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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLEY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

No. 22.

Poetry.

"HUMBLE WEALTH."

Not oak alone are trees, or roses flowers
Much humble wealth makes rich this earth of ours—
Leigh Hunt.

He who goeth forth in earnest,
With a wise and cheerful mind,
In the lowliest works of Nature
Wonders rare and fresh shall find.
Every blade of grass that springeth,
Every leaflet of the wood,
Every shell on Ocean's margin,
Hath an influence for good.

Not alone in grove majestic,
Or in stately garden bowers,
Are her lessons mild and kindly
Taught by sunbeams and by flowers.
Not alone to gorgeous landscapes
Of the realms of grape and vine,
But to England's fields and heath-rows
Doth this priceless charm belong.

E'en the fuchsia's ruby pendants,
Or the sweet geranium a bloom,
Though they wither pale and sickly
In the laborer's humble room,
Cheer the days of want and sickness,
Calm the fevered thoughts to rest,
Better here than in the ball room
On people haughty beauty's breast.

And the sunbeam family struggling
Through the arched cottage pane,
Speaks as well as when reflecting
Blazoned pride in solemn fane,
And the brook that hummeth peaceful
With its ever constant flow,
Speaks as well as the broad river,
Where the white winged navies glow.

Chaucer, bard of wit and wisdom
Did not seek the garden rose,
Or the pleasant lawn resplendent
With the dazzling hues of May;
But went forth to seek the daisy,
In its green secluded nest;
For its simple, homely beauty
Pleased his poet mind the best.—O. H. D.

Literature.

THE FAMILY TRYST.

(FROM LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.)

The fire had received an addition of a large ash-root and a heap of peats, and was beginning both to crackle and to blaze, the hearthstone was tidily swept—the supper table set—and every seat, bench, chair, and stool, occupied by its customary owner, except the high backed, carved, antique, oaken, armed chair, belonging exclusively to the goodman. Inopulence, labour, contentment and mirth were here all assembled together in the wide, low-roofed kitchen of this sheltered farm house, called, from its situation, in a low woody dell, The How, and all that was wanting to make the happiness complete was Abel Alison himself, the master and father of the family. It seemed to them that he was rather later than usual in returning from the city, whither he went every market day. But though it was a boisterous night in April, with a good drift of snow going, they had no apprehensions of his safety, and when they heard the trampling of horses' feet on the gravel, up sprang half a dozen creatures of various sizes to hail him at the door, and to conduct the

colt, for so they continued to call a horse now about fifteen years old, to his fresh strawed stall in the byre. All was right—Abel entered with his usual smile, his wife helped him off with his great coat, which had a respectable sprinkling of snow, and stiffening of frost; he assumed his usual seat, or, as his youngest son and namesake, who was the wit of the family, called it, his throne, and supper immediately smoking on the board, a blessing was said, and a flourish of wooden spoons ensued.

Supper being over, and a contented silence prevailing, with an occasional whispered remark of merriment or affection circling round, Abel Alison rested himself with more than his usual formality against the back of his chair, and putting on not an unhappy, but a grave face, told his wife, and family, and servants, all to make up their minds to hear some very bad news nearly affecting themselves. There was something too anxiously serious in his look, voice, and attitude, to permit a thought of his wishing to startle them for a moment by some false alarm. So at once they were all hushed—young and old—and turned towards their father with fixed countenances and anxious eyes.

Wife—and children—there is no need, surely, to go round about the bush—I will tell you the worst in a word, I am ruined. That is to say, all my property is lost—gone—and we must leave the How. There is no help for it—we must leave the How.

His wife's face grew pale, and for a short space she said nothing. A slight convulsive motion went over all the circle as if they had been struck by an electric shock had struck them all sitting together with locked hands. Leave the How! one voice sobbing exclaimed—it was a female voice, but it was not repeated, and it was uncertain from whom it came.

"Why, Abel," said his wife calmly, who had now perfectly recovered herself, "if we must leave the How, we must leave a bonny sheltered spot where we have seen many happy days. But what then? surely there may be contentment found many a where else besides in this cheerful room and round about our birken banks and braes. For myself, I shall not lose a night's rest at the thought, if you, Abel, can bear it—and, God bless you, I have known you bear a severer blow than this!"

Abel Alison was a free, warm hearted man, of a happy disposition, and always inclined to look at every thing in a favourable light. He was also a most industrious hard-working man. But he could not always say "nay,"—and what he earned with a month's toil, he had more than once lost by a moment's easy good-nature. He had sometimes before imprudently become surety for an acquaintance, who had no such rightful claim upon him—that acquaintance was a man of no principle—and Abel was now ruined—utterly and irretrievably ruined. Under such circumstances he could not be altogether without self reproach, and the kind

magnanimity of his wife now brought the tear into his eye. "Ay-ay—I was just the old man in that foolish business. I should have remembered you, Alice, and all my bairns. But I hope—I know you will forgive me, for having thus been the means of bringing you all to poverty."

Upon this, Abel's oldest son, a young man about twenty years of age, stood up, and first looking with the most respectful tenderness upon his father, and then with a cheerful smile upon all around, said, "Father, never more utter those words—never more have these thoughts. You have fed us—clothed us—educated us—taught us what is our duty, to God and man. It rests with ourselves to practise it. We all love you—father, we are all grateful—we would all lay down our lives to save yours. But there is no need for that now.—What has happened? Nothing.—Are we not all well—all strong—cannot we all work? As God is my witness, and know's my heart, I now declare before you, Father, that this is not a visitation, but it is a blessing. Now it will be tried whether we love you, Father—whether you have prayed every morning and every night for more than twenty years for ungrateful children—whether your toil in sun, and rain, and snow, has been thankless toil—or whether we will not all rally round your grey head, and find it a pleasant shelter—a smooth pillow—and a plentiful board; and with that he unconsciously planted his foot more firmly on the floor, and stretched out his right arm, standing there a tall, straight, powerful stripling, in whom there was visible protection and succour for his parents in their declining age.

One spirit kindled over all—not a momentary flash of enthusiasm—not a mere movement of pity and love towards their father, which might give way to dissatisfaction and despondency; but a true, deep, clear reconciliation of their souls to their lot, and a resolution not to be shaken in its unquaking power by any hardships, either in anticipation or reality. Abel Alison saw and felt this, and his soul burned within him. "We shall all go to service—no shame in that. But we shall have time enough to consider of all these points before the term day. We have some weeks before us at the How, and let us make the most of them. Wife, children, are you all happy?"

All—all—perfectly happy—happier than ever—was the general burst of the reply.

Sur up that fire, my merry little Abel, said the mother, and let us have a good, full, bright blaze on your father's face—God bless him.

Abel brandished an immense poker in both hands, and after knitting his brows, and threatening to aim a murderous blow on the temples of the beautiful little Alice on her stool close to the angle, and at her father's feet, a practical joke that seemed infinitely amusing, he gave the great ash-root a thump that sent a thousand sparkling gems up the wide chimney, and then placing the poker under it like a lever, he hoisted up the burning

mass till a blaze of brightness dazzled all their eyes, and made Luath start up from his slumbers on the hearth.

