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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 13, 1853.

No. 14.

## Poetry.

### THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

Come nearer, dearest, it has been a long and bitter day :  
Those hours of agonizing pain, thank God have passed  
away.

I rest, for very tenderly upon my moistened brow  
is laid the pale and icy hand of death's kind angel now.

Oh ! fold me to thy bosom once again ere I depart,  
And let me feel the beating of that ever-faithful heart,  
Whose very life tide long hath been that pure and perfect  
love  
For which my : et are lingering yet from the bright walks  
above.

I have been musing on the past, and with a vision clear  
Each by-gone scene of wedded bliss—my early love was  
here.

I have been thinking of the past—affection's morning hour :  
It was the lovely rose-bud then, but now it is the flower.

Each day, blessed day, since then hath seen our spirits  
closer twine,  
Till my soul to-night seems wrapped up in the inner folds  
of thine.

Nay, weep not thus, beloved, if immortality could die  
Perchance I might forget thee midst the glory of the sky.

I shall not wander far, for Zion's holy hill is near ;  
The perfume of thy hallowed bowers is wafted even here.  
As beams the guiding star upon a dark and stormy sea,  
My spirit presence shall be light and joy, dear love, to thee.

How calmly now our children sleep, all folded in their rest,  
And not one thought of coming ill, disturbs the dreamers  
breast ;  
Yet will they weep another morn—those little dovelets fair—  
When their sweet voices call, and no fond mother greets  
them there.

But time shall deck those sudden brows once more with  
smiles of glee ;  
For God, our God, shall care for them my own, and  
comfort thee.  
And when their arms entwine thy neck with their dear  
guileless love,  
Thy spirit shall look up, and feel my blessing from above.

Oh ! should those precious ones from truth's pure blissful  
way depart,  
As erst their erring mother, fold them to thy noble heart.  
They will turn back, and mourn with sad repentant tears  
That they have dimmed the promise of their earlier, hap-  
pier years.

Nay, weep not, dearest, that my day of life is nearly o'er,  
And soon thy loving eyes shall look upon my face no more.  
A purer, gladder welcome than is breathed on earthly sod,  
Ere long, shall greet thee home, unto the dwelling of thy  
God.

## Literature.

### THE POOR OLD MAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

#### THE FIFTH STAGE.

This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,  
The third day comes a frost—a killing frost  
And, as he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root  
And then he falls.

It may be as well in the outset of this stage  
to leave Joseph for a little, while we journey  
along with Charles, once more prepared for  
sea. His father purchased for him a fine  
barque called the Laurel, in which he set sail  
from the West of Scotland. But, alas ! his  
malignant star accompanied him. His preca-  
rious position after he returned from London,  
created the deepest interest among his friends,  
and every other day some new pursuit was en-

gaged in, to withdraw his mind from the con-  
sciousness of its former self, and endeavor to  
obliterate all reflections.

They succeeded while he was with them,  
but again at sea, the absence of external ex-  
citement, caused a powerful reaction, ap-  
proaching almost to despair. A few days  
sailing brought them to the Atlantic Ocean,  
where they encountered a severe gale, which  
continued two days ; accompanied with light-  
ning and thunder, and a tremendous deluge  
of rain, sweeping the decks, and deranging  
everything. There was nothing to relieve  
the eye, on the right hand or on the left—  
nothing to be seen but the deep swelling bil-  
lows, that raise their frothy crest in wild  
majestic fury, and sink again in deep and  
deeper undulations. Yet, even in this monoto-  
nous scene of wildest grandeur, where forming  
surges swell and rise and roll for ever, there  
was enough to occupy his mind to the exclu-  
sion of all home affairs. But the storm sud-  
denly died away, and was succeeded by a  
ground swell,—that most irksome of all irk-  
some things to a sailor. Thus becalmed, the  
barque plunged and reared alternately, with  
a most disagreeable motion, without making  
the slightest headway, and the Captain's  
mind became vapid. Home sickness com-  
menced. Internal enjoyments he had none.  
How true is it that

First impressions oft endure  
When future ones are not secure.

