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# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

VIRTUE IS TRUE HAPPINESS.

[SINGLY, THREE HALY PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1852.

No. 46.

## Poetry.

### INFLUENCES.

FROM THE AETHER, SUN.

God's world is passing into ours;  
Its beauty, silent, ripe and sweet,  
Its truth which we are proud to greet,  
Fashion and strengthen all our powers.

The sun round whom the planets glide,  
The moon that gives the light she takes,  
The flowers in meadows and in tracks,  
The flowing and the ebbing tides,—

The granite rock on which are laid,  
Level or slanted, stark or stony  
With flowers and mosses overgrown,  
Sweet children of the sun and shade,—

The twinkling minnow, the blue gloom  
That in humanly gorges a sleep,  
The floating amber light that creeps  
Over the fields where cowslips bloom,—

The pale green azure hue that gleams  
On the sky's rim when suns are low,  
Full of a sweet dead Long-Ago,  
Yet breathing Hope's delicious dreams,—

God's world is passing into ours,  
Sun, moon, and tide, with clouds that dye,  
And trees that yearn to reach the sky  
Fashion our minds and mould our powers.—

Men whom we champion wrong or right,  
And women fond, with sweet warm breath  
Flowing through lips that kiss all death,  
And eyelids twinkling with delight,—

The children that about us play,  
With golden hair and round soft flesh,  
Smooth as magnolia flowers, and fresh  
Full cheeks that blush like dawning day,—

The songs the elder poets sung,  
The lays of Greece, the Hebrew's psalm,  
The thoughts of wise men grave and calm  
That live, or died when Time was young.

The soul is like a mirror fair,  
Reflecting every shape or hue,  
Yet as it changes, changing too,  
All that we know, and all we are.

God's world is passing into ours,  
This evening sea of life  
Rolls its swift waves in calm and strife  
O'er all our feelings, all our powers.

## Literary.

### THE POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT.

A country town is not a very hopeful arena for the exercise of the portrait-painter's art. Supposing an artist to acquire a local celebrity in such a region, he may paint the faces of one generation, and then, haply finding a casual job once a year or so, may sit down and count the hours till another generation rises up and supplies him with a second run of work. In a measure, the portrait-painter must be a rolling-stone, or he will gather no moss. So thought Mr. Conrad Merlus, as he packed up his property, and prepared to take himself off from the town of C—, in Wiltshire, to seek fresh fields and pastures new, where the sun might be disposed to shine on portrait-painting, and where he might manage to make hay while the sun shined. Conrad was a native of C—. In that congenial spot he had first pursued the study of his art, cheered by the praises of the good folks around him, and supported by their demands upon his talents. While, in a certain fashion, he had kept the spirit of art alive in the place, the spirit of art, in return, had kept

him alive. But now all the work was done for a long time to come; every family had its great portraits, and would wait him no more yet awhile; and Conrad saw, that if he could not turn his hand to something else, and in place of pencils and brushes, work with last, spade, needle, or quill,—make shoes, coats, till the ground, or cast up accounts, he should shortly be hardly put to it to keep himself going. He had made and saved a pretty tolerable little purse during his short season of patronage, and determined to turn that to account in seeking, in other places, a continuation of commissions. His father and mother were both dead, and, so far as he knew, he had no near relative alive. Therefore, there were no ties, save those of association, to bind him to his native place—'No ties,' sighed Conrad, 'no ties at all.'

It was Monday evening, and the next day, Tuesday, was to behold his departure. His rent was paid, his traps were all packed up in readiness, and he had nothing to think about, saving whither he should proceed. He walked out, for the last time, into the little garden behind the modest house in which he had dwelt, pensive and somewhat triste; for one cannot, without sorrowful emotions of some sort, leave, perhaps for ever, a spot in which the stream of life has flowed peacefully and pleasantly for many years, and where many little enjoyments, successes and triumphs have been experienced. Even a Crusoe cannot depart from his desolate island without a pang, although he goes, after years of miserable solitude, to rejoin the human family. It was the month of August, and the glory of the summer was becoming mellowed and softened.—The nights were gradually growing longer and the days shorter, the reapers were in the harvest-fields, the woods and groves were beginning to shew the autumn tint, the sun sank behind the hills earlier and earlier day by day, and the broad harvest-moon reigned throughout the sweet and fragrant nights. Conrad felt the influence of the season, and though he had for some time contemplated his departure from his home with all the cheerfulness which the spirit of adventure imparts to young men, he now, as the time arrived, felt inclined to weep over the separation. He was indulging in reveries of a mournful complexion, when he observed his landlady leave the house, and, entering the garden, bustle towards him in a great hurry. Assured by the manner of the worthy old lady that he was wanted, and urgently, by some one or other, he rose from the rustic seat on which he had been sitting, and went to meet her. A gentleman had called to see him, in a phaeton, and was waiting in the parlour in a state of impatience and excitement, which Mrs. Farrell had never seen the like of. Wondering who the visitor could be, Conrad hastened into the parlour. He found there an elderly individual of gentlemanly appearance, who was walking to and fro restlessly, and whose countenance and demeanour bore affecting evidences of agitation and sorrow. He approached Conrad quickly.

'You are a portrait-painter, Mr. Merlus?'

'Yes, sir.'

'The only one, I believe, in this neighborhood?'

'Yes.'

'I am anxious,' continued the gentleman, speaking in a low tone, and with a tremulous earnestness that rendered his speech peculiarly emphatic—'I am anxious to have painted the portrait of one who is—who was—very dear to me, immediately—immediately, for a few hours may make such a performance impossible. May I beg that you will submit to some sacrifice of convenience—that you will be good enough to set aside your arrangements for a day or two, to execute this work? Do so, and you shall find that you have lost nothing.'

'Without entertaining any consideration of that sort, sir,' answered Conrad, deeply touched by the manner of his visitor, which betokened recent and heavy affliction, 'my best abilities, such as they are, are immediately at your service.'

'Many thanks,' answered the gentleman, pressing his hand warmly. 'Had you declined, I know not what I should have done; for there is no other of the profession in this neighborhood, and there is no time to seek further. Come; for Heaven's sake, let us hasten!'

Conrad immediately gave the necessary intimation to his landlady; his easel, pallet and painting-box were quickly placed in the phaeton; the gentleman and himself took their places inside; and the coachman drove off at his great a pace as a pair of good horses could command.

Twilight was deepening into dusk when, after a silent and rapid ride of some ten miles, the phaeton stopped before the gates of a park-like demesne. The coachman shouted; when a lad, who appeared to have been waiting near the spot, ran and opened the gates, and they resumed their way through a beautiful drive—the carefully-kept sward, the venerable trees, and the light and elegant ha-has on either side, testifying that they were within the boundaries of an estate of some pretensions. Half-a-mile brought them to the portal of a sombre and venerable mansion, which rose up darkly and majestically in front of an extensive plantation of forest-like appearance. Facing it was a large, level lawn, having in the centre the pedestal and sundial so frequently found in such situations.

A footman in livery came forth, and taking Conrad's easel and apparatus, carried them into the house. The young artist, who had always lived and moved among humble people, was surprised and abashed to find himself suddenly brought into contact with wealth and its accompaniments, and began to fear that more might be expected of him than he would be able to accomplish. The occasion must be urgent, indeed, thought he nervously, which should induce wealthy people to have recourse to him—a poor, self-taught, obscure artist—merely because he happened to be the nearest at hand. However, to draw back was impossible; and, although grief is always repellent, there was still an amount of kindness and consideration in the demeanour of his new employer that reassured him. Besides, he knew that, let his painting be as crude and amateur-like as any one might please to consider it, he had still the undoubted talent of being able to catch a likeness,—indeed, his ability to do this had never once failed him. This reflection gave him some consolation, and he resolved to undertake courageously whatever was required of him, and do his best.

