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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

No. 24.

Poetry.

A DREAM BY A STRINGER OF PEARLS.

For the Family Herald, by Miss Aird.

I dreamt, I scaled a ladder high,
(The heaven, and earth it spanned)
I sought to gain yon glorious sky,
And bask in health radiance of that Eye,
Within the glory-land.

Oh! where is God, my Maker, say,
Who giveth songs in night?
Who chases sorrows clouds away,
And turns death's shadows into day,
"The God of Love," and "Light."

But how can man be just, with Him
The Holy, and the pure?
(In whose sight Heaven is not clean)
Ah! when He comes in wrathful dame
How shall this heart endure.

A still voice whisper'd in my ear,
"Faint not," I, wisdom give,
"My terror shall not make thee fear,"
"Behold I bring Salvation near,"
"Believe! And thou shalt live."

I looked—nor throne in Judgment cloud
Nor flaming Majesty
I saw—"no trumpet waxed loud"
A form benign beside me stood,
Lowly, and meek, was He.

While memory lasts, can I forget
His soft, and gentle hand?
His arm of might—wherewith he set
My feet that did in adversity
Within "Immanuel's" land."

I may not tell of "mansions" fair
Wherewith saints make sure abode,
Of fields of light, and glories rare
One thought was bliss, that ever there
I would be "with the Lord"—

Dear to the "tempest tossed," a Shore
Sweet to the "weary"—Rest
Grateful to wanderer, "Ferne o'er,"
But ah! how sweet for Evermore,
To lean on Jesus' breast.

Again! those hallelujahs high
I hear—that gushing strain
Of melody so sweet that I
Would gladly lay me down, and die,
To dream, my dream, again.

Literature.

STORY OF WALTER RUYSDAEL, THE WATCHMAKER.

Beneath the shadow of the old venerable castle of Rosenthal, on the Beateous river Rhine, there lived some years ago an humble husbandman with his family, the cultivators of a small patch of ground, whence they drew the meagre means of support. Hans Ruysdael, as this obscure tiller of the fields was named, and Greta his wife, though poor and hard-wrought, though rising early and lying down late, were contented with the lot which Providence had assigned them, and the only heavy sigh they uttered as to the rearing of their numerous children passed through their minds.

Besides requiring much labour, the grounds which Hans cultivated bore precarious crops. They were principally laid out for vines; and some seasons, from the effects of blighting winds and rains, these yielded scarcely any

harvest. It was sometimes in vain that Greta would toilsomely carry earth from the low grounds to the higher, and lay it at the roots of the plants where the soil was the thinnest, or that the elder children would be set to pick the dead leaves from the drooping stalks; or that Hans himself would turn up the ground with his powerful mattock, so as to expose it to the sun. In a single night a blighting wind would rush up the valley, and at a blow disconcert the toils and plans of the whole summer.

"It is clear, Greta," said Hans Ruysdael to his wife one day, after the occurrence of a calamity of this kind—"it is clear that at least one of the boys must leave us, and perhaps more than one. The family cannot all live in this wretched spot, and in such circumstances it is wisdom to disperse. What do you say, Greta, to our beginning with Walter; he is too feeble for this toilsome and precarious profession, and would do better as an artisan in Strasburg or some other large town?"

"I have had many sad thoughts on that score, dear Hans," replied Greta. "I should not by any means like to part with even one of them; but God's will be done, let Walter go. He may become a great man."

"I care nothing for that," rejoined the husband and father. "What I desire is to see my sons grow up honest men, diligent in their calling, whatever it may be. I say that a man, though ever so hard-working and obscure, if he be honest and happy in his own mind, is a great man—greater far than the overbearing and sinful barons who used to live in the proud old tower up yonder."

"No doubt of it, Hans; yet Walter is an aspiring child, and who knows to what height he may push himself."

Walter was delighted with the notion of going to Strasburg, to which it was arranged he should be taken, and placed under the charge of his uncle, the head worker in one of the principal watchmaking establishments of that city. Ever since he had seen the watch of a passing stranger, he had formed a fancy for mechanical pursuits, and took a pleasure in making wheels and other little objects with his knife—all which he exhibited to his twin-sister Margaret, who admired them as prodigies of ingenuity.

Influenced by necessity, as well as by what he perceived to be his boy's inclination, Hans applied to his brother, who promised, at the first vacancy, to place his nephew in a situation in the same employment with himself. A vacancy occurring when Walter was about fourteen years of age, and the master watchmaker being willing to gratify his foreman, Hans had the pleasure of learning that as soon as he could bring Walter to Strasburg, his brother would take charge of the boy, and set him to a good line of business.

Walter scarcely knew how or where he stood with joy and pride when his father told him the good news. Choking with emotion, he ran to the old tower, where his sister was at the time employed, and there poured out to her his full and happy heart. They sat down

together on a stone bench, and when Walter had finished speaking, she looked up in his face with her large tearful eyes. She thought how lonely she would be without him; but she remembered it was for his good, and she took his hand between hers and smiled. The brother and sister sat late that evening; but no one called them away, for they knew it would be their last evening together for many years—perhaps for ever. Walter talked of his projects for the future, and Margaret already fancied she saw him the great man which he wished to be. He promised her a watch of his own manufacture one day, and they counted the months and weeks which would elapse before they met again. Margaret scarcely liked to see him so glad to part with her, but she did not say so; and she talked to him of next Christmas, and her hopes that would be allowed to come and see them then, and that they should be very happy. Walter, however, was too full of his new greatness to think of returning so soon home; and his sister already thought she saw her brother was extinguishing affection in ambition. Her heart was heavy as they entered their father's dwelling, and tears forced themselves unbidden into her eyes.

The next morning was bright and beautiful as a May morning could be. Margaret had helped her mother to put up Walter's little bundle of clothes long before daybreak, and prepared a breakfast for him and her father. It had been arranged that they should travel by one of the barges employed in passing up and down the Rhine; for at that time no steam-vessels navigated the river. The only conveyances were these barges, and clumsy kind of boats, partly moved by oars and sails, but chiefly by means of horses yoked one after the other to a long rope passing from a mast in the barge to the shore. Hans's occupation near the banks of the river made him acquainted with many of the barge owners, and by some of them he was occasionally carried to Mayence and other places on the river to which his business led him. He had never, however gone as far as Strasburg with any of them. That was a long way up the river, and few barges went to such a remote distance. On the present occasion, he expected the passage upwards of an old acquaintance whose profession was the conducting of large rafts of timber from the Black Forest on the borders of Switzerland, down the Rhine all the way to Dort in Holland, and who therefore passed Strasburg in his voyage. Having performed his duty as conductor of the raft, and consigned it to the timber merchants who waited its arrival, Ludwig, as this pilot was called, was in the habit of returning up the Rhine in a barge along with the men under his charge.

