

lous mind—if they are not enlivened with modesty and intelligence—soon, by familiarity, become formal and insipid. The simple courtesy of a benevolent and polished mind is ever pleasing and ever new.

Does a man plume himself on his intellectual acquirements? One may have as much learning as to make him vain, but not so much as to make him wise. Wisdom and vanity are placed in opposite scales, and as the one rises the other falls.

A man of learning surveys the wide region which lies before him and is humble; a man of mere pretensions to learning looks back on the narrow field he has passed, and is proud. Hence the most learned men are the most modest. The pride of learning is an indication of a weak and vain mind.

Is a man proud of his wealth? Riches procure for their possessor consequence and respect. What is his consequence to that of one whose talents are exerted for the benefit of the community?—what is his respect to that of one whose beneficence is exerted in the service of mankind? Riches gratify the appetites; the gratification of the appetites, without check of moderation, terminates in satiety and sorrow. Riches multiply and extend the desires; and extravagant and unsatisfied desires are sources of extravagance.

Does a man exult in his greatness, or power, or renown? How limited and transient is his glory. Short is the space from birth to dissolution in the most protracted life; and look to the grave—there soon shall all human greatness lie low. While a young man modestly aspires to honest distinction, let pride and vanity, from the view of humanity, be extinguished in his breast.

The proud and the vain are exposed to perpetual annoyances. If in their company a person is praised for any quality which they fancy that they possess, they are jealous. If they are treated with neglect they are mortified, and perhaps roused to resentful feelings. Thus they put in the power of every one who chooses to slight their self-importance to disturb their tranquillity.

From an American paper.

### CUTTING A FELLOW OUT.

THE ADVENTURES OF A VICTIM.

I once attempted to cut a fellow out, that is, poke my nose into his business, meddling with the affections of his gal, and got kicked for my pains. She is a nice gal, a fine gal is Mary Haines.

Levi Smith had been her acknowledged admirer for several years. He attended to all her little affairs of amiability, and it was said that they were, and for a long time had been engaged to be married—that I believe is the explanation. I would not say a word against Levi for the world; but somehow, it became impressed upon my mind, that he was a spoon-eater; besides he kicked me—I can't forget that—I would forget it if I could. 'Twas the happiest moment of my life; I felt proud, tickled, to think I'd been kicked by a Smith. Smith, he kicked me with a heartiness that convinced me he was in earnest, and thought he was serving me right. True, I felt mortified at the same time, not that I was kicked, but for what I was kicked. Oh! Smith! Levi Smith! you kicked me in the presence of Mary Haines—and for what?

Smith courted Mary about five years before I ever thought of upsetting his apple cart. Everybody, because it is customary to meddle with the business of every body else, wondered why they did not get married; old folks said it was scandalous; young folks said they would not stand it; and the girls occasionally said they would not stand it. I considered the matter, and concluded to cut him out and take her myself, go the whole figure, besiege the fortress and carry off the prize. I long had cherished a sneaking notion, and now I determined to let my feelings have full sway. Accordingly, I opened a talk with Mary on the subject—I appealed to my admiration for her love for pork and beans—I tickled her conceit with the long straw of flattery—I pitched into Smith until her dander raised up—I convinced her that Smith was trifling with her feelings; that fixed her flint, and she launched into my arms with a rush—it was all over; I loved her and she loved me. But how to get rid of Smith! For three weeks we held a two hour's conversation each day; and every day grew fonder of each other, but how to get rid of Smith? It was the first thing thought of when we met, and the last thing spoken of when we parted. At last we settled upon a plan which we deemed honorable, and just the thing for our own comfort. To tell the truth, I did not feel altogether tranquil when I reflected upon the fact of my going the whole length into Mary's affections, knowing that she was engaged to him, and that she was deceiving Smith or myself, possibly myself, more probable Smith. One day Smith came to our house on a business errand. I drummed up sufficient courage to invite him on a walk with me down to a brook, a goodly distance from the house, where we could not be interrupted. Once there, I seated myself on a rock, and invited him to help himself to another, and the following conversation took place.

'I should like to know why you have trotted me down here?'—

'Smith,' said I emphatically, and at the same time putting on a look of awful portent—'Smith, I will tell you.'