When they had entered the house, the door was softly closed, and the gentleman, whose name you may have mentioned was Harrenburn, conducted Conrad across the hall, and up stairs to an apartment on the second storey, having a southern aspect. The proportions of the house were noble. The wide entrance-hall was boldly tessellated with white and black marble; the stair-case was large enough for a procession of giants; the broad oaken stairs were partly covered with thick, rich carpet; fine pictures, in handsome frames, decorated the walls; and whenever they happened in their ascent to pass an open door, Conrad could see that the room within was superbly furnished. To the poor painter, these evidences of opulence and taste seemed to have something of the fabulous about them. The house was good enough for a monarch; and to find a private gentleman of neither rank nor title living in such splendour, was what he should never have expected. Mr. Harrenburn placed his finger on his lips, as he opened the door of the chamber already indicated; Conrad followed him in with stealthy steps and suppressed breath. The room was closely curtained, and a couple of night-lights shed their feeble and uncertain rays upon the objects within it. The bright of the apartment, and the absorbing complexion of the dark oaken wainscot, here and there concealed by fulls of tapestry, served to render such an illumination extremely inefficient. But Conrad knew that this must be the chamber of death, even before he was able to distinguish that an apparently light and youthful figure lay stretched upon the bed—still, motionless, impassive, as death alone can be. Two women, dressed in dark habiliments—lately nurses of the sick, now watchers over the dead—rose from their seats, and retired silently to a distant corner of the room as Mr. Harrenburn and Conrad entered. Where does the poor heart suffer as it does in the chamber of the dead, whose lies, as in this instance, the corpse of a beloved daughter? A hundred objects, little thought of heretofore, present themselves, and by association with the lost one, assume a power over the survivor. The casual objects of everyday life rise up and seize a place in the fancy and memory, and become invested with deep, passionate interest, as relics of the departed. There is the dress which lately so well became her; there the little shoes in which she stepped so lightly and gracefully; there the book which she was reading only yesterday, the satin ribbon still between the pages at which she had arrived when she laid it down for ever; there the cup from which she drank but a few hours back; there the toilet, with all its little knife-knacks, and the glass which so often mirrored her sweet face.

Thus Conrad instinctively interpreted the glances which Mr. Harrenburn directed at the objects around him. The bereaved father standing motionless, regarded one thing and then another, with a sort of absent attention, which, under other circumstances, would have appeared like imbecility or loss of self-command, but now was full of a deeply-touching significance, which roused the sympathies of the young painter more powerfully than the finest eloquence could have done. He seemed at first to shun the bed, as if the object lying there were too powerful a source of grief to bear—seemed to be anxious to discover some minor souvenirs of sorrow, a preparatory step, which should enable him to approach with seemly and rational composure the mute wreck of his beloved child—the cast-shell of the spirit which had been the pride and joy, the hope and comfort of his life. But presently he succeeded in mastering this sensibility and approaching the bed, motioned Conrad to follow him. He gently

drew aside the curtain which had concealed the face of the figure that was lying there. Conrad started. Could that be death? That hair, so freshly black and glossy; those slightly-parted lips, on which the light of fancy still seemed to play; the teeth within, so white and healthy-looking; the small, well-shaped hand and arm, so listlessly laid along the pillow; could these be ready for the grave? It seemed so much like sleep, and so little like death, that Conrad, who had never looked upon the dead before, was amazed. When he saw the eyes, however, visible betwixt the partly-opened lids, his scepticism vanished. The cold, glazed, fixed unmeaningness of them chilled and frightened him—they did really speak of the tomb.

'My daughter,' said Mr. Harrenburn, to whose tone the effort of self-command now communicated a grave and cold severity. 'She died at four this afternoon, after a very short illness—only in her twentieth year. I wish to have her represented exactly as she lies now. From the window there, in the daytime, a strong light is thrown upon this spot; so that I do not think it will be needful to make any new disposition either of the bed or its poor burden. Your easel and other matters shall be brought here during the night. I will rouse you at five in the morning, and you will then, if you please, use your utmost expedition.'

Conrad promised to do all he could to accomplish the desire of the afflicted parent, and after the latter had approached the bed, leaped over it, and kissed the cold lips of his child, they left the room to the dead and its silent watchers.

After a solemn and memorable evening, Conrad was shown to his bedroom, and there dreamed through the livelong night—now, that he was riding at frightful speed through woods and wilds with Mr. Harrenburn, hurrying with breathless haste to avert some catastrophe that was about to happen somewhere to some one; now, that he was intently painting a picture of the corpse of a beautiful young lady—terribly oppressed by nervousness, and a fearful sense of incapacity most injurious to the success of his labours—when suddenly, O horror! he beheld the body move, then rise, in a frightful and unnatural manner, stark upright, and with opened lips, but rigidly-clenched teeth, utter shriek upon shriek as it waved its white arms, and tore its streaming hair; then, that his landlady, Mrs. Farrell, came up to him, as he crouched weeping and trembling by, and bade him be comforted, for that they who were accustomed to watch by the dead often beheld such scenes; then that Mr. Harrenburn suddenly entered the room, and sternly reproached him for not proceeding with his work, when, on looking towards the bed, they perceived that the corpse was gone, and was nowhere to be seen, upon which Mr. Harrenburn, with a wild cry, laid hands upon him, as if to slay him on the spot.

'You do not sleep well.' A hand was gently laid upon his shoulder; a kind voice sounded in his ear; he opened his eyes; Mr. Harrenburn was standing at his bedside. 'You have not slept well, I regret to find. I have knocked at your door several times, but, receiving no reply, ventured to enter. I have believed you from an unpleasant dream, I think.'

Conrad, somewhat embarrassed by the combined influence of the nightmare, and being awakened suddenly by a stranger in a strange place, informed his host that he always dreamed unpleasantly when he had slept too long, and was sorry that he had given so much trouble.

'It is some minutes past five o'clock,' said Mr. Harrenburn. 'Tea and coffee will be waiting

for you by the time you are dressed; doubtless, breakfast will restore you, and put you in order for your work; for really you have been dreaming in a manner which appeared very painful, whatever the experience might have been.'

Conrad rose, dressed, breakfasted, and did undoubtedly feel much more comfortable and light-hearted than during the night. He was shortly conducted to the chamber in which he had received so many powerful impressions on the preceding evening, and forthwith commenced the task which he had engaged to perform. Conrad was by no means a young man of a romantic or sentimental turn, but it is not to be wondered at, that his present occupation should produce a deep effect upon his mind. The form and features he was now endeavouring to portray were certainly the most beautiful he had as yet exercised his art upon—indeed, without exception, the most beautiful he had ever beheld. The melancholy spectacle of youth cut off in the first glow of life's brightest season, and when surrounded by every thing that wealth and education can contribute towards rendering existence brilliant and delightful, can never fail to excite deep and solemn emotion. As the artist laboured to give a faithful representation of the sweetly-serene face, the raven hair, the marble forehead, the delicately-arched brow, the exquisitely-formed nose and mouth, and thought how well such noble beauty seemed to suit one who was fit to die—a pure, spotless, bright being—he had more than once to pause in his work while he wiped the tears from his eyes. Few experiences chasten the heart so powerfully as the sight of the early dead; those who live among us a short while, happy and good, loving and beloved, and then are suddenly taken away, ere the rough journey of life is well begun, leaving us to travel on through the perilous and difficult world by ourselves; no more sweet words for us, no more songs, no more companionship, no more loving counsel and assistance—nothing now, save the remembrance of beauty and purity departed. How potent is that remembrance against the assaults of evil thoughts! How impressive the thought of virtue in the shroud!

With one or two necessary intervals, Conrad worked throughout the day, and until the declining light warned him to desist. The next morning he resumed his pallet, and in about four or five hours brought his task to a conclusion, taking, in addition to the painting he was commissioned to make, a small crayon sketch for himself. It was his wish to preserve some memento of what he regarded as the most remarkable of his experiences, and likewise to possess a 'counterfeit presentment' of a face the beauty of which he had never seen equalled. Mr. Harrenburn expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which Conrad had acquitted himself—he only saw the painting, of course—and taking him into his study, bade him persevere in his art, and paid him fifty guineas, a sum which almost burst the young man of his senses, it seemed so vast, and came so unexpectedly, after all his misgivings, especially in the presence of one who, to judge from the taste he had exhibited in his collection, must be no ordinary connoisseur.

