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Poetry.

LIFE, A JOURNEY

(Written at the request of a friend)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nottingham, 1852.

EDWARD HIND.

Literature.

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

FROM ALLEN'S "RURAL ARCHITECTURE."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

• In fairy bowers by moonlight hours.