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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

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Virtue is True Wealth.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

No. 31.

Poetry.

THE IVY AND THE THYME.

I've read—I know not where or when, or if in prose or rhyme—
A dialogue that passed between the Ivy and the Thyme
The Ivy, bowing haughtily, like one of high degree,
Began: "God help thee, little one, how much I pity thee!
For, though the sweetest of the herbs that scent the air
around,
Thou art a dwarf in stature, scarce a span above the ground."
"I own my insignificance," the humble Thyme replied;
"But still, my stately friend, I think thy pity misapplied.
I rather ought to pity thee, for I, however small,
Am not indebted to my growth, like thee, unto a wall—
Whilst thou, if severed from the stones to which thy fibres
grow,
Wouldest trail and grovel on the ground,—the lowest of the low."
Thus many a schollast, contrives, to climb the steep of fame,
By linking to some lofty work his else unnoticed name,
For, though his scholaria may delude the text o'er which they
crawl,
They grow incorporate with it, like Ivy with the wall.

BLUESBILLS.

Where sedges are fresh with the play of the waters
That pause to toy with some favorite flower,
April's darlings, her blue-eyed daughters,
We cluster and bloom in each glancing shower.
The gnats hum around us in happy glee,
The children bring us lightsome mirth,
Our azure tents in the grass we see;
They seem to have watched our sunny birth!
And near us the war valley lilies blow,
Whose sighs are sweeter the south-wind may,
Than ever the lips of bright blossoms know,
Ah! has he forgotten the roses rich days!

COWSLIPS.

We are the playmates of jocund May,
The light of whose laughing face
Falls blushing over the fields to-day,
And blesses our fairy race,
But our knees of loosened gold are bowed
Under her burning glance,
While round us the cuckoo flowerets crowd,
The quaker grasses dance
Would they were here, the hours that dangle,
Gales that are coolest, aches that weep!
Under our bells did glow-worms sparkle,
Soon were our heavy heads asleep!

Literature.

THE LADY'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Even at this day, one of the wildest and most purely pastoral districts in all England is that region of the West Riding of Yorkshire which lies between Lancashire on the south and west, and a part of Westmoreland on the north, and which is divided on the east, from the more populous portions of the fine country to which it belongs, by the water of the great northern river Ure, destined, after twice changing its name, and swallowing up tributaries mightier than itself, to fall into the North Sea as the Humber. To this day, in the whole of that large tract, there is no large town; nothing, indeed, that we should dignify, in the United States, by the title of a considerable village.

It abounds, however, in the most splendid scenery; it contains some of the loftiest hills, as Ingleborough, Wharfedale, and Painsant,

and is watered by the loveliest rivers, the Nid, the Wharfe, the Eyre, and many a tributary torrent, in all the sea-girt island. Emphatically, it is a land of hills and dales, or, as they are termed in the north country dialect, the fells and the ghylls. The population sparse, simple, hospitable, and contented, are scattered, through the narrow vales which intersect the huge round topped heathery ridges, in hamlets small, indeed, but picturesque and happy, earning enough to supply their few and trivial wants by cultivating the narrow vergo of soft green meadow land, which everywhere forms the bottom of the ghyll, and pasturing their flocks and herds, of moorland sheep and kyloes, upon the heath clad hills, on which each farm possesses a free commonage.

In the time, however of the wars of the Roses, during the fatal strife of the kindred houses of York and Lancaster, which constitute the cruellest and bloodiest page of Britain's history, the Ghylls-land was a purely pastoral, a purely feudal region.

The great Earl of Warwick, from his Castle of Middleham, a little way to the eastward on the waters of the Ure, the Prior of Bolton Abbey on the Wharfe, and the Egremonts of Barden Tower, were all the great proprietors throughout that rugged country; and so lightly did the feudal rule of the good monks and popular nobles press on their vassals, that they might be called the freest population in all England; a few simple quit-rents of the produce of their farms, a few days of maner-service when their lords waged war on the wild beasts, which were then plentiful in the forest, or on one another in the field of civil strife, constituted the whole of their duties; and these, in those dark and bloody days were looked upon almost as privileges. Every dale's-man was in those days an archer, and, as such, a huntsman and a soldier; and, to have been debarred from following his lord's hounds on the fell, or his lord's banner on the field, he would have looked upon not as a privilege, but as a penalty and a disgrace.

The bloody field of Towton had been fought about ten days, and the whole north of England was filled with terror, lamentation, and despair. Some forty thousand men had fallen in their harness, on that great field of "gentle blood," after which a baron of old Norman blood was more rarely to be seen for half a century in England as the old saying ran, than a wolf or a wild boar.

Nor had the Ghylls-men escaped their share of the slaughter: nor were their humble homes exempt from the desolation, which smote yet more heavily the towers of their feudal liege lords.

That country, like the rest of England had been divided in some sort against itself: for the men of the eastern fells had followed the Bear and Ragged staff of Warwick, the great king maker, to bloody triumph; the westerners had marched to horrible defeat for the ill-fated cause of Lancaster, under the Prior of Bolton's bailiffs and the Lady of Barden's seneschal.

The days of chivalry were passed; the spirit of chivalry had died out, choked by the fiercer fire of intestine warfare. Edward, the Burgher King, as he is called, was wont to call him, although a leader in the field and a soldier in the melee, had little of the cavalier, less of the gentle knight, in his iron composition. None knew more stoutly how to fight, more kingly how to conquer. None knew more bloodily, more brutally, how to gather in the fruits of victory. No veneration for old age, no pity of green youth, no tenderness for sex, no respect for valor, ever once moved his heart of steel to remit the bloody sentence of *va victis*. To be a captive enemy was to be butchered summarily upon the field, or reserved yet more pitilessly for the scaffold.

No wonder, then, if, between mourning for their dead and trembling for their living, the fugitive Lancastrians shuddered in their wild ghylls at every blast of wind that whistled through their mountain gorges, magnified by their fears into the fatal clangor of the Yorkist trumpet.

The vassals, it is true, were suffered unless taken under arms red handed, to escape the penalty of their faith to their feudal lords; since loyalty of that nature both sides alike desired to promote, and neither dared in policy to punish. The cottage, therefore, oftentimes afforded to the lowly peasant that shelter which the abbey could not yield to its reverend prior, nor the Norman castle to its haughty noble.

It was the tenth night after that terrible defeat, and the Lady of Barden Tower sat lonely by the dim embers and dull lamplight of her mournful hall; now striving to draw consolation from the pages of her illuminated missal, now listening gloomily to the fierce gusts of the autumn wind, as it roared and wailed about her turrets; to the incessant pelting of the storm upon the roofs; to the wild raving of the tortured Wharfe, as, flooded by the torrents from the hills, it chafed and howled among the rocks, which pent up its maddened waters in the dale below. Almost she fancied now that she could hear the war cries and the trumpets, the pattering arrow flight on mail shirt and steel helmet, the cries and curses of the desperate and the dying, in the voices of the winter tempest.

Her tenants had returned home unmolested; their dead had been laid in holy earth, within the abbey precincts, in the lower glen. Herself, she had seen their dust consigned to dust, their ashes unto ashes; herself, she had given tears to their dead from those stern eyes, which refused to weep when her own lord fell under shield, as the phrase ran, full knightly; herself, she had consoled their widows with her sympathy, and a dived their wounds with gold; and now she sat alone, as I have said, disconsolate, almost despairing, in the gloom of her widowed hall.