"Come Alice," said the father, "we must not be cheated out of our music as usual, as our money; let us have your song as usual, my bonny Linnet—something that suits the season—cheerful and mournful at the same time—'Auld lang syne,' or 'Lobchaber no more.'" I will sing them both father, first the one and then the other; and as her sweet silver pipe trilled plaintively along, now and then other voices, and among them that of old Abel himself, were heard joining in the touching air.

What think you o' the singing this night my gude-dog Luath! quoth little cunning Abel, taking the dumb creature's offered paw into his hand. But do you know Luath, you greedy fellow, who have often stolen my cheese and bread on the hill when my head was turned, though you are no thief either Luath—I say, sir, do you know that we are all going to be starved? Come, here is the last mouthful of cake you will ever have all the days of your life, henceforth you must eat grass like a sheep. Hold your nose, sir—there— one, two, three! Steady—snap—swallow! well caught! Digest that and be thankful."

Children, said the old man, suppose we make a Family Trust, which, if we be all alive, let us religiously keep—aye, religiously, for it will be a day either of fast or of thanksgiving. Let us all meet on the term day, that is, I believe, the twelfth of May come a twelvemonth, on the green plot of ground beside the Shaw Linn, in which we have for so many years washed our sheep. It is a bonny, low, quiet spot, where nobody will come to disturb us. We will all meet together before the gloaming, and compare the stories of our year's life and doings, and say our prayers together in the open air, and beneath the moon and stars." The proposal was joyfully agreed to by all.

Family worship was now performed. Abel Alison prayed as fervently, and with as grateful a heart as he had done the night before. For his piety did not keep an account current of debtor and creditor with God. All was God's, of his own he had nothing. God had chosen to vary to him the mode and place of his few remaining years on earth. Was that a cause for repining? God had given him health, strength, a loving wife, dutiful children, a good conscience. No palsy had stricken him, no fever devoured him, no blindness darkened his path. Only a few grey hairs were as yet sprinkled among the black. His boys could bear being looked at, and spoken to in any company, gentle or severe; and his daughters, they were like the water-lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water; but no less serene among the black and scowling waves. So Abel Alison, and all his family, lay down on their beds, and long before midnight they were all fast asleep.

The time came when the farm, the bonny farm of the How was given up, and another family took possession. Abel's whole stock was taken by the new tenant, who was a good, and honest, and merciful man, at a fair valuation. With the sum thus got, Abel paid all his debts, that large fatal one, and his few small ones at the carpenter's shop, the smithy, and Widow Anderson's; the green, grey, black, brown, and white grocer, of the village; and then he and his family were left without a shilling. Yet none pitied them, they were above pity. They would all have scorned either to beg or borrow, for many of their neighbours were as poor, and not a great many much richer than themselves after all: and therefore they set their cheerful faces against the blast, and it was never felt to touch them. The eldest son immediately hired himself at high wages, for his abilities, skill, and strength, were well known, as head servant with the richest farmer in the next parish, which was famous for its agricultore. The second son, who was of an ingenious and thoughtful cast of character, engaged himself as one of the under gardeners at Pollock-Gaskie; and the third, Abel, the wag, became a chapberd with an old friend of his father's, within a few

hundred yards of the How. The eldest daughter went into service in the family of the Laird of Southfield, one of the most respectable in the parish. The second was kindly taken into the Manse, as a nurse to the younger children, and a companion to the elder; and Alice, who from her sweet voice, was always called the Linnet, became a shepherdess along with her brother Abel. The mother went to the Hall to manage the dairy—the Baronet being a great man for cheese and butter—and the father lived with her in a small cottage near the Hall-gate, employing himself in every kind of work that offered itself, for he was a neat handed man, and few things, out of doors or in, came amiss to his fingers, whether it required a delicate touch or a strong blow. Thus were they all scitled to their hearts' content before the hedge rows were quite green; and though somewhat scattered, yet were they all within two hour's journey of each other, and their hearts were all as close together as when inhabiting the sweet, low, bird-nest like cottage of the How.

The year, with all its seasons, passed happily by; the long warm months of summer, when the night brings coolness rather than the shut of light, the fitful, broken, and tempestuous autumn—the winter, whose short, but severe days of toil in the barn, and cheerful fireside nights, with all their work, and all their amusements, soon, too soon, it is often felt, give way to the open weather and active life of spring; the busy, working, enlivening spring itself were now flown by, and it was now the day of the Family Trust, the dear twelfth day of the beautiful but capricious month of May.

Had any one died whose absence would damp the joy and hilarity of the Family Trust, and make it a meeting for the shedding of tears? No. A kind God had counted the beatings of every pulse, and kept the blood of them all in a tranquil flow. The year had not passed by without many happy greetings—they had met often and often at church, at market, on chance visits at neighbour's houses, and not rarely at the cottage at the Hall gate. There had been nothing deserving the name of separation. Yet now that the hour of the Family Trust was near at hand, all their hearts bounded within them, and they saw before them all day that smooth verdant plot, and heard the delightful sound of that waterfall.

The day had been cheerful, both with breezes and with sunshine, and not a rain cloud had shown itself in the sky. Towards the afternoon the wind fell, and nature became more serenely beautiful every minute, as the evening was coming on with its silent dews. The parents came first to the Trysting place, cheered as they approached it down the woody glen, by the deepening voice of the Shaw Linn. Was that small turf built Altar, and the circular turf seat that surrounded it, built by fairy hands? They knew at once that some of their happy children had so employed a few leisure evening hours, and they sat down on the little mound with hearts overflowing with silent, perhaps speechless gratitude.

But they sat not long there by themselves, beloved faces at short intervals came smiling upon them—one through the coppice wood, where there was no path, another across the meadow, a third appeared with a gleesome shout on the cliff of the Waterfall, a fourth seemed to rise out of the very ground before them; and last of all came, preceded by the sound of laughter and of song, with which the calm air was stirred, Abel and Alice, the fairies who had raised that green grassy Altar, and who, from their covert in the shade, had been enjoying the gradual assemblage. "Blessings be to our God, not a head is wanting," said the father, unable to contain his tears. This night could I die in peace.

Little Abel and Alice who, from their lying so near the spot had taken upon themselves the management of the evening's ceremonial, brought from a bush where they had concealed them, a basket of bread and cheese and butter, a jar of milk, and another of honey, and placed them upon

the turf as if they had been a rural gift to some rural deity. "I thought you would be all hungry," said Abel, after your trudge; and as for Simon there, the jolly gardener, he will eat all the kibbock himself, if I do not keep a sharp eye upon him. Simon was always a sure hand at a meal. But, Alice, reach me over the milk-jar—Ladies and gentlemen, all your very good healths. "Our noble selves." This was felt to be very fair wit of Abel's and there was an end to the old Man's tears.