Consciousness,—so long kept in abeyance  
by the society and excitement of his friends,  
at last prevailed. He looked back upon his  
former career ; but the two prominent events  
of his life,—his blighted love, and his suicidal  
act,—were all that he could summon from the  
shades of a treacherous memory,—and oh !  
how much better, had it been, if these two  
events had also been effaced from the deeply  
graven tablet. To render them oblivious was  
impossible. The more he endeavored to flee  
from the consciousness of them, the more  
vividly they appeared before him, till moulded  
into gigantic form by a distorted fancy, they  
appeared too powerful for his enfeebled  
strength. He attempted to fortify his mind  
by drowning his thoughts in brandy, but the  
deeper the draughts the greater the subsequent  
melancholy. His mind in its more healthy  
state, was unable to contend singly, against  
the ideal representations of bitter events, and  
when that mind became weakened by daily  
indulgence, all contention was vain. A  
feverish heat pervaded his brain, which all the  
liquid in his possession could not cool, and he  
seemed daily to pour oil on the blazing fag-  
got to extinguish the flame. The attempts  
made by the chief mate, to change the cur-  
rent of his thoughts were fruitless. Sunk in  
gloom, and depressed a thousand fold beyond  
endurance he plunged into the dark blue sea.  
In a brief moment, the relentless waters closed  
upon him, and the eddying circles, dwindled  
away upon the long deep swell of the ocean  
wave.

Thus perished in the bloom and vigour of  
manhood, the pride of Mr. Marshall's family,

—a victim to despondency ; and his untimely  
end was a fatal presage of the misery which  
awaited the family group.

Shortly after the unwelcome tidings reach-  
ed the village, Mrs. Marshall closed her ac-  
count with time, and the double bereavement  
told powerfully on the surviving parent.

Time passes on apace, and we find Joseph  
acting as captain of the Laurel, and Alexander  
somewhat resuscitated, sailing with him as  
mate. But this was an ill-judged union, and  
it had been better they had sailed in separate  
vessels. One thing prevented this. No one  
would give Alexander a situation. He could  
not be trusted. Still, necessity rendered it  
imperative that he should do something.

Many a sad altercation ensued between the  
brothers ; but as they were both fond of spirits  
they generally smothered their differences  
in flame. Any description, adequate to convey  
an idea of the miserable life they led, and  
which was so miserably terminated,—even if  
possible to pourtray it, would too much harrow  
the feelings. We come however to one day  
more direfully eventful than all the others. It  
matters not, that on that day, the sky,—accord-  
ing to the log book,—was black and portentous,  
that the wind was right a head, and that two pe-  
trels were wheeling round the maintop, and that  
a large shark was ever and anon descried drag-  
ging lazily astern, and that all these things  
combined, filled the minds of the superstitious  
sailors with a kind of semi-horror at thought  
of the inevitable fate, which attended some  
one of their number, for who could divine  
that he himself was secure. Such was how-  
ever, the day. The brothers were upon the  
quarter deck labouring under a sort of tempo-  
rary mental derangement,—the effects of a  
severe bouse. They quarrelled about some  
trifling thing ;—from words they proceeded to  
blows ; they closed upon each other, and  
Joseph in the infuriated madness of dissipation,  
lifted his brother in his arms, and, with a wild  
oath, plunged him in the briny surge.

The wretched murderer stood aghast, at  
what he had done. A boat was immediately  
lowered and manned ; but all in vain. The  
nerveless state into which Alexander had been  
brought by inebriety, prevented him from sus-  
taining himself above water, and he almost  
immediately disappeared, thus lamentably  
closing an unhappy existence.

Not so, the wretched Joseph. In despair ;—  
for he had somewhat sobered by the transac-  
tion—he threw himself down upon the hon-  
coops, and burst into tears. The horrid crime  
stretched itself in unmasked and hideous out-  
line before him. A murderer's doom,—a mur-  
derer's punishment awaited him. In imagi-  
nation he saw the crowd assembled to witness  
the death of a monster, who in a moment of  
phrenzy, had laid wicked hands upon his own  
brother. The prospective punishment was  
too much for him, and the tears still rolled  
down his cheeks. But they were not tears of  
penitence. They moistened the eyes ; but they  
softened not the heart. He muttered aloud some  
sentiments of horror, and descended to the cabin.  
The first thing which presented itself was a Rus-  
sian decanter half filled with brandy. Seemingly

