

who tutor the instincts of the unfortunate individuals who are deprived of reason; while we return to mark the progress of the guilty cause of so much misery.

(To be continued.)

To our Readers.—The Canadian Family Herald will in future be published by Mr Charles Ffecher, Bookseller, No. 51, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested, therefore, that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 20, 1852.

THOMAS MOORE.

The European Times of the 26th February says.—This elegant poet and distinguished man has paid the debt of nature. He died yesterday at Sliperion Cottage, in his 72d year. It is painful to add that for some time previously the witty and accomplished Tom Moore the friend of Byron, and the companion and associate of every brilliant genius which has appeared in our day, has been in a state bordering on imbecillity. The lyrical productions of this exquisite writer are too well known to require remark or eulogy. He was one of the great lights of the century, and his name will be indissolubly connected with the illustrious departed in the world of letters. Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 29th of May 1750. While at college he distinguished himself by his classical acquirements, and in his nineteenth year proceeded to London to study law in the Middle Temple, and with a view to publish by subscription a translation of Anacreon a work which appeared the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. On the 23th September 1803, Mr. Moore embarked in the Phaeton Frigate on his way to Bermuda, having obtained an official situation in that place. The duties of this office were to be performed by a deputy, but this gentleman having proved unfaithful to his trust the poet incurred a very heavy pecuniary loss. One advantage gained, however, was two volumes of Odes and Epistles, written during his absence from Europe, and giving a descriptive sketch of the various scenery no less remarkable for its fidelity, than for its poetic beauty. Captain Basil Hall says of these Epistles, the most pleasing and the most exact description which I know of Bermuda is to be found in Moore's Odes and Epistles. In Moore's account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in the midst of a feast which, to his rich fancy, must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived, by a magic peculiarity his own, yet, without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him with a fervor which those who have never been on the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention. From Bermuda Moore proceeded to New York, whence after a short stay he sailed for Norfolk in Virginia, and in June 1804 commenced a tour through part of the States. In his visit to Niagara he was laid up for some days at Buffalo, then a mere village. When he reached the neighbourhood of the Falls it was so late in the evening that he lay awake almost the whole night with

the sound of the cataract in his ears. He says, of that visit. "The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life, and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract, gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again." From Niagara he crossed the Lake and passed down the Saint Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places. This part of his journey as well as that from Quebec to Halifax is traceable in the poetic memoranda suggested to Mr. Moore's mind, by the scenes and events on the way. His Canadian Boon Song was first pencilled on the fly leaf of Priesley's lectures on History, while on his way down the St. Lawrence, and it has since rendered the first Ottawa "a classical place in every one's imagination." Passing over the satirical portion of his works his Two-penny Postbag, The Fudge Family of Paris &c., &c., we come to the noble and perhaps the most enduring of his poetical effusions,—those lyrics in which he breathes out in sweetest numbers, the emotions, the fervour and the passions of his unfortunate countrymen. In 1812 Mr Moore commenced to write for the ancient music of his native country. Were we to select one of these as a specimen of the depth and purity, and wealth of poetic feeling, perhaps the most striking, it would be one sacred to the memory of that elegant but unfortunate youth, Robert Emmet, who said in his dying speech just before his execution.—Let no man write my epitaph . . . let my tomb remain uninscribed (all other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory. But his companion, Moore, though obedient so far to the wish of the patriot, has left an imperishable memorial

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade;
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
At the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

Wah there were the dreams of my earliest love:
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine
Oh! bless are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see:
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

There is so much truth as well as poetical sweetness in the "Memory of Life" that we cannot forbear quoting the last stanza—

In climes full of sunshine, though splend the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their colour no worth;
Tis the soul and the mist of our own Isle of show'ers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrance forth
Soft is not mid splendor, property, mirth
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears:
To the sunshine of Amica it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

In 1817 Mr. Moore published his Lalla Rookh an Oriental romance, and the most elaborate of all his poems. Of its merits, it is said by one competent to judge that "the poetry is brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess, with imagery and ornament—and oppressive from its very sweetness and splendour." His Fudge Family in Paris was published in 1818, when the author again set out on a continental tour, and on his return took up his abode in Paris, where he resided until 1822. His Bermudian difficulties having now been arranged he again returned to England. In 1825 he published a life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and in 1830 Notices of the Life of Lord Byron, and in 1831 the Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The last imaginative book from his pen is the Epicurean, an Eastern tale; in prose, "but full of the spirit and materials of poetry;" and forming perhaps his highest and best sustained flight in the regions of pure romance." Moore was an industrious, careful writer, which, added to his genius and natural acquirements secured for him a distinguished place in literary circles. The latter part of his life was spent at Sliperion Cottage near Devizes in Wiltshire England. He has retired from the stage, but his songs will be sung by his countrymen with a romantic enthusiasm so long as one chord of national feeling shall vibrate in the breasts of that warm hearted people

Answers to Correspondents.

DRAWINGSMAN, JOHN TRACING PAPER.—We have seen a very good tracing paper made by taking thin cream coloured writing Paper, Foreign Post—and coating it neatly with linseed oil, so as not to smear it. Allow it to dry a little and then rub off the superfluous oil. This will be found to answer nearly all the purposes of tracing. The designers of those handsome articles of dress known as Paisley Shawls, do not frequently use this for their patterns.

Literary Notices.

THE SPANISH TEACHER AND COLLOQUIAL PHRASE-BOOK. By Francis Butler, New York, D. Appleton & Co Toronto, A H Armour & Co.

There is certainly no language more useful to an American than Spanish. This assertion will not surprise when it is remembered that Spaniards were (although led by a Genoese) the discoverers of his continent and had formed many colonies before any other nation had any footing on it, and that even now, when these colonies have separated from the Mother Country, they continue to be Spanish in every thing but name. In Mexico, Guatemala, Yucatan, Columbia, Peru, Chili, Bolivia, LaPlata, Paraguay, and many of the West India Islands, including Cuba, Spanish is spoken both by the descendants of the conquerors and by the aborigines. Thus it is that merchants who export to, or import from any of these parts, and travellers who purpose going there, can hardly dispense with a knowledge of it. And not they alone, but even those who have no communication with Spanish America or yet with Spain, would do well to acquire it, as it will enable them (not to speak of the chance of meeting Spaniards) to understand better any items of news in the public prints relating to those countries, in which prints, by the way, most ludicrous blunders are often made when writing foreign news, which might be avoided if a knowledge of languages was more general. The little book at the head of this notice, appears to be well adapted for imparting a speaking knowledge of the Spanish language in a short space of time. After giving a few concise and simple rules for pronunciation, which are very easily remembered, it presents, in vocabularies of classified words, all those words, which are in most common use, and these are followed by a series of detached sentences and dialogues, which, having English, and Spanish in parallel columns may be easily mastered. At the end of the book is found a synopsis of verbs, containing, in fourteen pages, all that is necessary to show how the (three) regular conjugations are inflected, and a paradigm of each of the irregular verbs. It is especially intended for those who have either no time or no means to employ a master, though not pretending to supersede more extended works in the hands of those who wish to devote all their attention to it. We have no doubt it will meet with a ready sale.

Natural History.

INSECTS.

When we look upon some of these, separately, insignificant portions of creation, their importance seems incredible. From the wonderful economy of the minute larvae of the pepper corn, we can learn a lesson. Who could suppose on examining a minute cochineal insect, that England actually pays about five millions of dollars every year for the myriads of their dried tiny bodies which Art has called into use? And when we are sealing a letter, that the little gummy insect provides for us wax as an appendage to