Yet she feared nothing, thought of nothing touching her own losses, her own sorrow, her own safety; save as her people, decimated by the sword of York, was sorrowing; save as her trustiest knights were hunted by the

hounds of Warwick; save as her king was again an exile afar from the land of his fathers; save as her own and only daughter was imperilled by her loyalty. For, though her vassals had returned, the gray haired seneschal who led them to the field, and who had fought beside her husband's rein in Guineo and Poitou, was yet a fugitive, wounded and weak, as tidings had already reached her, not daring to return to his own home, whither most certainly he should be hunted—for the good knight who bore her banner, Sir Amelot de Manhowe, was in like plight, and only bade her trust that banner to his keeping, for it was bound about his breast, till brighter days should come, and it should fly again for Exceunot and Lancaster—for she had one fair daughter, the flower of all the daisies; and even now she stammered as she thought how the bloody and licentious Edward might wreak his vengeance on herself, upon that innocent and lovely child. She shuddered, but she struck not for one instant from her fealty; nor hesitated, even in her innocent heart, from battling yet again for Lancaster, as soon as Henry's banner should be spread again to British breezes.

While thus she sat, her tall and stately figure clad in the darkest weeds, bending above the pictured mural, her snow white locks straying disheveled over her neck and shoulders, her dark eyes fixed on vacancy, a light and joyous step came bounding down the stone turret stairway, and paused for a moment at the door, as if in doubt whether it might enter.

But the lady heard not, heeded not, till a fluttering hand turned the ponderous lock, and the fleet foot crossed the threshold with a step so light-some, as told sure tidings of a happy heart inspiring it.

It was as beautiful a girl as ever cheered a widowed mother's solitude, not past her eighteenth summer, and looking yet more youthful than she was, from the extreme brilliancy and brightness of her pure complexion, the sunny loveliness of her long golden tresses, and the expression of exquisite innocence and candor which lighted up her large azure eyes. The Lady of Barden raised her eyes and fixed them fondly on her child, and a mournful smile played over her pallid features as she looked upon her, joyous soul and radiant in the midst of peril and distress.

"Ever gay, ever joyous, Eleanor," she said, with a half reproachful gesture of the head; "and what can you find, in these dark and dreadful days, to light up that merry beacon in your eye, to kindle that gay smile upon your lip? But, youth! youth! it is still the part of youth to hope, as it is of age, and age, to despair."

"Nay, mother dear," said the girl, in a whisper, when she stood close beside the lady's foot-stool, having closed the door carefully behind her, "but there is cause of joy now, yes, great cause of joy, for he has returned, and safely, too, or, at least, not badly wounded, and is hard by, looking to us, as well he may, for succor."

"Who has returned? Whom do you mean, Eleanor?"

"Whom do I mean, mother?" she exclaimed, her cheek paling for the moment with the intensity of her feeling. "Whom should I mean but Amelot?"

"Sir Amelot de Manhowe?" replied the lady. "I had not thought of this. He should not have come. What shall we do to save him? There is a Yorkist force even now at Seville." Thus far she had spoken musingly, as if in thoughtful communion with herself; but now her eye brightened, and she inquired quickly, "But how can you know this? Where is Sir Amelot? Is he within the tower. Why came he not with his report to me, instead of forcing you into this peril?"

"No, dearest mother," replied the girl, eagerly, "my maiden, Marian, brought me the tidings up. She was down in the glen at sunset, ere the storm came on; and, seeing her, he crawled out from his hiding place, and bade her bring you tidings

that he was hidden in the cavern under the first fall, and that no man could take him there, for that he only knows its secret. But he lacks food and wine, and the means of procuring light, which he prays you send him."

"And why brought she not the news to me? Why did she tarry so long on the way? She must have known that these five hours."

"She dared not leave the supper-table before my hour for retiring; and dared not seek your presence, with whom she had no duty to perform, lest she should so create suspicion."

"If that were but the reason!" said the lady, relapsing into thought. "But that boy, that page, Damian! I doubt her—I doubt her much, Eleanor. Why should she have told you? Does she know that you love him, Nell?"

"Mother!" exclaimed the agitated girl, with the conscious blood flushing crimson to her brow, her cheeks, her neck. "No one—no one knows that. I don't—I don't know, mother! What mean you, mother mine!" And she burst into a flood of tears, and sank into a chair, overpowered and exhausted by the mere force of her own feelings.

The lady walked up slowly to her fair child's side and laying both her withered hands in the attitude of benediction on that fair, sunny head—

"Be comforted, my own sweet child. Weep not; but little can you guess what a mother knows or knows not, whose best child's happiness is staked. Eleanor, I have known, have seen all this a year and over."

"You have seen—have known all, mother!" cried she, starting to her feet, and gazing into her mother's eyes with nascent hope. "Then you do not—you do—I mean—not disapprove! You, ah! you pardon me?"

"If I had disapproved, I had interposed to prevent. For the rest, Eleanor, I trust—have I aught to pardon?"

"I do love him, mother."

"And he knows it?"

"He might hope, might perhaps fancy—but I—Oh, mother, you do not dream that I ever told him?"

"Nor he you, Eleanor?"

"Had he but whispered it without your sanction, then I had not loved him."

"Then you have loved, yourself unloved. Is it so, Eleanor?"

"Mother, no! Can you think it of me?" she exclaimed, indignantly, and again she crimsoned.

"You said he never whispered it," replied the lady, half suppressing a smile. "How then can you know it?"

"Never in words, mother; but his manner—his voice—his eyes. Oh, mother, do not do not, you must know what I mean."

"Perfectly, dearest. His manner, his voice, and his eyes told you what he dreamed of, and yours replied as plainly. But now to the point; does Marian know or suspect aught, think you, of these—these love passages?"

"I am certain—no, as certain as that I live."

"Send her to me at once. I distrust her sorely. There have been passages, I know, between her and the page Damian; and he sought leave of me as the curfew rang, to go down to the Abbot's forester. Send her to me at once; and bid Geoffrey, the warder, take arms, with two of his best men, and wait my call in the anteroom."

Eleanor, not unwilling to escape farther questioning, and to gain time to collect her senses, bounded from the hall; and, giving the lady's orders to the warder, hurried up to her turret chamber, and sent the girl down to her mother's presence. "Then falling on her knees by her own bedside, she thanked, from the depths of her guileless heart, the Giver of all good for the blessings he had that night granted her, and prayed, among last-flowing tear-drops, half of joy, half of sorrow, for protection to her loved Amelot."

The interview between the dreaded lady, and the girl, Marian, was but brief; for, terrified and ready and self-conscious, she could no more endure the lady's piercing eye and calm, hard, cutting questions than the partridge can the talons and the beak of the keen goshawk. Within ten

minutes from entering the hall, the lady's voice was heard, "Without there!" And, at the word all steel from helm to shoe, with bill and bow and broadsword, the stout retainers entered.

They found the lady, impassive as her wont, writing upon a strip of parchment, and the girl prostrate at her feet, in an agony of tears and terror.

"Here, Jansen," said the lady, as she finished her writing, "bear this scroll forthwith to the sub-prior of Bolton; and, hark you, put this wench upon a palfrey and carry her down with you to the abbey. There leave her in keeping of the Father Janitor. That done, await the sub-prior's orders. Perform them, be they what they may, and that with all due diligence. Tush, wench!" she added; "tears are vain, no supplicating. You should have thought of these things ere you thought to deal in treason. Lose no time, Jansen, honor and life depend upon your diligence and fealty."

The stately henchmen bowed, and leading the unhappy girl away, half carried in the arms of his followers—for, ignorant what fate awaited her, she was now all but fainting—he left the proud, impassive lady to her own melancholy meditations.