not clear as to his future course, he lifted the bottle, and almost drained its maddening contents. Fortified now for death, and all its woe, he rushed upon deck, and dashed furiously into the devouring waves. But death's terrors seemed too great for him and he called loudly for help. He was powerful and strong with considerable energy, but just when the mariners had reached within a few yards, and one of them stood by to lift him into the boat, the wretched Captain gave a horrid shriek, and in a moment the water which surrounded him was suffused with blood. The voracious shark had done its work. He was gone for ever.

#### THE LAST STAGE.

Man, valiant, glorious, wise,  
When death once chills him, sinks in sleep profound,  
A long, unconscious, never ending sleep.—

Willingly would I draw a veil over the remaining portion of the narrative, but the picture of misery is still incomplete. The Laurel having been deprived as we have seen of both captain and mate; the second mate assumed command, while the carpenter, acted as mate. They reached their port in safety, being aided greatly by an experienced old man, who had been a long life at sea; but as soon as the ship was cleared, the unprincipled captain absconded with the freight and was not again heard of. Left once more without a captain the carpenter was installed by the brokers, and having got a considerable draught on bottom, to clear all necessary expenses, they started on their homeward course. But another misfortune awaited them. While driving down the Cattergat close reefed one dark stormy night the Laurel struck upon the Sea or Scager Aek, the northern point of the coast of Jutland, and all hands perished.

Thus was the poor Old Man in a few years deprived of his partner in life, three sons, his two fine vessels, and nearly all his hard-earned money. A small schooner, besides some indented property remained. But despair clouded his mind, and blanched and furrowed his weather-beaten cheek. He had been a sailor from his youth, and had all that restlessness characteristic of his class. He had no relish for reading, but had been always actively engaged planning voyages, and calculating the results of the combined labours of himself and his sons. But their labours were at an end, and his own voyage through life was drawing near its termination. The words of Micah were depicted on his countenance "ye have taken away my god which I have made, and what have I more." There was a vacancy in his mind which one thing alone could fill, but he looked not there. How few sailors, indeed, think of the ONLY REFUGE from the storm. How few are guided by the star of Bethlehem into the only haven of security. The only antidote Mr. Marshall, unhappily, sought for all his woe, was real Scotch Whiskey, and this proved a sorry antidote indeed.

But there is still one son—a young scape grace to advert to. Robert the youngest of the family was differently minded from his brothers, and betook himself to a mercantile profession. He subsequently commenced business as a manufacturer and involved himself deeply in some speculations, in which he was unfortunate. His bankruptcy deprived his poor father of all the property and money which the ravages of the previous years had spared, and ruined others of his friends who had assisted him.

It is impossible to account for the fatuity which attends some persons. Philosophize as we may, there is a depth—a hidden, incomprehensible principle of action, which stimulates some minds, when they have passed the rubicon to act so degradingly that at an earlier period they would have shuddered even to think of it. "Am Idg's head" said Abner "that I should do this thing." So this unhappy youth,—not content with ruining his father, now nearly heart broken by the vicissitudes of life,—had the ineffable ingratitude to break open his father's

desk, and take therefrom the various trinkets and ornaments, which were there carefully deposited, as relics of his departed mother. With these the youth decamped. It was rumoured that he intended to go to America, but he was never again heard of.

Two emigrant ships were lost that same year, with nearly all their passengers, and it has often been conjectured that under a false name he formed one of the unfortunate number.

Thus by rapid steps was Mr. Marshall reduced to the deplorable state in which he now wanders. He gets a scanty living among those who knew him in his palmy days, and eagerly seizes upon every opportunity to gratify his craving for ardent spirits.

