the ear of passion—pleadings both to you and to her. But I will remind you of one day, when, scorned by her in your presence, I made a last appeal—an appeal to her faith, her honour,—to your generosity, your pity, when, stung to madness by the sight of your happiness, I ventured on bolder words than, perhaps, I should have used, and you answered by a blow! Yes, St. Victor, you stooped to that! you struck the poor clerk, rendered mad by his injuries and agony of mind—you answered by a blow! But you were happy, and you soon forgot that circumstance. Soon the maiden died—"

And here his voice, that failed and faltered, his eyes, that seemed to dim with tears, his lips that quivered, gave tokens that he spoke the truth when he said his love for her yet lived. And the poor debtor, while listening, forgot the troubles of the moment, thought not of the present. The past, with all its sorrow and its joy, its unimaginable happiness, its unimagined woe, was his again.

Devereux continued:

"The maiden died. Well for her she died, before your love grew cold, before she learned how much she had cast away for ever. She died before remorse or retribution could arrive, she died in your arms! Above her grave we met again. My love must have been strong,

St. Victor, since it conquered my natural pride and brought me to that grave—a mourner. You were sad—subdued; you extended me your hand, you prayed that all might be at peace between us—that all might be forgotten. I took the offered hand—it was necessary that I should dissimulate—and I said that I forgave. Time rolled on, you overcame your grief, you married again, you inherited your noble patrimony, you became the head of the great house of St. Victor. I left you, but before I quitted your employ I had prepared the way to ruin, I had sown the seed of all that hath followed, and is yet to come. I also married for the sake of wealth. I entered upon business, I struggled hard, I have not toiled in vain, I am now the richest man in all Marseilles. My wife is dead, but she has left me one son, the only thing I love; for him and for this vengeance I have worked and lived!

"And for his sake," exclaimed St. Victor, "you will have mercy upon me; if not on me; on my wife; if not on me, on my children!"

For a moment the hard eye softened, and the face assumed an hesitating expression, but it was only for a moment. His answer was—

"Not the anguish, the shame of a life, shall not pass unavenged! To-morrow, and St. Victor shall be the wonder and the scorn of all Marseilles!"

"Ah, Devereux! think not, I beseech you, of that hasty act! Think rather of my long felt, long-shewn trust in you, think of my father, how he loved and trusted you; think how sure has been, for years the first house here. What a terrible thing this would be! The head of the St. Victors arrested—arrested, and by you!"

"All this," answered the creditor, "that you urge against the act, but stirs me more deeply towards it. To-morrow, and I have my revenge!"

"Give me but a day, Devereux, and I will essay to raise the money. Give me a week. The ship Volant, my last venture, is expected ere the week is out. Give me but until her return. Her cargo is of ore and diamonds, if she comes laden, as I hope, I may meet all demands, and save, at least, my honour. Give me but time!"

But the creditor smiled as he replied,—

"Not an hour!"

"Oh, Devereux, have some mercy!" and St. Victor sank upon his knees, clasping his hands in agony.

Just as the creditor opened his lips to reply, a howling blast of wind shook the windows of the room, and moaned wildly down the wide chimney. He paused and started.

"My son is at sea: God grant there be no storm!"

He approached the casement, he gazed anxiously forth. Evidently thought only of his young sailor, nothing of the suffering debtor at his feet. The debtor rose.—

"That wind is fair for the Volant; Heaven send her safe to port!"

A voice was heard upon the quay beneath,—

"The Volant! the Volant!"

Creditor and debtor rushed to the window.

"What of the Volant? What news of the Volant?" shouted St. Victor from the casement.

There was an eager group upon the quay, many had friends or relations in the expected vessel; some had shares in the rich freightage; fifty telescopes were levelled at the horizon; a hundred voices were loud in assertion, denial, conjecture; but all agreed in one point that a vessel was in sight and making towards the port.

"Tis the Volant, five days before her time!" said an old sailor, who had been gazing long and eagerly through his glass. "I would swear to her top-gallant-sails among a thousand. 'Tis the Volant!"

"And I may yet be saved!" murmured the debtor.

The creditor turned fiercely upon him—

"Triumph not yet, St. Victor!" he said; "she is yet far away; the perils of the deep sea are many, and between her present course and this harbour the sands are shifting, and the rocks are dangerous. Triumph not yet!"

But St. Victor, wild with hope, heeded him not; and the old man, muttering angry threats and denunciations, quitted the hotel and took his way home.

His residence was also on the quay, not far from the Hotel Victor, with his windows also looking upon the busy scene of the harbour—upon the dark distance of the sea. As with slow and feeble steps he retraced his way, he paused amid the throng now momentarily increasing on the pier. Even to his feeble vision a dim white speck was visible, just between the deep blue of the sky and the deeper purple of the ocean.

"If it is the Volant," said one, "we shall hear the gun for the pilot soon."

The old man turned away.

"I would that she and her cargo were deep within the sea!"

He reached his own door; as he paused ere entering, some one addressed him. It was Jean, the pilot, whose turn it would be to answer the signal gun of the Volant.

"Hast thou any commands, Master Devereux?" asked Jean.

Devereux made no reply, but, opening his door, he ascended his stairs. The pilot followed. Devereux entered his apartment and closed the door; Jean stood within.

He laid his hand upon the springlock of an ancient bureau, and the carved panels flew wide at his touch; there were many bags of gold within.

"The half of this," said Devereux, "I would give, that the Volant were deep within the sea."

The pilot spoke,—

"Give me all, and it shall be done." Devereux hesitated for a moment.

"I will give thee all."

The gun sounded, and the pilot hurried to his post. The pilot-boat sped merrily across the waves; but night was falling over blackening waves and whitening foam, and ere she reached the Volant, neither boat nor ship were visible.

The dawn of morning shewed the Volant stranded on those dangerous rocks so well known to the pilots of that sea, the rocks on the right of the entrance to the harbour. But with the morning came a calm, the wind fell, the turbulence of the ocean subsided to a gentle swell; and so near was the Volant to the shore—so hushed was the tempest, that the voices of those within could be distinctly heard upon the pier.

All that day boats went to and fro between the wreck and the shore; all the rich cargo—the heavy ore—the caskets of precious diamonds, were safely landed and consigned to the warehouses of St. Victor: even the good ship herself—lightened of her load, somewhat strained, but still sound and buoyant—was saved.

The pilot stood before Devereux, claiming his reward. But the latter said,—

"The freightage and vessel are saved."

"No fault of mine," muttered Jean. "I have done my best, the tempest fell just as she grounded, and she lived through the night."