It is difficult to describe the remarkable influence which this adventure exercised upon the young artist. His susceptible mind received an impression from this single association with a scene of death on the one hand, and an appreciating patron on the other, which affected the whole of his future life. He returned to C——, bade adieu to his landlady and friends, and, placing himself and his luggage upon the London coach, proceeded to the metropolis. Here, after looking

about him for some time, and taking pains to study the various masters in his art, he made a respectful application to one who stood among the highest in repute, and whose works had pleased his own taste and fancy better than any he had seen. After much earnest pleading, and offering very nearly all the little wealth he possessed, he was accepted as a pupil, to receive a course of ten lessons. With great assiduity he followed the instructions of the master, and learned the mysteries of colouring, and a great number of artistic novelties, all tending to advance him towards perfection of execution. He was really possessed of natural talents of a high order, and in the development of these he now evinced great acuteness, as well as industry. His master, an artist who had made a reputation years before, and who had won high patronage, and earned for himself a large fortune, thus being beyond the reach of any feelings of professional jealousy, was much delighted with Conrad's progress, was proud to have discovered and taught an artist of really superior talent; and generously returning to him the money he had lately received with so much mistrust and even nausea,—for a raw pupil is the honor of *cognoscenti*—he forthwith established him as his protegee. Thanks to his introduction, Conrad shortly received a commission of importance, and had the honour of painting the portrait of one of the most distinguished members of the British aristocracy. He exerted all his powers in the work, and was rewarded with success; the portrait caused some sensation, and was regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Thus auspiciously wooed, Fortune opened her arms, and gave him a place among her own favoured children. The first success was succeeded by others, commissions followed commission; and, to be brief, after four years of incessant engagements and unwearying industry, he found himself owner of a high reputation and a moderate independence.

During all this time, and throughout the dazzling progress of his fortunes, the crayon sketch of poor Miss Harrenburn was preserved and prized, and carried wherever he went with never-failing care and solicitude. Sanctified by indelible associations, it was to him a sacred amulet—a charm against evil thoughts, a stimulant to virtue and purity—his picture of the young lady lying dead, gone gently to the last account in the midst of her beauty and untainted goodness. His reflections made him a pure-minded, humble, kind, and charitable man. Living quietly and frugally, he constantly devoted a large proportion of his extensive earnings to the relief of the miseries of the unfortunate: and such traits did not pass without due recognition: few who knew him spoke of his great talents without bearing testimony to the beauty of his moral character.

But every thing may be carried to excess; even the best *teemings* may be cherished to an immoderate degree. Many of the noblest characters the world has produced have overreached their intentions, and sunk into fanaticism. Conrad, in the fourth year of his success, was fast merging from a purist into an ascetic; he began to weary of the world, and to desire to live apart from it, employing his life, and the fortune he had already accumulated, solely in works of charity and beneficence. While in this state of mind, he determined to proceed on a continental tour. After spending some time in France, where many an Hotel Dieu was benefitted by his bounty, he travelled into Switzerland. At Chamouni, he made a stay of some days, residing in the cottage of an herbalist named Weguer, in preference to visiting the hotels so well known to tourists.

One evening, he had walked some distance

along the road towards Mont Blanc, and in a tranquil and contemplative mood, had paused to watch the various effects of sunset. He leaned against a tree by the roadside, at the corner of a path which led from the highway to a private residence. Again it was August, exactly four years since he had quitted C——, exactly four years since the most singular event of his life had occurred. He took from his breast the little crayon sketch, carefully preserved in a black morocco case, and, amid the most beautiful scenery in the world, gave way to a reverie in which the past blended with the future—his thoughts roaming from the heavenly beauty of the death-bed scene to the austere sanctity of St Bernard or La Trappe. Strange fancies for one who had barely completed his twenty-seventh year, and who was in the heyday of fame and fortune! Suddenly, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Conrad hastily closed the morocco-case, replaced it in his breast, and was preparing to continue his walk, when an elegant female figure abruptly emerged from the by-path; and the features, turned fully towards him—O, Heavens!—who could mistake? The very game he had painted!—the same which had dwelt in his heart for years! The shock was too tremendous: without a sigh or exclamation, Conrad fell senseless to the ground.

When he revived, he found himself lying upon a sofa in a well-furnished chamber, with the well-remembered form and features of Mr. Harrenburn bending over him. It seemed as if the whole course of the last four years had been a long dream—that Mr. Harrenburn, in fact, was rousing him to perforce the task for which he had sought him out at C——. For awhile, Conrad was dreadfully bewildered.

‘I can readily comprehend this alarm and amazement,’ said his host, holding Conrad’s hand, and shaking it as if it were that of an old friend, newly and unexpectedly met. ‘But be comforted; you have not seen a spirit, but a living being, who, after undergoing a terrible and perilous crisis four years ago, awoke from her death-sleep to heal her father’s breaking heart, and has since born his pride and joy as of yore—her health completely restored, and her heart and mind as light and as bright as ever.’

‘Indeed!—indeed!’ gasped Conrad.

‘Yes,’ continued Mr. Harrenburn, whose countenance, Conrad observed, wore an appearance very different from that which affliction had imparted to it four years previously. ‘The form on the bed which you pencil imitated so well, remained so completely unchanged, that my heart began to tremble with a new agony. I summoned an eminent physician the very day on which you completed the sad portrait, and, detaching the particulars of her case, besought him to study it, hoping—I hardly dared to confess what. God bless him! he did study the case: he warned me to delay interment; and, three days after, my daughter opened her eyes and spoke. She had been entranced, cataplectic, no more—though, had it not been for this stubborn unbent of a father’s heart, she had been entombed! But it harrows me to think of this! Are you better now, and quite reassured as to the object of your alarm? I have watched your career with strong interest since that time, my young friend, and let me congratulate you on your success—a success which has by no means surprised me, although I never beheld more than one of your performances.’

Mr. Harrenburn had passed the summer, with his daughter, at Chamouni, in a small but convenient and beautifully-situated chateau. He intended to return to England in a few weeks,

and invited Conrad to spend the interim with him, an invitation which the latter accepted with much internal agitation. For three weeks he lived in the same house, walked in the same paths, with the youthful saint of his memories—heard her voice, marked her thoughts, observed her conduct, and found with rapture that his ideal was living indeed!

After a sequence, which the reader may easily picture to himself, Conrad Melius and John Harrenburn were married. Among the prized relics at Harrenburn House, in Wiltshire, where he and his wife are living, are the ‘posthumous’ portrait and the crayon sketch; and these, I suppose, will be preserved as heirlooms in the family archives.

## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, C. W., OCTOBER 16, 1852.

### THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The Committee of the Mechanics' Institute have issued an Address to the public in reference to the erection of a new Hall, for the more successful prosecution of their varied pursuits. Two weeks ago we stated that they had purchased a piece of ground on which to raise this proposed structure, and they now ask an extension of public sympathy to the amount of £2,000, to be enabled to erect an edifice suitable to the requirements of the Institute, and at the same time, an adornment to the city. We have no doubt that their call will be cheerfully responded to, because the Institute has hitherto proved a public good. The lectures have been well attended, and have unquestionably been profitable, alike for the valuable information they communicated, the ideas they broached for future contemplation, the principles of curiosity they excited towards new and varied and interesting studies, and the most unspeakable advantage to the minds of the lecturers themselves. In this way the public have benefitted in a moral and intellectual point of view, and it is evident that the city has grown so rapidly within these few years that the same Hall which afforded ample accommodation at the origin of the association, is now exceedingly hampered with the halt of those who crave admission. It is not, therefore, because it is out of the way and has an awkward unpleasant entrance that the city needs a new Hall, but because the Institute has outgrown its bounds; because upon natural principles a new building has become necessary, and now is the time the effort should be made to supply the deficiency. We believe that all Mechanics' Institutes in Britain have failed of success, in consequence of their not having been supported by those parties for whom they were mainly projected, with that warmth of feeling necessary to secure their maintenance. This arose partly from two causes, but the name chosen for the Institute, and the limited sphere of usefulness marked out for its operations. In the Athenæum now so widely scattered over the same ground, we find a revised and corrected edition of the Mechanics' Institute, more happily adapted to the end in view, and the more nearly all mechanics' Institutes assimilate to that model, the more likelihood is there of complete success. The classes in our Institute have never somehow succeeded; but we think that many a young mechanic would willingly spend a few hours each week at Writing, or Composition, or English Grammar, or

Arithmetic, or Geography, or Music, or Drawing, or other studies that might be enumerated, and the Institute is the place where all these should be furnished. Where only two or three classes are established there is less chance of success than where you have a varied machinery in motion, for mankind cannot all walk in the same beaten track. The eye that would fire at the rehearsal of some classic musical composition would pale at a lecture on political economy, or some such indefinable subject. The blame rests nowhere. Our natures are varied for wise purposes, and our varied feelings and tastes require a varied field of action, and if they find it not in so legitimate a source, they will find it somewhere less pure, and less ennobling.

