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# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Twelve Is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

No. 28.

## Poetry.

### THERE'S NOTHING IN VAIN.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! prize not the essence of beauty alone,  
And disdain not the weak and the mean in our way,  
For the world is an empire, the Arcities town,  
Where the wheels of least might turn the larger in play  
We love the late vail, with bloom in the strain,  
We sing of green hills, of the grape and the grain:  
But be sure the Creator did well when he made  
The dark desert and marais for there's nothing in vain.  
We may question the fox us that lurks in the bush,  
And the snake, flinging arrows of death from his eye:  
But remember they came from the Infinite Hand,  
And shall man, in his littleness, dare to ask why?  
Oh! let us not speak of the "useless" or "idle";  
They may seem so to us, but he slow to arraign:  
From the savage wolf's cry to the happy child's smile,  
From the mite to the mammoth, there's nothing in vain.  
There's a mission, no doubt, for the worm in the dust,  
As there is for the charger with nostrils of pride  
The stoat and the owl have their places assigned,  
And the agents are needed, for that has supplied.  
Oh! could we but trace the great meaning of all,  
And what delicate link forms the ponderous chain,  
From the dew-drops that rise to the star-drops that fall,  
We should see but one purpose, and nothing in vain.

### SONGS OF THE FLOWER SPIRITS.

VIOLETS.

The skies are weeping to behold us,  
Hark, how the zephyrs call!  
Feel how the sunbeams yearn to fold us,  
Hear the sweet dew-drops fall!  
We are not dead, but are sleeping late  
On our mother's breast below,  
Without us the Spring seems desolate,  
She loveth her violets so.  
Wake, asleep, wake! for the moss is green,  
And our herald-leaves have spread  
Up to the day, and the young bee-queen  
Is singing songs near by.

PRIMROSES.

Well may the pretty stars look down,  
And wonder to see us here,  
As if we had dropped from their purple crown,  
To spangle the earth's green sphere:  
But we are pale by their burning ray—  
We wear not their gorgeous hue—  
Pale with the knowledge of a sick decay,  
And pale with our labours, too:  
For long we wrestled with storm and breeze,  
And the glad dawn looked at our eyes,  
And laugh'd at the might of these forest trees,  
The glory of yonder skies.

## Literature.

### THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

A TALK OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

Alice Dempster was what is called a pretty, comely girl. She was not beautiful; but she still could have scarcely passed along the streets—even in England, where beauty is perhaps less rare than in any country—without being noticed. She was the daughter of a poor widow, in a village in Devonshire—a picturesque and charming county.

Mrs. Dempster had been the wife of a sailor, who, out of his earnings, had bought a cottage in his native hamlet, in which his widow resided after his death. She had little else save this cottage, if we except her daughter, who was indeed a treasure of affection and love. But then, Alice was one of those frail and delicate beings who give pain while they do pleasure to a parent's heart. From about twelve to eighteen, her mother was her devoted nurse. Never was pale face, or hectic cough, or meagre form, or constant languor,

watched with more intense anxiety by a parent's eye; it seemed never off the young girl's face.

Mrs. Dempster had a lodger, and he came off rather badly; but he never grumbled or complained; he would, on the contrary, sit with the poor widow, and comfort her under her affliction, with a rude kindness of manner which soon won her heart.

John Morrison was a railway clerk, with a small salary, at a station about a mile off. He had lived with Mrs. Dempster for six years, and had mainly directed the education of little Alice. Of a studious and serious man of thought, he spent all his leisure hours in reading.

Mrs. Dempster had sent Alice to school when a more child; but a village education establishment is not usually the place to learn much in, and that of Dame Potter was not an exception. But John Morrison took a fancy to the little Alice, and, finding her fond of study and her book, took great pains with her.

About the age of eighteen, Alice outgrew her ailments. Her cheeks filled out; her eyes became lustrous and clear; her cheeks were rosy and blooming; but Mrs. Dempster began to feel the effects of her long vigils and constant watching. She moved about with the tread of an old woman; her appetite began to fail, her strength to decay, and her life reversed. Before three months, a cozy arm-chair, in the bright sun, by an open window, was the usual place of the mother; while Alice bustled about, did the work of the house, and attend to the invalid.

Mrs. Dempster had no particular illness; she was simply worn out with anxiety and fatigue. But if she suffered, she had also her reward, for Alice was now her devoted nurse.

But Alice was eighteen, and pretty, I have said; and the man made the discovery as well as her mother. John Morrison, a sedate and grave young man of eight-and-twenty, himself remarked it to Mrs. Dempster, as did soon many others.

In the neighborhood were several extensive farms, and, amongst others, one belonging to Mr. Clifton. Mr. Clifton was very rich, and had two sons, Walter and Edward. Walter was a very handsome, lively, pleasant fellow, full of generous impulses, but somewhat too fond of riotous pleasures, of the bottle, and of cards. With plenty of money at his disposal, he was the centre of a group of frolickers that were on many occasions the alarm of the whole country, and Walter Clifton was the wildest of the lot. It is true that he was generous; if he broke a head or damaged a field, he paid the expense; and if he broke a heart, he was sorry for it.

One hot summer's day, Alice was sitting sewing by her mother's side; the window was open, and the warm air poured in upon the face of the invalid. Her eyes were pleasantly fixed on the honey-suckle, jasmine and clematis, that twined round the window, and the moss trees that filled the strip of garden before the house, but more pleasantly still on

the innocent, sweet face of her child. Suddenly two horsemen pulled up before the window, they had often been noticed before, but this was the first time they had ever halted.

"Mrs. Dempster," said a dark hand-some young man, while the other, a fair youth, held back and blushed, "we have come up to ask for a drink of milk, or beer, or any thing you can give us. It is a long time since we have drunk any thing in your house, but it will be with pleasure we shall receive the custom."

"Welcome, welcome, Master Clifton," replied Mrs. Dempster, without rising; "it is a long time since you used to come and listen to my poor husband's stories, and drink his goat's milk."

"A long time; when your daughter Alice, there, was six years old," replied Clifton, "and Ned and I were sprigs. Poor Mr. Dempster, we missed him very much when we came home from school."

"He often talked of you when he came home from his voyages," said Mrs. Dempster as the young men were shown in by Alice.

"I suppose you have forgotten us," continued Walter, addressing Alice, by whom he had sat down.

"No," exclaimed the young girl, blushing; "I have forgotten neither of my old friends—Wally nor Ned."

Meanwhile Alice was bustling about, pre- and cheese, to which the gentlemen did ample justice. This done, they remained an hour in conversation; Alice chiefly addressing herself to Alice, Edward to the mother.

From that day, Walter was a regular, Edward an occasional visitor. Walter soon allowed his admiration of Alice to peep forth; he lost no opportunity of speaking with his eyes, and soon began to whisper words of affection. Alice listened with downcast looks, but made scarcely any reply.

After about a month, Mrs. Dempster asked him to take tea and spend the evening. She perceived the dawning passion which was rising on both sides; and as she saw no disproportion, except in fortune, between a rich farmer and a merchant captain's daughter, she was inclined to foster the feeling for her child's sake.

John Morrison was to be of the party; Mrs. Dempster had confided to him her secret, and, after one or two objections to the character of the young man, he consented to be present. It was about an hour before tea time when he came to this resolution; and as soon as he had done so, he went into the garden.

