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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLE, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1852.

No. 15.

Poetry.

MONODY FOR A DEPARTED WIFE.

Lone, by my solitary hearth,
Whence peace hath fled,
And home-like joys and innocent mirth
Are banished;
Silent and sad, I linger to recall
The memory of all,
In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost:
Cares shared with thee more sweet than joys the world
can boast.

My home! Why did I say, my home,
Now that I've none,
Unless thou from the grave again could'st come,
Beloved one,
My home was in thy trusting heart,
Where'er thou wert;
My happy home in thy confiding breast,
Where my worn spirit refuge found, and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
And best of woman kind,
Or whether earth yet beareth fruit more rare
Of heart and mind.
To me I know thou wert the fairest—
The kindest, dearest,
That Heaven to man in mercy ever gave;
And more than man from Heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
Came look or word awry,
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
For mastery.
Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
So to endure;
My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will
Compelled me, withholding me from ill.

No art of selfishness
Thy generous nature knew.
Thy life all love; thy bliss the power to bless
Consent and true:
Content if to thy lot the world should bring
Enduring suffering:
Unhappy if permitted but to share
Part of my griefs—wouldst both our burdens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
I found thee all,
Whatever change my fortunes might betide
Of good or ill:
Worthy I was life's blessings to receive
While thou didst live.
All that I had of good in others' sight
Reflected, showed thy virtues borrowed light.

The lots unstrung—the meals in silence ate,
We went to share:
The widowed bed—the chamber desolate:
Thou art not there;
The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss
Who would not miss?
Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all
The important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh I mayst thou, if permitted from above
The starry sphere,
Encompass me with ever-during love,
As thou didst here,
Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be
Unworthy thee:
Still as on earth thy grace celestial give,
And guide my life as thou wouldst have me live.

Literature.

AN EPISODE IN REAL LIFE.

A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth.—Pope.

"Good Morning!—Mr. Mackenzie," said a pale emaciated, cadaverous-looking figure, as the bland and stalwart-butler of Sir Benjamin Hooper, appeared on the threshold of the Baronet's country seat, a fine old baronial mansion, picturesquely located on the Kentish bank

of the Thames, a few hours' drive from the Metropolis.

"Good morning, sir," said the butler, as he clasped the proffered hand;—and fixing his keen searching eye intently upon the stranger, he ejaculated—Good Heavens! is it indeed John Laiton, now so wonderfully changed that I could with difficulty recognize the countenance.

The butler speedily led the way to his own room, and having set a chair for Laiton by the side of a well covered table, remarked that he had come in good time, and warmly pressed him to make himself at home. He then left him for a short time to enjoy the cheer of a well arranged breakfast table.

The weary looking traveller, having been somewhat refreshed with the comfortable fare set before him; the butler on his return expressed a wish to know the particulars of that part of his history which had intervened since they had last met. Little more than four years had elapsed since they parted in the metropolis, and the change which that short time had produced upon Laiton, made it easily apparent that some other agency than the ordinary wear and tear of life had been busily at work.

To the anxious enquiries of the butler, Laiton replied that he had not come far that morning, as he lived in the adjoining village, only a couple of miles or so distant; but that he was so weak that the slightest exercise fatigued him, having been recently dangerously ill. Thrown out of a situation when Mackenzie left England, he experienced a little difficulty in getting another, where he did not remain long; but made another change, which was, if anything, for the worse. In this way he had been in several situations during the few years; and to sum up the measure of his misfortune, he had had, a very violent attack of typhus fever, which brought him so low that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. He had been in the fever hospital for several weeks, and had left it only about a fortnight ago, which accounted for the languid state in which he still was.—Since he had come out, he had not again fallen in with anything to do, and indeed, he was little able to do much as yet.

Here the feelings of the poor man were somewhat overcome by the recital of his miseries, although he had not as yet touched the most painful chord; but the butler pressed him to a little spirits and water, and after a brief pause, he again resumed.

Had no one been dependent for their support on his exertions,—he said, he could have borne all his trials with composure, and in the hope of a brighter future, he would have been nerved to meet with fortitude the present ills. But, a wife and three children looked to him, for protection. During the time he was in the hospital, his wife was confined of her third child; and his illness, and the uncertain prospects of his recovery, had operated so injuriously upon her, that she was still very deli-

cate. The little money they had beside them had all been expended during the four months past, and the Dr. had ordered port wine and Peruvian bark, as indispensable to the recovery of his partner in life. The poor little ones were nearly famished, and he had not wherewithal to supply their daily wants.

Mackenzie expressed the deepest sympathy, in his affliction, and regretted that he had not sooner found his way to Roschall, as much of his suffering might have been alleviated. But the unfortunate sufferer knew not until two days previous that Mackenzie was so near at hand, or he would have made an earlier call. Even now, it was not too late to be of great service to the afflicted family, and he hesitated not to assure him that in future he would be provided for.

"I shall be happy—said the butler" to do what is in my power to help to assuage your sorrows, so far as pecuniary assistance is concerned. All may soon be well with you again. Time, ever fertile in changes, has been pretty much so with both of us, although thanks to the Allwise Disposer of events, I have always enjoyed good health. My excursion to India instead of stretching over a space of several years as was contemplated was speedily cut short by the sudden decease of my young master, and on my return to London I entered the Baronet's family as butler and have been comfortable. It is very possible that the Baronet may know of some vacancy to which you could be recommended. I shall take the earliest opportunity to acquaint him with your state. In the meantime be pleased to accept this small sum of money to enable you to get the necessaries of life for your little ones.

Here the butler handed Laiton the contents of his purse, and stated that before he left he would give him a bottle of wine for Mrs. Laiton who he was sorry to think was in so precarious a state.

After some little conversation, the butler went to the cellar, and brought a bottle of Port Wine, which, he gave to Laiton, and again stated that he would take the earliest opportunity to make the baronet acquainted with his unfortunate condition.

When Laiton rose to depart the butler earnestly entreated him not to be long in again making his appearance as it was possible something might be thrown in his way.

There is something peculiarly striking in that passage of Parnell's hermit where the younger of the wanderers, in return for the hospitable reception they had received at the mansion, destroys "the landlord's little pride," and it is not till the mystery has been unfolded, till you learn that

God, to save the father, took the son.

that you are satisfied there is a power continually working, whose operations are inscrutable, and whose ways it were vain to endeavour to fathom. We see a warm hearted generous individual moved with the tale of woe, which a less fortunate being has recited, and showing by his deeds that the sympathy

was more than imagined, and we are apt to think that on such a person the smile of heaven would descend. But the sequel will show how erroneous is such an impression, and the full force of the lines

Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just;
And, where you see a unworldly, learn to trust

In former years, by force of circumstances, Mackenzie and Laiton had been associated. There was however no community of feeling existing between them. They were not at all kindred spirits; but were at all times as mentally different, as now they were different in bodily appearance. Amiable, confiding, generous, and warm hearted, Mackenzie was respected by all who knew him. He had seen a *lulo* change; but only such as is incident to this transitory state of being. As travelling companion, he had embarked for India with a young Scottish Nobleman to whom he was sincerely attached, and with whom in fact he had from earliest childhood been associated. Their young hearts had beat with the same joyous emotions, as they spotted on the mountain sides among the tall red heather, or leaped with joyous glee the yawning gullies, that form in the mountainous regions a ready channel for the winter's torrent. But the ungenial climate of Bombay made rapid inroads upon the constitution of the young nobleman, and he sank at last under its destructive influence. To the last moments of his arduous career, Mackenzie gave the amplest evidence that the confidence reposed in him had not been misplaced. Day after day, he wept, and wept, and prayed by the bedside of his friend, until the vital spark had fled, and having performed the last kind office, he returned shortly afterwards to London, where as soon as his necessary arrangements had been completed, he engaged as butler in the family of Sir Benjamin Hooper, whose butler he had been discharged a few days previous for some trivial offence. Such was Mackenzie—would we could have said as much for Laiton. As a servant his manners were polished and insinuating, yet he was constantly suspected of conniving with one party or another. The one day he was revealing to his master the delinquencies of his fellow servants, and the next he would be making the servant's hall, ring with the short comings of his master. He was thus looked upon with suspicion by both parties, consequently his changes were frequent, and his "Farewell," left few moist eyes. But his last misfortune seemed to have steered his heart against even the simplest dictates of reason.

