

From Hogg's Instructor.

DAFT-LIKE.

WELL, Mary, my dear, are you going to wear your worsted shawl this cold winter evening?

No; I think the silk-net one will suit better. Worsteds have gone quite out of fashion; nobody wears it now; at least, nobody who cares to be respectable. Don't you think it would look very, very daft-like?

Thus we overheard a young damsel of sixteen reply to her elder and more judicious sister, turning, as she did so, to survey her blooming features in the mirror.

Daft-like! what an influence for good or evil does such a word exercise upon society, not limited to one class or grade in the scale of humanity, but pervading the whole human family, from the Indian squaw, who delights in nose-rings and stained quills, up to the fine lady who arbitrarily abandons one set of jewels for another of a newer pattern. The word itself does not find a place everywhere. In certain circles it would be deemed vulgar; within these it cannot penetrate, although we should infinitely prefer its homely expressive sound, to outre, odd, or eccentric, more commonly used.

Society has certain usages which she prescribes mankind, often not the result of a consideration for their welfare or happiness, but based upon inexplicable whims; and these customs, after people become habituated to them, operate as a law, and infringement of which is regarded with a sort of instinctive shrinking horror, and would be considered as 'daft-like.' By way of illustration, here is a slip, perfumed and oiled—a glittering savage, strutting along, tapping his incipient moustaches with a twelve-inch cane, a poor relation passes him and bows: he returns an imperturbable vacant stare at the familiar individual and walks on without recognising him, satisfied that he has done his duty and equally so, that to do otherwise would be 'daft-like.'

Again, here is a young lady who sacrifices comfort to French stays; who goes thinly clad in cold weather; who rather would walk through the damp streets in slight slippers, than wear boots. By and by, spinal distortion results from the attempt at improving on nature; or, perhaps, worse still, consumption seizes her, her beauty fades, health declines, and she droops, like hundreds of others, silently into the grave—a mournful victim of the dread of being 'daft-like.' To multiply instances, which daily come under the observation of every one who will be at the trouble of looking for them, would be a needless task. You will find the influence of this foolish and fatal delusion disseminated everywhere. You will find it a barrier in this way of mankind fulfilling the greatest and noblest duties of life—a sort of moral bugbear that haunts the mind, that lays its grasp often upon the genuine feelings of the heart, and draws man back from the performance of duty, into the narrow channel of selfishness. And where are we to look for the cause of all this? To fashion—to that great influence that sits enthroned upon the human mind, distorting the sight, taste, and sympathies. Man is an imitative animal. We might draw a parallel betwixt him and the monkey. A common way of catching these creatures is for an individual to wash his face in their sight, and on going away, leave a glue-pot behind. The monkey descends, sneers his face, and glues his eyelids together. Fashion often closes the eyes of its victims against all that is truly noble or beautiful. It is a genuine glue-pot to wash in. Now, whether would the unfortunate monkey, which had deprived itself of light and happiness, and rolled ridiculously about on the ground, or another which had overcome the imitative propensity and obtained its vision, be considered as 'daft-like'; which of them? Society, with its present feelings on the subject, could only, we fear, in consistency, point to the one that groped in darkness. Let us now be understood as condemning imitation. It is a good quality, but only when running in a proper channel, when directed to a proper point. Imitate as much as you choose, but have for your standard something noble, something genuine and do not aim at the really ridiculous and absurd, although they happen to be sanctioned by high authority.

The influence which these two words exercise in great for good as well as for evil. While they countenance they also condemn folly; it were well where they only employed for the latter purpose; mere dishonesty, fraud, deceit, and ignorance alone 'daft-like,' instead of their opposites. We think it a good thing for the world that there have been daft-like people in it—people who, regardless of absurd established codes of fashion, or erroneous evil principles, as held by it, have accomplished great and glorious ends. No reformation in social customs, no great stride in civilisation, no shaking of men from religious lechery or superstitions away, was ever attained till the authors of it disregarded the 'daft-like.'

Where would the labours of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Fry have been, had they listened to its voice, and obeyed the dictates of its narrow rule? Let us then have the words buried in oblivion's fathomless abyss, and the world will lose nothing; or, if they be retained, then only let what is really contemptible, vile, and hollow, be 'daft-like.'

PRIDE.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more sassy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

The following beautiful piece cut from a Canada paper, the Editor of the Gleaner is requested to insert in an early number of his valuable paper, and oblige,

A Bathurst member of the
Highland Society.

THE FADED HEATHER.