John Morrison was a pale, good looking man, of moderate stature. He had no pretensions to be handsome, but no one would have looked at him without noticing his marked and speaking countenance—to admire, not its beauty, but its power and intellect. But why is he now so overcast and sad? Let us listen, and we may hear.

"And is it for this I have trained her up? Is it for this I have devoted my existence to her for seven years—for, in the girl I saw the dawning woman—to be the victim of this

wild and reckless youth, who will break her heart? But she will be rich, easy, comfortable. Well, if she could be happy, I should be glad, but Walter Clifton loves with the love of a boy—a love of impulse, give him his toy, and he will break it."

"What are you talking to yourself about so freely?" cried Alice, tripping from behind some bushes where she had been culling flowers for the evening. "But how pale and ill you look! Shall I get you anything?"

"No, Alice, I am very well in body, but the mind is ill at ease."

"Are you ill, John?—my friend—my brother—"

"Ah yes!" cried he, passionately; "there it is; I have been a fool; I have taught you to treat me as a brother, and the idea could never enter your head of thinking of me as aught else."

"Certainly not," said Alice anxiously.

"But it had mine, Alice!" cried John, forgetting all reserve and prudence; "ever since you were twelve years old, I looked on you as one who might be my future wife. Six years have passed away, six long happy and years—nearly seven—during which, each day I have loved you more and more. I waited and waited, putting off the day of declaration until you were quite a young woman; and it is now too late!"

Alice groaned, astonished, hurt, and pained to the last degree.

"Too late," said the usually calm young man, in tones of deep and wildly passionate feeling, "and all my dreams are fled. I hoped, if heaven blessed me with your affection, to be united to you on your nineteenth birthday: we could then have made my two rooms up stairs ours, and have left your mother yours. She would have found no change, save that in place of one child she would have had two."

"Ah John, John! why did you not speak before?—I never thought—I never supposed—I—"

"Alice, it was not to be. So, no more of it. I see mother, but by-and-by."

"My friend, my brother," exclaimed Alice, as she gazed on his pallid face, flashing eyes, and trembling lip.

"Say no more, dear girl. Be happy with the man of your choice. You have the prayers and good wishes of John Morrison."

And the young man turned away and went up to his room. An hour later he sat down to the tea-table of Mrs. Dempster, far calmer than poor Alice, who scarcely had courage to look up. The talk was varied, and generally trifling, Walter not being one of those who can think sufficiently seriously to converse in any other way. Presently he spoke of a grand subscription ball for the following Thursday, to which he invited Alice, in the name of his mother and sisters, who would call for her with their old fashioned carriage.

"But I cannot go," said Alice, quietly, while, despite herself, her eyes flashed with pleasure at the idea; "my mother cannot remain alone; besides, I dance very indifferently."

"My dear Alice," said John, in a kind tone, "I will take care of your mamma. We will sit up for you till any hour of the night. Go, it will do you good, you who never go out."

"Yes; go by all means," added Mrs. Dempster.

"Now you cannot refuse," continued Walter, shaking Morrison's hand heartily; "I, Mary, and Jane will be round at seven; so mind,—be ready."

After he was gone there were rare discussions that night. Alice had no dress to go in—that had never been thought of. Mrs. Dempster thought more of her daughter than she did of herself, it is true, but a ball dress is a serious affair with persons of small income. After supper the debate was resumed, but with no satisfactory result, so all went to bed. About eleven o'clock next day, while Alice was turning out all her finery in search of something suitable, a man entered with a parcel for Mrs. Dempster. It contained a

beautiful ball dress, sent by Morrison, who had risen early and gone into town to purchase it. Alice turned pale, and sat down; but, recovering herself, bent over the kind present to hide her tears. Mrs. Dempster—good and kind mother—was in ecstasies, both at the dress and the donor, and immediately sat down to a table to begin cutting out.

When John came home that night, his greeting was indeed hearty and warm. The mother declared that he was more than a son to her, while Alice said not a word. Her look, however, was eloquent indeed. It expressed gratitude, pity, sorrow,—a thousand mingled shades of feeling which words could not have expressed.—John was rather serious in his manner and tone, but by no look did he betray his peculiar state of feeling. He sat reading to them all that evening, while they worked on the dress, and even made pleasant and jocular remarks on Alice's love for finery and dancing, with such success as to remove from the young girl's mind all remains of uneasiness. She was the more easily consoled, that John seemed to her rather old to be her husband. Walter was three and twenty, John was twenty-eight; Walter was handsome, John was plain, the one was lively and gay, the other serious. Now all this, to a young girl of eighteen, with little experience, rendered comparison useless.

The evening of the ball soon came round. At seven Alice was ready dressed, and John Morrison looked at her with undigested admiration, while her mother was—naturally enough—in raptures, as mothers always are when they gaze upon their fair and charming offspring. About half past seven the carriage came. There was Walter and Edward and the two Misses Clifton. (the mother was indisposed,) who were all in ecstasies with Alice. They did not stop long, for all were young, and eager for the hour when music should invite them to join the dance—an amusement, when it leads not too often to late hours, both healthful and conducive to cheerfulness.

John Morrison remained with Mrs. Dempster, despite the efforts of the Cliftons to take him along with them. For some time nothing was spoken of but the beauty, grace and elegance of Alice; then the conversation turned upon her marriage with Walter, he having distinctly announced his intention to make a formal demand of her hand on the Saturday, if he obtained the young girl's consent that night. John bit his lip; and, to change the conversation, opened a book and read aloud. Mrs. Dempster listened awhile; and then the stillness and quiet, the silent night asserted its influence, and she fell asleep. John continued reading for about a half an hour; but then he laid down his book and fell into deep reverie. He was half asleep and half awake for hours. Suddenly he started up as the clock struck five, and found Mrs. Dempster preparing tea.

"Not home, yet?" said John, smiling; "the little dissipated girl."

"It is so seldom she goes out," replied Mrs. Dempster, "I do not expect her yet."

At this moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard. There were two, not one. They threw open the case. It was daylight, and within a hundred yards they discovered the carriage and a gig side by side. Alice was in the gig, driven by Walter, while some friends filled the vacant place in the other vehicle. They came up at a rapid pace, and pulled up at the door. Alice leaped out, then with a bow and a "good morning," the party sped away homeward. As she entered the room both noticed that all Alice's elasticity of step—all her spirits—all her liveliness was gone.

"You are tired, love," said her mother, kindly, "here is a nice cup of tea; you look serious. I suppose Master Walter has been proposing to you. I suppose, too, I shall have him here on Saturday, as he threatened, and shall lose my child next. You must not look so serious. It is quite natural, and I do not say it by way of reproach."

"Mamma," replied Alice gravely, "I have had two offers this week—one on Monday last, and one this morning. You look surprised, mamma, and you, my dear friend, look vexed. I should be sorry if the conclusion of my words should pain you. On Monday, I accidentally discovered that John Morrison here had loved me as his future wife, for six years—"

"John!" exclaimed the mother, looking at them with an air of astonishment

"Yes, for six years; and I scorned his love. I thought him too old, too grave for me; and I owned my affection for Walter. This morning Mr. Clifton made me an offer of his hand and heart, and I rejected him."