Old and trustworthy Ludwig was now bending his way homewards to the Black Forest after one of these excursions. His barge had been perceived toiling its way up the strait of the Lurli, and was expected to pass the village and old tower of Rosenthal on the following morning.

By early morn, as we have said everything was prepared for the departure of Walter and his father as soon as Ludwig should make his appearance. In a state of agitation, Margaret would one moment run out to see if the towing-horses were yet in sight at the nearest turn of the river, and the next she would rush into the cottage and again busy herself about Walter and his bundle, saying to him a thousand things which she had said over and over again before.

At length, about seven o'clock, the cracking of whips and the noise of horses was heard. "Here they are at last!" exclaimed every one. Walter seized his bundle with one hand, and with the other led Margaret down the bank to the side of the Rhine, their hearts too full to speak. The anxious moment of departure had arrived. Hans, who had signalled his old acquaintance Ludwig to draw nigh, was already speaking to him of his proposed journey to Strasburg. The bargain was a-tied in a moment, for the raft-pilot had made a more than usually good excursion, and was in the best possible humour. Besides, he was glad to have a fresh companion to talk about his adventures on the river, and was quite happy to welcome Hans and Walter to a lift in the barge.—They accordingly stepped on board, Walter's brothers giving him a hearty cheer, and his mother her blessing, as they left the shore. Margaret was the last they saw, as she stood on a bank near straining her eyes through her fast-falling tears, to catch the last glimpse of Walter as they turned a bend in the Rhine.

Walter, who had never been but a few miles up and down the Rhine from Rosenthal, was enraptured with every new feature of the scenery which came into view, and he was equally delighted with the stories and anecdotes of Ludwig, who had something to say over every old castle and crag which they passed in their journey. Although a man of rough manners, he was kind to Walter, and gave him a place in which to sleep at night, under a little deck mounted near the stern of the vessel.

The first night Walter was on board the barge he had little inclination to sleep, his mind being too much agitated with the novelty of his situation to allow repose.

"Since you do not seem to wish to lie down," said old Ludwig to him, as he sat looking out upon the broad river glittering in the moonlight, "if you like I will tell you a story about that curious old tower which we are going to pass on our right?"

"What tower?" asked Walter; "I do not see any one on the banks just now."

"It does not stand on the banks at all, my young friend; it is situated on a rock which rises from the middle of the Rhine—a kind of island; and a strongly fortified place it must have been in the times of the old German wars. Do you not see it now, almost right ahead, like a green giant rising from the bosom of the stream?"

"Now, I think I see it," replied Walter. "Do tell me the story about it if you please. I am sure it must be something very terrible."

"Terrible, it is, if all be true, though of that one cannot be certain. Like all the Rhine stories, it is no doubt a mixture of truth and invention, and we must just take it as we find it. At all events, here it is as the people round about tell it." And Ludwig related the following legend;—

"Once on a time, ages ago, when the castles on the Rhine were inhabited by barons and their men-at-arms, this tower in the midst of the river was erected by a wicked and powerful chief named Graaf, for the purpose of exacting tolls from every one who passed up or down the Rhine. If a boat or barge dared to go by without drawing up to the tower to pay a certain toll, the warders on the top of the battlements had orders to shoot with cross-bows at the voyager, and either oblige him to draw nigh, or kill him for daring to pass without paying. You must understand that the baron who exacted this toll had done nothing to deserve it, and had no law in his favour. It was solely

from his own will and pleasure that he demanded a duty on passing boats: a means of supporting himself, and of acquiring wealth without working for it.

Everybody far and near feared this domineering rascal. He kept a band of men in another castle which he had at some distance, and with these he defied any one to challenge his assumed rights. Often he had battles with neighboring barons, but he was generally victorious, and on such occasions he never made any prisoners. All who were taken he put to death with shocking barbarism and ignominy.

Among other ways by which he gathered money was that of occasionally buying up, or rather taking for a small price which he put on it, the corn grown by the peasants in his neighbourhood. Graaf was a very cunning man in this respect.—He could very easily have taken all the crops for ten mill s round for nothing; but the consequence would have been, that no one would have tilled any more land in that quarter, and so he could not have taken more than the corn of a single season. He was, as I say, too cunning for this; his plan was to make a show of kindness to the peasantry, but to take advantage of their necessities. Sometimes he sent the corn which he thus got at a trifling expense to Mayence, and procured large sums for it; but more frequently he kept the corn up till there was a dearth, and then he could get for it any money he liked to name.

Year after year Count Graaf grew richer and richer with spoils of one kind and another; and every one said that he could not pass out of the world without some sharp and signal punishment for his greed and manifold oppressions. This, however, seemed long of coming about. Yet the time of vengeance arrived at last. He had become old and more hard-hearted than ever, when one year there arose a dreadful famine in the land. The summer and autumn were so wet that the grain did not ripen, and it continued still green when the snows of winter fell on the ground. In every town and village the cry of distress was heard; the husbandman saw his little ones fainting and perishing for lack of food, and the wealthy becoming poor, from being obliged to purchase at enormous prices small supplies of bread. Every one was suffering except the cunning old baron whom I am telling you of. While everybody else cried, he laughed and chuckled over the rare high prices he should get for his great store of grain, which, for security, he transferred to the rooms and vaults of the tower in the river.

Things during that awful winter became daily worse throughout the country. The poor of the villages flocked to the towns for assistance; but the towns being as badly off as the villages and hamlets, the famishing crowds were refused admittance, and they perished in thousands at the gateways. All animals fit for food were killed and eaten up, as I have heard; cows, oxen, horses, dogs, and other creatures. A very curious thing was now observed. Large numbers of rats now began to roam about the country in quest of food; and so bold and ferocious did they become, that people fled before them. When accounts of these distresses were taken to old Count Graaf at the tower, he did not in the smallest degree commiserate the woes of the poor. Instead of opening his granaries and selling his corn at a reasonable cost, he declared that he should not dispose of a particle till the price of the loaf in Mayence reached as high as ten guilders.* "If the people are starving," said he jocularly, "why do not they eat rats, rather than allow so much good food to go to waste throughout the country?" This was a bitter saying, and was afterwards remembered against him. One night, when he was sitting there, congratulating himself on soon getting the price he demanded—for the loaf was now selling for nine and a half guilders—the warden from the top of the castle rushed suddenly into his apartment, and declared that the river was covered with armies of rats swimming boldly to the tower, and that some had already gained a land-

* Sixteen shillings and eightpence sterling.

ing, and were climbing up the loopholes and walls. Scarcely had this intelligence been communicated by the terrified man-at-arms, when thousands of famishing rats poured in at the doors, windows, and passages, in search, no doubt, of something to eat, whether corn or human beings mattered not to them. Flight and defence were equally impossible. While host after host attacked the granaries, bands fell upon the wicked old baron, and he was worried to death where he lay, and almost immediately torn in pieces and devoured. The warden and one or two of the attendants alone escaped, by throwing themselves into a boat and making with all speed for the nearest bank of the river. I need scarcely tell you that, when the news of Count Graaf's death was spread abroad, nobody mourned his fate, which indeed was looked upon as a just punishment for his great covetousness and cruelty. No one ventured near the tower for several months afterwards. When at length the heirs of the Count visited it, they found that all the grain had been eaten up, and that nothing remained of its former owner but a skeleton stretched on the cold floor of one of the apartments. Such was the end of the wicked Count Graaf; and although such famines may never take place in our times, his fate is not the less a warning to those who would sinfully, and for their own ends, prevent the poor from having a proper supply of bread."

