

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Richness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.]

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1852.

No. 30.

Poetry.

LIFE, A JOURNEY

(Written at the request of a friend)

Life a journey on probation, to the foot and to the sign,
From our childhood up to manhood, from our manhood
down to age,
'Tis a pilgrimage of sorrow, to the free as to the slave.
From the cradle to the coffin—from the womb unto the
grave.

Brightly beams the heaven above us,—beauteous seems the
earth below,
As rejoicing in its morning, on the path of youth we go,
Faint the flowers arise beneath us, sweet the birds around us
sing,
Love descends from heaven to wreath us, with the roses of
the spring.

On delightedly we wander, till the hour of manhood a noon
When reflection comes to ponder, o'er the path we've passed
so soon;
Eglistly we turn to gaze on, what we never more shall find
Further, further in the distance, fleets the heaven of youth
behind.

We feel thorns beneath our roses, we find poison in our
flowers,
Where most brightly fell the glory, there most dark the
shadow looms;
Clouds of trouble, which confound us, frown o'er our de-
voted head,
And the tempest thunders round us, ere the warning flash
is fled.

On we go the tempest battling, like a bird that seeks her
nest,
With its arrows round us hurling, and its wounds upon
our breast;
All our bravely soiled and drooping, rest the flowers from
off our brow,
There remain of all our roses, but the thorns of sorrow now
One by one our hopes forsake us, one by one our joys de-
part,
One by one our friends are falling, struck by death's re-
morseless dart;
Like a tree all barbed and blighted, now we stand and sigh
forlorn,
As the evening closes round us, for the brightness of the
morn.

Where are all our hopes departed! where are our compa-
nions, where?
Lo! upon the track behind us, one by one their graves ap-
pear!
What remains of all our treasures! all our pleasures!—
what of all?
But the memory of the beauty, which no sigh can back re-
call;

Joy alone reveal'd life's morning, what displays the setting
sun?
All the good we have neglected, all the evil we have done
Earth and heaven lay bright before us, as we issued from
the womb—
Through the night now darkening o'er us, what do we be-
hold—a tomb!

And what power from that abyss shall lift to light and life
above?
But the God whose glorious symbols, are the mercy Lamb
and Dove—
But the martyr God redeeming, from despair came earth to
save,
But the power who raised your being, from the past that
was your grave!

Nottingham, 1852.

EDWARD HIND.

Literature.

THE VENTILATION OF HOUSES; OR, FARMER N.—AND FARMER JOCELYN.

FROM ALLEN'S "RURAL ARCHITECTURE."

Pure air, and enough of it, is the cheapest blessing one can enjoy; and to deny one's self so indispensable an element of good health is little short of criminal neglect, or the sheerest folly. Yet thousands, who build at much

needless expense, for the protection of their health and that of their families, as they allege, and no doubt suppose, by neglecting the simplest of all contrivances, in the work of ventilation, invite disease and infirmity, from the very pains they so unwittlingly take to ward off such affliction.

A man, be he farmer, or of other profession, finding himself prosperous in life, sets about the very sensible business of building a house for his own accommodation. Looking back, perhaps, to the days of his boyhood, in a severe climate, he remembers the not very highly-finished tenement of his father, and the wide, open fireplace which, with its well-piled logs, was scarcely able to warm the large living-room, where the family were wont to huddle in winter. He possibly remembers, with shivering sympathy, the sprinkling of snow which he was accustomed to find upon his bed as he awaked in the morning, 'hat had found its way through the frail casing of his chamber window—but in the midst of all which he grew up with a vigorous constitution, a strong arm, and determined spirit. He is resolved that his children shall encounter no such hardship, and that himself and his excellent helpmate shall suffer no such inconvenience as his own parents had done, who now, perhaps, are enjoying a strong and serene old age, in their old-fashioned, yet to them not uncomfortable tenement.—He therefore determines to have a snug, close house, where 'he cold cannot penetrate. He employs all his ingenuity to make every joint an air-tight fit: the doors must swing to an air-tight joint; the windows set into air-tight frames; and to perfect the catalogue of his comforts, an air-tight stove is introduced into every occupied room which, perchance, if he can afford it, are further warmed and poisoned by the heated flues of an air-tight furnace in his air-tight cellar. In short, it is an air-tight concern throughout. His family breathe an air-tight atmosphere throughout; they eat their food cooked in an "air-tight kitchen witch," of the latest "premium pattern;" and thus they start, father, mother, children, all on the high road—if persisted in—to a galloping consumption, which sooner or later conducts them to an air-tight dwelling, not soon to be changed. If such melancholy catastrophe be avoided, colds, catarrhs, headaches, and all sorts of bodily afflictions shortly make their appearance, and they wonder what is the matter! They live so snug! their house is so warm! they sleep so comfortable! how can it be? True, in the morning the air of their sleeping-rooms feels close, but then if a window is opened, it will chill the rooms and that will give them colds. What can be the matter? The poor creatures never dream that they have been breathing, for hour after hour, decomposed air charged with poisonous gases, which cannot escape through the tight walls, or over the tight windows, or through the tight stoves; and thus they keep on in the sure course to infirmity, disease and premature death—all for the want of a little ventilation! Better, indeed, that instead of all this pains-taking, a

pane were knocked out of every window, a panel out of every door in the house.

We are not disposed to talk about cellar furnaces for heating a farmer's house. They have little to do in the farmer's inventory of goods at all, unless it be to give warmth to the hall—and even then a snug box stove, with its pipe passing into the nearest chimney, is, in most cases, the better appendage. Fuel is usually abundant with the farmer; and where so, its benefits are much better dispensed in open stoves or fireplaces, than in heating furnaces or "air-tights."

We have slightly discussed this subject of firing in a farm-house, in a previous page, but while in the vein, must crave another word. A farmer's house should look hospitable, as well as be hospitable, both outside and in, and the broadest, most cheerful look of hospitality within doors, in cold weather, is an open fire in the chimney fireplace, with the blazing wood upon it. There is no mistake about it. It thaws you out, if cold; it stirs you up, if drooping; and is the welcome, winning introduction to the good cheer that is to follow.

A short time ago, we went to pay a former town friend a visit. He had removed out to a snug little farm, where he could indulge his agricultural and horticultural tastes, yet still attend to his town engagements, and enjoy the quietude of the country. We rang the door-bell. A servant admitted us; and leaving overcoat and hat in the hall, we entered a large room, with an "air-tight" stove, looking as black and solemn as a Turkish enuch upon us, and giving out about the same degree of general warmth as the said enuch would have expressed had he been there—an emaculated warming machine, truly! On the floor was a Wilton carpet, too fine to stand on; around the room were mahogany sofas and mahogany chairs, all too fine to sit on—at all events, to rest one upon, if he were fatigued. The blessed light of day was shut out by crimson and white curtains, held up by gilded arrows; and upon the mantelpiece, and on the centre and side tables were all sorts of gimeracks, costly and worthless. In short, there was no comfort about the whole concern. Hearing our friend coming up from his dining-room below, where, too, was his cellar kitchen—that most abominable of all appendages to a farm-house, or to any other country house, for that matter—we buttoned our coats up close and high, thrust our hands into our pockets, and walked the room as he entered—"Glad to see you—glad to see you, my friend!" said he, in great joy; "but, dear me, why so buttoned up, as if you were going? What's the matter?" "My good sir," we replied, "you asked us to come over and see you, 'a plain farmer,' and 'take a quiet family dinner with you!' We have done so, and here you find you with all your town nonsense about you. No fire to warm by; no seat to rest in; no nothing like a farm or farmer about you; and it only needs your charming better half, whom we always admired, when she lived in town, to take down her enameled harp, and play.