In reviewing this rapid sketch of an unhappy family, it may be necessary, only to say that their misery arose, not from the want of either the necessaries or the comforts of life. They might in that view have been happy, but fate decreed otherwise. The sons enjoyed not the sweet consolation resulting from a life of piety. Their minds were not expanded by the balmy showers of divine grace, and were consequently more easily vitiated and destroyed. But, for the unfortunate love affair Charles might have done well. He was constituted to enjoy society and had a sprightliness and suavity, that made him a pleasing and agreeable companion. But he loved too fondly, too confidingly, and his sensitiveness was too exquisite to withstand the withering blast. They all attended the little parish Church when at home; but how few of our sailors carry their religion with them—how few of them make it an every day companion, at home, abroad, and upon the ocean.

Many a time, indeed, have my eyes glistened with joy to see the "Bethel flag," hoisted on board some of our ships while lying in a foreign port, and I have rejoiced to hear the weather-beaten mariner, roughly, yet characteristically, expound a portion of Scripture, to his no less rough looking and motley audience. It were well for British sailors that these meetings were more frequent, and that their influence operated more to prevent the warm-hearted, but, unthinking mariner, from frequenting those dens of vice and pollution which are so thickly strewed in every direction to which he turns his steps—for, where the grace of God is, it infuses a life-giving power to withstand temptation.

Thus did Mr. McPherson conclude his sketch, and I was so impressed with the horrid recital, that he had started to his feet, ere I had time to enquire about Jane.

"Jane—poor Jane," resumed my friend—"I had omitted to say that Jane still lives in a little town some miles distant. Several years ago, she married a widower, who had a large family by his former wife. Into this family, the young, sad-hearted, once joyous Jane, entered, and as a stepmother, has an irksome life. Her husband was deeply involved by the failure of her brother, and perhaps, poor Jane suffers also for his misfortune. Her husband's evenings are not spent at home, and in silence she mourns over the many sad reverses of her family, and the ills in life to which she is subjected on that account."

We rose from the settle on the bank of the river, and the sun, silently sinking between the peaks of the lofty Donyat, was gilding with softest lustre the tall conical steeple of the parish church, as we walked back to the village. My eye was attracted for a moment by a hawk in pursuit of a bulfinch, which a moment before was hopping among the shrubbery that surrounded the churchyard wall, when a tall careworn female, in a black gown surmounted by a faded, brown, deep bordered Paisley shawl, and a curious looking cap, crossed our path. I stopped abruptly, and my eye followed her for sometime.

"That," said my friend, pointing to the woman towards whom my eyes were still turned,— "that is the widow of an unfortunate mariner, and the

mother of two unfortunate children. Their history is one of woe, and may form not an uninteresting narrative when we meet again.—Meantime farewell."

PALFMON.

To our Readers—The Canadian Family Herald will in future be published by Mr Charles Fletcher, 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. 13, 1852.

### PERSEVERANCE.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

There are a variety of ways of teaching the young idea how to shoot, but that mode which draws out the mental faculties by practical illustration, is more likely to leave a lasting impression upon the young mind, than mere preceptive teaching, however forcibly conveyed. This may easily be exemplified, in teaching grammar or a rhythmic, or any other branch where the black board may be brought into operation. The eye is thus the medium of communication with the mind, and by its power the object illustrated, and all its associations, become daguerotypied on the memory. If this process is advantageous when the elements of knowledge are wished to be conveyed, it is much more so when the heart is to be warmed and influenced, and its sympathies enlisted in favour of some ennobling pursuit. Example has always proved a more powerful teacher than precept, perhaps from the fact that curiosity and imitation are faculties largely developed in youth. This idea, Mr. Abbott has very happily elucidated in the introduction to his *Franconia Stories*. He says, "If a boy hears his father speaking kindly to a robin in the spring—welcoming its coming and offering it food,—there arises at once in his mind, a feeling of kindness toward the bird, and toward all the animal creation, which is produced by a sort of sympathetic action, a power similar to what in physical philosophy is called induction. On the other hand, if the father instead of feeding the bird, goes eagerly for a gun, in order that he may shoot it, the boy will sympathize in that desire." In the prosecution of this idea we present our readers with a brief biographical sketch of Johnson Jex, son of William Jex, a blacksmith, and one of the most striking examples of ardent and successful perseverance. He was born at Billingsford, in the county of Norfolk, England, about the year 1778, and although put to school at an early age, neither learned to read nor write, both which attainments he taught himself afterwards. When about 12 or 13 years of age, he gave several proofs of great mechanical skill. In early life Jex was by no means robust, and he afterwards declared his belief that working at the bout hammer at the blacksmith's anvil, had been the means of strengthening his constitution and saving his life. Some particulars of Jex's early history are given in Young's 'General View of the Agriculture of the County of Norfolk.' We subjoin the following extract, written about the year 1802. "Under the head implements, I must not conclude without mentioning a person of most extraordinary mechanical powers. Mr. Jex, a young blacksmith at Billingsford, at sixteen years of age, having heard that there was such a machine as a way-measurer, he reflected by what machinery the result could be produced, and set to work to contrive one, the whole was his own invention. It was done, as might be expected in a round-about way,