With stories such as this, Ludwig made the long passage up the river seem short to Walter, who, when the barge arrived at Strasburg on the fourth day after leaving Rosenthal, was surprised to find that he was at the end of his journey.—Bidding adieu to Ludwig and his companions, Hans and his son now arrived at the fortifications of Strasburg, and entered the crowded city. The streets, the houses, the shops, all seemed like a scene of enchantment before the eyes of the country boy; and as the great clock of the cathedral struck eight, he listened with wonder and delight to its fine deep tones, which led to a reverie on clocks and watches, and clockmakers and watchmakers, till he was roused by his father stopping at the small door of a tall, dismal looking house in a narrow, dark, dirty little street. He now made Walter follow him up a long staircase, which seemed almost endless to the boy, till they stopped at the door of a room in one of the upper stories, and knocked with his hand. The door was opened by his brother, who had just returned from his work, and gave them a hearty reception, leading them in to his wife, a tall, bony-looking woman, not very clean in her person, who was preparing the supper of onion broth and salad. There was a strong smell of onions and tobacco in the room; but to this Walter was accustomed at home; though his aunt's untidy appearance, and the gloomy discomfort of the small room, were not so like home, and for a moment his heart sank within him. However, a kind reception, and some warm soup, which, as he was very hungry, he was glad of, cheered him; and he was soon asleep on the straw mattress of the little wooden bed prepared for him in a recess in the next room. He slept soundly, and dreamt that his was a watchmaker, and had made the clock of the cathedral; but just as his father and mother and Margaret and his brothers, and all the village, were assembled, and admiring his work, the whole steeply fell down with such a crash that he awoke; and, starting up in bed, saw his father who had upset the only chair in the room in his hurry to call. Walter to bid him good-bye, as he was returning home. He kissed the boy affectionately, bade him be good and obedient to his master and his uncle, and not forget his duty to God, or all that his mother and he had taught him, and left the room. Walter was alone for the first time in his life, and he sat up in his bed and cried bitterly.

That morning his uncle introduced him to his new master, a quiet old man, with a mild benevolent countenance, and a gentle manner. He spoke kindly, and seemed sorry for the little pale boy who was separated for the first time from his family and home. Walter felt his kindness, and

was happier. There were a great many boys and men employed in the business, and his uncle could not often be in the same room with him; but Walter was inclined to be diligent, and was in a few days so earnest about his employment, that he forgot he was among strangers, and worked as happily as if he had been doing something for his father in his own home. He only felt lonely when he walked through the busy crowded streets to his dark dirty lodgings at his uncle's, and looked round at the four bare walls and his straw-mattress in the wooden bed, which was its only furniture, excepting one chair with a hole in it. His aunt, too, was sometimes cross, and when he sat down with his uncle to his uncomfortable supper, he thought of his mother, how nicely she prepared the evening meal, and he longed to hear again the cheerful voices of his brothers, and Margaret's sweet merry laugh when the day's work was over. But these were foolish thoughts to indulge in, as they made him discontented; so Walter seldom allowed himself this painful pleasure. He was becoming tolerably reconciled to his situation, when he unfortunately placed a little too much confidence in a new friend.

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 22, 1852.

ASTEROIDS.

France has divided one her of highest mathematical honours between England and Naples. At the annual sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, held on 22d ult., the Astronomical prize founded by Lalande, was divided between Mr. Hind, for his discovery of the asteroid Irene, and Signor De Gasparis, for his discovery of Eunomia.

The honour of discovering Irene may be justly divided between Mr. Hind and Signor De Gasparis, for the former discovered it on the 19th May, and the latter on 25th May, 1851, quite independently of each other. Eunomia was discovered by De Gasparis on 29th July, 1851.

Lalande, the founder of the prize, died in 1810. At that time, only four asteroids had been discovered, now there are fifteen known, revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

THE FIFTEEN ASTEROIDS.

No.	Name,	Discovered.	Discoverer.
1	Ceres,	1 Jan 1801,	Piazzi.
2	Pallas,	28 March, 1802,	Olbers.
3	Juno,	1 Sept 1804,	Harding.
4	Vesta,	29 March, 1807,	Olbers.
5	Astræa,	8 Dec 1845,	Hencke.
6	Hebe,	1 July 1847,	Hencke.
7	Iris,	13 Aug. 1847,	Hind
8	Flora,	18 Oct 1847,	Hind.
9	Mets,	25 April 1849,	Graham.

10	Hygeia,	12 April 1849,	De Gasparis
11	Patheope,	11 May 1850,	De Gasparis.
12	Victoria,	13 Sept 1850,	Hind.
13	Egeria,	12 Nov 1850,	De Gasparis.
14	Irene,	19 May 1851,	Hind.
15	Eunomia	29 July 1851,	De Gasparis.

