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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.]

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1853.

No. 25.

Poetry.

THE BLOOMING OF VIOLETS.

BY REV. J. G. LYONS.

As I cast those gloomy thoughts aside,
The genial spring is here,
She comes with all her violets
To bless another year.
Lo, rising at her welcome voice,
They steal in gladness out,
And, wished for long, the light warm south
Is harping all about.

By garden walk and rustic fence,
Fair bush and rude gray stone,
They laugh among the leaves and grass,
In starry clusters strewn,
Retiring from the gaze of men,
They lurk, a bashful race,
But every breeze that wanders by
Reveals their hiding place.

While heedless of their own sweet worth,
They quaff the shining dew,
Or catch, from God's eternal arch,
Its deep and stainless blue,
Go, mark thou well the accents and dyes,
To them so freely given,
And own that weak and lowly things
Are yet most loved of Heaven.

Then drop this weary load of care,
Be meekly glad as they,
Nor fear to live on Earth unseen,
To pass unseen away,
Learn thou with joy to stand or fall,
Where sacred duty leads,
And prize, above renown or gold,
Pure faith and holy deeds.

Literature.

STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL, THE WATCHMAKER.

(Concluded from our last.)

The boy who worked next him lived in a street adjoining Walter's lodging, so they generally walked back together in the evenings. An intimacy soon grew up between them, and it was not long before Walter communicated to him all his projects for the future, that he meant one day to be a great man, and to make a clock like that in the cathedral. He told him what he had already done, his inventions, the wooden watches he had constructed for his sister's amusement, and that he was at that time working at one every night after he came home, by which he meant to surprise her next Christmas. The next morning the boy amused his companions in the workshop by a recital of these projects. Nothing could exceed Walter's indignation. His face changed from pale to red, and then paler than before. He did not speak, but his quivering lips and flashing eyes, and the vain attempt at a scornful laugh, which only excited more merriment from those around him, showed the violence of his resentment, and at last, provoked beyond endurance, he advanced to give a blow to his tormentor, when the master entered in the midst of his passion, and commanded silence; but remarking Walter's angry countenance, he desired to speak with him when work was over. He then enquired from him the cause of the morning's disturbance, which the boy frankly confessed,

and his master, after acknowledging the provocation, yet blaming Walter's violence and imprudent openness to one almost a stranger to him, continued—"But we must all learn by experience, my boy. So you hope one day to distinguish yourself: I commend your ambition; but the less said, the more is likely to be performed. I would, however, caution you in one thing: the mere love of distinction is the desire of gratifying your own vanity, often at the expense of something better; and if you do not work from a higher motive, you will fail in that. Let the desire of being useful to your parents in their old age be your first object, and then endeavour to perfect and improve upon the inventions and discoveries of others, which will lead to your making inventions and discoveries yourself, and to the distinction you covet. though, Walter, I warn you, by the time you acquire it, you will have attained something so much better than this boyish ambition is worth that you will not care for its possession. However, work on, and I do not fear your doing something yet; only beware of vain projects which hasten you on to your ruin. Pray to God to put a right spirit within you, fear no labour on your part, and his blessing will go along with you." Walter only half comprehended his master's words, but they sounded encouragingly, and he felt happy that evening, and swallowed his onion soup with so good an appetite, that his aunt was almost alarmed for the family expenses.

The boy's character became from that day more and more reserved: he worked diligently, but associated as little as he could with his fellow-workmen. His waking hours, his nightly dreams, were spent in the vain projects from which his master had warned him; and the desire for the approbation of his fellow-creatures seemed to increase in proportion as he shunned their society, and fancied he despised them. Vanity was his foible; and, as is usually the case, he was the last to perceive his own infirmity. He imagined there was something noble in rising above those who were born his equals. God had given them the same beautiful world to inhabit; he was their Father as well as his; and what superior talents he had bestowed on one more than another, were intended that that one might serve his fellow-creatures more, and receive his reward in the consciousness of that service; but Walter only saw in those talents a promise of his own elevation. True, he was only a boy; but the full-grown man is the development of the boy; and if we do not early cut away those branches which encumber the sapling, they will in its maturity, consume the richest nourishment, and destroy the beauty and excellence of the tree.

Christmas came at last, and Walter would have returned home, but it was inconvenient to do so, the distance being considerable; and he continued, without repining, to labour diligently at his employment.

Years rolled on and Walter became a man; still, the same earnestness, the same ambition,

the same desire of fame, scarcely more rational, though more determined in the man than in the boy, characterised him. His master had placed him in one of the most responsible situations in the house: he had won his regard by his honesty, diligence, and obliging manners, but Walter was not happy. He was restless and discontented because he was not known by the world. all his savings were spent in books and materials for the work which now occupied him the greater part of the night. The clock of the cathedral had been the object of his admiration since the day he first entered the city, and he was never tired looking at it. This extraordinary piece of mechanism was begun about the year 1352, and placed in one of the spires of the cathedral in 1370. Until recent times, it showed a variety of movements, some introduced since the period of its first fabrication. The basement of the clock exhibited three dial-plates, showing the revolutions of the year and seasons, with eclipses of the sun and moon. Above the middle dial-plate, the days of the week were represented by different divinities, supposed to preside over the planets, from which their common appellations are derived. The divinity of the current day appeared in a car rolling over the clouds, and at midnight retired to give place to the succeeding one. Before the basement a globe was displayed, borne on the wings of a pelican, round which the sun and moon were made to revolve, and consequently represented the motions of those bodies. The ornamental turret above the basement exhibited a large dial in the form of an astrolabe, which showed the annual motion of the sun and moon through the ecliptic, as also the hours of the day, &c. The phases of the moon were likewise marked on a dial-plate above. Over the dial-plate were represented the four ages of man by symbolical figures, one of which passed every quarter of an hour, and marked this division of time by striking on small bells. Two angels were also seen in motion, one striking a bell with a sceptre, while the other turned an hour-glass at the expiration of every hour. This celebrated clock has lately undergone repair, and is now considerably simplified: but at the time of Walter's residence in the city, it was in all its glory; and he thought, if he could succeed in discovering its mechanism, make a model of it, and then exhibit it from city to city, he would realise a fortune for himself and his family, and be on the high road to distinction.