"Rejected him," said both, in amazement.

"I rejected him," replied Alice, gravely, "and dear mamma, and dear John, if you both will consent, I wish from this day to be considered the wife of John Morrison."

"Alice, why is this?" exclaimed Mrs. Dempster, who was naturally at first in favor of the rich husband.

"My Alice," cried John, "this is too much happiness."

"Why is this?" replied Alice, earnestly; "because John is generous and good, and Walter is selfish; because John loves you, and Walter treats you as an incumbrance and a bore. I declare to you, mother, dear, that I now love John as much more than I did Walter, as I love you more than a stranger."

"But speak, Alice, dear," cried the enraptured young man; "explain all this."

"It is our mother who shall judge," replied Alice. "I will record two conversations now clearly fixed on my memory, word by word, but only one of which I shall recollect after this morning."

She then related, word for word, what had passed between her and John, and the scene between her and Walter in the gig.

"I have begged you to ride alone with me," said Clifton warmly, "that I may pour out my heart and soul; I wish you to share my fortune to be my wife at once; immediately. My friends have already consented; your mother has hinted her gladness to acquiesce; we want your consent."

"Walter," replied Alice, with downcast eyes, "before you go any further, I have something to say to you that may change your sentiments. I have a mother who is alone in the world; she has nobody to love her or nurse her; as long as she lives I can never leave her. She has for many years been my devoted nurse; wherever I go there must she be."

"Oh, but this is all nonsense, Alice," cried Walter impatiently; "I have enough of old people at home. I mean to travel for a year or two in France and Italy, and to return only when I come into my property."

"Then, Walter Clifton," said Alice, raising her head and speaking firmly, "I can never be your wife; you must seek one differently situated from myself. No, Mr. Clifton, I would not leave my mother for one I have loved for many years, much less for one I have known but a month."

"But every one parts from their parents when they marry," said Walter, pettishly; "you must be mad; on the one hand a young, fond, and rich husband, all the pleasures of a continental life—of Paris, of Italy; on the other, a dull home, alongside an old, ailing woman, with the prospect of being the wife of a pert clerk, perhaps, like John Morrison."

"Enough, Mr. Clifton," replied Alice, firmly, and almost angrily; "if you now were to consent a thousand times to all I could ask, I would not be your wife."

"You never loved me," said Walter, whose anger was roused.

"I never did; I was dazzled for a while because I knew you not. I saw you handsome and agreeable, and seemingly generous. I find you selfish and ungenerous. But pardon me, such observations come with very ill grace from me. We can still be friends." A

"Friends!" laughed Walter fiercely; "not I; idiot that I was to believe in a woman's love—in a girl's, I mean,—not a woman's—who has not yet got over her mamma's sickness."

"You forget yourself, Mr. Clifton," said Alice with a smile of pity.

"And now, mamma," asked she, after she had repeated both conversations with scrupulous exactness, "do you approve the choice I have made between my two suitors?"

"Hartily, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Dempster, taking their two hands, you are worthy of each other."

Happy John Morrison! Happy Alice! The bells are ringing—if not human bells, those rung by angels—at so bright a union, which truly must have been made in heaven. And then John Morrison got promoted, a week after, and the wedding took place, amid pleasant and joyous smiles, and all three went to Paris to spend the honeymoon, and there they are now, strange to say, and there I learned their story. Before the first month of their marriage, John came into some property, worth about five hundred a year. Paris seemed to suit Mrs. Dempster, and it was agreed to stay there. The cottage was let, and a similar one hired for the summer, near the wood of Boulogne. Here now dwell Mrs. Dempster and her two children. The young couple are very happy; they love each other with earnest affection, and, unlike Clifton—who has married an heiress whom he neglects—have never found their happiness in any way marred by the presence of their mother in their quiet home.

**GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.**—Our Citizens are again to enjoy a musical treat of a high order. Our friend Nordheimer has received a telegraphic announcement, that the Germanians will give one of their inimitable concerts in St. Lawrence Hall, here, on the 21th inst. All the lovers of classical music will undoubtedly be in attendance.

**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, JUNE 19, 1852.

### OUR UNIVERSITY GROUNDS.

A few weeks ago we alluded with somewhat of complacency, and perhaps a little enthusiasm, to the Experimental Farm in connexion with our University, as about to become a great fact, under the able management of our amiable and energetic Professor of Agriculture. Since that time considerable progress has been made, and we rejoice that the University are determined to keep the grounds in such a state as to afford a pleasant retreat to respectable people, either for recreation or study. To secure this end, special constables are on the grounds, to preserve order and decorum, and to rid out effectively a pretrailing nuisance, alike offensive to moral precept, purity of feeling, and virtuous pursuits. By this means all objections which have hitherto been urged against the delightful promenade which the College Avenue and the University Grounds afford, will be completely removed. We cannot sufficiently impress upon the community, the very

pleasing and happy moralizing effect such a delightful retreat—when properly arranged—will have, both as to the education of the mind and the refinement of the tastes: and while the manifestations of the principle of destructiveness which the Avenue has hitherto witnessed, are altogether at variance with the sacred regard in which the lavish adornments of Nature should be held, when the public have free access to enjoy their varied beauty and inhale their balmy sweetness,—it is not too much to say that as yet our population contrasts very unfavourably with that of other countries. But we trust the efforts of the schoolmaster will be directed to the inculcation of sound moral precept, and clear and correct habits of thought and action, upon the rising generation, as well as to the imparting of the facility to wield the pen of the ready writer, or the tongue of the learned. The press—potent for good, if prudently conducted—will find its way to the minds of those more advanced in life, so as to impress upon them the necessity which, they, as civilized beings are under, to treat with the utmost respect those fairy creations of nature, which an enlightened benevolence has committed to their trust. A number of men are employed in cutting down the trees in the park, grubbing the stumps, and ploughing, in order to level and prepare the ground for permanent pasture, as a public park for recreation. Upwards of 200 trees have already been removed. The Experimental Farm which we formerly stated was to consist of upwards of 60 acres,—and to be devoted to all sorts of agricultural experiments,—is at present under the plough, and will undergo the process of draining, fencing, and all other requisites as speedily as practicable. It is very evident that the Professor has set himself to work with a will, for the desert has already so far disappeared before his civilizing hand, and we look forward with a well-grounded hope to the time when the scene of his labours shall blossom as the rose.

### JIM HIGGINS AND HIS CARPET.

One day last week our friend Macdonald in Yonge Street was, in the exercise of his lawful avocation, disposing of a variety of articles to the tune of—go—going—gone—Among the varied paraphernalia was a piece of Brussels Carpet comprising about 24 yards. In the true Robins' style Mac expatiated upon the excellence of its quality, the richness of its colors, and its peculiar adaptation to a snug little dining room 16 feet square or so—and finished with the general peroration.

Gentlemen the upset price is three and three—No advance upon three and three.

A penny more—Well then gentlemen here you have this excellent piece of carpet at three and four, it is after all a capital article worth double the money I would be loth to knock it down at three and four. Go—going—no advance upon three and four—go—going.

Hold on Sur-ree—I'll go three and five—its cheap at that anyhow—

No advance upon three and five—going—gone—Your name sir.