On the morning alluded to, he left the butler, seemingly with a grateful heart for the kind promise he had made, and for the very substantial expression of sympathy he had given; but as he turned from the house to get to the main road, he observed the baronet walking in the shrubbery, and a demon entered his soul. With an ingratitude, so base that it can scarcely be credited, he pulled from his pocket the bottle of wine which the generous Mackenzie had just given him, and holding it up in his right hand, said—see! here is a proof of the honesty of your servants.

"Get along sir!" said the baronet roughly, as he did not at first comprehend him.

But the insidious Laiton, was not thus to be repulsed. Very well my Lord, it is no business of mine; but I have just got this bottle of wine in your mansion, and I thought you ought to know how you can be cheated by those to whom you entrust your property,—however it makes no matter—good morning.

The seeming indifference of Laiton,—who had begun to move off, only tended to arouse the curiosity of the baronet, and with somewhat of determination in his tone, he said in a breath—
Stand Sir,—What did you say about wine—
Show me that bottle from whom did you get it?

The aim of the ingrate was now accomplished. He suddenly wheeled round, and replied that he had got the bottle from his Lordship's butler.

Impossible.

I can prove it if necessary.

"Come along with me said the baronet," I must see about this affair.

Reader! whatever feeling this part of the narrative may have produced upon thy mind; the effect it produced upon mine was that of horror and compassion commingled. I sighed for humanity, that such should be the return for a favour the most timely, and disinterested. It were of no use to disbelieve it, and say the writer has been only drawing upon his imagination to produce effect. It is not so. Despicable, and even fiendish as the conduct of Laiton may seem, it is a reality, and its effects were of the most melancholy description. But I must not anticipate.

Having closed the door upon the unfortunate sufferer, the affectionate Mackenzie retired to his own room, and began to muse on the vicissitudes of life, and the ill to which man is subject in his earthly abode. He knew well the unstable character with which he had sympathized, but he had no misgivings at the moment as to what he had done, his ingenuous heart could not comprehend the amazing depths of wretchedness to which vice or misfortune may reduce its victim, and he was tumbling on these beautiful lines of Moore,—

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the black shore alone.

when he was speedily roused from his reverie by the voice of his master, calling in rather a peremptory tone for Mackenzie. He immediately appeared in the hall, where to his astonishment Laiton was standing in a fawning attitude, and Sir Benjamin holding in his hand the bottle of wine which Laiton had but a short time previous received.

He had not time to form the slightest conjecture as to the way in which the baronet had got possession of the bottle. The thought flashed to his mind,—can it be that his lordship suspects the poor fellow of having stolen it; but this idea was speedily dispelled, when rather more than usually warm and animated he said, "How comes it Joseph, that you have been so lavish with my wine? I did not think I was feeding and supporting within my own house, one who would take the most open way of robbing me of my property."

Joseph stood motionless for a moment; but he had no wish to prevaricate. Unconscious still of the baseness of Laiton, he replied, in a calm, and unequivocal manner.

I have lived in your lordship's family now nearly two years, and have never been charged with falsehood nor equivocation,—neither will I at this time. My old acquaintance, who now stands before you, called upon me this morning in so dejected a state, and told me such a tale of woe, that the feelings of humanity rushed to my soul while the tear of pity trickled down my cheek. I endeavored to relieve so far the urgent wants of himself and children, and gave him this bottle of wine to his delicate wife, as the Dr. had ordered, what the poor man was unable to afford. I promised also to acquaint you with his destitution, and thought you might perhaps be able to do something for him.

"It is all very well," said the baronet, for you to soothe and gratify your feelings,—of humanity as you call it, by bestowing charity at my expense. When I have charity to bestow, I will myself be the almoner. I know not how many dozens may have gone a similar way,—besides other things which you have in your power.—No servant of mine shall ever be allowed to act so lavishly with my property, with impunity,—you shall leave my house this instant, and, remember!—you go without a character."

Then turning to the debased Laiton, the baronet said, "As I have some pressing business in

the city to-day, and cannot at present remain longer, be pleased to call upon me to-morrow at ten o'clock, and I will endeavor to reward you for your disinterested conduct."

This concluding sentence explained the whole mystery. The butler saw that he had been betrayed by Laiton who was now seemingly to be rewarded for his treachery. He lingered not however, to offer the slightest vindication, but with a slow and firm step retired to his own room. His conscience accused him not for performing the action for which he was so summarily discharged. He was not insensible to the hallowed ties which render private property sacred—and more especially so, when entrusted to one's care; but the powerful operations of a sympathetic heart whose genial streams of keenest sensibility to the woes of suffering humanity, constantly welled forth, and laved with its peaceful and pellucid wave his generous mind,—this profound sympathy for a suffering brother, overcame for the moment the stern dictates of justice, and he yielded to temptation. But still his failings were to virtue's side, and even when too late to be remedied he felt that what he had done was worthy of his master, and what he would have done with his own property had it been in his possession. I will not attempt in the slightest to palliate the offence of the butler. My duty is only to record the facts as they occurred; but this shows us that in certain circumstances even the most refined sensibilities of our nature are most apt to lead us from the strict path of rectitude. It is not the mean sordid mind that is likely to be entrapped in such a snare: but the mind which is keenly alive to the miseries of destitution, and fully nerved to do its utmost to alleviate another's woe.

Mackenzie had given to the treacherous Laiton all the silver in his purse at the moment,—a sum equivalent to the price of several bottles of wine, and had he had any more in his possession it would have been given. He however pleaded no excuse; but silently commenced to collect the various articles of clothing which were hanging about his room. He lifted from the mantelpiece his very tastefully morocco-bound bible—a relic of his dear departed friend. He opened it, but his eye refused to convey the truth, and closing the book which had imparted sweetest consolation in the feverish anxiety of many a fleeting hour, in a foreign land, he laid it quietly in his trunk. There was no bustle with him, no stir, no trace of sorrow, and no boisterous expressions of discontent, at the bare treatment which he had received. His companions surrounded him with sorrowing hearts as soon as they had ascertained the fact, but he alone was calm, and seemingly unimpressed; and with a forehead burning with the rush of feverish blood which now issued vigorously from his heart, he took a kind but an abrupt farewell.