a motion too accelerated, corrected by additional wheels, but throughout the complexity such accurate calculations were the basis of his work, that when finished and tried it was perfectly correct without alteration. His inventive talents are unquestionable. He has made a machine for cutting watch pinions, a deepening tool, a machine for cutting and finishing watch-wheel teeth, of his own invention, a clock-barrel and fusee engine, made without ever seeing any thing of the kind. He made a clock, the teeth of the wheels cut with a hack saw, and the balance with a half-round file. He has made an electrical machine, and a powerful horse-shoe magnet. Upon being shown by Mr. Munnings a common barrow-drill, the delivery by a notched cylinder, he invented and wrought an absolutely new delivery; a brass cylinder, with holes, having moveable plugs governed by springs which clear the holes or cups, throwing out the seed of any size with great accuracy, and not liking the application of the spring on the outside of the cylinder, reversed the whole, and in a second, now making, placed them most ingeniously within it." Shortly after Young's notice of him was written, Jex removed to Letheringsett, near Holt, where he worked as a common blacksmith till within the last thirty years. Since that time he has employed workmen in the practical part of his business, but he continued till his decease to live in the house adjoining the blacksmith's shop. The first watch ever constructed by Jex was made after he had settled at Letheringsett, for his friend the Rev. T. Munnings of Gorget, near Dereham. Every part of this watch, including the silver face, and every tool employed in its construction, were of Jex's own making. One of the greatest efforts of Jex's inventive powers was the construction of a gold chronometer, with what is technically termed a "detached escapement"—the principle of which has since been so successfully applied by Arnold and Earnshaw. Jex turned the jewels himself, made the cases, the chain, the mainspring, and indeed every part of the watch, except the dial. The very instruments with which he executed this wonderful piece of mechanism were of his own workmanship. It is only by watchmakers themselves that this triumph of skill can be adequately appreciated. They know that no single man is ever employed to make a complete chronometer, but that different parts of the mechanism are entrusted to different hands, and that many are employed upon a single watch. This watch is now in the possession of Mr. Blakeley, of Norwich. Such was Jex's thirst for information, and such was his resolution to clear away every obstacle which impeded his progress, that, wishing to read some French works on, Horology, he mastered unassisted, the French language, when about sixty years of age! He then read the books in question, but found that they contained nothing which was new to him; he having become thoroughly acquainted with the subject by previous study of English authors. Another of Jex's inventions was a lathe of extraordinary power and ingenuity, which remained in his possession until his death. By means of his lathe, he was enabled to cut the teeth of wheels mathematically correct into any number, even or odd, up to 1,000, by means of a dividing plate. He also constructed a lathe on a minute scale for turning diamonds, which is very complicated in its structure. He likewise invented an air-tight furnace door for his own greenhouse, so constructed that the fire would keep lighted from Saturday night till Monday morning, thus obviating the necessity of attending to it on Sunday. About ten years ago he invented a method of opening greenhouse windows to any required width, and so fastened that the wind has no power over them. Jex was also an iron and brass founder, a glass blower, a maker of mathematical instruments, barometers, thermometers, gun barrels, air guns, &c. Jex understood electricity, galvanism, electro-magnetism, &c., and had a thorough knowledge of chemistry as far as the metals are concerned. Amongst other sciences, Jex understood astronomy, and could calculate the time by the fixed stars. In taking astronomical observations, he was accustomed to make use