(To be continued.)

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

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

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1853.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

At the annual meeting of the Mechanics' Institute on Monday evening, the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—

President,	-	Frederick Cumberland, Esq.
1st Vice-Do.,	-	Thos. J. Robertson, Esq.
2nd Vice-Do.,	-	Mr. William Edwards,
Treasurer,	-	Mr. John Harrington.
Cor. Secretary,	-	Patrick Freeland, Esq.
Rec. Secretary,	-	Mr. Robert Edwards,
Librarian,	-	M. James Rogers.

COMMITTEE.

Messrs.	Samuel Rogers,
"	Henry Y. Hind,
"	Sandford Fleming,
"	Vincent Parkes,
"	John M. Bean,
"	William Atkinson,
"	John Elliot,
"	John Carter,
"	Hiram Piper,
"	Thomas Henning,
"	George Duffett,
"	William J. Slater.

A Report of the year's proceedings was read, from which we shall select a few passages for next number. Meantime, we this day present a few more extracts from Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey, an ample subject, most ably and eloquently treated. Jeffrey was the glory of the literati of Edinburgh and the pride of his country, and no one was better fitted to estimate his character and genius, or to dilate upon the warmth and kindness of his heart than Lord Cockburn, who witnessed the development of that character, and sunned himself under the glowing fires of Jeffrey's eloquence, and shared in the delights of his social recreations.

BIRTH.

Francis Jeffrey, the greatest of British critics, was born in Edinburgh on the 23rd of October 1773. There are very few persons the precise spot of whose nativity it is worth while taking much pains to fix. But as almost all the accounts of Jeffrey do specify a place, and a wrong one, it may be as well to mention that he certainly was not born in either of the three houses, in Fisher's Land, or Paterson's Court, or Buchanan's Court, all in Lawnmarket Street, where the family afterwards lived; but in one of the flats or floors of what is now marked No. 7 on the west side of Charles Street, George Square. Besides other unquestionable evidences, he himself pointed this out as his birth-place to his friend, Mr Adam Black, bookseller.

EDUCATION.

Francis learned his mere letters at home; and John Cockburn, who had a school in the abyss of Hallie Fyfe's Close, taught him to put them together. He was the finest possible child, but dark and vigorous, and gained some reputation there while still in petticoats. One Sealey had the notion of giving him his whole dancing education, which was over before his ninth year began. It is to be hoped, for Mr. Sealey's sake, that this pupil was not the best specimen of his skill; for certainly neither dancing, nor any muscular accomplishment, except walking, at which he was always excellent, were within his triumphs. The more serious part of his education commenced in October 1781; when, at the age of eight, he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, where he continued for the next six years. In 1787, when in his fourteenth year, he entered Glasgow College, where he remained for two sessions. Principal Macfarlane of Glasgow, and Principal Haldane of Glasgow being fellow-students, and who have both communicated their reminiscences to Lork Cockburn. They agree that his mental activity developed itself at this early period, his favourite subjects being criticism and metaphysics. Principal Macfarlane narrates that in the second session, "he broke upon us very brilliantly," and Principal Haldane gives evidence as to his critical powers, his own essay having fallen into Jeffrey's hands and being most unmercifully dealt with, though the strictures gave early promise of that critical acumen, which was afterwards to exercise such a sway in the Republic of Letters. He also showed the element of resistance to power if he fancied its exercise overbearing, by opposing the election of Adam Smith as Lord Rector, apparently for no other reason than that the professors desired it. Returning from Glasgow, he spent two years in Edinburgh attending the law classes and in a laborious but disperse course of study. Thirty-one essays are enumerated; including discourses on "Beauty," "Slavery," "Fortitude," "Indolence," "Novel Reading," and an endless variety of subjects undertaken for his mental improvement, and in which he acted as his own censor. This period of his life affords a remarkable example of that intellectual perseverance and activity, which continued to the end of his life, and in which thus early may be traced the dawning of that excellence, which, under severe mental culture, in the end gave him his ascendancy both in literature and in his forensic career. In 1791 Jeffrey was sent to Oxford, but before he left Edinburgh he had an opportunity of doing a piece of good service to one whose literary fame, in one sense, it would be ludicrous to name in the same breath with his own, but who has left a name scarcely less known in British literature. The anecdote is characteristic and the association so odd, now that it has come properly to light, so far as we know, for the first time, that we give it in the biographer's own words: "It was about this time (1790 or 1791) that Jeffrey had the honor of assisting to carry the biographer of Johnson, in a state of great intoxication, to bed. For this he was rewarded next morning by Mr. Boswell, who had learned who his bearers had been, clapping his head and

telling him that he was a very promising lad, and that 'if you go on as you've begun, you may live to be a Boswy yourself yet.' On reaching Oxford, whether he was accompanied by his father, brother, and Mr. George Napier, W.S., who afterwards became his brother-in-law, he was consigned to his solitary apartment, "surrounded by chapels, and libraries, and halls," and here, on the first serious sequestration from his home and friends, he experienced that shock that most young men, and especially of a contemplative bias, do once at least encounter in their life—that sense of loneliness and desolation, the active suspense of the journey o'er, and that quiet succeeding with "a quick bosom" which Curran so well describes when first he was let fall in the wilderness of London, and which Jeffrey no less significantly conveys in a letter to his sister. "Why must I always dream that I am in Edinburgh. The unpacking of my trunk rendered me nearly mad. I cannot yet bear to look into any of my writings. I have not now one glimpse of my accustomed genius nor fancy. O! my dear, retired, adored little window," alluding to his Lawnmarket garret, as his biographer tells us, pent up in which he had dreamed o'er the sages and produced those multitudinous essays to which we have alluded. He spent a season at Oxford, when he gladly took leave of its venerable walls with a smelt Latin rejoinder to the formal certificate of his academical attendance in the same language. His idea of his progress, as far as the University, may be gathered from the following passage in a letter. "Except praying and drinking, I see nothing else that it is possible to acquire in this place." We may add that his friend Craunston, who attended the same University a few years previously, was much of the same opinion, for he afterwards used to say that the only benefit he derived within its venerable halls was in the vacation, when he chanced to be left there to his own study and incubations. Jeffrey returned to Edinburgh in the summer of 1792, and resumed his legal and other studies with a view to the Bar. But, like many others who have attained the highest rank in that profession, he had periods of overwhelming distrust in his own capacity or aptitude for the task. It is curious that this diffidence more frequently assails those who ascend into the highest sphere than others who, having given evidences of quickness and sagacity in a subordinate but eminently practical and useful province (viz., the Attorney's office), assume the gown with every confidence, and generally not misplaced, though less rarely than in the first instance—that of Jeffrey and others, who have pursued a more varied, profound and speculative course of study—conducting them to a commanding elevation. Jeffrey did not think of the mercantile profession at this time any more than when at an after period, and, in a letter to Horner, he carelessly talked of abandoning fame and everything else, if he could oisly conjure up a nice little cottage and £300 a year. These wayward feelings arise in moments of temporary pressure and despondency, when mankind are often tempted to say with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest." Jeffrey had these overcomings, notwithstanding the general elasticity of his spirit, but he never seriously harboured the thought of abandoning an active conflict with the world, whether law or literature should eventually enlist him. As it was, he was a loyal subject to both. He was called to the Bar on 16th December 1794, and Lord Cockburn gives the following comprehensive sketch of the political state of Scotland at that date.