Devereux flung him the gold; he dared not resist the claim. As the pilot was passing from the presence of the old man, he turned and said,—

"One life hath been lost!"

Devereux was indifferent to this; he made no comment. The pilot continued,—

"Not one of the crew, but a youth they were bringing home—a lad of Marseilles, his vessel had stranded in the Straits."

Devereux recked little of this death. Why did the pilot persist in talking of it?

He resumed the subject.

"The boy was washed from the deck by a wave just as she struck; it was dark, and there were no means of saving him."

Devereux coldly replied,—

"Poor youth! I am sorry!" then turning to his previous occupation, he shewed that he desired the absence of the pilot.

But the man still spoke,—

"They have tried all means of restoration, but in vain; it is a pity, for he is a fair youth, and seems of gentle blood."

Now Devereux became impatient. Why

should the pilot linger still, tormenting him by this idle recital? What was all this to him?

The pilot repeated the last sentence,—

"He seems of gentle blood;" and he added "and he is the only child of his father."

The old man laid down his pen, struck by the pertinacity of the pilot, and gazed at him with a look of inquiry. A noise was heard below—a noise of feet, staggering as though beneath a burden—a noise of many voices, speaking in hurried whispers.

"They are bringing the drowned boy here!" said the pilot, as he turned and departed.

With a sharp, wild cry, the old man rose to his feet. The truth, with all its terror and its anguish, broke upon his soul at once: he had murdered his own dear son!

That old man lived for many years after this day, but he never again became conscious of what had passed; he was blessed, beyond his desert, in complete forgetfulness.

Every day he seated himself opposite the window that looked upon the ocean.

"The wind is rising," he would say; "God grant there be no storm! My son is at sea!"

Then when the night fell, he would say,—

"It is late, and I can see the white sail no longer; but if the wind is fair, he will come to-morrow. Drowning is a fearful death! God grant there be no storm!"

St. Victor gradually recovered from his embarrassments, and, gaining prudence from past difficulties, became again the great merchant of Marseilles—the prosperous St. Victor.

But his name and race are now extinct; and the splendour, and the wealth and the prosperity of that great house have passed away for ever.

#### A TALE OF MID-AIR—OR THE MOUNTAINEER'S PERIL.

In a cottage in the valley of Salanches, near the foot of Mont Blanc, lived old Bernard and his three sons. One morning he lay in bed sick, and burning with a fever, watching anxiously for the return of his son, Jehan, who had gone to fetch a physician. At length a horse's tread was heard, and soon afterwards the doctor entered. He examined the patient closely, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and then said, patting the old man's cheek—"It will be nothing, my friend—nothing." But he made a sign to the three lads, who, opened mouths and anxious, stood grouped around the bed. All four withdrew to a distant corner; the doctor shook his head, thrust out his lower lip, and said—"Tis a serious attack—very serious—of fever. He is now in the height of the fit, and as soon as it abates, he must have sulphate of quinine."

"What is that doctor?"

"Quinine, my friend, is a very expensive medicine, but you may procure it at Salanches. Between the two fits, your father must take at least three francs worth. I will write the prescription. You can read Guillaume!"

"Yes, Doctor."

"And you will see that he takes it?"

"Certainly."

When the Physician was gone, Guillaume, Pierre, and Jehan looked at each other in silent perplexity. Their whole stock of money consisted of a franc and a half, and yet the medicine must be procured immediately.

"Listen," said Pierre. "I know a method of getting from the mountain, before night, three or four five-franc pieces."

"From the mountain?"

"I have discovered an eagle's nest in a cleft of a frightful precipice. There is a gentleman at Salanches who would gladly purchase the eaglets; and nothing made me hesitate but the terrible risk of taking them; but that's nothing when our father's life is concerned. We may have them now in two hours."

"I will rob the nest," said Guillaume.

"No, no, let me," said Jehan, "I am the youngest and lightest."

"I have the best right to venture," said Pierre, "as it was I who discovered it."

"Come," said Pierre, "let us decide by drawing lots." "Write three numbers," said Guillaume, "put them into my hat, and whoever draws number one will try the venture."

Guillaume blackened the end of a wooden splinter in the fire, tore an old card into three pieces, wrote on them one, two, three, and threw them into the hat.

How the three hearts beat! Old Bernard lay shivering in the cold fit, and each of his sons longed to risk his own life to save that of his father.

The lot fell upon Pierre, who had discovered the nest. He embraced the sick man.

"We shall not be long absent father," he said, "and it is needful for us to go together."

"What are you going to do?"

"We will tell you as soon as we come back."

Guillaume took down from the wall an old sabre, which had belonged to Bernard when he served as a soldier; Jehan sought a thick cord which the mountaineers use when cutting down trees; and Pierre went towards an old wooden cross, reared near the cottage, and knelt before it some minutes in fervent prayer.

They set out together, and soon reached the brink of the precipice. The danger consisted not only in the possibility of falling several hundred feet, but still more in the probable aggression of the birds of prey inhabiting the wild abyss.

Pierre, who was to brave these perils, was a fine athletic young man of twenty-two. Having measured with his eye the distance he would have to descend, his brothers fastened the cord around his waist, and began to let him down. Holding the sabre in his hand, he safely reached the nook that contained the nest. In it were four eaglets of a light yellowish-brown color, his heart beat with joy at the sight of them. He grasped the nest firmly in his hand, and shouted joyfully to his brothers—"I have them! Draw me up!"

Already the first upward pull was given to the cord, when Pierre felt himself attacked by two enormous eagles, whose furious cries proved them to be the parents of the nestlings.

"Courage, brother! defend thyself! Don't fear!"

Pierre pressed the nest to his bosom, and with his right hand made the sabre play around his head.

Then began a terrible combat. The eagles shrieked, the little ones cried shrilly, the mountaineer shouted and brandished his sword. He slashed the birds with his blade, which flashed like lightning, and only rendered them still more enraged. He struck the rock, and sent forth a shower of sparks.

Suddenly he felt a jerk given to the cord that sustained him. Looking up, he perceived that, in his evolutions, he had cut it with his sabre, and that half the strands were severed.

Pierre's eyes dilated wildly, remained for a moment immovable, and then closed with horror. A cold shudder passed through his veins, and he thought of letting go both the nest and the sabre.

At that moment one of the eagles pounced on his head, and tried to tear his face. The Savoyard made a last effort, and defended himself bravely. He thought of his old father, and took courage.

Upwards, still upwards, mounted the cord; friendly voices eagerly uttered words of encouragement and triumph; but Pierre could not reply to them. When he reached the brink of the precipice, still clasping fast the nest, his hair, which an hour before was as black as a raven's wing, had become so completely white, that Guillaume and Jehan could scarcely recognize him.

