

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1862.

No. 27.

## Poetry.

### THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their love and cares,  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is the sign of joy and love,  
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;  
And the milkiness that suits the gentle dove,  
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn

Innocence dwells in the lily's bell,  
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;  
Fame's bright star, and glory's swell,  
By the gloomy leaf of the bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,  
In violet's hidden sweetness breathes;  
And the tender soul that cannot part,  
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that darkly shades the grave,  
The sorrow that mourns its bitter lot;  
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speak in thy blue leaves—Forget-me-not.  
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

PENICIVAL.

### SONGS OF THE FLOWER SPIRITS.

#### SNOWDROPS.

STEALTHILY, stealthily up to the light,  
When his gleaming wand first passes,  
We creep in our garments of dazzling white  
Ere the vernal leaves and grasses.

And the sun looks down with a wondering gaze,  
As if in earth's bloomless bowers,  
There the single snow of the winter days  
Had its own buds into flowers.

And we lift our ice-crowned heads to feel  
The warmth of his proud cares,  
For each kiss he gives is a magic seal  
Of strength and loveliness.

#### CROCUSES.

From prison and gloom, and the ruthless cold,  
We struggle and pant and are free,  
And the noontide is riding our leaves for gold,  
But at night right warily.

We'll close the gay roof of our stainless domes,  
Lest the frost with his shining feet,  
Should wander within, and our fairy homes  
Become his winding-sheet.

See, green swards bristle around us well,  
And the crisp snows drift away,  
And a trench lies round our citadel—  
'Tis safe as in rosy day.

## Literature.

### A TERRIBLY STRANGE BED.

(Concluded from our last.)

In the nervous unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my proposed inventory, than to make my proposed reflections, and soon gave up all hope of thinking in *Le Maître's* fanciful track—or, indeed thinking at all. I looked about the room at the different articles of furniture, and did nothing more. There was first, the bed I was lying in—a four post bed, of all things in the world to meet with in Paris!—yes a thorough clumsy British four poster, with the regular top lined with chintz—the regular fringed valance all around—the regular stifling, unwholesome curtains, which I remembered having mechanically

drawn back against the posts without particularly noticing the bed when I first got into the room. Then there was the marble topped washstand, from which the water I had spilt in my hurry to pour it out, was still dripping slowly and more slowly, on the brick floor. Then two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat, and trowsers slung on them. Then, a large elbow chair covered with dirty white dimity with my cravat and shirt-collar thrown over the back. Then, a chest of drawers, with two of the brass handles off, and a tawdry, broken china inkstand placed on it by way of ornament for the top. Then, the dressing table, adorned by a very small looking glass, and a very large pincushion. Then, the window—an unusually large window. Then, a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers. A swarthy sinister ruffian, looking upward, shading his eyes with his hand and looking intently upward—it might be at some tall gallows on which he was going to be hanged. At any rate he had the appearance of thoroughly deserving it.

This picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look upward too—at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy and not an interesting object and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat; they stood out in relief: three, white; two, green. I observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape, according to the fashion supposed to have been favoured by Guido Favkes. I wondered what he was looking up at. It couldn't be at the stars; such a desperado was neither astrologer nor astronomer. It must be at the high gallows, and he was going to be hanged presently. Would the executioner come into possession of his conical crowned hat, and plume of feathers? I counted the feathers again; three, white; two, green.

While I still lingered over this very improving and intellectual employment, my thoughts insensibly began to wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England—the night after a picnic party in a Welsh valley. Every incident of the drive homeward through lovely scenery, which the moonlight made lovelier than ever, came back to my remembrance, though I had never given the picnic a thought for years; though, if I had tried to recollect it I could certainly have recalled little or nothing of that scene long past. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory? Here was I, in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of uncertainty, and even of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question; nevertheless remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations, minute circumstances of every kind, which I had thought forgotten for ever, which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under

the most favourable auspices. And what cause had produced in a moment the whole of this strange, complicated, mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in at my bed-room window.

I was still thinking of the picnic, of our merriment on the drive home, of the sentimental young lady who could quote *Childe Harold* because it was moonlight. I was absorbed by these past scenes and amusements, when in an instant the thread on which my memories hung snapped asunder, my attention immediately came back to present things, more vividly than ever, and I found myself, I nether know why nor wherefore, looking hard at the picture again.

Looking for what? Good God, the man had pulled his hat down on his brows!—No! The hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where the feathers, three white; two green! Not there! In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead—his eyes—his shading hand! Was the bed moving?

I turned on my back, and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? or, was the top of the bed really moving down sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly, right down throughout the whole of its length and breadth—right down upon me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still; a deadly, paralyzing coldness stole all over me, as I turned my head round on the pillow, and determined to test whether the bed-top was really moving, or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture. The next look in that direction was enough. The dull, black, frowsy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked breathlessly. And steadily and slowly—very slowly—I saw the figure, and the line of frame below the figure, vanish, as the valance moved down before it.

I am constitutionally, anything but timid. I have been, on more than one occasion, in peril of my life, and have not lost my self-possession for an instant; but, when the conviction first settled on my mind that the bed-top was really moving, was steadily and continuously sinking down upon me, I looked up for one awful minute, or more, shuddering, helpless panic-stricken, beneath the hideous machinery for murder, which was advancing closer and closer to suffocate me where I lay.

Then the instinct of self-preservation came, and nerved me to save my life, while there was yet time. I got out of bed very quietly, and quickly dressed myself again in my upper clothing. The candle, fully spent, went out. I sat down in the arm-chair that stood near, and watched the bed-top slowly descending. I was literally spell bound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it. The whole life in me, was at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended—the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down—down—close down; so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the bed-top and the bed. I felt at the sides, and discovered that what had appeared to me, from beneath, to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed was in reality a thick, broad mattress, the substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked up and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bed-top was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked its way down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the substance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down; there was now not the faintest sound from the room above. Amid a dead and awful silence I beheld before me—in the nineteenth century, and in the civilised capital of France—such a machine for secret murder by suffocation, as might have existed in the worst days of the Inquisition, in the lonely fens among the Hartz Mountains, in the mysterious tribunals of Westphalia! Still, as I looked on it, I could not move, I could hardly breathe; but I began to recover the power of thinking, and, in a moment I discovered the murderous conspiracy framed against me, in all its horror.

My cup of coffee had been drugged, and drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered, by having taken an overdose of some narcotic. How I had chafed and fretted at the fever fit which had preserved my life by keeping me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep, by the surest and most horrible contrivances for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep, in that bed; and never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered as I thought of it.