Scotland did not maintain a single opposition newspaper, or magazine, or periodical publication. The nomination of the jury by the presiding judge was controlled by no check whatever provided his Lordship avoided minors, the deaf, lunatics, and others absolutely incapable. Peremptory challenge was unknown. Meetings of the adherents of Government for party purposes, and for such things as victories and charities, were common enough. But, with ample materials for opposition meetings, they were in total

disease. I doubt if there was one held in Edinburgh between the year 1795 and the year 1800. Attendance was understood to be fatal. The very banks were overtawed, and conferred their favours with a very different hand to the adherents of the two parties. Those who remember the year 1810 can scarcely have forgotten the political spite that assailed the rise of the Commercial Bank, because it proposed, by knowing no distinction of party in its mercantile dealing, to liberate the public, but especially the citizens of Edinburgh. Thus, politically, Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great man's gate. Without a single free institution or habit, opposition was rebellion, submission probable success. There were many with whom horror of French principles, to the extent to which it was carried, was a patty pretext. But there were also many with whom it was a sincere feeling, and who, in their fright, saw in every Whig a person who was already a Republican, and not unwilling to become a regicide. In these circumstances, zeal, upon the right side, was at a high premium, while there was no virtue so hated as moderation.

MARRIAGE.

The marriage took place on the 1st of November, 1801. It had all the recommendation of poverty. His father, who was in humble circumstances, assisted them a very little; but Miss Wilson had no fortune, and Jeffrey had told his brother, only six months before, that "my profession has never yet brought me £100 a year. Yet have I determined to venture upon this new state. It shows a reliance upon Providence, scarcely to be equalled in this degenerate age, and indicates such resolutions of economy as would identify any less magnanimous adventurer." His brother Irving asked him to describe his wife; he did so, as I think, with great accuracy. "You ask me to describe my Catharine to you; but I have no talent of description, and put but little faith in full-drawn characters; besides, the original is now so much a part of myself that it would not be decent to enlarge very much, either upon her excellences or her imperfections. It is proper, however, to tell you, in sober earnest, that she is not a showy or remarkable girl, either in person or character. She has good sense, good manners, good temper, and good hands, and, above all I am perfectly sure that she has a good heart, and that it is mine without reluctance or division." She soon secured the respect and esteem of all his friends, and made her house and its society very agreeable. Their first home was in Buccleuch Place, one of the new parts of the old town; not in either the eighth or the ninth stories, neither of which ever existed, but in the third story of what is now No. 18 of the street. His domestic arrangements were set about with that honorable economy which always enabled him to practice great generosity. There is a sheet of paper containing an inventory, in his own writing, of every article of furniture that he went to the length of getting, with the price. His own study was only made comfortable at the cost of £718s.; the banquetting hall rose to £138s., and the drawing-room actually rose to £2219s.

Arts and Manufactures.

NEW MAP OF UPPER CANADA.

Mr. Scobie has just issued a map of the Western half of Upper Canada, which will undoubtedly receive that amount of patronage, which so important an addition to the geographical department of our provincial acquisitions demands. It is two feet three inches long by three feet deep, and will form an excellent school map. In fact we have hung it up along side one of Varty's imitable School Maps, and to say that it seems not at all ill fitted to become a school-mate with the Englishman is no measured praise. The divisions are taken from the latest and most reliable sources; and the counties are marked according to the recent Counties' Bill. The map is

thus more useful than any map of the province hitherto published, however elegantly finished it may have been. Mr. Scott is entitled to great credit for his enterprise, and we trust that it will be rewarded by an ample return for the expenditure necessarily involved in such a work. Besides, this is only the half of the Upper Province, and the other half is in hand and will, by and by, make its appearance. We have no doubt this map will find its way to every counting-house in town, as well as to every one of any note throughout the province.

VIEW OF MONTREAL.

A view of the city of Montreal from the mountain, recently executed by Mr. Whitefield, is highly spoken of. The specimens of the lithographic prints are said to do full justice to the original, which is universally admitted to be beyond all comparison the best representation of the city ever produced. All the prominent buildings are very correctly drawn, as well as the surrounding scenery, comprising the Island of St. Helen, the country on the opposite side, with the various mountains in the distance. They are printed in litholint, and are tinted variously, so as to complete the chromatic effects, or to allow the purchaser to color to his own taste.

SHIP BUILDING.

Messrs. Baldwin & Dinning have launched from their building in Quebec, a fine ship of 1904 tons, built under the superintendence of Lloyd's surveyor, and named the *Countess of Eglon*.

A fine sea going steamer about 180 feet over, named the *Malmorenci*, has also just been launched by Captain Vaughan.

MACHINERY.

It is very gratifying to see by the Montreal papers that a manufactory for Locomotives is about to be established in that city on an extensive scale. Mr. William L. Kimmond, of the firm of Kimmond and Co., of Dundee, Scotland, has embarked in that line in this country, and the Montreal and New York Railroad Company have leased to him, on liberal terms, the extensive Engine House and workshops, at their Montreal terminus. It is said that Mr. Kimmond expects from Scotland by the first ships, a large quantity of machinery and material, and some eighty to a hundred first class Scotch Engineers, and other artisans. As a commencement Mr. K. has contracted to supply the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad Company with twelve or fifteen locomotives. As each engine will cost somewhere about £3000 currency, it may be fairly considered that such an establishment will be of an immense importance to the province.

Literary Notices.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW; New York, Leonard & Scott; Toronto, T. Macloar.

The contents of the April number of the Westminster are the Government of India—Physical Puritanism—Europe, its condition and prospects—a Theory of Population—Shelley and the Letters of Poets—The Commerce of Literature—Lord Palmerston and his Policy—the Early Quakers and Quakerism—Contemporary Literature of England—Contemporary Literature of America—Contemporary Literature of Germany—Contemporary Literature of France. In preference to any specific notice of this Review we subjoin a concise, but judicious notice, of this series of reprints.—From the *New York Times*.