They were not long, however; for, lighting a taper from her lamp, she opened a private doorway at the farther end of the hall, and ascending a narrow staircase to an upper story, soon stood, unseen and unsuspected, at the door of her daughter's chamber.

Already had that fair young being fallen into the light and happy sleep of innocence and peace; but need was that she should be aroused; and long and anxious was the consultation that ensued on her awakening.

It had already struck the first hour past midnight, and the bells for primo were already pealing up the deep glen from Bolton's hoary towers, ere, with a heartfelt blessing; and a parting memento to be asir with the lark or before him, the mother left her child to dream of future bliss, alas! not unmix'd with future peril.

Perhaps even then she had not left her, but that a hoarse resounding challenge from the gate tower warned her that probably her emissaries had returned; and, in truth, she had scarce re-trimmed her lamp, and resumed her seat in the great hall, where of late she had held vigils all the well nigh morning, before an esquire reverently entered to say that the warder craved a hearing of the lady.

The man had little to relate, however. The sub-prior, he said, had sent the ballist for the forester, and had questioned him, for some time in private, when, with the simple word that "it was too late!" he had dismissed them. The girl, Marian, he had heard, was committed to the penitentiary cell.

"You have done well, Jansen," answered the lady. "But you have more to do. Keep watch and ward yourself to night, with half the garrison in arms; suffer no one to enter or go out before noon to-morrow, saving the Lady Eleanor, who will go forth mounted at daybreak. If the page Damian show himself before the gates, bend your own trusty bow and send a cloth-yard arrow to his heart. For the rest, if any band of marauding Yorkists show themselves on our side the Wharfe, ring banchoche and fire beacon till all the country is aroused, and then tip the bell; and cry 'Egremont for Lancaster, and give no quarter!'"

The man bowed low, and was retiring silently, when a sign checked him.

"How goes the night, Jansen? and how promises the morrow?"

"The storm has rolled away to the east, lady; the moon is up. It will be fair morn the morrow."

She waved him his dismissal; and, within half an hour, except the warder at the gate house; and the sentinels along the walls, there was not an eye open within the walls of Barden Tower.

Lying ere the sun was up, however, a light foot glided down the castle stair; and the delicate

and gentle Eleanor passed down into the castle hall, arrayed in plumed cap and riding skirt, with a short mantle over it, which, had its folds been disturbed, might have revealed things so incongruous to a young lady's morning raiment as a light basket girdle round her slender waist on the one side, and counterbalanced by a stone flagon on the other.

No envious eye, however, fell upon her; no eye at all, indeed, save the trusty warden's, who, forewarned of her early coming forth, awaited her himself, with her palfrey saddled, at the castle gate, himself assisted her to the selle, and opening a postern gate, let her forth, without a word of question. Only as she rode out, he said, quietly—

"If there be need, remember, lady, this postern will be held in hand."

Bowing her head in answer, she gave her horse the rein, and entered down into the deep and awful chasm through which the Wharfe was raging, between black walls of rock crusted with blacker forests, here tumbling a hundred yards in width, over sheer ledges in white cataracts, here roaring, wider yet, over dread boiling rapids; and here, most hideous spot of all, pent in between the slippery ledges which its spray constantly overflowed, a broad and powerful torrent jammed into a pass of scarce ten feet in width, arrowy, louder than a surf beat shore, unsathomable. "The Strid," that pass is called, in the tongue of the Northmen, because a man, if he have heart enough, may stride across it; "the Strid," a spot fatal to her race, who now galloped fearlessly along the slippery rocks beside it; for there the Boy of Egremont, the son of her who answered "Endless weeping," died miserably, nor was ever found again, pulled back by his reluctant greyhound, after his own fleet foot had crossed the chasm.

But not of that she thought; her heart was beating only with true love, and the high hope how she should save her lover. Two cataracts she had passed by, and then the perilous "Strid;" and now the farthest, the first fall, of the glen thundered down white before her, as the driven snow, a terrible stupendous cataract. The sun gleamed out just as she reached its foot; and as his first rays gilt the silver foam, a human form stepped out from beneath the arch of spray, and stood before her eyes, Sir Amelot de Manbowser, is yet in safety.

An instant, and she was in his arms—another, and she had torn herself from that short embrace; and with all the eloquence of young permitted love, with all the volubility of a woman's fear for whom she loves the best, was pouring out her tidings, insisting on his silence, recounting her mother's kindness, impressing on him the wisdom of her mother's plans, enforcing her own sweet injunctions.

"There, there! Not a word more," she cried. "You have told me your secret of escape; now I have to speak only, and you only to obey, if you are either good knight or a true lover. Marian, my wretched girl, has betrayed you to her lover Damian, and he set of last night for Settle, to bring the soldiers down upon you. It is by God's grace alone, which sent the storm last night, that they are not here already! Make your way then at once, like the mole underground, to Malham Cove, lie hidden there till night; and, travelling by night only, hiding from dawn till twilight, make your way through the fells to Carlisle. Enter that city boldly, for we shall be there before you with six score of stout spears of Lancaster. The warden of the Marches is for us. There is no force to check us, for an hour, to the northward. There will we all take ship for Flanders, and tarry there in peace till better days return for hapless England. Here be provisions, wine, and lights and money. Say, legman will you do my bidding?"

"I were a traitor else."
 "And instantly? Our horses are already saddling. The Lady of Barden Tower will take horse ere sunset!"
 "For Carlisle and for Flanders!"

"What! Do you doubt me? For Carlisle and Flanders?"

"And Eleanor, when we be ease in Flanders?"

"Then, Amelot, you must ask—"

"Whom?"

"Whom—if you are obedient—but your Eleanor?"

"I am obedient."

One more brief embrace, and he raised her light burthen to her saddle, and, eager to prove his obediencce and good faith, disappeared behind the cataract, and plunged fearlessly into the abysses of those limestone caverns, which underrunning all that region, of conduits of subterranean rivers, would lead him, miles away to the sea.

Had he remained one minute longer, he had lingered until it was too late—or had she dreamed the peril she had yet to run, he had died before he had turned on his heel, or he had not deserved to win her.

She had just reached the Strid, when the ban-cloche of Barden Tower pealed forth its battle summons, and, casting her eyes down the gorge between herself and the ascent to the castle, she saw a band of archery and spears hurrying up the pass, led by the traitor Damian.

A wooded corner of the rock below, and the steep elevation on which she stood, concealed her from them for the moment. Another minute, and she would be in the hands of those who spared no sex, nor age, least of all, beauty—herself and him also!

There was no passage up the glen; on this side no concealment. The thought flashed on her like the electric fluid. Across "the Strid" is honor—life—love!

That was a brave thought! A brave man's mind. What then for a frail girl's—a girl's whose ancestor had perished in those black whirling waters!

She paused not to think twice. With a bright eye, but cheek and lip white as ashes, whispering one soft prayer to God, she turned her horse's head faced him to the dread pass, and with light curb and well plied lash, charged him right at it.

Fiery and fresh, he reared bolt upright as he felt the lash, and, ignorant of what lay in his path, charged over the black slippery rocks right onward.

His hoofs were on the very brink, when he perceived the hideous whirl of the black torrent; then he would have sheered or paused—when shier or pause had been instant death—but it was all too late; for with a steady bride hand, she rode him at it, and brought down the lash on his croup with such a will of that slight arm that the thong left a bloody score.

He sprang—his feet clanged twice upon the rocks, drowned by the roar of the river, and the clash of the ban-cloche, and he and his fair rider were in the shelter of the deep woodland, just as the band of Yorkists, scaling the heights, stood upon the plateau, where they stood not a point of time before.