Full of this idea, our young watchmaker studied the history of every curious clock which he could hear of. Among others, he was deeply interested in the clock of Berne, in Switzerland, which is renowned for its ingenious contrivances; but more particularly a clock made by Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which rivalled even that of Strasbourg. Procuring as minute an account as

* To amuse our young readers, we may mention that this clock was so constructed as to be capable of performing the following movements. There was exhibited on it a negro, a shepherd, and a Joz. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog appeared and barked upon him. This clock was exhibited

possible of these clocks, for the purpose of enlarging his ideas of mechanical combinations, he set arduously to work in making a model of the clock of Strasburg, which should work perfectly in all its parts like the original. He kept his labour a profound secret, employing himself some hours every night for a space of two years. At the end of this time the model was nearly completed, and all the movements worked as smoothly as he could have wished. A feeling of pride now took possession of his mind. He almost looked with disdain and pity on the passengers in the streets, and became more distant than before to his fellow-workmen. He already felt he had reached the summit of his ambition. Sometimes his courage would sink, and then he was so forgetful of his business, that once or twice he nearly quarrelled with his good master, but the day at last arrived, the day he had reckoned on for years, the day he could show the fruit of all his labours. His uncle was the first to whom he communicated his secret. He invited him to the garret, where he had lived and toiled since he finished his apprenticeship, and the astonishment and delight expressed by his uncle exceeded even his expectations. His uncle had always considered the clock as something beyond the reach of any human intellect but that of the great man who had invented it, and now his own nephew had by his unassisted ingenuity, discovered all its mechanism, and produced an exact model, which performed all his evolutions, and if not so large, seemed to him quite as wonderful. The neighbours, who had watched his small lamp burning night after night in his garret, till the sun's first rays broke into the narrow window, now hastened to satisfy their curiosity, and to express their surprise and delight. On the third day after the disclosure of his workmanship, as Walter was standing surrounded by eager admirers, the door opened, and Margaret threw her arms round his neck. She had been the only one to whom his secret had been confided. He had written to tell her of its completion, and she instantly set out on foot, with the young farmer to whom she was shortly to be married, but, lifting of this fatiguing mode of travelling, they had been fortunate in finding a Diligence, which brought them to the scene of her brother's triumph. She could not speak; but her eyes told the fullness of her heart, and her silent pressure of Walter's hand was more grateful to him than all the words of praise and flattery with which his ears had been saturated the day before. The rest of the family followed in a few days, and a week was spent in nothing but rejoicing and proud congratulations.

Walter was not, however, satisfied with this, nor his master either, who now kindly proposed to him the alternative of becoming his partner in the business, or lending him money to set up for himself, as he had no doubt of his speedy success. Walter thanked his master, but refused both his proposals. His master was astonished, and gave him a week to consider them. Margaret was urgent with her brother to accept the one or the other.

"What do you propose, dear Walter?" she said gently. "You, the pride of our family, to be settled here in Strasburg, a watchmaker! What could you desire better?"

to the king of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal." The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loud, that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also, at this the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went out. Having desired the minister of marine, who was the only one who ventured to stay behind, to ask the negro what a clock it was, the minister asked, but he obtained no reply. Droz then observed, that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him. As the new prodigy the firmness of the minister also spoke to him and he retreated precipitately declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that, in the performance of these tricks, Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although this is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

"To go to Paris?"

"Paris! Walter, what would you do there?"

"Yes, Paris. It is there—the great metropolis of France, almost of the world—that genius is properly acknowledged. There I shall rise to be somebody, here I should be no more than our goodmaster—a respectable tradesman. I will be one of the great men of the age, and where can I hope to become one but in Paris?"

And to Paris he accordingly went. All his savings, as well as his sister's, had been exhausted in his clock. His master refused to assist him in his wild projects, and lamented that so much talent and energy should be wasted. His father and uncle could not help him, but in this difficulty his fellow-workmen came forward, those whom he had so little regarded, subscribed all they were able, and supplied him with a small sum for his journey. Walter hesitated whether to accept their loan, but his desire for fame was too ardent to be repressed; so, promising to repay them when he grew rich, which he had no doubt he would soon, he took a kind farewell of them all. He had procured a crazy sort of caravan, which contained his clock and himself, with a small bundle of clothes and provisions. His parents and Margaret accompanied him half a day's journey, and left him to proceed, buoyant with hopes and spirits as when he made his entrance into Strasburg at the age of fourteen.

Ten days after, Walter, with his tired horse, both covered with dust and wearied with travel, were traversing the Boulevards of Paris. Speaking French imperfectly, and not knowing where to get a night's lodging, with only two or three small coins remaining he felt utterly helpless and forlorn. Turning down the first street he came to, he looked vainly on all sides for some small inn or beer-house, till chance favoured him in discovering written in a shop window that German was spoken within. Fastening his horse to a post, he boldly entered the shop, and in spite of his miserable appearance, he was civilly received, and a young German who was employed there undertook to show him the way to a place where he might lodge himself and his horse for the night: he even offered to lend him some money with but slender chance of being repaid; and Walter, though unwillingly, accepted it, as he would rather incur a debt to a countryman than a stranger. The next morning the young German called to see him, and offered to assist him in finding a room fitted to accommodate his clock, and to direct him how to advertise it. He was interested in the success of his countryman, and Walter's mild yet enthusiastic manners attracted him. Before the end of the week, Walter established his clock in its new lodgings, and promised himself soon to repay the expenses incurred by his friend.

Now was the grand essay to be made. With mingled hopes and fears he opened his exhibition.

The first day did not seem to open very auspiciously. Morning passed away, and no visitors appeared. Walter tried to console himself by thinking it was too early for any but workpeople to be abroad. About three o'clock a visitor appeared, and Walter, in taking his money, felt relieved of an irksome anxiety which was creeping upon him. The visitor was an old man with spectacles, and a sharp snarling countenance. He minutely examined the clock, asked Walter a string of questions, or rather gave him a series of his own observations; and, finding he was not understood, he shrugged his shoulders, smiled contemptuously at the clock, and walked out again. A lady with two little boys succeeded him. The children attempted to handle the machinery to see how it was made, and on Walter's remonstrating, the lady seemed offended, and departed very shortly. Two or three young men followed, who seemed by their gestures to approve; and one of them told him, in very bad German, it was a pretty toy. No more came that day; but he had earned enough by the end of the week to pay his friendly countryman, which was fortunate, as he was leaving

Paris immediately, and bade Walter a kind farewell, wishing him success.