of his own door posts and a chimney opposite. He made telescopes and metallic reflectors, which are universally acknowledged to be extremely difficult of construction. His disposition was shy and retiring, but whenever he met with any whose tastes were similar to his own, he would converse for hours with the greatest delight on any subject connected with the arts and sciences. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and of unimpeachable veracity. He was entirely destitute of the love of money, and sought out truth for its own sake, and with no view to any personal gain. Such an example is rare indeed in this grasping and selfish age. He was kind in his manner to the poor, and rarely sent a mendicant away without relief. In 1845, Jex had a stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. His intellect gradually lost much of its original power, and the last year or two especially, a very marked alteration was perceptible. He was again attacked with paralysis in November last, and his death took place on the 5th of January last. His remains are interred in Letheringsett churchyard.

### Answers to Correspondents.

**G. S. ORIENTAL SAYINGS.** Our correspondent is desirous to know if the oriental sayings which have appeared in the Herald, are prepared for it, or if they are copied from some other work in the form in which they appear. We have only to say in reply, that the sayings are translated from the Talmud, the Mishnah, and other Oriental works, expressly for the Canadian Family Herald, by the person who signs, R. Arrangements have been made so that one may appear in each number. A series of stories for the introductory part have also been prepared, so that, at all events, the Herald will present somewhat the aspect of freshness.

### Literary Notices.

**The ART JOURNAL.** New York, George Virtue. Toronto, H. Rogers.

To turn over the pages of each succeeding number of the Art Journal is one of the most pleasing operations in which we engage. It is got up with the greatest taste, and displays a perfection in art which we find in no other periodical. The efforts made during the past year to furnish a succession of sketches of the great Exhibition were such as to entitle the conductors of the Journal to the highest meed of gratitude. The Art Journal stands decidedly far removed from any other periodical, occupying in silent majesty a higher niche in the "Palace of Art," than all others,—honourably secured for it by the unceasing labours of its conductors. The engravings in this number are, "Yorick and the Grise"—engraved by H. Bourne, from the Picture by G. S. Newton, R. A., in the Vernon Gallery. "The Stolen Bow"—Engraved by P. Lightfoot, from the Picture by W. Hilton, R. A. in the Vernon Gallery. "The Protecting Angel,"—engraved by Edwin Roffe, from the Bas-relief by Ernst Rietschel. "Examples of the Artists of Germany." "Selections from the Portfolio of Moritz Retzsch. It is unnecessary to say that these are most exquisite specimens of engraving. This number contains the second part of Mrs. Merrifield's Essay on the Harmony of Colours, in its application to Ladies' Dress also an essay on the application of Science to the Fine and Useful arts, and a sketch of the progress of Art Manufacture, with a variety of neatly executed specimens.