The great British Reviews and Magazines, in which is to be found much of the ablest writing of the day, have been rendered accessible to all

classes of the American public, by the various reprints of them here. Messrs. Leonard & Scott continue to reproduce regularly, and in a very handsome form, the four leading Quarterlies, together with Blackwood—all of which are furnished yearly at the very low price of ten dollars. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviews are well known as the oldest, and, for many years, the only influential publications of their class in Great Britain. Jeffrey won his chief literary distinction as an editor of the first, while the pens of Scott, Southey, and others, were employed for many years in strengthening and enriching the latter. They are neither of them as brilliant now as they have been heretofore; and yet they always contain articles of ability, and as influential exponents of the two great parties of England they are still exceedingly interesting. The *Westminster* has lately passed into new hands, and does not seem to have improved thereby. It was decidedly liberal in its leanings upon all topics before, and has advocated Free Trade, the extension of the suffrage, and other reform measures with ability and effect. Its tone now is still more radical upon social topics, and in religious questions it takes ground very openly against what is technically known as evangelical opinion. It contains much nevertheless, which is able and instructive. Rev. James Martineau, unquestionably one of the ablest living writers of England, still contributes to its pages, and his articles are always worth reading. The *Westminster* has also procured two articles from American writers, which were copyrighted here in order to force Mr. Scott into paying for the privilege of reprinting the work. Very little would have been lost to American readers, if both these papers had been omitted. Although it will not command general confidence in the soundness or safety of its views, the *Westminster* will be valuable as an index of the tendencies of the class of writers it represents. The *North British Review*, which is also reprinted, is in many respects the ablest and most interesting of the British Quarterlies. The last number has a paper on *Nilton*, of pre-eminent merit. Its pages are always marked by scholarship, independence and decided religious convictions. Its theological position and general moral tone are more nearly in sympathy with the American public, than those of either of the other Quarterlies. Every one interested in public matters, who can command the means, ought to have these Quarterlies regularly upon his table, as they afford the best means of keeping accurately informed as to the progress of thought and letters abroad, besides containing much that is of itself valuable and instructive.

APPLETON'S MECHANICS' MAGAZINE; New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, A. H. Armour Co.

We have received the May number of this useful Magazine, which opens with a brief sketch of George Washington Whistler, with portrait. The name of Whistler may not be familiar to many of our readers. He was the son of Major General Whistler of the United States Artillery, and was born at Fort Wayne in 1800. He attained to eminence as an Engineer, and was in 1842 invited by the Emperor of Russia to take the direction, as engineer, of the system of internal improvements then projected in his empire; and in addition to the superintendence of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad, and the establishment of manufactories for the construction of engines, cars, &c., on a magnificent scale; he was appointed engineer of the naval arsenal at Cronstadt, a city at the mouth of the river Neva, and principal shipping port of Russia. His labours here were closed by his sudden death, April 7th 1849, as he was about to revisit his American home. His friends contemplate raising funds by subscription to erect a monument to his memory in Greenwood Cemetery. The portrait is very well executed; but in our copy the proof paper does not seem to have been well fixed, as it is very much rumpled. We will refer to the contents in our next.

THE ART JOURNAL, April; New York, G. Virtue & Sons, Toronto, Hugh Rogers, Agent for Canada.

We received the April number of this magnificent Journal on Thursday evening last just before going to press, and had only time to cast our eyes for a few moments on its charming engravings. The embellishments are—the Casement, engraved by J. Stephenson, from the picture by G. S. Newell, R. A. in the Vernon Gallery; Rest in the Desert, engraved by J. Comen, from the picture by W. Muller in the Vernon Gallery; Hebe, engraved by W. H. Moss, from the Statue by Canova; Selections from the Portfolios of M. Reich; and examples of the Artists of Germany. The engraving of Canova's celebrated *Hebe*, is a most exquisite production. The graceful aerial attitude, the noble countenance, the living expressive sweetness of the lips, the finely rounded figure, the transparent drapery streaming so gracefully in the breeze, and the delicacy and refinement of the whole representation, are all of the most imposing character. We have a brief sketch of Paul Potter, with four scenes from his Pencil—Evening—The Drinking Trough—Milking Time, and a Pastoral Scene. These are the scenes in which Paul spent his happiest moments:—

Nature was at all times his model. It may be safely affirmed that every animal he introduced into his pictures is an exact portrait, and that he never designed even a cow. Day after day he might be seen in the green meadows that surround the royal village of the Hague, sketching with unwearied assiduity and care, the cattle singly or in groups that browsed therein, copying with the utmost minuteness every peculiarity of form and expression, the varieties of color and texture of skin, the broad muscular development of the bull, and the placid roundly of the sheep.

Oriental Sayings.

THE GREATEST EVIL IN THE STATE.

THE RAT IN THE STATUE.

A good and just eastern prince asked one of his most trustworthy and wise ministers what one had most to fear in a state? The minister replied, my lord, as far as I can judge, one has to fear nothing more than what is called *the rat in the statue*. The prince not comprehending what the comparison meant asked him to explain it to him. Your majesty, said the minister, is no doubt aware, that in many places the people are accustomed to erect statues in honor of the deity of the place. These statues are generally made of wood, hollow within and painted without, bearing also some inscriptions. It happened at one time that a rat made its way into one of these statues, and the people were greatly perplexed how to drive the little animal from its retreat. To use fire might injure the statue, and to place the statue in the water would destroy the colours, and so the regard in which the statue was held protected the rat. And who are the rats in the statue, asked the prince? Those persons, replied the minister, who have neither merit nor virtue, and yet enjoy the favour of the king—they destroy everything—their acts are seen, and cause great grief and trouble, but one does not know how to remedy the evil as the favour of the king protects them. *These are the rats in the statue.*

R.

SABE, the Persian urologist, says, I once overheard a wise man, remarking that no person has ever acknowledged his own ignorance excepting that person, who, while another may be speaking and has not finished what he has to say, will interrupt him by beginning to speak. A speech has a beginning and an end—introduce not one speech into the middle of another.—A man that has any judgment or discretion delivers not his speech till he finds an interval of silence.

R.

Miscellaneous.

ADMINISTRATIONS.