What did that signify? The eaglets were of the rarest and most valuable species. That same

afternoon they were carried to the village and sold. Old Bernard had the medicine, and every needful comfort beside; and the doctor in a few days pronounced him convalescent.

**MATRIMONIAL TIPS.**—I have frequently remarked that a guest has frequently become the paste and cement of two married quarrelling halves, because shame and necessity have obliged them to speak and to be friendly to one another, at least so long as the guest was listening. Every married lord should be provided with one or two guests that might come to relieve his sufferings, when the mistress of the house happened to have the devil of dumbness in her toady, for she must talk, at least, as long as the gentlemen are present, and take out of her mouth the iron thistle-apple of silence, which grows on the same stock as the apple of discord.—*Richter.*

**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, JULY 31, 1852.

### WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

Various efforts have been made by the young men in our wholesale and retail establishments to get their hours of attendance so much abridged as to afford them a little spare time to devote to the cultivation of their minds, or to healthful recreation. But these efforts have only met with a partial success. No class of society is so belated, and kept at the wheel, as the class employed upon newspapers—both compositors and writers. But, nevertheless, we would cheerfully trim the midnight lamp to write a few lines in behalf of those of our fellow citizens engaged in other callings, because while we have our grinding toil, we have along with it mental improvement, and now, and again, mental relaxation; whereas, in many cases, the whole time of the complainants is spent in scrippery and small talk, which tends only to lessen and destroy those reasoning powers which form the distinguishing characteristic of man. This short hour movement is a subject to which during the last 20 years we have turned more or less attention, and have frequently found in that time that many of those young men with whom we bailed side by side for the attainment of some amelioration; when they got up a few more steps of the ladder, became the greatest barriers to anything like progress in the curtailment of the hours of labour. We have found it so, and think that it is a general feature, not confined to any one locality; but it is, nevertheless, an unfortunate one. These young men while in servitude cry out against the injustice of long hours and the evil which it does to their constitution, but the moment they are elevated to have the charge of their own till the case is altered—new hopes, new aspirations animate them, and not only do they confine themselves a little more

closely than hitherto; but they actually are the necessity of drawing the cords a little tighter around those whom they have got to assist them. If it had not been for this periodical resistance, the early closing movement would long ere now have been triumphant. But we move on in an endless chain, ever and anon returning to the point from which we set out. We see a fit emblem of this transient state of feeling in a piece of eccentric work. Every circle seems to strike out a new, bold, and independent course for itself; but, on inspection it is found that each succeeding circle, cuts the centre exactly where its predecessor cut it. In like manner the young men take an interest in the movement, and all is vigour and energy; but the moment they turn the key of their own door, the animation begins to decay, and very speedily an early closing movement, becomes a matter for mature consideration. We speak not, of course, of any particular case, but of the system as a whole, so far as it has come under our observation during a period of twenty years; and having studied its various phases, we are fully satisfied that the perpetuity of the evil is mainly attributable to the fact, that the young men, who, themselves so ardently desire a short day, in order to have time for the cultivation of their mind, no sooner start business, than they lengthen their day very considerably. Solomon seems to have had a similar idea of the state of matters in his day, for he says— "That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been." We are satisfied that the business hours of all sorts of establishments might be shortened very much and the same amount of business done, and there is only one way, we think, in which the object will ever be effected. Let the young men of all early closing associations resolve—that when they commence business for themselves, they will adhere most rigidly to the same restriction of hours, which they have urged upon their present employers. This would no doubt operate very powerfully against those who first spanned the distance which intervenes between employer and employed; but we hold it to be sound philosophy, that no man has a right to ask his neighbour to do, what he himself would refuse to do if placed in similar circumstances. Let then a resolution to that effect, be weighed and duly considered, let it be adopted and, a penalty attached to its infraction if you will, and ere ten years, the folly of self-immolation, will be very apparent. Our own minimum would be, that all mechanical employments, and all places of business be closed, at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and opened at ten o'clock on Monday morning, and be regulated on the other days as may seem best for all parties. The reasonableness of such a proceeding, and the advantage that its prosecution would confer upon society have been so often, and so ably urged, that it is unnecessary to say one word upon that head, and as we firmly believe in the principle of self-reform, if you wish to reform society, so it will be seen that our remarks all bear upon the power that lies with the young men themselves, and if they wish their end accomplished, that power must be exerted.

### FIRE IN RICHMOND STREET.

It is not perhaps too late to allude to a fire which occurred in the City one morning last week, as there are circumstances connected with that fire which nearly concern the wellbeing of society. About a quarter past three o'clock on Wednesday morning week, the fire bells commenced to ring their dismal peal, and the sudden glare which speedily ascended on the calm, serene, and motionless air, gave evidence that the alarm

was not without cause. An old unoccupied shed, adjoining the unoccupied premises known as the March Street Brewery, the property of H. J. Boulton, Esq., had been set fire to by some malicious hand, and burned for some time without any opposing force. It communicated with the Brewery, which was speedily consumed, and the flames spread to a row of five fine new tough cast houses on the south side of Richmond Street, belonging to Mr. Andrews, and in less than half an hour the whole were destroyed. The flames then extended to the outbuildings in the rear of Mr. Cotton's house on Church Street, and consumed the whole of them, but a plentiful supply of water was turned on the back of the house, and it was very little injured. One frame house in the rear of Stanley Street was partly damaged. About four o'clock the violence of the fire was eventually subdued, although the engines played upon the embers for hours afterwards. The tenants saved the most of their effects, and no accident occurred in the bustle of the scene.