His highland blood now circulated through his veins with a highly accelerated motion, and he hastened to an inn in the village, where, having sent a messenger to Rosehall for his trunks, he retired to a private room, and stretched himself upon a sofa. He closed his eyes and tried for the moment to forget the affair and all its associations in a gentle slumber; but there was no sleep in store for him. His mind began to wander, many strange and incoherent sentiments escaped from his lips, and his eyeballs rolled as if bathed in blood. His forehead burned intensely, a hectic flush mantled his noble countenance, and his nervous system became violently agitated.

The village physician came; but alas! he was too late to be of any service to the generous hearted butler,—the work was already accomplished—the shafts of the cruel and warm hearted Mackenzie was now a poor madman.

"Nothing" draughts were given but without effect. "His aberration still increased, and for his own safety he was conveyed to a lunatic asylum in the neighbourhood. Here we leave him for a short time to the tender mercies of those

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 Sloperton Cottage, in his 72nd 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 imbecility. 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 23rd 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 peculiarly 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 dearer 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 elms full of sunshine, though splend the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their colour no worth,
Till the soul and the mist of our own tale of showery,
Till call the rich spirit of fragrance forth
So it is not mid splendor, property, mirth
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears:
To the sunshine of smiles 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 Sloperton 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 breast 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 gum-shedding insect provides for us wax as an appendage to

our writing apparatus, and that large sum is yearly expended on its importation. When we look at a sluggish silk worm feeding lazily on some leaf, and consider it merely as the larva of a plain looking moth, and perceive its feeble movements and rather stilly aspect—it fills us with amazement to recollect that throughout the world more than fifteen hundred thousand human beings gain their daily bread from gathering, winding, and manufacturing the web of the cocoon of such a caterpillar! Insects are also useful in the grand economy of nature in the decomposing of organic matter preventing disease from putrid exhalations. "Every maggot that is bred in the dead body of an animal or the tissues of any rotten plant, is performing this useful and beneficial function. For this purpose extensive powers of multiplication and great voracity, are evidently essential properties." Accordingly we find these maggots in a state incapable of reproduction, and endowed with what they require—an insatiable desire for constant feeding on the superabundant and injurious matter which would otherwise destroy the healthiness of the air we breathe. Therefore the larva has no propensity but a constant appetite for food, and is the longest state of insect life. The marvellous transformation of the insect race is one of the grandest phenomena in nature. An insect may be said, in certain cases, to live in several different worlds—in its successive conditions, it inhabits water, earth, and air,—fitted for those respective abodes by organs, instruments, and forms, suited to each. A better illustration cannot be given of this than Bonnet's celebrated remark,—"Of what riches should we not have been deprived, if the silk worm had been born a moth without having been previously a caterpillar!" The wire-worms are the larva of a class of beetles called *Elaters*, and almost every farmer has an instinctive dread of these worms, however, the numbers that affect our corn crops, vegetables, and flowers, are very limited. Mr. Curtis says, there are nearly seventy specimens of these beetles to be found in England, and in Canada, I am satisfied, we have over that number. The weevils are also another distinct class of destructive insects of the coleopterous order. Mr. Kirby mentions that the weevil devours the grain in the granary, both in the *imago* and larva state, and that a single pair of these insects will produce in one year about six thousand of their species.*

* Linnaeus says, that they can be destroyed by sowing boughs of Elder or Henbane among the corn.

Agriculture.

MR. MECCHI'S BALANCE SHEET.

It appears that Mr. Mecchi, like the rest of us' has been losing money by farming during the last year. He has valued his wheat at 4s. 0d. per bushel, his potatoes at £5 10 per acre, his mangold wurzel at 6s. per ton, his swedes at 5s. 6d. a ton, his pasture at £3, and his clover at £4 an acre, and other green produce at similar rates, and yet he has made only £71 profit of £170 acres. But in most of the above particulars his valuation is higher than average experience justifies. We have frequently, in the case of particular lots of oxen, made as much as 9s. a ton for swedes and mangold wurzel, after paying for the expense of attendance and of purchased food, but over the whole of several years transactions in the manufacture of beef and mutton out of clover, roots, and purchased food, we have not received more than 4s. a ton for the green food consumed; and Mr. Mecchi's experience tallies with our own in this matter; for while his *farm* account, with the above valuations, represents a profit of £71, his *live stock* account shows that instead of having paid for their food as much as he supposes to be its "conserving" value, his cattle have landed him in the loss of £576. To be sure this loss appears after charging 9s. a ton for all roots, beside

the cost of purchased food, though 6s. and 6s. 6d. only were charged for them before—a discrepancy we do not understand, but even reducing this charge upon the cattle to the lowest rate, a great loss appears. In fact, though the live stock be supposed to have received their food gratis, the cost of grain purchased for them will, it appears although a swamp the increase of their value under Mr. Mecchi's management. Now if we assume this management to have been perfect, then we are driven to the conclusion, everywhere, of course, most eagerly belied, that all this is the unavoidable result of the present price of agricultural produce! but is it not more reasonable to suppose, that both the management and the result of it admit of improvement? Most of the discussions we have hitherto seen on this subject have turned almost exclusively upon Mr. Mecchi's character as an agricultural teacher; but this surely is not anything like the main point at issue. The main point at issue is the light thrown upon the present position of the farmer by this very rare phenomenon—the published experience of a year's proceedings in agriculture. And our opinion is that Mr. Mecchi's experience is by no means conclusive of the matter. We have no hesitation, after inspection of his balance sheet, in saying that the management of stock adopted at Tiptree-hall can by no means be held to furnish the premises out of which any inference of the profits of the meat manufacture generally can be drawn. Take the item of £235 spent per annum in the labour of managing £1,700 worth of cattle—an extraordinary amount, as any farmer will at once perceive. Or take the extraordinary item of £1500, spent per annum on a farm of 170 acres, in the purchase of cattle food! We do not say it is impossible that such a purchase should be profitable, but we say, that it could be profitable only in the case of the very best bred cattle in the country; and these, certainly, are not to be found at Tiptree-hall. But how will Mr. Mecchi's opponents remedy his losses? To double the price of the wheat he has grown will not do it. And if they raise the value of the £2,000 worth of meat which he has sold, they must also raise the price of the £1,500 worth of grain and other cattle food which he has bought; so that little gain will arise out of that transaction. The main causes of Mr. Mecchi's losses exist in his adoption of a system of farm management, involving a most extravagant expenditure on cattle food—and probably, also, though we do not speak from personal knowledge, in the absence of that market ability on which, more perhaps than on any other thing, the profits of the farmer generally depend. These two causes would, we believe, have landed him in loss, though the prices obtained for his produce had been what farmers generally would have been satisfied with. We have been silent hitherto on a subject which is making so much noise, because its discussion hitherto has turned exclusively upon the comparatively immaterial point of Mr. Mecchi's status as a teacher, and we had no desire to assist in the work of bandying have personalities on that point. But as several correspondents have applied for information, we shall next week do our best to state the principle points of the case in detail.—*Agricultural Gazette*.

ON FEEDING ANIMALS.