One evening some years ago, when the gas was first introduced into an ancient town in the north of Scotland, an old lady whose son had provided the luxury for the establishment, just before retiring to her silent repose, went to put out the light, and being accustomed from time immemorial, in all such cases, to display the strength of her breathing organs, she applied the same extraneous force to the jet, and all was speedily in obscurity. But the smell of ten thousand half extinguished candles was nothing to the virulence of the odour which speedily insinuated itself into every apartment; and the young man who was quietly poring over *Pilgrim's Progress*, actually imagined that he had come into contact with the sulphur from the pit of destruction. He was at length roused from his reverie and very speedily ascertained the cause, which it was only necessary to know in order to provide a speedy remedy. Now there was nothing very strange in all this. We cannot intuitively understand any new process which may have been adopted; although we are very much in the habit every day of expecting our children or domestics to do things as we wish them to be done without ever having given the slightest hint to that effect. Nothing could be more preposterous. Well, an amusing incident resulting from a similar cause transpired one day last week in the rear of one of our King Street shops. A female wanted to draw a pailful of water to perform some avocation among the tea-cups, and being seemingly a stranger to the premises, she enquired as a man-busying himself about something in the yard, where the well was. The sequel would almost induce the belief that the answer was both laconic and indelicate—something like; "it is in the corner yonder." However the first thing that arrested the attention "in the corner, yonder," was one of these patent weighing machines, with several weights suspended from it, and the stranger, very innocently imagining this to be the pump, laid hold of it and gave several vigorous twitches, but beheld the "well was dry." She communicated her complaint to the workman, who having heard the sudden jingling among the weights, lifted his head to discover the cause and could scarcely contain his gravity at the occurrence. He, however had madness enough left to go to the corner and satisfy the new comer that she had only by mistake pulled the wrong handle. Well, although we are all frequently apt to pull the wrong handle, we are always ready to enjoy a laugh at our neighbour's cost. This seems a failing in our nature, as universal as the light of the sun. So long, then, as we are not caught lifting our hat and making obeisance to a lamp post in the passing, we may be allowed to move on without much remark. But even that notion grotesque as it may appear, unless performed through the influence of some stimulating agent, may not necessarily call forth our risible faculties. There was, some years ago, a very respectable old man who used to wander through the streets of Paisley, and sometimes he would stick himself up against a wall, and protest seriously, that he was a clock, and would make his arm go to and fro, to represent the pendulum; at other times he would declare that he was a tea-pot, and would twist up his arms, to represent the spout and the handle. On such occasions he would very speedily collect a crowd of boys, who enjoyed the sport thus occasioned. The poor man had evidently pulled a long while at the wrong handle. He had laboured hard to amass money, and when his aim was accomplished the well became dry; and there was nothing heard but the jingling of the weights.

EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

When a young lady is seventeen years of age, if she enjoys good health, she is just beginning to have that vigor of mind, which enables her to make intellectual acquisitions. Two or three years, then, devoted energetically to study, will

store her mind with treasures which will be more valuable to her than mines of gold. She will be thus able to command a husband's respect and retain his love. Her children will feel that they have indeed a mother. Her home will be one worthy of the name, where a mother's accomplished mind and glowing heart will diffuse their heavenly influence. An angel might covet the mission which is assigned to a mother. Your child, who thinks of finishing her education at sixteen, may soon have entrusted to her keeping a son, in whose soul may glow the energies of Milton, or of Newton or of Washington. She is created a little lower than the angels. When the waning stars expire, she is still to go careering on in immortality, till she reaches that climax of happiness—in the presence of God. Appreciate the exaltation of her nature, her duties, and her destiny. Let not the noble intellect, where dwells her immortality be unheeded. The years of youth are soon gone. The moments in which a young lady can attract attention by a few superficial accomplishments, are as transient as the morning dew. But there are life-long cares and responsibilities which will weigh upon her. And when she has passed through her three-score years and ten, and, venerable in age, she sits by the fire side with her children and grandchildren around her, accomplished scholar and honored statesman may be among their number, who shall assemble in her chamber with emotion of love and reverence.

SCARLET FEVER.

Dr. Lindsay of Washington says: My plan has been to have the whole body rubbed with the inside rind of fat uncooked bacon, during the whole course of the disease, and to depend upon the tincture of iodine, applied freely once, twice or three times in the course of twenty-four hours, to arrest the dangerous affection. But one case (and that had left the city convalescent) terminated fatally, besides another one which I saw in consultation, in which this treatment was applied. If there is any virtue in this simple remedy it cannot be too generally known.

Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.
May 9	1805. Schiller, died.
" 10	1850. Gay-Lussac, died.
" 10	1733. Barton Booth, died.
" 11	1771. Louis 15, King of France, died.
" 11	1778. Earl of Chatham, died.
" 12	1813. Hon. Spencer Percival, shot.
" 12	1611. Earl of Strafford, beheaded.
" 13	1763. Dr. John Bell, born.
" 13	1753. L. Carnet, born.
" 14	1820. Henry Grattan, died.
" 14	1832. Baron Cuvier, died.
" 14	1838. Zachary Macaulay, died.
" 14	1610. Henry IV, King of France, assassinated.
" 15	1696. Fahrenheit, born.
" 15	1818. M. G. Lewis, died.
" 15	1821. John Bunycastle, died.
" 15	1817. Daniel O'Connell, died.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was the son of Robert Pitt, Esq., of Boconock, in Cornwall, where he was born in 1709. After studying at Eton and Oxford, he entered the army as a cornet of dragoons, but, quitting it on being returned to parliament as a member for Old Sarum. His talents as an orator were soon displayed in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, and had so great an effect, that the Duchess of Marlborough, who had a deadly hatred to that minister, bequeathed a legacy to Mr. Pitt of £10,000. On the change of administration, he was made joint vice-treasurer of Ireland and paymaster-general of the army, which places he resigned in 1755; but the year following he was appointed Secretary of State. In a few months he was again dismissed from office; but an efficient administration being wanted in 1757, and the nation being enthusiastically at-

tached to him, he returned to his former office of Secretary of State. His great mind now revealed its full force; he aroused the nation to new activity, and in the space of a few years, we re-erected our superiority over France, annihilating her navy and stripping her of her colonies. In 1760 he advised the declaration of war against Spain, while she was unprepared for resistance, as he foresaw that she would assist France. But his plans were suddenly interrupted by the death of George II, whose successor was prejudiced against Pitt by his adversary the Earl of Bute, a statesman of limited views. Pitt therefore resigned his post in 1761, only retaining his seat in the House of Commons. Foreseeing the separation of the American colonies from the mother country, if the arbitrary measures then adopted should be continued, he advocated, especially in 1766, a conciliatory policy, and the repeal of the Stamp Act. In the same year he was invited to form a new ministry, in which he took the office of Privy Seal, and was created earl of Chatham, but in 1768 he resigned, judging himself inadequately seconded by his colleagues. In the House of Lords he continued his opposition to the measures against the American colonies, even after their declaration of independence in 1776. He was speaking with his accustomed energy on this subject, in the House of Lords, April 8, 1778, when he fell down in convulsions. He died on the 11th of the following month, and was buried in Westminster Abbey at the national expense—*Alquis.*

At 9 Leopold Place, Edinburgh, on the 29th ultimo, after a short illness, Mr. William Aitken, of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, in the 27th year of his age. To this brief obituary notice we would add a few words, for rarely has a young man departed this life more deeply and deservedly regretted than Mr. Aitken. Although almost unknown in this quarter, the remarks we have to make, will not be a useless employment of our space. Mr. Aitken commenced his professional career as reporter to the *Fife Herald*, and on the starting of the *Scottish Press* in Edinburgh, in 1817, Mr. Aitken was selected to a similar situation over many competitors. He was afterwards induced to join the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, with which paper he remained connected till his decease. In all these situations, while he gained the esteem of his employers by his integrity and ability, Mr. Aitken was careful to embrace opportunities for mental culture, and he was latterly becoming a frequent and esteemed contributor to some of the periodicals of the day. It has rarely been our lot to experience the personal friendship of one so extensively and warmly beloved, one, too, who was very perceptibly ascending to an honourable position in the world. From a private note, we quote the language of one, who, with ourselves, now mourns his loss.—"In him were combined a strong vigorous intellect, a gentle heart, and a charm of manner that secured the affections of all who approached him. He was a kind, steady friend, a fascinating companion, and a thoroughly honest, virtuous man. His was a life comparatively void of all evil; he had a heart free from guile; and a mind deeply imbued with the meek, and holy, and benevolent doctrines of Christianity. We may mourn his loss, but his memory will remain ever green, and never depart from us as long as we live." The remains of the deceased were conveyed by railway last Thursday to Cupar, and were interred in the burying-ground there.—*Alloa Advertiser.*

With our respected friend, Mr. Lothian, would we wish to bear our humble testimony to the private worth of the deceased. He has summed up his professional career in a few words. During that career we spent many pleasant hours together; but he has distanced all his Edinburgh associates in the race for immortality. The poet has beautifully said—

If thou art wise and good 'tis well,
For virtue has a charm;
But all thy goodness cannot stay
The tyrant's lifted arm.