'Well, out with it—what do you look so devilish silly for?'—

'Silly, Smith!—do you love Mary Haines?'—

'None of your business.'

'Business, Smith? Do you intend to marry Mary?'—

'Why, you infernal Donkey?'

'Donkey, Smith? Are you fooling Mary Haines?'

'Fooling the devil! What's the matter with you?'

'Matter, Smith? I love Mary Haines—I intend to marry her.'

'I have a good intention of giving you a thrashing!'

'Thrashing, Smith? I would not fool Mary!'

'No, I don't think you would; you're too big a fool for that.'

'Am I, Smith? Look here, Smith, I am going to cut you out.'

'If you go there I'll kick you out.'

'Now, Smith, keep cool and listen. You have courted Mary Haines for five years.'

'That's none of your business.'

'And everybody says that you are fooling her. Now, if you are courting for the sport of it, then, I calculate that I have a perfect right to go in for the sport too; but if you intend to marry her, I won't interfere. Now—'

'Well, what next?'

'Do you intend to marry her?'

'As I told you before, that is none of your business, and if I catch you poking your ugly nose round the house, I'll punch your head for you. Now, don't open your lips again, but just think over how you can best profit by my advice to you. Be careful of your stupid pate, that's all.'

Levi Smith travelled. I stuck to the rock.

At first stunned with his display of stupidity I was not appreciating his disinterested intention; then indignant that he treated me so cavalierly; by and by, furious to think that I had condescended to inform him of the laudable motives that had induced me to cut him out; finally, I pulled off my boots and went wading after pollywogs, in shallow water, thinking that it might cool me off, and thinking of Mary Haines, I got out of my depth and put my foot into a hole, and down I went all over into the creek, which, instead of cooling my ardor, aroused a fierce desire to flog Levi Smith; not forgetting that he was considerable of a man, and I considerable of a boy, some six or seven years his junior, and in size I bore the same relation to him that a pile of chips does to a cord of wood. For all that, I felt that my pluck was equal to his big body, and if opportunity had offered just then, I should have taken efficient measures to secure to myself a most comfortable thrashing—I have not the least doubt of it.

Night came. I was boiling over with indignation, and as snappish as a hyena after a brisk stirring up, and in that very pleasant state of mind, made Mary Haines a visit. Walking into the front door in my usual way without announcing my approach by a series of raps on the door casing, I made direct for the parlor, and as I stepped over the threshold was struck hard enough to fell an ox, by the discovery of Levi and Mary snugly stowed away in one corner engaged in the animating and gratifying (to them) pastime, sometimes denominated hugging and kissing. I made a sort of a stop, sudden—'Good evening,' said Mary, in no wise disconcerted. I dropped into the nearest chair and brought my left leg to a horizontal position, resting over my right knee, then hung my straw hat over my foot, and stumped Levi to knock it off.

'Stump me—do you?'

'I stump you—dare ye.'

No sooner said than done. Smith stepped promptly up and gave my hat a kick that sent it flying out of the parlor into the entry, then applied the toe of his boot to me in a manner that sent me out of the front door. I thought I had never encountered a fellow more powerful in the legs. He did not follow me out—if he had, hang me if I don't think he would have met with something that would probably have induced him to renew the operation. Mary smilingly passed on my hand, and advised me to run right home. The advice I considered particularly good, and availed myself of it immediately. But the way I pitched the rocks into Levi Smith's chicken coop, as I passed his father's house, wasn't lazy.

Well, the very next Sunday, the town clerk, after the forenoon service was over, rose up in the gallery behind the pulpit, and read from a slip of paper, 'the proposed marriage of Levi Smith to Mary Haines.'

About a month after, I danced at their wedding. I have ever since comforted myself with the reflection, that if I did not succeed in cutting him up, I stirred him up to his duty. 'Mary will never forget it. She named her first boy after me—a smart little fellow about seven years old now. She has five besides, all younger. A darling wife, a treasure of a wife, is Mary Haines that was—but Levi Smith will never forgive me for hurrying up his cakes of matrimony.'