The following is an extract from the Address of William Little, which we take from the Fifth Report of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture:

"And now having, I hope, engaged your attention to the necessity of providing suitable food for dumb animals, let me ask you the question, how do you feed your animals? It matters not how perfect the form, and how pure the blood of your colt or your calf may be, if they are not properly fed and sheltered during the winter months. By this I do not mean that they should be pampered and stuffed to the ruin of their constitution, for the sake of having the fattest and largest yearlings in the neighborhood; but I mean that all animals of any age on your farm, ought to have a shelter, in which they may abide during the severe storms of our northern winters; and I mean that all an-

imals ought to have a sufficient quantity of food to keep them in a healthy, growing condition, all through the long season when winter reigns supreme. It will not do to say, you cannot afford it. As I said before, on another subject, you cannot do otherwise, for just so certain as you do, you will lose money. How many of you have experienced the fact, that you have been offered more money for an animal in the fall, than the same animal would bring in the spring. As I do not wish to preach any thing which I do not practice, I will tell you my own course. My calves are provided with a large airy shed, in which they have plenty of room to exercise. This shed is well bedded down with straw, and kept clean by the addition of fresh straw every day. The best of hay is given them, as much as they will eat, and in addition about a quart of meal or chopped feed is given to each one every day. The result is, that I can realize in the spring, from \$16 to \$20 per head for my yearling heifers and steers. Now what is the difference between the cost of keeping calves in this way, and the more usual plan? Each of the calves will eat in the course of the winter, perhaps three dollars worth of hay, and, in addition to the chopped feed, will cost about one cent per day, or about \$1.50 for the winter—in all \$4.50—in the spring they are worth \$20 each. In the other place, the calf is fed on straw or refuse hay, and at three years old will, if a steer, bring perhaps \$20; if a heifer \$12. It requires no great skill in arithmetic to tell which is the most profitable. The same observation will apply to all other stock. My own practice is to have a stall or shed for every family on the farm; and my own opinion is, that no farmer ought to keep one single animal more than he can accommodate."

ABSORPTION OF MANURE.

Many practical farmers after forming a high estimate of the value of liquid manure, have found its practicable application not sustaining that estimate, and even, after the expense of the necessary apparatus for its application, have given up applying it directly to the soil. If the soil possessed the power of absorbing and retaining, and making available all the constituents contained in the liquid manure, such a result could scarcely have been expected. It would therefore appear that chemists have not only to show that soils absorb, but that they also retain, and retain in an available form the constituents, particularly ammonia, thus given to them; and this appears to us to be the force of Dr. Anderson's observations. Farmers occupying moorish soils of a gritty siliceous texture know that it is injurious to autumn plough such soils, and that when ploughed in spring, if rain falls previous to sowing, the heart of the soil, as they speak, is washed out of it, and they only apply manure in the drill to potatoes and turnips, and consider that any other application of it is comparatively lost, or, as they say, perfect wastery. Most experienced cultivators have also found that there is a certain limit beyond which the application at one time of manure is unprofitable, while the repeated application of the same amount answers. An experiment came under our own observation, the soil being a loamy clay of superior quality resting upon limestone, which was under a few feet of the surface. The land was previously in fair condition; the crop grown was Swedish turnips; a series of different amounts of farm-yard manure was applied experimentally from 8 tons up to 32. It was found that 16 tons produced about the same weight of Swedes as 24 or 32 tons, the produce of the whole being above an average weight, and what even practical men will have some hesitation in believing, in the after crops of wheat, grass, and oats, no perceptible difference was ever observed, nor did the crops of the second rotation derive any apparent benefit. This was the means of inducing several neighbouring farmers to apply smaller quantities of manure, and more frequently. We have entered more fully into the practical bearings of this question because such experiments as Professor Way's,

have a tendency to perpetuate and extend what we consider a very prevalent mistake in farm practice, viz. the applying of large quantities of manure to the following crop, in the belief that the soil will retain it for the benefit of after crops. The more perfect system would indicate that the manure should rather be extended over the whole rotation, than confined to one particular crop.

Oriental Sayings.

Adam had arrived at the advanced age of nine hundred and thirty years, when he heard the voice of his Creator:—*Thy time has come, thou must die!*

Let all my sons come before me, said he, to the weeping Eve, that I may see them once more, and bless them before I die.

And they all assembled at the father's call, and stood before his couch, many hundreds in number and silently prayed for their father's life.

Who of you, my sons, said Adam, will go for me to the Holy Mount? Perhaps he may still obtain mercy for me, and bring me some fruit of the tree of life.—All his sons with one voice offered to go, but Seth, the most pious, was chosen by the father.

With his head bestrewn with ashes, Seth hastened, and hurried not on the way until he came before the gates of Paradise. Have mercy upon my father, said he, Oh thou, who hast created him in love, have mercy upon him, and send him some fruit of the tree of life that he may not die. Thus did Seth devoutly pray. Quickly stood the bright cherub before him; but instead of the fruit of the tree of life, he held a green branch with three leaves in his hand, and reaching it to Seth, he said kindly, take this branch and bring it quickly to thy father, it will yet refresh him before he die, for eternal life dwells no longer upon this earth, but hasten quickly, for his hour is near. Seth took the branch, and hastened back with all speed, and threw himself down before his father. Alas my father, sighed he, I bring no fruit of the tree of life, only this branch has the angel given to me, to refresh thee once more upon this earth. With a trembling hand, the dying Adam grasped the branch, and was greatly rejoiced, for he smelled the sweet odour of Paradise. Children, exclaimed he, with a strengthened voice, eternal life dwells no longer for us, upon this earth: you all, must follow me, but on these leaves I smell, the sweet smell of another world, of a world, where neither toil nor sorrow is known. Be kind, be just, towards one another. Adam having uttered these words closed his eyes, and his spirit fled. The children of Adam buried their father, and wept for him thirty days; but Seth wept not, he planted the branch which the Cherub had given him, at the head of his father's grave, and called it, *The branch of a new life*. The little branch, though small, yet grew to a large tree, and was afterwards carefully tended by the Patriarchs, and other holy men and finally flourished, beautifully in the garden of David, the King of songs, so that many of Adams posterity, strengthened themselves by it, with the hope of a new life.

Miscellaneous.

THE MAN WITH THE WHEELBARROW.

During the great overland emigration to California in the Spring of 1850, the newspapers gave accounts of the progress of a man who set out on the long journey across the plains, trundling a wheelbarrow. Time and again we heard of him still going ahead and in fine spirits but at last all record of him ceased. A few days ago, however we again heard of him. It appears that he reached his destination, and at last accounts was delving for gold in the mines of California, with a fair prospect of becoming rich. The history of his adventures is given in the following letter to

the New York Journal of Commerce, dated San Francisco, Oct. 15, 1851.

In a previous communication, I remarked upon the character of spirit developed by the miners of this country—that such a class of men were very rarely to be found,

As an evidence of the truth of my assumption, I will give the outline of the case of one individual, the details which were related to me by a gentleman of at least apparent truth, also interested in the region where the subject of this article dwells, and who was familiar with the facts.

A man who had been an unsuccessful delver in the mines of Georgia, on hearing the thrilling news of the gold placers of California had his spirit quickened within him; and although he had arrived at an age—being about sixty—when the fires of youth usually cease to burn with vigor, fixed his eye upon the far distant and but little known country, and resolved that he would wend his way thither—alone, and without that indispensable friend, money, of which he was destitute. Under such circumstances it would not avail to attempt a passage "round the Horn," or by the more uncertain and at that time unperfected route across the Isthmus; but as California was on this continent, he knew there was a way there, though it might lead through trackless deserts and barren wastes. These were not enough to daunt his determined spirit. He bent his way to the "Father of Waters," and worked his way as he could, until he found himself at "Independence," in health and with no less of strength, and with one hundred and fifty dollars in his purse. He had no family to provide for, or even a companion to cater for on the route upon which he was about to enter; yet some things were necessary for himself; and to relieve his body from the pressure of a load, he provided himself with a wheelbarrow, upon which to place his traps.