'Tis long since Solomon said, Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the reproach of any people; and this fire,—as well as many others that have occurred in this city, forms a severe experimental attestation of the truth of the statement. This old shed in which the fire originated, has for some time past been the rendezvous of a party of vagrant, disorderly characters, well known to the police authorities, and no doubt well known to those of our citizens,—whose money supports them in their dissolute courses—who for a momentary gratification barter away the nobleness and independence of manhood, whatever a depraved morality may say to the contrary. No corrective is applied to this party with a view to lead them back in a reasonable way from their sinful life; but all of a sudden on the Sunday morning previous to the fire they are turned out of their hovel to find a shelter where best they may, and the result of this summary ejection recoils with awful vengeance on the innocent and unoffending sufferer. Mr. Andrews' new row of houses had no connexion with the affair, but still they are doomed to suffer. Fires do sometimes arise by accident; but four-fifths of the fires that occur in Toronto bear upon their appearance the stamp of incendiarism. There is an utter inability to account for them upon any reasonable principles of calculation, without including that great element of destruction—incendiarism. It is unwise then that such characters should be allowed to herd together, when it is known that the only income they have is the wages of infamy, and it is equally unwise that they be told in a peremptory way to move off, for although it may seem the easiest way of getting rid of a nuisance, experience shows us,—in this instance at least,—that it is not the cheapest, and one such occurrence may be only a trifling episode in the life of such miscreants. No evidence can be produced against them, and they pass unscathed only to renew their wicked course and give vent to the malicious principles of their depraved natures on the earliest fitting opportunity. Possibly our civic authorities may think that too many duties are already imposed upon them, without their being required to interfere in a matter which in a great measure becomes one of private affairs; but it is the duty of some party to look after that dissolute class, and also to see that some means are adopted to keep them in check. Conciliatory measures are decidedly what should be adopted; but if there is no one with sufficient vigour of mind and freedom from bias to undertake so great a work of reformation, then, society calls aloud to the authorities for protection from the recurrence of such desolating proceedings.

#### STAR LIGHT.

From the wild disorder of scattered stars which the first picture of the heavens presented, science has enabled us to grope our way through the dark labyrinth of chaos, guided only by the

soft lustre of those winning stars, till we have been enabled to see the whole grouped together in one great and complete system, of a magnitude which makes arithmetic ridiculous, yet simple in arrangement as the conceptions of a child. Man has no part in all these sublime galaxies but to stand a silent spectator of their overwhelming beauty. Compared with the awful periods which compose the years and ages here, what is this momentary life-time of man? Nature works complete at every step, from the whirling bubble on the brook to the congress of a million stars. The fall of dynasties, the growth of new peoples, antiquities, and traditions, vanish before this severe face of marble solemnity. The petty cares, jealousies, and passions of men fade away in the contemplation of these awful cycles; and startling is the contrast, after traversing such realms of majesty, to wonder, where worlds whirl without jar, and orbs rush without concussion, to turn back to man, and see him struggling on the surface of a flood and buffeting with its boiling waves. "One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man in the heavenly bodies the perpetual presence of the sublime; seen in the streets of cities, how great they are. If the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; yet every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

This great double convex lens-shaped system, of which the Milky-Way is the outer extremity or ring, is not the universe, but a trival part of it. Wherever the telescope has penetrated, it has brought to light other great systems of starry dust, whence the star-light comes in softened clouds, indefinite and vague. These are composed of myriads of separate stars, each one a sun, revolving with its attendant planets around the centre of the whole. In these we see the circular outline repeated in obedience to the law of gravitation,—the law which alike controls the form of dewdrop or a tear, and a congress of a thousand stars. Beyond these are others more distant still; and thus down far, far into that soundless sea, the starry systems float and sing; and the telescope, but now a thing of marvel and triumph, is at last a toy and contemptible, for it reaches the cloudy masses no more. The star-light comes, but it will tell no story; it brings pictures, but they are pictures of mystery. And thus, from the spectacle of starry worlds revolving in our sky, we are carried up to the idea that those masses of nebulous light are astral systems also; and come at last to the conjecture, that, as the lesser worlds revolve around the sun, and that sun, in his own system around a greater sun, the star-systems themselves, which we see floating away in the abyss yonder, may all be traversing a pathway around the feet of Deity, receiving from that Central Sun of all things a glory and a light Divine. Let us bow our heads, for surely God is in the midst, controlling, watching, judging, but loving all the while!

But even here let us retrace our steps, for the star-light can yet tell us something which shall make manifest the omnipotence of Deity, as an attribute in harmony with that same star-light, and as a necessary consequence of its own physical law.

Light is not instantaneous in its passage; it requires time to travel. It moves at the rate of 2,000,000 of miles in a minute. Hence it is eight minutes reaching us from the Sun; or the Sun has really risen eight minutes before we see him; and it now eight minutes in advance in his path of the spot which he appears to occupy. Hence, again, the bright star in Centaur, which is eighteen billions of miles distant, is seen by us, not as it now is, or where it now is, but where it was, and as it was, three years ago; and if it were now to explode into fragments, and vanish from the sky, it would be three years before we should lose its picture in the heavens. This will be easier understood, if it be remembered that the ray of light leaves the star, and passes through space quite unconnected with its origin; and, when it

falls on the optic nerve, it will give the eye a picture of the star, whether the star be there or not. Thus, we see the star Vega, as it was five years ago, and a star of the twelfth magnitude as it was four thousand years ago. In the same way, if we reverse the phenomena, the inhabitants of the sun see the earth not as it is now, but as it was eight minutes before, and a spectator in Vega, as it was twelve years before; and, in like manner, to the deepest recesses of the universe. What is the result of this?—namely, that the universe contain not only the whole of space, but also the whole of time! Every event, as well as every existence, is treasured there; and empty space becomes a microcosm of the ages. Everything on which the light falls reflects back a picture of itself.

The stars send forth complete pictures of all the scenery and appearances of their respective surface; and although, from our limited power of vision, we are unable to perceive anything more than a point of light; nevertheless that point of light, could we dissect it, would reveal the landscapes, seas, and cities, as they were when the light came away, as plainly as we can behold the scenery of our own hills and valleys? What then! Why, from some part of space, the eye of Omnipotence can behold whatever has taken place here, or in any other world. There is some spot where the picture embalmed in a ray of light, is speeding on its way through infinitude; and from thence we can behold it. At the Centaur in 1851, the picture of London in 1851, with its Palace of Glass and gathering of the Nations, will be visible; and upon a star of the twelfth magnitude may now be seen the founding of Memphis, and the wanderings of Abraham; while pictures of the dim geological ages of the earth are now speeding past the regions of distant nebulae, to travel on and on in a journey which can never be completed. Heed your ways, therefore; for the eye of God watches over us physically as well as spiritually, the deed of to-day is to become part of the universe, and to be kept speeding on through starry spaces and silvery galaxies for an eternity to come!

Possibly the spirit of man may hereafter be permitted to read these revelations of the star-light, when, separated from earthly scenes, he soars upward amid the stars, and looks upon the picture of his own life treasured up there in the blue expanse, and winging its flight from world to world upon the pinions of the lovely star-light. What, then, will be his emotion as the scenes wherever he played the coward or the tyrant comes before him, and in pain and shame he feels impelled onward as the picture speeds,—watching its progress through all the starry cluster, crying as it goes, "Stars, stars! behold the story of a man!" Will he dwell in those stars hereafter, and join in the melodies which they sing while hurrying in majestic sweep around the throne of the father? Who knows but such may be?

