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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SIXOY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1852.

No. 26.

Poetry.

THE LESSONS OF SPRING.

BY JAMES STYME.

I have oft gazed, with wonder and fervent delight
On the children of nature that people the spring,
As they pour forth in millions exulting in life
O'er the field and the forest to frolic and sing.
There's Innocence there in her garments of white,
There's Wisdom that sparkles with lustre so bright,
There's Modesty blushing when kissed by the light,
And Truth in his firm support of the right;
These lessons are graven by the finger of God
To be learned by man in his heavenward road.

There's hope for mankind in the bustle of life,
There are thoughts to be cherished and duties to do,
The dust and the ashes that death had consigned
To the care of the grave are awaking anew.
There's the might of the matter which time can consume
There's the strength of the spirit that conquers the tomb,
There's the life after death and the heavenly bloom,
Of the offspring of hope in eternity's womb;
These touching man a heart on its noblest string
Are echoed afar as the song of the Spring.

SONNET.

O! were I loved as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of earth,
Or range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear—If I were loved by thee!
All the inner, all the outer world of pain,
Clear love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert mine;
As I have heard that somewhere in the main,
Fresh water springs comes up through bitter brine
'Twere joy, not fear, clasped hand in hand with thee
To wait for death—mute—careless of all life.
Apart upon a mountain, through the surge,
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge
Below us, as far on as eye could see.

Literature.

A TERRIBLY STRANGE BED.

(From the Albion.)

The most difficult likeness I ever had to take, not even excepting my first attempt in the art of Portrait-painting, was a likeness of a gentleman named Faulkner. As far as drawing and colouring went, I had no particular fault to find with my picture; it was the expression of the sitter which I had failed in rendering—a failure quite as much his fault as mine. Mr. Faulkner, like many other persons by whom I have been employed, took it into his head that he must assume an expression, because he was sitting for his likeness; and, in consequence, contrived to look as unlike himself as possible, while I was painting him. I had tried to divert his attention from his own face, by talking with him on all sorts of topics. We had both travelled a great deal, and felt interested alike in many subjects connected with our wanderings over the same countries. Occasionally, while we were discussing our travelling experiences, the unlucky set-look left his countenance, and I began to work to some purpose; but it was always disastrously sure to return again, before I had made any great progress—or, in other words, just at the very time when I was most anxious that it should not re-appear. The obstacle thus thrown in the way of the satisfactory completion of my portrait, was

the more to be deplored, because Mr. Faulkner's natural expression was a very remarkable one. I am not an author, so I cannot describe it. I ultimately succeeded in painting it, however; and this was the way in which I achieved my success:

On the morning when my sitter was coming to me for the fourth time, I was looking at his portrait in no very agreeable mood—looking at it, in fact, with the disheartening conviction that the picture would be a perfect failure, unless the expression in the face represented were thoroughly altered and improved from nature. The only method of accomplishing this successfully, was to make Mr. Faulkner, somehow, insensibly forget that he was sitting for his picture. What topic could I lead him to talk on, which would entirely engross his attention while I was at work on his likeness?—I was still puzzling my brains to no purpose on this subject when Mr. Faulkner entered my studio; and, shortly afterwards, an accidental circumstance gained for me the very object which my own ingenuity had proved unequal to compass.

While I was "setting" my pallet, my sitter amused himself by turning over some portfolios. He happened to select one for special notice which contained several sketches that I had made in the streets of Paris. He turned over the first five views rapidly enough; but when he came to the sixth, I saw his face flush directly; and observed that he took the drawing out of the portfolio, carried it to the window, and remained silently absorbed in the contemplation of it for full five minutes. After that, he turned round to me; and asked very anxiously, if I had any objection to part with that sketch.

It was the least interesting drawing of the series—merely a view in one of the streets running by the back of the houses in the Palais Royal. Some four or five of these houses were comprised in the view, which was of no particular use to me in any way; and which was too valueless, as a work of Art, for me to think of selling it to my kind patron. I begged acceptance of it, at once. He thanked me quite warmly; and then, seeing that I looked a little surprised at the odd selection he had made from my sketches, laughingly asked me if I could guess why he had been so anxious to become possessed of the view which I had given him?

"Probably"—I answered—"there is some remarkable historical association connected with that street at the back of the Palais Royal, of which I am ignorant."

"No"—said Mr. Faulkner—"at least, none that I know of. The only association connected with the place in my mind, is a purely personal association. Look at this house in your drawing—the house with the water-pipe running down it from top to bottom. I once passed a night there—a night I shall never forget to the day of my death. I have had some awkward travelling adventures in my time; but that adventure—! Well, well! suppose we begin the sitting. I make

but a bad return for your kindness in giving me the sketch, by thus wasting your time in mere talk."

He had not long occupied the sitter's chair (looking pale and thoughtful), when he returned—involuntarily, as it seemed—to the subject of the house in the back street. Without, I hope, showing any undue curiosity, I contrived to let him see that I felt a deep interest in everything he now said. After two or three preliminary hesitations, he at last to my great joy, fairly started on the narrative of his adventure. In the interest of his subject he soon completely forgot that he was sitting for his portrait—the very expression that I wanted came over his face—my picture proceeded towards completion, in the right direction, and to the best purpose. At every fresh touch, I felt more and more certain that I was now getting the better of my grand difficulty; and I enjoyed the additional gratification of having my work lightened by the recital of a true story, which possessed, in my estimation, all the excitement of the most exciting romance.

This as nearly as I can recollect, is, word for word, how Mr. Faulkner told me the story:—

Shortly before the period when gambling-houses were suppressed by the French Government, I happened to be straying at Paris with an English friend. We were both young men then, and lived, I am afraid, a very dissipated life, in the very dissipated city of our sojourn. One night, we were idling about the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, doubtful to what amusements we should next betake ourselves. My friend proposed a visit to Frascati's but his suggestion was not to my friend proposed a visit to Frascati's; as the French saying is, by heart; had lost and won plenty of five-franc pieces there, "merely for the fun of thing," until it was "fun" no longer; and was thoroughly tired, in fact, of all the ghastly respectabilities of such a social anomaly as a respectable gambling-house. "For Heaven's sake"—said I to my friend—"let us go somewhere where we can see a little genuine, blackguard, poverty-stricken gaming, with no false gingerbread glitter thrown over it at all. Let us get away from fashionable Frascati's, to a house where they don't mind letting in a man with a ragged coat, or a man with no coat, ragged, or otherwise."—"Very well," said my friend, "we needn't go out of the Palais Royal to find the sort of company you want. Here's the place, just before us; as blackguard a place, by all report, as you could possibly wish to see." In another minute we arrived at the door, and entered the house, the back of which you have drawn in your sketch.