A primitive sameness of thought and action seems so much a paternal inheritance, that did not the steamboat, the railway, and the balloon, sometimes draw us off the line, even with the Gas to illuminate our path, we might move on in a stereotyped edition of the times that were. But we have wandered from the point at issue. The Committee of the Institute wish the public to know that a respectful call will be made shortly for aid to build this new Hall. They require £3000. Where are they to get it? We will tell them so far. We have of Professional gentlemen, Bankers, Merchants, Insurance Agents, and Mechanics of all classes, say 6,000, which at a moderate calculation will yield:—

7 Banks, at \$10 each.	£18
80 Professional Gentlemen \$10 each.	75
300 Wholesale and first class merchants, at \$10.	750
340 Merchants, lawyers, and Insurance at \$8.	5'0
2000 Mechanics, at \$2.	1000
2000 do. at \$1.	5'0
1000 do. at \$1.	125
500 do. at \$1.	30
<b>Total.</b>	<b>£3,908</b>

This is the amount desired, and if systematically gone about we think it will be raised very easily. Let the Committee before starting out take time to classify the inhabitants, and only ask from them the sum attached to their rank, leaving it to their generosity however to double it in order to make up any deficiency, and the money will all be contributed cheerfully. We are not to be understood as limiting the munificence of any one. When our sister city had a similar object in view some of the Hamilton merchants came handsomely forward with their £100 or £50 contributions, and we know that Mr. Harrington, one of our merchants here, has subscribed £50 to this work. Mr. Cumberland has given the plans and superintendence of the work, and £25 besides, which will equal a subscription of £250, and the Committee some 19 or 20 gentlemen, have subscribed £200. All this has already transpired; but we have shown how the money can be raised upon the simplest imaginable principles. In the meantime here follows the appeal:—

Toronto Mechanics' Institute.

ADDRESS.

The members of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute have, for some time, been painfully conscious that the energies of the Institution were cramped, and its usefulness much impaired, from the very limited accommodation afforded by the Building they now occupy in rear of the Court House.

Convinced that an Institution like this, contemplating the intellectual improvement, and in some degree the

education of our mechanics, should occupy a prominent position in the City, the Committee have made several attempts to dispose of their present hall, and erect larger and more commodious premises in a less retired locality, so that by enlarging the operations and increasing the usefulness of the Institute, it might become in every respect such as to command the support and co-operation of a large portion of our citizens, besides those for whose immediate benefit it is intended. Hitherto these efforts have not been successful. Lately, however, they have purchased a very valuable Building Lot, at the corner of Adelaide and Church Streets, upon very favourable terms of payment, and on this they contemplate erecting a New Hall to cost about £3000, which is intended shall be built in such a way as to be an ornament to the city. Besides furnishing all the accommodation required by the Institute itself for Lecture-theatre, Library, Reading-room, &c., it will contain a Music Hall 76 feet long by 56 feet in width, with five apartments attached, admirably adapted for Concerts and other public purposes—approached by a spacious stone staircase.

The Committee propose to raise by subscriptions and donations in the city, among the friends and supporters of the Institute, the sum the new building is to cost, estimating that the revenue they may reasonably hope to derive from it, together with the price they expect to get for the premises they now occupy, will be more than sufficient to pay off entirely the price of the ground.

If the past is any guarantee for the future, the Committee of the Institute point with confidence to its history as affording strong ground to hope that it will continue to advance, so as fully to supply the increasing demand for useful information and learning, and keep pace with the growing importance of our flourishing city, and that with this extension of their borders, the Institute will obtain great additions to its members, sustain a larger and better Library, a much superior Reading Room, and will scatter more widely those benefits which such Institutions are intended to confer.

With a view to stimulate to exertion in its behalf, and to publish their plans and expectations, the Committee circulate this address, in the hope that when they call upon the friends of the Institute for aid in this enterprise they have thus undertaken, their appeal may meet with a hearty and liberal response.

Signed,—Fred. W. Cumberland, President; Thos. J. Robertson, 1st. Vice President; Wm. Edwards, Second Vice President, John Harrington, Treasurer; Patrick Froschul, Corresponding Secretary, Robert Edwards, Recording Secretary; James Rogers, Librarian; Henry Y. Hind, William Atkinson, Thos. Hennin, John Elliot, Sundford Fleming, Samuel Rogers, Vincent Parker, John McLean, Hiram Piper, John Carter, George Duffett, William J. Slater,—Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of the Duke, by Lord John Russell, at a public meeting in Stirling, on the 23rd ultimo:

Now gentlemen, having appeared here to-day, in this assembly, I own that I feel deeply—although it is hardly a meet occasion on which to express such feelings; but as I have to speak in public, I cannot refrain from noticing that event which at present occupies all men's minds, and to which the attention of all is now called—I mean the loss the country has now sustained by the loss of the Duke of Wellington. I must say that, while I am one of those who most admired that great man, I am not one of those who think that we ought to be so gazed by the fame of his excellence that we should not endeavour to gather objects of imitation even from the conduct of a man so bright and illustrious. (Applause.) While many of the actions of his life, and while many of the qualities which he possessed are by us inimitable, there are lessons which we may derive from the life and actions of that illustrious man. It may never be given to a subject of the British Crown to perform services so great as those which he performed—it may never be given to another man to wield the sword which in his hands gained the independence of the world, and proved a terror to the nations around, and which then gave England the power to save Europe by her example. It may never be given to another man, after having attained such eminence, and after such an unexampled series of brilliant successes, to show equal moderation in time of peace as he had shown greatness in war, and to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of promoting the internal and external peace of that country which he had so served. It may never

be given to another man to have equal authority with the sovereigns whom he served, or to hold the place in that senate of which he was to the end such a well-known and venerated member. It may never be given to another man, after such a career, to preserve even to the end full possession of all those great faculties with which he was endowed, and to carry on the service of one of the most important departments, of the state with such unexampled vigilance and success, even to the last day of his life. These are circumstances, these are qualities which may never again be found united in one in the history of this land; but there are also qualities which he possessed and which may be imitated by us. There is that sincere and unceasing devotion to his country—that honest and upright determination to act for the benefit of that country on every occasion—that devoted loyalty which, while it made him ever anxious to serve the crown, never induced him to conceal from his sovereign that which he believed to be true. There is that vigilance in the constant performance of his duties, that temperance of his life, which enabled him at all times to give his mind and his faculties to the service which he was called upon to perform, and that regularity that constant and increasing piety by which he was distinguished at all times of his life: these are qualities which are obtainable by us, and these are qualities which will not be lost as an example upon those he has left behind. Let us hope, therefore, that while we render every due honour to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, that while every thing which can be done either by the Sovereign or the country to show how they estimate their loss will be observed, we will not think that, when we have performed these services, and rendered these honours, our duty is then over. Let us all reflect, that although he was a man of whom this country was justly proud, yet he had many qualities which it is in our power to imitate, and which we may all endeavour to attain. (Loud applause.) I could not refrain in thus expressing myself in regard to the great deceased, and I hope I will be excused by you for this digression. (Loud cheers.) Perhaps I am the more justified in expressing myself as I have done, from the fact that there are few people—perhaps there were none besides the late Lord Melbourne and myself—who could bear this testimony, that, however the great deceased might differ in political sentiments from the persons who held the chief offices in the State, he was always as willing, as ready, and as forward in giving every assistance to any measure which he thought was for the benefit of the country, to those who differed from him in political opinion, as he was to those who were his nearest and dearest political friends, (Cheers.)

The Telegraph.