Oh its no odds—I am going to pay cash down—

Here the gentleman incognito handed over three quarters, and expected back four pence in change.

Mr. Macdonald speedily saw the error and in a jocular way handed back the three-quarters—saying that he had no change—

Jim Higgins who was standing by, had a long eye to the pretty carpet; and seeing the fix the lucky purchaser was in for want of coppers—Jim darted off, and returned in a twinkling with 3s. 9d. which he had borrowed.

Jim sidled over to the purchaser, and said now I'll give you 4d for your bargain, and I'll give 3s. 5d. for the carpet its cheap at that anyhow.

The auctioneer was again repeating his enquiring negative—No gentlemen take this beautiful

carpet at three and five—when a voice responded—

I'm your man sur-ree—knock it down to Jim Higgins—

Jim here pressed forward and handed up the 3s. 5d. when a simultaneous peal of laughter burst from the crowd.

Mac's gravity was at last overcome—he could stand it no longer and joined in the laugh, he told Jim that he could not give it at that and he pushed the carpet aside and told his attendants to hand up something else in the meantime.

Jim seeing he was baffled, and was not likely to get the carpet on so easy terms, retreated from the stand, with a view to get back his 4d. but the lucky dog had cleared out. Jim wistfully surveyed the assembled multitude—but—no—the bird had flown.

When I saw that not one face in all that crowd was mantled with compassion, and that no tongue expressed the slightest regret that Jim had lost his 4d. I thought,—a little audibly perhaps—Well well Jim, lessons of experience are very valuable—they are often purchased at great expense. I imagine that you have got a lesson to day which you will remember, and after all it has only cost you four-pence.

### DR. NICHOL ON ASTRONOMY.

Dr. Nichol delivered the fifth of a course of lectures on astronomy in the lecture theatre of the Royal Institution. The subject was "The constitution of the sun." The phenomena which had led to the obtaining of some knowledge of the structure of this orb, were the spots upon his surface, first discovered by Galileo, and from the apparent motion of which he inferred the rotation of the sun upon its axis. The light which these spots threw upon the structure of the sun, was not, however, recognised until the time of Sir Alexander Wilson and Sir William Herschel. When a spot was seen near the centre of the sun's surface, there was a dark centre, usually approaching to a circular form, round which there was a lighter border called the umbra. About the close of the month of November, in the year 1769, a spot of immense size burst out about the centre of the sun's surface. This spot Wilson studied with great minuteness, and, as it was borne in the course of the sun's rotation towards the limb, he witnessed a series of remarkable changes in its appearance, from which he was led to infer that the sun was not a mass of flame—a great chaotic conflagration—as had been previously supposed; but a vast organised orb, composed of matter, perhaps not unlike that around us; the difference between the sun and such a globe as the earth being simply, that on the top of the sun's atmosphere of clouds,—perhaps something similar to ours,—there was an immense phosphorescent atmosphere sending out light. And he conceived that a spot upon the surface of the sun, was simply an opening in this phosphorescent atmosphere, through which we were enabled to see the real organisation of the sun's mass. He ventured to predict that the order of the changes through which the spot passed, while being carried out of sight by the rotation of the sun, and which arose from the observers losing sight of the mass of the sun, and seeing only a portion of the umbra, would be exactly reversed on its re-appearance, when again brought into sight by the rotation of the sun, and this actually occurred, thus confirming Wilson's theory. Sir William Herschel, having observed the sun through his powerful telescope, was enabled to measure the magnitude of the two atmospheres of the sun, and saw that the phosphorescent shell was about 2,000, and the cloudy atmosphere about 3,000, miles deep. It was afterwards discovered that the effects of polarisation upon the light of the sun was precisely similar to that upon the light obtained from phosphorescent or inflamed gas, so that, as far as physical science could contribute to such a discovery, it confirmed the theories of Wilson and Herschel as to the atmosphere of the sun. The last two total eclipses of the sun, during which a halo or

glory had been observed round the black circle of the sun's disc, had proved that there must be a partially transparent atmosphere beyond the present atmosphere of the sun. During both of these eclipses, too, eminences or projections of a coloured light had been observed within this halo, and such circumstances as to render it evident that they were connected with the sun, and not with the moon. Whether these were material projections from his surface, or atmospheric phenomena, had not yet been ascertained. The bursting of the atmosphere which occasioned the appearance of spots of the sun's disc must be occasioned by some force either in the atmosphere or on the surface of the sun; and how powerful must be that force which could instantaneously burst the atmosphere for a distance of 50,000 miles, which was the diameter of some of these spots! There appeared to be no rest in the atmosphere of the sun. Waves of light appeared to be incessantly rolling over its surface, assuming the most varied aspects, and causing a difference in the brightness of different parts. Between these bright waves we sometimes found darker portions, which Herschel called hollows, and which seemed to be the troughs of great waves. If this were so we had then this ocean of light in a state of constant agitation. No two spots had ever been known to burst out exactly at the same point on the sun's disc; and this invalidated the idea, which occurred at first to Sir William Herschel, that the bursting of the atmosphere might be caused by the eruption of volcanoes. The spots always appeared in a zone or belt on the sun's surface, occupying a position similar to that of our torrid zone, those which appeared to the north of the equator had a northerly, and those which appeared to the south of it a southerly, motion; many of them getting, as it were, into the temperate zone prior to their disappearance. Some of them disappeared by the instantaneous closing of the two sides, while others burst, and were divided into a number of smaller spots, which struck off in very irregular paths, and finally disappeared. Changes analogous to those continually going on in the phosphorescent atmosphere of the sun were to be found in our own atmosphere. The variations in the height of the column of mercury in the barometer, formerly supposed to indicate only changes in the internal condition of the atmosphere, had now been found to indicate changes in its actual height, and to prove that in some places it was higher than others; hills producing waves and hollows similar to those supposed to exist in the phosphorescent atmosphere of the sun, and which, were our atmosphere luminous, would cause it to assume a similar appearance to that of the sun. There were also changes in our atmosphere similar to those on that of the sun which caused the appearance of spots upon his disc, for it had recently been discovered that the hurricanes of the torrid regions, as well as the typhoons of the Chinese seas, were occasioned by large portions of the atmosphere having got into a violent whirling motion, causing them to assume the form of cylinders from the portion within which the air would be greatly exhausted, and which, were the earth surrounded with a luminous atmosphere, would cause openings in it similar to those which occasioned the spots on the sun's disc. These hurricanes, like the solar spots, appeared only in the torrid zone, and, like them, moved either north or south, according as they originated north or south of the equator. Hurricanes, too, were split or divided upon coming into contact with ranges of mountains; and if the spots on the sun arose from hurricanes, this might account for their splitting, and would at the same time give us some information as to the situation of the principal mountain ranges on his surface. If the solar spots were caused by the action of winds, the close observance of them might afford some curious information as to his physical structure. The cause of winds on the earth was the inequality of the heat of different portions of the surface. This arose mainly from two causes—the difference of the angle at which different portions of the sur-

