

soul, without affectation or reserve, which won your implicit confidence, and commanded your respect. Then she was the simplest and most cheerful of human beings; the most unassuming, easy, and affectionate; dignified in her deportment, but affable and engaging in her conversation. Her sweetness and cheerfulness in sickness won the heart of all who came near her. She was adored by her servants, and has been wept for by her physicians, by the chairmen who used to carry her, and the tradesmen with whom she dealt. Oh! my dear John, my heart is very cold and heavy, and my prospect of life every way gloomy and deplorable. I had long been accustomed to place all my notions of happiness in domestic life; and I had found it there so pure, perfect, and entire, that I can never look for it any where else, or hope for it in any other form. Heaven protect you from the agony it has imposed upon me. Write me soon to say that you are happy, and that you and your Susan will love me. My heart is shut at this time to everything but sorrow, but I think it must soon open to affection. All your friends here are well. I shall write you again soon. Ever, my dear John, most affectionately yours.—F. J.

PENNY BANKS.

The object of a penny bank is to assist the youthful portion of the working classes—those who for the first time are beginning to receive wages for their labour—in the formation of careful and prudent habits. The few pence or the odd shillings, when they bring an unaccustomed feeling to the pocket, bring with them temptations to spend; while public houses and other places tempt to waste, and at the same time lay the foundation of many evil habits. In the penny bank, from a penny upwards, halfpence, sixpence, or shillings, may be stored by the young people at will; and as fast as the stores of each depositor accumulate to the amount of seventeen shillings, it is transferred to the local savings bank, in the name of its owner, and bears interest. On the 8th of July, 1850, the "Huddersfield Preliminary Savings Bank" was started, with a deposit of three pounds and seven pence from fifty-seven persons. From the 8th of July, 1850, to the 1st of December, 1851, there have been in this bank six thousand nine hundred and sixteen deposits, averaging one shilling and five pence each, making a total of £183 14s. 6d.—*Dickens's "Household Words."*

Literary Notices.

Godey's Lady's Book, May; Toronto, T. Maclear, C. Fletcher.

Already have we announced the receipt of this fashionable monthly, which now has become considerably enlarged. The embellishments for this month are January and May, from an original picture painted expressly for Godey. What may be the meaning of the symbolic representation it would be difficult to say; a demure looking maiden, with flowery wreathed chaplet, is leaning on the arm of a garrulous old man, and descending as it were from the steps leading to a magnificent temple. It is well to be imaginative. The second illustration is "May Day among the Juveniles"—a very cheery group of precocious juveniles. The next two are no great ornament to any work. The motto to the first paper is two lines from one of Scott's songs, put down by some ignoramus to represent the Scotch language. The second is a very good paper on music, but it has a considerable amount of the wildness of the Eolian harp in its composition. The other pieces are fair specimens of light literature.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, May, Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.; T. Maclear.

This popular monthly has again made its appearance, and is amply stored as usual with inter-

esting matter. It opens with the third chapter of *Rodolphus*, one of Jacob Abbott's *Franconia* stories—a series of stories for children, chastely and pleasingly written, and presenting cheerful pictures of domestic life, with illustrations of character worthy of imitation. This is followed by the continuation of Mr. J. S. C. Abbott's *Napoleon Bonaparte*; *Tiger Roche* is a spirited sketch, and we have the second part of *Dickens's "Bleak House,"* which is enjoying so great a run in England, as well as in America. This number finishes the fourth volume, and as it now enjoys the field alone its onward progress may be predicted.

Sartain's Magazine, May, Philadelphia, J. Sartain; Toronto, T. Maclear, C. Fletcher.

Sartain for May bursts upon us with all the blooming freshness of a morn in May. The two principal illustrations in this number are very finely brought out. The first, the *Forgotten Strain*, is a very neatly executed Mezzotinto, from the burin of Samuel Sartain, and is very happily illustrated by a fanciful, romantic, pathetic sketch, from the pen of Caroline Chacebro, entitled *Theolorn*, or the *Forgotten Strain*. The second is the *Corsair's Isle*, an imitation line engraving by A. W. Graham. *The Avalanche*, by R. M. Richardson, is a very interesting paper, illustrative of this wholesale destroyer. The other pieces possess a good deal of merit. There are some happy ideas in Mr. Barlow's poem, but we have never yet been able to discover the slightest germ of wit in Puck's Portfolio.

The Art Journal, April; Toronto, H. Rodgers, Agent for Canada.

Natural History.

CANINE SAGACITY.

Of all the speechless friends of man,
The faithful dog I deem
Drooping from the human clan
The tenderest and best.