### HINTS TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Be not sarcastic. Some teachers have a natural tendency to say things which cut through a boy's heart like a knife. A scholar makes some mistakes; instead of a simple reproof, comes a tone of ridicule. The boy feels wronged. One is stung into revengeful passion, another crushed with despair. I do not think a child should be mimicked, even for a drawing tone, without explaining beforehand that it is not for ridicule, but to show in what the fault consists;—while that scorching sarcasm which some teachers use, should be wholly abolished. It tends to call up bad passions, and to engender bad feelings, in the child's mind, towards the teacher, and all that he does.

A teacher, in order that he may best exert a moral and spiritual influence, should be familiar and gentle. There is, no doubt, a dignity that is essential in the school-room, but it

need not partake of *arrogance*. True dignity must always be connected with simplicity.—Children are keen observers, and they either shrink from artificial austerity, or smile at it as absurd. A teacher who should walk about his school, with a domineering manner, might talk about moral and spiritual truth till he was weary and do little good. To produce much good, a teacher must win the confidence and love of the children; and to do this, he should in his manners, be natural and gentle.

From Hogg's Instructor.

### I WISH I WERE A CHILD.

To gambol in the summer sun,  
Wond'ring at all I see;  
Or at my father's side to run;  
Sit on my mother's knee;  
Or with my brother, or a friend,  
Fearless, reckless, wild,  
Once more to chase the butterfly—  
I wish I were a child.  
Through all the world, 'mong rich or poor,  
Wherever we may turn;  
Full well we see, 'tis but too true,  
That 'man was made to mourn.'  
But when those little ones I see,  
Gentle, peaceful, mild,  
In sweet simplicity of thought,  
I wish I were a child.

'Except you turn like one of these,'  
Said He who reigns above,  
'You cannot to my kingdom come,  
Where all is peace and love.'  
And this I know, although in heaven,  
By angels pure and mild,  
Eternal praise to him is given,  
He loves a little child.  
Oh, life, it is a thorny path;  
This world, a world of care;  
How vain, indeed, is all the joy,  
That we on earth can share.  
Man's life, a life is full of woes;  
This, gentle, peaceful, mild;  
In truth, in hope, in joy, and love,  
I wish I were a child.

From the Water cure Journal.

### HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.

'Keep the bowels open, the feet warm, the head cool, and a fig for the physicians,'  
'Eat in measure, and defy the doctor.'

Rise early in the morning, wash the whole body that you may be clean, vigorous, elastic, joyous. Take a draught of pure water, and then walk, ride, exercise, or better, labor in the open air, at least for a short time. Afterwards to go to a plain meal of brown bread, milk, potatoes, and the like healthful articles, such as a king should be thankful to partake of. Do not eat in a hurry; better to take the water and omit the meal altogether, than eat in haste. 'Haste makes waste,' here as elsewhere; not only of the food, but of that which is far more important, of that which is better than riches and fine gold—*health*.

Alter your meal go not too rapidly to work—neither with the head nor the hand. It is better not to read immediately after eating. The literary and sedentary man should not go immediately to his books. Moderate exercise (not in the hot sun) it would be well to practice. Moderate exercise (physical) promotes digestion: this is the rule. And in all cases remember the good old maxim—'Eat to live, not live to eat.'

If you would 'keep the bowels open, the feet warm, and the head cool,' avoid superfluous articles of every kind; avoid all rich, and concentrating, and stimulating articles; avoid especially tea and coffee, which are always astringent, binding to the mucous membrane internally, and exert also a pernicious effect on the nervous system. Especially avoid tobacco, the most hateful of all drugs. Avoid laziness of all things. Let temperance and moderation be the watchword in all you do. Thus may you insure the best of earthly blessings—*firm and enduring health*.

## The Politician.

The British Press.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE CANADA QUESTION.

The policy of England, from the day that Lord Chatham said, 'that he would not allow the colonies to make a hob-nail for themselves,' has been to convert them into marts for her manufactures—to make them useful and profitable to her, by causing them to consume those things which gives her poor employment, her merchants and manufacturers profit; and her commercial navy all the incidental carrying trade. As a return for this, the colonies were directly and indirectly assured by England, their produce should be protected in her markets—that, for all the profits England might make by manufacturing for the colonies, they should have a full return in the profits they should have by their produce being protected.