During the second week, a number of visitors came; but Walter, to his great sorrow, found that the debt for the lodging increased at a quicker ratio than his gains. After the first fortnight, he thought himself very happy if four visitors appeared in the course of an afternoon. These gradually diminished, till his exhibition room was totally deserted. The bitterness of his disappointment was even greater than his anxiety about his circumstances. Still he hoped some scientific man might, by a happy chance, drop in, and, struck with his ingenuity, recommend him to the notice of his friends. In the meantime, Walter began to consider if he could, by any means, procure some employment while waiting in his exhibition-room. His landlady, who was kind and compassionate, had a friend who was a working jeweller, and he agreed to let Walter do any little work, such as mending chains or watches, which he could take with him to his lodging. He ate little and saved all he could, but the expense of his lodgings was very heavy, and his purse very tight. His health, too, was sinking, and his courage with it, but the man, great in science and influence, might still appear and set all to rights. His landlord now told him he must pay his debt or leave the house. The first was impossible, he had pawned nearly all his clothes, and sold his old horse and caravan for half their small value, which only sufficed to pay for his daily maintenance; so, giving his landlord the remainder of his money, he removed his model to a small shabby room, which he hired at a very low price, and where he still hoped for those visitors who were not attracted by his more eligible quarters. In this obscure lodging there was no better success. Day after day passed, week after week, and still no one visited the exhibition. He earned still a scanty subsistence by the working jeweller; but even that failed at last; for his sickly constitution gave way, more from sorrow than disease. The people of the house pressed for rent; they were poor themselves, and Walter knew it. One cold wintry day, as he sat shivering with a tattered coat drawn round his thin figure, he heard a foot on the stairs leading to his apartment: hope and joy once more lighted up his countenance. It might be a visitor. It was indeed, but not such as he expected; it was the officer appointed to seize his goods for debt. He had nothing left him but his clock; that on which he had toiled so long, in which he had seen so many bright visions of the future; the pride of his heart, the work of his genius, his friend and consolation when forsaking all others; which had seemed to speak words of hope to him, and shine like a beacon in the darkness which had gathered around him. Alas! it had not warned him from the rock, but lured him on to his own destruction. He did not utter a word as they removed this his only treasure; but as he heard the last heavy footstep descending the stairs, he cast himself on the ground and wept like a child.

That night he had no shelter for his head, and he left Paris to beg his way, sick, hungry, and weary, to that home which he had left in the pride of his heart and the fullness of hope and joy.

Six months had passed since Walter left Strasburg, when, on the road to the little village of Rosenthal, on the banks of the Rhine, a lonely wanderer was seen dragging his weary limbs along; his cheeks were hollow, and his sunken eyes, still restless and bright with the fever of the mind, seemed to tell a long tale of misery. A ragged handkerchief was bound round his head, his clothes hung loosely on his thin shrunken body, and he leaned for support on a stick, which he seemed to have cut from a tree on his way. On he toiled, till he reached a low bank near a solitary cottage. There he paused, and stretched himself on the green grass, which covered it. It was a mild day in spring; the birds were singing merrily among the trees, and the flowers looked up with their little bright beautiful faces on the clear blue sky, and the cheerful sun which shone

on the green vineyards and danced in the broad blue river at a little distance. The sound of voices and busy feet from the cottage might be heard by the lonely stranger, who gazed silently on the happy scene. till the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. There is something in the very loveliness and peaceful joyousness of a spring day, when nature seems awakening from her long wintry sleep, but to the sad heart, there is something in it inexpressibly melancholy, recalling as it does a thousand recollections of the past, and reminding him that there is a fresh source of happiness yearly springing up to all but him, and making him feel more lonely and desolate than before, but the stranger's grief was deeper than this, for he was Walter, and this was his home.

As he lay there he heard his own name pronounced, and he started from his reverie, and wished to conceal himself, but he was not addressed, though the voice that he heard was that of his own sweet sister Margaret. It was the day before her wedding, and she was talking with him who was soon to be her husband. She only wished that Walter could have been at home to witness her marriage, "but," she added laughing, "he will soon despise us all, for I daresay by this time he is a great man as he wished to be. God bless him; he was always a good brother to me." This one kind word was too much for poor Walter, he groaned audibly, and Margaret and her lover turned and saw him. Margaret shrieked aloud, and the next moment he was in her arms. The whole family were soon assembled, and the poor wanderer was welcomed back more heartily to his home than if he had come laden with riches and honour. Shame and wounded vanity still struggled in his breast for an ascendancy; but better feelings had been slowly winning their way there, and the hard lesson of adversity had not been learned in vain.

It was long before even the tender care of his mother and Margaret could restore his feeble health; but as his strength returned, he felt also the necessity of doing something for himself and others. "It seems strange," he said one day to Margaret, "that I should have been permitted to live, when so many of the truly great and good are dropping off day by day. If I were to die, none would be less happy; and my vacant place, even with those who love me, would be soon supplied, for my life has not benefited even them."

"Ah, Walter," replied Margaret, "live for what we are all made to live—to endeavour earnestly to fulfil the duties of that situation in which God has placed us. We may never know why these duties are allotted to us; it is enough they are ours; and the sum of each little day will be sufficient, if rendered faithfully to our Lord, in that time when our earthly labours are over. Live, dear Walter, to be good and happy, not to be great; were you to attain the utmost you desire, you would not be content; for were you greater than the greatest on earth, you would still be little compared with the angels in heaven."

"Yes, Margaret that is true; and, however slowly, we are still moving onwards and onwards. There is greatness in the thought of an infinite growth in wisdom and goodness, infinite as the Divine perfections. This is indeed glorious."

Walter had not yet been again at Strasburg; he could not resolve to see all his old companions, and to come as their debtor instead of their benefactor; but Margaret was the good spirit who urged him to throw aside that weakness, so inherent in us all, which makes us ashamed of doing that which is right, more than that which is wrong. An humbled, yet a greater man, Walter returned to Strasburg.

His first visit was to his uncle; this was also the worst; for it was hard to stand the prying eyes and curious inquiries of his old aunt, and harder still to feel he could be vexed by them. His old fellow-workmen had heard of his misfortune, and gave him a kind and hearty welcome, asking no questions. His last visit was to his master. He

received him at first sternly, more to conceal his own tenderness of feeling than because he blamed the youth severely. Walter told him all, and his master, taking his hand kindly, spoke as follows. "My dear boy, your experience has indeed been hard, but it has been of more use to you than all the advice of the wisest could have been. You have genius, talent, perseverance, with such qualities, you may indeed hope to rise to the highest position, but it must be by the same road as others who have gone before you. I offer you now what I offered you before; and, whichever you accept, I hope to live to see you attain the eminence you deserve. Walter accepted the partnership gratefully, and, no longer the victim of self-deluding vanity, he led a life useful to his fellow-creatures, and we may hope that he presented his talent with interest before Him from whom he received it.

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

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

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1853.

HARMONY OF INTERESTS.