• In fairy bowers by moonlight hours.

to convince one that instead of ruralizing in the country, you had gone a peg higher in town residence! No, no, we'll go down to Farmer Jocelyn's, our old school-fellow, and take a dinner of bacon and cabbage with him. If he does occupy a one-story house, he lives up in summer, has an open fire-place with a blazing wood fire on a chilly day, and his 'latch-string is always out.'

Our friend was petrified—astonished! We meant to go it rather strong upon him, but still kept a frank, good humored face that showed him no malice. He began to think he was not exactly in character, and essayed to explain. We listened to his story. His good wife came in, and all together, we had long talked of their family and farming arrangements; how they had furnished their house; and how they proposed to live; but wound up with a sad story that their good farming neighbors didn't call on them the second time—kind, civil people they appeared, too,—and while they were in, acted as though afraid to sit down, and afraid to stand up;—in short, they were dreadfully embarrassed; for why, our friends couldn't tell, but now began to understand it. "Well, my good friends," said we, "you have altogether mistaken country life in the outset. To live on a farm, it is neither necessary to be vulgar, nor clownish, nor to affect ignorance. *Simplicity* is all you require, in manners, and equal simplicity in your furniture and appointments. Now, just turn all this nonsense in furniture and room dressing out of doors, and let some of your town friends have it. Get some simple, comfortable cottage furniture, much better for all purposes, than this, and you will settle down into quiet, natural country life before you are aware of it, and all will go 'merry as a marriage bell' with you, in a little time"—for they both loved the country, and were truly excellent people. We continued, "I came to spend the day and the night, and I will stay, and this evening we'll go down to your neighbor Jocelyn's; and you, Mrs. N——, shall go with us; and we will see how quietly and comfortably he and his family take the world in a farmer's way."

We did go, not in carriage and livery, but walked the pleasant half mile that lay between them; the exercise of which gave us all activity and good spirits. Jocelyn was right glad to see us, and Patty, his staid and sober wife, with whom we had romped many an innocent hour in our childhood days, was quite as glad as he. But they looked a little surprised that such 'great folks' as their new neighbors, should drop in so unceremoniously, and into their common "keeping room," too, to chat away an evening. However, the embarrassment soon wore off. We talked of farming; we talked of the late elections, we talked of the fruit trees and the strawberry beds; and Mrs. Jocelyn who was a pattern of good housekeeping, told Mrs. N—— how she made her apple jellies, and her currant tarts, and cream cheeses, and before we left they had exchanged ever so many engagements. Mrs. Patty to learn her new friends to do half-a-dozen nice little matters of household pickling and preserving, while she, in turn, was to teach Nancy and Fanny, Patty's two rosy-cheeked daughters, almost as pretty as their mother was at their own age, to knit a bead bag and work a fancy chair seat!—And then we had apples and nuts, all of the very best—for Jocelyn was a rare hand at grafting and managing his fruit trees, and knew the best apples all over the country. We had, indeed, a capital time! To cut the story short, the next Spring our friend sent his fancy furniture to auction, and provided his house with simple cottage furnishings, at less than half the cost of the other, which both he and his wife afterwards declared was infinitely better, for house-keeping purposes. He also threw a neat wing on to the cottage, for an upper kitchen and his offices, and they now live like sensible country folks, and with their healthy, frolicsome children, are worth the envy of all the dyspeptic, town-tied people in existence.

A long digestion, truly; but so true a story, and one so apt to our subject, cannot well be omitted. But what has all this to do with ventilation?

We'll tell you. Jocelyn's house was ventilated as it should be,—for he was a methodical, thoughtful man, who planned and built his house himself—not the mechanical work, but directed it throughout, and saw that it was faithfully done; and that put us in mind of the story.

To be perfect in its ventilation, every room in the house, even to the closets, should be so arranged that a current of air may pass through, to keep it pure and dry. In living rooms, fresh air in sufficient quantity may be admitted through the doors. In sleeping rooms and closets, when doors may not be open, one or more of the lower panels of the door may be filled by a rolling blind, opening more or less at pleasure; or a square or oblong opening for that purpose, may be left in the base board, at the floor, and covered by a wire netting. And in all rooms, living apartments, as well as these, an opening of at least sixty-four square inches should be made in the wall, near the ceiling, and leading into an air flue, to pass into the garret. Such openings may be filled by a rolling blind, or wire screen, as below, and closed or kept open, at pleasure.—Some builders prefer an air-register to be placed in the chimney, over the fireplace or stove, near the ceiling, but the habitually to annoyance, by smoke escaping through into the room, if not thoroughly done, is an objection to this method, and the other may be made, in its construction, rather ornamental than otherwise, in appearance. All such details as these should be planned when the building is commenced, so that the several flues may be provided as the building proceeds. In a stone or brick house, a small space may be left in the walls, against which these air-registers may be placed if required; and for inner rooms, or closets they may pass off into the openings of the partitions, and so up into the garret; from which apertures of escape may be left, or made at the gables, and the roof, or by a blind in the window.

For the admission of air to the first floor of the house, a special opening through the walls, for that purpose, can hardly be necessary; as the doors leading outside are usually opened often enough for such object. One of the best ventilated houses we have ever seen, is that owned and occupied by Samuel Cloon, Esq., of Cincinnati. It is situated on his farm, three miles out of the city, and in its fine architectural appearance and finished appointments, as a rural residence and first-class farm-house, are not often excelled. Every closet is ventilated through rolling blinds in the door panels; and foul air, either admitted or created within them, is passed off at once by flues near the ceiling overhead, passed into conductors leading off through the garret.

Where chambers are carried into the roof of a house, to any extent, they are sometimes incommoded by the Summer heat which penetrates them, conducted by the chamber ceiling overhead. This heat can best be obviated by inserting a small window at each opposite peak of the garret, by which the outside air can circulate through, above the chambers, and pass off the heated air, which will continually ascend. All this is a simple matter, for which any builder can provide, without particular expense or trouble.

PERSEVERANCE.

The most profitable and praiseworthy genius in the world is untiring industry, and in the vocabulary of him who possesses this attribute, 'there is no such word as fail.' Many persons are obliged to commence the voyage of life against both wind and tide. These are greatly tempted to complain of their hard fortune; some are always just ready to give up, and for that very reason are both helpless and good for nothing. Whereas, if they would only persevere with boldness, hard as it is to work up stream all life long, they would find it abundant reward at last. As successful trips are made up our rivers as down. Let us put forth as many wise efforts as we indulge foolish wishes, and we shall certainly be vastly more enriched thereby. Lord Byron quotes our text in one of his works, and on it

remarks, that 'A man must make his opportunity as oft as find it.' Timorous action and melancholy complaints are feeble antagonists against the armed resistance of misfortune, penury, and wrong; it is dull tranquility arrayed against passion; summer dust against the whirlwind, the weight of gunpowder against its explosive force. So long as we are not absolutely bound and imprisoned by the stern-law of impossibility, despair can never constitute any part of our duty. While there remains a single ray of hope, or one foothold for another struggle, we are under the highest obligation to pray, and once more try.

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 3, 1852.

MUSIC.