It is not to be supposed that our hero was ignorant of the large number of emigrants that were moving over the plains; and it is quite probable, that his sagacity was precocious enough to look ahead, and see the result of attempting to carry forward such ponderous loads; and such a variety of at least dispensable things, as the earlier parties started with.

A detail of the amount and variety of goods and wares, useful and superfluous, with all the appendages of refined and fashionable life that were distributed along the wide wastes and mountain ranges, would astonish the reader.

Our hero was not in a hurry. He reasoned, thus; "the world was not made in a day, the race is not to the swift." He trundled along his barrow, enjoying the comfort of his pipe; the object of wonder, the subject of many sportive remarks, by those who were hurried along with their fresh and spirited teams—on their first day. Many weeks had not passed before our independent traveller had tangible evidence that trouble had fallen to the lot of some who had preceded him. A stray ox was feeding on his track, the mate of which he afterwards learned was killed, and this one turned adrift as useless. He coaxed him to be the companion of his travels, taking care to stop where he could provide himself with the needful sustenance. He had not far to travel before he found a mate for his ox; and ere long a waggon, which had given way in some of its parts, had been abandoned by its owner, and left in the road. Our travelling genius was aroused to turn these mishaps to his own advantage; and he went leisurely to work to patch and bolster up the waggon, bound his faithful oxen to it, and changed his employment of trundling the wheelbarrow to driving a team. onward moved the new establishment, gathering as he went from the superabundance of those who had gone before, such as flour, provisions of every kind, books, implements even rich carpets, etc. which had been cast off as burdensome by other travellers. He would occasionally find a poor, worn-out animal that had been left behind; and as it was not im-

portant to him to speed his course, he gathered them stopping where there was abundance of grass time enough for his cattle to gain a little strength and spirit. Time rolled on, and his waggon rolled with him, till he reached the end of his journey, when it was discovered that he had an uncommon fine team and a good waggon, which produced him on sale twenty five hundred dollars. Being now relieved of the care of his team, and in the midst of the gold region, he closed his prospecting by a location, and while all around him were concentrating their strength to consummate the work of years in a few months, he deliberately commenced a building, finishing, and as fast as he could, furnishing, a comfortable cabin. His wood was gathered, sawed, and regularly piled in a straight line, and perpendicular by the door—convenient as though the old lady was within to provide his meals. He acted upon this adage, "never start till you are ready." Now our hero was ready to commence working his "claim," which he did, as he did every thing else, systematically and steadily. He may yet be seen at his work, with the prospect—if he lives to be an old man—of being rich, for in two years he has accumulated ten thousand dollars.

ON THE SALIVA, BY M. JACLODOWITZCH.

The author's observations show that saliva is continually secreted, whether food has been taken or not, and that from time to time saliva is swallowed and conveyed to the stomach. On making a small opening in the stomach of a dog which had fasted, a large quantity of saliva was obtained. The secretion of saliva is promoted by psychical or physical excitation. When a piece of meat is presented to a dog which has been kept previously without food, a large quantity of saliva flows from its mouth. Human saliva, when fresh, is colorless or bluish; if kept, it becomes turbid and yellowish. It exhibits alkaline reaction, or acid, denoting a sickly state of the body. The view lately taken by Mr. Bernard, that saliva has no other effect upon digestion than that of moistening the food, is proved erroneous by experiments. Saliva is necessary for the digestion of starch, which is converted by it into sugar, which cannot be effected by gastric juice. Mr. Wright's experiment, according to which human saliva had a poisonous action upon animals, has been repeated, and has proved unsuccessful. The author attributes the poisonous effect obtained by Wright, to the presence of Nicotine, the saliva used by him having been collected by smoking. By a careful analysis, the following substances have been found in saliva Phosphorus, soda, chlorine, potash, sulphur, cyanogen, lime, magnesia, and organic matters.

AWFUL CALCULATION.

An ingenious, authentic, and valuable statistical work, published a few years since, states, that the number of the inhabitants, who have lived on the earth amount to about 36,627,843,195,846. The sum the writer says, when divided by 3,096,000, the number of square leagues of land on this surface of the globe, leaves 11,820,698,733 persons to each square league. There are 27,864,000 square miles of land, which being divided as above, give about 1,314,522,076 persons to each square rod, which rod, being reduced to feet and divided as above, will give about five persons to each square foot of terra firma on the globe. Let the earth be supposed to be one vast burying ground, and, according to the above statement, there will be 1,283 persons to be buried on each square rod, capable of being divided into twelve graves; it appears that each grave contained 100 persons, and the whole earth has been one hundred times dug over to bury its inhabitants—supposing they had been equally distributed! What an awful, overwhelming thought! What a lesson to the insatiable being who has centered all his hopes and affections upon the evanescent pleasures of this truly transitory life!

Artists' Corner.

NO. V.—ALBERT DURER

Albert Durer was born at Nuremberg, on the 20th of May, 1471. His father was a Goldsmith of that city, of more than ordinary skill in his profession, and also said to have been an excellent engraver. In early life the eldest Durer worked in the Low Countries, where he learned the delicate and truthful style of ornamentation for which the Goldsmiths of Bruges had become famous, but he quitted Flanders and made his way into Germany and settled down in Nuremberg where in his twenty eighth year he married Barbara Heiberm of that city. His son Albert received a sound and liberal education, and made great progress in his instructions. His father intended him to follow his own profession, and there is little doubt that he early commenced to assist his father in the working of metals, more especially in the use of the burin. There is a difference amongst writers as to who taught Durer the art of engraving, some asserting that he was taught by Schoen of Colmar. But Schoen died in 1486 when Durer was only in his 15th year. In an autobiography from his own pen, preserved by Sandart, he says—“After having learnt to make pretty objects of jewellery, I find my inclination tends more to painting than to the work of a goldsmith. I have mentioned this to my father, who is grieved at it for he laments the loss of time expended in the acquisition of an art which I have no desire to follow. However, he acceded to my request; and in the year 1486, on St Andrew's day, my father sent me, on probation, to Michael Wohlgemuth for three years.” Here the youthful artist remained, with a manner of quiet and retired habits, working in an humble studio, a constant reader of his bible, studying nature and working at his profession as it is to fulfil a moral obligation, and having terminated his apprenticeship, he quitted Wohlgemuth and travelled through Germany, Holland, and Italy. In 1491 he returned home improved considerably by the experience he had had, and with somewhat of an increased reputation, and soon afterwards executed as his master piece, a drawing of *Opheus*. It was the custom at the time in which Durer lived, for artists to execute a certain piece, to be submitted to an acknowledged master, before they received the diploma entitling them to all the honours of the profession. In reference to his tour he says, I went out after Easter, in 1490, and I returned after the Pentecost, in 1491, when I found that Hans Frey, had agreed with my father to give me his daughter Agnes for a wife, with a portion of two hundred florins. This nice little affair so circumspectly gone about in the absence of the artist, did not turn out a happy union, but the offer was accepted to please his father. It is pretty certain that Durer again visited Italy in the beginning of the 16th century, although there is a little discrepancy as to dates—where he painted some of his pictures, such as the *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*, for the church of St. Mark, and *Adam and Eve*, for the German church both in Venice. In Bologna he met Raffaele who had heard a very favourable report of his German contemporary, and received him with great respect. In token of friendship, the two artists exchanged portraits with each other, and in 1507 Durer returned home with the reputation of being the first painter of his country. Vasari in his *Lives of eminent painters*, remarks that “If this diligent, industrious, and universal man, had been a native of Tuscany, and if he could have studied as we have done in Rome, he would certainly have been the best painter in our country, as he was the most celebrated, that ever Germany had.” When the picture which Durer painted in Venice, for the German church established in that city, was finished and fixed in its destined place, the Doge—the chief magistrate and the patriarch of the city, went to see it, every body was in raptures about it, and all acknowledged the genius of the