It is impossible to cherish too warmly, or appreciate too highly, the hallowing spirit breathes in the council given by Justus Moser, as coming from the lips of a wife and mother.—"I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he come to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain in some measure a husband. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you in the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so: and when you have made him happy you will become so, not in appearance but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife, he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings." Who that has

studied life in its unvarnished reality will fail to discover that the greater part of the crosses and afflictions meet which an happy constantly pine, arise from an unhappy tendency to look to some extraneous source for the comforts and amenities of life. When in the slightest way thwarted in the realization of their—perhaps too highly coloured—anticipations, they vent their spleen in the little circle, which none, of all others, should be sacred to harmony and affection.

"Man never is, but always to be blessed"

was a shrewd and pungent remark of Pope, founded on his acquaintance with the misanthropic sentiment which pervades society in its secret moments. There may be, and no doubt often have been, instances, which to the casual observer might reasonably warrant, a breach of the hallowing quiet that should crown the domestic circle, but instead of giving scope for petulance or morbid feelings, these are of all others the very cases in which the greatest suavity and affection should be displayed. A husband has begun to neglect his own fire-side. He has more business out of doors than he was wont to have, and by and by, when he has no business out, the wandering habit which he has contracted finds some imaginary duties to attend to. The cares of state press heavily on his own individual mind, and he must instruct others in the way of their duty. Thus he absents himself night after night, and it may be, returns with faltering step and vacant look, and rolls himself down upon an unsoftened bed, and is speedily drowned in soporific slumber. But, even this, the most harrowing trial for an affectionate wife, gives no license for all humour, or harsh, ungainly expressions on her part. Man in his happiest moments is subdued by love, and nothing but love in its purest and sweetest aspect will so effectually restore to the paths of rectitude. 'Tis then, that affection in its fondest endearments will exercise a potency, unknown to any other principle in nature. Colton has sweetly sung.—

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our ourselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

This is the true philosophy of life, and so far as it is pursued with an unsophisticated mind, will yield the most healthful, satisfactory, and enduring enjoyments.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

I have never in my journey through life, known of one circumstance to invalidate the truth of this aphorism, or even to leave its verity in the balance, suspended between doubt and decision. At all events the instance I am about to narrate forms no exception to the rule. One afternoon, about the middle of autumn, some years ago, there might have been seen wending his onward way not far from the base of the Ochills, a young lad, not very tidy looking to a stranger's eye; and to those who knew him, with a mind as rugged as his corporeal framework. He was in fact a fitting representative of that class of hard-working individuals whom Dr. Johnson in his northern excursion endeavoured to mystify, when he was so ingeniously defeated by the waggish Dr. Pitcairn. This young lad was in the habit of driving coals from the Coal-fields of Sauchie and other adjoining places, to supply the inhabitants of the little town in which he endeavoured to breathe out an existence. But his horse which a few days before looked as if it had seen better days, and very much in appearance like what Willie Peuley might have been within two days of having finished its lessons, had the day before died from sheer exhaustion and debility. This no doubt was an unlucky affair, as the young lad had no other means of support, and other members of the family depended somewhat upon his exertions for part of their living. The whole family were thus rendered disconsolate, and it was no wonder that the lad wandered on rather ruefully on the day in question. But fate had

determined that his eyes were not to be thus downcast without a reward. The dark shadows which surrounded him were all at once dispelled, and a gleam of sunshine burst out upon his path. What was it you may ask that thus removed the dark frown from his iron features? It was the sight of gold.

A handsome gold watch with massive appendages lay at his feet. He suddenly raised his eyes—no one was near, and an electric spark seemed to irradiate his eye as he stooped down to lift the treasure, and quickly to conceal it from view. He reached home with a much lighter heart than when he left it an hour or two previous, and a long consultation ensued as to the future course of procedure.

This was the turning point. Here it was that the beauty and truthfulness of the "aphorism" might have been easily apparent; but they seemed not to have known of it. The prize evidently was sent them by fortune to repair the injuries which a cruel fate had inflicted! What could they do better than give the watch in exchange for a horse; or sell it at the best market and with the proceeds purchase a horse. It seemed in fact just in the same light as the white pony in the fable, which knelt down to the good little boy who had lost his way in the wood, in order that it might carry him safely home. It is possible the lad might have heard of this fable, or it not it might after all be difficult for individuals, ignorant as they were, and placed in so precarious circumstances, to understand that the watch was not theirs, and that their first duty was to endeavour to discover its owner; and if he chose to reward them—well—if not, they had done their duty.

That might be very good philosophy, but they determined to act otherwise, and having waited two days to reflect upon the matter, a messenger was despatched to the nearest county town to dispose of the watch to some watchmaker.

In the meantime the owner, annoyed at his mishap, had caused bills to be posted along the line of road he had travelled, announcing the loss, and offering a reward of £5 for its recovery. He had also taken the precaution to give in the name and number of his watch to the various watchmakers that they might be on the alert.

Here then was an honest chance to get a horse, and I have often regretted that the young lad was not induced to give up the watch and run the chance of getting the £5, for which he would have got a good horse,—at least, if Mrs. Tamson had any skill in those matters. For one day when her husband was going to Rugglin Fair to replenish his stud, the good woman gave him "a pound note," and then, reflecting upon the value of so much money she called to him—*now Ned bring fowr.*

Shortly after breakfast one morning a gold watch was presented for sale to a watchmaker in the county town alluded to. But there was a strange and striking discrepancy between the companions. The one was a highly finished gold repeater, with massive chain and seals,—the other was a dingy looking slovenly young woman, whose appearance testified that some sudden turn of the wheel had brought them into contact. He opened the watch and there found the name and number of the missing timepiece. Without a moment's hesitation a police officer was sent for and the young stranger taken into custody. No one in town knew her. She was at least thirteen miles from the scene of her nativity, and her appearance was so much against her that she was very nearly being committed to stand her trial for stealing the watch. She managed however to get clear, and reached home with a heavy heart, minus the treasure on which all their future plans and hopes were built.

A long train of miseries followed this second mishap, for the people of the village that would by a little entreaty have assisted the family to get another horse, soon learned the whole affair, and they determined to let the young man feel the effects of an ungenerous action on his part; for each

felt that the case might have been his own, and that they might have been less fortunate in getting their property returned. The last time I saw the lad he had resumed his wonted occupation, having learned by hard experience that Honesty is the best policy.

Literary Notices.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE—May—New York: Leonard & Scott, Toronto. T. Maclear.