The discovery of a sixteenth asteroid has just been announced. It was first observed by Signor De Gasparis on 17th March, presenting the appearance of a star between the 10th and 11th magnitude. It is interesting to know that Mr. Hind observed an object, which seems to have been the same asteroid, on 29th January; and on 29th March he observed a star of the 11th magnitude whose Right Ascension and Declination agree so closely with the observations of De Gasparis on the same night, that it appears highly probable it was really the new planet—*Altea Advertiser.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In the Temple of Fame which imagination consecrates for the reception of great men who have earned an immortal name in the annals of their race, there is one noble figure that stands apart from nearly all the rest, and occupies a niche peculiarly its own. No imperial diara binds the brow, no association of bloody conquest or widely-arbitrary rule is connected with the form, yet Washington looks at us from his place in History with a commanding aspect, such as few either of the mightiest potentates or the most brilliant sons of genius can be said to bear. The glory of merely military heroes appears but a poor product, when considered side by side with the misery and bloodshed at the expense of which it has been acquired, and the same even of patriots has often been sadly sullied by their conduct in parts of their career, by the selfishness which has at times been conspicuous in their actions or the indiscretion which has occasionally marred their plans. In daring powers of intellect, Washington may have been surpassed by many, in the development of all the characteristics of true greatness it is scarcely going too far to say that he stands unequalled. From his very boyhood he seems to have commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact, and to have possessed that wonderful power of self control, that beautiful balance of the faculties which he preserved in all the situations in which he was tested, if we except those tremendous but short-lived outbursts that some half dozen times in his life, in trying junctures, overthrew the barriers of habitual restraint, and showed how naturally strong were the passions implanted in his breast. Throughout he kept to the rule of right, dictated by an enlightened conscience. Of a dignified presence, the most graceful horseman of his time, he was well suited by athletic strength and power of endurance to excite the admiration of his soldiers, and to discharge the harassing duties to which, by the unanimous voice of his compatriots, he was called. Before reaching manhood he was trusted with weighty employments, and exercised in dangers such as few could have surmounted. Miraculously preserved, it would almost seem, for the future exigencies of his country, he was the only man who could have piloted her through all the difficulties that beset her, both during the war of Independence and the subsequent settlement of the Constitution. Yet the power so beneficially exercised was even reluctantly assumed, and the charms of domestic and rural life gave ever deeper gratification to his feelings than military command or political pre-eminence. The good of his country was the paramount object before his eyes; but when consistently with that he could release himself from the dignities which a less pure ambition would have been loth to lay aside, he retired, with the simple tastes of a Cincinnati, to those rustic employments that engaged the quiet interval of his life. In fine, in prudence, conscientiousness, serenity of temper, absence of ostentation, in the lofty resolution with which he followed out a career that was amply hallowed by

success, Washington stands out as nearly the measure of a perfect man as we can hope to realize the standard. Had he been more perfect, he would have been almost more than human, and our admiration of his character might be less warm than it is. The biography of such a hero will always be pursued by well-to-do titled minds with singular pleasure. In the volume before us (a reprint, we presume, of an American work), it has been the design of Mr. Upham to furnish a narrative of Washington's life in his own words, as far as possible, by presenting the reader with copious extracts from his correspondence, &c., interweaving them, where necessary, with sentences that explain details or serve to connect the history. Amongst the letters will be found several, first published by Mr. Upham, written by Mrs Washington, who seems to have been in exacted with the counterpart of her illustrious husband.

Literary Notices.

GARDENS AND GRASSHOPPER: By Horace Smith; New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.

This is one of Appleton's popular Library and contains a collection of gems from the pen of Horace Smith, which were issued from the press of Colburn in 1825 chiefly collected from the authors contributions to the New Monthly Magazine. The contents are happily introduced by the title of the book. In "Walk in the Garden," a very pleasing sketch, we have the lines.

To me the wilderness of thorns and thistles
 Beneath whose woe is the mucky rind of crumple—
 The bell, burnt morn—the marsh a craggy shallow,
 Where ticks, bullfrogs, waterfowl, and mallows,
 Choke the rank waste, like can yield delight
 A blade of silver hair-grass making slowly
 In the soft sand,—the thistle a purple crown
 The fern, the russet tall, and I know how lowly,
 A thorn, a weed, an insect or a stone,
 Can thrill me with sensations exquisite,—
 For all are requisite, and every part
 Points to the mighty hand that fashioned it
 Then as I look aloft with yearning heart
 The trees and mountains, like conductors, raise
 My spirit upward on its flight sublime:
 And clouds, and sun, and heaven's marvellous floor
 Are but the great machine by which I climb
 Up to the dread invisible, to pour
 My grateful feelings out in silent praise.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW; April, New York, Leonard & Scott. Toronto, T. Maclear.

The contents of this number of the Quarterly are Sir Roger de Coverly—Walpole's Garland—Diary of General Patrick Gordon—Recent Epics—progress of Comparative Anatomy—Bohemian Embassy to England, Spain &c., in 1400. The Cannon, the Musket and the Rifle—California-versus—Free Trade—First ten years of the Reign of George III.—Lamarine on the Hundred Days—The old and the New Ministries.—These papers will all amply repay a perusal.—The strictures on Sir Roger are very happy. The progress of Comparative Anatomy is an ably written scientific paper. The friends of the Peace Society must pass over. The Cannon, the Musket and the Rifle, as the calm and deliberate investigations as to the most effective instruments of murder are not calculated to make them much happier, or much more desirous that such a barbarous idea should still so much influence men's minds. Lamarine is sadly taken to task in his Hundred Days; his facts are disputed and contradicted, and his philosophy is ridiculed.

SNOW-DROP; May. Montreal: R. W. Lay.

We have frequently perused, with pleasure, the pages of this interesting juvenile magazine. It loses nothing in interest as it proceeds, for each

succeeding number seems more carefully got up than the one which preceded it. We rejoice in its progress, and hope that it may continue worthy of its name. Our young friends will find much that is pleasing and instructive in the pages of this ever-welcome monthly visitor.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS. London: John W. Parker & Son. Toronto: A. H. Armour & Co.

We know of no better work to put into the hands of young composers than this little work of Archbishop Whately. To young ladies, much in the habit of epistolary correspondence, it would be found an invaluable companion, one that by pleasing insinuations would superinduce a concise, correct and elegant style, as well as a more judicious appreciation of the beautiful in composition. Take as an example the words Graceful and Elegant.—

"Grace is in great measure a natural gift; elegant implies cultivation, or something of a more artificial character. A rustic, uneducated girl may be graceful; but an elegant woman must be accomplished and well-trained. It is the same with things as with persons; we talk of a graceful tree, but of an elegant house or building. Animals may be graceful but they cannot be elegant. The movements of a kitten or a young fawn are full of grace; but to call them elegant animals would be absurd. Lastly, elegant may be applied to mental qualifications, which graceful never can. Elegance must always imply something that is made or invented by man. An imitation of nature is not called so; therefore we do not speak of an 'elegant picture', though we do of an elegant pattern for a gown, an elegant piece of work, &c., &c.

This is the kind of work, and it is confined more especially to those words in frequent use, so that it is thus more serviceable to the general reader."

Natural History.

An incident came under my notice which I have no doubt will interest some of your readers. A friend of mine in Richmond St. has a goose hatching, and upon Sunday morning last a rat paid her an early visit. His ratship lay in ambush near to the nest apparently watching an opportunity to seize his prey; but was observed by the goose, who gave the alarm in that peculiar note common to all birds in such proximity to danger. The male bird ever on the alert at such a time, was speedily on the spot to ascertain the cause of the alarm, when the rat commenced a retreat. But this was vain, it was too late, the gander seized it by the back, and struck it violently with his wings, and belaboured it for about ten minutes, when it was left for dead. The rat measured fully fifteen inches from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the tail, so that you may be satisfied it was no tyro at such pranks. C.