But, ere long, all thought was again suspended by the sight of the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed—as nearly as I could guess—about ten minutes it began to move up again. The villains, who worked it from above, evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently as it had descended, that horrible bed-top rose towards its former place. When it reached the upper extremities of the four posts, it reached the ceiling too. Neither hole nor screw could be seen—the bed became, in appearance, an ordinary bed again, the canopy, an ordinary canopy, even to the most suspicious eyes.

Now, for the first time, I was able to move, to rise from my chair, to consider of how I should escape. If I betrayed, by the smallest noise, that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened intently, looking towards the door. Not a footstep in the passage outside, no sound of a tread, light or heavy, in the room above—absolute silence everywhere. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold, as I thought what its contents might be) without making some disturbance, was impossible; and moreover, to think of escaping through the house, now barred-up for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me—the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

My bedroom was on the first floor, above an *entresol*, and looked into the back street, which you have sketched in your view. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair's-breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a House of Murder—if any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was, perhaps, a lost man! It must have occupied me at least five minutes, reckoning by time—five hours, reckoning by suspense—to open that window. I suc-

ceeded in doing it silently, in doing it with all the dexterity of a house-breaker; and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me, would be almost certain destruction! Next, I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side, ran the thick water-pipe which you have drawn—it passed close to the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe, I knew I was saved: my breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me!

To some men, the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough—to me the prospect of slipping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril. I had always been accustomed, by the practice of gymnastics, to keep up my schoolboy powers as a daring and expert climber; and I knew that my head, hands, and feet would serve me faithfully in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had already got one leg over the window-sill, when I remembered the handkerchief, filled with money, under my pillow. I could well have afforded to leave it behind me; but I was revengingly determined that the miscreants of the gambling-house should miss their plunder as well as their victim. So I went back to the bed, and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat. Just as I had made it tight, and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard a sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. Not a dead silence still in the passage—I had only heard the night air blowing softly into the room. The next moment, I was on the window-sill—and the next I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off, at the top of my speed, to a branch "Prefecture" of Police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighbourhood. A "Sub-Prefect" and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, mulling, I believe, some scheme for discovering the perpetrator of a mysterious murder, which all Paris was talking of just then. When I began my story, in a breathless hurry and in very bad French. I could see that the Sub-Prefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman, who had robbed somebody, but he soon altered his opinion, as I went on; and before I had anything like concluded, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, put on his hat, supplied me with another (for I was bare-headed), ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors and ripping-up brick flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house. I will venture to say, that when the Sub-Prefect was a little boy, and was taken for the first time to the Play, he was not half as much pleased as he was now at the job in prospect for him at the "Gambling House."

Away we went through the streets, the Sub-Prefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath, as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus*. Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the gambling-house the moment we got to it; a tremendous battery of knocks, was directed against the door; a light appeared at a window; I waited to conceal myself behind the police—then came more knocks and a cry of "Open in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons, bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand, and the moment after, the Sub-Prefect was in the passage, confronting a walter, half-dressed and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place.

"We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house?"

"He went away hours ago."

"He did no such thing. His friend went away; he remained. Show us to his bedroom!"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-Prefet he is not here! he—"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Garçon, he is. He slept here—he didn't find your bed comfortable—he came to us to complain of it—here he is among my men—and here am I, ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Pican! (calling to one of his subordinates, and pointing to the waiter) collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk up stairs!"

Every man and woman in the house was secured—the "Old Soldier," the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept; and then we went into the room above. No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The Sub-Prefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep rastered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron, thickly greased; and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled—levers covered with felt—all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with internal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below—and, when taken to pieces again, to go into the smallest possible compass, were next discovered, and pulled out on the floor. After some little difficulty, the Sub-Prefect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered; but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the Sub-Prefect, his answer, simple as it was had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time—the men whose money you won, were in better practice."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents—every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The Sub-Prefect, after taking down my "process-verbal" in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother me?"

I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue, answered the Sub-Prefect, "in whose pocket books were found letters, stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost everything at the gaming-table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that you entered? I won as you won? I took that bed as you took it? I slept in it, were smothered in it? and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pocket-books? No man can say how many, or how few, have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead machinery a secret from us—even from the police! The dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good night, or rather good morning, Monsieur Faulkner! Be at my office again at nine o'clock—in meantime, au revoir!"

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined, and re-examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched all through from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty made a confession. I discovered that the Old Soldier was the master of the gambling-house—justice discovered that he had been drummed out of the army, as a vagabond, some years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since; that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew anything of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply as thieves and vagabonds. As for the Old Soldier and his two head-myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drug-

ged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants of the gambling-house were considered "suspicious," and placed under "surveillance;" and I became, for one whole week (which is a long time), the head "lion" in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatised by three illustrious playmakers, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling-house belstead.

Two good results were produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved. In the first place it helped to justify the Government in forthwith carrying out their determination to put down all gambling-houses; in the second place, it cured me of ever trying "Rouge et Noir" as an amusement. The sight of a green cloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be for ever associated in my mind with a bed-canopy descending to suffocate me, in the silence and darkness of the night."

Just as Mr. Faulkner pronounced the last words, he started in his chair, and assumed a stiff, dignified position, in a great hurry. "Bless my soul!" cried he—with a comic look of astonishment and vexation—"while I have been telling you what is the real secret of my interest in the sketch you have so kindly given to me, I have altogether forgotten that I came here to sit for my portrait. For the last hour or more, I must have been the worst model you ever had to paint from!"

"On the contrary, you have been the best," said I. "I have been painting from your expression; and while telling your story, you have unconsciously shown me the natural expression I wanted."

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, JUNE 19, 1852.

### ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

In the Art Journal, for May, we have an account of the twenty-sixth Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, an Institution founded in 1825 by a number of Scottish artists. In 1838 the Association received a Royal Charter of Incorporation, and was constituted the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. The membership was to be restricted to Artists by profession, of high reputation in their several professions, settled and resident in Scotland at the date of their respective elections, and not to be members of any other Society of Artists established in Edinburgh. The charter also ordains that there shall be an annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and designs, in which, all Artists of distinguished merit may be permitted to exhibit their works,—to continue open six weeks or longer. It also ordains that so soon as the funds of the academy permit, professors of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Perspective and Anatomy, shall be elected; and that there shall be schools to provide the means of studying the human form, with respect both to anatomical knowledge and taste of design, to consist of two departments—one appropriated to the study of the remains of ancient sculptures, and the other to