The contents of the May number of Blackwood, are:—*Natural and civil History—Life of Niebuhr—Thomas Moore—My Novel—Our London Commissioner—The Gold Finder—The Vineyard of Bourdeaux, and the Democratic Confederacy—The Golden Speculation* in the first article will be read with avidity, as the subject in its varied ramifications is at this moment of universal interest. Waste and dreary wildernesses, are by the influence of this precious metal filling up rapidly with an active and laborious population; social appearances are transformed and in many instances quite reversed; and the general influx of Gold is so much greater than our sagacious political economists deemed necessary to supply the wants of society,—as to materially affect the comparative value of this metal in the general market. The second paper gives a brief but comprehensive outline of the life of Niebuhr the celebrated historian. There are several pleasing extracts from his private correspondence, which give an insight into his character and at the same time explain the various phases in his career. Few who can afford to secure the two volumes now published will be satisfied with a few brief extracts of so great a character, especially when there was so much of the romantic infused into his composition. The third paper is the life of Moore Blackwood has little sympathy for Moore, especially in his connexion with the Irish patriots. He says—

Some of the most finished of these verses were devoted to the memory of Emmett, and they could not have been devoted to a subject more unworthy of his poetry * * *. Moore's hero was a feeble romancer, his national regenerator a street stroller; and his patriotic statesman merely a giddy gambler, who staked his pittance on a silly and solitary throw for supremacy, and saw his stake swept away by the policeman * * * yet this was the personage on whose death Moore wrote these touching lines, O—breathe not his name, &c.

This is very severe; but a perusal of the article from which this extract is taken will shew that political feeling has much to do with it. Moore no doubt exercised his own mind when he praised Emmett, and thousands since then have followed in his wake, and we believe that Lord John Russell who has undertaken to write the memoirs of Moore will treat this connexion in a somewhat different strain.

THE ART JOURNAL—May, London & New York; G. Virtue and son, Toronto; H. Rodgers Agent for Canada.

The Illustrations in this number are *Crossing The Forth*, Engraved by L. Stocks, from the Pictures by W. Mulready, R.A., in the Vernon Gallery.—*The Fisherman's Home*, Engraved by A. Willmore, from the Picture by F. Danby, R.A., in the Vernon Gallery.—*Musidora*, Engraved by J. H. Baker, from the Statue by R. J. Wyatt, in the Gallery of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth. Musidora represents a young woman who has just prepared herself for the bath; but seems timid about making the plunge. The averted head, the enquiring look, and the trembling hand laid on the breast indicate the fear of an intruder upon the quiet of the scene. This piece is happily executed. The pose is very pleasing, and there is a graceful and refined expression in the whole figure, while the symmetri-

cal proportions of the body and limbs are admirably preserved. Under the Head—Great Masters,—we have a continuation of Paul Potter, and a brief sketch of Jacob Ruysdael. These are prettily illustrated from the works of the respective artists. There are some very elegant specimens of Art Manufacture, from the manufactory of Messrs Hansome of Ipswich. The imitation Mone prepared by these gentlemen has already attracted considerable notice. The tint, of which it is chiefly composed, is reduced to a staid, by some invaluable secret process, and in this state run into moulds of any form, so that these gentlemen can produce copies to any extent. This process is well adapted to Garden Vases, and all outdoor decorations, as the works are not at all affected by the weather, and are actually harder than the stone they imitate. There are also specimens of jugs from the firm of Ridgway and Abington of Hanley, long eminent for this manufacture. On one of these is represented *Layard's Winged Lions of Nineveh*. This number contains also a continuation of Mrs. Hal's pilgrimage to Chertsey and its neighbourhood, very tastefully illustrated. Some of the art notices will be given in next number.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Paris Sketch Book—By Thackeray—2 Vols. Appleton's Popular Library.
Parper's Magazine—June.
Pictorial Field Book, No. 22.—A. H. Armour & Co.
Cyclopedia of Useful arts, No. 15.
History of the United States, Part 1.—H. Rodgers.
Ingoldsby Legends—Appleton's Popular Library.—T. Maclear.

Arts and Manufactures.

PALMER'S ENLARGING CAMERA.

A gentleman of the name of Palmer has long been engaged upon the construction of an instrument to permit the copying of any object, or series of objects, upon either a larger or smaller scale than the original. He has at length succeeded in the most perfect and satisfactory manner; so much so, indeed, as to startle us with the astonishing effects produced by his process.—*Art Journal*.

SCULPTURE.

The Art Journal says it is no uncommon thing for English gentlemen to order busts and figures in the plaster model, and then transport that model to Italy, where marble and labour are cheaper, and get the bust or statue there. By this unpatriotic mode, the thought and labour is taken at a small price from the English artist, and the more simple and remunerative part placed in the hands of strangers.

AFTER WILKIE.

Some forty-two years ago, an artist in Edinburgh, still living, painted a small picture and sold it for £5. It was finished after the style of his fellow-student, Wilkie. Very recently that same little picture was sold for £350 as a gem of the renowned Scottish painter. This should serve as a hint to picture fanciers.

Oriental Sayings.

THE MALICIOUS OX—A FABLE.

(From the *Mishle Shalim*.)

An ox mistook his master, and as often as the owner endeavoured to put him in the plough he thrust about him with his horns on all sides, at last the master became so enraged, that he at last determined to deprive him of the weapon with which he continually assailed him. And he cut off his horns. Now said he to his neighbours, he will be tractable enough, I have deprived him

of all means of doing harm.—A few days after that, the farmer was about to put the ox again in his plough, but as soon as he approached him, he began to bite with his sharp fore-teeth, and was even less manageable than before. Good, said the farmer, you shall lose also these. And forthwith he knocked out all the fore-teeth of the ox.—Now surely he will be tame enough, said he. But the farmer was again mistaken, for the ox was thereby made no more submissive than he was before, and the following day, as the farmer approached him, in order to put him again in the plough, the ox pushed him to the ground with his lips, and hurt him severely.—That is just what we have expected said the neighbours, for *the malicious will hurt as long as he has a whole limb to make use of.* R.

From the Gulistan.

A sensible young man, and of docile disposition, who had made great advancement in the arts and sciences, very often frequented the societies of learned men, but could never be prevailed upon to express an opinion on any subject. On one occasion, however, his father said to him, my son! why are you silent, and why will you not express what you know, on this subject? The youth replied, I fear, lest they question me on that which I do not know, and thus be put to shame.—Thou hast no doubt heard of a certain Sufi, who was hammering some nails into the sole of a sandal, an officer of cavalry took him by the sleeve, and said, come along with me, and show my steed.—So long as thou art silent and quiet, no one will interfere with thy business, but if thou once makest it known, be sure to be ready with thy proofs. R.

Miscellaneous.

THE BUSINESS OF THIS RICH.