Oriental Sayings.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE BUCKET.

In the midst of a spacious place, before the Palace of an eastern Monarch, there is a well, and close by it is erected a beautiful throne, at the foot of which stands a bucket made of some kind of rushes. It was customary in ancient times, for the Kings to sit in judgment in this open place, and also to consult with their Ministers

about the affairs of the Kingdom, though this custom, has for centuries past been no longer practised by the reigning Monarchs of that place, and who, according to the general report, fall far short in justice and virtue compared with their predecessors.

A famous Philosopher happened in the course of his journeying to pay a visit to this ancient royal seat, of whose kings, history told so many heroic exploits and spoke so commendatory of their actions. He was well received by the then reigning prince, and the king himself in company with some of his Ministers conducted the Philosopher all over the Palace, showing him all that was worthy to be seen. At last they also came into the open space, and the King pointed out the beauties of the ancient throne to his illustrious visitor. But what is the meaning of this bucket at the foot of the throne, enquired the Philosopher. The prince himself not knowing what it meant, but having heard it was the emblem of something, replied, this bucket represents pardon, for it is the first virtue of a king to pardon.

The Philosopher smiled at this explanation, took up the bucket, stepped up to the well, and let it softly down, but the bucket being very light, it only swam on the surface of the water. Empty the water now said the Sage to one of the bystanders! Empty it! cried they all with one voice, laughing at the same time heartily, why it is empty, there is not a drop of water in it. Well then, continued the Sage, then we must try some other way, if one wishes to draw water with this bucket. With this he took the bucket and threw it down the well with all his might, the bucket filled, but sank immediately. Where is it now asked the Philosopher, looking about at the same time in the well, as if he was looking for it. You look in vain they all said titling, it is gone down to the bottom, and the well is very deep.

Indeed I exclaimed the Philosopher drawing up the bucket, and emptying it, look then, and I will show you the right way to use it. He now let it slowly, yet with some force glide down by the rope on which it was suspended, the bucket now equally balanced, half beneath and half above the water, filled itself gradually. Behold! said the Philosopher now, to those standing by, behold, the emblem of a good government, and of success in all undertakings. A prince who goes to work in the affairs of the state too softly and timourously, will succeed in none. A ruler too, or the father of a house, who allows those who are under his jurisdiction to do as they please, they are the bucket, swimming on the surface of the water, in which there comes not a single drop. Again those who act hastily, or do every thing in bad humour or in anger, or overdo what they undertake, they are the bucket that sank, being cast down with all force, which although it filled itself, yet went down to the bottom, and was not to be seen. But a king, a ruler, a father of a house, and in short, every person, who deliberately performs what he undertakes, never too rashly, nor too indolently, with lenity, and yet with decision, demanding that which is due to him in the kindest manner, he is the equally balanced bucket, which does not swim upon the surface of the water uselessly, nor sink down to the bottom overfilled. This is the meaning of the bucket at the foot of the throne, and it was customary in ancient times, to do in the presence of a new king on ascending the throne, just what I have now done, to show him the only way to govern his kingdom happily and successfully. I have only explained an old custom added: the Philosopher, let every one make such use of it as he may think fit. The Prince was highly pleased with the explanation given of the bucket by the Philosopher, and on his departure made him many valuable presents. R.

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

In a recent number of the *Bulldoz*, a scientific London paper, we have a variety of specimens of the epitaphs which adorn or disfigure the tombstones in some of the English Church Yards. Perhaps a copy of the celebrated one from Pere la Chaise is also there, although I have not seen it. About one of these epitaphs,—copied as the *Bulldoz* says from a tombstone in Ulverstone, I wish to say a few words, as it seems to me a plagiarism, which ought not to pass unnoticed, although connected with so grave a memento. I hasten then to set the public right upon a matter of so much importance;—and to prove the whole case I must carry the reader back some twenty years, in the world's history, to a pleasant evening in the month of June, when two colliers called upon my friend Mr. Jeffrey, to consult him upon a small matter of business. Their countenances were rueful and care-worn, and he very shrewdly conjectured that their errand was connected with the finer branch of his handicraft. Mr. Jeffrey be it understood was a stonemason; but to this he had coupled by his industry a touch of sculpture in its incipient stage. While at school, he frequently indulged an innate fancy for ornamental writing; and many a time, as he would gaze with a wonderful complacency on some sketch he had made on his slate, would the tawse come rap across his knuckles ere he was aware, and leave a carnation lingere for hours afterwards. In spite however of this almost daily check, the artistic germ gradually developed itself, and he devoted all his rainy days, and other spare time to the prosecution of this high art. When some of his companions would be lounging about the smithy on a snowy day, or skulking about the adjoining woods trapping hares, he would be snugly seated at the fire side, poking away with his sharp pointed chisel, and his little mallet, at some piece of ornamental tracery. No wonder that his name soon became famous and that he had a wide circle of patrons.

Amongst the rest of his numerous friends were William and John Condie, the two individuals previously alluded to. They had walked about three miles and a half, and were fortunate to find him at home, and in the happiest possible vein. After the compliments of the season had been exchanged,—

"We wished," said William,—addressing the artisan,—"that you would put up a decent stone for our lawther, who has gone to his lang hame. We are no very nice about the size; but would like it very neat, and want a poem put on to it aneth the name."

"Well Sirs, I have no doubt I will be able to please you. I have a great many specimens of appropriate verses, from which you may make a selection."

"We want to put something new on it," said William, "and John and me was thinking that you would help us out with a bit poem as we are no very quick at the pen. Fawther was an elder in the Old Light Burgher's Kirk at Sellershaw, and was muckle thought o' in the meeting, and we were thinking o' taking that in among the verses."

Well then friend suppose we just begin with the name.—John I believe was the name of your departed parent.

"Yes, Sir, he bore that name, and he was sixty two years; come Hansel Monday."

"Indeed, 'tis a long age.—"

This will do then for a commencement.

John Condie of Sellershaw

Died 4th June 1821 at 61 years.

Now as regards the lines, gentlemen.
William having seemingly collected his scattered thoughts commenced.—

Here lies John.—
That will do for the first, father's name was John.

The pause which ensued was broken by the words from William—Now I've tackled it.

Here lies John.
Here lies he.

The poet immediately came to a dead stand, equal in solemnity if not in interest to the memorable pause, which ensued in the poetical contest between Burns and the famous Andrew Horner the Dumfries poet. Having found it impossible to proceed further he abruptly said,—well brother I have made my verse, see what you can do, see that you can make it clink.