All went in with that band of Yorkists; worse with the traitor Damian. For, ere the gentle Eleanor, faint with the peril which now first she apprehended, had scaled the opposing bank and won the open moorland, down from the keep of Bardsapp, with bill, and bow, and bugle blast and battle cry, poured in treble force the vassals of her house.

"Lancaster, Egremont for Lancaster! and give no quarter!"

Within ten minutes it was over; pent in that where they could neither fight nor fly, they were cut down like sheep until not one remained to tell the tale of horror.

Damian alone they took alive; and him, in the rage and vengeance of the moment, for they believed themselves too late to save their mistress, they flung headlong into the awful chasm, over which she had just passed in safety.

One wild cry—and no human eye again beheld him—no human ear again heard of him.

But, ere the executioners returned in glory triumph home, borne like the wind by her good steel, she had descended to the abbey bridge, recrossing the fruitful Wharfe, and was already weeping on her mother's bosom.

But her trials all were ended, and thence her joys began. Carlisle, Flanders, were gained in safety; and when, in the great town of Antwerp, Amelot asked his Eleanor, she said not nay! to Amelot.

Some years they lived in peace; and ere the right hand and true heart gained the wealth and fame which now fall to the lot of pal-dier craft and greed.

But when the Count of Richmond won England's crown on bloody Bosworth, Sir Amelot de Manbowser stood beside him, and ere he sat on his throne at Westminster, fair Eleanor sat, happy wife, and happy mistress in the halls of Barden.

Nor, though the keep is now one rifted tower, the abbey but a ruinous pile, have the country folks forgotten the tale which gained the fearful "Strid" its more romantic name, "The Lady's Leap."

To our Readers.—The Canadian Family Herald is published by Mr. Charles Fletcher Bookseller, No. 51, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

THE PROGRESS OF OUR CITY.

A considerable part of our available space is this week, in obedience to the request of our correspondent Falconer, devoted to a subject in which in common with many of our citizens we take the warmest interest. It is well, when the tide of emigration is making daily accessions to our numerical strength, that part at least of that increase should be of a highly intellectual stamp, and in this view we hail with the greatest enthusiasm the appearance amongst us of a gentleman so well fitted by natural gifts, and by close, persevering, and successful study, to aid us in our onward march, and cheer our flagging spirits when we lag behind. It is not only as a Professor of Theology that we hail the arrival of Dr. Taylor, he is alike the eminent Astronomer, and the profound Geologist. In each of these departments he will find an ample and highly interesting field, amongst us, and we humbly trust that the directors of our Mechanic's Institution, and the scientific gentlemen who compose our Canadian Institute, will keep a watchful eye upon the Dr. so that his talents may not lie hid, now that he has come to occupy a new sphere. One thing is evident, the antecedents of the Dr. show that he will require to be drawn out, and, knowing his retiring disposition, if we avail not ourselves of his eminent talents, in every possible way, we will have ourselves to blame. The biographical

sketch given by G. B.—and which has been cut from the *File Herald*, gives a very lively and correct portraiture of the Dr. There are a few points in it, however, which require to be noticed. He says that Dr. Taylor was upwards of 25 years in Auchtermuchty. In this expression the word upwards requires to be taken in its negative signification. The Dr. succeeded in Auchtermuchty to the Rev. Dr. Baird,—who had been removed to Paisley, where he still labours,—and he had not completed his quarter of a century by the time he studied Divinity and Medicine. The biographer, however, says that the Dr. studied Divinity and Medicine, whereas the Dr. following a course, not uncommon in Scotland with persons in comfortable circumstances, studied Divinity and Medicine at the same time. With these trifling exceptions, we believe the picture is complete. One word, however, would perhaps require to be explained. The biographer quaintly remarks, that "the Dr. is a great broker of the gospel," and in these days of share-brokers and pawn-brokers, the idiomatic meaning of the word may be lost sight of. We have no correct synonyme for it in the English language. The nearest approach to it is the word—*scouter*, a word which has so amplified a signification, that we could not apply it as a counterpart to the word broker. We must endeavour then to draw a sort of inferential meaning for it, by saying that the Dr. is very lavish in the use of the gospel, and consumes more of it in one sermon than would suffice many men for half a dozen. This, however, does not imply that he hawks it about in the share-market, or doles it out at an enormous usury. With this brief explanation we leave the reader to the perusal of the sketch, after having expressed our best, and most sincere wishes for the welfare, comfort and prosperity of the Dr and his family.

ART IN THE PROVINCE.

Mr Wheeler, Engraver King St., has favoured us with an impression of a new seal, which he has just engraved for the Toronto and Guelph Railway Company. The principal of the Seal, represents the Genius of Canada—a lovely and highly intellectual looking woman, standing on a platform in the Bay, her face turned towards the east. In her right hand, which is in an ascending attitude, she holds a bundle of wheat in the stalk; expressive of the staple of our country's produce. Her left hand is extended and perpendicular, the index pointing to the zenith, and the other fingers turned inwards to mark the motion of beckoning, as if the figure, in obedience to her motto,—*Onwards*—was beckoning to the hardy sons of toil, across the ocean wave, to come this way, and they would find happiness and a home in the vast region over which she as the genius of Canada presides. The general expression of the figure is very good, the symmetry well regulated and the drapery graceful and well displayed. In the back a representation is given of Toronto, and of a locomotive and a train of cars running along the esplanade to the depot. There is not so much grouping in this seal, as in several others we have recently noticed as emanating from the same source; but the work

is of a fine description, and such as to stamp this as the most finished seal Mr. Wheeler has yet given to the public. We wish him great success in his calling, and shall ever cheerfully record his progress.

PALEMON ON PROGRESS.

A few months ago your correspondent P. made a few remarks through the columns of a city Journal on a decision that had been come to in reference to the location of a professor of Divinity in Toronto, and these remarks have exposed him virtually to a persecution as relentless and unsatisfiable, as it is puny and splenetic. In that article, after alluding to the decision, I said.—

If for the future prosperity of the Church a Professor is required, there is no spot in Canada West, so admirably adapted as Toronto for his location. It would be an unhappy circumstance that a Minister sent out here as Professor of Divinity should, previous to entering upon his sphere of usefulness, undertake the task of collecting a congregation in a thinly peopled locality, or small town, where his people might be so widely scattered that he would require to abandon one of the principal departments of a Pastor's duty, and thus enjoy the affection of only a limited portion of his flock; or else bid farewell to the hope of devoting himself faithfully to the training of students, in such a way as to ensure the future welfare of the Church. Besides all this, there seems in the one case, as in the other, the same "incompatibility with Constitutional and Presbyterian Law." Toronto is not only the Metropolitan of Canada West, but it is the principal seat of learning. Here, students come from all parts of the country, to attend some one or other of the Colleges, as well as to be instructed in divinity, and it would seem desirable for the importance of the Church itself, that the Professor should take up his abode in the Queen City of the West. Very many of the lay members would hail such a consummation; and while the Mission Board are willing to pay all, or at least the greater part of his salary, it is matter of deep regret that their proposition should be so scornfully rejected. It may be deemed pecuniarily judicious that the future Professor should have a pastoral charge; but this is only a secondary consideration after all, and in the present instance, ought not to weigh against the promotion of the cause.