face were struck by the sun's rays, and the difference of the degree of which land and water were heated by them. Though the former of these could have no operation upon the heat of the sun, yet the latter might; and, thus, if we learned the laws by which his winds were governed, we might have some key to his physical structure. If these views were correct, the sun was distinguished from the planets circulating him only by his phosphorescent atmosphere. The question naturally arose, was this peculiar to him, and was it permanent? On turning to our globe, our attention was immediately attracted by the auroras, which seemed to form almost a permanent illumination in the circum-polar lands, so that it was clear that there existed at present in the higher portions of our atmosphere in those regions some energy capable of evolving light.—an energy which, if it were diffused over the whole atmosphere, would place the earth in a somewhat similar position to that of the sun. There was some reason to believe, too, that, in former periods of the world's history, this power was developed in much greater energy than it is now; since in the coal fields of Melville Island, and indeed in all coal fields, there were found the debris of plants which could not now exist in those regions, for want of heat and light; and, as the light of the aurora bore a great resemblance to the electric light, which had been found to assist vegetation, it was not impossible that the additional light required for the support of these plants might have been provided by a greater development of the same energy which produced the aurora, and that at one period the appearance of the whole surface of our atmosphere might have borne a closer resemblance to that of the sun. There was reason to believe, too, from the fact that her disc did not become quite dark while she was totally eclipsed, that the moon possessed some power of giving off light. When Venus was observed in phase, also, flashes of light like auroras had been seen dashing across the dark portions of that planet. The only mode of accounting for this was by supposing that the sun and these planets were all capable, under certain circumstances, of evolving light, but that the present circumstances of the sun were favourable to this in a higher degree than those of the planets referred to. If this were so, it would be expected that the light given off would vary according to the circumstances of the luminous orb, and, with respect to the fixed stars, this was found to be the case, some of them giving more and some less light than they formerly did. The colour of the light given off by some of them too had been changed. We had also reason to believe that there were stars in existence which gave off no light; and, on one occasion, a star was observed by Tycho Brahe, which suddenly became visible, attained to great brilliancy, and then gradually waned, until it finally disappeared. By all these facts, much doubt was thrown upon the permanency of the sun's light; and it was rendered probable that his luminosity might be undergoing constant change, and might be diminished, if not at some time entirely lost.—(Applause.)

**Agriculture.**

**MANURE—ASHES.**

Ashes, leached or unleached are a most valuable manure. While one writer says, they are "best for low, mossy lands," and another, "that ashes are found to succeed best on dry, loamy lands,"—all agree that they are a valuable manure. At the present time, the opinion generally prevails, that ashes have the most beneficial effect upon sandy and dry loamy soils. This may be true to a certain extent,—but we know that ashes are an excellent manure on moist, swampy land—as we

have in mind now, two fields, one a light cold muddy soil upon a substratum of sand, and the other a peat bog, that have been reclaimed by the use of ashes. In fact, reason shows, that any moist land, containing acids and hence "cold and sour," would be greatly benefited by the use of ashes, as they would neutralize the acids and furnish earthy and saline matter to the soil. Thus in certain peat bogs, there are often acids, sulphates of iron and alumina, or copperas and lime. Now a supply of ashes to such bogs, will make them productive, the ashes neutralizing the acids.—In this manner swamps and low meadows are often reclaimed in the neighbourhood of old Potash Works. The reclaiming being the result of accident at first; the ashes having been thrown as worthless into the most worthless spots; but afterwards the result of experience; as it was discovered that these worthless spots, soon became productive from the application of spent ashes."

But the real value of ashes depends upon their being a combination of salts derived from plants, all of which have a most decided beneficial effect on the re-production of plants.

By leaching, ashes are divided into two parts—soluble and insoluble.

Hard wood ashes. In every one hundred parts, by leaching, give 12.57 of soluble parts and 86.43 of insoluble parts.

According to Prof. Dana 100 parts of the soluble contain

|                            |             |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Carbonic acid, . . . . .   | 22.50       |
| Sulphuric acid, . . . . .  | 6.43        |
| Muriatic acid, . . . . .   | 1.82        |
| Silicx, . . . . .          | 85          |
| Potash and Soda, . . . . . | 67.96       |
|                            | <hr/> 99.86 |

*100 parts of the insoluble contain*

|                               |             |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| Carbonic acid, . . . . .      | 35.80       |
| Phosphoric acid, . . . . .    | 3.40        |
| Silicx, . . . . .             | 4.25        |
| Oxide of Iron, . . . . .      | 52          |
| Oxide of Manganese, . . . . . | 2.15        |
| Magnesia, . . . . .           | 3.55        |
| Lime, . . . . .               | 35.80       |
|                               | <hr/> 85.47 |

Professor Dana says: "A bushel of good ashes contains 54 lbs. of real potash. In leaching ashes, generally about one peck of lime is added to each bushel of ashes, and as it loses no bulk during the operation, a conl of leached ashes contains about the following proportions, allowing the usual proportion to be leached out, or 4 1/2 lbs. per bushel:—

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| Phosphoric acid, . . . . .                               | 117 lbs. |
| Silicx, . . . . .  | 146 "    |
| Oxide of Iron, . . . . .                                 | 17 "     |
| Oxide of Manganese, . . . . .                            | 51 "     |
| Magnesia, . . . . .                                      | 119 "    |
| Carbonate of Lime with that added in leaching, . . . . . | 3072 "   |
| Potash combined with silicx, . . . . .                   | 50 "     |

Berthier gives the constituents of the ash of various kinds of wood. According to his tables, the constituents of Oak, Birch, Beech and Pine, are as follows in every 100 parts of each.

|                     | Pick.      |        |       |        |
|---------------------|------------|--------|-------|--------|
|                     | Oak.       | Birch. | Pine. | Beech. |
| Silica,             | 3.8        | 5.5    | 13.0  | 5.8    |
| Lime,               | 51.8       | 52.3   | 27.2  | 42.6   |
| Magnesia,           | 0.6        | 3.0    | 8.7   | 7.0    |
| Oxide of Iron,      | —          | 0.5    | 22.3  | 1.5    |
| Oxide of Manganese, | —          | 3.5    | 5.5   | 4.5    |
| Phosphoric acid,    | 0.8        | 4.3    | 1.8   | 5.7    |
| Carbonic acid,      | 39.9       | 31.0   | 21.5  | 32.9   |
|                     | <hr/> 99.6 | 100.   | 100.  | 100.   |

Sprengel gives the following table as the result of the analysis of the Red Beech, Oak and Scotch Fir.

|                     | Red Herr. | Oak.  | S&A Pine. |
|---------------------|-----------|-------|-----------|
| Silica,             | 5.63      | 2.95  | 6.59      |
| Alumina,            | 2.33      | 8.11  | 17.03     |
| Oxide of Iron,      |           |       |           |
| Oxide of Manganese, |           |       |           |
| lime,               | 25.00     | 17.39 | 23.18     |
| Magnesia,           | 5.00      | 1.41  | 5.02      |
| Soda,               | 3.32      | 6.73  | 2.22      |
| Sulphuric acid,     | 7.61      | 3.36  | 2.23      |
| Phosphoric acid,    | 5.62      | 1.53  | 2.75      |
| Chlorine,           | 1.81      | 2.41  | 2.30      |
| Carbonic acid.      | 11.00     | 12.37 | 36.44     |
|                     | 100.      | 100.  | 100.      |