Then come the lines which the chronicler of Ulverstone has thought proper to appropriate without acknowledgement, and without even offering the slightest expression of sympathy for the mental effort which first called them into existence.

John gravely reflected for a few minutes, as if absorbed with thought,—a process altogether new to him, and at last he exclaimed, here is something,—how will this sound brother.

Here lies John
Here lies he
Halle-lu-jaw
Halle-lu-jec.

That jingles in fu' bravely I think William.

Pretty well schooled as my friend Jeffrey was in that sort of thing, he could scarcely retain sufficient gravity at this last ebullition, and in the effort to look serious he felt the crimson blush mantle his cheek. This having completed the poetic effusion; the muse took her aerial flight, and Mr. Jeffrey assured the gentlemen that their wishes would be most scrupulously complied with, and for ought that I know to the contrary, there may be found in the lone Church Yard of Sellershaw, a tombstone with that inscription on it, at the present moment; at all events we are assured by the Builder that there is one in Ulverstone which seems to have been copied from one, which I think I have shown to be the original. My prime object in all this detail is to warn all our sculptors here against the use of this epitaph, or any portion of it without due acknowledgement, as I find a prevailing tendency to the Sublime in delineation, already beginning to manifest itself in our countries.

GRATTAN'S DEBUT.

The account of Grattan's first speech in the English House of Commons is extremely interesting. The anticipations of his failure had been general. Canning was lavish with his jokes, and Pitt already talked with grim derision of the famous Irish orator.

When he rose, curiosity was excited, and one might have heard a pin drop in that crowded house. It required, indeed, intense attention to catch the strange and long deep-fetched whisper in which he began; and I could see the incipient smile curling on Mr. Pitt's lips, at the brevity and antithesis of his sentences, his grotesque gesticulations, peculiar and almost foreign accent, and arch articulation and countenance.

As he proceeded, however, the sneers of his opponents were softened into courtesy and attention, and at length settled in delight and admiration. Mr. Pitt beat time to the artificial but harmonious cadence of his periods, and Mr. Canning's countenance kindled at the brightness of a fancy, which in glitter fully equalled, in real warmth and power, far exceeded, his own. Never was triumph more complete.

Among the many eccentricities that distinguished Mr. Grattan, as an orator, nothing was more remarkable than this apparent contradiction. He was artificial in manner, in utterance, in pronunciation; and in style; and yet he breathed such a spirit of benevolence; such a warmth of feeling,

and such sincerity of principle, into all his speeches, that like Mr. Fox himself, he won as much on the affections as on the understanding of his audience.

PUNCTUALITY.

Ah! that is the word—*punctuality*! did you ever see a man who was punctual, who did not prosper in the long run! We don't care who or what he was—high or low, black or white ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all his engagements, he prospered, and was more respected than his shiftless neighbours. Men who commence business should be careful how they neglect their obligations, and break their word. A person who is prompt can always be accommodated, and is therefore "lord over another man's purse," as Franklin would say—Never make promises upon uncertainties. Although the best men may sometimes fail to do as they would, the case is exceedingly rare. He who is prompt to fulfill his word, will never make a promise where it is not next to a moral certainty that he can do as he agrees. If you would succeed, be punctual to the hour. Return borrowed money the moment you promised. In all things, if you are thus prompt, we will risk you through life, you will succeed—you cannot help it. Those who are prompt in their business affairs, are generally so in every department of life. You never know them to be late at church, to the polls, or to pay the printers for advertising. A promptness in everything characterizes them.

MARRIAGE.

What will the ladies say to the following remarks of Dr. Johnson, in his "Economy of Health?" The most proper age for entering the holy bonds of matrimony has been discussed but never settled. I am entitled to my opinion; and although I cannot here give the ground on which it rests, the reader may take it for granted, that I could adduce, were this the proper place, a great number of reasons, both moral and physical, for the dogma I am about to propound. The maximum, then, which I would inculcate, is this—that matrimony should not be contracted before the first year of the fourth Septenniad, on the part of females, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the male; in other words, the female should be at least 21, and the male 28 years old. That there should be seven years difference between the ages of the sexes, at whatever period of life the solemn contract is entered upon, need not be urged, as it is universally admitted there is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution—the symmetry of the form, and the lineaments of the face."

AGE AND WISDOM.

"People always fancy," said Goethe, laughing, "that we must become old to become wise; but, in truth, as years advance, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes, indeed, in the different stages of life, a different being; but he cannot say that he is a better one, and, in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth, as in his sixtieth year. We see the world one way from a plain, another way from the heights of a promontory, another from the glacier fields of the primary mountains. We see, from one of these points, a larger piece of the world than from the other; but that is all, and we cannot say that we see more truly from any one than from the rest. When a writer leaves monuments on the different steps of his life, it is chiefly important that he should, have an innate foundation and good will; that he should, at each step, have seen and felt clearly, and that, without any secondary aims, he should have said, distinctly and truly, what has passed in his mind. Then will his writings, if they were right in the steps where they originated, remain always right, however the writer may develop or alter himself in after times."

THE DAY OF THE MONTH.

Many persons might help themselves, as some do, by remembering throughout the year on what day the 1st of January fell, and by permanently remembering the first day of each month, which agrees with the first day of the year. Thus this present year began on Wednesday, and the 6th of August is therefore Wednesday, as are the 13th, 20th, 27th. By the following lines the key to the months may be kept in mind:—

The first of October, ye'll find if you try,
The second of April, as well as July,
The third of September, which rhymes to Dec.,
The fourth day of June, and no other, remember,
The fifth of the leap-month, of March, and Nov.,
The sixth day of August, and seventh of May,
Show the first of the year in the name of the day;
But in leap-year, when leap-month has duly been reckoned,
These month-dates will show, not the first but the second.—Notes and Queries.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

Lord Brougham's bill to shorten the time required for assembling Parliament after a dissolution was printed by order of the Lords. The following is the entire bill, after stating the title:—"Whereas on account of the increased facilities of communication which now exist, the time required by law to intervene between the date of proclamation for assembling Parliament and the day appointed for the meeting thereof may be reasonably shortened: He it enacted (in the usual manner) that so often as her Majesty shall by her royal proclamation appoint a time for the first meeting of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland after a dissolution thereof, the time so to be appointed may be any time less than 50 days after the date of such proclamation, the act of the 5th of Queen Anne, chap. 8, art. 23, or any other law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding; provided that the time so appointed shall not be less than 35 days after the date of such proclamation."