Artists' Corner.

NO IX.—PHILIP WOUWERMAN.

Philip Wouwerman was born at Haarlem in 1629. His father, Paul Wouwerman, was a historical painter of little note; but possessing sufficient knowledge of the aesthetics of the art to enable him to be an excellent tutor to his son in his earlier years. There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the precise period when the father's preceptorship terminated, and as to his subsequent proceedings previous to his obtaining celebrity. But it is generally supposed that he was first brought into notice by John de Wet, a painter and picture dealer in Haarlem. It is related that de Wet requested Bamboccio to paint him a picture of Cavalry Halting, for which the artist demanded two hundred florins. This sum was considered too large, and Bamboccio refusing to execute it for less, the picture dealer applied to Wouwerman, who was just rising into notice, to paint a picture on a similar subject at the same price. The picture was finished, and de Wet made a considerable noise about the great talent he had discovered in a comparatively unknown artist, more it is conjectured for the purpose of annoying Bamboccio than from any other consideration. He invited all the connoisseurs of art to examine the chef d'œuvre, and as it was universally admired, the reputation of Wouwerman was thus borne on every breeze. Some biographers state that the commission was simultaneously given to both artists, and that when completed the preference was given to the picture of Wouwerman. Be that as it may, this picture brought him into repute, and his works subsequently became so numerous, and so scrupulously executed that few painters of the old Dutch School are better known, or more generally appreciated than Wouwerman. The most celebrated landscape painters of his day solicited him to embellish their works, by the introduction of some of his imitable horses; and he kept on painting picture after picture to the number of about eight hundred independent of the assistance he gave in the illustration of the works of his contemporaries in reference to the peculiar style of art which he followed. M. Charles Blanc, from whose history we have previously quoted says, history does not inform us whether the artist was himself one of those stout cavaliers, who knew how to manage their chargers with so much grace and dexterity, but he certainly drew more horses on his canvases than he reckoned among his stud. How closely must he have studied in the Academy of the stables, by the side of the farrier's forge, and in the court yards of hostleries, watching the various movements of the animal, and rapidly sketching his form in all its diversified attitudes." His pictures are finished with the most exquisite delicacy, and with very great breadth of effect. His colouring is rich, and his light and shade are managed with a most dexterous effect. Although he is not known to have travelled much, yet the truthfulness and picturesque beauty of his mountain scenery at once testify that he had visited other lands, where nature displayed itself in more varied forms than he found in the level low lying marshy plains of Holland. His pieces are highly finished, and indicated that the artist himself mingled in the scenes, which he so faithfully portrays. He was no copyist from other artists, and gives us, therefore, nature true and unsophisticated as it appeared to his discriminating eye. Wouwerman died in 1668, in the 48th year of his age.

Varieties.

EVERY NOBLE BUILDING gives influence to a better taste.

THE WORLD cannot make up for the loss of a happy conscience.

THE MOST ABANDONED will respect and admire virtue.

SOFTLY, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colours will deceive us.

EVERY is fixed only on merit, and like a more eye, is offended with everything that is bright.

WISDOM is the olive which springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

HAVE NOT to do with any man in a passion, for men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

ONE DOUT solved by yourself will open your mind more, by exercising its powers, than the solution of many by another.

TEARS are as dew which moistens the earth, and renews its vigour. Remorse has none; it is a volcano, vomiting forth lava which burns and destroys.

IT IS NOT so difficult a task to plant new truths as to root out old errors, for there is this paradox in men—they run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favour of that which is old.

A SCOTCHMAN fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers.

AS A GLADIATOR trained the body, so must we train the mind to self sacrifice, "to endure all things" to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough, without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

NOR HE who displays the latest fashion, dresses in extravagance, with gold rings and chains to display. Nor he who talks the loudest, and makes constant use of profane language and vulgar words. Nor he who is proud and overbearing—who oppresses the poor, and looks with contempt on honest industry. Nor he who cannot control his passions, and humble himself as a child. No; none of these are real gentlemen. It is he who is kind and obliging; who is ready to do a favour with no hope of reward; who visits the poor, and assists those who are in need who is more careful of his heart than of the dress of his person; who is humble and sociable—not irascible or revengeful; who always speaks the truth without resorting to profane or indecent words. Such a man is a gentleman wherever he may be found. Rich or poor, high or low he is entitled to the appellation.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face, fear blanches it, joy illuminates it, and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diogenes, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Phillip the V. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

The Youths' Department.

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

Charles Murray left home with his books and his satchel for school. Before starting, he kissed his little sister, and patted Juno on the head; as he went singing away, he felt as happy as any boy could wish to feel. Charles was a good-tempered lad, but he had the fault common to a great many boys, that of being impetuous and enticed by others to do things which he knew to be contrary to the wishes of his parents. Such acts never made him feel any happier, for the fear that his disobedience would be found out, added to a consciousness of having done wrong, were far from being pleasant companions.

On the present occasion, as he walked briskly in the direction of the school, he repeated over his lessons in his mind, and was intent upon having them so perfect as to be able to repeat every word. He had gone nearly half the distance, and was still thinking over his lessons, when he stopped suddenly, as a voice called out, "Hallo, Charley!"

Turning in the direction from which the voice came, he saw Archy Benton, with his school-bag in his hand; but he was going from, instead of in the direction of the school.

"Where are you going, Archy?" asked Charles calling out to him.

"Into the woods, for chestnuts."

"Ain't you going to school, to-day?"

"No, indeed. There was a sharp frost last night, and Uncle John says the wind will rattle down the chestnuts like hail."

"Did your father say you might go?"

"No, indeed. I asked him, but he said I couldn't go until Saturday. But the boys are in the woods, and will eat the chestnuts all up before Saturday; so I am going to-day. Come, go along, won't you? It is such a fine day, and the ground will be covered with chestnuts. We can get home at the usual time, and no one will suspect that we were not at school."

"I should like to go very well," said Charley, "but I know father will be greatly displeased, if he finds it out; and I am afraid he would get to know it in some way."