Although your little sheet takes no part in politics or religion, in order that it may be acceptable to all parties, I crave a large portion of your space this week to express my gratification that that professor has been located amongst us, and my joy at the great accession of literary talent of a high order that has thus been made to our city. I do so the more readily that the name of that professor in former years found a warm response in my heart, and his living representation dwelt the more sweetly upon my imagination as "distance lent enchantment to the view." The Rev. Dr. John Taylor of Auchtermuchty, in the kingdom of Fife,—Scotland—having accepted an invitation to be professor of Theology to the United Presbyterian Church in Canada, a valedictory service took place in Boston Church, Cupar, on the evening of Friday, the 26th of May last, when a very valuable presentation was made to the worthy Doctor, on his prospective departure to our Canadian Wilds. As the parties present may not be known to many of your readers it is perhaps enough to say that the

Rev. J. Rankine occupied the chair on the occasion. Dr. McKelvie of Balgownie—that sweet spot at the base of the Lomonds, on the banks of Loch Leven, where Michael Bruce first saw the light,—one of Dr. Taylor's oldest friends, addressed the meeting at some length, and passed a warm eulogium on the Dr. as a man of the greatest worth, talent, and christian character,—a man of firmness of character, integrity of purpose, and perseverance of mind,—a man whom the church at home could very ill spare, and who was parted from with the deepest possible regret. Mr. Rankine in presenting the testimonial thus alluded to the manner in which it had been got up. He said:—

Our original desire was to be: present the Doctor with a copy of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," in 21 volumes, costing £20—a work so valuable in itself, and so appropriate in the circumstances in which he is placed;—but as the tide of liberality continued to rise,—as the vein on which we worked proved so productive, our ambition also increased, and we aimed at putting into his hands, along with the Encyclopedia, a copy of the "Critical Sacri, and Thesaurus," in 13 volumes folio, costing eleven guineas, and this also we have reached, and sincerely trust that the judgment of the committee, in making this selection, will meet with the cordial approbation of the subscribers. It has been our desire, not only to put into his hands a memorial of our esteem, but to equip him so far in professional armour—to furnish him with materials for training up a learned, pious, and devoted ministry—yea, to provide seed which, under the blessing of God, may yield an abundant increase, so that "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The Rev. gentleman then turning to the Dr. addressed him in the following terms:—

Permit me now, my dear and honoured brother, in the name of the members of the Cupar Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church and other friends, to present you with this very handsome copy of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," along with the "Critical Sacri and Thesaurus," in thirteen volumes so, as a mark of our esteem for your character, admiration of your talents, and earnest desire for your future usefulness. Accept this gift as a memorial of the past—of past labours and past success—and as your eye rests on these handsome volumes, and as you gather therefrom the stores of learning and wisdom, think kindly of the friends from whom you are parted; and we pledge ourselves to be mindful of you in our prayers, we would cherish the conviction that in your supplications at a throne of grace, we shall also have a part. The presbyterial tie by which we were united has been loosed, and ere long we shall be separated by the wide Atlantic; but being members of Christ, we are still "members one of another." Receive this our gift as an expression of our desire for your success in the important and highly responsible sphere of service on which you are entering. We anticipate great results from your present appointment—great good to the souls of men—great glory to our God. We expect to hear from time to time of your movements; and, as the school of the prophets is enlarged, we cherish the hope of yet seeing you amongst us an honoured, and sure I am, a welcome deputy from the sister Church in Canada. And should help be needed to give assistance in the erection of some suitable theological hall, we trust that the gold mine, which we have at this time merely touched, will then be worked to good purpose, when "for brass, we shall bring gold, and for iron, silver." And should this be denied us, may God give grace to us all, so to occupy our talents and the spheres of usefulness to which we have severally been appointed, that

when the great Shepherd of the sheep calls us hence, we may meet before his throne, and receive from him that "testimonial," compared with which all others are as nothing—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter ye in to the joy of your Lord." And now may God bless you, and your partner in life, the object of tender solicitude to all who know her, and your son, already bearing the honours of successful study, and destined, we trust, to be a credit to his parents. May he "who hath gathered the winds in his fist," grant to you a safe and prosperous voyage. In the land of your adoption, may a wide and effectual door of entrance be given, and by the good hand of the Lord upon you, may you be spared to see "the little one become a thousand, and the small one a great people."

Other gentlemen having addressed the meeting the proceedings were terminated with a few parting words from the Dr.

INSCRIPTION.

The following inscription was written on the first volume of the Encyclopædia:—Presented (along with the Critic Sacri and Thesaurus, in 13 vols. folio) to the Rev. Dr. John Taylor, Auchtermuchty, by the members of the Cupar Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church, and other friends on his leaving Scotland to enter on the office of Professor of Theology to the United Presbyterian Church in Canada, as a mark of their esteem for his character, admiration of his talents, and earnest desire for his future usefulness.—Cupar-Fife, May 28, 1852.

The following particulars are also worthy of notice:

PRESENTATION.

As soon as it was known that the Rev. Dr. Taylor had accepted the call of the Canadian Synod, a number of his admirers and well-wishers, among whom are those of all ranks and denominations in the town and vicinity, resolved to present to him some suitable testimonial. Accordingly most of the subscribers, along with other friends of Dr. Taylor met with him on the evening of Tuesday week in our Town Hall. Dr. Embley was called to preside, and begged, in name of himself and other friends, Dr. Taylor's acceptance of an elegant silver salver, which he then presented to him; asking that, by surplus funds, they were enabled to present Mrs. Taylor with a gold pencil-case. Dr. Taylor having accepted the gifts, returned his cordial thanks to one and all of the friends who had so honoured him.

We understand the following resolution was received by Dr. Taylor on Friday, but not referred to till after the meeting:—"Glasgow, 26th May, 1852.—The Committee on Scholarships having learned that the Rev. Dr. Taylor, late of Auchtermuchty, had accepted the appointment to go out as Professor of Theology to the United Presbyterian Synod of Canada, cannot allow him to leave this country without recording their deep sense of the value of the services he has rendered to the important measure entrusted to their charge. His able assistance in the preparation of papers, in the examination of students, and in the efficient guidance of their general business, as well as his kind and active interest in all matters relating to the happiness of candidates for the ministry, fully entitle him, in the judgment of the Committee, to the gratitude of the Church at home, and warrant confident hopes of his eminent usefulness and success in the honourable post he has about to occupy in the country to which he is proceeding. In name of the Committee,
(Signed) "DAVID KING, Chairman."

As a finale to this interesting proceeding I subjoin a short biographical sketch of the Dr. from the pen of one who has long known him, and can the more thoroughly testify to his worth. It

would be altogether out of place for me to say one single word in the matter. The Dr.'s intellectual powers are far above the sphere of the criticism of your willing but unworthy correspondent.

SKETCH OF DR. TAYLOR.