"If you bright orbs which gem the night  
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,  
Where kindred spirits reunite  
Whom death has torn asunder here;—  
Now sweet it were at once to die,  
And leave this weary world afar,  
Mix soul in soul to clear the sky,  
And soar away from star to star."

Well, as the holy star-light stoops down to bless the eye with its lustre and the mind with its revelations, may it come even into our hearts as a ray from the Divinity, teaching us to love while we live; and, like the teacher, to sing and circulate without jar, serenely together.—Familiar Things.

\* In proof of this witness the geographical features which may be seen of the moon, the planets, Mars and Venus, by the aid of the telescope. Jupiter, further distant still, yields something regarding his aspect, and Saturn, more distant still, a few features of his physical condition.

† Simple possibility to all the writer deems necessary in the recognition of this idea, which is well-rooted in the laws of physics. Such exceptions may occur in regard to events which take place in houses and places which lap the horizon of light, and of course, in the statement of a general truth. For the truth itself, the writer is indebted to a little work entitled, "The Sun and the Earth: or, Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Infinity," published in 1847.

Literary Notices.

The Art Journal.—July Toronto: H. Rodgers, Agent for Canada.

The Art Journal for July is embellished with three beautiful engravings.—and a great profusion of very finely brought-out woodcuts. The plates are The Landing of the Prince of Orange. Engraved by W. Miller, from the Picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., in the Vernon Gallery.—The Bagpipet. Engraved by R. Eoff, from the Picture by Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., in the Vernon Gallery.—The Son of Niobe. Engraved by J. H. Baker, from the Group by J. Leeb.—Selections from the Portfolio of Moritz Retzsch.—The son of Niobe is an admirable piece, the design of a distinguished artist of Munich who was attracted to London during the Great Exhibition. The group represents the son of Niobe struck by the arrow of Apollo, although the feelings of the spectator are not tortured with the appearance of the destroying shaft, or of the ghastly wound which is inflicted. There is no need for this to describe the action of the figure. The beautiful youth has drawn his feet up and placed them on the reins of the highly terror-stricken horse on which he is seated, his left hand is rested on its haunches, and the right holds up his mantle as if to protect him. The horse is modelled from a beautiful Arabian steed lent to the Sculptor by the Crown Prince for the occasion. The anatomical skill of the Sculptor is happily displayed in the position of the group, in the fine development of the muscles, and in the harmony and gracefulness of the forms. One part, however, appears a little stiff and unnatural. The tail depends as a stiff mass, and rests upon the pedestal. The design undoubtedly is to give support to the figure, but we imagine this might have been effected as well by giving the tail a gentle flow when it touched the ground. Of the Bagpipet it is enough to say it is from the pencil of Sir David Wilkie. It is true to life, and full of all that humour and joviality which the pictures of Wilkie so well and happily represent. We have in the visit to Glasgow, and The British Institution and Industrial Instruction, some excellent remarks. Some of the minor topics of the month, we may find a place for in next number, meantime we entreat that this work find a place on every drawing room table which is not already supplied with it.

The Anglo-American Magazine.—August. Toronto: T. Maclear.

We cordially welcome the second number of Mr. Maclear's new monthly. Its appearance is far superior to that of last number, and its table of contents is very attractive, and we are convinced that the persevering energy and the unswerving determination of the publisher, will not rest satisfied with present attainments, but will with each succeeding number present some new feature of attraction. We have in this number, three page engravings, printed on separate pages, and placed at the opening of the work, so as to soothe the mind and prepare it for an effort of application. These engravings, thus printed, display a great improvement on the ordinary course, although it must be at a considerable additional expense to the publisher. The first represents Chaucer, the father of English poetry,—this is accompanied by a biographical sketch; the

second is the fashions for August, also very neatly executed; and the third is a view of Kingston from Point Henry. These engravings are prepared by Mr. Allanson, and reflect great credit upon his artistical skill. The leading paper is a description of Kingston; much more carefully written than the sketch of Toronto in last number. This is followed by Emigration No. 2. There are some very excellent selections, both in prose and poetry, in this number, and in this particular department it will compare favourably with any other of our monthlies. We would fain stop here, rejoicing as we do at the considerably improved appearance this number presents, and confident in the anticipation of even greatly increased improvement.—but justice demands that we make one remark on the Editor's Shanty. Had it been any other shanty but that of the Editor, both it and its inmates would have passed unnoticed. We have here the Second Sederunt, and it is the most unadulterated twaddle, the grossest burlesque upon criticism that ever perhaps was published, and only equalled in absurdity by the Chronicles of Drecplaitly,—seemingly from the same pen. We do most sincerely and earnestly hope that there will not be another Sederunt, and that the Squireen and his motley companions will simply meet and then positively adjourn sine die. We commend the magazine to the warmest support of the public, being confident that it will meet their approbation.

ROMANISM AT HOME. Toronto: T. Maclear.

This is a reprint of Kirwan's Letters to the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States. It is very well got up by Mr. Maclear, and will no doubt meet a ready sale in this cheap form. Kirwan is too well known to require comment at our hands.

LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR.—Part 20.

THE PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.—Part 21. Toronto: A. H. Arnould & Co.

Oriental Sayings.

A certain Egyptian had two sons, one of them held an office under the King, the other endeavoured to get a scanty subsistence by the works of his own hands. On one occasion, the rich man saw his brother labouring hard, during the heat of the day, and said to him, brother! why will you thus toil for a scanty subsistence? I serve the King, and you will relieve yourself from the hardship of labour. But the poor man replied, why will you not rather engage in business, that you may free yourself from the ignominy of service? Do you not know what our philosophers have said:—to eat barley bread, and to sit at our own ease, is far more creditable than to wear a golden girdle and stand up in service. Again, to use the hands in making quackions into mortar, is better than to cross them on the breast in the attendance on a prince.

A person came one day in great joy, and announced to Nushirwan the Just, saying, I have

just heard, that God the glorious and great, has removed from this world a certain person who was your greatest enemy. Indeed, replied Nushirwan, calmly, and without showing any emotions of joy, and have you heard also any intelligence that God has overlooked me?—Friend! added he, in the death of an enemy I cannot find joy, since my life also is not to last for ever. R.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

GOOD COMMON RICE.

Take six ounces of good common rice, the rice must be ground, and the same quantity of flour, the yolks and whites of nine eggs, half a pound of sugar, and half an ounce of caraway seeds. Mix well together, and bake for an hour in a quick oven.

CUSTARD PUDDING BAKED.