When we got up stairs, and had left our hat and sticks with the doorkeeper, we were admitted into the chief gambling room. We did not find many people assembled there. But, few as the men were who looked up at us on our entrance, they were all types—miserable types—of their respective classes. We had come to see blackguards; but these men were something worse. There is a comic

side, more or less appreciable, in all black-guardism—here, there was nothing but tragedy; mute, weird tragedy. The quiet in the room was horrible. The thin, haggard, long-haired young man, whose sunken eyes fiercely watched the turning up of the cards, never spoke—the bluff, fat-faced, plump player, who proked his piece of past board pre-emptively, the register how often black was, and how often red—never spoke; the duty, wrinkled old man, with the vulture eyes, and the darned great coat, who had lost his last eye, and still looked on desperately after he could play no longer—never spoke. Even the voice of the croupier sounded as if it were strangely dulled and thickened in the atmosphere of the room. I had entered the place to laugh, I felt that if I stood quietly looking on much longer, I should be more likely to weep. So, to excite myself out of the depression of spirits which was fast stealing over me, I unfortunately went to the table, and began to play. Still more unfortunately, as the event will show, I won—won prodigiously; won incredibly; won at such a rate, that regular players at the table crowded round me; and staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another, that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

The game was *Rouge et Noir*. I had played at it in nearly every city in Europe, without, however, the care or the wish to study the Theory of Chances—that philosopher's stone of gamblers! And a gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart whole from the corroding passion for play. My gaming was a mere idle amusement. I never resorted to it by necessity, because I never knew what it was to want in me. I never practised it so incessantly as to lose more than I could afford, or to gain more than I could coolly pocket without being thrown off my balance by my good luck. In short, I had hitherto frequented gambling-tables—just as I frequented bath-rooms and opera houses—because they had amused me, and because I had nothing better to do with my leisure hours.

But, on this occasion, it was very different—now, for the first time in my life, I felt what the passion for play really was. My success first bewildered, and then, in the most literal meaning of the word, intoxicated me. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that I only lost, when I attempted to estimate chances, and played according to previous calculation. I left everything to luck, and staked without any care or consideration, I was sure to win—to win in the face of every recognised probability in favour of the bank. At first, some of the men present ventured their money safely enough on my colors; but I speedily increased my stakes to sums which they dared not risk. One after another they left off playing, and breathless looked on at my game. Still, time after time, I staked higher and higher; and still won. The excitement in the room rose to fever pitch. The silence was interrupted, by a deep, muttered chorus of oaths and exclamations in different languages, every time the gold was shovelled across to my side of the table—even the imperturbable croupier dashed his rake on the floor in a (French) fury of astonishment at my success. But one man present preserved his self-possession; and that man was my friend, He came to my side, and whispering in English, begged me to leave the place, satisfied with what I had already gained. I must do him the justice to say, that he repeated his warnings, and entreaties several times; and only left me and went away, after I had rejected his advice (I was to all intents and purposes gambling-drunk) in terms which rendered it impossible for him to address me again that night.

Shortly after he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried:—"Permit me, my dear sir!—permit me to restore to their proper place two Napoleons which you have dropped. Wonderful luck, sir!—I pledge you my word and honour as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck

as yours! never! Go on, sir—*Sacre mille bonnes!* Go on boldly and break the bank!"

I turned round and saw nodding and smiling at me with inveterate civility a tall man, dressed in a frozzed and braided surtut, If I had been in my senses, I should have considered him personally, as being rather a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had goggling blood-hot eyes, mangy mustachios, and broken nose. His voice betrayed a barrack-room intonation of the worst order, and he had the dirtiest pair of hands I ever saw—even in France. These little personal peculiarities exercised, however, no repelling influence on me. In the mad excitement, the reckless triumph of that moment, I was ready to "fraternise" with anybody who encouraged me in my game. I accepted the old soldier's offered pinch of snuff, clapped him on the back, and swore he was the honestest fellow in the world; the most glorious relic of the Grand Army that I had ever met with. "Go on!" cried my military friend, snapping his fingers in ecstasy,—"Go on, and win! Break the Bank—*Mille tonnerres!* my gallant English comrade, break the bank!"

And I did go on—went at such a rate, that in another quarter of an hour the croupier called out: "Gentlemen! the bank has discontinued for to-night." All the notes, and all the gold in that "bank," now lay in a heap under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling-house was waiting to pour into my pockets!

"Tie up the money in your pocket-handkerchief, my worthy sir," said the soldier, as I wildly plunged my hands into my heap of gold. "Tie it up, as we used to tie up a bit of dinner in the Grand Army; your winnings are too heavy for any breeches pocket that ever were sown. There! that's it!—shovel them in, notes and all! *Credite what luck!*—Stop! another Napoleon on the floor! *Ah! sacre petit polisson de Napoleon!* have I doubt thee at last? Now then sir—two tight double knuts each way with your honourable permission, and the money's safe. Feel it! feel it, fortunate sir! hard and round as a cannon ball—*Ah bah!* if they had only fired such cannon balls at us, at *Austerlitz*—*nom d'une pipe!* if they only had I! And now, as an ancient grenadier, as an ex-brave of the French army, what remains for me to do! I ask what? Simply this: to treat my valued English friend to drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess Fortune in foaming goblets before we part!"

Excellent ex-brave! Convivial ancient grenadier! Champagne by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier! *Hurrah! hurrah!* Another English cheer for the goddess Fortune! *Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*

"Bravo! the Englishman; the amiable, gracious Englishman, in whose veins circulates the vivacious blood of France! Another glass? *Ah bah!*—the bottle is empty! Never mind! *Vive le vin!* I, the old soldier, order another bottle, and half-a-pound of *bon-bons* with it!"

No, no, ex-brave; never—ancient grenadier! Your bottle last time! my bottle this. Behold it! Toast away! The French Army!—the great Napoleon!—the present company! the croupier! the honest croupier's wife and daughters—if he has any! the Ladies generally! Everybody in the world!

By the time the second bottle of champagne was emptied, I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire; my brain seemed all a flame. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before in my life. Was it the result of a stimulant acting upon my system when I was in a highly-excited state? Was my stomach in a particularly disordered condition? Or was the champagne particularly strong?

"Ex-brave of the French Army!" cried I, in a mad state of exhilaration. "I am on fire! how are you? You have set me on fire! Do you hear; my hero of *Austerlitz*? Let us have a third bottle of champagne to put the flame out!" The old soldier wagged his head, rolled his goggle-eyes, until I expected to see them slip out of their sockets; placed his dirty forefinger by the side of

his broken nose; solemnly ejaculated "Coffee!" and immediately ran off into an inner room.

The word pronounced by the eccentric veteran, seemed to have a magical effect on the rest of the company present. With one accord they all rose to depart. Probably they had expected to profit by my intoxication; but finding that my new friend was benevolently bent on preventing me from getting dead drunk, and now abandoned all hope of thriving pleasantly on my winnings. Whatever their motive might be, at any rate they went away in a body. When the old soldier returned and sat down again opposite to me at the table we had the room to ourselves. I could see the croupier, in a sort of vestibule which opened out of it, eating his supper in solitude. The silence was now deeper than ever.