stranger. Giovanni Bellini commended the work highly, and Andrea Mantegna, was desirous of an introduction to the Gothic painter. Durer set out to pay him a visit, but reached Mantua only in time to learn the death of the great artist. The fame which he thus acquired, roused the jealousy of the Venetians, but the mental qualities of his refined and most unobtrusive master, which he had so largely imbibed, enabled him so far to overcome the enmity of his power. He exercised the utmost kindness towards all, and made himself remarkably agreeable and profitable in conversation, not only on matters connected with Art, but on the sciences generally. Possessing so happy a turn of mind, his society was much sought after, and amongst others we find that Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, and Maximilian Emperor of Germany, received him with distinction and treated him with marked familiarity. Maximilian held Durer in high esteem, retaining him at his court, and giving him commissions both for engravings and pictures. One day when the artist was about to mount a wall for the purpose of making a sketch of some object of magnitude, the ladder was too short, and the Emperor asked one of the nobles who surrounded him to hold the end of it to secure the safety of the artist. The noble considered this an insult, and refused to obey. You are a noble by birth, said the angry monarch, but my painter is noble by genius, and as it is to show that it is easier to confer a title than to make a great artist, Maximilian ennobled Durer, and gave him for his coat of arms three shields on a field of azure, two *en chef* and one *en pointe*. This device at a later period was adopted by all societies of painters.

Varieties.

PERMANENT REST is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

MAN, says Adam Smith, is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another.”

I AM AFRAID you shall come to want,” said an old lady to a young gentleman. “I have come to want already,” was the reply. “I want your daughter!” The old lady opened her eyes.

HARD TIMES CONJUGATED.—A country schoolmaster thus describes a money lender:—“He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; and keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future.”

SOMETHING LIKE A CLIMATE.—The *Albany Knickerbocker*, of August, says.—“The weather has been ‘all hot.’ We saw a woman do her ironing with no other fuel than the sunshine. When we came away she hung her kettle out of the window to get the tea ready.”

IT'S THE HEART.—An old gentleman travelling some years ago inside the Bath Mall, had two ladies sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in ill health. “Ah! yes, indeed,” sighed the elder sister, “a disease of the heart.” “Dear me,” was the sympathetic response, “at her age! Ossification, perhaps?”—“Ossification? Oh no, Sir, a lieutenant.” (Love's labour.)

TIP FOR TAT.—A smart young student of anatomy remarked, in the hearing of his sister, that the reason there were so many old maids in the world was owing to their tight lacing, which so hardened their hearts as to make them impenetrable to the shafts of Cupid. “And the reason there are so many old bachelors,” retorted the sister, “is because of their tight strapping—they cannot get on their knees to declare their passion.”

ART COMPANION.—A soul, like an instrument of music, should be well tuned to meet the various strains the hand of destiny may call from its thrilling chords; firmly, yet sweetly, should

its tones ring out, of whatever character they are, strong but sweet music still should a God-strengthened spirit yield beneath the touch of sorrow or adversity. As sweet, though it may be sadder, as in its day of brightest power.

MODERN INVENTIONS.

Horace Mann thus sums up a few of the advantages of modern inventions.—“One boy, with a fountain machine, will make more paper in a twelvemonth, than all Egypt could have made in a hundred years during the reign of the Ptolemies. One girl, with a power-press, will strike off books faster than a million scribes could copy them before the invention of printing. One man, with an iron foundry, will turn out more utensils than Tubal Cain could have forged, had he worked diligently till this time.”

Biographical Calendar.

- Mar. 21, 1274 Robt. Bruce, King of Scotl'd, born
1556 Archbishop Cranmer, burned.
1763 Jean Paul Richter, born.
“ 23, 1768 Jonathan Edwards, died.
1832 Goethe, died.
1846 John Liston, died.
“ 23, 1819 Kotzebue, killed.
1850 Sir William Allan, died.
“ 24, 1603 Queen Elizabeth, died.
1801 Paul, Emperor of Russia, murdered.
1841 Albert Thorwaldsen, died.
“ 25, 1634 Bishop Bull, (of St. David's) born.
“ 26, 1797 James Hutton, died.
“ 27, 1635 James I. (of Eng. VI. of Scot.) died.
1699 Bishop Stillingfleet, died.
1746 Michael Bruce, born.
1822 Sir Alex. Boswell, died.

John Wolfgang von Goethe, the greatest modern poet of Germany, and the patriarch of German literature, was born at Frankfort on the Main, August 28, 1749. His father was Doctor of Law and Imperial Councillor; and being in good circumstances, possessing a taste for the fine arts, and having made a tolerable collection of pictures and other objects of vertu, young Goethe had an early opportunity of indulging his fancy and improving his mind. Drawing, Music, Natural Science, the elements of jurisprudence, and the languages occupied his early years, and when he was 15 he was sent to the university of Leipzig, but did not follow any regular course of studies. In 1768 he quitted Leipzig, and subsequently went to the university of Strasbourg to qualify himself for the law; but he paid more attention to chemistry and anatomy than to his pursuit. In 1771 he took the degree of doctor of jurisprudence, and then went to Weimar, where he found, in his own love for a betrothed lady and in the suicide of a young man named Jerusalem, the subject of his *Werther*. This appeared in 1774 and at once excited the attention of his countrymen while it produced an instantaneous effect on his country's literature. Having in 1783, entered the service of the Duke of Saxo-Weimar, whom he had met in travelling, he was made president of the council-chamber, ennobled and heaped with honors. A splendid galaxy of talent assembled at Weimar, and united itself to Goethe. The direction of the theatre was confided to him and he brought out some of the noble chefs-d'œuvre of Schiller, with an effect worthy of them. There, too, his own dramatic works first appeared, viz. *Goetz Berlichingen*, “*Erast*,” “*Iphigenia in Tauris*,” “*Tasso*,” “*Clavigo*,” “*Sisilia*,” and *Count Egmont*.” In 1786 he made a journey to Italy, where he remained two years, visited Sicily, and remained a long time in Rome. In 1793 he followed his prince during the campaign in Champagne. He was afterwards created minister; received, in 1807, the order of Alexander, Lewisky from Alexander of Russia, and the great cross of the legion of honour from Napoleon. He died at Weimar, March 9, 1832, aged 80. Goethe was an intellectual giant, and his greatest production “*Faust*,” has been repeatedly translated into English.