Boil a pint of cream, with three blades of mace or a stick of cinnamon, when cold take four yolks and two whites of eggs, nutmeg and sugar to taste, beat them well, and stir into the cream, pour into cups, and bake in a quick oven.

WHITE SPRUCE BEER.

Take six pounds of white sugar, four ounces of essence of spruce, ten gallons of boiling water, and an ounce of yeast. Work the same as in making ginger beer, and bottle immediately in half pints. Brown spruce beer is made with treacle instead of sugar.

GINGER BEER, INDIAN.

To ten quarts of boiling water, add two ounces of pounded ginger, one ounce of cream of tartar, two limes, and two pounds of sugar. Stir until cold then strain through flannel until quite clear, adding a pint of beer, and four wine-glassfuls of good tawny. Bottle, tie down the corks, shake each bottle well for some time, place them upright, and they will be fit to drink the next day. This does not keep long.

CRANBERRY DRINK.

Put a tea-cupful of cranberries into a cup of water, and mash them. Boil in the meantime; two quarts of water with one large spoonful of oatmeal, and a bit of lemon-peel; add the cranberries and sugar, (but not too much, otherwise the fine sharpness of the fruit will be destroyed) a quarter of a pint of white wine, or less, according to taste; boil for half an hour and strain.

CURRANT WATER.

Take a pound of currants, and squeeze into a quart of water; put in four or five ounces of pounded sugar. Mix well, strain, and add ice, or allow to get cold.

EFFERVESCENT LEMONADE.

Boil two pounds of white sugar with a pint of lemon-juice; bottle and cork. Put a table-spoonful of the syrup into a tumbler about three parts full of cold water, add twenty grains of carbonate of soda, and drink quickly.

FOR A COUGH.

Half an ounce of marsh-mallow root, half an ounce of liquorice root, both shred fine, boil in a pint and a half of water, until reduced to a pint. Strain it; sweeten to taste with brown sugar-candy. Take half a tea-cupful in the same quantity of new milk, three times a day, particularly fasting, and the last thing before going to bed. Asses' milk may be more effectual, when it agrees with the patient.

## Miscellaneous.

## RULES FOR HEALTH.

BY A SCOTCH PHILOSOPHER WHO HAS TRIED THEM ALL.

Never drink anything but water.

Never eat anything but oatmeal.

Wear the thickest boots.

Walk fifteen miles regularly every day.

Avoid all excitement; consequently it is best to remain single, for then you will be free from all household cares and matrimonial troubles, and you will have no children to worry you.

The same rule applies to smoking, taking snuff, playing at cards, and arguing with an Irishman. They are all strong excitements which must be rightly avoided, if you value in the least your health.

By attending carefully to the above rules, there is every probability that you may live to a hundred years, and that you will enjoy your hundredth year fully as much as you did your twenty-first.—*Punch.*

## MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

That house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no lenity shown in failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answers to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood upon the anvil-irons and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn; add half a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration.

There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, pile on the fuel; draw in the others of the group and let one harsh answer be followed by another; and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its lurid splendours. The venerable Phillip Henry understood this well, and when his son, Matthew, the Commentator, was married, he sent these lines to the wedded pair:

"Love one another, pray oft together, and see  
You never both together angry be;  
If one speak fire, t'other with water come;  
Is one provoked, be t'other soft or dumb."

A VERY INTERESTING account is published of a successful case of transfusion of blood in the human subject, performed in presence of the ablest surgeons of Paris. A woman was taken to the Hotel Dieu reduced by hemorrhage to the last stage of weakness, unable to speak, to open her eyes, or to draw back her tongue when put out. The basilic vein was opened, and the point of a syringe warmed to the proper temperature, was introduced, charged with blood drawn from the same vein in the arm of one of the assistants. The quantity, 180 grammes, was injected in two and a half minutes, after which the wound was dressed, and the patient placed in a comfortable position. Gradually the beatings of the pulse rose from 130 to 138, and became firmer; the action of the heart increased in energy; the eyes opened with a look of intelligence, and the tongue could be advanced and withdrawn with facility, and regained its redness. On the following day there was a little delirium, after which the pulse fell to 90°, the signs of vitality acquired strength, and at the end of a week the woman left the hospital restored to health. Cases of successful infusion are so rare, that it is not surprising the one here recorded should have excited attention among our physiologists.

DO TREES TALK? Have they no leafy lungs—do they not at sunrise, when the winds blow, and the birds are carolling their songs, play a sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whisper of the green leaves in the Spring time, on a Sunday morning who did not feel as if rainbow gleams of gladness were running through his heart? And then when the peach blossoms hung

like rubies from the stem of the parent tree—when the morning glory like a nun before the shrine of God, unfolds her beautiful face, and the moss-tone open their crimson lips sparkling with the nectar that falls from heaven, who does not bless his Maker?

FRIAR BACON'S PROPHECY.—"Bridges," says he, "unsupported by arches, can be made to span the foaming current; man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean safely breathing, and reading with a firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman, sitting at the helm, guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steeds, darts on its course with relentless force and rapidity. Let the pure and simple elements do thy labour; bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plough."

A GOOD NAME.—Always be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it. It will never do to seek a good name as a primary object. Like trying to be graceful, the effort to be popular will make you contemptible. Take care of your spirit and conduct, and your reputation will take care of itself. The utmost that you are called to do, as the guardian of your reputation is to remove injurious asserions. Let not your good be evil spoken of, and follow the highest example in mild and implicit self-vindication. No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle; and he who would maintain a good character, should be mainly solicitous to maintain a good conscience, void of offence toward God and man.

## Varieties.

ADVANTAGE is a better soldier than rashness.

THE VICIOUS reproving vice is the raven childing blackness.

JEALOUSY is the greatest of misfortunes, and excites the least pity.

LOVE is THE FIRST influence by which the soul is raised to a higher life.

THE TONGUE was intended for a divine organ but the devil often plays upon it.

A SIBROUS often takes away a man's character as effectually as the most declamatory observation.

PEDANTRY CRAMS our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

IT IS WONDERFUL the aspect of moral obligation things sometimes assume when we wish to do them.

THE LOSS OF A FRIEND is like that of a limb; time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

WE SHOULD not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one.

A GREAT STEP is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

ONE IS MUCH less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

NO ONE CAN TELL the misery of an unloved and lonely child; in after-life, a degree of hardness comes with years, and the man is not susceptible of pain like a child.

LIFE is a FIELD of blackberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches.

FINE SCENARIOS are like woolbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to wine round a solid, upright stem of understanding, but very poor things if, unsupported by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

PLEASURE owes its greatest zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a school-boy happy for a year. The fun connected with its possession will not last an hour. Now, what is true of schoolboys is equally true of men; all they differ in is in the price of their fiddles.

## Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.	
Aug. 1	1711	Queen Anne, died.
	1743	Richard Savage, died.
	1798	Admiral Broussin, killed.
	1810	Carl O. Muller, died.
" 2	1851	Harriet Lee, died.
	1100	William 2 (Rufus) King of England killed.
" 3	1480	Archbishop Cranmer, born.
	1823	Carnot, died.
	1819	Mehemet Ali, died.
" 4	1770	Frederick William III., (of Prussia) born.
	1598	William, Lord Burleigh, died.
" 5	1613	Archbishop Abbott, died.
	1792	P. B. Shelley, born.
" 6	1801	Admiral, Lord Duncan, died.
	1799	Admiral, Lord Howe, died.
" 7	1501	Archbishop Parker, born.
	1651	Fencelon, born.
	1775	Daniel O'Connell, born.
	1831	Queen Caroline, died.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, was the son of a small landed proprietor in the County of Kerry where he was born, Aug. 6, 1775. Educated at the Catholic College of St. Omer, and at the Irish seminary at Douay, he at first intended to enter the church, but after the repeal of the act prohibiting Roman Catholics from practising at the bar, he became a student of Lincoln's Inn in 1791, and was admitted a Barrister in 1793. In 1800 he became connected with the associations for Catholic emancipation, and the vehemence with which he denounced the wrongs of his country, frequently involved him in personal rencontres with his political opponents. In 1815 he fought a duel with Alderman d'Esierre of Dublin, whom he brought down, and the same year he was challenged by Sir Robert, (then Mr.) Peet, but a meeting was prevented by the police. On the 5th July, 1833, O'Connell was elected member of parliament for the county of Clare, and appeared at the table of The House, but refusing one of the oaths, he was ordered to withdraw. Next year the Roman Catholic relief bill was carried, which enabled him to take his seat after being re-elected. In 1830 he was returned for the County of Waterford; in 1831, for Kerry; and in 1832, for the city of Dublin. He was unseated in 1836, but was immediately elected for Kilkenny, in 1837 for Dublin again, and in 1811 for the County of Cork. In 1841 he was elected lord mayor of Dublin. In 1842 the conservatives being in power he commenced his agitation for the repeal of the union, and in 1843, monster meetings called by him were held at various places in Ireland, as demonstrations against the government. Government at length interfered, and prosecuted O'Connell, who was sentenced to pay a fine of £3,000 and be imprisoned for one year. This judgment was reversed, however, by the House of Lords. After this he lost some of his influence, and in 1847 undertaking a pilgrimage to Rome, more for devotion than health, he expired on the way, at Genoa, in his 72nd year.

The Nouths' Department.

MIND WHAT YOU SAY.

It is always well to avoid saying anything that is improper. But it is especially so before children. And here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are apt to repeat, and as they have not discretion and knowledge of the world enough to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that little boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbor, in language that you would not wish to have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by a repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him, as was usual, her happiness from his visit. Her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee and asked him.

"Are you not glad to see me, George?"  
 "No sir," said the boy.  
 "Why not, my little man?" he continued.  
 "Because mother don't want you to come," said George.

"Indeed! how did you come to know that, George?"  
 Here the mother was crimson, and looked daggers at her little son. But he saw nothing, and replied:

"Because she said yesterday that she wished that old bore would not call here again."

That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon put in requisition, and he left, with the impression that "great is truth, and will prevail."

Another little child, looking sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied:

"I wanted to see whether you had a drop in your eye; I heard mother say that you had frequently."

A boy once asked one of his father's guests, who lived next door to him; and when he heard his name, he asked if he was not a fool.

"No, my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why do you ask that question?"

"Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."—*Olive Branch.*

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and General Groceries, (arriving daily,) all of which are offered low for cash or short credit.

JOHN YOUNG, Jun., & Co.

Hamilton, May 18, 1852.

Patronized and Recommended by the most Eminent Medical Practitioners in Canada.

COMPOUND CHAMOMILE CORDIAL.

THIS Cordial, as its name announces, is prepared exclusively by a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, from the Flowers of Chamomile and other vegetable ingredients, imported expressly from England. Not only as a Tonic does it stand unrivalled, but its peculiar medicinal virtues have acquired a justly celebrated reputation, surpassing the famed SASSAPARILLA, in which, in point of richness of taste and flavor, as well as in practical efficacy, it is incomparably superior.

These inestimable virtues, which daily recur, are more delicately concentrated and developed in the Cordial, which from its transparency and golden colour resembles Wine, and as such may be used with freedom. The flavor is fresh and fragrant, and the taste most grateful and unobtrusive, either to the lady, the Temperance advocate, or Genuine connoisseur.

TESTIMONIALS.

Toronto, June 24th, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN.—We have tested the Sample Bottle, with which you favoured us, of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial," and find it a most delicate, fragrant and agreeable in the palate, and consider it an excellent Preparation for the use of the valuable Tonic Properties of the Flowers of Chamomile.

We are, &c.

GEORGE HEPRICK, M. D.

JOHN KING, M. D.

77, Bay Street, Toronto, June 25th, 1852.

GENTLEMEN.—I duly received, and have tried the sample of "Compound Chamomile Cordial," which you sent me. A taste of the nature in which you prepared it, and of the nature and quality of the ingredients with you employ in its manufacture, I cannot object to express to you in writing my opinion of it, which I should not hesitate to do under different circumstances.

I consider it a very elegant Pharmaceutical Preparation, susceptible of being made exceedingly useful in a dietical as well as the therapeutic point of view. It will serve as an excellent substitute for much of the trash which is purchased as Wine for the use of Invalids; and will also prove an excellent medium for the agreeable conveyance of remedies, which, without some such auxiliaries, are often rebelled against and rejected by the stomach.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours, &c.

FRANCIS BADGLEY, M. D.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

Hamilton, July 2nd, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN.—I duly received, and have tried the Sample of "Compound Chamomile Cordial," which you sent me. I consider it a very elegant Preparation, and useful in all cases where a mild Tonic is required, more especially in cases of Dyspepsia, and weakness of the Stomach; it being very agreeable to taste, can be taken by any one.

I am, &c.

THOMAS DUGGAN,

Surgeon, &c.

London, C. W., June 15th, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN.—I have received the Sample Bottle of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial," and consider it a beautiful as well as highly palatable preparation. The aromatic and peculiar bitter flavor, in which lies the essential medicinal qualities, appears to be largely infused and well preserved; and as this Vegetable Tonic is highly beneficial in those forms of Dyspepsia, depending on debility, or want of tone of the digestive organs, (the form most frequently met with on this continent,) your Cordial will, I doubt not, form an inestimable addition to our Pharmacopoeia.