The Boston International Journal in commenting upon the new Telegraphic Scheme between Britain and the United States says,—This is an audacious business, but perfectly feasible. If such a system were in working order, what an astonishing piece of business it would be to receive on this continent, every morning the English, Scotch and French news of the preceding day! And yet this is what we shall witness within the next few years. If our grandfathers could come out of the grave to listen to such news the shock of it would kill them all again.

Thomas Bosworth, the English printer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has written to the authoress of the work, saying,—

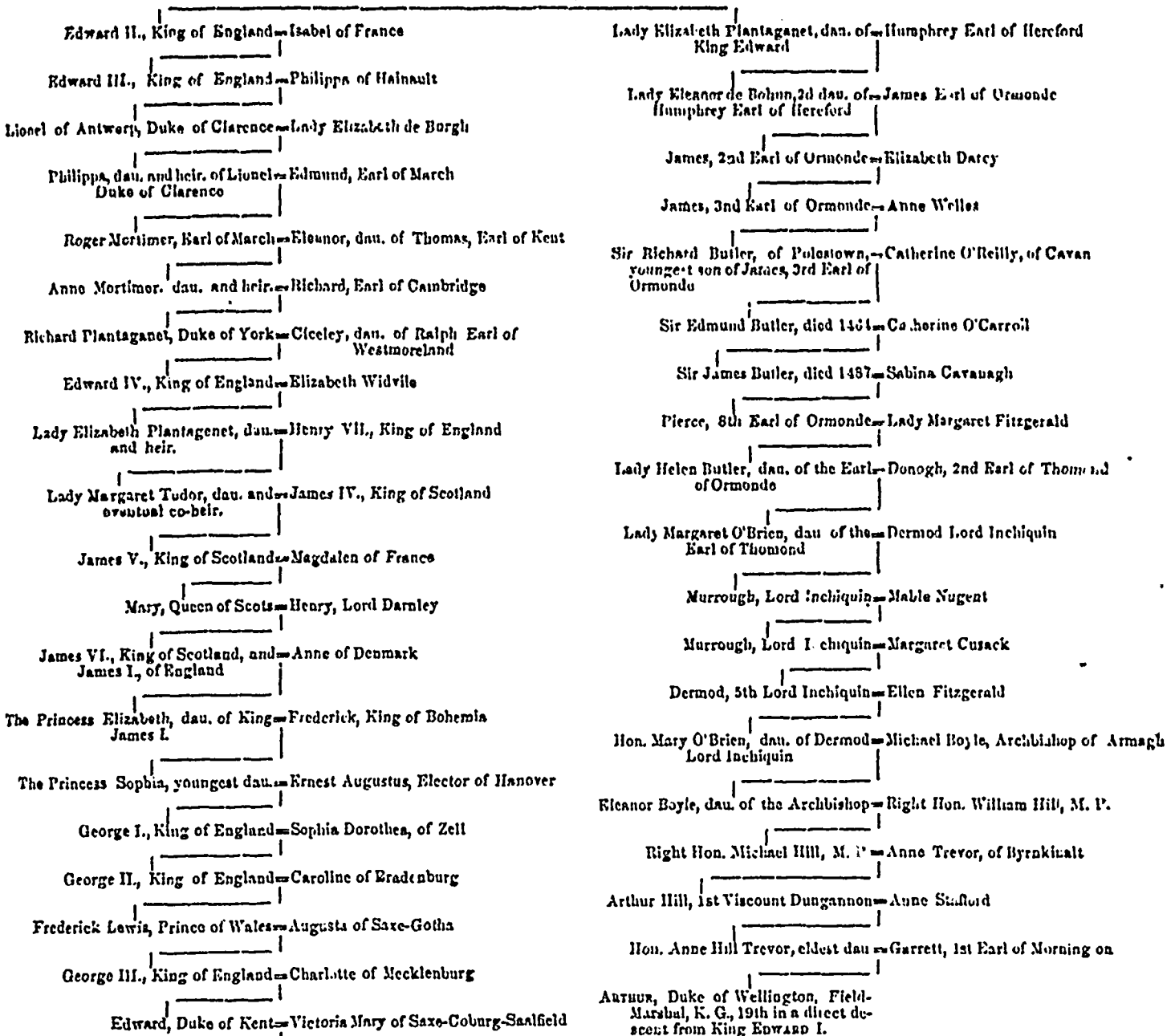
"I do not think it right to avail myself of the present defective state of the copyright laws, and to reprint the works of an author, though belonging to another country, (which in my opinion does not alter the principle of the thing at all.) without making him or her a fair remuneration. I beg, therefore, to offer you a 'royalty' of three pence on every copy sold, which I shall have much pleasure in transmitting to you in any way you may request."

Kohl, the traveller and author, is diligently engaged in preparing a work on the geographical discovery of America. He has made a most voluminous collection of maps, chiefly traced by himself, and this from good authorities; and his MS already extends to several hundred folio pages.

The Duke of Wellington's Descent from Edward I.

One of the most interesting facts connected with the Duke of Wellington's ancestry is, that his Grace descended, in an unbroken line, from the Royal house of Plantagenet, and was consequently of kin, though remotely, to Queen Victoria. This Royal descent may be thus explained:—  
 Edward I., King of England, had by his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, several children, of whom the eldest son was King Edward II., and the youngest daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Humphrey De Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, Constable of England. King Edward II., as is of course well known, was direct ancestor of the subsequent Royal Plantagenets, whose eventual heiress, the Princess Elizabeth of York, daughter of King Edward IV., married King Henry VII., and was mother of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, from whom Queen Victoria is derived in descent.  
 Referring to the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I., and wife of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, we find that she was mother of a daughter, Lady Eleanor de Bohun, who married James, Earl of Ormonde, and was ancestress of the subsequent Peers of that illustrious house. Pierce, the 8th Earl of Ormonde (6th in descent from the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet,) left with other issue, daughter, Lady Helen Butler, who married Donogh, 2nd Earl of Thomond, and was mother of Lady Margaret O'Brien, wife of Dermot, Lord Inchiquin, and ancestress of the latter Barons of that title. The Hon. Mary O'Brien, daughter of Dermot, 5th Lord Inchiquin, married Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and had by him a daughter, Eleanor Boyle, who became the wife of the Right Hon. William Hill, M. P., and grandmother of Arthur Hill, 1st Viscount Dungannon, whose daughter, Anne, Countess of Mornington, was mother of Arthur, 1st Duke of Wellington, who was, through these descent, 19th in a direct unbroken line from King Edward I.

EDWARD I., King of England—ELEANOR, dau. of Ferdinand of Castile.



The curious in matters of pedigree may be still further pleased to learn that his Grace was 32nd, in a direct descent from ALFRED THE GREAT, and 25th from WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, his Grace's lineage from those famous warriors coming to him through King Edward I., who was great-great-grandson of the latter, and a descendant in the 13th degree of the former.



## Literary Notices.

HYMNS FOR THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Glasgow—David Robertson. Toronto—C. Fletcher.

Previous to the union of the Scottish dissenters which was consummated a few years ago, and formed what is now known as the United Presbyterian Church, the one portion of that body used a hymn book in their public services, known as the Relief Hymn Book. The Secession church had never used hymns in their services further than the collection published at the end of the Scottish Psalms and it therefore became a matter of forbearance with the United Church, whether or no, they would use hymns as the one body had previously done. In order to make the union complete, a committee was appointed to prepare a hymn book for the United Church, we have now the result of their labors. This very excellent collection of hymns is published by Mr Robertson in a variety of forms, and Mr. Fletcher has received a supply for the Churches in Canada. We believe that the Synod here have left it optional with each individual church to use the hymn book or not, but it is very likely that it will become general. In preference to any remarks of our own we substitute a notice of this work from the Glasgow Citizen, without exception the best weekly paper in Scotland. The Citizen says:—

"This appears to us a well-selected and judicious collection of sacred songs, somewhat over-numerous, we think, for the purposes of public worship. Hymns for private or public worship, we do not think, should be too much varied in form, expression, and sentiment. The fewer they are the better. The Sacred Muse has never been very prolific of her highest strains. Even when she wanders in imagination "by Siloa's brook, fast by the Dracres of God," her pinions are apt to droop, and her highest thoughts to sink under the overwhelming grandeur of her conceptions; and mere human expression toils painfully along to realize the thick coming furies and solemnizing impressions in which the spirit is rapt. A promiscuous congregation requires to be directed, for devotional purposes, into the broad lines of Christian principle, duty, and feeling, rather than to be left to float on the heaving waves of a vague sentimentalism, or be caught up in the transcendental raptures of a high-wrought and fugitive train of emotions. In this latter aspect, many of the hymns of the Methodists are, in our judgment, much at fault. The object of the writer seems to be to excite the sensibilities and the passions to an extravagant and dangerous height. Persons the most sacred, and themes the most solemn are often treated with a daring familiarity, and a coarse vigour of expression, which we do not like further to particularize. From such defects this collection of hymns seems to be completely free, and when we add, that they have been selected from the most approved writers of sacred songs, from such as Addison, Doddridge, Watts, Cowper, Newton, Heber, James Montgomery, Stennett, Wesley, Barbauld, Logan, Bruce, &c., &c., we have said enough in vindication of the claims of this truly excellent collection of devotional songs and hymns.