In last number we briefly adverted to the musical treat which the Toronto Vocal Music Society had afforded, in their first concert, and also to the prospective musical entertainment of the Germanians. Since then we have had three concerts by that justly celebrated band, at each of which, the music was most delightful. This band has attained great perfection in musical art, a circumstance at which our Toronto Vocal Society should take courage, for that eminence has only been attained by sheer perseverance; and it is not too much to hope, that when our own Musical Society have had a few years more practice, they, too, will have attained sufficient skill to make their name somewhat famous. Even although they never reach that great perfection which these professional performers now display, there is consolation in the fact, that music will by this means be so much more diffused through society. Music is the sweetener of life, and the more thoroughly it is diffused through a community, the more real happiness, and genuine social comfort will that community enjoy. The time has indeed been when music was so associated with inveterate customs, as to make one quail, at thought of its more general diffusion—when the leaders, and the most successful performers were in their private capacity enslaved with pernicious customs. Happily for social comfort these customs no longer hold regal sway, and we rejoice that the leading Spirits in this Society afford sufficient guarantee that no countenance will be given to what has the slightest tendency to warp the mind, or weaken the purifying force which music naturally possesses.

The Germanians form decidedly the most finished orchestra that ever visited this country. Their performance, both in the simple aria and the most elaborate classical music, was complete. William Schultze's Sounds from Home were given with a melting pathos, and the performance of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, was truly magnificent. It is enough to say of Alfred Jaell, that next to DeMeyer he is universally allowed to be the greatest Pianist that ever touched a key board. The power, vigour, and the pathos of his execution are most astonishing. One little circumstance connected with his performance is worthy of record, as it reflects the highest credit on the party

concerned. The Grand Piano upon which Mr. Jaell performed, which is undoubtedly the best on this side the line, both for brilliancy, power and fullness of tone, was kindly lent to the celebrated performer by Principal Baron of Upper Canada College. This instrument—one of Chirker's best Grand's—was got from Messrs. Northheimer's store, a short time ago by Mr. Baron, and considering that its great weight—seeing it takes ten men to remove it—rendered the placing of it in the large hall, somewhat of a task, it speaks volumes alike for the musical appreciation and the generosity of the worthy Principal, to risk the safety of so valuable an instrument on so great an occasion.

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!"

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS STRAWBERRIES.

"A bird in the hand is worth two on the tree," is an old adage which appeals to our every-day being for its confirmation; but I do not remember to have seen it more literally or tantalizingly fulfilled, than in an incidental way a few days ago. A gentleman, whom I have here styled a philosopher,—because he is so virtually, both from his profound learning and his sagacity, had in due season purchased some very fine strawberry plants, and had planted them with his own hands, and tended them with the most anxious care. The little family, otherwise at liberty to roam at large through the garden, were not permitted to gambol near the strawberry bed, lest some tiny foot in an incautious moment should injure the precious plants.

Nature, ever gracious, when treated with respect, favoured his careful and intelligent culture, and an exuberant crop of most delicious looking berries was its reward. Three days ago the philosopher surveyed his strawberries with a complacent eye, and went in and sat down to dinner. The cloth being about to be removed, a playful smile irradiated his countenance, as he said—My dear Ellen, I have at last got a luscious treat for you—those strawberries are now fully ripe, and I intend to give you one choice dessert. The children heard the announcement with delight and mamma went to secure some nice cream, while the philosopher,—basket in hand—glided off to pluck the promised dainty.

Courteous reader,—judge of his surprise when on reaching the strawberry bed, he discovered that all his treasured berries had been plucked by some sacrilegious hands, during the time he sat at dinner with his family, and within half an hour from the time he had made the last survey. With a rueful countenance he returned to his house, and holding up the empty basket explain in faltering accents the extent of his loss,—a circumstance which caused a sad and bitter disappointment. I saw him a few hours afterwards and his feelings were still so lacerated with the poignancy which the base transaction had superinduced, that he could scarcely speak of it with composure. I walked with him round the bed which a ruthless villain had so recently plundered, and there was only one berry left with which to moisten my lips, to enable me with sufficient appreciation to condole with him in his very aggravated loss. Dear me! how far we are yet from civilization. P.

AUNT LITTLEJOHN'S TEA CHEST.

Well if there is one error more incident than another to my mental structure, or one into which I have more easily fallen in my sublunary journey, it is that one, of coming to a too hasty conclusion on certain matters. I had for instance very foolishly, imagined that no one could be so easily imposed upon as my old aunt Mrs. Little-

john; but I find that after all, human nature is but human nature all over. At the precise period in my aunt's history to which I more immediately refer, she was surrounded by a numerous and highly interesting family. One daughter had reached the realms of connubial bliss, two were marriageable, and a fourth, in all the blooming sweetness of mature girlhood, had entered on her teens. It would be unseemly, and altogether unnecessary for my present purpose, to enter more minutely into Mrs. Littlejohn's family arrangements, further, than to say she kept a comfortable house, and one in which I have spent many a pleasant evening. She prided herself in making a good cup of tea for a visitor, and when past a reasonable tea hour, there was always hot water and a little pure cognac.—This was, however, before Temperance Societies were talked off—One evening, about 5 o'clock, a travelling merchant called in a private way, and had a consultation. He had managed to get a few chests of tea smuggled over from China without paying the duty, and as he could thus afford to sell it cheap, he wished just to give Mrs. Littlejohn a bargain of a chest. A sample was produced, and with a view to test its quality an infusion was made on the spot, and the gentleman, who, by-the-way, had had some previous transactions there, sat down to tea with the family, and all concurred in pronouncing the tea to be most delicious. The gentleman having assured them that the tea in the chest was identical with the sample, a bargain was struck for £15 sterling.

Now came the turning point. The merchant required to leave town early in the morning and it was desirable that he should have his cash. But aunt had only £6 in the house and it was past bank hours, so that it became necessary to borrow, and also in so far to explain the urgency of the matter. The expedient was hit upon of confiding the secret to a grocer in the village and offering him half the chest if he was desirous to share in the bargain. Mr. Lawson had no objections to take half, but unfortunately had only £3 in the till. Here then the £9 was handed over as an earnest of the transaction and the gentleman having enjoined secrecy left the family in good spirits, with the understanding that he would call in the morning about half past 10 o'clock to get the balance.

But for an unlucky circumstance the transaction might have been kept quiet. At sharp ten o'clock, a messenger was despatched to the bank for the necessary funds, but eleven o'clock came, and not a word of the merchant. One half hour and aunt Littlejohn's courage began to fail her. She suspected that all was not right, and an old chisel and a hammer were put into requisition to open the tea chest, in order to make an exploration.

On the top there was a thick layer of very fine fresh tea; but so soon as the crust was pierced something hard was struck upon, and a little clearance having been made, lo! and behold, a large boulder, or whim-stone, as aunt called it—nicely packed with sawdust, filled up the chest. An enquiry was immediately instituted, but the gentlemanly merchant was nowhere to be found. The grocer called along to witness the deception, and having demurred to stand half of the loss, since he did not make the bargain, the story thus got wind, and it speedily spread.

When I had learned all the particulars, I just said, well experience is a hard master, but his lessons are always instructive. Next time a bargain is offered you, aunt, you will likely look at both sides of it, before it is completed, for I am sure no one else would have parted with £9, without knowing they had got value for it.

This had happened some years ago, and I have frequent occasion since, to demur to my own conclusions.

Without specifying all the instances I have noted, I will only refer to what took place in the early part of this week among the fair citizens of the fair city of Toronto.