the study of living models. The first president of this Institution was Mr. George Wilson, a portrait painter; the second, Sir William Allan, R. A.; the third and present, Sir John Watson Gordon, R. A. The Society has already a fine collection of works of Art, and in spite of the difficulties with which it has had to contend, has funded upwards of £10,000, and intends to increase it to £20,000, as an endowment for pensions to aged members and widows of members of the academy in all time to come. A valuable library is also in course of formation. Great exertions have been made by the Honorable Board of Manufacturers for Scotland, to render the Schools of Design in Edinburgh in all respects imitative schools of Fine Art in Scotland; and Sir John W. Gordon, D. O. Hill, and John Steel, Esqs., three members of the academy, have been appointed by the Queen, correspondents of these boards, and it is presumed their influence will be beneficial towards the improvement of Artistic education. Such is the initiative of this Association, of which the Art Journal says "There is perhaps no Institution in these Kingdoms that gives so good proof of vitality as the Royal Academy of Arts in Scotland—or so strong an assurance of that on-progress, which cannot fail to confer honour upon a country always famous for energy and industry, and renowned for its frequent association of labour with genius. . . . The highest and most popular names of British Art have been those of Scottish men, and even to-day the list of the British Royal Academy would be sadly shorn of its honours if the names of its Scottish members were abstracted from it. Already this Scottish Academy takes rank among the best Institutions of Europe, and among its members are some who might bear the palm from all competitors in more than one branch of art. It at present consists of thirty members, and seventeen associates; and their Exhibition this year contains nearly seven hundred works." We have spent many pleasant hours in these Annual Exhibitions, while luxuriating in delight amid the brilliant conceptions of genius, and the exquisite elaborations of art; and now in our adopted home, in this, the Edinburgh of Canada, we hope yet to realize, in the efforts and productions of "The Canadian Institute," a few scintillations of that electric impulse, which has crowned with excellence the industry and energy of that more ancient seat of learning and renown. A notice of the principal works in this exhibition, even, although interesting to many of our readers, would be out of place here, as we have no means of making a personal inspection. There is one artist, however, whose fame we cannot omit to sound. Suffice it to say, that at the head of Art in Scotland, and as certainly at the head of his own particular art in Great Britain stands Sir John Watson Gordon, P. R. S. A.—Of him the Art Journal says "There is, of a surety, no living painter, who, can so happily, as Watson Gordon, convey to canvass the mind as well as the features of a man of intellect." Some years ago, along with a mutual friend, we visited a private museum of antiquities, kept in a room of a neat Gothic Cottage, the family residence of Joseph Paton, a pattern drawer for the Dumfermline Damask Weavers. At that time, the eldest son, a lively young lad, assisted his father in displaying the various curiosities which an eccentric fancy had collected. There was nothing peculiar about the lad, further, than, that his father said he was a clever boy. A few years afterwards, the same lad made an engagement with an extensive Muslin Warehouse in George Street, Paisley, in the capacity of what is termed in the West a Flower Drawer. Here he continued upwards of a twelvemonth, but it would seem that the latent genius struggled to be free. He proceeded to London and thence to the Continent, where he spent some time, and again returned to the old royal burgh of Dumfermline, within whose hallowed cloister, repose the ashes of "The Bruce of Bannockburn." The light of genius still illumines that ancient royal seat,—the shelter and the home of the virtuous, beautiful, and sainted Margaret, whose name is there still held in

hallowed remembrance—and the radiance from that light is already widely dispersed. The Art Journal says:—

There can be no second opinion as to the Artist who will take rank next to the President, Noel Paton, Esq. R. S. A., contributes but two works. These are, however, amply sufficient to sustain a reputation already classing with that of the highest of the age. This artist has not yet exhibited in London—not publicly, that is to say—for circumstances have made some of his productions known to his professional brethren, and the respect in which he is held in London, is hardly less than he has obtained in Edinburgh. The works now exhibited are, first "Dante meditating the Epistle of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta," and an illustration of that passage in the "Ere of St Agnes" which describes the escape of the Youth and Maiden. Both are exquisite in conception and in execution. The first named is especially beautiful—touching in the extreme; recalling to memory the mournful story, and adding to it all the interest it can derive from Art. This exquisite work may range side by side with the best productions of modern times. The "Escape," if less pure and holy in feeling is equally good in finish, grouping, and drawing; and both works do honour to the School of which the accomplished artist is one of the youngest members."

We transcribe these lines with feelings of the purest and most hallowed pleasure. How forcible are the words of Pope,—

Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Here is a youth, reared in a small, but, ancient city in the west corner of Fife. The place is famed chiefly for its table linen, and damasks. His father holds a respectable position in society, although that position,—when last we saw him, at least—was maintained by his daily industry as a pattern drawer. He had, however, rendered himself somewhat famous for a little eccentricity of habit, and a decided predilection for the collection of antiquities. The son is reared at home and follows the calling of his father until of an age to take a situation as designer in a large establishment in Paisley, and now, although one of the youngest members of the Royal Academy his reputation as an Artist already classes with that of the highest of the age. If such proficiency, has been already attained, what may we not expect from a few years more experience if the mind be kept pure. But he stands not alone in the family. His sister, Miss Atneila Paton stands high as an Artist, and is also favourably known in literary circles.

### SAND.

While on an entomological excursion to the Peninsula last week; I took the range of the Lake shore, as I considered it to be, especially at this season of the year, an excellent locality for collecting Coleopterous insects. In my walk, my attention was very much taken up with two different strata of sand, forced up by strong southerly winds,—one consisting of a mixture of pretty, red, pink, and clear crystal pebble,—the other altogether clear crystals. I selected a small quantity of each, and having placed them under the microscope, I found them quite transparent, in truth, extremely beautiful. Now, I do not hesitate to say, that this sand, so abundant on the Peninsula, is of the very best quality for the manufacture of glass of all kinds, and would, I am satisfied, pay a company well in manufacturing it into glass. The time is not distant, I hope, when Canada will be quite independent as regards the importation of glass and earthenware from other countries; as we have abundance of natural resources within the province. C.

## Literary Notices.

**MEYER'S UNIVERSUM.**—New York. Hermann J Meyer.

This is the first number of a publication to be issued in New York, in semi-monthly parts, at 1s. 3d. a number. It is to be illustrated with engravings, from drawings by the first artists, with descriptive and historical texts by eminent writers, and edited by Charles A. Dana. The *Universum* has been established in Germany for years, and in commencing the issue of the work in America, the publisher has made preparations to present it in such a form as will meet the requirements of the American public. For above a year past, artists have been engaged in exploring the most romantic regions of the States, Canada, and Central America for this work, and the engravers are now occupied with upwards of one hundred views of North American scenery alone. It is to be published on the 1st and 15th of each month—each number to contain four steel engravings, with about twenty pages of letter press. The present number contains a view of Niagara Falls—(Horse-shoe Falls) The Tower of London—Hohenasberg—The Fortress for State Prisoners in the kingdom of Wurtemberg—and Fingal's Cave.