The same author gives the analysis of the ash of various grains thus:

|                     | 152    | 3.1  | 0.6  | 1.2  |
|---------------------|--------|------|------|------|
| Potash,             | trace. | 0.9  | 0.8  | 0.1  |
| Soda,               | 2.6    | 10.5 | 6.8  | 5.1  |
| Lime,               | 0.4    | 1.1  | 0.9  | 0.1  |
| Magnesia,           | 80.0   | 73.5 | 81.6 | 82.2 |
| Silica,             | 0.1    | 2.8  |      |      |
| Alumina,            | trace. | 0.2  | 2.6  | 0.9  |
| Oxide of Iron,      | trace. | 0.3  |      |      |
| Oxide of Manganese, | 0.2    | 3.5  | 4.8  | 1.8  |
| Phosphoric acid,    | 1.4    | 2.2  | 1.0  | 6.1  |
| Sulphuric acid,     | 0.1    | 1.3  | 0.9  | 0.6  |
| Chlorine,           | —      | —    | —    | —    |
| Carbonic acid.      | —      | —    | —    | —    |
|                     | 100.   | 100. | 100. | 100. |

Letellier gives the analysis of the ash of Indian corn thus:

|                    |       |
|--------------------|-------|
| Potash and Soda,   | 20.8  |
| Lime and Magnesia, | 18.3  |
| Phosphoric acid    | 50.1  |
| Silica, &c.        | .8    |
|                    | 100.0 |

Now upon examining the constituents of the ash of the various kinds of wool as given in the above tables and comparing them with the ash of various kinds of grains, it is easy to perceive why wool ashes are a most excellent manure for raising the grains and other vegetables. Ashes furnish to the soil the appropriate food of those plants. Ashes contain all the inorganic constituents which form the inorganic parts of plants—hence their great value as fertilizers, not only upon "dry loamy soils,"—but upon all soils exhausted of those inorganic substances by cultivation, or deprived of them by nature.

But ashes are valuable as an exterminator.—A gill cup of unleached ashes put upon a hill of corn, is sure to exterminate worms and bugs; and are equally valuable upon other vegetables troubled with such vermin. They not only exterminate them upon the surface of the ground, but about the roots of the vegetables, and are sure to prevent the visits of these troublesome animals.

Strown broadcast upon the land and plowed in, leached or unleached ashes will exterminate sorrel, as they destroy the food of this noxious vegetable, when they neutralize the acids of the soil.

Thus no more valuable manure can be used than ashes. In speaking of their virtues for a particular crop, one writer says, "The use of wood ashes, when applied on a warm light loam, will repay the first year, three times their cost, in raising a crop of parsnips." Another says "No farmer or gardener, who rightly appreciates their value or his own interests, will ever dispose of his unleached ashes at less than seventy-five cents per bushel. Whatever may be the geological formation, or constitutional texture of his farm, it is scarcely within the limits of probability, but there are sections or "spots," at least, on which the application of ashes, either as a top-dressing, or in compost, would not be highly salutary to the soil, and beneficial to the crop."

And still another says, that by actual experiment he has "found that for every bushel of ashes he has applied to his corn crop, for the last

ten years, he has received an additional bushel of corn as the result!"  
 So save your ashes and apply them to your lands—*Farmer's Monthly Visitor.*

### Oriental Sayings.

A certain King, who had lived to a good old age, drew near the end of his days, and having no heir to succeed him to the throne, made his will, that the crown and the whole of his kingdom should be bestowed upon the person that might first enter the principal city gate the next morning after his death. It so happened that the first man that presented himself at the gate was a ragged beggar, who, had his whole life been engaged in begging alms from door to door. The ministers of state and courtiers of the palace, in compliance with the will of the King, at once laid the keys of the treasury at his feet, and had him proclaimed King.

For some time the new King governed the kingdom in peace, at last, some of the nobles grew jealous, and after having levied a large army, they openly rebelled, gained the victory over the King's troops in several battles, and took from him several important provinces. Just about this time, an old friend of the new King, who was his companion when in a state of poverty, returned from a long journey, and finding him in such dignity, exclaimed, thanks be to the merciful Deity, who made roses issue from your thorns, and has raised you to this elevated position, well, it is said, sorrow succeeds joy, and again, the plant is at one season in blossom and at another withered; the tree is at one time naked and at another attired with leaves. Oh my dear friend, interrupted the King, offer me rather condolence, for there is no cause whatever for congratulations. When you last saw me, my only care was to get a crumb of bread, but now I have the whole cares of the kingdom on my head. Friend I continued the King, if thou desirest riches, ask but for contentment, which is the greatest treasure you possibly could obtain, and which will make thee more happy than all the possessions of a King. If a rich man throw money into thy lap, beware; regard it not as a benefit, for I have often heard it said, both from good and wise men, that the patience of the poor is far more meritorious than the gift of the rich. R.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

A spirit of self-help lies at the bottom of all success. Self-reliance is the backbone of all heroism of character. The spirit to work thoroughly at whatever has to be done, to grapple, hand to hand with difficulties, and strangle them instead of seeking to evade them, is the primeval stuff out of which men and demigods are made. But we must beware how we allow our views to centre in ourselves; we are none of us alone in the world, it is not for ourselves alone that we work and strive. Man does much by himself, but all great objects have been attained when he has joined himself with others and worked in concert with them. Vicious as the working and as the effects of some of these joint-stock companies may be, still they contain a principle that will gradually reorganise the whole machinery of society. Co-operation will gradually take the place of competition. A great social question is opening up. The enormous development of our material and industrial interests has created a new order of men in this country, and, indeed, throughout Europe. The practical republicanism of trade has induced an entirely new range of thoughts and interests, of which our fathers

never dreamed. The resources of trade have, however, hitherto been like a rich and newly discovered land, where any new comer has been at liberty to work for his own advantage in any way he chose. Complicated questions of conflicting interests are arising; masters and men, capital and labour, are beginning to stand in antagonism with each other. It is an immense question that is being before us. There will be a struggle, the end of which none of us may live to see, but I believe firmly that the true laws of commerce will be laid down, and that labour will be organized and its forces disciplined, so that their peaceful exploits will be more extended and brilliant than those achieved by war and destruction. Side by side with this growing antagonism of interests, there is arising the idea of association, which will mature and develop itself gradually. till in the fullness of time, it will have strength to gather together the conflicting interests into one.—*From Marion Withers, by Miss Jewbury.*

#### HOW TO COOK AN EGG.

An egg should not be boiled; it should only be scalded—twice, cooiled. Immerse your egg in, or, which is better, pour upon your egg boiling water. For time; proportion your time to the size and number of your eggs, and the collateral accidents. If you cook your egg upon your breakfast table more time will be required. But if you station your apparatus on a good wholesome hob, where there is a fire, and so the radiation of heat is less positive, less time will suffice. The latter way is mine, winter and summer, and the differences of the surrounding circumstances equalize, or nearly so, the time. I keep one egg under water 9 minutes; two, 9½; three, 10; and four, nearly 11 minutes. The yolk first owns the power of the calorific, and will be even firmly set, while the white will be milky, or at most tremulously gelatinous. The flavour superior to anything which a plover ever deposited, will be that which the egg of the gallinaceous domestic was intended to have; the substance that which is delectable to the palate, and easy of digestion. There is perfect absence of that gulla percha quality, in the white especially, at once the reason and the source of dyspepsy. I believe that eggs would be much more patronized, and much more wholesome, if boiling were discarded.—*Collage Gardener.*

