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Poetry.

LIFE SHADOWS.

Spring, like a fairy vision, comes and goes,
A fearful phantom dying amid smiles,
A streamlet's gentle music, as it flows
In melody that the wrapt senses beguiles,
In dreams of bliss, and visions of bright seas,
Where sorrow comes not, loses its sweet tones
In the dull lake's cold sleep. The sunny smiles
Of childhood's golden days, and sad discords
For ailen years of grief, and tears and heart-wringing groans.

Change, change unceasing! Like a brilliant cloud
Decked in the lustre of the sun at even,
Hopes gather in our soul, until they abroad
The azure beauty of its undimmed heaven;
Then off their gloomy, rugged piles are riven
By the death-fires and thunders of despair,
And of embittered life, the hours are given
To enskining the soul with its own care,
Until it sinks beneath the load it cannot bear.

Change, change unceasing! till the weary heart
Forgets to weep through the excess of weeping,
And longs in silence till it may depart
To rest with those who silently are sleeping.
Where the dark yews a patient watch are keeping,
Least any seek to break their sacred rest;
And where the autumn winds are ever heaping
A soft, thick covering of brown leaves, lest
Unhallowed footsteps should disturb the slumbering guest.

Oh! is it not frenzy worse than madness,
To woo our loves round images when time
Is ever changing into forms of sadness;
Or oft, like sunset in an eastern clime,
Plunging from glory, radiant, sublime,
At once to night, and loneliness and gloom?
Yet still our heart-hopes gently wreath the and climb,
Though the embrace accelerates their doom,
And strews a heap of ruins o'er an early tomb.

The road of life is strewn with fragments heavy
Of shattered hopes, and joys unkindly dashed
From the keen lip—ambition's dreams of glory
Whispered by adverse blasts, ere yet they flashed
In full-blown execution; while the gashed
And gory remnants of hearts ruthless torn
Sicken the traveller, who faint, astounded,
And half-despairing, dreads each coming morn,
Awaking as it does to find him more forlorn.

Here there is no abiding, and the swell
Of death's dark ocean soon shall raise all trace
Of sorrow and of pain; the sad-tongued bell
That mourns a sleeper in death's chill embrace,
Tells only of a winner in the race;—
Soon shall we follow, soon the bitter tear
Shall freeze for ever on the snow cold face,
And on the dismal grief surrounded bier
The weary heart at last shall rest without a fear.
Glasgow, Sept. 1852. JOHN H. BECHANAN.

Agriculture.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

FARMERS OF UPPER CANADA:—

The duty of delivering the Annual Address on this occasion, by the rules of the Society, devolves upon me, as the President of the Provincial Agricultural Association.

I wish for the sake of the intelligent farmers whom I see before me, as well as for the cause which we are all laboring to advance, that the duty had been assigned to one, who being at once a practical and scientific farmer, could have entered fully into the details of the noble art of agriculture, and shewn that science can be brought most advantageously to aid in its varied operations.

As I have had very little instruction or experience in agricultural pursuits, it cannot be ex-

pected that I should venture to discuss so important a subject, especially in the presence of those whose superior skill and science, fit them more to impart than to receive knowledge, in regard to this most essential branch of human industry. I must therefore content myself with directing your attention to such matters as have an obvious bearing on the future progress of the country, and are intimately connected with the welfare and prosperity of the agricultural classes.

We have many blessings for which to be thankful to the Gracious Giver of all good.

Our lot has been cast in a land inferior to none, in all natural advantages—its soil is fertile—its waters are abundant and pure—its climate is favorable to the health of man—to the sustenance of all the lesser animals—and to the growth and ripening of all the various vegetable productions, which the necessities of man and beast demand. It has been frequently remarked, and I believe it is now freely admitted, by those best qualified to judge, that the splendid country which lies between Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario—as regards its forests—soil—climate and water—is not surpassed on the Continent of America—and it rests chiefly with ourselves, by a unity of purpose and action—by well-timed efforts and proper exertions, rightly directed, to place it in a situation to rank as one of the finest agricultural portions of the world.