Meantime, the United States pursued an entirely different system. They, notwithstanding the interests of the great body of the Southern

States—whose interest, their principal produce being cotton, was to buy what they wanted of manufactured goods in the lowest market, and to sell their cotton in the highest—rigidly adhered to the system of forming manufacturing interests of their own, and of fostering and encouraging them by every means in their power. While the colonies, therefore, bought, with the produce of their country, broad cloths, cottons, silks, blankets, scythes, hardware, and crockeryware, which were manufactured in England, they saw all the profits of their manufactures, their sale, and their carriage, go to another country, to be spent among another people. The Americans, on the other hand, who bought with the produce of their lands, the manufactures of their own country, saw the profits of these manufactures applied to building up factories, villages, and towns, which brought together a useful population; built churches, made roads, established places of learning and improvement: made better markets for some things which might have been sold otherwise, and made sale for many that could not otherwise have been sold at all, besides greatly enhancing the value of all adjacent property, and increasing the general wealth of the whole country. The advantages of the one system over the other, however, did not stop here. The necessities and the advantages of manufactures, which first dictated the making and improving of a common road, next conceived the benefit of a railroad and a canal, and the profits of manufacturing were straightway applied to their construction, and they were done. The farmer, therefore, imperceptibly to himself, was placed within a few hours of the best markets, over the continent, found his produce carried to them for a trifle, in comparison to what it used to cost him—and found withal, the process which made it so, bringing thousands upon thousands of people into the country, to develop its riches, to increase the price of its lands, and to contribute to its civilization and conveniences, from the establishment of a college down to the building of a blacksmith's shop. The colonial farmer, too, who bought the goods of an English or Scotch manufacturer, contributed to send those manufacturers' children to school, to give them a profession, or to leave them a fortune. The American farmer, who bought his neighbour's manufactures, contributed to establish a school in his own neighbourhood, where his children could be educated; and to bring people together to support them, if they chose to study a profession or to enter into business.

But against this immense accumulation of capital in the States, against the vast incidental improvements and wealth to the country that have arisen from manufactures, what have the British colonies to show? What have the Canadas to arrest the eye of the traveller, and to prove to him that, though they have pursued the system which Lord Chatham chalked out for them, of not manufacturing a hob nail for themselves—and which the policy of England has ever since prevented their doing—they have still wherewithal to attest that they have prospered; and that their labor has been equally rewarded by agriculture as by manufactures?

From one end of the provinces to the other, in every colony Britain has in America, there are no evidences of prosperity approaching, much less equalling that of Massachusetts; there is nothing, in truth, wherewith to institute a comparison between them. Beyond the towns which are supported by the trade incident to selling England's goods, there are none to be found in British America. Beyond the villages throughout the provinces, that owe their existence to the necessity for agencies to collect the profits of the whole products of the country, and to send them to other lands to be spent, there is no appearance of labor employed in business, or capital reproducing. Probably one of the best cultivated, and most productive districts in Upper Canada, is the Gore. It is situated at the head of Lake Ontario; has the beautiful little city of Hamilton for its capital, is composed of very fair land, and is settled by a population distinguished for their industry, and for the great comfort and independence it has brought them. Upon entering this district by the high road from Toronto, or in passing in a steamer up the north shore of Lake Ontario, the traveller is struck with the appearance of a little village called Oakville. It is situated on the bank of the lake, has its neat white churches, and its little picturesque cottages, looking out upon the broad lake. A stranger at a distance, from its situation and appearance, would imagine it one of those villages that spring up so magically in America—full of activity, energy, and prosperity. He visits it, and to his surprise he finds, that although it bears all the evidences of having been built in a hurry, it bears also all the tokens of rapid decay—its shops being for the most part unoccupied, its houses untenanted, and its streets without people.—And what may be the reason, in a district so prosperous as the Gore, and surrounded by a country teeming with grain, and with still many unused resources, that this village has so palpably disappointed the expectations of its founder? It is this,—Oakville was projected and built with a view to the largest prosperity of the country; and with facilities and necessities for a trade equal to the cultivation of every lot of land in the adjacent country that could support a family, and to the manufacturing into staves, and boards, and square timber, of every tree in the surrounding woods. But the policy of England has rendered it unprofitable to get out the timber; and free trade has taken away the inducement to enter into Canadian farming. The consequence is that the shops, which were built to do an anticipated trade in Oakville, are now unrequited; and the people, who built