**EDINBURGH REVIEW.**—April, New York, LEONARD & Scott. Toronto, T. Maclear.

**DAYS OF BRUCE.**—A Story from Scottish History, by Grace Aguilar, 2 vols., New York, D. Appleton & Co. Toronto, T. Maclear.

**PAPERS FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.**—Appleton's Popular Library. Toronto, T. Maclear.

**APPLETON'S MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE.**—June. Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.

**BURNS' COMPLETE WORKS,** Vol. 2., New York, Harper & Brothers. Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.

## Natural History.

A large white-headed male Eagle, which, with its mate is stated by the Portland Advertiser to have inhabited "Dole's Woods," at Stroudwater, and reared their young year after year, for the last forty or fifty years past, was shot a few days ago by a person living in that vicinity. It had become of late very ferocious, and had carried off two lambs,—and turkeys, geese, and chickens, without stint; and fearing that some child might be attacked and carried off by it, one of the owners of the wood reluctantly consented to have it shot. The female bird having absented herself for some time, after the fate of her partner, has returned in company with two rival suitors to view her old abode, so that in all probability one or other of them will be installed as supreme of the domain.

### ANECDOTE OF THE DOG.

Mr. Kidd in his Essay on Instinct and Reason, tells a very good anecdote of a dog which he seems to have trained with great care, and which by the retentiveness of its memory relieved its master from a position which would otherwise have been unhappy. Mr. Kidd's dog, Dash, was once stolen from him, and after an absence of thirteen months, one day entered his office in town with a long string tied round its neck; it had broken away from the fellow who held it a pris-

oner. Mr. Kidd discovered the thief, had him apprehended, and taken before a magistrate. The culprit with the greatest complacency swore that the dog was his, and called witnesses to bear him out. This was rather a fix, but the oath of such characters is about as valuable as their word. The magistrate, Mr. Twyford, asked Mr. Kidd if he could give them any satisfactory proof of the dog being his property. Mr. Kidd placed his mouth to the dog's ear,—first giving him a knowing look,—and whispering a little masonic communication, known to their two selves only. "Dash" immediately reared up on his hind legs, and went through a series of gymnastic manoeuvres with a stick, guided meanwhile by Mr. Kidd's eye, which set the whole court in a roar. The evidence needed no further corroboration; the thief stood committed; "Dash" was liberated, and amidst the cheers of the multitude bounded merrily homeward.

### TO MAKE CANARIES FAMILIAR.

If you wish—as all who truly love birds must wish—to make your "pet" familiar, give them every now and then a small quantity of yolk of egg, boiled hard; and a small quantity of "Clifford's German paste," mixed with a stale sponge cake. Put this, lovingly, into a little "exclusive" tin pan, fitted into a sly corner of the cage, and the treat will have a double charm. These innocent little creatures love to flirt with any nice pickings thus mysteriously conveyed to them; and they will keep on chattering to you in a language of their own, for many minutes, while viewing the operations in which you are actively engaged for their particular benefit.—*Kidd's Own Journal.*

## Agriculture.

### FARM WORK FOR JUNE.

June, named from Juno, the fabled Goddess of beauty, is one replete with interest to the farmer, not alone for its universal beauty but for its prestige of his future hopes. Seed time has passed:—fructification is taking place, and as is this month, so usually is his harvest. It is not only a month of interest, but it is a month of labor. He has planted his seed, it has put forth, and now its young shoots must be cared for. The main instruments of his care, are the cultivator and the hoe. Both of these instruments have the same object, and the use of both may be called,

### HOEING.

The objects are, to destroy the weeds; to keep the soil loose and porous; and to surround the young plants with fresh and nourishing earth.

In all soils, and especially in rich soils, if it were not for the use of the hoe, a luxuriant growth of weeds would spring up, and draw the nourishment from the cultivated plants, and thus "choke up" or injure them. Frequent hoeing destroys these weeds and nothing but the hoe, with the frequent use of the fingers, will do it. And here let us remark, that the man who has fingers too delicate for frequent use upon weeds, stones and dirt, may make a gentleman farmer, but can never make a practical farmer.

At the time of hoeing your corn or potatoes, put a handful of wood ashes or plaster of Paris upon each hill. A mixture of both is preferred by some. If the weather be very dry, the ashes or plaster should be applied before hoeing, so that they may be covered by the earth, and thus their fertilizing qualities be preserved from the sun and air.

Hoeing or using the cultivator among growing vegetables, that admit of such use, keeps the ground porous; and gives freedom for the extension of the roots and fibres of the plants in all directions, after their proper nourishment. And no one, farmer or gardener, should be afraid of deep hoeing; that is, when the plants are young, and their roots and fibres not extended; but after

plants have got considerable growth, and their roots and fibres have become extended in all directions; then the hoeing should be on the surface and not deep, as deep-hoeing at such times, will cut and otherwise injure the roots. Deep hoeing, the better keeps up that fermentation in the soil, which promotes the growth of plants by forming their appropriate food. Besides, if the soil be kept well pulverized, it absorbs all moisture, whether from dews or rains, and thus preserves their nourishing qualities, which would otherwise pass off upon the compact soil into the gutters, and thus afford no nourishment. In addition, it is the fact, that frequent stirring the soil, brings to the plants fresh soil, which imparts to them a fresh supply of their appropriate nutriment; a supply that will stand them in need during the scorching days of June and July.

So let no farmer be sparing of the hoe or cultivator.

### HAYING.

Then in June "haying" commences. Thick, heavy grass should be mown first, as that is liable to " lodge." Then take the next heaviest, and so on, reserving the thin to the last; unless it is becoming "too ripe," or dry and wiry, when the sooner it is mown, the better. "When a second crop" is calculated upon, the first crop should be taken earlier. The ground should be mown clean and even, and then the hay should be properly made. It should remain upon the ground while it is properly cured, not while its good qualities are roasted out of it, in a burning sun! Some farmers, not content with curing their hay, scorch it until it will crumble to chaff. More hay is thus injured, than by burning it when too green. Good hay-making consists in rendering the cut grass so dry as not to heat too much in the mow, and at the same time to preserve as much as possible the natural juices of the grass.

In England, farmers barn their hay much sooner after cutting than we do in this country, and to preserve it from over heat, they place upon the scaffolding, first a layer of fresh hay and then a thin layer of straw, and thus on until the mow is completed. The straw absorbs the damp exhalations of the new hay, becomes impregnated with them, and thus preserves the mow, and at the same time, the straw thus used, is eaten by the cattle with great avidity. Others use their old hay as a substitute for the straw, and thus better the condition of both old and new. Others still, sprinkle salt upon the hay, as they stow it away in the mow. From four to eight quarts to a ton is sufficient, and this quantity will not only preserve hay in a green state, but it adds to its quality by rendering more of it palatable to cattle.