## Arts and Manufactures.

## THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

The necessary connexion of this excellent Gallery of Paintings in the Legislative Chambers, with a certain selfish, local, monetary collection, at a time when a public call was made upon our citizens, prevented us in any way enjoying the treat afforded, and we regretted very much to find the name of Captain Lefroy mixed up with so small an affair. We have here, however, a brief sketch of his introductory

lecture from the *British Canadian*, which will repay perusal.

Whence does it arise that the imitative arts painting and sculpture alike in their rudest and their most perfect forms, convey a pleasure so universal that the prince and the cottage, the savage and the civilized man, equally invoke their aid and delight in their employment. Is it because of the abstract beauty of the representations, or the things represented—where does that exist in the barbarous idol of a New Zealander? yet to the savage who carries that idol it conveys a delight identical in kind, inferior only in degree to that of "the fond idolator of old" to whom it was given to embody the ideal of loveliness in the Venus de Medici. Not it is the appeal which these representations make in different degrees, according to their beauty and our susceptibility—to our higher spiritual sentiments of love or veneration, or sympathy, or faith: it is because there is within us a consciousness of something nobler and purer than the actual condition of things in this world, and a craving for our immortal part to unite with it—that these arts, whose triumphs have extended our conceptions of the grand and the beautiful, and in their less perfect efforts, still, like the shattered fragments of a mirror, reflect some gleam of light, have become a part, if I may so speak of the common utterance of humanity—a confession of our faith in that unseen perfection of which external nature is but the degraded type—the interpreter of our conscious wish. There are certain general requisites or excellencies any of which, in a high degree, stamps the merit of a painting—where they are not to be found, no matter what name the picture bears, it is an indifferent one; where they, or any of them exist, however obscure the artist, it is as worthy of our admiration and study as if it came from the hand of a Correggio or Vanlyke. The best artists have painted many indifferent pictures, and taken many not permissible liberties; we are not to be misled by names, nor skeptical of the possibility of modern merit. We may criticize if we please the design of Rubens and the colouring of Poussin, provided we do justice to the colouring of the former and the design of the latter; but we may not judge of paintings by one part, the part we like, ignoring or neglecting the merits which we like or understand less. First and highest in the scale of merit—a merit which few subjects are susceptible and few artists have attained, is that indefinable quality of *greeness*, but so few of us are ever likely to see pictures in which this may be looked for, that I pass at once to those qualities of invention, expression, composition, colouring, drawing, and execution or handling, which we are entitled to expect in some degree in every picture. First then, of invention. The subject must, as Richardson expresses it, be finely conceived, and if possible improved in the painter's hand. He must form his conception strongly and clearly—his mind like that of a great actor entering into the spirit of the subject or the character he represents—It is evident that the quality of invention, thus placed first on the list is one we are not to look for in every painting, only the greatest masters, and in their greatest works, exhibit it to any eminent extent. Next in order of excellence and of difficulty is expression: of excellence, because without it no painting can please—of difficulty, because it requires a combination of appropriate colouring and effective composition with force of drawing. It does not consist of mere action, still less in a broad literal rendering of the intended passion or emotion, but in the concurrence of all the action of the picture, the fitness of its whole composition, to express the idea, whatever it may be, which the picture has chosen to embody. A picture, says some writer, must be like a bunch of grapes, not like a great many single grapes scattered on a table. Of however many parts composed there should be unity in them; something to which the eye is attracted before the details are perceived, and from which "with kindest change upheld," the leading characteristics of expression, coloring, light or shade, are extended to the other parts of the piece. After invention and expression, the greatest merit of a painting, and, perhaps, the one which is most readily reducible to fixed rules, is composition. Drawing is a quality ranks next in importance after invention, expression and composition, or, according to many, before the last of these.

While every one can perceive in what circumstances fidelity of drawing is absolutely essential, and the want of it inexcusable, it is not so obvious when literal accuracy in that respect may be sacrificed to attain some higher excellence. We are told of the old masters by Sir Jos. Reynolds that such was the avidity with which they wrought their works that when they had conceived a subject, they first made a variety of sketches, then a finished drawing of the whole, and after that a more correct drawing of every separate part, heads, hands, feet and pieces of drapery; they then painted the picture, and after all retouched it from life. Winkie went to such a length that he prepared models of the scenes of some of his best pictures for studies of grouping, light, and composition as well as drawing. The pictures, he adds, thus wrought with such pains, now appear like the effect of enchantment, and as if some mighty genius had struck them off at a blow. Accuracy, then, is the first general requisite in the drawing of the subject, but it is far from the only one. It is required besides that it be bold, clear and free from ambiguity, neither the outlines nor the forms of lights and shadows must be confused nor uncertain, or really upon any pretence of softness—nor on the other hand may they be sharp hard or dry. That there is in nature, almost always a reflected light by which the outlines of objects are softened off without sinking in any way their clearness, is strikingly shown by the strange sharpness and distinctness they acquire shortly after sunset when the quantity of light reflected from other objects is diminished to almost to nothing. This is a very beautiful effect in itself and properly characteristic of a sunset scene, but unpleasant because unnatural in scenes not belonging to that evanescent period of the day.

## Biographical Calendar.

Oct.	17	1535	Sir Philip Sidney, died.
		1727	John Wilkes, born.
	18	1622	Matthew Henry, born.
		1744	Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, died.
	19	1645	Sir Thomas Browne, born.
		1622	Do., do., died.
		1715	Dean Swift, died.
		1704	Leigh Hunt, born.
		1816	Henry Kiko White, died.
		1813	Prince Poniatowski, drowned.
	20	1632	Sir Christopher Wren, born.
	21	1558	J. Caesar Scaliger, died.
		1627	Edmund Waller, died.
		1772	S. T. Coleridge, born.
		1705	George Cumbe, born.
		1805	Lord Nelson, killed.
	22	1715	Sir Cloudesley Shovel, drowned.
		1743	Sir Philip Francis, born.
		1840	Lord Holland, died.
	23	526	Balthus, beheaded.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, eminent as a poet, essayist, and moral philosopher, was born at Bristol, in 1770, where he received the rudiments of his education. He was afterwards sent to Christ's Hospital, London, at which establishment he made great progress in the Classics, and he completed his studies at King's College, Cambridge, where, in 1792, he obtained the gold medal for the best Greek ode. Shortly after leaving the University, he, on account of some disappointment, enlisted as a private soldier in a regiment of cavalry, but, being soon discovered by his officers to be a man of education, his situation was made known to his friends, and he was bought off. It appears, that he was first inspired with a taste for poetry by the perusal of Lisle Bowles' sonnets; and his intimacy with such men as Southey and Wordsworth, which commenced early in life, was likely to produce a congeniality of feelings, and lead to similar results. But, great as Coleridge was as a poet, he was equally great as a writer on morals, philosophy and politics; and, as a public lecturer, he was almost without a rival; while such were his powers as a debater, that he riveted the attention of his audience by the charm

of his eloquence, and astonished them by the depth of his reasoning. The chief of Mr. Coleridge's works are, "Sibylline Leaves," a collection of poems; "Biographia Literaria," or, biographical sketches of his life and opinions; "Aids to Reflection;" and, "The Friend;" a series of essays, in three volumes; besides a variety of minor poems, many of which are replete with beautiful imagery and fine feeling, and numerous treatises and essays connected with public events in the moral and political world, some of which were published in a separate form, but the major part appeared in public journals. He died at Highgate, in 1834. His "Specimens of Table Talk" were published after his death, by his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge.—*Alliquis.*

**Varieties.**

A plan for a tunnel under the Hudson River at Albany has been adopted.