Surely that gentleman is very blind, and very barren of invention, who has to seek for work fit for him, or cannot discern many employments belonging to him, of great concern and consequence. It is easy to prompt and show him many businesses indispensably belonging to him, as such. It is his business to administer relief to his poor neighbours, in their want and distress, by his wealth. It is his business to direct and advise the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim the wicked, and encourage the good by his wisdom. It is his business to protect the weak, to rescue the oppressed, to ease those who groan under heavy burdens, by his power—to be such a gentleman, and so employed, as Job was, who "did not eat his morsel alone, so that the fatherless did not eat thereof"—who "did not withhold the poor from their desire, or cause the eyes of the widow to fall"—who "did not see any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering"—who "delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him."

EASY TO TAKE.

Dr. Goldsmith having been requested by a wife to visit her husband, who was melancholy, called upon the patient, and, seeing that the case was poverty, told him he would send him some pills that he had no doubt would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, put ten guineas in a pill-box, and sent them to the sick man. The remedy had its desired effect.

DRUNKENNESS.

It were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to drunkenness; for all other vanities and sins are recovered; but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesseth a man the more he will delight in it, and the older he groweth the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of a nut.

ALWAYS BEST.

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who start our railroads, our steam-boats, our machine-shops, and our manufacturing? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work, doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives, the more he feels like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in every thing. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We should rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirlpool than sneaking from a cloud.

CHARACTER.

There is a glare about worldly success which is very apt to dazzle man's eyes. When we see a man rising in the world, thriving in business, successful in speculations—if he be a man out of our own line, who does not come into competition with us, so as to make us jealous of him, we are too apt to form a foolishly high opinion of his merits. We are apt to say within ourselves, "What a wonderful man this must be, to rise so rapidly!"—forgetting that dust and straw, and feathers, things with neither weight nor value in them, rise the soonest and the easiest. In like manner, it is not the truly great and good man, generally speaking, who rises the most rapidly into wealth and power. A man may be sharp, active, quick, dexterous, cunning—he may be ever on the watch for opportunities to push his fortunes; a man of this kind can hardly fall of getting on in the world; yet, with all this, he may not have a grain of real greatness about him. He may be all we have described, and yet have no greatness of mind, no greatness of soul. He may be utterly without sympathy and fellow-feeling for others: he may be utterly devoid of all true wisdom; he may be without piety and without charity—without love, that is, either for God or man.

EVIL.

All animals are more happy than man. Look for instance, on yonder ass; all allow him to be miserable; his evils, however, are not brought on by himself and his own faults, he feels only those which nature has inflicted. We, on the contrary, besides our necessary ills, draw upon ourselves a multitude of others. We are melancholy if any person happen to sneeze; we are angry if any speak reproachful of us. One man is afflicted with an untucky dream, another with the hooting of an owl. Our contentions, our anxieties, our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils, which we ourselves have superadded to nature.

HINTS TO LADIES.

Stair carpets should always have slips of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every step, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpet against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and four or five inches in breadth, so as to lie a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

In London, every man is so submerged in the multitude, that he who can hold his high enough out of the living mass to be known must have something of remarkable buoyancy or peculiar villany about him. Even Parliament, except to a few of the leaders, is no distinction. The Member for the shire is clipped of his plumage at the moment of his entering that colossal poultry-yard, and must take his obscure pickings with other unnoticeable fowl.

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirits, is, in truth, a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual stilette, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is most deadly, and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a plaster of Spanish flies on the skin and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any one of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; and if the members of a church, neighbourhood, and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

NEWSPAPERS.—Speaking of the beneficial tendency of newspapers, an American judge says; "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off from home at school, should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between my school-mate who had access to newspapers, and those who had not. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as a curious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will peruse with delight when they will read nothing else."

IT HAS BEEN truly said, "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and harshness induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lessons of piety and filial obedience into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labour is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped and will do its office."

IMPROVEMENTS NOT DESIRABLE.—There is an anecdote of Wedderburne having asked Sheridan how he got rid of his Irish brogue, as he wished to get rid of his Scotch accent. "My dear fellow!" said Sheridan, "don't attempt such a thing. The House listens to you now, because they don't understand you; if you become intelligible, they will be able to take your measure!"

THE MOST REMARKABLE of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness, one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours, above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

"FAMILY PRAYER," says Cecil, "may be made a vast engine of power to the whole domestic circle. It says there is a God, and inspires a reverence for his character. It proclaims a life to come, and points to the spirit land. It fixes the idea of responsibility in the mind, while it diffuses sympathy through the soul. It furnishes a judicious parent with an opportunity of glancing at faults, where direct admonition might be inexpedient. It greatly conduces to the maintenance of family government and order, while its spiritual advantages are invaluable."

Artists' Corner.

NO. XI—SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

Peter Paul Rubens was born at Cologne on the 29th June, 1577 the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, on which account he was named after these two Apostles. The parents of Rubens were descended from distinguished families of the city of Antwerp but in consequence of the civil wars, which prevailed in the Low Countries about 1570 they took refuge in Cologne. Here the Father of the artist died in 1597, and his widowed mother shortly afterwards took advantage of the restoration of Spanish rule in Flanders, and returned to Antwerp, where the greatest attention was paid to the education of her youthful son. In his sixteenth year Rubens was appointed page in the household of Lalating but not relishing this occupation he soon returned home, and having manifested a great desire to become a painter, his mother placed him under Tobias Verhaegt, a landscape painter of some note. He did not remain long here, but entered the studio of Adrian Van Oort, a historical painter and celebrated as a colourist. But the private character of Van Oort was not of so high a class as his powers of coloring, and the young artist very soon quitted this connexion, and placed himself under Otho Van Ycen, or as he is styled Otho Venius, who had been appointed court painter to the Infanta Isabella and the Archduke Albert, and was considered one of the most accomplished artists of the Italian school. Venius had received a liberal education, and was a person of refined manners, so that his instructions and society were very valuable to Rubens, who remained with him till his twenty-third year, when he was recommended by his preceptor to visit Italy. He proceeded to Venice, where he remained a short time, and then passed on to Mantua, where his letters of introduction from the Archduke, gained him a cordial welcome from the Duke Vincenzia Gonzaga who offered him the post of Gentleman of the Chamber. This position gave him an excellent opportunity for studying the works of Giulio Romano, an artist whose treasures Rubens held in very high esteem. Having remained here two years, he obtained permission from the Duke to revisit Venice to study a little more closely the coloring of Paul Veronese and Titian, than he had previously done, and on his return to Mantua gave evidence in the production of some magnificent pictures that his journey had not been fruitless. The Archduke Albert having about this time commissioned Rubens to paint three pictures for the Church of St. Croce in Gerusalemme, in Rome, representing "The Finding of the cross by St. Helena, Christ bearing his cross," and the Crucifixion, he repaired to Rome for that purpose and while there copied some pictures for the Duke of Mantua. But we must view the great master of the Flemish School, not merely as a celebrated artist, he was alike "the skillful diplomatist, and the accomplished man of the world—characters that have rarely been combined in any other individual, and which seem in some respects to be inconsistent with each other, inasmuch as the busy world of an artist generally extends but a short distance from his own Studio." In 1605 Rubens was recalled from Rome and despatched by the Duke Vincenzia as an ambassador to the Court of Spain. The Artist set out for Madrid, carrying with him valuable presents for Philip III. and the Duke of Lerma, the king's favourite minister, and having executed the object of his mission with the utmost satisfaction to all parties, interested, he occupied with his skill in diplomacy, a touch of the magnificent in art by painting portraits of the King and his courtiers, and then returned again to Mantua. Shortly after his return Rubens again proceeded to Rome where he was joined by his elder brother Phillip, having received a commission to ornament the tribune of St. Maria in Vallicella, in which he painted three pictures after the manner of Paul Veronese. In 1607 on leaving Rome he passed through Milan