A sudden change, too, had come over the "ex-brave." He assumed a portentous look; and when he spoke to me again his speech was ornamented by no oaths, enforced by no finger-snapping, enlivened by no apostrophes, or exclamations.

"Listen, my dear sir," said he, in mysteriously confidential tones—"listen to an old soldier's advice, I have been to the mistress of the house (a very charming woman, with a genius for cookery!) to impress on her the necessity of making us some particularly strong and good coffee. You must drink this coffee in order to get rid of your little amiable exaltation of spirits, before you think of going home—you know, my good and gracious friend! With all that money to take home to-night, it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. You are known to be a winner to an enormous extent, by several gentlemen present to night, who, in a certain point of view, are very worthy and excellent fellows; but they are mortal men, my dear sir, and they have their amiable weaknesses! Need I say more! Ah, no, not you understand me! Now, this is what you must do—send for a cabriolet when you feel quite well again—draw up all the windows when you get into it—and tell the driver to take you home only through the large and well lighted thoroughfares. Do this; and you and your money will be safe. Do this; and tomorrow you will thank an old soldier for giving you a word of honest advice."

Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in very lachrymose tones, the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups, with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it off at a draught. Almost instantly afterwards, I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more completely intoxicated than ever. The room whirled round and round furiously; the old soldier seemed to be regularly bobbing up and down before me, like the piston of a steam-engine. I was half delirated by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment, helplessness, idiocy, overcame me. I rose from my chair, holding on by the table to keep my balance; and stammered out, that I felt dreadfully unwell—so unwell, that I did not know how I was to get home.

"My dear friend," answered the old soldier; and even his voice seemed to be bobbing up and down, as he spoke—"My dear friend, it would be madness to go home, in your state. You would be sure to lose your money; you might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease. I am going to sleep here: do you sleep here, too—they make up capital beds in this house—take one; sleep off the effects of the wine, and go home safely with your winnings, to-morrow, to-morrow, in broad daylight.

I had no power of thinking, no feeling of any kind, but the feeling that I must lie down somewhere, immediately, and fall off into a cool, refreshing, comfortable sleep. So I agreed eagerly to the proposal about the bed, and took the offered arms of the old soldier and the croupier—the latter having been summoned to show the way. They led me along some passages and up a short flight of stairs into the bedroom which I was to occupy. The ex-brave shook me warmly by the hand; proposed that we should breakfast

gether the next morning; and then, followed by her crupier, left me for the night.

I ran to the wash-hand-stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it—then sat down in a chair, and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied; the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes, from the glaring gas-lights of the "Salon" to the dim quiet flicker of one bed room candle; aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The dizziness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling-house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of going home alone at night, through the streets of Paris, with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this, in the course of my travels; so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood ashes; and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.

I soon felt, not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled—every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed, and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and perseveringly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now, I thrust my arms over the clothes; now, I poked them under the clothes; now, I violently shot my legs straight out, down to the bottom of the bed; now I convulsively coiled them up as near to my chin as they would go, now I shook out my crumpled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now, I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain; I groaned with vexation, as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

What could I do? I had no book to read. And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horrors; to rack my brains with forebodings to every possible and impossible danger; in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous terror. I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room,—which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight through the window—to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments, that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maître's delightful little book, "Voyage autour de Ma Chambre," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations which even a chair, a table, or a wash-hand-stand, may be made to call forth.

To be continued.

FOLLIES OF FASHION.—In no instance have the folly and childlike-ness of a portion of mankind been more strikingly displayed than in those various and occasionally very opposite modes in which they have departed from the standard of nature, and sought distinction even in deformity. Thus, while one race of people (the Chinese) crushes the feet of its children, another flattens their heads between two boards; and while we in Europe admire the natural whiteness of the teeth, the Malays file off the enamel, and dye them black, for the all-sufficient reason that a dog's teeth are white. A new Zealand chief has

his distinctive coat-of-arms emblazoned on his face, as well as on his limbs, and an Esquimaux is nothing if he has not bits of stone stuffed through a hole in each cheek. Quite as absurd, and still more mischievous, is the inflating ion which among some Europeans, attaches beauty to that modification of the human figure which resembles the wasp, and compresses the waist until the very ribs have been distorted, and the functions of the vital organs irreparably disordered.—*The Camera*, by J. T. Davis, Esq.

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CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1852.

MUSIC.

In last number we purposely avoided the slightest remark as to the musical treat, which along with so many hundreds of our citizens, we enjoyed during the week,—from the fact, that we wished to hear the conclusion of the matter on Friday night, as well as its commencement on Monday. It was gratifying to see the concerts so well attended by a happy and delighted audience. All wore the aspect of cheerfulness, but, whether their anticipations were fully realized we know not. The drama has closed, and the mental and physical excitement, which it necessarily created, has calmly subsided. Catharine Hayes unquestionably possesses a sweet pianissimo, of great compass, and highly cultivated; but that she is true to her own nature in endeavouring to monopolize all the branches of modern music is a question somewhat worthy of her own earnest consideration. There is a wide difference between the heavy, highly elaborated harmonies of the German School, and the light, artless, natural, and pathetic ballad music of Ireland or Scotland; and the voice that is fitted by Nature, with all the requisites to excel in the one, may lack some requisite quality to obtain equal proficiency in the other. The music of the one school is prepared seemingly with a view to test the executive powers of the artist, and at the same time test the patience of an audience;—while the other is the natural and spontaneous outbursts of the soul;—simple, because it is natural, and overpowering the mind by its very simplicity. Then we have an intermediate class of music, and it is the general conviction of the Toronto connoisseurs, that in this class, Catharine Hayes was far more effective than in either of the other two. Her sacred song—"I know that my Redeemer Liveth," was given with a wonderful power and pathos. She has attained considerable proficiency in foreign music, but that very proficiency has made an inroad upon the natural grace, the artless simplicity, and the melting tenderness, so absolutely necessary to give effect to the pathetic ballad music of her native land. We are satisfied that with so great musical abilities, were Catharine Hayes to give herself up entirely to the class of music which the accident of birth and early associations have incorpo-

rated with her constitution, and in which by Nature she has been furnished with the peculiar qualities of voice, so greatly to excel that she would find no rival on the globe. As it is there are several—all equally excellent in their respective departments. How seldom does Nature produce a Rubens, a Raphael, a Turner, a painter, the enlightened scholar, the skilful diplomatist, and the accomplished man of the world! How few Washburtons has the world ever seen,—a man unequalled in all the characteristics of true greatness, and in prudence, conscientiousness, serenity of temper, absence of ostentation, simplicity of tastes, and lofty and ennobling resolution, standing out as nearly as may be the measure of a perfect man. It is the same with musicians. Few are fitted to excel in all the branches of their art; and where perfection is aimed at, universal excellence should seldom be attempted.