3,000 emigrants arrived at New York in 50 hours last week.

The earnings of the Rochester, Lockport and Niagara Falls Railroad for September, were \$21,258 21.

A. G. Chester, Esq. of the Buffalo Express has received a prize of \$100 for a poem to be recited at the opening of the metropolitan theatre, in Buffalo.

On Friday night last a coloured man named Goodin, was accidentally precipitated from a canoe into the bay, and was drowned.—*Belleisle Daily Argus.*

Mr. Snow, agent for the Telegraph Company, is in Guelph to procure subscribers for a line fr. in Guelph to Galt.

At the recent Protestant Episcopal Convention in New York, the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. was elected Provisional Bishop of the Diocese of N. York.

The mountains near Quebec are covered with snow, and ice has formed on standing water to the thickness of half an inch.

On Monday Morning James McTague, 27 years of age, resident at Guelph died from a severe burn while in a helpless state of intoxication.

Petitions to the Legislature for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, for signature at the different News Rooms in Montreal.

A New York mechanic claims to have invented a method of making steel type, not more expensive than the present style, and made without casting.

The State Agricultural Exhibition of Pennsylvania is to commence on the 20th of this month, at Lancaster, and continue three days.

A bell is about to be cast for the Catholic cathedral of Louisville, six feet high, ten feet in diameter at the bottom, and weighing 48,008 lbs.

The County of Prince Edward Assizes commenced at Picton on the 5th inst., before Mr. Chief Justice Robinson.

The Quebec Mercury says it is in contemplation to remove the "military head quarters" from Montreal to Quebec.

Professor Ranke, the German historian, is engaged in writing a work on French history in the seventeenth century; and is now in Brussels, consulting the rich historical archives of that city.

There is to be a call of the Legislative Council on the 18th inst. Hon. F. McKay's resolutions, as given in another column are to be submitted that day, craving liberty to be allowed to sink into oblivion.

Five hundred dollars-reward are offered for the author of a forged letter purporting to be from General Franklin Pierce, and dated Concord, N. H. June 7, 1852.

The Messrs. Ward of Buffalo, are preparing to build two large steamers to run in connexion with the Michigan Central Railroad, superior to anything afloat.

On Wednesday week a pedlar of Jewellery was shot by a hunting party in Darko County, Ohio. He was seated beside some logs, counting his money, and his skin cap was mistaken for a ground hog.

**THE MARIU LAW.**—A meeting was held in the United Presbyterian Church, third line East, Chingacouney, on the 27 ult., the Rev. T. H. Jackson, Calcedo, addressed the meeting in exposition of the principles of the Mariu Liquor Law, in a very clear and interesting manner. The Rev. Mr. Omission, the Deputy of the Grand Division of the Socy of Temperance, then delivered a lecture of great power and impressiveness on the same subject. Great enthusiasm was shown by the meeting in voting in favour of petitioning Parliament to pass a law prohibitory of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. And a committee was appointed to obtain signatures to such a petition, and to forward it immediately.—*Examiner*

We understand that on the 2nd inst., some maliciously disposed persons, poisoned with arsenic in the pen where they were feeding, a lot of five Hogs, belonging to George Clarke, on lot No 17, in the 1st concession of Pickering. A number of the inhabitants have joined in a subscription to offer a reward, to any one who will give such information as will convict the guilty party; and we hope they will be successful in their endeavours to bring the monster to justice, who would be guilty maliciously destroying his neighbour's property. The amount subscribed for this purpose comes to about £25.—*Colonist*

The New York "Tribune" of Monday appeared in an entire new dress of copper-faced type. This is the second font of this type which the Tribune has used. The Tribune informs us that it publishes 25,000 copies weekly, including all editions.

**Advertisements.**

**English Illustrated Publications.**

VIRTUE, FOX & CO.,

HUGH RODGERS, AGENT FOR CANADA, NO. 3 ELGIN BUILDINGS.

Mr. RODGERS has just received two more parts of Bartlett's United States, beautifully illustrated.

A New Edition of the Wilkie Gallery, Fisher's Family Bible, and the

LONDON ART JOURNAL, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT Toronto, October 15, 1852. 45-11

**PRIZE TIME-PIECES.**

JAMES W. MILLAR,

No. 83, YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

2nd door North of Adelaide St., having taken the Prize at the Provincial Exhibition for Time-pieces, Legs to insure his friends that he has on hand several of these excellent specimens of mechanism which he will dispose of seasonably.

J. W. M. takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business and hopes that 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 other parts of Britain, and being for three years principal watch-maker in a respectable establishment 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, newest pattern; Gold Signet Fancy and Wedding Rings; Gold and Silver Pencil Cases; Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale.

American Clocks of Every Design

cheap for cash. Common Verucal Watches converted into Patent Levers, for £2-10s.

TO THE TRADE.—Clocks, Duples, and Lever Staffs made to order; Watches of every description repaired—For Cash. Toronto, Oct. 11th, 1852, 100-00

**Guinea Gold Rings.**

Buy your Guinea Gold Wedding Rings at 80 Yonge Street, two door north of Adelaide street. Toronto, July 5th, 1852. 72

**PHOTOGRAPHIC.**

Messrs. Evans & Harrison's Gallery, 24 King Street East, Toronto, U. S. T. A. R.

O. B. EVANS the oldest practical Daguerrean in the United States, has associated with him self Mr. F. HARRISON, one of his most successful pupils and located as above, where they intend to practice the Daguerrean art for a few weeks only.

Mr. E. would also most respectfully call the attention of the Public to his celebrated

London Premium Daguerrean Gallery, No. 214 Main Street, Buffalo.

One of the most costly and elegant establishments in this country. The first Premium, a Silver Medal and a Diploma were awarded the subscriber at the State Fair at Buffalo in 1848; also in Syracuse in 1849, & again at Rochester in 1851, and a diploma for the Daguerreotype of a Domestic Animal.

Mr. E. is also one of the three who

Received a Prize at the World's Fair,

Thus showing more first class premiums than any other Daguerrean in America. In all the above exhibitions we have competed with the first operators in the country.

We have a few premium Pictures here, one a game of Chess, on which H. A. MASSART lavished the most extravagant eulogy.

But lest we should be accused of egotism, we shall only say that we most cheerfully submit our productions in the Art to the criticism of connoisseurs.

N.B.—Our Pictures are taken in all weather (under the latest approved sky-light) with equal success, except children, for which the best light should be selected, and with our Telegraph Instrument, they can be taken almost instantaneously.

A dark dress is most becoming to all, a dark scarf is the most suitable neck dress for Gentlemen, showing as little linen as possible.

Instructions will be given at this Gallery which will enable any one to succeed in this lucrative branch of business.

Stock and apparatus of all kinds will be found constantly on hand at this place and Buffalo.

A few copies of Power's Greek Slave for sale at this office.

O. B. EVANS,

214 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

EVANS & HARRISON,

25, King Street, East, Toronto, C. W.

Aug. 10, 1852.

61-11

**Still Greater Bargains of COAL GRATES & STOVES.**

JUST RECEIVED and for sale by the Subscribers, a quantity of the choicest Coal Grates, and coal and wood Cooking, and Parlour Stoves, in the City. The Grates consist of several different patterns, and the Stoves are as follows:

COOKING.—Western World, Coal, 3 sizes; Canadian Farmer; Hang Up air tight; Black Hawk; Davy Crockett; and Premiums of all sizes, together with a very handsome variety of Parlour Stoves,—all of which can be seen by calling at the old stand,

No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street.

As care has been taken by one of the firm to make the selection suitable for the citizens generally, we feel warranted in recommending the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.

The subscribers will likewise have on hand a quantity of sugar kettles, plow points, mould-boards, wagon boxes, and pot-ash-kettles cast bottom downwards.