"These have all gone to their rest, and Dr. Taylor is also about to be removed, though it is to enter on more abundant labours. Any attempt to describe a character so well-known as that of Dr. Taylor, seems to be superfluous; yet, on the present occasion, even an imperfect sketch of what he has been, and done, in life, may not be unacceptable as a small memorial of one so generally respected by the public, and so much beloved on the dulcissimi tractu. It appears to have entered my mind, for, then, many of his sermons appeared to be but parts of a series begun and carried on with an intention of instructing his people in the leading truths of the gospel, and of training his own mind, to see these truths more clearly, to discover their relation to each other, and to apprehend the harmony of the evangelical system; and all his other discourses seemed to be the labour of a man who was as anxious to learn as he was apt to teach. He read much, and thought much; so that all his services were enriched with the fruits of his extensive reading, and sound judgment. Their uniform tendency was to lead others to reflect, to learn them to think, and to furnish them with materials for improvement. They were adapted to every class; so rich, that the highest got some original thought or new fact to add to their stock of information; so plain, that the humblest received another lesson in the rudiments of religion; and so varied, that all found something suggested to them that had not occurred before. He seemed to have constantly before him one object—to instruct; and within him one desire, to be understood. His manner was that of a teacher, rather than an advocate; and he delighted more in illustrating what was true, than in exposing what was false. With him, gold was really gold; and dress, only dress; and when he succeeded in separating them, he cared little about burnishing the metal, or burying the rubbish. His art was that of the sculptor rather than the painter. For he appeared to think that truth was like beauty, 'when unadorned, adorned the most.' He loved to trace out the divine image wherever it was to be seen, either in the earth, the sea, or the sky; but he had most delight in looking at it as it hung bleeding on the cross, or lay enshrined in the human heart. Hence he was not only anxious that truth should be seen, but that it should be felt, and his method of doing this may be best expressed in his own words:—"Men are naturally at enmity with God, and we know of no better method of removing this enmity, than that of convincing men that God loves them, and so the facts and truths of the gospel are but so many evidences of this love; and as love begets love, he who would preach the gospel with success, must exhibit the love it expresses in such a light, as, under the divine blessing, to overcome the enmity of the heart and bring it to feel the meaning of that expression, "we love him because he first loved us," this was the course he followed; all truth was sought after as a means of improving the judgment and reforming the life, and the truth was held forth as the best and only means of regenerating the heart and of leading men to holiness and heaven. He had never cultivated his imagination, and seldom drew on it for any illustrations. He studied his subject till he understood it; and then his piercing intellect saw it so clearly and he described it in terms so distinct and plain, that the simplest could perceive his meaning. Figures and emblems are at best but shadows of the truth, and he could not rest satisfied with anything short of its very image. His success as a preacher was a striking evidence of the power of truth, for, without any oratory save a manner

which with any other man would have been only tolerable though with him it was agreeable, because it was natural—without any eloquence save an earnestness which was always sufficient to awaken and sustain the sympathy of his audience—and without any art save the judgment to select an important subject, and the fact of leading his audience to see and feel their own interest in it—he became one of the most interesting preachers of the day. Possibly he might owe some of his popularity to the fact that he did not court it. The audience saw that he was no trifler; that he was so taken up with his matter as to forget his manner; that he sought to profit and not to please them; and provided he got them to understand his subject, and to feel its bearing on their own duty and destiny, he cared very little what they thought of himself. A fastidious hearer might see that, though nothing was wrong, some-thing was wanting; and his excellencies were so varied and numerous, that censure stood disarmed, and criticism took the more precious and acceptable task of pointing out his beauties. If ever there was a critic who judged Dr. Taylor harshly, that man appeared to be himself; for it was no uncommon thing, for him even after his best sermons, to look downcast and disheartened, as if he felt that he had not made himself understood; so that when the admiring audience left the place of worship instructed and edified, we fear that the speaker would retire to his closet, and would not be a very cheerful companion for the evening.

"In after-life, Dr. Taylor having taught himself, found the task of teaching others more easy. His early application to study, and continued diligence, had stored his mind with such a mass of information, that in preparing himself for the pulpit he appeared to need little more than to choose his subject, to think over it, to note down the leading thoughts, to mark out the illustrations, and then leave the filling-up to the time of delivery. Even in his ordinary discourses, there was so much that was new and interesting, that the stock seemed inexhaustible; and the critique of an old minister had much truth in it, "The Doctor is a great broker of the gospel; for he puts a much matter in one sermon as would serve many an honest man for half a dozen. He'll learn to tape his divinity yet! In these circumstances, any ordinary man would have enjoyed his rest for a season, but old habits are not so easily overcome. Many important public questions demanded his attention, and he cheerfully devoted to them his zeal, his time, and his talents. Indeed, he rather watched than waited for such opportunities and was generally the first to start, and the last to stop in any good cause. He was the first to begin the Voluntary agitation in Fife, and continued to be its acknowledged leader during the whole struggle. The periodicals of the church were much indebted to him for many valuable though anonymous contributions; and many of the publications of its members, from Dr. John Brown's works down to Mr. John Scott's catechism, got the benefit of his experience. It was complimentary to Dr. Taylor to enjoy the confidence of the highest living names in Christian literature; but it is a far nobler honour to have it said of him, that the humblest who sought his counsel were always kindly received. His medical knowledge was also of much use to the distressed in the town, and his pastoral duties had also their daily claims on his time. But as if all these things had been nothing, he commenced and delivered a series of lectures on the sciences. Astronomy, chemistry, and botany, were all explained in their turn, and possibly he is the only public lecturer who succeeded in conveying a general knowledge of these sciences to a public audience without the aid of diagrams and the ordinary apparatus for illustration. It was a happy thought of the Presbytery, to part with a public man like Dr. Taylor at a public meeting; it was better that they also expressed their good feeling towards him by a present; but better still that they should manifest their opinion of his merits, by giving him for a present, a portrait of

his mind—a Creopolita. Now since his future course of life is indicated by his new office, it is interesting to look back and mark the providences that have been training him for it. Having finished his education for the medical profession, and then turned his attention to the ministry, he passes through two courses of education before his entrance on the duties of public life. Being settled in the comparatively small town of Auchtermuchty, he had sufficient leisure to cultivate and extend his acquaintance with theology. And after that, on finding he had some spare time, he resumes his study of the sciences, and continues year after year, to increase his information, till his knowledge expands, and becomes like the rainbow, at once reaching the heavens and spanning the earth, with its variety, its beauty, its glory. We will be prouder of our country that it has been able to send a Dr. Taylor to Canada; and while we wish him all success in the land he has been sent to, can be forgotten in the land of his birth, and amid the scenes of his past labours." G. B.

KITCHEN MAGIC.

Two nights ago, a servant girl put a little milk in a saucepan on the stove to boil to preserve its sweetness, but while it heated she moved off to the yard. In her absence the milk came up, was emptied and laid aside, and a little water put into the saucepan, which was still left standing on the stove, although with no intention to deceive. By and by the girl came in, and looking to see if the milk was ready to be removed, a quantity of water met her eye instead. With the saucepan in hand, she ran up stairs with a most deplorable countenance, crying Missis—Missis, the milk has all turned to water, and there is nothing like so much as there was at first. The Missis, who was equally unaware of the fact, could not account for the transformation, and the girl went away with the heated liquid to let it cool, and if it did not turn into milk again, she determined never to take another penh from that dairyman. Let him do ever so, as it was a perfect cheat. P.

Oriental Sayings.

THE KING AND HIS SONS.

A certain king had two sons, one of them was very homely and short, the other on the contrary was handsome and tall, and was on that account greatly loved by his father. One day the king in the presence of the royal family and his courtiers looked at the former one with a look of scorn and contempt, and otherwise shewed his dislike to him, which did not escape the notice of the sagacious youth who being greatly hurt at his father's treatment towards him, exclaimed, in the anguish of his heart, O father! surely a short wise man is preferable to a tall blockhead, nor is everything that appears mightier in stature superior in value. The flesh of a sheep is wholesome, whilst that of an elephant is carrion. Mount Sinai is one of the least mountains of this earth, and yet it is most mighty before God in dignity. You must have heard O father, what an emaciated wise man once said to a portly fool, an Arab's horse is more valued than a herd of asses. The king and all that heard him could not help smiling at his pertinent remarks.