"How could he get to know it? Isn't he at his store all the time?"

"But he might think to ask me if I was at school; and I never will tell a lie."

"You could say, Yes, and not tell a lie either," returned Archy. "You were at school yesterday."

"No, I couldn't. A lie, father says, is in the intent to deceive. He would, of course, mean to ask whether I was at school to-day, and if I said yes, I would tell a lie."

"It isn't so clear to me that you would. At any rate, I don't see any harm in a little fib. It doesn't hurt anybody."

"Father says a falsehood hurts a boy a great deal more than he thinks of. And one day he showed me in the Bible where liars were classed with murderers, and other wicked spirits in hell. I can't tell a lie, Archy."

"There won't be any need of your doing so," urged Archy; "for I am sure he will never think to ask you about it. Why should he?"

"I don't know, but whenever I have been doing anything wrong, he is sure to begin to question me, and lead me on until I betray the secret of my fault."

"Never mind. Come and go with me. It is such a fine day. We shan't have another like it. It will rain on Saturday, I'll bet anything; so come along now, let us have a day in the woods, while we can."

Charles was very strongly tempted. When he thought of the confinement of school, and then of the freedom of a day in the woods, he felt much inclined to go with Archy.

"Come along," said Archy, as Charles stood balancing the matter in his mind. And he took hold of his arm, and drew him in a direction opposite from the school. "Come, you are just the

boy I want. I was thinking about you the moment before I saw you."

The temptation to Charles was very strong. "I don't believe I will be found out," he said to himself. "And it is such a pleasant day to go into the woods!"

Still he held back and thought of his father's displeasure if he should discover that he had played the truant. The word "truant," that he repeated mentally, decided the matter in his mind, and he exclaimed, in a loud and decided voice, as he dragged away from the hand of Archy, that had still retained its hold on his arm. "I've never played truant yet, and I don't think I ever will. Father says he never played truant when he was a boy; and I'd like to say the same thing when I get to be a man."

"Nonsense, Charley! come, go with me," urged Archy.

But Charles Murray's mind was made up not to play the truant. So he started off to school, saying, as he did so, "No, I can't go, Archy; and if I were you, I would wait until Saturday. You will enjoy it so much better when you have your father's consent. It always takes away more than one half of the pleasure of any enjoyment to think that it is obtained at the cost of disobedience. Come, go to school with me now, and I will go into the woods with you on Saturday."

"No, I can't wait until Saturday. I'm sure it will rain by that time; and if it don't the hogs will eat up every nut that has fallen before that time."

"There'll be plenty left on the trees, if they do. It's as fine sport to knock them down as to pick them up."

But Archy's purpose was settled, and nothing that Charles Murray could say had any influence with him. So the boys parted, the one for his school, and the other for a stolen holiday in the woods.

The moment Charles was alone again, he felt no longer any desire to go with Archy. He had successfully resisted the temptation, and the allurements were gone. But even for listening to temptation he had some small punishment, for he was late to school by nearly ten minutes, and had not his lessons as perfect as usual, for which the teacher felt called upon to reprimand him. But this was soon forgotten; and he was a good boy through the whole day, and studied his lessons so diligently, that, when evening came, the teacher, who had not forgotten the reprimand, said to him, "You have been the best boy in the school to-day, Charles. To-morrow morning, try and come in time, and be sure that your lessons are well committed to memory."

Charles felt very light and cheerful as he went running, skipping, and singing homeward. His day had been well spent, and happiness was his reward. When he came in sight of home, there was no dread of meeting his father and mother, such as he would have felt if he had played the truant. Everything looked bright and pleasant, and when Juno came bounding out to meet him, he could not help hugging his favourite dog in the joy he felt at seeing her.

When Charles met his mother, she looked at him with a more earnest and affectionate gaze than usual. And then the boy noticed that her countenance became serious.

"Ain't you well mother?" asked Charles. "Yes, my dear, I am very well," she replied. "But I saw something an hour ago that has made me feel sad. Archy Benton was brought home from the woods this afternoon, where he had gone for chestnuts, instead of going to school, as he should have done, dreadfully hurt. He had fallen from a tree. Both of his arms are broken, and the doctor fears that he has received some inward injury that may cause death."

Charles turned pale when his mother said this. "He tried to persuade me to go with him," said Charles; "and I was strongly tempted to do so, but I resisted the temptation, and have felt glad about it ever since."

Mrs. Murray took her son's hand, and pressing it hard, said, with much feeling, "How rejoiced I am that you were able to resist his persuasions to do wrong! Even if you had not been hurt yourself, no injury received by Archy would have discovered to us that you were with him, and then how unhappy your father and I would have been, I cannot tell. And you would have been unhappy too. Ah, my son, there is only one true course for all of us, and that is to do right. Every deviation from this path brings trouble. An act of a moment may make us wretched for days, weeks, months, or perhaps years. It will be a long, long time before Archy is free from pain of body or mind; it may be that he will never recover. Think how miserable his parents must feel; and all because of this single act of disobedience."

We cannot say how often Charles said to himself, that evening and the next day, when he thought of Archy. "Oh, how glad I am that I did not go with him!"

When Saturday came, the father and mother of Charles Murray gave him permission to go into the woods for chestnuts. Two or three other boys, who were his school companions, likewise received liberty to go, and altogether made a pleasant party. It did not rain, nor had the hogs eaten up all the nuts, for the lads found plenty under the tall old trees, and in a few hours filled their bags and baskets.

Charles said, when he came home, that he had never enjoyed himself better, and was glad that he had not been induced to go with Archy Benton.

It was a lesson he never afterwards forgot. If he was tempted to do what he knew was wrong, he thought of Archy's day in the woods, and the tempter instantly left him. The boy who had been so badly hurt did not die, as the doctor feared, but he suffered great pain, and was ill for a long time.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA, No. VII.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

- My 12, 2, 7, 13 is a city of South America.
- My 11, 12, 4, 5, 6 is a River in Germany.
- My 3, 10, 14, 9, 7, 6, 2 is a Town in Ireland.
- My 1, 4, 13, 9, 10 is a City of Japan.
- My 9, 2, 4, 7, 10 is a City of Africa.
- My 5, 13, 4, 3, 5 is a Town in Scotland.
- My 14, 2, 10, 5, 6 is a River of France.
- My 6, 12, 15, 10, 1 is a Town in England.
- My 8, 10, 7, 4, 13 is a Town in Spain.
- My 9, 10, 3, 15, 4, 9, 2 is an Island in the Mediterranean.
- My 13, 7, 5, 9 is a River of Italy.
- My 3, 10, 14, 13 is a Mountain in Switzerland.
- My whole is an instrument in daily use.

X. Y.

Advertisements.

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.

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28-

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29-11

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Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-30

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Toronto, Dec., 1851. 2-55

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General Printing Establishment.

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

REMOVAL !!

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Toronto, April 8th, 1852. 18-1

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C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

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Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

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Toronto, March 18th, 1852. 15-40

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