As regards the preliminary arrangements of our concerts, there seems a great want of adaptation to existing circumstances in the selection of the various pieces, so as to be most highly appreciable to the respective audiences before whom they are to be performed. There were many in the audiences of last week, able, thoroughly, to appreciate, *Adieu l'Alsace*; but how many more would have their hearts warmed and their sympathies enlisted in—Auld Robin Gray, or The Last Rose of Summer. Whether this results from the principle enunciated by Hume in his treatise on taste—"that we are more pleased with pictures and characters that resemble objects found in our own age or country, than with those which describe different set of customs,"—does not alter the fact, even although that fact should subject one to the unhappy reflection that his musical taste is not sufficiently refined. A practical study of music for upwards of a dozen years, under the guidance of able tutors, would have been simply a waste of precious time, if it had not at least conferred the ability to distinguish music from mummery. And while we would give all credit to such a performance as that of Herr Griebel or Mr. Kyle, in so far as they displayed a great amount of executive skill, nice appreciation of tone, exquisite modulation, symphonious grace, depth of pathos, which few persons could equal, and fewer still excel,—yet viewed in its tendency to elevate the mind to noble and heroic conceptions, it appears as the tinkling cymbal. Without alluding to the Paganini School, we would say that few men have made more successful violin players than Neill Gow, and wherein lay his power to enchain and enchant an audience?—was it simply in the grace with which he handled the bow?—was it in the power to run from G to the treble octave at a bound, without a jar?—we think not, for in this it may admit of doubt, whether some of our modern violinists are not greatly his superior. His endless fame was founded on the fact, that with a refined musical taste, highly cultivated musical powers, and keenness of perception,—he gave to the music of his country a power and a vitality that were irresistible. His fine old Miller o' Drone appeared before his audience as a living reality. The musical portraiture was as vivid to the mind, as are the eloquent individualities of his gifted countryman—Wilkie's Blind Man's Buff, or his Blind Fiddler. We do not however, in the slightest degree wish to be understood as referring to the music of the German School—strictly understood. It is noble, bold, massive, magnificent. We allude simply to that munimery which is foisted upon an English audience, and to which they are called upon by the rigid conventionalities of society, to give their warmest, their most rapturous applause, although they have not understood a bar that has been executed. We can all appreciate the true national music of any country as thoroughly as we can, the Pastoral scenes of Paul Potter, or the delicate pencilling of Claude, or the deep massive shades of Rembrandt, because in each we find but the lineaments of nature; and if concert conductors, would keep this fact in view in the arrangement of their programme—then, when applause is given

It would not be simple because a piece had been performed, that was fashionable but because the music had reached the heart. Burke has well said—"the taste is improved, exactly as we improve our knowledge, by a steady attention to our subject, and by frequent exercise"—and we are aware that the foregoing remarks render us amenable to the reflex influence of that principle. That will not, however, change the nature of the fact which is founded upon an inherent principle in our constitutions. We remember at one time in our wanderings to have heard "The Garb of Old Gaul" played on the Claijonet in a city on the Neva, and the poor musician was hugged almost to nausea by some of the whiskered pandours. The same old air rang and was re-echoed amid the Lakes of Norway, and produced the same electric effect. And why? because it was the music of nature, and it sounded so sweetly, and vibrated so impulsively, as "The Meeting of the Waters," on the ears of an Irishman. Every nation has music, which either by association, or some peculiar characteristic has an inspiring effect. It would be unnecessary in order to substantiate this to allude to the magic effect of Yankee Doodle on the mind of an American; and when that national music is wedded to words which in their very essence are national, as in "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," the effect produced is only the more striking. Not only is the ear charmed with the simple strain, but the soul is fired with the inspiring sentiment.

THE RAIN CLOUD.

On Saturday last the Steamer City of Hamilton left the Toronto harbour, and with its living freight rolled on heavily against a high head wind. The waters of the Lake had been lashed into fury. Many of the passengers had become sick, and had stretched themselves down upon whatever had seemed convenient. It was a long dreary sail, and the mind, prepared to enjoy the anticipated pleasure, had long since palled with the irksome creaking din of the engine, and the endless, uneasy motion of the ship. But the monotony of the scene aspect. The waves raised themselves more in their majesty. A heavy dark cloud overhung the woods around Port Nelson. I gazed upon the murky lowering mass. The lightning gleamed suddenly from its midst. How sublime the scene! I saw the lightning bursting from its dark enclosure, and each succeeding flash only vividly revealed the portentous mass. The thunder pealed its solemn tones, and the passengers quickly sought the shade. A dark cloud now rose in the west, and it careered in majesty along the aerial vault, while it kept up a columnar communication with the lake, as if some vast forest of primeval pines was suddenly transported from its ancient seat—while their dark umbrageous foliage involved us in impenetrable gloom. This was the Rain Cloud, and its watery treasure was poured from it in torrents. The curtains of heaven's canopy were now drawn around us. The music had ceased in the saloon. The paddle wheels hung motionless amid the angry waves. The din of the clamorous engine gave way to the elemental war which now raged. The passengers crowded together in silent terror. The saloon lamp was trimmed, and its flickering light only deepened the surrounding darkness. What a sudden transformation. The scene ere while was one of comparative comfort.—Now it was a scene of dismay. Ontario foamed, and reared its thousand pearly crested surges. The lightning gleamed in vivid flashes. The thunder rolled in majesty. The rain poured down in torrents; while Darkness, seated on her ebony throne, held

regal sway. But Nature has within her ample store-house a powerful recuperative principle. The distilling Rain Cloud smoothed the angry lake. Once more we saw the heavens mirrored in its motley sheen. The wind veered round. The paddle wheels again revolved. The engine renewed its clanking din. The dark frown which had mantled the brow of the dismayed passengers was gradually removed, as the half-suppressed exclamation simultaneously escaped many lips—"I think the danger is past." Yet the impending danger had disappeared, and the breathing was more free, and the light of joy had returned in every countenance. The heavy Rain Cloud, which had so copiously diffused its treasures, assumed the appearance of a mass of silvery frost-work, whose reluctant brilliance was faintly concealed behind a thin gauze veil. Beneath its jagged edge, a yellowish tinged transparent sky, receding far into space, skirted the horizon, while balls of fire, somewhat like falling-stars, were darted across its surface from the impending mass. But these myriads of coruscations brought no terror. They gave no sudden electric impulse to the system, as they burst from their dark enclosure. They were brilliant, harmless, magnificent. Another phenomenon now presented itself.—A line of mist, dense and undulating floated near the surface of the lake. But what appeared as mist was in reality innumerable myriads of insects, dancing in joyous unconsciousness of the sublimity of the departed scene. We reached the wharf at Hamilton about an hour and a half behind the usual time, and I speedily put myself in communication with that gigantic omnibus—that travelling palace,—so handsomely constructed, so tastefully decorated, so comfortably sealed, and so well set on its springs, as to be entitled to the name of The Omnibus of Canada, and ere long we were safely disembarked in front of the City Hotel. I hastened to the telegraph, to announce to the friends I had left behind, my safe arrival in the aspiring city, and received a dreamy consolation in having dinned in my ears—that miserable phrase—"The lines are down." P.

Literary Notices.