The land in which it is our good fortune to live, abounds in the richest mines of iron, copper and lead, and although we have not, to any extent as yet, discovered the gold of California and Australia, or the silver of Mexico and Peru—deeply imbedded in the bowels of the earth—it ought to be a source of the highest congratulation, that many of our industrious farmers have found abundance of these precious metals, in the laudable and profitable pursuit, of stirring the fruitful soil of their own farms.

We have an inexhaustible supply of lime and stone—of free stone and granite—of gypsum and water lime or hydraulic cement—we have peat and marl in various parts of the Province, and even lithographic stone, a very rare production, is to be found of fine quality, in some of the Counties.

We have a climate and soil which will grow oats and peas, Indian corn, turnips, carrots, flax and hemp, as well as they are produced anywhere else,—and as respects wheat, the great staple of the country, it was with true Canadian pride, that I lately noticed in an article taken from the "American Miller,"—a standard authority, that the wheat raised in Upper Canada makes better flour than any wheat the American union produces—not even excepting the wheat grown in the far famed and justly celebrated "Genesee Valley." We have running along the whole front of our country, the noble River St. Lawrence, which furnishes us a highway to the Ocean. We can boast of a chain of water communication through that River, our Lakes and our Canals, the like of which is no where to be seen. Macadamized, gravelled, and plank roads, are being rapidly made in all the older parts of the country—nay, even in some, but recently settled. Railroads—the sure indication of increasing prosperity—are either in the course of con-

struction, or are seriously contemplated, in all eligible directions. Improvements are to be seen on all sides. The people are industrious, prudent and moral, and are daily becoming more intelligent and enterprising.

Agricultural Societies have introduced and encouraged the best breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine—the best kinds of wheat and other grains, as well as improved agricultural implements, of various forms and descriptions. Through their exertions, and the introduction of ploughing matches, and other useful incentives to rivalry, a valuable change has been effected in the art of husbandry; straight furrows, clean fields, and a judicious rotation of crops, have been obtained. These improvements, aided by a praiseworthy competition amongst the farmers themselves, have secured such returns for their labor, that despite the low price of wheat hitherto, the agriculturalists are, as a class—I may venture to say, in a prosperous condition, if we may judge from the flourishing appearance of their farms, from their handsome and well built dwelling houses, their large and commodious out-houses and barns, and the highly improved character of their stock. These things, added to the creditable show which they make, on suitable occasions, with their excellent carriages and horses, and the comfortable and independent manner in which they live, betoken an advanced state of improvement amongst us, that cannot fail to bring with it a large share of happiness and contentment.

In our villages, towns and cities, the same progress is visible. The wilderness has become the thriving village—the lately insignificant village has become the busy and populous town—and the town of a few years existence has grown into a city, with gas, tiled with throngs of busy people, and lined with shops, which, whether we look at their magnificent plate glass windows, massive doors or well filled shelves, would not disgrace Regent street or Oxford street, London.

Correct styles of Architecture have of late years been introduced, and generally adopted, not alone in the chaste designs of our many public buildings, but by our enterprising citizens, in the erection of their splendid private dwellings. And landscape gardeners, find ample employment, in beautifying the grounds, and improving the outskirts of our large towns and cities.

On our Lakes, Rivers, and Canals, are transported every year, an increasing amount of the surplus productions of our Farms to other markets, and manufactured goods are brought back in their stead. These same Rivers and Lakes are now navigated by fleets of noble steamers, which for safety, speed, convenience and elegance, can scarcely be equalled—and our sailing craft, occasionally take in their loading on the shores of Lake Huron, and unship in the spacious Harbour of Halifax.

But whilst I am proud to acknowledge the rapid progress which has been made within the last ten years in all sections of the Country; I should prove false to our best interests, and greatly betray the trust you have reposed in me, did I not at the same time declare that I think there is still much room for improvement, and very great cause, indeed I am inclined to believe an imper-