Two or three men dressed as sailors, reached our city a few days ago, and in their well known canvass bags, they had a fine supply of Chinese silk shawls, and rich dresses, of a most elegant description. As these goods had been most especially smuggled over from China, with a view to supply the ladies of Toronto with an elegant article at a cheap rate, and as these jolly souls of Neptune had risked their reputation to bring them over in spite of the watchfulness of the Custom House officials, it was not too much sympathy, surely, for some of our lady friends to ease them of their dangerous treasures.

Well Mrs.—no, by the way—I will not mention names,—one lady purchased two dresses from these obliging tars, for twenty dollars, another purchased a handsome one for fifteen dollars, and a third purchased a more elegant one still for eighteen dollars. These three cases have come under my cognizance, and I hasten to say to all my fair friends that these dresses are virtually not worth twenty cents each. They were very ingeniously made to sell. The fabric is a closely woven cotton body with a finely dressed silk face, most admirably finished. The dresses are worked in lengths, and at each end a few shots of fine silk are thrown on in order to present a solid silk fabric, and thus make the deception complete. The same parties have been practising their nefarious traffic in Hamilton and other places within the last ten days, and I have no doubt many more victims have been made.

Although I could not suppress my risibility on hearing of the tea chest with the boulder packed in sawdust, still, the exhibition of such instances of trading displays a low tone of morality, both in purchaser and vendor. In no city in Canada do we meet with more nauseous and fulsome, tall talking of loyalty, than in this same said city of Toronto and if the truth was known, here are several of our most loyalty-loving citizens, coniving with pretended smugglers, in order to evade the laws that regulate good society. If the purchasing of smuggled goods be loyalty, then robbery is virtue, and murder an innocent pastime. It is highly immoral thus to evade the law even although getting little more than value for the money given. The man who stands up boldly and says, I cannot submit to the law you impose, because it is unjust, is a nobleman, compared to the one, who with loyalty in every expression sneakingly evades the law on every opportunity. We are far, still very far, from the correct appreciation of the pure and incontrovertible principle, do unto others as you would wish others to do unto you. P.

Literary Notices.

ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE,—Toronto: T. Maclear.

THE ART JOURNAL, June—London & New York: G. Virtue and Sons. Toronto, H. Rodgers, Agent for Canada.

The three engravings in this number are: The Mother, from the group of J. H. Foley, A. R. A.; Juliet and the Nurse, from the picture by H. P. Briggs, R. A., in the Vernon Gallery; and Sea Shore in Holland, from the picture of Sir A. W. Calleon, R. A., in the Vernon Gallery. These are beautifully executed.—The Sea Shore is an admirable piece, and is rendered in a very truthful and effective manner. "The Mother" is an engraving from a beautiful group of Sculpture by J. H. Foley, and bears ample evidence of the Sculptor's eminent and highly poetical attainments. There is a rich and graceful simplicity about the group, which show the artist to be thoroughly conversant with the true principles

of his art. The pyramidal form is assumed in the outline, and this is again repeated in the grouping of the children, without the slightest similarity of attitude, so that the elegant diversity of the lines which the figures assume are finely harmonized. The Journal says:—

The story of the design, so to speak, is soon narrated, though it tells its own tale so well as to require no description, the children are scrambling playfully for flowers, and their mother is gazing upon them with an expression of countenance that belongs only to a mother. The merits of this work lie as much in the individual features as in its entirety; in the admirable modeling of each of the playfellows, with their round, well developed limbs, manifesting health and vigour, as in the matured and delicate graces of the Mother.

In this number we have a continuation of Jacob Ruysdael, one of the Great Masters of Arts, with several of his beautiful landscapes, also a variety of useful information in connexion with the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the Societies of Water Colours. There are also some very excellent specimens of Relics of middle age art.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, July—New York; Leonard & Scott. Toronto: T. Maclear, Yonge Street.

The contents of this number are.—Policy of Protectionists—Five years in the West Indies—Fortune Hunting Extraordinary—Ferguson the Plotter—Carmina Lusoria—Scraps of Rhymes—Thoughts upon Dinners—Fragments of Poetry—The Great Question. As the world Billingsgate occurs occasionally in our Provincial Press, we extract a few lines explanatory thereof, given in Carmina Lusoria. The piece is headed the School of Rhetoric:

By London Bridge stands Billingsgate,
Where nymphs, by men called Oyster Wenches,
Bring Fish to sell and hold debate,
Here students sit thro'out on benches,
And argum'nt is so flatiate,
As froily eluciate.
Professors of the softer sex
Pour out vocabulary vigour,
In speech that Pindar would perplex
Unlettered by grammatic rigour,
Delyng all the law direct
Of mood and figure.

Ye Oxford Tutors, Cambridge Dons
Who empty heads are ever filling
With paradoxical opinions,
And classic stuff, not worth a shilling,
Diving over the Assorum Pons,
By cramming, turning dots unwillling,
To Mother Wli go take your sons
And pass them through the Gate of Billing.

PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK, No. 23—New York. Harper & Brothers. Toronto. A. H. Armour & Co.

We have had frequent opportunity in the periodical appearance of this work to note its prevailing qualities, and to recommend it to general attention as a very animated biographical, traditional, incidental, and prettily illustrated sketch of the events of the revolution. The work is now near its termination, and will, when completed, form two handsome volumes. It is very tastefully got up and contains short notices and miniature portraits of the most conspicuous characters that took part in that great struggle for Independence.

LONDON LABOUR AND LONDON POOR, Part 19, By Mayhew—New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto. A. H. Armour & Co.

This number of Mr. Mayhew's excellent cyclopædia will be found to contain a variety of

matter of the deepest importance in reference to the economy and division of labour. The subject is fully treated and is worthy of a careful perusal. In connection with all the statements made, not the least important consideration is the fact, that you have abundance of statistical materials to bear them out.

Agriculture.

JULY WORK TO BE DONE.

THE FARM.—Continue making manures as stated last month. Drain low grounds, and place the muck dug out in a position to be benefited by the action of the summer sun and the approaching winter's frosts. If you have any salt and lime mixture on hand, spread it thinly over the ditch bank as you throw out the drains, and by next spring it will be in order to be used in the compost heaps. Early crops taken off may be replaced with ruta baga turnips, if not north of New York, in the early part of this month; if farther north, the white globe turnip will succeed with later planting than the ruta bagas; and ground cleared in the latter part of the month may be sowed with strap-leaved red-top turnips with profit.

Root crops planted last month should be kept clear of weeds; those who have grain crops standing so late as the early part of this month, are referred to the direction for last month. As soon as potatoes are dug, use three bushels of fine salt broadcast to the acre, in addition to such other manures as your land may require, and plant turnips. Gather fallen fruit from the orchards and carry it to the hog pens, that the insects it contains may not be perpetuated. In the early part of the month destroy the second brood of caterpillars. Clean out haulms of peas and beans and throw it to the hogs. On dry days cut herbs in flower and secure for winter use. Keep your dung heaps free from weeds, or you will be spreading their seeds on the land. Inoculate such fruits as may be so treated this month.