CANADA, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE: TORONTO
T. MACLEAR.

We should at an earlier day have announced the completion of Mr. Maclear's valuable work. The several parts were noticed as they issued from the press, and now we have only to say that the work is finished, and trust that a ready demand may be made for the extra copies which the publisher may have on hand. The work has been compiled by Mr. Smith, after upwards of eight years perambulations through the province at large, collecting material from each respective locality, and although the concentrated essence of all this extended enquiry is not portrayed in the highly refined and florid poetic diction of the book-makers, we have all the facts of the case, which for personal application are much more tangible. Taking Canada West as a whole, a full statement is given as to the quality of the land in each section, its value, distance from market; the population of cities, towns, villages, &c. The divisions are also very faithfully represented by very well executed copperplate maps. Canada is there exhibited as a fertile, healthy, abundantly wooded, and well watered country, rich in mineral wealth, and possessing admirable water communication in Lakes, Rivers, and Canals. It were well that some thousands of this work were circulated in Britain to endeavour to counteract the very deleterious effect: the Bush Life of the eloquently gossiping Mrs. Moodie will undoubtedly have there, as that highly coloured work has not only been widely

circulated in England, but has been more widely heralded through the columns of Blackwood, than it would have been had the author given a more truthful picture, and at the same time not have had a sister, an eminent writer in England. Canada has an area about the same extent as the whole of Europe, and a population much smaller than the City of London. There is plenty of room then for a large draft of emigrants that are crowding from the shores of Europe, and we have no doubt that some steps will be taken by the present government to throw a little more light on the subject. If statistical evidence be required no better authority could be appealed to than this work of Mr. Maclear, which we trust will be circulated throughout the wide extent of the country.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—June.—Toronto: T. Maclear, A. H. Armour, & Co., C. Fletcher.

This Harper opens with the fine bellad—Auld Robin Gray, accompanied with two characteristic illustrations; but it is evident that the engraver never saw an old Scotch Spinning-wheel. This is followed by the Summer Tourist—or Scenery in the Franconia Mountains, with eight very neat illustrations. This has no connection at all with the Franconia stories of Mr. Abbott. The illustration "The Old Man of the Mountain," is a curious perpendicular cliff of the Profile Mountain—the wonder and pride of the Franconia Notch. It ascends with a gradual wooded slope to the height of two thousand feet, abruptly terminating in a perpendicular rocky precipice, five hundred feet high, which in a bare rugged front extends along the eastern face of the mountain for two miles. The upper part of this precipice represents the profile of an old man, and it is said he does not change his countenance under the closest scrutiny of the spy-glass. We have a continuation of Napoleon Bonaparte by J. S. C. Abbott, with eight illustrations, so that with the fashions and other incidental cuts, this number will compare favorably as to the illustrations with any of its predecessors. The third part of Bleak House is given, as also the Editor's Table, Drawer, Easy Chair, Literary Notices, &c, &c. The Publishers state that their editorial department is prepared by six of the most accomplished literary gentlemen of the country, at an expense of several hundred dollars for each number. It is evident that a considerable amount of spirit has been infused into it recently, which will maintain its popularity.

Oriental Sayings.

In the territory of the Greeks, a caravan was once attacked, by a large band of robbers, and plundered of all its valuables.

The merchants began to set up a great lamentation, and in prayer asked the intercession of the great prophet. But it was of no avail.—When the daring robber is flushed with victory, what careth he for the travellers, despair? Lucman the great fabulist and philosopher, happened to be one of the caravan, and one of the travellers begged him to address some maxims of wisdom and administration to the robbers, perhaps they might be moved by them and restore at least a part of the plundered goods, for it is a pity, said he, that such valuable articles should be cast away. A greater pity replied the philosopher, to cast away the maxims of wisdom and admonition on them. From the iron which the rust has corroded, the canker cannot be eradicated with a file: what use will it be to preach to these wicked and dark minded fellows? It is impossible for a nail of iron to penetrate into a piece of flint. And after all, the fault may be

with us, in not having been charitable, for it is said, in the day of thy prosperity, forget not the poor, and needy, for by giving charity to the poor, thou shalt avert calamity. When the beggar asks charity from thee, give it with good will, otherwise the tyrant may come, and deprive you of it by force. R.

Lucian the fabulist and philosopher was asked, from whom he had learned manners? From whom replied he, from the unmanerly, for I was always careful to avoid, whatever part of their behaviour appeared to me to be bad, they will not say a word in jest, from which the wise cannot derive instruction, and let one read a hundred chapters of wisdom to a fool, they will all seem to be but a joke to him. R.

Miscellaneous.

HENRY VINCENT AS AN ORATOR.

In mighty power as an orator, Henry Vincent is peerless in his native land. His oratory would probably be laughed at in Parliament, but give to him an audience of a few thousands of the honest whole-souled people, and he will make them frantic with his eloquence. No other man in Britain can mould them as he can. We heard him for the first time when all Europe was affrightened at the Revolution in France. He rose before an audience of thousands—a small, red-faced man of thirty-five years of age. We saw instantly one great secret of his success, and it was his consummate acting. He seemed to act his thoughts with his face; and often foreigners not understanding a word of English but simply from gazing at his speaking face, have cheered him enthusiastically. His pantomime is indeed thrilling, and in vain we essay to describe it. The night on which we first heard him, he commenced his speech with great moderation, occasionally indulging in flashes of wit and humor. Whenever he said anything humorous his face assumed an expression which of itself would have convulsed an audience with laughter. But we could see that the audience seemed to be expecting some grand pitch of excitement, some fascinating crisis. By degrees he grew more fervid; his face began to twitch with nervous agitation, and it grew ruddy. He traced the power of the aristocracies of the world and of the destruction which is everywhere their accompaniment. He travelled over France, Spain, Germany, America, and Italy, then came back to England. The picture was full of gloom—darkness and misfortune seemed to beset the nations; the very hall grew dim: the faces of his audience were sorrowful, while his own was the picture of stern melancholy. Suddenly his face grew radiant with smiles; he pictured young Liberty in France, in Italy, and America! As he went on, he grew more and more intense in his fervid eloquence. He showed us Europe as she would be in the glorious time soon coming when her people shall embrace Liberty!—The audience poured out torrents of cheers; but now he executed his final and grand stroke of eloquence.—He painted in glowing colors the future of England.—Ere heart beat fast, and burned hotly, as he spoke with intense enthusiasm of England in that golden age which is coming. He stopped for a moment, and with an enthusiastic smile, uttered softly the name, "England!"—The look, the manner—they were magical! Not a cheer burst forth, but tears were streaming from all eyes. Every moment added to the now painful intensity of the scene. Smiles and tears struggled for the mastery upon the orator's face. As he went on the

great masses of people clustered as if insane around him.—We saw one man going up to him and try to stop him, fearing that sudden death would be the consequence of such excitement.

He stopped;—looked round about him;—no cheers interrupted the strange silence. All eyes hung upon his lips; he exercised a spell upon every heart. Soon he looked up to heaven in a supplicating manner, and whispered, "England!" Then louder, "England!" And louder still, "England!"