### Toronto Mechanics' Institute.

On the evenings of the 13th and 27th ult. the Rev. Professor Lillie lectured in the Mechanics' Institute on the "Growth and Prospects of Canada." The audience was large and respectable, and highly delighted with the interesting details. The lecturer said—"The population of Canada, at the time of its surrender to Britain in 1760, was between 66,000 to 82,275, exclusive of Indians. With the exception of a few trading posts, this population was confined to the lower part of the Province. After 1770, U. E. Loyalists coming in from New Jersey and Pennsylvania increased it somewhat. In 1791, the white population of Upper Canada was under 50,000, in 1811, it was 77,000, according to the statement of the Board of Statistics. Hence it is only forty years since it can be said to have begun to grow, if so much. By 1821 the population reached 151,067, nearly double in thirteen years, in 1831 it was 320,623—double, with 18,492 over; in 1850, when it was 791,000, it was more than ten times its number in 1811; over five times its number in 1825. Its growth during the last half century was shown by statistical returns to have been in a ratio about three times that of the Free States. By statistical returns it was shown that Canada West, taken as a whole, has been growing for the last forty years at a rate about equal to that of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois conjoined, for the last twenty at a rate somewhat over theirs. It was remarked, that while the growth shown to have taken place in Canada West was on the country as a whole, that of the Western States was at the expense of the other States of the Union, between which and them the disproportion was very great; to the extent of the American portion of it the immigration to the Western States is but a removal from one part of the Union to another, not an increase to its inhabitants. By way of illustration to the effect of selecting portions of the States, as is done in the case of the West, and drawing general inferences from them, the Home and Gore Districts were selected out of Upper Canada, and their rate of growth shown to exceed that of the Western States. Indiana contains now a population of 1,774 times what it was in 1800, while the Home District contains over 500 times its number of inhabitants in 1799—which was in that year 224; in 1850, 112,936. Though in different parts of the country there have been differences in the rate of growth, there has been on a whole a gratifying uniformity, examples have been adduced illustrative of this fact. Coincident with this rapid growth in population, a corresponding advance has been taking place in the quantities of land under cultivation, agricultural products, stock, &c., and in the value of land, which was illustrated by statistical returns. A comparison of assessed values in the State of New York and Upper Canada respectively, for 1848 brought out the fact that, supposing the principle of the valuation the same, our neighbours of the Empire State have, with a population over four times ours, property under five times ours—New York city included. The growth of the country was next illustrated by the contrast it presents now to the published descriptions of travellers, comparatively recent. What they described as wildness, is filled with towns and villages—many of them handsome, and not a few of them large and wealthy. The growth of a number of these—among them Toronto, Hamilton, Dundas, Brantford, London, Guilph, Belleville, Brockville, Kingston—was viewed—their present population and that of earlier periods being given. Examples of the rise of property in some of these towns were likewise given. In its trade, the growth of Upper Canada is, as proved by the comparison of the exports and imports of different periods, quite equal to its advance in other respects.—Great progress has also been made in regard to the convenience of life, as was manifested by a comparison of means of conveyance—steamboats and roads at different periods, with the increase of postal arrangements and the facilities afforded

by electric telegraph. By a comparison of statistical returns, it was shown that in proportion to population our increase from immigration is one-third greater than that of the United States, which with a population fifteen times, needs an immigration only ten-fold ours. In proportion to population, our increase from immigration between 1830 and 1850 has been five times that of the United States. Lectures second was devoted to the growth of Upper Canada in its higher interests, those of an intellectual and spiritual character. In 1812, Canada had five newspapers, all in the Lower Province. Now it cannot have much under two hundred. A hundred and eighty, or a little above, would give us, in proportion to population, a supply equal to that of the United States, which have about 2500. Generally speaking our newspapers will compare favourably with those of our neighbours as to character. The number of our book-shops, with the extent of their stocks, and the books stored in libraries and found on tables, indicate a growing taste for reading. On all hands a growing interest is manifested in the subject of education. Our schools and school-masters and pupils are increasing rapidly. Salaries largely increased are being paid for education; the people in many parts voluntarily taxing themselves for it support. The character of the education given is also improved. In numbers of places, too larger Schools are being introduced, with a number of qualified teachers, which admit of proper classification of pupils and division of labour on the part of masters. Schools of this sort have been seen by the lecturer in successful operation in Brantford and London. The Normal School is rendering the country great service; as is also the Chief Superintendent of Common Schools, by the diligence, singleness of purpose, and industry with which he is devoting himself to his noble employment. The number of Grammar Schools is also increasing, and the number of Mechanics Institutes. Now, too, the Provincial University, with its staff of well qualified Professors, to which addition is being made, offers its advantages to the youth of the country at a price little more than nominal. Trinity College, likewise, though a denominational institution, adds to the means of education in the higher departments. It is a fact specially cheering that the means of religious instruction and worship are increasing at a rate fully equal to the growth of the population. This was shown by comparison of the statistical returns of different periods. In civil arrangements and the application of correct principles to the government of the country, it is believed improvement will generally be admitted to be taking place.—Our municipal institutions are working, on the whole, satisfactorily—improving the country and educating the people. The past growth of the country, with its extent, its soil and climate, and the facilities for intercommunication afforded by its rivers and lakes, were next adverted to. Those he said, in connection with the character of its inhabitants, who were vindicated from the imputation of want of enterprise, afforded pledges of the future greatness of the country. The lecture closed with an exhortation to Canadians to do their duty towards the development of the resources of the country.