Plant out stones or pits of fruits late in the month; if left until spring but few of them will vegetate as compared with those now planted.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—(Look to the direction for the farm, above.)—If not already done, transplant cabbages, cauliflower, broccoli; replant failing crops of beets, carrots, &c. Prepare trenches for celery beforehand, that they may receive the rains previous to planting. Plant cardoons, celery, endive, leeks, pepper plants, &c. Leeks and cabbages may be transplanted, even in dry weather, if the roots be dipped into a mixture of mud and water, but in such case, the ground must be perfectly turned over; but many harrow an hour before planting, and in such case, unless the ground be very moist, the plants may fail. Where ground has not been sufficiently sated to destroy grubs, the roots may be dipped in fish oil and then in plaster of Paris, which will not only protect them against the attacks of worms, but will also act as manure.

Grubs annoy plants less after the middle of July than before, but in most exposures this date is rather late for putting out the later kinds of cabbages.

Plant cucumber seeds for pickles, sow endive seeds and transplant former sowings. Peas may still be planted if soaked in water for a few hours before planting. Caulo rapas and ruta bagas may still be sown, and after July 25th, the other sorts of turnips may be sown. We continue to sow the strap-leaved red-top turnip as late as the ground is open, and as it becomes vacant, for even if sown in the latter part of the summer or even autumn, if the winter be very mild, they may perfect and be drawn out on mild days during the winter, for when turnips thaw in the ground they are seldom injured by having been frozen, and if the winter should

prove severe, the turnips, being plowed in during the spring ploughing, will improve the soil; they take so large a proportion of their constituents from the atmosphere that they act as an improving manure. Pot herbs should be cut this month. Winter and summer savory, Burnet, chervil, mint, parsley, fenel, sweet marjoram, tarragon, thyme, &c., will be ready for gathering.

FRUIT GARDEN AND ORCHARD.—This month is the best time to prune fruit trees, as the wounds then heal over readily and do not canker.

Budding must be performed this month, and Downing tells us that "the proper season for budding is from the 1st of July to the middle of September, the different trees coming into season as follows; plums, cherries, apricots on plums, apricots, pears, apples, quinces, nectarines and peaches. Trees of considerable size will require budding earlier than the young seedling stocks, but the operation is always, and only, performed when the bark of the stock or parts separates freely from the wood, and when the buds of the current year's growth are somewhat plump, and young wood is growing firm. Young stocks in the nursery, if thrifty, are usually planted out in rows in the spring, and budded the same summer or autumn." Moderate doses of fine salt should be sprinkled around those fruit trees which are attacked by the curculio.

FLOWER GARDEN.—This is the proper time for clipping evergreen hedges, before they commence their second growth; damp days are preferable, as they are not so liable to become brown or bruised by shearing as in dry hot weather. Buist objects strongly to trimming the tops and sides of hedges to exact right angles, but recommends that nature should be more closely imitated, and that the trimming should gradually taper towards the top. We presume that Mr. Buist, with his fine taste, dislikes straight, hard and unnatural lines. Hogarth, although not a gardener, deserves our thanks for his adage that the letter S is the line of beauty, or in other words, it is the greatest departure from a straight line. In field culture convenience requires that lines should be parallel and plots square, but in an ornamental flower garden nothing can be more tasteless than the usual parallelograms and their twin brothers, truncated squares. Why not lay out your beds in the beautiful forms suggested by nature? Take the forms of many of the leaves as patterns; and our word for it, the *tout ensemble* will be better than the eternal parallels as meaningless as ungraceful.

We copy the following from Buist's Flower Garden Directory:

"CARNATION AND PINKS.—In order to make the former flower well, if the weather is dry give them frequent waterings at the root, and let them up nearly to the rods. The criterion of a fine carnation is:—The stem strong and straight, from thirty to forty inches high, the corolla three inches in diameter, consisting of large, round, well formed petals, but not so many as to crowd it, nor so few as to make it appear thin or empty; the outside petals should rise above the calyx about half an inch, and then turn off in a horizontal direction, to support the interior petals, they forming nearly a hemispherical corolla. The interior petals should decline in size towards the centre, regularly disposed on every side; they should have a small degree of concavity at the lamina or broad end, the edges perfectly entire. The calyx above one inch in length, with strong broad points in a close and circular body. The colors must be perfectly distinct, disposed in regular long stripes, broadest at the edge of the lamina, and gradually becoming narrower as they approach the ughis or base of the petal, there terminating in a fine point. Those that contain two colors upon a white ground are esteemed the finest."

The Criterion of a double Pink.—"The stem about twelve inches, the calyx smaller but similar to a carnation; the flower two inches and a half

in diameter; petal rose edges; color white and pure purple, or rich crimson; the nearer it approaches to black the more it is esteemed; proportions equal as in carnation. Those that are very tasteful in these flowers are attentive to the manner of their opening. When the calyx is deficient in regular expansion to display the petals, that is, where there is a tendency to burst open on one side more than the other, the opposite side in two or three different indentations should be slit a little at several times with the point of a small sharp knife, taking care not to cut the petals, and about the centre of the calyx tie a thread three or four times around to prevent any further irregularity. Some florists and connoisseurs place cards on them. This is done when the calyx is small. Take a piece of thin pasteboard about the size of a dollar, cut a small aperture in its centre to admit the bud to pass through. When on, tie it tight to the rod, to prevent the wind from blowing it about, and when the flower is expanded draw up the card to about the middle of the calyx and spread the petals one over the other regularly upon it. When these plants are in flower, their beauty may be prolonged by giving them a little shade from the mid-day sun by an awning of a very simple description. When they are in pots, they can be removed to a cool shady situation, but not directly under trees.

Of Laying Carnations and Pinks.—“This is a necessary and yearly operation to keep a supply of plants, and likewise to have them always in perfection. As the process of laying, though simple, may not be known to all who are desirous of cultivating these plants, we will give an outline of the mode of operation. Provide first a quantity of small hooked twigs (pieces of asparagus stems are very suitable) about three inches long, for pegging the layers down in the earth. Select the outward, strongest and lowest shoots that are around the plant; trim off a few of the under-leaves, and shorten the top ones even with a knife, and then applying it at a joint about the middle of the under side of the shoot, cut about half through in a slanting direction, making an upward slit toward the next joint, near an inch in extent; and loosening the earth, make a small oblong cavity one or two inches deep, putting a little fresh, light earth therein. Lay the stem part where the slit is made into the earth; keeping the cut part open, and the head of the layer upright one or two inches out of the earth; and in that position peg down the layer with one of the hooked twigs, and cover the inserted part to the depth of one inch with some of the fresh earth, pressing it gently down. In this manner proceed to lay all the proper shoots of each plant. Keep the earth a little full around the plant, to retain longer the water that may be applied. Give immediately a moderate watering, with a rose watering pot, and in dry weather give light watering every evening. Choose a cloudy day for the above operation. In about two months they will be well rooted.”

Oriental Sayings.

THE POET AND THE ROBBER.

A poet presented himself once before the captain of a band of robbers, and recited an elegy of his own composition in his praise. The captain instead of making the poet a handsome present as he had no doubt expected, ordered some of his men, to strip him of his clothes and drive him from the village. The poor man disappointed in his expectations, was going away shivering with the cold, and a large number of dogs were barking at his heels. He stooped to pick up some stones to throw at the dogs, but unfortunately found the ground hard frozen. What consummate rogues these villagers must be, exclaimed the disappointed

poet, they let loose their dogs, and tie up their stones! The captain who had seen all that had passed, and had overheard him from a window, could not help smiling at his wit, and calling to him said, learned Sir! ask me for a boon. I ask only for my own clothes, if you would be so kind as to restore them again to me, replied the poet, the I shall have enough of boots in your suffering me to depart. Mankind expect charity from others, but I expect no charity at your hands, only do me no harm, and permit me to depart in peace. The captain of the robbers felt compassion on him and ordered that his clothes should be restored to him, and he himself presented him with a new suit, and a sum of money. R.