Mill and cross-cut saws of a superior quality. N.B. The whole stock is entirely new and of the best description.

Remember the stand, No. 3, Elgin Buildings. McINTOSH & WALTON.

Toronto, Aug. 24 h, 1852.

25s-1y



Patented and Recommended by the most Eminent Medical Practitioners in Canada.

COMPOUND CHAMOMILE CORDIAL.

THIS Cordial as its name announces is prepared scientifically by a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain from the Flowers of Chamomile and other vegetable ingredients, imported expressly from France. Not only as a Tonic does it stand unexcelled but its peculiar medicinal virtues have procured it a justly celebrated reputation amongst the French & as a Tonic in which, in point of its efficacy and purity, as well as in medicinal efficacy, it is incomparably superior.

These inestimable virtues, which are fully preserved are more delicately concentrated and developed in the Cordial which from its constituency and golden colour resembles Wine, and as such may be used in moderation. The Cordial is fresh and fragrant and the taste most grateful and agreeable either to the body, the Temperance we advocate, or fastidious connoisseur.

TESTIMONIALS

Toronto, June 26th, 1852

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN - We have tasted the Sample Bottle with which you favoured us of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial" and find it as you describe it fragrant and agreeable to the palate, and consider it an excellent Preparation for the use of the valuable Tonic Properties of the Flowers of Chamomile.

We are, &c., GEORGE HENRICK, M.D. JOHN KING, M.D.

77 Bay Street, Toronto, June 29, 1852.

GENTLEMEN - I duly received and have tried the sample of "Compound Chamomile Cordial," which you sent me.

Aware of the manner in which you prepare it, and of the nature and quality of the ingredients which you employ in its manufacture, I cannot object to expose to you in my writing my opinion of it which I should not hesitate to do under different circumstances.

I consider it a very elegant Pharmaceutical Preparation, unobscured by being so exceedingly useful in a dietetical as well as the medicinal part of use. It will serve as an excellent substitute for much of the French which is put up as Wine for the use of invalids; and will also prove an excellent medium for the agreeable conveyance of remedies, which, without some auxiliary are often rebelled against and rejected by the stomach.

I am, Gentlemen, Yours, &c., FRANCIS BARDOLLY, M.D.

Messrs. Rexford, & Co

Lambton, July 2nd, 1852

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN - I duly received and have tried the Sample of "Compound Chamomile Cordial," which you sent me. I consider it a very elegant Preparation, and useful in all cases where a mild Tonic is required, more especially in cases of Dyspepsia, and the weakness of the Stomach, it being very agreeable to taste, can be taken by any one.

I am, &c., THOMAS DUGAN, Surgeon.

Lambton, C.W., June 18th, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN - I have received the Sample Bottle of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial" and consider it a beautiful as well as highly palatable preparation. The aromatic and peculiar latter flavor in which lies the essential Medicinal qualities, appear to be largely infused and well preserved; and as this vegetable Tonic is highly necessary in those forms of Dyspepsia, depending on debility, or want of tone of the digestive organs, (the form most frequently met with on this continent,) your Cordial will, I doubt not, form an inestimable addition to our Pharmacopoeia.

From the knowledge possessed by me of Mr. Rexford, and his very high reputation as a Pharmaceutical Chemist, I feel much pleasure in confidently recommending his preparation of this valuable Tonic to my Professional brethren, and to the public, as a delightful and invigorating Cordial.

I am, Yours, &c., GEORGE HOLMIE, Surgeon.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co, Toronto,

GENTLEMEN - I have no hesitation in expressing to you my professional approbation of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial" which the Tonic properties of the Flowers of Chamomile, with which it is finely impregnated, are so universally acknowledged and the Medicinal qualities of that vegetable ingredient so fully admitted in Dyspepsia complaints, that I consider the Idea of substituting it in the pleasing form of a Cordial most happy; and

in the case of your preparation, to prevent that it cannot fail to be a favorite with the public.

By MOUNT, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.

This Cordial is sold generally by all respectable Chemists, &c. The bottles are sealed with the initials R. & Co., and signed by the Proprietors - some also being genuine.

Agents for Toronto - Lyman Rice & Co. High Millers 3 Leslie St. F. H. Simpson, and W. H. Lee, King Street, and N. C. Lee and K. F. Campbell, Yonge Street.

Price - 2s. per Bottle.

REXFORD & Co., Sole Proprietors.

68, KING STREET, WEST, TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

PENNY READING ROOM!

THIS undertaking has opened a News Room in his premises, 155 Yonge Street, equipped with the leading papers and most valuable Magazines, both

British and American,

As follows, viz:-

- The London Quarterly Review; The Edinburgh North British; Edinburgh's Scots; Electric Magazine; Blackwood's; International; Littel's Living Age; Harper's Magazine; Southern Times; Constitution and Church Sentinel; Dublin Newspaper; Globe; Colonial; Patriot; Examiner; North American; Canadian Family Herald; Literary Items.

With a large number of others, and as the charge is only One Penny per week or Seven-pence half-penny per Month, he trusts to be rewarded by the patronage of the reading public.

C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-59

NEW BOOK STORE!

No. 54, Yonge Street, Toronto.

(Two doors west 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 AND STATIONERY.

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

A valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS - CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-59

WIRE NETTING For Fencing and Machinery.

MRS McANDREWS, who has been engaged for some time in this city in manufacturing WIRE NETTING for Fencing and Machinery, specimens of her workmanship were seen on the Grounds

At the Exhibition.

Mrs McA will be prepared to receive orders at her house on Adelaide St, next door to Beckett's Equality; or with Mrs. Dunlop, Bay Street.

Toronto, September 20, 1852.

ROSS, MITCHELL, & Co,

DEG to inform their Customers, and the Trade generally, that they will commence on the 17th inst. in their NEW PREMISES, to open upwards of

1,500 Packages newly Imported Dry Goods,

Of British, French, German, American, and Home Manufacture, and in order to ensure a ready sale, their Prices will be Low, and TERMS LIBERAL.

Toronto, Sept. 17, 1852.

TURNER & ROGERSON,

AUCTIONEERS AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

109 QUE ST., TORONTO.

April 6, 1852.

94

THE Undersigned are now prepared to receive every description of Goods and Merchandise for sale by AUCTION, on private terms, at their Premises on Yonge Street.

TURNER & ROGERSON.

April 6, 1852.

94

CASH ADVANCE made on all Goods and Property sent for immediate Sale.

TURNER & ROGERSON.

April 6, 1852.

94

Mrs. Dunlop,

DESIR to acquaint her friends, that she is now receiving by Bulk of

HOSIERY, AND OTHER ARTICLES

In her line of business, suitable for Fall and Winter use

A Fine Lot of Children's Dresses

For the cold season, of the newest patterns and materials, made and embroidered.

Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's

Hosiery and Underclothing, Of the best Description.

A large lot of ready-made White on hand, of different qualities and sizes.

Ladies' French Hosiery and Shoes, Gloves, Laces, &c., &c.

Toronto, Sept. 23, 1852.

94

D. MATHIESON'S,

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

GENERAL Outfitting and Dry Goods Warehouse, Wholesale and Retail, No. 13 King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851.

1-4

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 the cure baldness or grey hair, cures dandruff and thins, and what is of the highest importance, is, that it is unlike most other Toilet preparations, being perfectly harmless, yet successful for the purposes recommended. It gives the hair a beautiful soft, smooth and glossy appearance; in this it so differs from other preparations all of which tend to dry the hair and dry the hair. The Spanish Ladies so justly famed for beautiful and glossy hair, have used

The Castilian Hair Invigorator

for centuries. It cures the hair to retain its original color to the latest period of life, only making it assume a darker shade if originally very light. Dandruff hair loosens and falls out of itself grey. The Invigorator removes such disease, and restores the skin and hair to a healthy condition.

For Sale by DUTHIE & SON, LONDON, and by

S. F. URQUHART, Toronto.

The only Wholesale Agent in Canada.

1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 6s. Per Bottle.

Toronto Dec. 31th, 1851.

1-4

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD,

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY

Charles Fletcher, Yonge Street, Toronto.

At Five Shillings per Annum.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY JOHN G. JUDG,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST," YONGE STREET, TORONTO.