He fell back. He was done. A noise like wind among the forest trees swayed over the audience—it was not voice, but sobs and tears. They stood entirely entranced. It seemed as if they never would stir. At length Vincent jumped again before them, and with his handkerchief waving about his head, shouted "Liberty forever!"—Then the very roof trembled with the shrieks of applause. Fine ladies swung their handkerchiefs to and fro, and staid old merchants growled forth their cheers!—*Hartell's London as I saw it.*

JUVENILE ENERGY.

In December, 1807, W. H. Maynard, Esq., was teaching a school for a quarter in the town of Plainfield, Massachusetts. One cold blustering morning, on entering his schoolroom, he observed a lad he had not seen before, sitting on one of the benches. The lad soon made known his errand to Mr. Maynard. He was fifteen years old; his parents lived seven miles distant; he wanted an education, and had come from home on foot that morning to see if Mr. Maynard could help him to contrive how to obtain it. Mr. Maynard asked him if he was acquainted with any one in the place. "No." "Do your parents know any one here?" "No." "Can your parents help you towards obtaining an education?" "No." "Have you any friends that can give you assistance?" "No." "Well, how do you expect to obtain an education?" "I don't know, but I thought I would come and see you." Mr. Maynard told him to stay that day, and he would see what could be done. He discovered that the boy was possessed of good sense, but no uncommon brilliancy, and he was particularly struck with the cool and resolute manner in which he undertook to conquer difficulties which would have intimidated common minds. In the course of the day, Mr. Maynard made provision for having him boarded through the winter in the family with himself, the lad paying for his board by his services out of school. He gave himself diligently to study, in which he made good but not rapid proficiency, improving every opportunity of reading and conversation for acquiring knowledge; and thus spent the winter. When Mr. Maynard left the place in the spring, he engaged a minister who had resided about four miles from the boy's father to hear his relations and the boy accordingly boarded at home and pursued his studies. It is unnecessary to pursue the narrative farther. Mr. Maynard never saw the lad afterwards. But this was the early history of Rev. Jonas King, D. D. whose exertions in the cause of Oriental learning and in alleviating the miseries of Greece, have endeared him alike to the scholar and the philanthropist, and shed a bright ray of glory on his native country.

PLANT A TREE.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

There has been such a change in the views of our people with regard to the beautiful, as well as the profitable, that all who can control the merest patch of land, proceed at once to do something which shall both please the eye and gratify the taste. How much better this than to see the back yard cluttered with brick bats, old shoes, and the cast off rubbish of years. A man loves his wife and children better for a pleasant prospect, especially if within the limits of that prospect they may run and gather delicious and wholesome fruits for the dessert, or to offer to

their friends, and they certainly will love him better for surrounding them with cooling shades and gratifying their tastes.—Here then is a moral effect not taken into account when the old tools and shoes are extracted—the heart is sustained and made better as well as the corporeal frame.

It is a real pleasure for the child to say, 'My father set and cultivated this tree; my mother planted this rose bush and trained it about this old window frame, where the Pewee had built its tiny nest and baby hands have scattered the fragrant blossoms. And does not the parent reap another joy in such expressions? Think then of the moral influence of planting a shrub or a tree and thus in that pleasant way add something to the moral progress of the race. Trees promote health. They break the winter wind, and shield us from the summer sun, and breathe the air which we have expelled and is poisonous for us to breathe again.—and then the heart that is oppressed by care or softened by affection finds sympathy and peace in their gentle whisperings.

Dollars and cents, in this connection we say nothing about—we desire to touch another chord.—Picture to yourself what charms you may cause to cluster about your dwelling, and what true enjoyment you may realize in their creation; what bond of affection you may implant in the hearts of your children, so that the seductions of wealth or the blandishments of courts or elegant life shall never annihilate their love from the old rural flower embosomed home and then you will be thankful to him who first induced you to plant a tree.—*N. Eng. Farmer.*

FRUIT TREES BY THE ROAD SIDE.

The practice of setting out fruit trees by the roadside cannot be too highly recommended. In many parts of Europe this practice is general, and the fatigued traveller acknowledges the well-timed hospitality thus afforded him. The excuse is often made that the fruit will be stolen; but if the practice were general, the amount of fruit taken by wayfarers, would only be what common hospitality would freely grant, in Germany every third tree, by custom, may be tabooed, the owner of the adjoining farm ties a piece of rag to one of the lower limbs of the tree, and no traveller will touch it. Travellers inform us that no reward will tempt a German stage driver to regale his passengers with fruit from a market tree—two out of three being left to his use if desired, renders the selected tree free from the chance of being used. The amount of fertilizing material continually wasted upon roads would be available by such a practice, and nothing but extreme selfishness will prevent the use of those materials for public benefit. Many of the larger sort of fruit trees are highly ornamental and afford fine shade, while the use of other trees alone, for shade, like the display of costly mansions only excited the poor to envy, without adding materially to their comfort or health.—*Working Farmer.*

SHOWY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

There are few greater mistakes than the prevailing disposition among people in middling life to bring up their daughters as fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy accomplishments. "The notions," it has been justly observed, "which girls thus educated acquire of their own importance, is in an inverse ratio to their true value. With just enough of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duties of their proper station, and render them ridiculous in a higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for? Nothing, that I know of, but to be kept like wax figures in a glass case. Woe to the man that is linked to one of them! If half the time and money wasted on the music, the dancing, the embroidery, were employed in teaching them the useful arts of making shirts and mending stockings, and managing household affairs, their present qualifications as wives and mothers would be increased four-fold."

Artists' Corner.

THE LATE J. W. M. TURNER.