#### PURITY.

I would have you attend to the full significance and extent of the word holy. It is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone— it is not a mere recoil from impurity in action. It is a recoil from impurity in thought, it is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very conception of evil is offensive, it is a virtue which has its residence with and takes guardianship of the heart as of a citadel or inviolated sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not a purity of action that is all we contend for, it is exalted purity of heart—the ethereal purity of the third heavens, and if it is at once settled in the heart, it brings the peace, and the triumph, and the untrodden serenity of heaven along with it.—In maintenance of this, there is a constant elevation; there is the complacency, I had almost said the pride of the great moral victory over the infirmities of an earthly and accursed nature: there is a health, a harmony in the soul, a beauty of holiness which, though it effloresces in the countenance and the outward parts, is itself so thoroughly internal as to make purity of heart the most distinctive guidance. Character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.—*Thomas Chalmers, D, D.*

#### THE STORM OF LIFE.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first, glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms—over

our young heads, we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream carries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry that are passing before us; we are excited by short *lucres*, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointments. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be ship-wrecked but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.—*Bishop Heber.*

#### DETIHS OF FRIENDSHIP.

The duties of friendship are sacred, and ought on no account to be violated and trodden under foot. Indeed they have always been held in high and deserved estimation by the wisest and best part of mankind. At the same time we should be assiduous to secure and to perpetuate the blessings of friendship, and careful to deserve them—not forgetting, that he who has a good friend must prove himself friendly. Between minds, as well as bodies, attraction can subsist no longer than it is reciprocal; and mutual kindness can only be cherished by endeavours to serve and oblige. If you are frequently receiving from your friend tokens of attachment and affection, watch for opportunities of making equivalent returns; or if inequality of condition should on your part render this impracticable, be the more careful to seize every occasion of expressing, in ways not inconsistent with the delicacy of friendship, the sense of obligation. Above all study to render yourself worthy the friendship you value, by cherishing all those amiable qualities, and practising all those substantial virtues, which unite to form the character of a true friend. More particularly, cultivate the kind and generous affections, for friendship is the reciprocation of affection, and he who has none to bestow has no right to expect any in return. To hope to gain a friend without this is as if the merchant should expect to purchase a jewel of the highest value without being able or willing to pay the price for it. On the contrary, kindness will always be found to produce kindness, and no man will fail to be rich in the returns of love who is careful to purchase it with the payment of affection. Exercise an habitual command over yourself, to check those sudden gusts of passion and ill-humour which the casual interference of opinions, inclinations, or interest may tend to excite. The maxim is well founded that friendship is not to be formed with an angry man. Be ever ready to allow to your friend that indulgence which you claim for yourself, and rather by gentleness and forbearance, invite generosity, than, by a rude and unyielding assertion of your rights, awaken the latent spirit of discord.

#### THUNDER OF WATERFALLS.

Dr. TYNDALE, in the *Philosophical Magazine*, No. 2, makes the following observations on the production of bubbles in connection with the origin of the sound of agitated water;—When the smoke is projecting from the lips of a tobacco-smoker, a little explosion usually accompanies the puff; but the nature of this is in a great measure dependent on the state of the lips at the time, whether they be dry or moist. The sound appears to be chiefly due to the sudden bursting of the film which connects both lips. If an inflated bladder be jumped upon, it will emit an explosion as loud as a pistol-shot. Sound to some extent, always accompanies the sudden liberation of compressed air. And this fact is

also exhibited in the department of a jet. If the surface of the fluid on which it falls, intersects its limpid portion, the jet enters *silently* and no bubbles, as before remarked, are produced. The moment however, after the bubbles make their appearance, an audible rattle also commences, which becomes louder and louder as the mass of the jet is increased. The very nature of the sound pronounces its origin to be the bursting of the bubbles; and to the same cause the rippling of streams and the sound of breakers appear to be almost exclusively due. I have examined a stream or two, and in all cases where a ripple made itself heard I have discovered bubbles. The impact of water against water is a comparatively unobtrusive cause, and could never of itself occasion the murmur of the brook, or the musical roar of the ocean. It is the same as regards waterfalls. Were Niagara continuous and without lateral vibration, it would be as silent as a cataract of ice. It is possible, I believe, to get behind the descending water at one place; and, if the attention of travellers were directed to the subject, the mass might perhaps be seen through. For in all probability it also has its contracted sections; after passing which it is broken into detached masses, which, plunging successively upon the air-bubbles formed by their precursors, suddenly liberate their contents, and thus create the thunder of the waterfall.

#### SAILING ORDERS FOR THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A paper has been printed, by order of the House of Commons, containing the orders given by the admiralty to Sir Edward Belcher, in command of the Arctic Expedition. After setting forth the orders of the Admiralty, urged upon him one object, namely, the safe return of his party to this country:—"We are sensible (concludes the document) however that, notwithstanding a wish to keep this part of your duty prominently in mind, yet that an ardent desire to accomplish the object of your mission, added to a generous sympathy for your missing countrymen may prevail in some degree to carry you beyond the limits of a cautious prudence. You are, therefore, distinctly to understand our directions to be that the several ships under your orders shall each be on its way home and to the eastward of Barrow Strait, whenever their stock of provisions shall have been reduced to 12 month's full allowance and commending you and those employed under you to the providence of God, we trust that success may crown your efforts, and that you may be the means of affording succour to those of our countrymen whose absence we have so long deplored."

#### Varieties.

**A QUESTION FOR THE SCHOOLMEN.**—What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with things as they go.

**GOOD RECIPE.**—The best cough drops for young ladies is to drop the practice of dressing thin, when they go into the night air.

IT IS BETTER to be born with a disposition to see things on the favourable side, than to an estate of ten thousand a year.—*Hume.*

**DRUNKENNESS.**—The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that was ever preached upon it.—*Saville.*

**THREE PERSONS** in Utica have recently been fined fifty dollars each, for re-using postage stamps. This is a pretty dear way of paying three cents.

**AN IRISHMAN** on being told that the price of bread had lowered, exclaimed: "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

**A LADY** asked a gentleman who was suffering with the influenza, "My dear Sir, what do you take for your cold?" "Five pocket handkerchiefs a day, madam."

**THERE WAS WIT** in the wag, who, reading in a shop-window, "Table bear sold here," stepped at once into the store, and asked if the bear was the man's own brin?

**LINES FOR ANY PURPOSE.**—A celebrated French poet once advertised that he would supply "Lines on any occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly after, and wanted a line strong enough to catch a porpoise!

**A COLD FIRE.**—One very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had partaken rather freely of slip at the tavern, started for home, and on his way was upset, and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing the same way a short time after, discovered the old fellow in a sitting posture, holding his feet up towards the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible person, "John, pile on the wood; it's a thundering cold night!"