to Genoa where he executed several pictures, the most celebrated of which were the "Circumcision" and St. Ignatius Working a Miracle. While here he received tidings of the illness of his mother, and he hastened to Antwerp, from which he had been absent eight years; but although he used all possible speed, he was not in time to see his mother alive. He had no inducement to remain in the Low Country now that his mother had departed, and while he contemplated the propriety of returning to Italy, he yielded to the earnest entreaties of the Infanta, and the Archduke to abandon the project and remain in Antwerp.

Varieties.

GOOD HUMOR is the blue sky of the soul, in which every star of talent will shine more clearly.

NEVER PURCHASE love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

AN OLD PROVERB.—"He that hath a prudent wife, hath a guardian angel by his side; but he that hath a proud wife, hath the devil at his elbows."

TO HASTEN A MARRIAGE, lock up the girl and show her lover the front door. A long courtship up town was successfully terminated in this way.

THE GREATER the difficulty the more glory there is in surmounting it, skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

DEAL GENTLY with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost, than a mine of gold.

CALMNESS is the most abundant origin of all that is keen and deep in the movements of the mind, it is the essence of judgment, the author of penetration, the substitute of invention.

THERE is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit-trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habits, which, growing up, would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory, and a shade.

TO CURE NOSE BLEEDING.—The Scientific American says:—Roll up a piece of paper and press it up under the upper lip. We have tried this plan in a great number of cases, and have only seen it fail on one occasion.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.—This is universally acknowledged, and may be termed nature's letter of introduction, nevertheless, he might make a sorry bargain who would buy a watch because of the goodness of the case.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has undertaken to write the life of Thomas Moore, and to edit the Journal which the poet kept. In this undertaking his lordship complies with the request of his deceased friend, as expressed in his will.

"JOHN," said a worthy matron to her better half, one morning. "Get up, the morning's breaking." "Well," replied John, coolly, "let him break, he don't owe me anything," and fell to sleep again.

SOURTNEY says, "I have heard a good story of our friend Charles Fox. When his house was on fire he found all efforts to save it useless, and being a good draughtsman, he went up to the next hill to make a drawing of the fire—the best instance of philosophy I ever heard of."

WHEN THE DOMESTIC virtues display themselves in the midst of privations, and anxieties, and sufferings, then they shine most conspicuously. They are like the snow-drops and crocuses, which unexpectedly peep out of the frost-bound soil, to diversify the depth and dreariness of winter, and give us a cheerful foretaste of the coming spring.

A FIRE BROKE OUT a few weeks since in Billiter Street London, where were deposited some important pictures belonging to a gentleman of Seville, which had been brought over for sale.

They were unfortunately all consumed in the conflagration, among them was a fine Marillo, and other works of considerable estimated value, if we may judge of the insurance effected upon them, amounting to £11,000.—*Art Journal*.

SHAKESPEARE, though one of the most gorgeous of men, was a great biggler. He was often known to dispute with a sheepkeeper for half an hour on the matter of a penny. He gives Hotspur credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.	
May 30	1416	Jerome of Prague, burned.
	1431	Joan of Arc, burned.
	1640	Peter Paul Rubens, died.
	1741	Alexander Pope, died.
	1778	Voltaire, died.
	1832	Sir J. Mackintosh, died.
" 31	1739	P. V. Vergniaux, born.
	1809	Joseph Haydn, died.
	1847	Dr. Chalmers, died.
June 1	1581	Nicolas Poussin, born.
	1815	Marshal Berthier, com. suicide.
	1896	J. F. Oberlin, died.
	1811	Sir David Wilkie, died.
" 2	1581	James Douglas, Earl of Morton, beheaded.
	1819	W. Haas Wilson, died.
" 3	1658	Dr. Harvey, died.
	1726	Dr. Hutton, born.
" 4	1738	George III., born.
	1751	Earl of Elton, born.
" 5	1723	Adam Smith, born.
	1731	Dr. Sachererell, died.
	1771	Krnest, King of Hanover, born.
	1826	Carl von Weber, died.

François Marie Aronct de Voltaire, was born at Chatenay, near Paris, in 1694. He was educated at the Jesuits' College of Louis XIV., where he displayed talents which warranted the highest expectations. His father intended him for the law, but he declined to follow that profession, and assiduously cultivated his passion for literature. In 1716 he was imprisoned in the Bastille, on an unfounded suspicion of having written a libel on the government; and while there he formed the plan of "La Henriade" and completed the "Tragedy of CEdipus." A second unjust confinement in the Bastille made him leave France for England for three years, but he returned to France in 1730, and published two tragedies, "Brutus" and "Zara." His next work, "Lettres Philosophiques" gave such offence by its profanity that the parliament of Paris condemned the book to be burned, and the author to be seized. He was therefore obliged to live in concealment for some years, in Champagne, where he wrote his "Elements of Newton's Philosophy," and three plays, the last of which, "Merope," brought out in 1743, was received with such applause, that Voltaire became a favourite at court, and was appointed gentleman of the bedchamber and historiographer of France. In 1746 he was admitted into the Academy of Sciences, and in 1750 went to Berlin at the invitation of Frederic the Great of Prussia. They soon quarrelled, and Voltaire went first to Colmar, next to Geneva, and afterwards to Ferney, where he resided the remainder of his life. Early in 1778 he visited Paris, where he was received with flattering marks of distinction; but his incessant literary labours, and change of manner of living, soon brought on disease, and a too large dose of opium which he took in supposed to have hastened his death, which took place May 30, 1778. His collected works form seventy volumes, octavo. He had stupendous talents but there were many parts of his character, by no means great or estimable.—*Aluquis*.