The Douthy's Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER

(Continued from our last)

"Well, well," rejoined Madame Rivage, mortified, "I see very clearly my sympathy and candour will be ill repaid. Do as you like, sir, tell it, or tell it not, I care little about it, only that, if you are foolish enough to repeat what I have told you to the man, I shall take good care to deny it! I am sure I don't want to get myself into any scrape, for, thank heaven! I live in peace and good will. I know what I live upon, whilst other folks, who eat pastry—Adieu, Monsieur Dumencil, adieu!"

Feeling rather uneasy in her mind, lest Monsieur Dumencil should really inform the baker of what she had stated, the malicious woman thought she would be beforehand with him, and, therefore, at once hastened to the man, and insinuated that Monsieur Dumencil had expressed himself very disparagingly about his pies! "In fact," added she, "he said, 'one could not tell what was in them, the taste was so very peculiar.'"

"Indeed! Well," exclaimed the enraged, but rather confused pleger, "he had better not say that in my hearing! My pies, indeed! which are as good as any possibly can be!"

"Well! well, my good man," said Madame Rivage, "never mind what such a person says about you—a person, about whom nothing is known as to how he exists from one day to the other. But never mind, it's not over yet; much may still come to light about that man. By-the-by, I want to tell you something else; what was it?—Oh, ay, your little Savoyard boy! I suppose you hold him to be a very honest lad?"

"Why, yes, madame, the fellow is honest, although now-a-days we ought to trust nobody, and, least of all, a wandering Savoyard, whom God has thrown upon the world to steal."

"Well, I am glad you are satisfied with him. But only think, this, this very day I saw him with a purse full of money in his possession!"

"What! A purse full of money! You are joking, madame!"

"Not I, indeed, for I never joke. You only ask him upon his oath, and he can't deny it. I say, a purse full of money."

"Then I am sure he has been robbing me," exclaimed the pastrycook, whose faith in Seppi's honesty all at once vanished. "So so; I'll make him feel it! To rob me! I, who gave him clothing and food! Ah, if you only knew, madame, what I have done for that rascal! But now I'll kick the scoundrel out—I'll give him to a policeman—I'll—"

Just at that moment poor Seppi returned, and his manner, who had now worked himself up to the conviction that the boy had robbed him, rushed towards him, and seizing him by the hair, shook him, and called out—"Give up the money, you rascal, that you have stolen from me!"

... (To be continued) ...

ANSWER TO THE BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

- Wall. He who perfected the steam engine.
- Tasso. A celebrated Italian poet, principally known from his poem of "Jerusalem Delivered."
- Catal. The name by which the Roman Emperor was collectively known.
- Sloc. Wrote "a survey of London."
- Lewis. An oracle who lived in the beginning of this century.
- Roscoe. A celebrated biographer.
- Oscar. The present king of Sweden.
- Watts. Wrote a collection of hymns.
- Lee. Wrote the "Canterbury Tales."
- Lestie. The celebrated Scotch Mathematician.
- Sale. The General intimately connected with the Afghan wars.
- Sir Walter Scott. The world wide celebrated novelist and poet.
- Generally spelt by Sloc.

No. 4. ENIGMA

I am composed of thirteen letters.
 My 13, 9, 3, 4, 8 is a term in astronomy
 My 3, 8, 6, 12, 1 is what some people do at night
 and others do both night and day.
 My 1, 11, 3, 4, 9 is the name of a country in Asia.
 My 12, 10, 5, 8, 4, 1 is the name of a county in Ireland.
 My 6, 9, 7, 13, is the name of a Scotch Loch.
 My 12, 8, 7, 9, 13 is the name of a majestic Island in Scotland.
 My 1, 4, 3, 1, 12, 10 is the name of a country which Jacob once visited.
 My 12, 7, 9, 1 is the name of a schoolmaster which the genius of Hood and Bulwer have both rendered famous.
 My 1, 11, 9, 3 is a famed beverage in the north of Europe.
 My 13, 2, 9, 13, 3, 6, 8 is the name of a celebrated German historian.
 My 9, 7, 12, 8, 9, 6 is one of the Armenian mountains in Turkey.
 My whole is the name of a sea.

J. C. will accept of our thanks for the enigmas, one of them will appear in next number.

ALEXANDER.—In our next.

PRIZE QUESTIONS.

By the time another number shall have made its appearance, that day known in the Almanac as APRIL FOOLS DAY, will be close at hand. We are very desirous to give all our young folks a hint—not after the Gowk however—but after what will be more easily caught. For this purpose we intend to give in our next number, a list of questions, and any one of our young friends who scribbles the most correct answers to the questions, will be entitled to a copy of the Family Herald for one year, as a Prize.

Advertisements.

VIRTUE, SON, & CO.,
 English Illustrated Publications!

HUGH RODGERS,
 AGENT FOR CANADA.

Victoria Family Bible,
 London Art Journal, received monthly in advance,
 Cyclopaedia of useful Arts—Chemical, Manufacturing,
 and Engineering,
 North, Byron, and Shakespeare, &c. &c. &c.
 In short every publication issued by Virtue, Son, & Co.
 Office 61 Yonge Street, where specimen Numbers may be seen, and all orders left.

NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE,
 Corner of Yonge and Agnes Streets, 1st door South
 of Mr. Webb.

JOHN RUSSELL

BEGS to return his sincere thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Toronto for the liberal encouragement he has received since he commenced business, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their favours.
 He can confidently recommend his stock, as equal in style, material, and workmanship, to that of the best shops in Europe.
 Toronto, March 1852.

Who'd have thought it—Noses bought it.
 IRISH SNUFF!

THE Undersigned has now on hand and will be constantly supplied with, a quantity of that well-known article,
 LUNDY ROOTS HIGH TOAST
 Or Irish Blackguard,
 To which he invites the attention of connoisseurs and the Trade.
 In 3b. Tin Cansisters and 1lb. Bottles.
 R. C. MULLEN,
 Church Street,
 Toronto, March 18th, 1852.

NEW WATCH AND CLOCKMAKERS

ESTABLISHMENT.

JAMES W. MILLAR respectfully intimates to friends and the public that he has commenced business as a Chronometer Watch and Clockmaker, and Jeweller, &c. No. 50, YONGE STREET, 2d door North of Adelaide Street.
 J. W. M. hopes, by his long experience and training in all the branches connected with the manufacturing and repairing of time pieces in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and his participation in the principal establishments in this city, that he shall be found worthy of public confidence.
 A large Assortment of First Class Gold and Silver Watches for sale, warranted for twelve months in writing. Gold and Silver Chains, new and second hand, Gold Spectacles and Wedding Rings. Gold and Silver Pistol Cases. Mourning Bracelets and Hairpins in great variety for sale. American Watches of every design, cheap for cash.
 Common Watch Works converted into Patent Levers, for £2. 10s.
 To see Tables—Rulers, Duplex and Lever Staffs made to order. Watches of every description repaired and cleaned.
 Toronto, March 18th, 1852.

EARLY SPRING GOODS!!

THE Subscribers do hereby announce that they have received their usual EARLY SPRING IMPORTS for the British Mail Steamer to Boston.

CONSISTING OF

Silks, Ribbons, Bonnets, Orleans,

Coburgs, Laces, Linens, Hosiery, Artificial Flowers, Parasols.

Light Printed de Laines, &c., &c.

To which they respectfully invite the attention of their Customers and the Trade generally.