As to curing clover, a diversity of opinion prevails. Some say that it should remain in the swath till it dries to two thirds of its thickness,—then turned over without spreading, suffered to dry a little, and then be banded; in a word, that clover should be stirred as little as possible, before it is put under cover. Others recommend to let the "spreader" follow the "mower," make the hay as soon as possible, and get it into the bars before the leaves crumble. Others still, spread, rake and put into cocks as soon as possible; let it remain in the cock over night, or until it "makes" and then barn it.

Now these methods are to be used according to circumstances. In fair weather, spread the swaths, but if lowery or variable, let the grass remain in the swath until half dry, then turn it over, without spreading, and after drying awhile, get it in—if rain comes; or put it in cocks if fair. If salt is used, four to eight quarts to the ton, it matters but little which method is pursued.

Speaking of salt reminds us that cattle and sheep running in fresh grass, stand in particular need of salt in the fore part of summer; and no good husbandman will neglect to deal this condition out to them occasionally. There can be no doubt that it is highly advantageous to them.

Look to the garden; keep it from weeds and stir well the soil about the plants. See to your

vines. Don't let too many plants remain in a hill. Plant cucumbers up to July; if you like them for your own table; or would raise them for the market; or would have plenty for pickles. Cucumbers and melons should not be nearer in the hill, than four or five feet; two plants, and three at farthest are enough in a hill. Some gardeners say less even, and that they should be farther apart. But this of course must be when there is plenty of ground. Soap suds sprinkled or forced upon your vines with a syringe, besides making them grow, will preserve them from insects. Strong soap suds are most excellent, applied to trees, they keep the bark clean, and kill the insects that infest them.—*Farmer's Monthly Visitor*.

### Oriental Sayings.

A certain Persian king was about to put to death, in the heat of the moment, one of his slaves. The poor wretch, in a state of fright and desperation, began to abuse the king, making use of the most violent language against his lord and master,—in his own dialect, however—as it is said, when a man is desperate, he will give freedom to his tongue, like as a cat at bay will fly at a dog. The king not understanding what the slave said, asked one of his nobles, who was a good and well disposed man, and who replied, O my lord and king, the slave said, that paradise was for such as at all times suppress their anger, and are forgiving to their fellow creatures, for God will always befriend and reward the benevolent. The king on hearing this, was struck with the force of the words of the slave, and not only desisted from shedding his blood, but pardoned him entirely. Another one of his nobles, who also stood by, but who was not so well disposed, and a rival of the former, said, that it was highly wrong for ministers of state to make use of, in the presence of the King, any language which is not strictly in accordance with truth; this slave, said he, abused the King and said many harsh things of his majesty. But the King turned indignantly away at this remark, and said, I was better pleased with his falsehood than with this truth which you have told, for his ore the face of good feeling but yours is founded in malignity;—well have our wise men said, that a peace-mingling falsehood is preferable to a mischief-making truth. R.

It has been written over the portico of the palace of an eastern prince "This world, O brother, abides with none, therefore, set thy heart upon its maker, nor rest thy hope and support upon a worldly domain which has indeed fostered and slain many such as thou art. As the precious soul must leave its earthly tabernacle, what matters whether it parts from the throne or from a humble place. R.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE LAST OF THE JACOBITES.

Janet Munro, or M'Kenzie, departed this life at Atness, in Ross-shire, on the 18th ult., and was interred in the burying-ground of Rosekean on the 19th. If we are not misinformed, Janet, at the period of her decease, was the oldest woman in Scotland, if not in Great Britain, for she was at least 110 years of age, and there is reason to believe that she was even more. She had a child's recollection of the great national event of the battle of Culloden, and from many of her nearest relations, the Munros and M'Kenzies, having been "out" in that romantic and daring enterprise, she could detail a whole catalogue of curious incidents connected with these eventful times, which, from her retired mode of life and

comparatively remote residence, never found their way into print. In Janet Munro we believe there has passed away the last inhabitant of Scotland who was alive when Charles Edward held state in Holyrood, or skulked as a hunted deer amongst the Western Isles. She was a staunch Jacobite till her dying day, and was, we have no doubt, the last individual in the British dominions who conscientiously believed that Her Majesty held the crown by an unlawful tenure. It is strange to think of what has passed during the five score years and ten which have elapsed since this venerable erone was christened. She was in the prime of life when the United States of America were English colonies; she was become elderly before Napoleon gained his first battle, and she had elapsed into old age before steamers or locomotives on railways were heard of. Janet belonged to the respectable class of small farmers; she was a woman of unblemished character, and was a widow for the period of 43 years. She retained till her last moments the exercise of her mental faculties, and previous to her last illness could read the smallest print with the unaided eye.—*Glasgow Herald*.

#### ALLEGED ADULTERATION OF PALE ALES BY STRYCHNINE.

A report has recently been made upon this subject by Professors Graham and Hofmann, who arrive at the comforting conclusion that the charge of adulteration is unfounded, and that the bitter beer drinker may dismiss all fears of being poisoned some day while quietly enjoying his favourite beverage. The learned professors, it appears, entered on the enquiry at the request of Mr. Allsopp, the well-known brewer. They state that the quantity of strychnine necessary to impart the degree of bitterness possessed by pale ales would be one grain, or twice the amount of a fatal dose, for a gallon, and that 16,448 ounces would therefore be required for the 900,000 barrels annually produced at Burton, while the total manufacture of strychnine over the whole world is under 1,000 oz. There appears to be a marked difference in the bitter taste of the poison and of the hop, the former being less instantaneous in its effect upon the palate, and from its persistence resembling a metallic salt; the latter being aromatic and soon passing off. The report shows that strychnine can be tested and recognised to within the 1-1,000th of a grain. To these main facts is added a careful analysis of a series of samples taken indiscriminately from the stores of a considerable number of the London bottlers supplied with Allsopp's ale. This analysis gave not the slightest evidence of the presence of strychnine. The report states that the charge of adulteration was not intended to apply to the present practice of English brewers, and with reference to anterior times reposes simply and exclusively upon the privately expressed opinion of a deceased chemist, "the grounds of which are entirely unknown to the world." It points out that if mere biters were all that was required in the manufacture of pale ale, the extract of quassia would supply one which was perfectly harmless and agreeable, and infinitely less expensive than strychnine. Finally, the learned professors say that this poison being known to accumulate in the system, and its action being indicated by violent tetanic symptoms, if used in the way alleged, the fact must long ago have been detected. This investigation, therefore, may be taken as conclusive with reference to the charge, not only in respect to Mr. Allsopp's bitter ales, but those of all the other great brewers.—*Times*.

#### STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and, therefore, 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three

complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, not has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose to much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute, the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound, 1,122 English feet in a second.—*Duck*.

#### REVENGEFUL SAGACITY.

There is, says the Cincinnati Commercial, a gentleman at the Broadway Hotel who owns quite a handsome pointer dog, which has recently given rare evidence of sagacity, and displayed a retaliatory spirit that one would think could not be found in any grade of creation below that of man. Some months since, his master, Mr. N., whipped him with an umbrella. Shortly after this Mr. N. discovered that he was compelled to either buy or borrow an umbrella whenever the condition of the weather required him to carry one, and many is the friend who has suffered his imprecations on that account but most unjustly. Accident at length disclosed the real thief. Mr. N. having occasion to examine the place where his dog quartered, found there the fragments of three umbrellas of his own, chewed and torn past redemption, besides some remnants of three or four belonging to other people. The dog, of course, had to go through the castigatory mill again, but to no purpose; his hostility to umbrellas was firmly implanted in his revengeful bosom, and it could not be hammered out of him. Yes! Mr. N. had occasion to go into Mr. Wolfe's umbrella store on Broadway, followed by his dog, and no sooner did the eyes of the animal fall upon a rack of umbrellas, than he made a plunge at it, seized a fine silk one, and nearly stripped it of its covering before he could be driven away. By the most vigorous efforts the dog was kicked out of doors, and the master left to foot the bill. If this sort of sagacity does not verge upon reason, we do not know what does; and it would not take much to convince us that that dog, apart from his revengeful antipathies, has, by some means been made to comprehend the outlawed and common stock position that umbrellas hold in society.

#### THE LARGEST CLIPPER IN THE WORLD.

Mr. McKay has now on the stocks at East Boston, a magnificent clipper ship, which will register about 2,300 tons. She is not only the largest merchant ship, but the sharpest and longest known at the present day, either building or afloat. Her ends are sharper than those of the Collins steamers, but she has great surface of floor, which is carried forward and aft, almost to the extremes, and will render her both buoyant and weatherly. In outline she is a perfect beauty. Her lines are concave, but as they ascend forward, above the load displacement line, become convex, to correspond with her outline on the rail. She is 240 feet long on the keel, and 265 feet over all; her extreme breadth of beam is 43½ feet, and depth 23 feet 3 inches, including 8 feet height between the decks. Her upper deck is without break, and on it are all her accommodations for officers and crew. She has a topgallant forecabin, a large house abaft the foremast, and a trunk cabin, built into a half poop 75 feet long, thus leaving all the space below for the stowage of cargo. She has been named the *Enoch Train* and she is already advertised to load in Messrs. Glidden & Co.'s line of California packets.—*Journal of Commerce*.

## Artists' Corner.

## TURNER, THE PAINTER, AT HIS STUDIES.

One day an invitation was given me by two friends to run along the coast of Borough or Bur Island, in the corner of Bighury Bay, within the Bolt-head. There was to be a winding-up for the season of a fishing account. The invitation was to a regale of hot lobsters; the fish, just taken from the sea, were plunged into boiling water, and thus dressed served up. Turner was invited to be of the party. The coast scenery was just to his taste; he was an excellent sailor. Captain Nicols, a fine old weather-beaten tar—long gone to his account—owned a Dutch boat, a famous sea-going craft, with the usual outriggers. Turner, and an artist named Demaria, Captain Nicols, and a military officer in a new suit of scarlet, made four of the party, which numbered six in all. There was also a stout sailor boy to assist in managing the boat. The morning did not look very propitious; there was a heavy sea rolling into the Sound, and the wind rising. The sea had that dirty perturbed appearance which is sometimes the forerunner as well as the follower of a gale. We worked out into the Sound, where the breakwater had been just commenced, keeping towards Penlee and Ramehead, to obtain an oiling. As soon as we saw we were clear of the nearer headlands on the east, we got well off the land, and while still running to the eastward the sea rose higher. Off Stoke's-point it became very boisterous, but our boat mounted the ridges bravely. The seas in that part of the Channel, not broken so much as farther up, are generally a succession of regular furrows from the Atlantic. We had to run about 15 miles. Turner looked on with most artistic watchfulness. When we were on the crest of a wave, he now and then articulated to myself—for we were sitting side by side—"That's fine!—fine!" Demaria was very ill, and art driven out of his head; the soldier was groaning and spoiling his scarlet coat, extended upon the rusty ballast in the bottom of the boat. Indeed, he wanted to fling himself overboard, and would have done so had he not been withheld. Turner sat watching the waves and the headlands, "like Atlas unrecovered." When we were off the island, and saw the sea breaking upon it, there seemed no possibility of our landing, the line of white surf being connected and unbroken. There was a river called the Avon within the island, running up the main; we made towards it, and getting under the lee of the island, landed without much difficulty, with a little wetting. All this time I could see Turner silently glancing over the boisterous scene. The little island and solitary house or hut upon it, in the bight of which they lay, and the Bolt-head stretching darkly to seaward, against the precipitous rocky shore of which the sea broke furiously—all formed a striking scene, and Turner thought so. While the unfortunate shell-fish were preparing to be seethed, I missed Turner and found him with a pencil and small book near the summit of the island. I observed, too, he was writing rather than drawing. The tumultuous waves boiling below were seen to great advantage from thence. I imagined he had observed something novel in their appearance, but this, whatever it might be, I did not comprehend.—*Frasier's Magazine.*

## Varieties.

LEARNING, like a river, beginneth in a little stream.

DEEM EVERY day of your life a page in your history.

WE INCREASE our wealth when we lessen our desires.

GET JUSTLY, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly.

ADVERSITY borrows its sharpest sting from our own impatience.

OF ALL PLEASURES those are the most valuable which lie in the mind.

NEGLECTANCE is the rust of the soul, and corrodes her best resolutions.

WHERE REASON rules, appetito obeys; where appetite commands, the pocket pays.

IF YOU WOULD rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur which barks at you as you pass along.

WISE MEN are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature.—*Cicero.*

"MOTHER, send me for the doctor." "Why, my son!" "Cause that man in the parlour is going to die—he says he would if sister Jane would not marry him—and Jane said she wouldn't."

WEALTH, HONOR, AND FAVOR, may come upon a man by chance; nay! they may be cast upon him without so much as looking after them; but virtue is the work of industry and labour; and certainly it is worth the while to purchase that good which brings all others along with it.—*Seneca.*

A YOUNG LADY from the country being invited to a party, was told by a country cousin to fix up and put her best foot foremost, in order to catch a beau, "she looked so green in her country attire." The country lass looked comically into the face of her rather faded relative, and replied "better green than withered."