Miscellaneous.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

Michael Faraday, England's most eminent chemist, was born in 1791, the son of a poor blacksmith. He was early apprenticed to one Ribben, a book binder, Blandford street, and worked at the craft until he was twenty-two years of age. Whilst an apprentice, his master called the attention of one of his customers (Mr Dance, of Manchester street) to an electrical machine and other things which the young man had made; and Mr Dance who was one of the old members of the Royal Institution, took him to hear the last four lectures which Sir Humphrey Davy, gave there as a professor. Faraday attended, and seating himself in the gallery, took notes of the lectures, and at a future time sent his manuscript to Davy with a short and modest account of himself, and a request if it were possible, for scientific employment in the labours of the laboratory Davy, struck with the clearness and accuracy of the memoranda, and confiding in the talents and perseverance of the writer, offered him, upon the occurrence of a vacancy in the laboratory, in the beginning of 1813, the post of assistant, which he accepted. At the end of the year he accompanied Davy and his lady over the continent, as secretary and assistant, and in 1815 returned to his duties in the laboratory, and ultimately became Fullerton Professor. Mr. Faraday's researches and discoveries have raised him to the highest rank among European philosophers, while his high faculty for expounding to a general audience the result of recondite investigations, makes him one of the most attractive lecturers of the age. He has selected the most difficult and perplexing departments of physical science, the investigation of the reciprocal relations of heat, light, magnetism, and electricity; and by many years of patient and profound study has contributed greatly to simplify our ideas on these subjects. It is the hope of this philosopher that, should life and health be spared, he will be able to show that the imponderable agencies just mentioned are so many manifestations of one and the same force. Mr. Faraday's great achievements are recognized by the learned societies of every country in Europe, and the University of Oxford in 1839 did itself the honor of enrolling him among her Doctors of Law. In private life he is beloved for the simplicity and truthfulness of his character, and the kindness of his disposition.—*Messenger of the Times* in 1852.

BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER.

Few individuals have presented so striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, and an industrious shoemaker, until the notion of teaching animals attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at St. Germain, curiosity led him to experiment upon a horse and a dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a

candle in one paw for his companion, and with the other played the barrel organ. These animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks, such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on a horse's back, and going through several dances with a dog. All this, it may be said, was very ridiculous. No doubt it was; at the same time, the results showed the power of culture in subduing natural propensities. Bisset's teaching of cats was a signal instance of this power. Having procured three kittens, he began their education with his usual patience. He at length taught these miniature tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well known Cat's Opera, in which they performed, was advertised in the Haymarket Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds to reward his ingenuity and perseverance. This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over the animals, including even the feathered bird. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum with its hind-legs, until it became a good stout hare.—He taught canary-birds, linnets and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in the company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey cocks to go through a regular contra-dance. He also taught a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.

Professor Henslowe has remarked to the British Association, that during 1850 he had planted several seeds sent to the committee appointed to report on this subject, and out of those he had planted two had grown. They both belonged to the order Leguminosae, and one was produced from seed seventeen, and the other from seed twenty years old. On the whole, it appeared that the seeds of Leguminosae retained their vitality longest. Tournesfort had recorded an instance of beans growing after having been kept a hundred years, and Willdenow had observed a sensitive plant to grow from seed that had been kept sixty years. The instances of plants growing from seeds found in mummies were all erroneous. So also was the case, related by Dr. Lindley, of a rasp-berry-bush growing from seed found in the inside of a man buried in an ancient barrow. Mr. Babington related a case in which M. Fries, of Upsala, succeeded in growing a species of *Licraetium* from seeds which had been in his herbarium upwards of fifty years. Desmoulins recorded an instance of the opening of some ancient tombs in which seed was found, and on being planted they produced species of scabiosa and heliotropium. Recently, some seeds from Egypt were sown in Cambridge, which were thought to have germinated, but on examining them they were covered with a pithy substance which had evidently been applied subsequent to their germination, and thus they had preserved the appearance of growth through a long period of time. Dr. Gleghorn stated that after the burning or clearing of a forest in India, invariably there sprung up a new set of plants which were not known in the spot before.

THE TRUE USE OF GENIUS AND LEARNING.

—Hath God given you genius and learning? It was not that you might amuse or deck yourself with it, and kindle a blaze which should only serve to attract and dazzle the eyes of men. It was intended to be the means of leading both yourself and them to the Father of lights. And it will be your duty, according to the peculiar turn of that genius and capacity, either to endeavour to improve and adorn human life, or by

a more direct application of it to divine subjects to plead the cause of religion to defend its truths, to enforce and recommend its practice, to deter men from courses which would be dishonorable to God and fatal to themselves, and to try the utmost efforts of all the solemnity and tenderness with which you can clothe your addresses to lead them into the paths of virtue and happiness.—*Doddridge.*

WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth's poems are remarkable for their clear spirituality. This is their characteristic. Perhaps we may get a better idea of their tone and manner from the material universe. They are not like nature, when the sun first glimmers in the orient, and when there is a fresh awakening of birds and perfumes, and a coolness and a sweetness cast around everything; they are not like the time when the king of day grows splendid in the zenith, and when the whole creation welters in golden glory—when every tarn is lighted up, and every forest looks greener verdure, when stillness reigns on moor and mountain; they are not like the dim evening stealing over the universe of God, and giving bewitching softness to every object and sound. No; they remind us of none of these. They have no such features; there is no rich coloring, no orange, blue and crimson. But there is what is higher and better, and more ethereal. They are like night, when the stars come out, and shake the heavens with silvery beauty. You have looked up, reader, on those spiritual-glancing worlds, and you have felt them breathe a lofty, nay, a sublime spirituality—pure, clear, bright, and holy; a spirituality unsullied—a spirituality hallowed and blest, piercing the darkest recesses of the soul, and taking the spirit captive with their untainted and unblemished meaning. This is Wordsworth's poetry; the silver stars beaming down upon thee as an eye from the depth of immensity, are indicative of this man. Not early dawn, so dewy and so sweet to the heart,—not noon-day, with all its magnificence of light—not evening, with its tints of loveliness—are illustrated of these poems; but the still silent stars of night pouring down their subtle significance into their inner shrine.—*Rev. J. W. Lister.*

A NEW ARMOUR.

Two Mexicans were recently arrested at Brownsville, Texas, suspected of being highway robbers and murderers. Among their effects were found two curiously constructed coats of armour, made not of steel, but of cow-hide and wool, and supposed to be used by them while engaged in marauding purposes. The *Rio Bravo* thus describes these articles. "These armours are made in the shape of corsets, composed of an outer and inner coat of cow-hide, filled with wool, about an inch and a quarter in thickness, and neatly and elaborately stitched through with cow-hide thongs. They are in two parts, and tie closely, back and front, with leather strings. When worn, they form a complete panoply for the body, and are impervious to a pistol-shot, if not to a rifle."—*Washington Republic.*

TO TELL THE NUMBER THAT ANY PERSON SHALL THINK OF, BE IT EVER SO GREAT.