SHAW, TURNBULL & CO.

Wellington Street,
 Toronto, March 12th, 1852.

DRY GOODS!!

HENDERSON & USHER

INTIMATE that they have now commenced business with a large and well assorted STOCK of

DRY GOODS,

Suitable for the Spring wear; they have determined to offer their Goods at Prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to every purchaser.

HENDERSON & USHER,

4, City Buildings, King Street East,
 Six Doors from the MARKET.
 Toronto, March 12, 1852.

SPRING ARRIVALS!!

NEW DRY GOODS!!

WILLIAM POLLEY,
 46, King Street East.

RESPECTFULLY announces to his numerous friends and the public generally, that he is now receiving his first arrivals of,

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Comprising the latest designs in Dress Goods, Muslins, Bonnets, Parasols, Ribbons, Flowers, Lappets, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, &c., &c., with a full assortment of Hosiery, Gloves, Edgings, Laces, Netts, &c., &c.

As the Stock is ENTIRELY NEW, and imported expressly for this trade, intending purchasers may rely on the newest styles, and will be found well waited for the early Spring Trade.

An Inspection is Invited.

WILLIAM POLLEY.

Third Door West of Church Street.
 Toronto, 12th March, 1852.

PENNY READING ROOM!!

THE undersigned has opened a News Room in his premises, 54 Yonge Street, supplied with the leading Papers and most valuable Magazines, both

BRITISH AND AMERICAN,

As follows, viz. —

- London Quarterly Review,
- The Edinburgh, "
- North British, "
- Bibliotheca Sacra,
- Reverie Magazine,
- Blackwood's "
- International, "
- Littell's Living Age,
- Harper's Magazine,
- Sartains Union, "
- Constitution and Church Sentinel
- Dublin Newspaper,
- Globe, "
- Colonist, "
- Patriot, "
- Examiner, "
- North American, "
- Canadian Family Herald,
- Literary Geni,

with a large number of others, and as the charge is only One Penny per visit, or Seven-pence half-penny per month, he trusts to be honoured by the patronage of the reading public.

C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-54

NEW BOOK STORE!

No. 54, Yonge Street, Toronto,

(Two Doors South of Spencer's Foundry)

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public that he has commenced business as

Bookseller and Stationer

In the above premises, where he intends to keep on hand a choice and varied assortment of

BOOKS & STATIONARY.

The Stock on hand comprises—STANDARD WORKS in every department of Literature, together with Cheap Publications, SCHOOL BOOKS, &c., &c., &c.

A Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-58

AGENTS FOR THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Agents to promote the circulation of this Paper:—

- D. McLellan, - - - Hamilton.
- James McCuaig, - - - Paris, O.W.
- David Buchanan, - - - Port Sarnia.
- Robert Reid, P. M., - - - Saugeen.
- David George, - - - Bradford.
- William Hogg, - - - York Mills.
- Thomas A. Milne, - - - Markham, (Markham Mills.)
- D. McLeod, - - - Port Hope.
- A. Stewart, - - - Deloille.
- J. J. Whitehead, - - - Kingston.
- William Snyder, - - - Peterboro'.
- D. T. Broeille, - - - West Williamsburg.

TERMS:—Five Shillings per annum when paid in advance: Six Shillings and three-pence if not paid within three months after subscribing.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS!!

BROWN & CHILDS,

At No. 88, KING STREET EAST,

ARK selling the above STOCK, consisting of the following kinds and prices:

- 5000 pairs superior thick Boots, 11s. 3d.
- 3000 " " Kip " 12s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.
- 2000 " " Calf " 15s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.
- 3000 " " Boys' " 6s. 7d. to 10s. 6d.
- 10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys', Brogans, 3s. to 10s.
- 5000 " Ladies' Cloth & Prunella Boots, 6s. 3d. to 10s.
- 2000 " Children's, of every variety and Style.

B. & C. manufacture their own—the Manufactory producing from 500 to 1000 pairs daily. A liberal discount to the purchaser of more than £25.

Any unreasonable failure repaired without charge.

N. B.—No. 88, Painted Boot, nearly opposite the English Cathedral, is the place.

3000 SIDES BEST SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.

Toronto, Dec., 1851.

3-55

The Castilian Hair Invigorator.

THIS elegant Toilet Preparation is warranted to excel all others ever offered to the public, for Preserving and Restoring the hair; it prevents or cures baldness or grey hair; cures dandruff and ringworms; and what is of the highest importance, is, that it is unlike most other Toilet preparations, by being perfectly harmless, yet successful for the purposes recommended. It gives the hair a beautifully soft, smooth and glossy appearance; in this, it also differs from other preparations, all of which more or less harden and dry the hair. The Spanish Ladies, so justly famed for beautiful and glossy hair, have used

THE CASTILIAN HAIR INVIGORATOR

for centuries. It causes the hair to retain its original colour to the latest period of life, only making it assume a darker shade if originally very light. Diseased hair loosens and falls out or turns grey. THE INVIGORATOR removes such disease, and restores the skin and hair to a healthy condition.

For sale by BUTLER & SON, London, and by

S. F. URQUHART, Toronto, The only Wholesale Agent in Canada.

1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per BOTTLE.

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851.

4-11

A CARD.

DANIEL McNICOL

BEGS to inform the Merchants of this city and surrounding country, that he has opened out on Yonge Street, opposite the Bank of British North America, a general assortment of Broad Cloths, Fancy Doeskins, Cassimeres, Shirts, Bonnets, Caps, plain and fancy Moleskins, Corduroys, Shirtings, Ready-Made Clothing, Hosiery, &c., &c., all of which he offers to the Public at the lowest wholesale prices.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851,

1-11

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital, Two Millions Sterling.

Available Funds to Meet Present Losses; HALF A MILLION STERLING.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836 BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT. Responsibility of Stockholders Unlimited.

THE Subscriber having been duly appointed Agent for the above Company for Toronto and Vicinity, is now prepared to receive applications for Risks on every description of TOWN and COUNTRY property, Premiums on which will be as low as first-class Office, and he will be happy to grant further information at his

Office—A, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET, JAMES FRASER,

Payments prompt, without reference to England. Toronto, Feb 21, 1852. 11-16

General Printing Establishment

JAMES STEPHENS,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING ST. EAST,

EMBRACES the present opportunity of returning thanks to the Citizens of Toronto, and to the inhabitants of the surrounding Neighbourhood, for the very liberal support received from them during the few years he has been in business, (especially since his removal to his present stand,) and begs to assure them that he will endeavour to execute all their future orders in the SAME NEAT STYLE, as heretofore, with the utmost promptitude, and on the most liberal terms.

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851.

1-11

D. MATHIESON'S

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

GENERAL Outfitting, and Dry Goods Warehouse, Wholesale and Retail, No. 12, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851.

1-11

W. H. DOEL,

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,

IMPORTER of English, French, Mediterranean and American Drugs, and Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brasses Artists' Colours, Tools, Trusses, &c., &c.,

5, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-11

REMOVAL.

HAYES, BROTHERS,

Wholesale Grocers,

HAVE REMOVED to the New Warehouse, 27 YONGE STREET South of King Street, nearly opposite to the Bank of British North America.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-11

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY JAMES STEPHENS, PRINTER, No. 5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, AND PUBLISHED BY CHARLES FLETCHER, 54, YONGE STREET.