The Quilts' Department.

SKETCH OF THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

The Kokansa or prison is here. The name means, in the Japanese, hell; it has 100 dungeons and cages. The history of these few cities gives a fair outline of the whole Empire. Their private dwellings are small but very neat, and ornamented with small gardens; in this they excel, as they are the very best of horticulturists. A few feet of ground are turned to the best advantage, as the Japanese understand perfectly the art of dwarfing plants, trees, fruits and flowers. They use neither tables, beds, nor chairs; but sit and sleep, like most Eastern nations, on mats.

Almost the first accomplishment learned by them is the art and grace of suicide; in fact, the whole nation from youth upwards revels in the luxury of suicide.

The trade at present is under great restrictions as they only trade with the Chinese and Dutch. The latter have always fostered, cherished and increased the prejudices of the Japanese against all other nations, particularly the French, English and Portuguese.

The mechanics and manufacturers in Japan excel in their different branches, and are even far superior to the Chinese. Their silks and cottons are excellent, and their Japan ware and porcelain unequalled. Their exports are raw and manufactured silks, iron, steel, artificial metals, furs, teas, finer than the Chinese, Japan ware, gold, silver, copper, medical herbs, roots, diamonds, pearls, coral, shells, ambergris, etc. Whatever goods the Japanese want they pay for in gold and silver.

The Japanese worship principally the two gods, Xaca and Armida. At Maccon there is a stately temple built to one of these gods; it is of freestone, as large as St. Paul's, with an arched roof, supported by heavy pillars, in which stands an idol of copper which reaches as high as the roof, and, according to a description given by Sir Thomas Herbert, his chair is twenty feet high and eighty feet long; the head is big enough to hold fifteen men, and the thumb forty inches in circumference. There is another statue, called after the god Dabio, made of copper, twenty-two feet high, in a sitting posture. This shows that the Japanese understand the art of working in bronze, and they are far ahead of Christian nations in this particular. They allow polygamy, and they often strangle their female children, but never the males. The nobility extract the two front teeth and supply them with two of gold.

The two principal rivers are the Ujigawa and Askagawa; the former so rapid and wide that a bridge cannot be built over it, and the latter remarkable for its depth and perpetual fluctuations. The chief lake is called Oltz, it is one hundred miles long and twenty one wide. A large valley exists in the interior, filled with carbonic gas, and called the valley of the Upas. It is covered with the skeletons of numerous wild and tame beasts and birds. The Emperor, it is said often sent criminals to the valley to bring away a precious gem of incalculable value, and the bones of men also whiten its deadly sides. Acidulated lakes and thermal springs are common through several of the islands.

Their great sources of opulence are their mines of gold and silver, but they have no antimony, calamine, sal ammoniac, borax, or cinabar, (quick-silver.) These articles are in demand, and bring a high price. Birds and every kind of duck and poultry are plenty; camphor trees are abundant, and the cedars are the finest in the world. Few countries open so fair a field as the Islands of Japan for botanical and geological research. It is not necessary here to enter into a detailed statistical account of the commerce of Japan. A direct trade to that empire would increase the commerce of this country about two hundred millions of dollars annually, if not more.

It has always been in contemplation with this country to make an effort to open a direct trade with Japan. Commodore Peiler, as far back as 1815, addressed a letter to Mr. Monroe on the subject. It was intended to fit out a frigate and two sloops-of-war and place them under his command, but subsequent events prevented the consummation of this design, but it has been revived from time to time, without being carried out; but a few years ago the undersigned drew the attention of the Hon. J. Y. Mason to the subject by the recommendation of a steam line to China, with a view of incidental commercial intercourse, and finally direct trade with Japan. It would require but small efforts to accomplish commercial intercourse with so shrewd a people as the Japanese, who are alive to commercial feelings. A steam line direct from New York to the Islands being already in existence, it is an easy matter to continue it to the Gallipagos, which Islands abound in coal; thence to the Marquisas, and on to Shanghai or Jeddo.

W. D. PORTER.

Advertisements.

New Dry Goods Establishment AND MILLINERY SHOW ROOM.

J. & W. McDONALD

WOULD most respectfully announce to the Ladies of 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. 23-

MRS. HAMMOND, DENNISON'S AVENUE, QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, Near Dalhurst Street.

AS Mrs. H. purposes leaving Toronto shortly, she will teach the style of drawing mentioned below at the following reduced charges, viz:—

Indian Japoning, including materials, per 12 reasons	£1 10
Enamelling, do. do.	1 10
Grecian Oil Painting, do. do.	1 15
Monochromatic Drawing, do. do.	10

AND

Wax Flower-making, including materials,	£1 10
Leather Work, do. do.	15

Specimens to be seen at Mr. FLETCHER'S, Bookseller, &c., Yonge Street, near King Street.

Toronto, May 13, 1862. 23-

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

April, 1862. 24-

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SLADDEN & ROGERSON.

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- Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises.
- Stek's Lectures on Theology.
- Hill's Lectures on Divinity.
- Lik and Tr. of Calvin, 2 vols.
- United Free Willian Fathers, 4 vols.
- McKerrow's History of the Reformation Church, Josephine.
- Milman's History of Christianity.
- Taylor's I. gola and Jerusalem.
- Agassiz's Baptism.
- Kale's Koton with Notes, &c. &c.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, 30 May, 1862.

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 Manufacturers of

Stewart & 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. NORDHEIMER,

King-Street East.

Toronto, May 13th, 1862. 23-

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

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

Best Roman and English Viols, Harp and Guitar Strings.

Toronto, May 12th, 1862. 23-

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

J. CORNISH,

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

BEGS 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, 1862. 18-

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

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N.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 1000 pages, 14 steel and 600 wood engravings. Price, in muslin binding, \$6; in paper covers, for the mail, \$5.

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Toronto, Nov. 6th, 1851.

1-26

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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. 20, YONGE STREET, 2nd 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 timepieces, 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, pocket patterns, Gold Signet, Fanny and Wedding Rings, Gold and Silver Fossil Cases, Mourning Brooches and Brooches in great variety, for sale. American works of every design, cheap for cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Levers, for \$2 10s.

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Toronto, March 18th, 1852. 15-40

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In addition to the above named features, we shall regularly publish the Letters of HAYARD TAYLOR, one of the Editors of The Tribune, who is now exploring the unknown and as yet unexplored 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.

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New-York, January, 1852. 16-30

D. MATHIESON'S CLOTHING, TAILORING,

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

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