It so happened that about that time, a powerful enemy invaded the king's domain, and on the morning of battle the despised son was the first who mounted his horse, and fought bravely, throughout the whole day, overthrowing by his valor and skill some of the most renowned warriors, whilst the son of the father's proudest ambition was seen flying nearly at the outset of the battle.—On returning in the evening he cast himself down at his father's feet, and said, O father! thou who didst look on me with such scorn on account of my mean appearance, over which I could have no control, and not knowing my valour, may now perceive that it is the spirit of steel that will prove of more service in battle, than the fattest ox. It is said that the cavalry of the enemy was very great, and those of the king comparatively few in number, and that when a part of them were about to fly, being overwhelmed by the superior force of the king's horsemen, that you may not have to wear the garb of a woman. The flying troops took courage, made a new attack and completely routed the enemy's cavalry.

As soon as the news of the victory reached the king he went immediately to meet his once despised son, he fell on his neck and kissed him, shedding tears of remorse at his former conduct towards him, and from that time became from day to day more attached to him, and declared him his heir apparent to the throne. His brother now grew jealous, and determined to poison him; but fortunately his sister, who had always fondly loved him, discovered the foul design, and at once disclosed it to him, she also informed the king her father of it, who severely punished the ambitious and evil disposed brother. Still in order to obviate the discontent that might continually exist between them, and to prevent the fearful consequences that it might give rise to, he thought it prudent to divide his kingdom into two separate kingdoms, for it is said that ten devils can sleep on one rug, but two kings cannot be accommodated in one Kingdom be it ever so large. R.

Miscellaneous.

THE SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS OF THE WORLD

These were, first, The brass Colossus of Rhodes, 120 feet high, built by Gares, A. D. 288, occupying 12 years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes 66 years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew, from the Saracens, who loaded 900 camels with the brass. 2nd. The Pyramids of Egypt.—The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen 30 years in building, and has how stood at least 3,000 years. 3d. The Aqueducts of Rome invented by Appian Claudius, the censor. 4th. The Labyrinth of Psammethichus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one continued wall 1,000 houses, and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3,000 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods. 5th. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 282, B. C. It was erected as a light-house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off; mirrors of enormous sizes were fixed around the galleries, reflecting every thing on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place. 6th. The walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness. 7th. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, 6th king of Rome: It was 450 feet long, 200 broad, and supported by 126 marble pillars, 70 feet high. The beams and doors were of cedar, the rest of the timber cypress. It was destroyed by fire B. C. 365.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES OUT OF SIGHT.

Souther says in one of his letters, "I have told you of the Spaniard, who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments, and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others." Don't forget that, reader.

A SURE DISCOURAGEMENT.—A woman's heart is the only true place for a man's likeness. An instant gives an impression that an age of sorrow and change cannot efface.

Biographical Calendar.

A. D.	
July 11	1450 Jack Cade, killed. 1620 Marshal Schomberg, killed. 1732 Lalande, born. 1767 John Quincy Adams, born.
" 12	1636 Erasmus, died. 1712 Richard Cromwell, died. 1730 Josiah Wedgwood, born. 1813 Horace Smith, died.
" 13	1762 James Bradley, died. 1793 Jean Paul Marat, assassinated. 1812 Duke of Orleans, (son of Louis Philippe) killed.
" 14	1850 Neander, died. 1728 Dr. John Hunter, born. 1817 Madame de Stael, died.
" 16	1592 The admirable Crichton, assassinated.
" 16	1839 W. Mackworth Praed, died. 1789 Viscount Dundee, killed.
" 17	1723 Sir Joshua Reynolds, born. 1671 Dr. Isaac Watts, born. 1793 Charlotte Corday, beheaded. 1815 Charles Earl Grey, died. 1851 Dr. Lingard, died.

Charlotte Corday was born at St. Saturnin, in Normandy, in 1768. She was loved by an officer of the garrison of Caen, and he being put to death by the order of the bloody wretch Marat, she determined to be revenged. She left her home with that intent, and arriving at Paris, July 12, 1793, she went to Marat's house, but was not admitted. She wrote to him the same evening, desiring an interview, and going again the next day, Marat, though in his bath, gave orders that she should be admitted. She pretended to give him information concerning certain suspected persons, and he exclaimed "All these shall be guillotined." At these words Charlotte plunged her dagger into his bosom, and he instantly expired, uttering the words "To me, my friend!" Meanwhile the maid remained calm and tranquil in the midst of the tumult which ensued. She was conducted as a prisoner to the Abbaye. Her first care was to implore the forgiveness of her father for thus disposing of her life without his knowledge. She then wrote to Barbaroux as follows: "Tomorrow, at five o'clock, my trial begins, and on the same day I hope to meet with Brutus and the other patriots in Elysium." She appeared before the revolutionary tribunal with a dignified air, and her replies were firm and noble. She spoke of her deed as a duty which she owed her country. Her advocate tried to make it appear that she was insane (any other line of defence would have cost him his life) but he could make no impression on the minds of the judges. She was condemned, as also a young man who had begged to die in her place. When led to the guillotine, she retained her calmness and presence of mind to the last, though pursued by the yells of the crowd. She was executed July 17, 1793.—A. G. G.

The Month's Department.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA No. 7, IN HERALD OF APRIL 30th.

Atla was the savage chieftain's name,
And he for rapine gained a horrid fame.

They who the laws of God and man neglect,
Can nothing else than *Afiery* expect.

Men to unite their different creeds decline,
But *Malar* will a mass of stones combine.

While Protestants by Papists are affronted
The *Masol* by them almost is adored.

Contrace a virtue, is—a gift sublime,
Temerity is in itself a crime.

To lay up future happiness in store,
Protect *Morality* and sin no more.

The sight of all Isaacmen's eyes most fair,
Is *Yarmouth* harbour, when at anchor there.

The eagle wings of *Rome* have long been furled,
Though once the empress proud of all the world.

Who *Salutary* is when with his love alone,
Cannot be made of common flesh and bone.

The spot where those brave men were laid so low,
Is spelled (I find) thus *A L A M O*.

You need good teeth, and then must bite awhile
Before you leave their impress on a file.

My whole of more importance is than all beside
In the *Immortality* of the soul Confide.

Hugh Caldwell,

Dumfries, C. W.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Toronto, 29th June, 1852.

Mr. Editor,

Although "Mattie" has given nothing to correspond with of include the 27th letter of Alexander's remark, in Biographical Enigma No. 10, yet, I presume it reads thus; "Demosthenes called me a boy, but I will shew him, before the gates of Athens, that I am a man

ERRATUM.

For 4, in the third line, read 40.

"Dramatic writer, died 1731," read "died 1704."

"Only brother of Louis 14th," read "tutor of Louis 14th."

"French lady, born 1607," read "born 1647."

The names of the celebrated characters are—Colman, Frederic, Fresne, Hunter, Hyde, Galen, Murin, Mothe, Ariosto, Lambert, Lawrence, We Haniel, Handel, Thales, Tall, Bruce, and Bray.

Advertisements.

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

COMPOUND

CHAMOMILE CORDIAL.

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

These inimitable virtues, which fully proved, are more than any other medicinal and delicious in the world. It which form an invigorating and golden colour resembling Wine, and as such may be used in all climates. The flavor is fresh and fragrant, and the taste most agreeable and refreshing, and to the Tonic, the Temperance advocates or fastidious connoisseurs.

TESTIMONIALS.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co., Toronto, June 25th, 1852.

GENTLEMEN.—We have tasted the Sample Bottle, with which you favoured us, of your Compound Chamomile Cordial, and find it as you describe, fragrant and agreeable to the taste of the valuable Tonic Properties of the Flowers of Chamomile.