Joseph William Mallard Turner was born at the house of his father a hairdresser of lowly practice, in Maiden Lane Covent Garden, in the year 1775. He "enjoyed the advantages of an accurate rather than a liberal education," and his first studies were in architectural design. In 1793, Turner exhibited three pictures, one of which represented "The Pantheon the morning after the fire." In 1800, he was elected Associate the first step in Academical honours. A lapse of two years sufficed to him for appending the coveted letters R. A. to his name. The "Tenth Plague of Egypt" and the "Fall of the Clyde" were amongst his subjects this year. The "Liber Studiorum," was commenced about 1807, or rather later, in imitation of Claude's *Liber Veritatis*, and was etched, it is understood by Turner's own hand. The title-page was engraved and altered half-a-dozen times, from his singular and even nervous attention to the most trifling details. But this volume was only the precursor of an immense series of drawings and sketches embracing the topography of this country in the River Scenery" and the "Southern Coast"—the scenery of the Alps, of Italy, and great part of Europe. These drawings are now widely diffused in England, and form the basis of several important collections such as those of Petworth, of Mr. Windus, Mr. Fawkes, and Mr. Munro. So great is the value of them that 120 guineas have not unfrequently been paid for a small sketch in water colours; and a sketch-book, containing chalk drawings of one of Turner's river tours on the Continent, has lately fetched the enormous sum of 600 guineas. The prices of his more finished oil paintings have ranged in the last few years from 700 to 1,200 or 1,300 guineas. The other products of his genius are sufficiently in the memory of the present generation,—from the "Wreck" in Lord Yarborough's collection, the "Italian Landscape," in the same gallery, the pendant to Lord Ellesmere's *Vanderwilde*, or Mr. Munro's "Venus and Adonis," in the Titianesque manner, to the more original productions of his later years, such as the "Rome," and "Venice," the "Golden Bough," the "Temeraire," and the "Tusculum." Mr. Turner seldom took much part in society, and only displayed in the closest intimacy the shrewdness of his observation and the playfulness of his wit. Everywhere he kept back much of what was in him, and while the keenest intelligence, mingled with a strong tinge of satire, animated his brisk countenance, it seemed to amuse him to be but half understood. His nearest social ties were those formed in the Royal Academy, of which he was by far the oldest member, and to whose interests he was most warmly attached. He filled at one time the chair of Professor of Perspective, but without conspicuous success. In the composition and execution of his works he was jealously sensitive of all interference or supervision. His personal habits were peculiar, and even penurious; but in all that related to his art he was generous to munificence. He was never married; he was not known to have any relations, and his wants were limited to the strictest simplicity. The only ornaments of his house in Queen Anne Street were the pictures by his own hand, which he had constantly refused to part with at any price, among which the "Rise and Fall of Carthage," and the "Crossing the Brook," rank among the choicest specimens of his finest manner.

The ruling quality says the *Spectator*, stamped by Turner on the long series of his works is con-

prehension. Brilliance and fervour of imagination, and breadth of observation, are indeed conspicuous; but these are only modes of that vivid penetration with which he entered into the secrets of nature. In many of his works there is an air almost of intuition. He sometimes mis-understood nature—constructed her in hyperbole and distortion; but he scarcely ever failed to catch a portion of her meaning.

Varieties.

REPOSE is the poison of life, and repentance its cure.

TO FORGIVE and forget is something of a difficulty, but to forget and forgive is the easiest thing in the world.

LITTLE DISCRETES before marriage are great ones after it; as northerly winds which are warm in summer, blow keen and cold in winter.

WE LOVE much more warmly while cherishing the intention of giving pleasure, than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

A TRUE POET, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom; some love of the "Eternal Melodies," is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation.

WEAKNESSES seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more decided faults, for human nature is more ashamed of the first than of the last.

THE CURIOSITY of an honourable mind willingly rests there, where the love of truth does not urge it further onward, and the love of its neighbour bids it stop—in other words, it willingly stops at the point where the interests of the truth do not beckon it onward, and charity cries, Halt!

GAMBLING.—There is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gambler; her morning sleeps are not able to repay her midnight watchings.

CHARITY.—Open thy hand to the poor according to thy ability. Meddle not with other men's occasions but where thou mayst do good, and hast a calling to it. And if it be in thy power to hurt thine enemy let it pass; do him good if thou canst, and boast not of it; he that sees thee in private will openly reward thee. Lastly let thy heart be kept always in awe of this want of charity, by continually remembering that thou hast of thy Saviour no other form of prayer to desire forgiveness for thyself than that wherein thou covenantest to forgive others. All the other petitions we present to God absolutely; only this is conditional, that He forgive us as we forgive others. Our Saviour hath taught us no other way to desire it; and in Matthew, the 18th chapter, he shows that God will no otherwise grant it.

ETERNITY.—What is this life but a circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles, and when night comes we throw ourselves into the bed of folly, amongst dreams, and broken thought, and wild imaginations. Our reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls, or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than these? and ought not his ambition and expectation to be greater? Let us be adventurer for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be

disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals; and, if we should succeed in our expectations we are eternally happy.

GRACEFUL ELEGANT.—Grace is in a great measure a natural gift; elegance 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 an elegant house or other 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 their 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 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. The general rule is, that elegance is the characteristic of art, and grace of nature.—Archbishop Whately's *Selection of Synonyms*.

Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.	
June 6	1633	Theyenot, born.
	1710	Louise Lavalere, born.
	1799	Patrick Henry, died.
	1804	Georges Cadoudal, executed.
	1832	Jeremy Bentham, died.
" 7	1320	Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, died, (J. 9, by some authorities.)
	1761	John Rennie, born.
" 8	1330	Edward, the Black Prince, born.
	1625	J. D. Cassini, born.
	1743	Count Cagliostro, born.
	1800	Thomas Paine, died.
	1815	General Jackson, died.
" 9	1850	James Smith, of Deanston, died.
" 10	1698	Prince James Ed. Stuart, (the first Pretender,) born.
" 11	1665	Sir Kenelm Digby, born.
	1672	Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, born.
	1727	George I., died.
	1793	Dr. William Robertson, died.
" 12	1731	James, Duke of Berwick, killed.

William Robertson, D. D., a celebrated historian, was born in 1721, at Bothwick, where his father was minister. Having completed his theological studies at Edinburgh, he obtained a licence to preach, and in 1743 was presented to the living of Glasmuir, in East Lothian. He soon became distinguished by his eloquence and good taste as a preacher, but it was not till 1759, that, by his "History of Scotland," he acquired a place among British classical writers. The distinction and patronage acquired by this work, which reached a fourteenth edition before his death, appeared in his successive preferments. He became chaplain of Stirling Castle in 1759, King's chaplain in 1761, principal of the University of Edinburgh in 1763, and historiographer royal of Scotland in 1764. At the head of a flourishing seat of education, he was minutely attentive to all his duties; and co-operated with the greatest liberality, in all the important improvements which have raised Edinburgh to its present celebrity. Yet notwithstanding his numerous pursuits and official avocations, he found time to employ himself in his celebrated "History of Charles V.," which, in 1777, was followed by the "History of America." His last publication was "An Historical Dissertation concerning the knowledge which the Ancients had of India." He died June 11th, 1793. As an historian Dr. Robertson is admired for luminous and skillful arrangement, graphic description, and a singularly perspicuous style.

The Vouths' Department.

Geographical Enigma No. VIII.

I am composed of nineteen letters.

- My 1, 13, 6, 13, 11, 11 is one of the Ladrons' Islands.
- My 3, 1, 9, 13, 17, 4, 13, 11 is a large country of Africa.
- My 4, 11, 13, 11, 6, 15 is a town of Sumatra.
- My 5, 19, 12, 3, 11 is a sea-port town of the kingdom of Hanover.
- My 6, 13, 15, 5, 16 is a river in central Africa.
- My 7, 17, 9, 19, 11, 14, 12, 8 is a former province in the north of France.
- My 9, 17, 4, 11 is a town of Spain.
- My 11, 6, 1, 16, 13, 19 is a county in Ireland.
- My 12, 9, 17, 14, 1, 2, 10, 12, 19 is a city of Norway.
- My 13, 12, 11 is a mountain in the Island of Candia.
- My 14, 3, 15, 9, 17, 4, 18, 6, 1 is an Island in the Grecian Archipelago.
- My 15, 11, 13, 10, 4, 11 is a town of Naples.
- My 16, 9, 17, 14, 10 is a river of France.
- My 17, 4, 18, 9, 1, 17 is a sea-port town of Portugal.
- My 18, 6, 10, 15, 11 is a lake in Russia.
- My 19, 17, 12, 5, 4, 11 is a duchy in Italy.
- My whole is the name of a place which is pretty much frequented.