AS THE SUN does not wait for prayers and incantations to be prevailed upon to rise, but immediately shines forth, and is received with universal salutation; so neither do you wait for applauses, shouts, and praises, in order to do good; but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.—*Fragments of Epictetus.*

WHEN THE MERCHANTS of Breslau once applied to Frederick the Great for "protection" against the ruinous competition of the Jewish dealers, the monarch asked how the Jews managed to draw business into their hands. The answer was, that they were up early and late, always travelling about, lived very economically, and were contented with small gains on rapid returns. "Very well," said the enlightened monarch, "go and be Jews too in the conduct of your business."

CULTIVATE A GENIAL NATURE.—Really it is disgraceful that men are so ill-taught and unprepared for social life as they are, often turning their best energies, their acquisitions, and their special advantages, into means of annoyance to those with whom they live. Some day it will be found out, that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.—I lately happened to notice, with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to a rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being thrown, whether by cruelty, injustice or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigour or spirit, and is not in the debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which appears like a new faculty.—*Foster.*

THE SEA.—The largest of all cemeteries is the sea, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small,

the rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unshorn, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea shall give up its dead.

## Biographical Calendar.

A. D.		
June 13	1483	Lord Hastings, beheaded.
	1752	Madame d'Arblay (Miss Burney), born.
" 14	1662	Sir Henry Vane, beheaded.
	1800	General Kleber, assassinated.
" 15	1844	Thomas Campbell, died.
	1722	Duke of Marlborough, died.
" 16	1752	Bishop Butler, died.
	1696	John Sobieski, King of Poland, died.
" 17	1703	Rev. John Wesley, born.
	1719	Joseph Addison, died.
" 18	1731	Marshal Villars, died.
	1825	William Cobbett, died.
" 18	1815	Rev. R. H. Barham, died.
	1783	Lord Langdale, born.
" 19	1566	James VI. of Scotland, born.
	1623	Blaise Pascal, born.
" 19	1764	Sir John Barrow, born.
	1820	Sir Joseph Banks, died.

Thomas Campbell, L. L. D., an eminent poet, was the son of a highly intelligent and respectable Scotch merchant, who gave him an excellent education at Glasgow, where he greatly distinguished himself. A translation of his, from Aristophanes was pronounced by the best judges to be the finest colloquio exercise they had ever seen; and, when little more than thirteen, he won a bursary in his college from a competitor nearly double his age. Leaving Glasgow at an early age, he settled in Edinburgh as a private tutor; and here, when only in his twenty-second year, he published "The Pleasures of Hope," by all judges allowed to be one of the most elegant poems in our language. The success of this work was such as to allow of his making a tour on the Continent, whence he gave the world these splendid lyrics "Ye Mariners of England," "The Exile of Erin," and "Hohenlinden." At the battle of Hohenlinden he was so near, that he could see the returning conquerors wiping their blood-stained sabres upon their horse's manes. He now married and settled in London, employing himself not only in the occasional composition of poetry, but also in the hard literary drudgery of mere compilation. Here he published "Gertrude of Wyoming," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," &c., and was engaged by Mr. Murray to write the admirable and well-known "Critical Essays and Specimens." Subsequently he edited the New Monthly and the Metropolitan Magazines, and published "Theodoric," a poem, besides editing some few reprints and compilations. Early in his career he was relieved from the absolute want which too often stings genius into imprudence, by the kindness of Charles Fox, who put him on the pension list for £200 per annum. His health having for some years been feeble, he retired to Boulogne in 1843, and died there June 15, 1844, aged 67. His remains were conveyed to England, and rest in Westminster Abbey.—*Aluquis.*

**The Quoths' Department.**

**GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA, No. IX.**

I am composed of eleven letters.  
 My 7, 2, 3, 4, 5, was a celebrated Phrygian.  
 My 3, 1, 7, 2, is a word signifying a minute particle.  
 My 5, 6, 7, is an article in daily use.  
 My 3, 9, 11, 5, is a substance composed of oil and Alkali.  
 My 5, 8, 7, 6, 6, 3, is an island on the coast of Asia Minor.  
 My 5, 11, 7, 2, is a word signifying the head.  
 My 3, 2, 8, 7, is a kind of fuel.  
 My 10, 4, 7, 11, is the name of a letter in the Greek alphabet.  
 My 11, 3, 5, is a kind of serpent.  
 My whole is the ancient name of a country in Asia.

FRANCIS NISBET.

**ENIGMA.**

I am composed of six letters.  
 My 6, 1, 5, 4 is smooth and slippery.  
 My 4, 2, 1, 3 is part of a bird.  
 My 1, 3, 6 is something universal, which may be seen every where.  
 My 6, 5, 1, 1 is a measure of capacity.  
 My 3, 4, 4 is a change of the tide.  
 My 6, 2, 4, 3 is used in sarcasm.  
 My 2, 1, 1 is not good.  
 My 6, 1, 3, 3 is expressive of great joy.  
 My 4, 3, 1, 1 is used to alarm, to call, and to welcome.  
 My whole is the name of a distinguished German.  
 Yorkville, June, 1852. R. H. C.

**YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.**

Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth, that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

**A TIGER STORY.**

The following remarkable escape has been mentioned in private letters, by the last mail from India. Two young officers Lieut. Hugh Elliot, of the Bombay cavalry, son of Capt. Charles Elliot, Governor of Bermuda, and Lieut. Rice, of the 25th, were out shooting, when they fell in with a tigress and two cubs. One cub was immediately killed, and the tigress wounded. They tracked her for half an hour into the jungle when she suddenly sprang out, knocked over Mr Elliot before he had time to cock his gun, and seizing him by the left arm, dragged him away. Mr. Rice had already discharged one gun when they attacked the tigress. He quickly got his second gun, but, from the extreme difficulty of firing without killing his friend could only aim at the body of the tigress, and though he wounded her again he then did not wound her mortally. With admirable resolution, he seized a third gun, and watching his opportunity till he could see Elliot's head apart from that of the tigress, shot her dead through the head, with his friend in her mouth. The officers were thirty miles from camp, and did not reach it for twenty hours. It is impossible to give too much credit to the skill and coolness of Lieut. Rice. Mr. Elliot's arm is badly wounded by the bite, as well as by the stones and rocks over which he was dragged but no fear is entertained for his life or his limb.

**Advertisements.**

**Fresh Arrivals of Groceries.**

THESE subscribers beg to call the attention of purchasers to their New Importations of  
**TEAS, TOBACCO, WINES,**  
 and General Groceries, (arriving daily,) all of which are offered low for cash or short credit.  
 JOHN YOUNG, Junr. & Co.  
 Hamilton, May 14, 1852.