We are, &c.
GEORGE HERRICK, M. D.
JOHN KING, M. D.

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

GENTLEMEN.—I duly received, and have tried the Sample of your Compound Chamomile Cordial, which you send me. A taste of the medicine which you prepare it, as of the nature and quality of the ingredients which you employ in its manufacture, I cannot expect to express to you in writing my opinion of it, which I should get leisure to do under different circumstances.

I consider it a very elegant Pharmaceutical Preparation, especially of being made exceedingly useful in a dietary as well as therapeutic point of view. It will prove an excellent substitute for much of the fresh fruit in your chandel as Wine for the use of invalids; and will also prove an excellent medium for the agreeable conveyance of remedies, which, without some such qualifications, are often retailed against and rejected by the stomach.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours, &c.
FRANCIS HADLEY, M. D.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

Hamilton, July 2nd, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.,

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

I am, &c.
THOMAS HUGGAN,
Surgeon, &c.

London, C. W., June 12th, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.,

GENTLEMEN.—I have received the Sample Bottle of your Compound Chamomile Cordial, and consider it a beautiful and well-prepared palatable preparation. The aromatic and peculiar bitter flavor, in which lies the essential medicinal qualities, appears to be largely infused and well preserved; and as this Vegetable Tonic is highly beneficial in those cases of Dyspepsia, depending on indigestion of food, or of the digestive organs, (the form most frequently met with in this country,) your Cordial will, I think, form an inestimable addition to our Pharmacopoeia.

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

I am, Yours, &c.
GEORGE HOLMES,
Surgeon, &c.

Montreal, June 22nd, 1852.

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

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

IY, MOUNT, M. D.,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng.

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

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

PRICE—2s. per BOTTLE.

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SOLE PROPRIETORS,

60, King Street West, Toronto,
CANADA WEST. 314

New Dry Goods Establishment AND MILLINERY SHOW ROOM.

J. & W. McDONALD

WILLIAMS most respectfully and open to the Ladies in Toronto, and the Millinery Show Room in connection with their

DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT.

No. 1, Eight Buildings, corner of Yonge

was opened on the 25th inst., with a new and select display of the most fashionable Millinery, which will be offered at prices unusually low.

No. 1, Eight Buildings.

PENNY READING ROOM!!

THE undersigned has opened a News Room in his premises, 51 Yonge Street, supplied with the leading Papers and most valuable Magazines, both

BRITISH AND AMERICAN,

As follows, viz. —

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

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

O. FLETCHER

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

NEW BOOK STORE!

No. 54, Yonge Street, Toronto,

(Two Doors South of Spencer's Foundry.)

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public that he has commenced business as

Bookseller and Stationer

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

BOOKS & STATIONERY,

The Stock on hand comprises—STANDARD WORKS in every department of Literature, together with cheap Publications, SCHOOL BOOKS, &c., &c.

A Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale,

TERMS—Cash.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

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

A CHOICE assortment of the best editions of Standard Works, of which the following are specimens.

- King's Daily Bible Illustrations.
- Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature, 2 vols.
- Popular Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature.
- Dr. Fiedle's Biblical Literature.
- Orthodoxy a History of the Church of Scotland.
- Wesley's Kingdom of Christ and Herat of Romanism.
- Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises.
- Dick's Lectures on Theology.
- Hill's Lectures on Theology.
- Life and Times of Calvin, 2 vols.
- United Presbyterian Fathers, 4 vols.
- McKern's History of the Reformation Church.
- Josephine.
- Milman's History of Christianity.
- Taylor's Loyalty and Jealousy.
- " Apostolic Baptism.
- Sale's Kwan with Notes, &c., &c.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, 29 May, 1852.

PIANO FORTES.

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

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

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

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

Toronto, May 13th, 1852.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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

Wooden and Brass Instruments,

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

MILITARY AND AMATEUR BANDS,

TO THEIR LARGE STOCK OF

Saxhorns, Opheloides, Cornetones, &c., which they offer at greatly reduced price, and on liberal terms.

Best Roman and English Viola, Harp and Guitar Strings.

Toronto, May 15th, 1852.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

J. CORNISH,

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

WISHES 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, he merits 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 ADELAID ST.,

Where he has a large assortment of **BOOTS and SHOES**, of every description and size, which he will continue to sell off, until he returns to his old stand; and in order to dispose of the whole, he has put them down to **THE LOWEST PRICE.** All orders promptly attended to.

Toronto, March 27th, 1852.

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

April, 1852.

24-

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

SLADDEN & ROGERSON.

24-

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

SLADDEN & ROGERSON

24-

April 6, 1852.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS!!

BROWN & CHILDS,

At No. 88, KING STREET EAST,

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

- 6000 pairs superior thick Boots, 11s. 3d.
- 3000 " " Kip " 19s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.
- 2000 " " Calf " 15s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.
- 3000 " " Boys' " 5s. 7d. to 10s. 0d.
- 10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys' Brugans, 3s. to 10s.
- 5000 " Ladies' Cloth & Prunella Boots, 6s. 3d. to 10s.
- 9000 " Children's, of every variety and Style.

B. & C. manufacture their own—the Manufactory producing from 500 to 1000 pairs daily. A liberal discount to the purchaser of more than £25.

Any unreasonable failure repaired without charge.

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

3000 SIDES BEST SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.
Toronto, Dec., 1851. 3-55

The Castilian Hair Invigorator.

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

THE CASTILIAN HAIR INVIGORATOR

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

For sale by BUTLER & SON, London, and by

S. F. URQUHART, Toronto,
The only Wholesale Agent in Canada.
1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per BOTTLES.
Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851. 4-1f

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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, at No. 24, YONGE STREET, and door North of Adelaide Street.

J. W. M. hopes, by his long experience and training in all the branches connected with the manufacturing and repairing of time-pieces, in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and other parts of Britain, and being for Three years principal Watchmaker in a respectable establishment in this city, that he shall be found worthy of public confidence.

A large Assortment of First Class Gold and Silver Watches on sale—warranted for twelve months in working. Gold and Silver Chains, pocket watches, Gold Sights, Fancy and Working Rings, Gold and Silver Fossil Cases, Mourning Bracelets and Brooches in great variety, for sale. American Clocks of every design, cheap for cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Levers, for £2. 10s.

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

Toronto, March 15th, 1852. 15-40

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE;

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

All who desire to be promptly, thoroughly, and reliably informed on the proceedings of Congress; the great questions of our Foreign Policy; the Tariff; the extension of our Lines of Steamers to the Sandwich Islands, Asia, and Africa; the Presidential Election, &c., &c., will find their wishes gratified in the New York Tribune. Its arrangements for providing its readers in great variety, for sale, are not surpassed either in extent or perfection by those of any Journal in the world.

In addition to the above named features, we shall regularly publish the Letters of HAYARD TAYLOR, one of the Editors of The Tribune, who is now exploring the unknown and mysterious regions of Central Africa, and before his return, will visit the famous Oriental cities of Damascus and Bagdad, and examine the ruins of ancient Nineveh.

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

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GREELEY & McLEATH,

Publishers, Tribune Buildings, New York.

Notes of all specie paying Banks in the United States are taken for subscriptions to this paper at par. Money inclosed in a letter to our address, and deposited in any Post-Office in the United States, may be considered at our risk; but a description of the bills ought in all cases to be left with the Postmaster.

G. & M. L.

New York, January, 1852.

14-32

D. MATHIESON'S

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

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

Toronto, Nov. 23th, 1851.

1-1f.

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