There may be some too brave to weep

O'er poverty, or silent wrong;

Within whose manly bosoms sleep

Emotions gentle warm and strong;

Which wait the waking of a tomb

Unmarked, unthought of by the crows,

And seeming, unto them alone,

A voice both eloquent and loud;

And then the feelings, hid for years,

Burst forth at length in burning tears.

He wept—that hardy mountaineer—

When faded thus his loved heath flower;

Yet, mid the hills of life, no tear

Had wet his cheek until that hour?

You might have deemed the mountain tree

Had sooner shrunk amid the blast,

Or that his native rock should be

Rent by the winds which hurried past;

Rather than he a tear should shed,

Because a wild flower dropped its head.

It would not grow—the heather flower—

Far from its native land exiled,

Though breezes from the forest bower

Greeted the lonely mountain child;

It better loved the bleak wild wind

Which blew upon the Highland hill,

And for the rocky heath it pined,

Though tended both with care and skill—

An exile on a strangers' strand,

It languished for its native land.

Oh, if the heathen had but grown

And bloomed upon a foreign scene,

Its owner had not felt alone,

Though a sad exile he had been!

But when he marked its early death,

He thought that, like his mountain flower,

Withered beneath a foreign breath,

He soon might meet his final hour

And die, a stranger and alone,

Unwept, unpitied, and unknown!

It is recorded of the Highland emigrants to Canada that they wept because the Heather would not grow in their adopted country.

From Dickens's Battle of Life.

PICTURE OF A BATTLE FIELD.

Once upon a time, it matters little when, and in stalwart England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought upon a long summer's day, when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower, formed by the Almighty hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enamelled cup all high with blood that day, and, shrinking, dropped. Many an insect deriving its delicate colour from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that day by dying man, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence, from sullen pools, collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun. Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the sights of the moon beheld upon that field, when, coming up above the black line of distinct rising ground, softened and blurred at the edge by trees, she rose into the sky and looked upon the plain, strewn with upturned faces that had once at mothers' breasts sought mothers' eyes, or slumbered happily. Heaven keeps us from a knowledge of the secrets whispered afterwards upon the tainted wind that blew across the scene of that day's work, and that night's death and suffering. Many a lonely moon was bright upon the battle ground, and many a star kept mournful watch upon it, and many a wind from every quarter of the earth blew over it, before the traces of the fight were worn away.

They lurked and lingered for a long time, but survived in little things, for Nature, far above the evil passions of men, soon recovered her serenity, and smiled upon the guilty battle-ground as she had done before, when it was innocent. The larks sang high above it, the swallows skimmed and dipped, and flitted to and fro, the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly, over grass, and corn, and turnip field, and wood, and over roof and church-spire, in the nestling town, among the trees, away into the bright distance on the borders of the sky and earth, where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown and grew up, and were gathered in; the stream that had been crimsoned turned a watermill, men whistled at the plough; gleaners and haymakers were seen in quiet groups at work; sheep and oxen pastured; boys whooped and called, in fields to scare away the birds; smoke rose from cottage chimneys; Sabbath bells rang peacefully; old people lived and died; the timid creatures of the field, and simple flowers of the bush and garden, grew and withered in their destined turns;—and all upon the fierce and bloody battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands

had been killed in the great fight. But there were deep green patches in the growing corn, at first the people looked at awfully. Year after year they reappeared; and it was known, that, underneath those fertile spots, heaps of men and horses lay buried, indiscriminately, enriched the ground. The husbandmen who ploughed those places shrank from the great worms abounding there; and the sheaves they yielded were for many a long year, called the Battle Sheaves, and set apart; and no one ever knew a Battle Sheaf to be among the last lead at a harvest Home. For a long time, every furrow that was turned, revealed some fragments from the fight. For a long time, there were wounded trees upon the battle-ground, and scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall, where deadly struggles had been made; and trampled parts where not a blade would grow. For a long time, no village girl would dress her hair or bosom with the sweetest flower from that field of death; and after many a year had come and gone, the berries growing there were still believed to leave too deep a stain upon the hand that plucked them. The seasons in their course, however, though they passed as lightly as the summer clouds themselves, obliterated, in the lapse of time, even these remains of the old conflict; and wore away much legendary traces of it as the neighbouring people carried in their minds, until they dwindled into old wives' tales, dimly remembered round the winter fire, and waning every year. Where the wild flowers and berries had so long remained upon the stem, untouched, gardens arose, and houses were built, and children played at battles on the turf. The wounded trees had been made Christmas logs, and burned away. The deep green patches were no greener now than the memory of those who lay in the dust below. The ploughshare still turned up, from time to time, some rusty bits of metal; but it was hard to say what use they had ever served; and those who found them wandered and disputed. An old dinted corselet and a helmet had been hanging in church so long, that the same weak half-blind old man, who tried in vain to make them out above the whitewashed arch, had marvelled at them as a baby.