**THE GREAT  
 BRITISH QUARTERLIES  
 AND  
 BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.**

Important Reduction in the Rates of Postage.

**LEONARD SCOTT & Co.,  
 No. 54 Gold St., New York,**

Continue to publish the following British Periodicals, viz.  
 THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative)  
 THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig)  
 THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church),  
 THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), and  
 BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory).

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.

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand conspicuously far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains the ancient celebrity, and in, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary romances, written for that magazine, and first appearing in his columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Cassara," and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Penitential Medal," "The Green Island," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers from the pages of Blackwood, after it has been issued by Messrs. Scott & Co., so that subscribers to the Reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the earliest reading of these fascinating tales.

**TERMS:**

For any one of the four Reviews . . .	Per ann.	\$3 00
For any two of the four Reviews . . .		5 00
For any three of the four Reviews . . .		7 00
For all four of the Reviews . . .		8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine . . .		2 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews . . .		9 00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews . . .		10 00

Payments in all cases to be made in advance.

**REDUCED POSTAGE.**

To Subscribers in Canada, residing near the Boundary Line, and receiving these Periodicals from an American Post Office, the Postage on a review will be 4 cents, and on Blackwood 9 cents per quarter, payable in advance. Remittances and communications should be always addressed, post paid, to the Publishers,

LEONARD SCOTT & Co.  
 79, Pall Mall Street, New York.  
 Entrance, 54, Gold Street.

M.B.—L. S. & Co. have recently published, and have now for sale, the "Farmer's Guide," by Henry Stephens of Edinburgh, and Prof. Norton of Yale College, New Haven, complete in 2 vols., royal octavo, containing 1620 pages, 14 steel and 600 wood engravings. Price, in muslin binding, \$6; in paper covers, for the mail, \$5.

TORONTO, O. W.:  
 THOMAS MACLEAR.

22-11

**New Dry Goods Establishment  
 AND  
 MILLINERY SHOW ROOM.**

**J. & W. McDONALD**

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

**DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT,**

No. 1, Elgin Buildings, 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, Elgin Buildings.

**PENNY READING ROOM!!**

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

**BRITISH AND AMERICAN,**

As follows, viz.:-

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

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

C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

G-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.

G-58



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

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

- Kitt's Daily Bible Illustrations.
- " Key to Symbols of Biblical Literature, 2 vols.
- " Popular Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature.
- De Foe's Biblical Literature.
- Hellström's History of the Church of Scotland.
- Monte's Kingdom of Christ.
- Whately's Kingdom of Christ and Errors of Romanism.
- Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises.
- Dick's Lectures on Theology.
- Hill's Lectures on Divinity.
- Life and Times of Calvin, 2 vols.
- United Presbyterian Fathers, 4 vols.
- McKerrow's History of the Reformation Church.
- Josephus.
- Milman's History of Christianity.
- Taylor's Loyals and Jesuits.
- " Apostolic History.
- Rale's Koran with Notes, &c., &c.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, 20 May, 1852.

**PIANO FORTES.**

THESE 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 Manufacturers of

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

which comprises all classes of Six, Six and a half and Seven Octave Pianos, from the plainest to the most highly finished.

A. & S. NORDHIMER,  
King-Street East.

Toronto, May 14th, 1852.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**

MESSRS A and S. NORDHIMER 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.

Saxhorns, Ophycleides, Cornopians, &c., which they offer at greatly reduced prices, and on liberal terms.

Best Roman and English Violin, Harp and Guitar Strings.

Toronto, May 14th, 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.

24-

THE Undersigned 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.

24-

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

SLADDEN & ROGERSON.

April 6, 1852.

24-

**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. 6d. to 17s. 6d.
- 3000 " " Boys' " 5s. 7d. to 10s. 6d.
- 10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys', Brogans, 3s. to 10s.
- 6000 " Ladies' Cloth & Prunella Boots, 6s. 3d. to 10s.
- 9000 " Children's, of every variety and Style.

B. & 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 failure 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 kinds of Leather.

Toronto, Dec., 1851. 3-55

**The Castilian Hair Invigorator.**

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

**THE CASTILIAN HAIR INVIGORATOR**

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

For sale by BUTLER & SON, London, and by

S. F. URQUHART, Toronto,

The only Wholesale Agent in Canada.

Is. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per BOTTLE.

Toronto, Dec. 17th, 1851. 4-1f

**NEW WATCH AND CLOCKMAKER'S ESTABLISHMENT.**

JAMES W. MILLAR respectfully intimates to friends and the public, that he has commenced business as a Chronometer, Watch and Clockmaker, and Jeweller, &c., No. 51, YONGE STREET, East door North 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 other parts of 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 writing. Gold and Silver Chains, newest patterns; Gold Signet, Fancy and Wedding Rings; Gold and Silver Fencil Cases; Mourning Watches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale. American Clocks of every design, cheap for cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Talent Leters, for £2. 10s.

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

Toronto, March 19th, 1852.

12-40

**THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE;**

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

All who desire to be promptly, thoroughly, and reliably informed on the proceedings of Congress; the great questions of our Foreign Policy; the Tariff; the extension of our Lines of Steamers to the Sandwich Islands, Asia, and Africa; the Presidential Election, &c., &c., will find their wishes gratified in the New York Tribune. 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 matters, we shall regularly publish the Letters of HAYARD TAYLOR, one of the Editors of The Tribune, who is now exploring the unknown and mysterious regions of Central Africa, and before his return, will visit the famous Oriental cities of Damascus and Bagdad, and examine the ruins of ancient Nineveh.

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

**TERMS:**

(Payment in all cases required in Advance.)

**DAILY TRIBUNE.**

Mail Subscribers, \$5 a year; \$1 50 for three months.

**SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.**

Single Copy . . . . . 2 00  
Two Copies . . . . . 3 00  
Ten Copies . . . . . 20 00

**WEEKLY TRIBUNE.**

Single Copy . . . . . 2 00  
Three Copies . . . . . 5 00  
Eight Copies . . . . . 10 00  
Twenty Copies, (to one address) . . . . . 20 00

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

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

GREGLEY & McELRATH,

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 inclosed 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.E.

New York, January, 1852.

16-32

**D. MATHIESON'S**

**CLOTHING, TAILORING,**

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

Toronto, Nov. 26th, 1851.

1-f

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY JAMES STEPHENS, PRINTER, No. 5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, AND PUBLISHED BY CHARLES FLETCHER, 54, YONGE STREET.