W. FLAY.

Advertisements.

Fresh Arrivals of Groceries.

THE Subscribers beg to call the attention of purchasers to their New Importation 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 18, 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, Mign 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, Elgie Buildings. 25-

MRS. HAMMOND,

DENNISON'S AVENUE,

QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, Near Dalkurst Street.

AS Mrs. H. prepares leaving Toronto shortly, she will teach the style of drawing mentioned below at the following reduced charge, viz:-

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

AND

War Flower-making, including materials, £1 10
Leather Work, " " 15

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

Toronto, May 15, 1852. 22-

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

April, 1852. 21

THE Undersigned are now prepared to receive every description of Goods on a Commission 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-

PENNY READING ROOM!!

THE undersigned has opened a News Room in his premises, 54 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 Foundry.)

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

Bookseller and Stationer

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

BOOKS & STATIONERY,

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

A Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

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

A CHOICE assortment of the best of every Standard Work of which the following is a specimen.

- Kate's Bible Illustrations.
- Five Years of Biblical Literature, 2 vols.
- Popular Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature.
- Dr. Hoole's Bible Dictionary.
- Hetherington's History of the Church of Scotland.
- Monroe's Kingdom of Christ.
- Whately's Kingdom of Christ and Elements of Romanism.
- Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises.
- Dick's Lectures on Theology.
- Hill's Lectures on Divinity.
- Life and Times of Calvin, 2 vols.
- United Presbyterian Fathers, 4 vols.
- McKerrow's History of the Reformation Church.
- Jowling's
- Millman's History of Christianity.
- Taylor's Logic and Logicism.
- Apostolic Baptism.
- Rale's Koran with Notes, &c., &c.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, 20 May, 1852. 24

PIANO FORTES.

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

Stuart & Dunham, in New York, and J. Childs, in Boston.

which comprise 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 12th, 1852. 22-

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

Best Roman and English Violin, Harp and Guitar Strings.

Toronto, May 12th, 1852. 23-

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

J. CORNISH,

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

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

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

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

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

Toronto, March 27th, 1852. 19-

THE GREAT BRITISH QUATERLIES AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Important Reduction in the Rates of Postage.

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., No. 51 Gold St., New York,

Continue to publish the following British Periodicals, viz THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative) THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Liberal), THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church), THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory).

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

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above in treated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and in, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary talents, written for that Magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Castilian" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Familiar Melod," "The Green Hand," and other articles, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers from the pages of Blackwood, after it has been issued by Messrs. Scott & Co., so that Subscribers to the Reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the earliest reading of these fascinating tales.

TERMS:

Table with 2 columns: Description of subscription (e.g., For any one of the four Reviews, For any two of the four Reviews, etc.) and Price (e.g., 2 00, 3 10, 4 00, etc.).

Payments in all cases to be made in advance.

REDUCED POSTAGE.

To Subscribers in Canada, residing near the Boundary Line, and receiving these Periodicals from an American Post Office, the Postage on a Review will be 4 cents, and on Blackwood 9 cents per quarter, payable in advance.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed, post paid, to the Publishers,

LEONARD SCOTT & Co.

79, Pallon Street, New York. Entrance, 54, Gold Street.

N.B.—L. S. & Co have recently published, and have now for sale, the "Farmer's Guide," by Henry Stephens of Edinburgh, and Prof. Norman of Yale College, New Haven, complete in 2 vols., royal octavo, containing 1000 pages, 18 steel and 80 wood engravings. Price, in maudlin binding, 66; in paper covers, for the small, 55.

TORONTO, C. W.:

THOMAS MACLEAR.

23-11

W. H. DOEL,

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,

IMPORTER of English, French, Mediterranean and American Drugs, and Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Artists' Colours, Toils, Trusses, &c., &c.,

8, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 8th, 1851.

1-26

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS!!

BROWN & CHILDS,

At No 84, 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. 6d.
2000 " " Calf " 15s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.
2000 " " Hare " 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. 84, Painted Wood, nearly opposite the English Cathedral, is the place.

3000 Sides Best SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kind. of Leather.

Toronto, Dec., 1851.

2-55

The Castilian Hair Invigorator.

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

THE CASTILIAN HAIR INVIGORATOR

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

For sale by BUTLER & SON, London, and by

S. F. URQUIHART, Toronto,

The only Wholesale Agent in Canada.

1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per BOTTLE.

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851.

4-11

General Printing Establishment.

JAMES STEPHENS,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

6, CITY BUILDINGS, KING ST. EAST.

EMBRACES the present opportunity of returning thanks to the Citizens of Toronto, and to the inhabitants of the surrounding Neighbourhood, for the very liberal support received from them during the few years he has been in business, (especially since his removal to his present stand,) and begs to assure them that he will endeavour to execute all their future orders in the SAME NEAT STYLE, as heretofore, with the utmost promptitude, and on the most liberal terms.

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851.

1-11

NEW WATCH AND CLOCKMAKERY ESTABLISHMENT.

JAMES W. MILLAR respectfully intimates to friends and the public that he has commenced business as a Chronometer, Watch and Clockmaker, and Jeweller, &c., No. 40, 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 by sale—warranted for twelve months in writing, Gold and Silver Chains, newest patterns; Gold Signets, Fancy and Working Rings; Gold and Silver Pen-cases; Mourning Brooches and Brooches in great variety, for sale. American Clocks of every design, cheap for cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Lever, for £2 10s.

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

Toronto, March 14th, 1852.

15-49

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE:

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

All who desire to be promptly, thoroughly, and reliably informed on the proceedings of Congress; the great questions of our Foreign Policy; the Tariff; the extension of our Lines of Steamers to the Hawaiian 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 addition to the above named features, we shall regularly publish the Letters of HAYASHI 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 city of Timbuctoo 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, \$3 a Year; \$1 50 for three months.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

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WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Table with 2 columns: Copy type (Single Copy, Three Copies, Eight Copies, Twenty Copies) and Price (e.g., 2 00, 5 00, 10 00, 20 00).

The Weekly Tribune is sent to clergymen of all denominations for \$1 per year.

Subscriptions from non-United States and clubs are respectively solicited. They may be forwarded at any season, of the year. Address the letters to

GREELE & 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 receipt of the bills ought in all cases to be left with the Postmaster.

G. & M. E.

New York, January, 1852.

16-23

D. MATHIESON'S

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

GENERAL Outfitting, and Dry Goods Warehouse, Wholesale and Retail, No. 12, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851.

1-11

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