#### Biographical Calendar.

| A. D.   |   |
|---------|---|
| June 20 | 1616 Salvator Rosa, born.                 |
|         | 1760 Marquis Wellesly, born.              |
|         | 1764 Wolfe Tone, born.                    |
|         | 1793 Rev. Gilbert White, died.            |
|         | 1837 William IV., died.                   |
| " 21    | 1377 Edward III., died.                   |
|         | 1527 Machiavelli, died.                   |
|         | 1829 P. K. Nuttman, died.                 |
| " 22    | 1714 Rev. Matthew Henry, died.            |
|         | 1816 R. B. Haydon, com. suicide.          |
| " 23    | 1770 Mark Akenside, died.                 |
| " 24    | 1643 John Hampden, died.                  |
|         | 1650 Duke of Marlborough, born.           |
|         | 1763 Empress Josephine, born.             |
| " 25    | 1652 Fernando de Soto, died.              |
|         | 1816 Louis Bonaparte, died.               |
| " 26    | 1541 Francisco Pizarro, killed.           |
|         | 1685 Archibald, Earl of Argyle, beheaded. |
|         | 1736 John Horne Tooke, born.              |
|         | 1830 George IV., died.                    |

Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was the illegitimate son of a gentleman in Truxillo, and being left entirely dependent on his mother, a peasant girl, he received no education, and was, in his early years, employed as a swineherd. Quitting this inglorious occupation, he embarked, with some other adventurers, for America; and, in 1521, associated at Panama with Diego de Almagro, and Hernandez Lucque, a priest, in an enterprise to make discoveries. In this voyage they fell in with the coast of Peru, but being too few to make a settlement, Pizarro returned to Spain, where, all that he gained was a power to prosecute his object. However, having raised some money, he was enabled again, in 1531, to visit Peru, where a civil war was then raging between Kuascar, the legitimate monarch, and his half-brother, Atahualpa, the reigning inca. Pizarro, by pretending to take the part of the latter, was permitted to march into the interior, where he made the unsuspecting chief his prisoner, while partaking of a friendly banquet to which he had invited him and his whole court; then, extorting from him, as it is said, a house full of the precious metals by way of ransom, he had him tried for a pretended conspiracy, and condemned him to be burned, allowing him first to be strangled, as a reward for becoming a christian. In 1535, the conqueror laid the foundation of Lima; and in 1537, a contest arose between him and Almagro, who was defeated and executed. The son and friends of Almagro, however, avenged his death, and on June 26th, 1541, after ruling despotically for six years, Pizarro met with the fate he so richly deserved, being assassinated in his palace at Lima.—*Atiquis.*

The Quoths' Department.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. No. X.

I am composed of 71 letters.  
 My 12, 22, 15, 7, 13, 9 was a dramatic writer  
 born 1733, died 1734.  
 My 51, 43, 10, 1, 18, 43, 37, 12, was king of  
 Prussia, born 1712, died 1796.  
 My 41, 43, 51, 60, 71, 4 was a learned French-  
 man, born 1610, died 1698.  
 My 7, 25, 59, 50, 58, 43 was a celebrated Eng-  
 lish physician, born 1718, died 1783.  
 My 57, 30, 17, 8 was an eminent divine, born  
 1636, died 1703.  
 My 48, 70, 14, 40, 71 was considered the prince  
 of physicians, born A. D. 103, died A. D.  
 201.  
 My 69, 31, 43, 29, 9, was a celebrated French  
 biblical writer, born 1625, died 1700.  
 My 67, 31, 6, 46, 2, was only brother of Louis  
 XIV, born 1683, died 1672.  
 My 20, 43, 65, 42, 5, 60, 3 was a celebrated  
 Italian poet, born 1774, died 1833.  
 My 31, 66, 18, 21, 47, 43, 61 was a most inge-  
 nious French lady, born 1607, died 1733.  
 My 30, 55, 23, 43, 41, 9, 12, 10 was a distin-  
 guished General, born 1697, died 1775.  
 My 35, 40, 11, 26 was an English antiquary,  
 born 1715, died 1773.  
 My 62, 49, 38, 10, 14, was a celebrated French  
 philosopher, born 1614, died 1706.  
 My 33, 63, 71, 17, 8, 14 was a professor and  
 composer of music, born 1681, died 1750.  
 My 45, 36, 13, 15, 19, 33, was the chief of the  
 seven sages of Greece, born 610 B. C., died  
 545.  
 My 61, 58, 30, 11 was an illustrious Swiss pa-  
 triot born 1302, died 1351.  
 My 21, 43, 25, 12, 40 was an elegant Scotch  
 poet, born 1740, died 1767.  
 My 33, 43, 13, 23 was an English divine, born  
 1656, died 1730.  
 My whole is a remark of Alexander's that made  
 Athens tremble. MATTIE.  
 Will any of our young friends favour us with  
 an answer to this Enigma.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

Two trees, one 50 and the other thirty feet in height, stand upon a horizontal plane 90 feet apart, their tops being equidistant from a pool situated in a direct line between them. What is the distance from the pool to the base of each tree?

SCENE AT A BULL FIGHT.

A Madrid correspondent, writing on the 5th ult. says:—"A terrible scene took place on Monday afternoon at the bull fight. A hunchback banderillero, a stout heavy functionary in these dangerous games, slipped just as he was on the point of sticking his banderillas or darts into the bull's shoulders. The enraged animal caught him by the ankle, gave him a twist round in the midst of the arena, and though the bull fighters succeeded for a moment in calling off the attention of the infuriated animal, he caught sight of the unhappy hunchback a second time, gored him in the thigh, tossed him in the air, and, catching him again on his horns, inflicted on him a terrible wound in the loins. Like a true bull-fighter he preserved his presence of mind even in this desperate condition, and was at last rescued, and the sport went on again as if nothing had happened. Connoisseurs in tauromachy express themselves much grieved at the decay of the art. The public taste for bull fights is as strong as ever, and notwithstanding the high price of the seats there were at least 15,000 persons present. The unfortunate bull-fighter has since died of his wounds.

VERY TRUE.—"Doctor, do you think tight-lacing is bad for the consumption?" "Not at all—it is what it lives on." The doctor's reply was wise, as well as witty.

Advertisements.

Fresh Arrivals of Groceries.

THESE Subscribers beg to call the attention of purchasers to their New Importations of  
**TEAS, TOBACCO, WINES,**  
 and General Groceries, (arriving daily,) all of which are offered low for cash or short credit.  
**JOHN YOUNG, Junr., & Co.**  
 Hamilton, May 13, 1852.

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**THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW** (Conservative)  
**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW** (Whig),  
**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 they encounter from American Periodicals of a similar class, and from numerous Eclectic and Magazine 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 indicated, 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 is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Cassons," and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Penitentiary Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, 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.

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79, Fulton Street, New York,  
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M.S.—L. S. & Co. have recently published, and have now for sale, the "Farmer's Guide," by Henry Stephens of Edinburgh, and Prof. Norton of Yale College, New Haven, complete in 2 vols., royal octavo, containing 1600 pages, 14 steel and 600 wood engravings. Price,—in muslin binding, \$6; in paper covers, for the mail, \$6.

TORONTO, C. W.:

THOMAS MACLEAR.

22-11

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, Ngin Buildings, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets,

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

No. 1, Ngin Buildings.

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,
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- Blackwood's,
- International, "
- Little's Living Age,
- Harpet'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 week, 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.

G-59

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(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.

G-58