NEW CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

A writer in a late number of the Medical journal says:—"Gum Copal, when dissolved in chloroform, forms an excellent compound for stuffing the holes of decayed teeth. I have used it very frequently, and the benefit which my patients have derived from it has been truly astonishing. The application is simple and easy. I clean out the hole, and moisten a little cotton with the solution; I introduce this into the decayed part, and in every instance the relief has been almost instantaneous. The chloroform removes the pain, and the gum copal resists the action of the saliva, and as the application is so agreeable, those who may labor under this dreadful malady would do well to make a trial of it."

RULES AND REASONS.

Horne Tooke, when at Eton, was one day asked by the master the reason why a certain verb governed a particular case. He answered, "I don't know." "That is impossible," said the master; "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate." Horne, however, persisted, and the master flogged. After the punishment, the master quoted the rule of grammar which bore on the subject, and Horne instantly replied, "I know that very well, but you did not ask me for the rule—you demanded the reason."

CHEAPNESS OF AMERICAN CLOCKS.

It is stated in the Annual of Science and Discovery that such is the perfection to which the manufacture of clocks has been carried in Connecticut, that time-pieces, warranted to keep good reckoning, are sold for sixty cents, at wholesale, and for one dollar, at retail. The works are all brass, made by machinery. At the manufactory of Mr. Jerome, of New Haven, eight hundred of these articles can be produced per day. Wooden clocks, but comparatively few years since, sold for from ten to seven dollars.

Artists' Corner.

NO. XI—NICHOLAS BERGHEM.

Nicholas Berghem, or Berchem was born at Haerlem in 1621. His real name is supposed to have been Van Haerlem, his father Peter Van Haerlem was a painter, but he never arrived at any high standing. Karel de Moor, a Dutch writer relates an anecdote which accounts for the young artist's name being Berghem, a name which he always used. The young Nicholas's first master was John Van Goyen, and the father being one day angry with the youth for some real or fancied irregularity of conduct, pursued him for the purpose of chastising him, into the house of Van Goyen, who, desirous of shielding his pupil from punishment, called out to his other scholars "Berghem" which is the Dutch for hide him, and from this circumstance he acquired the name by which he was ever after known. Other writers look upon this story of De Moor's as a myth and state that the name of both father and son was Berchem and that the father was called Van Haerlem from the fact of being born in Haerlem. No one says M. Charles Blanc in his *Histoire des Peintres* had more masters than Berghem and no one perhaps had less need of them. He learned the rudiments of his art in the studio of his father, a painter of sweetmeats, fish, confectionery, and desserts; Van Goyen taught him marine painting; Peter Grebber, a painter of history and portraits, instructed him how to group his figures and give them expression; Nicholas Moyart and John Willis, (whose daughter he married) taught him landscape painting, and the example of his uncle John Baptist Weenix, inspired him with a taste for representing seaport towns, with all the bustle and excitement of loading and unloading ships, with their freights of rich merchandize." In the notice of John Both given in the Herald at page 161, allusion was made to a contest between these two painters, for the prize offered by the burgomaster Dordrecht, which terminated in the two artists being equally rewarded, as the judges could not decide which should claim the superiority. This fact is a strong evidence of Berghem's talents as a landscape painter; and another circumstance transiently noticed in connection with Both shows that he had great facilities for the grouping of cattle, and figures of various sorts. When Andrew Both was drowned in one of the Canals in Venice, John returned to his native place, and in his subsequent career, the place of the departed brother was in part supplied by Berghem, who embellished the works of John, by filling in groups of cattle and other figures. "The architectural ruins and picture-que groups of cattle which Berghem enriched his scenes, form, very frequently, the most attractive points of his compositions; these compositions are evidently made of materials selected at different times, and from various sources, but they are so skillfully put together, and with such an air of truth, as to have all the appearance of being actual copies of nature. There is a beautiful luminous quality in most of his pictures, especially in those seen under an early morning or warm evening aspect, and this quality is recognizable throughout every portion of the works of whatever materials composed. It has been well observed of this master that he had an executive power which rarely missed its aim; his touch is equally free and discriminating whether expressing the breadth and richness of masses of foliage, the lightness and buoyancy of clouds, the solidity of rocks and buildings, or the transparency of water; and his distances are graduated, both in relation to lines and tints, with admirable truth of perspective. His coloring is rich and brilliant, but

harmonious, the depth and brilliancy being attained rather by broad masses of shadow than by positive tints. He is said to have painted with wonderful rapidity, yet his pictures betray no signs of negligence or want of finish, while his industry was such that he was accustomed to sit at his easel, even during the summer months, from sunrise to sunset, and yet with all his labour he was unable to supply the demands for his works which were held in great estimation, and are still much sought after. Berghem died in 1683, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

Varieties.

Envy is a mean man's homage.

The most exuberant encomiast turns easily into the most inveterate censor.

No cognition so low but may have hopes, and none so high but may have fears.

A promise is a just debt which should always be paid, for honour and honesty are its security.

Conquest is the child of hearts which trust themselves.

Men are never placed in such extremes but there is a right to guide them.

You may glean knowledge by reading' but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

The greater the difficulty the more merit there is in surmounting it; skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

The mind is weak when it has once given way; it is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved.

Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear glands; and pride, two bent knees.

The consciousness that we have by our own misconduct brought our sorrows on ourselves is an immense aggravation of their misery.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports us, when we succeed it betrays us.

An inclination towards still-sitting comfort nestles in man; like a dog, he lets himself be pricked and teased a thousand times rather than take the trouble to jump up in lieu of growling.

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth, for every beautiful, pure, and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

CENTUR'S TRUTH.—The bones of a bird are hollow and filled with air. If a string be tied tightly round the neck of a sparrow, so that no air can enter its lungs, and one of its legs be broken it will live. Respiration will take place by means of the broken bone.

THE GRAMMAR OF MATRIMONY.—If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and many others, for the assertion that "Ann is an indefinite article."

A clever writer says that the great secret of woman's ascendancy is to be found in the fact, that man believes that woman looks up to him and thinks him perfect; and, in his gratitude for blind admiration, returns her this compliment of thinking her infallible.

THE MAN of middle rank believes that the man above him stands one step higher on the social ladder merely to overlook him. This one however, has his eye less upon the man beneath than upon the back of the one preceding him; and thus it is, up and down. The middle man receives from the higher no other forgetfulness than he again throws upon the one beneath him.

MARKS OF THE GENTLEMAN.

No man is a gentleman, who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor ever heard of a lexicon. I am proud to say, for the honor of our species, there are men, in every throb of whose heart there is a solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

Biographical Calendar.