Bid the party double the number which he has fixed on in his mind, which done, bid him multiply the sum of them both by five, and give the product, (which he will never refuse to do, it being so far above the number thought of,) from which, if you cut of the last figure of the product (which will always be a cypher) the number left will be the first thought upon. As for example let the number thought of be 26, which doubled, makes 52; that multiplied by 5, produces 260; then if you take away the cypher which is in the last place, there will remain 26, the number thought of.

SCOTCH CAKES.

Take two pounds of flour, mix with it one pound of powdered sugar and half a pound of

caraway seed. Melt half a pound of butter, and with it mix the sugar to a paste, work it well and add to it a teaspoonful of essence of lemon; roll it out to half an inch thickness, cut it in square cakes and lay them on a buttered paper. Crimp the edges of each cake with your finger, stick them with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. They should be of a pale brown when done.

THE LATE LORD PANMURE.

This noble Lord, with the benevolence that always characterised him, has, in addition to many munificent gifts during his lifetime, left the following sums for charitable purposes:—

Dundee Royal Infirmary	£1000
Dundee Lunatic Asylum	300
Dundee Orphan Institution	100
Montrose Royal Lunatic Asylum and Infirmary	500
Montrose Natural History and Antiquarian Society	500
Brechin Mechanics' Institution	1000
Arbroath Infirmary	1000
Arbroath Mechanics' Institution	100
Arbroath Desultory Sick Society	100
Forfar Mechanics' Institution	100

Varieties.

RESPECT is what we owe; love, what we give.

THE MAN who works too much must love too little.

THE INTENTION of a sin betrays itself by a superfluous caution.

HE who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

THE world's face is amply suffused with tears; it is the poet's duty to wipe away a few, not to add more.

HEAVEN words are like hailstones in summer, which if melted would, fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

THE LIFE of every human being is governed by one master thought—the life, we say, of human beings, not human vegetables.

LORD BACON beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

THE SATIRIST is sadder than the wit for the same reason that the orang-outang is of a graver disposition than the ape because his nature is more noble.

NO MAN would overcome and endure solitude if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

LITTLE TRUIMS often give the clue to long, deep, intricate, undisplayed trains of thought, which have been going on in silence and secrecy for a long time before the commonplace result in which most meditations end is expressed.

RASPBERRY PIE.—Pick over the raspberries—they will not bear washing—put them into a deep dish lined with paste, spreading sugar in the bottom of the dish; cover the raspberries with sugar, dredge them with flour, and bake half an hour.—*Mrs. Bliss.*

THE PHILPOTTS FAMILY.—The rise of this family which now contains so many eminent members (the most eminent of whom is the Bishop of Exeter), is very remarkable. The father of the Bishop was first a small cow-keeper in the neighbourhood of Gloucester, and himself supplied several families in that city with milk; he then became an auctioneer, and afterwards an innkeeper. His wife lived to see one of her sons in the House of Lords, one in the House of Commons, and one an eminent merchant. All rose by the sheer force of talent.

A WILLING HUSBAND.—Young Sniffkins married Betty Blochett for her money, but cannot touch it till she dies, and he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her "unjustifiable longevity." The other day, Mrs. Sniffkins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and declared her belief that she was "poisoned" and that he (Sniffkins) "had done it." "I didn't do it!" shouted Sniffkins. "It's all gammon; she isn't poisoned. Prove it doctor; open her upon the spot—I'm willing."

Biographical Calendar.

		A. D.	
July 4	1761	Samuel Richardson, died.	
	1826	Thomas Jefferson, died.	
	1818	Chateaubriand, born.	
" 5	1850	Rev. Wm. Kirby, died.	
	1755	Mrs. Siddons, born.	
	1781	Sir Stamford Raffles, born.	
" 6	1535	Sir Thomas More, beheaded.	
	1736	Paul Jones, born.	
	1755	John Flaxman, born.	
" 7	1766	Alexander Wilson, born.	
	1790	General Elliott, died.	
	1851	Dr. Moir, died.	
" 8	1752	J. M. Jacquard, born.	
	1816	R. B. Sheridan, died.	
	1730	Adam Smith, died.	
" 9	1822	Percy Bysshe Shelley, drowned.	
	1755	General Braddock, killed.	
	1775	M. G. Lewis, born.	
" 10	1797	Edmund Burke, died.	
	1447	Christopher Columbus, born.	
	1509	John Calvin, born.	
	1723	Sir William Blackstone, born.	
	1851	Daguerre, died.	

Paul Jones (whose real name, it is said, was John Paul) a naval adventurer, was a native of Selkirk in Scotland, and born in 1736. He made several voyages to America, where he finally settled. At the commencement of the American Revolution, he volunteered his services to the revolutionary party, and was appointed a first lieutenant in the navy. In 1775 he obtained the command of a ship under Commodore Hopkins, and distinguished himself in several engagements, for which he received his commission as Captain. He then sailed to France, and being well acquainted with the Irish coast and northern part of England, he designed attempting a descent. For a long time he kept the northern coast in continual alarm, and at length effected a landing at Whitehaven, where he dismantled a fort, and burned some shipping in the harbour. From thence he sailed for Scotland, where he landed on the estate of the Earl of Selkirk (his native place) and plundered his lordship's house of all the plate. He next captured the Drake sloop of war, with which he returned to Brest. He afterwards with three vessels coasted round Ireland, plundering as he went, and going into the north sea, he fell in with the Baltic fleet, of which he captured the two armed convoys, after a severe action off Flamborough Head. For these services the king of France conferred on him the order of Merit, and gave him a gold-hilted sword. He afterwards was invited into the Russian service, with the rank of rear-admiral, but being displeased at not having the chief command of the fleet, acting against the Turks in the Black Sea, and having quarrelled with the Prince of Nassau who was admiral, the empress Catherine gave him permission to retire, with a pension (which was never paid). He returned to Paris, sunk into poverty, and died in 1792. Though a man of no education, he sustained his part respectably in polished circles in Paris, and passed for poet as well as hero. *Aliquit.*

The Quoths' Department.

THE LITTLE PAUPER.

The day was gloomy and chilly. At the freshly opened grave stood a delicate little girl of five years, only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothes fluttering in the wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovel full of earth over all the child had to love; "fretting won't bring dead folk to life; pity you hadn't got no ship's cousins somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this 'ere, I tell ye; I don't see how ye're going to weather it. Guess I'll take ye round to Mrs. Fetherbee's, she's got a power of children and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark it won't do you no good." Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another, and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in gay colored calico dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewellery, sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three, about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece, and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest.

Poor Allie, with pale cheek and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself, pulling out at intervals little handfuls of hair.

"Quiet that child! can't ye!" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you some how, or you won't earn the salt of your porridge here. There, I declare, you've half put his eyes out with those long curls dangling around; come here, and have 'em cut off, they don't look proper for a charity child;" (and she glanced at the short, stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.)

Allie's lip quivered, as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning; she said they were like little dead sisters; please don't," she said beseechingly.

"But I tell ye I do please to cut 'em, so there's an end of that," said she, as the several ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor; "and do for creation's sake, stop talking about 'dead' folks, and now eat your breakfast if you want it; I forgot you hadn't had any—there's some the children's left; if you're hungry it will go down, and if you ain't you can go without."

"Poor Allie! The daintiest morsel wouldn't have 'gone down,'" her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out, "I must cry if you beat me for it—my heart pains me so bad."

"H-l-l-y—T-l-l-y! what's all this!" said a broad-faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table; "what's all this Miss Fetherbee! I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she, pointing to Allie, and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck, that's all," said the lady, with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded; nothing on earth to do here, but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and go of a few errands, ungrateful little baggage!"