A curious and very interesting instance of the sagacity of the Dog occurred a few weeks ago in Wales, at *Sterling Park*, the residence of S. Tardrew Esq. There were a large Bull-dog and a Newfoundland dog kept about the premises; and one day, as a little boy was wending his way along the path leading from the turnpike-road to the house, the Bull-dog broke the chain with which he was fastened, and sprang fiercely on him. The poor, little fellow cried for assistance most piteously. The Newfoundland dog was in another part of the premises, but as soon as he heard the cries for help he darted away with tremendous velocity, quickly reached the spot, and seizing the Bull-dog with his powerful jaws, flung him off his prey, and held him firm, until the boy got up from the ground, and was completely out of harm's way.

THE SEA EAGLE OR GREAT ERNE.

The *Inverness Courier* says that one of the largest sea eagles, and of the most perfect plumage we have ever seen, was trapped a few weeks ago by Mr. Donald, gamekeeper to Robert Reid, Esq., Glendhu, west coast of Sutherland. The extent of its wings, out stretched, is 7 feet 9 inches; length from beak to tail, 3 feet 1 1/2 inches; thickness of leg, 8 1/2 inches. Beak a beautiful yellow colour; tail pure white. Weight of the entire bird 16 pounds.

THE BIRD OF WISDOM.

Mr. Bower, in his "Journey from Constantinople to Corfu," throws some light on the bird of wisdom, which we, not having the original, transform into our owl:—"In the evening, I wandered by the light of a sweet half-moon to the side of one of the hills overhanging the monastery; where I lay down and napped for hours, undisturbed by any round but the gentle ripple of the waves be-

low and the quintery of one of those little horned owls about the size of a thrush, which are almost unknown in England, but are common in Greece and Italy. The little creature, as usual, seemed utterly regardless of my presence, and set on a withered lough within a few feet of me, pouring forth its peculiar cry and twisting itself into the most fantastic shapes. This is the real owl of *Minerva*, so venerated of old by the Athenians, and can be perfectly tamed with great ease. A number of them are kept in the University of Corfu, because an owl is borne on the arms of that institution! on the same principle, in short, as that which bears are preserved at Berne, eagles at Geneva, storks at the Hague, and lions were formerly preserved in the Tower of London. Far from seeming to complain

'Of such an, wandering nest, its secret bower,
Mote of their ancient solitary reign;

they usually appear to feel a fellowship with the solitary being who delights in contemplating at the same hour as themselves the gloomy scene which they choose as their favourite haunts. I have seen them among the ruins of the Coliseum and of the *Patheon*, on the plain of *Troy*, and on the height of *Syracuse*, seated, as to-night, close by me on a broken arch or fallen pillar, and hooting with a certain of mockery, varied with that of a more plaintive character. As the mournful or the sarcastic tone prevails, one might almost fancy the bird of *Minerva* demanding sympathy with its lament for the ruin of once a favourite seat of the arts and sciences which she of old presided; or the bird of desolation inviting to rejoice with it over the wreck of ancient glories, a member of our great Teutonic race—*Heils*, as we are, 'of all the ages in the foremost files of time.'"

LARGE PINE.

There was lately cut, in the town of *Fayette*, a pine tree, the diameter of which at the stump was six feet and two inches; and thirty et above the stump the diameter was four feet. There were two branches, one being broken off, the remaining branch, at one hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground, measured one foot in diameter. This pine scaled eight thousand and fifty-six feet, and was cut by Daniel True, on what is known as the *Smith and the Lambert lot*. It was thought by lumbermen to be one of the largest ever cut in this region. If any persons interested in pineology can bring forward a larger pine tree than this, we should like to hear from them.

Agriculture.

THE SUN FLOWER.

Mr. Adgate throws out a few hints to farmers in reference to the sun-flower, whose value he considers is not so well known as to make it appreciated. He has raised it and tested its qualities, and considers it of great advantage for feeding various animals. It has yielded with him from 90 to 100 bushels per acre, manured as for corn. He says, I plant in drills between three and four feet apart, and scatter the seed about six inches distant in rows—using from four to five quarts per acre. When ripe, as the large heads begin to shell out, I cut it up, and leave it scattered in rows to dry, and when thoroughly cured, draw it into my barn, handling carefully and placing on an airy scaffold. When wanted, the seed will nearly all shell out by throwing down, and needs but little pounding. Clean in a common fanning mill. One hundred pounds of the seed yield fifty pounds of oil; one bushel will make a gallon of oil. I had part of my seed made into oil at a common mill, and used it in lamps and tested it well for painting. Our house has been painted a long time; and it wears fully equal to those where linseed is used, and the wall left more glossy as though a little varnish had been applied. The oil cake is nearly equal to any other—and there is nothing better to feed hens in winter than sun-flower seeds; they did not know what it was at