A. D.		
May 23	1543	Nicolas Copernicus, died.
"	1707	Linnæus, born.
"	1718	Dr. William Hunter, born.
" 21	1616	John, Duke of Lauderdale, born.
"	1819	Queen Victoria, born.
"	1850	Jane Porter, died.
" 25	1691	Caldron de la Barca, died.
"	1851	Richard Taylor Sheil, died.
" 26	1703	Samuel Pepys, died.
"	1810	Sir Sidney Smith, died.
" 27	1265	Dante Alighieri, born.
"	1610	Ravalliac, executed.
"	1661	Arch. Marq. of Argyll, beheaded.
"	1812	Sir Charles Bell, died.
" 28	1660	George I. born.
"	1721	John Smeaton, born.
"	1759	William Pitt, born.
"	1780	Thomas Moore, born.
"	1829	Sir Humphrey Davy, died.
"	1817	Noah Webster, died.
" 29	1516	Cardinal Beaton, killed.
"	1630	Charles II. King of Eng' and born.
"	1814	Empress Josephine, died.
"	1850	R. J. Wyatt, died.

Sir Humphrey Davy, one of the most eminent of modern chemists, was born at Penzance in Cornwall, in 1778. He was intended for the medical profession, and placed with an apothecary for the necessary initiation where he gave himself up almost entirely to the study of chemistry; but, with the consent of his master, he quitted him in his fifteenth year, in order to prepare for graduating for a physician at Edinburgh. Indefatigable in the pursuit of his favourite science, his progress in it was most rapid; his friends encouraged the bent of his genius, and he was induced to suspend his design of going to Edinburgh, and to accept the superintendence of a Pneumatic Institution at Bristol. While there he published his "Chemical and Philosophical Researches" the fame of which immediately obtained for him the Professorship of chemistry at the Royal Institution, where his popularity as a lecturer was unbounded. In 1802 he became professor to the Board of Agriculture; in 1818 he was created a baronet and in 1830 he was elected president of the Royal Society; and a series of scientific discoveries and professional honours flowed on him without interruption till his death, which took place at Geneva, in 1829, being but 51 years old. The invention of the safety lamp, the discovery of the metallic bases of the alkalies and earths, and of the principles of electro chemistry, and numerous other discoveries and inventions not less important, attest his skill and industry, and give him an imperishable fame. Besides his separate works of a scientific character, he was the author of numerous papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*; and when, during his illness, he was disposed to divert his mind with lighter studies, he wrote "Salmosia, or Days of Fly-fishing," and "Consolations in Travel."

The Nouths' Department.

SWEDISH MOTHER'S HYMN.

Mary Howit, (gentle Mary Howit, as she is sometimes called.) has translated from a favorite Swedish author, the following beautiful hymn, sung by a mother to her children just before their parting "good night."

There slitteth a dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray,
And she listeneth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to Heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in Heaven she bears
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from Heaven's gate,
And brings—that dove so mild—
From the Father in Heaven who hears her speak,
A blessing on every child.
Then children lift up a pious prayer,
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray.

SKETCH OF THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

Japan, called by the natives Nippon, was founded about six hundred and sixty five years a.c., by Simmu. From him to Sinzakin there appears to have been sixty one Emperors. After this period, in the year 1142, a change took place. From this time a double chronology commences, including the reigns of Dearios and Cubos. The Dearios were military officers, and at one period completely usurped the power of the Emperors; but a general by the name of Jericimo being crowned, succeeded in depriving the Dearios of all military power. At the present time the kingdom of Japan is governed by an Emperor with full military powers, a Deario with full civil powers, and a Cubo, or prime minister, who has authority over certain cities, their Parliament, &c.

The Kingdom of Japan consists of three large and thirty or forty smaller islands, situated off the coast of China. The largest of these islands is Nippon, the next Jesso. On the island of Bungo, southwest of Tonsa, is the city of Nangachi and near that city is the little artificial island Deas, on which a Dutch factory is built.

Jeddo, or Yeddo, the capital of the whole Empire, is situated in the midst of a fine plain, in the province of Musace. It is built in the form of a crescent, and intersected in almost every street by canals, their banks being planted with rows of beautiful trees. The city is not surrounded, as most eastern cities are, by a wall, but has a strong castle to defend it. The river Tongag waters it, and supplies the castle ditch; and being divided into five streams, has a bridge over each. The public buildings are on a magnificent scale. The imperial palace is formed by three enclosures, or circular pieces of buildings, and enclosing many streets, courts, apartments, pavilions, guard houses, gates, drawbridges, gardens, canals, etc. In it reside the Emperor and his family, the royal domestic, tributary princes and their retinues, the Minister of State, many other officers of Government, and a strong garrison. The walls of this magnificent palace are built of freestone, with cement, and the stones are prodigiously large. The whole pile was originally covered with gilt tiles, which gave it a very grand appearance. Many of the stately apartments are formed and altered at pleasure, by moveable screens. The principal apartments are the Hall of Attendance, the Council Chamber, Hall of a Thousand Mats, etc.

The city is under the rule of two governors, who rule a year each.

The next largest city is Mexico. It is also a royal city, and is situated on a lake near the middle of the island of Nippon, and surrounded by mountains, which give a remarkable and delightful prospect to the whole; the circumjacent country between the city and the mountains is

covered with temples, sepulchres, &c., &c., and is embellished with a variety of orchard, groves, cascades, and putting streams. Three considerable rivers water these fertile plain, and unite their streams in the centre of the city, where a magnificent stone bridge facilitates the communication between the different parts of the city. A strong castle encloses the town; it is six hundred yards in length, has a tower in the centre, and it is surrounded by a ditch, the one dry and the other full of water.—This splendid city is twenty miles long and nine wide within the suburbs, which are as well populated as the city. The number of inhabitants of that city proper is supposed to be 520,000. The universities, colleges, temples, &c., almost incredible in number and magnificence. It contains 12 capitals or principal streets, in the centre of which are the royal palaces, superbly built of marble, and adorned with gardens, orchards, pavilions, terraces, groves, &c.

The next principal town is Ozeaco. It is deemed the chief sea port, is very populous, and has an army of 80,000 men always ready at the disposal and command of the Emperor. It is nearly fifteen miles in circumference.

The city of Nangasack is the Japanese naval depot; but as they have not yet found any use for a navy, their vessels are only in the rough material, and stored away for emergencies.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST

Enigma, No. 8. Henry Byce. Alexander.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

If A sits three feet from a heated stove and B nine feet, how much hotter is A's seat than B's?

CONCERNUM.

Why are a pair of boots that have been repaired like the ancestors of their owner.

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Wax Flower-making, including materials, £1 10
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Toronto, May 15, 1852. 23-

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CHARLES FLETCHER.

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

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Toronto, Nov. 8th, 1851.

1-96

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3-55

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4-11

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1-11

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15-40

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