FORTUNES MADE BY ADVERTISING.

From a small pamphlet, entitled 'The art of making money,' an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an Alderman or the Lord Mayor of London, simply by reading the young man's best companion. Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose; if it be so few, need be poor. But to our text: fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man as an advertiser is Holloway, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for its individual exploit, he stretches over the whole of India having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goozrattee, Persian, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the pills and use his ointment according to general direction, as a cockney would do within the sound of Bow Bell. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton making his medicines known to the celestials by means of Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philippine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depot; his agents there supply all the Islands in the Indian sea. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning, homewards, we find his pills and ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn we track him in the Atlantic—at Mount Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco: he is advertising in those places in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West India Islands, as is also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighbouring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist as they are at home. In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens and Alexandria; besides at Tunis and other portions of the Barbary States. Any one taking the trouble to look at the *Journal and Courier* of Constantinople may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's ointment is advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the law there prohibiting the entrance of patent medicines his ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding medicines to his agent at Odessa, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels into the very heart of the empire.

Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the River Gambia; also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the Ointment and Pills, thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India and ending, as we now do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages; and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every paper or periodical published in that kingdom: we might add that he has also started his medicines in France, in some portions of Germany; as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, 'The Art of making Money,' is calculated to lead people to spend their means in hope (as the author states) of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for his pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgment, and prudence necessary? Failing in one of these requisites, a total loss is certain. Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. No doubt he has been well repaid for all his labours; and is, we should suppose, in a fair way of making a large fortune. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may perhaps sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* in a number published about three years ago, stated that he considered he was making a desirable request to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of advertisers. At that period his mode of advertising was set forth, and if these remarks should descend to a generation to come, it may be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to the world.—*Pictorial Times.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

TRUE HUMILITY.

True humility, while it brings to light our own sins, is ever sure to cover a multitude of the sins of others. The man who is the most sensible of his own failings will always be heard to say the least of the failings of others. It is the proud man, it is the proud professor of the Gospel, who is the reviling man, the censorious professor. Pride takes a pleasure in bringing to light the infirmities of others, that itself may be exalted; while humility delights in contemplating their excellencies, that it may be laid by them still lower in its own esteem, and be led to imitate their graces. The reason why we are censorious and hard hearted is simply this: we have not the spirit of Christ—are none of his. Let us not deem ourselves Christians till we bear some resemblance to our meek and compassionate master. The religion which he puts into the hearts of his followers, softens the character, sweetens the temper, and enlivens all the tender affections of the soul, and fills it with kindness and with love.—*Bradley.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LADIES.

The French ladies are certainly very artificial in all their movements, owing to the training which they undergo from infancy. Everything is done for effect, from the first curling of their infantine locks to the day of marriage—if matrimony be their destiny—at least and appearance are continually studied. Their education is extremely artificial; and the instances of accomplished minds incomparably more rare than among our English ladies, who are after all, superior to women in every other part of the world. Unfortunately for their fame, the French do not even in the provincial parts of France the bright examples of intellectual culture, of high polish and fascinating address, which distinguish so large a portion of the wives and daughters of Great Britain.

When such individuals do appear among the motley crew of British travellers or residents in France, their true elegance of bearing and graces of character are duly estimated by the French gentry, who have a quick perception of what is noble and *distingue*. From the habit of appearing early at school exhibitions, French ladies acquire generally an embarrassed manner, and never betray the *mauvaise honte* which a timid English girl's frequently evinces when brought into notice, and yet there is something far more interesting in the diffidence of the latter, even if it be accompanied with a little *gaucherie* at first, than in the confident look and unconcern of the girl who can bear the gaze of many strangers without confusion, and exhibit her talents without any nervous apprehension or distrust in her power of pleasing.—*Hutchins's Normandy.*

USEFUL HINTS.

It is easier to declaim like an orator against a thousand sins in others than to mortify one sin in ourselves; to be more industrious in our pulpit, than in our closets; to preach twenty sermons to our people than one to our own hearts.—*Plut.*