Jemmy's heart was as big as his farm—and that covered considerable ground. Glancing pityfully at the little weeper, he said faithfully "That child's going to be sick, Mrs Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides, she's too young to be of much use to you. You'd better let me take her."

"Well, I should n't wonder if you was half right," said the frightened woman. "She's been trouble enough, already. I'll give her a quit claim."

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jemmy with a bright, good natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidently in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jemmy, as he put one arm round her to steady her fragile figure, as they rattled over the stony pavements. "We shall soon be out of this smoky old city—concern it! I always feel as if I was poisoned, every time I come into town—and then we'll see what sweet hay-fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you—you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from, when you came to live with that old Jezebel?"

"From my mother's grave," said Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jemmy, wiping away a tear with his coat sleeve. "We'll, never mind. I wish I hadn't asked you. I'm always running my head agin a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow? or ride on top a hay-cart? or go a berrying. Do you love bouncing red apples, and peaches as big as you. fist? It shall go hard with you if you don't have 'em all. What's come of your hair, child? Have you had your head shaved?"

"Mrs Fetherbee cut it off," said Allie.

"The old serpent! I wish I'd come in a little quicker. Was it your curls them young 'uns were playing with? We'll, never mind," said he, looking at the sweet face before him, you don't need 'em; and they might get you to looking in the glass oftener than was good for you."

"We'll, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the doorway, shaling her eyes from the sun. I guess she wonders where I raised you!"

"Look here, Betsey! Do you see this child? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave. She has neither kith nor kin. I've brought her from that old skinflint of a Fetherbee, and here she is. If you like her, it's well and good; and if you don't, she'll stay here just the same; but I know you will," said he coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm around her capacious waist. And now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks; for mind you, I have no white staves on my farm!"

How sweetly Allie's little tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavendered sheets! A tear lingered on her cheek, but its birth was not of sorrow, Jemmy pointed it out to his wife, as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey," said he. "Harsh words aint for the motherless. May God forgive me, if she ever hears one from my lips."—*Oliver Branch.*

Advertisements.

Fresh Arrivals of Groceries.

THE Subscribers beg to call the attention of purchasers to their New Importations of

TEAS, TOBACCOES, WINES,

and General Groceries, (arriving daily,) all of which are offered low for cash or short credit.

JOHN YOUNG, JUN., & Co.

Hamilton, May 13, 1852. 26-

New Dry Goods Establishment AND MILLINERY SHOW ROOM.

J. & W. McDONALD

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

DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 1, Elgin Buildings, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets,

was opened on the 27th inst., with a new and select display of the most fashionable Millinery, which will be offered at prices unusually low.

No. 1, Elgin Buildings. 26-

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,
- Eclectic Magazine,
- Blackwood's, "
- International, "
- Littell's Living Age,
- Harper's Magazine,
- Sartain's Union, "
- Constitution and Church Sentinel
- Dublin Newspaper,
- Globe, "
- Colonist, "
- Patriot, "
- Examiner, "
- North American, "
- Canadian Family Herald,
- Literary Gem,

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

C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

NEW BOOK STORE!

No. 54, Yonge Street, Toronto

(Two Doors South of Spencer's Laundry.)

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

Bookseller and Stationer

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

BOOKS & STATIONERY,

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

Is 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 1st editions of Standard Works, of which the following is a specimen:

- Key to a Daily Bible Illustrations.
- Key-words of Biblical Literature, 2 vols.
- Popular Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature.
- Dr. Fadie's Biblical Literature.
- Illustrations of the History of the Church of Scotland.
- Whately's Kingdom of Christ.
- Whately's Kingdom of Christ and Errors of Romanism.
- Day's Morning and Evening Exercises.
- Deak's Lectures on Theology.
- Hill's Lectures on Divinity.
- Life and Times of Calvin, 2 vols.
- United Presbyterian Pathway, 4 vols.
- McKerrow's History of the Secession Church.
- Josephus.
- Milton's History of Christianity.
- Taylor's Lays and Sermons.
- Apocryphal History.
- Sale's Koran with Notes, &c., &c.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, 20 May, 1852.

PIANO FORTES.

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

Stewart & Dunham, in New York, and J. Chickering, in Boston:

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

A. & S. NORDHEIMER,

King-Street East.

Toronto, May 15th, 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, Ophycleides, Cornopians, &c.,

which they offer at greatly reduced price, and on liberal terms.

Best Roman and English Violin, Harp and Guitar Strings.

Toronto, May 15th, 1852.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

J. CORNISH,

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

BEGS to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him, and trusts that by continuing to manufacture Goods of the Best Quality, to merit a continuance of public support.

J. C. begs to inform his numerous customers, that in consequence of the Re-building of his present premises, he has

Removed to 78, Yonge Street,
CORNER OF ADELAIDE ST.,

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

Toronto, March 27th, 1852.

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

April, 1852.

21-

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

SLADDEN & ROGERSON.

April 6, 1852.

24-

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

SLADDEN & ROGERSON

April 6, 1852.

24-

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS !!

BROWN & CHILDS,

At No. 83, King Street East,

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

- 5000 pairs superior thick Boots, 11s. 3d.
- 3000 " " Kip " 12s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.
- 2000 " " Calf " 15s. 0d. to 17s. 6d.
- 3000 " " Boys' " 5s. 7d. to 10s. 0d.
- 10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys', Brogans, 3s. to 10s.
- 5000 " Ladies' Cloth & Prunella Boots, 6s. 3d. to 10s.
- 2000 " 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. 83, Painted Roof, nearly opposite the English Cathedral, is the place.

3000 **BEST SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.**

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.
Toronto, Dec., 1851. 3-65

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. *Disease of the hair, dandruff 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. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per BOTTLE.
Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851. 4-1f

NEW WATCH AND CLOCKMAKER'S ESTABLISHMENT.

JAMES W. MILLAR respectfully intimates to friends and the public that he has commenced business as a Chronometer, Watch and Clockmaker, at Jeweller, &c., No. 50, YONGE STREET, 2nd door North of Adelaide Street.

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

A large Assortment of First Class Gold and Silver Watches for sale—warranted for twelve months in writing. Gold and Silver Chains, newest patterns; Gold Signet, Fob and Wedding Rings; Gold and Silver Fencil Cases; Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale. American Clocks of every design, cheap for cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Letters, for £2. 10s.

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

Toronto, March 15th, 1852.

13-40.

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 extension of our Foreign Policy; the Tariff; the extension of our Lines of Steamers to the Sandwich Islands, Asia, and Africa; the Presidential Election, &c., &c., will find their wishes gratified in the New York Tribune. Its arrangements for procuring early and accurate information are not surpassed either in extent or perfection by those of any journal in the world.

In a Miscellaneous article 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 Hamarac and Bagdad, and examine the ruins of ancient Nineveh.

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

TERMS:

(Payment in all cases required in Advance.)

DAILY TRIBUNE.

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

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy	5 cts
Two Copies	10 cts
Ten Copies	50 cts

WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy	5 cts
Three Copies	15 cts
Eight Copies	40 cts
Twenty Copies, (to one subscriber)	80 cts

The Weekly Tribune is sent to clergymen of all denominations for \$2 per year.

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

GREELLY & 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.

O. & McE.

New York, January, 1852.

16-20

D. MATHIESON'S

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

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

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1f

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