From the knowledge possessed by me of Mr. Rexford, and his very high reputation as a Pharmaceutical Chemist, I feel much pleasure in confidently recommending the preparation of this valuable Tonic to my Professional brethren, and to the public, as a delightful and invigorating Cordial.

I am, Yours, &c.

GEORGE HOLMES,

Surgeon, &c.

Montreal, June 22nd, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co., Toronto, C. W.

GENTLEMEN.—I have no hesitation in expressing to you my professional approbation of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial." The Tonic properties of the Flowers of Chamomile, with which it is finely blended, are so universally acknowledged, and the Medicinal qualities of that vegetable ingredient so fully admitted in Dyspepsia complaints, that I consider the idea of administering it in the pleasing form of a Cordial most happy; and in the case of your preparation, so successful, that it cannot fail to be a favorite with the public.

Mr. MOUNT, M. D.

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng.

This Cordial is sold generally by all respectable Chemists, &c. The bottles are sealed with the Initial R. & Co., and signed by the Proprietors.—None else being genuine.

AGENTS FOR TORONTO:—Lyman Bros. & Co., Hugh Miller, J. Leslie, Dr. F. H. Simpson, and W. H. Deol, King Street; and N. C. Love and S. F. Urquhart, Yonge Street.

PRICE—25c. per BOTTLE.

REXFORD & CO.,  
 SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
 65, King Street West, Toronto,  
 CANADA WEST.

New Dry Goods Establishment AND MILLINERY SHOW ROOM.

J. & W. McDONALD

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

DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 1, King Building, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets,

was opened on the 27th inst., with a new and select display of the most fashionable Millinery, which will be offered at prices unusually low.

No. 1, King Buildings.

PENNY READING ROOM!!

THE undersigned has opened a News Room in his premises, 51 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. PLETCHER.

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 & STATIONERY,

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



Just Arrived and For Sale  
AT THE  
NEW BOOK STORE,  
54, Yonge Street,

A CHOICE assortment of the best editions of Standard Works, of which the following is a specimen.

- Keble's Daily Bible Illustrations.
- Keble's Festivals of his Royal Highness, 2 vols.
- Keble's Popular Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature.
- Dr. Paine's Biblical Literature.
- History of the Church of Scotland.
- Murray's Kingdom of Christ.
- Wesley's Kingdom of Christ and Terms of Romanism.
- Jac's Morning and Evening Exercises.
- Deak's Lectures on Theology.
- Hill's Lectures on Homily.
- Life and Times of Calvin, 2 vols.
- United Presbyterian Fathers, 4 vols.
- M. Kerrow's History of the Secession Church, Josephite.
- Mitchell's History of Christianity.
- Taylor's Loyals and Separation.
- Apocryphal Scriptures.
- Sale's Koran with Notes, &c., &c.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, 20 May, 1852.

PIANO FORTES.

THE Subscribers beg to inform their friends and the Public generally, that they have received and are now in possession of their Spring Stock of Piano Fortes, from the celebrated Manufacturer of

Modart & Dunham, in New York, and J. Chickering, in Boston.

which comprises all classes of 5's, 6's and a half and Seven Chords Pianos, from the plainest to the most highly finished.

A & S. NORDHEIMER,  
King-Street East.

Toronto, May 14th, 1852.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

MESSRS A and S. NORDHEIMER have just received direct from Europe, a large assortment of every description of

Wooden and Brass Instruments,

which they are enabled to sell cheaper than any other establishment on this continent. They call the particular attention of

MILITARY AND AMATEUR BANDS,

TO THEIR LARGE STOCK OF

Saxhorns, Ophycleides, Cornopeans, &c.,

which they offer at greatly reduced price, equal on liberal terms.

Best Roman and English Violin, Harp and Guitar Strings.

Toronto, May 15th, 1852.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

J. CORNISH,

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

DEGS 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

Removed 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 PRICE. All orders promptly attended to.

Toronto, March 27th, 1852.

SLADDEN & ROGERSON,  
AUCTIONEERS AND  
General Commission Merchants,  
YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

April, 1852. 21-

THE Underigned are now prepared to receive every description of Goods and Merchandise for Sale by AUCTION, or on private terms, at their Premises on Yonge Street.

SLADDEN & ROGERSON.

April 6, 1852. 21-

CASH ADVANCES made on all Goods and Property sent for immediate Sale.

SLADDEN & ROGERSON

April 6, 1852. 21-

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS!!

BROWN & CHILDS,

At No. 88, KING STREET EAST,

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

- 5000 pairs superior thick Boots. 11s. 3d
- 3000 " " Kip " 12s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.
- 2000 " " Calf " 15s. 0d. to 17s. 6d.
- 3000 " " Boys " 6s. 7d. to 10s. 0d.
- 10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys' Brügans, 2s. to 10s.
- 5000 " Ladies Cloth & Prunella Boots, 6s. 3d. to 10s.
- 2000 " Children's, of every variety and Style.

H. & C. manufacture their own—the Manufactory producing from 500 to 1000 pairs daily.

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

Any unreasonable fault repaired without charge.

N. B.—No. 88, Painted Boot, nearly opposite the English Cathedral, is the place.

3000 SIDES BEST SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kind. 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. It does not loosen 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. URQUHART, Toronto.

The only Wholesale Agent in Canada.

1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per BOTTLE,  
Toronto, Dec: 27th, 1851. 4-11

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, at No. 54, YONGE STREET, two doors South of Adelaide Street.

J. W. M. hopes, 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 his long residence in Britain, and being for three years principal Watchmaker in a respectable establishment in this city, that he shall be found worthy of public confidence.

A large Assortment of First Class Gold and Silver Watches for sale warranted for twelve months in working. Gold and Silver Chains, watch fobs, Gold Rings, Fancy and Working Rings, Gold and Silver Fossil Cases, Mourning Rings and Bracelets in great variety, for sale. American Clocks of every description, 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. 15-40

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE:  
DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

All who desire to be promptly, thoroughly, and fully 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. Its arrangements for procuring early and accurate information are not surpassed 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 HAZARD 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 us the money for a club of twenty will be entitled to a copy of the Weekly gratis.

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GRIFFLEY & McBRATH,

Publishers, Tribune Buildings, 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 in 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.

G. & M'Y.

New York, January 1852

D. MATHIESON'S  
CLOTHING, TAILORING,

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

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. 1-11

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