## Natural History.

### ICHNEUMON FLIES.

A merciful Providence has sent three species of *Ichneumon* flies to prevent the destructive operations of other insects upon our corn.—Those benefactors of our race, know how to introduce their eggs into the larvæ of the *cecidomyia*, which are within the glumes of the wheat. The most common of them is a small fly of the *Hymenopterous* order, originally called *Ichneumon tipulae*, but now goes by the name of *Platygaster tipulae*. The male fly is black, and the female is of a pitchy color—both shine very much, but the former is not often met with. This *Ichneumon* has been observed by

some superficial entomologists, who mistook it for the parent of the larvæ found in the ear—consequently, it has been condemned as the origin of the very ill it is destined to diminish. This shows false reasoning in the absence of accurate investigation.—people should not make hasty conclusions when they happen to see two things together. Farmers have often concluded, that the little *Ichneumon* flies, they have seen upon the wheat, must have laid the eggs which produce the larvæ of the midge. Prejudice and hasty judgment lead to perpetual misconstructions as to things both moral and natural. This little *Platygaster* may be readily found on the glumes of the wheat-plants, in the months of July and August. It runs rapidly over the ears and seems to know well which are those occupied by the larvæ of the midge. The sight has been witnessed by the following experiment.—"A number of larvæ of the wheat-midge were put upon a piece of white paper, pretty near each other, and an *Ichneumon* was dropped amidst the group. The energy of her manner, the rapid vibrations of her antennæ, and the whole of her attitudes, were most amusing. On approaching one of the larvæ her agitation quickened to the utmost intensity; she soon bent her body in a slanting direction beneath her breast, applied her tail (ovipositor) to the larvæ, and, becoming still as death, sent forth her curious sheath and deposited her egg in the victim, which writhed considerably under the operation. If she came to one that had previously an egg in it, she left it in an instant, and sought another, for the *Platygaster* lays but one in each." Indeed it would take up too much space at present to lay before the reader, the labors of the *Ichneumon* flies. They are a division of the insects most useful to man, and we are indebted to the labors of the English entomologists for their attention and accurate observations of this strange and extensive class of the insect creation. In fact, it is impossible to contemplate the habits of the insect brought before our notice, without being deeply impressed with the omnipresence of the Being to whom all things owe their existence. The same Hand that spread the north over the empty space, and suspended the earth upon nothing, and keeps the stars in their courses, regulates the numbers, instincts, and uses, of the smallest living things, appearing equally perfect in all:—

"What less than wonders from the wonderful,  
What less than miracles from God can flow."

The other two *Ichneumons* are supposed to limit the increase of the *Platygaster tipulae*; one of them is said to oviposit in its eggs, the other in its maggots. Still, there are a great many species, opening a wide and curious field of inquiry for the entomologist. One of these extraordinary flies has an ovipositor, nearly thrice its own length; indeed, the instruments with which nature has furnished them are beautifully adapted for their useful work, and there could scarcely be conceived a more interesting subject for a separate treatise than that of their forms and habits, when properly investigated. It has been therefore, my design to show how carefully there is provided for by the goodness and wisdom of God, a natural antagonism to the disasters that would befall mankind from the unchecked multiplication of our insect enemies.

### AFFECTION OF THE WHALE FOR ITS YOUNG.

I have heard of one of these whales with a cub when driven into shoal water, being seen to swim around its young, and sometimes to embrace it with her fins, and roll over with it in the waves, evincing the tenderest maternal solicitude. Then, as if aware of the impending danger and peril of her inexperienced offspring, as the boat neared her, she would run round her calf in decreasing circles, and try to decoy it seaward, showing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety. Reckoning well that the calf once struck, the dam would never desert it, the only care of the harpooner was to get near enough to bury his tremendous weapon deep in its ribs, which was no sooner done than the poor

animal darted away with its anxious dam, taking out a hundred fathoms of line. It was but a little time, however, before being checked, and the barb lacerating its vitals, it turned on its back, and displaying its white belly on the surface of the water, it floated a motionless corpse. The huge dam, with an affecting maternal instinct more powerful than reason, never quitted the body, till a cruel harpoon entered her own sides, then, with a single flap of her tail, she cut in two one of the boats and took to flight; but returned soon, exhausted with loss of blood, to die by her calf, evidently in her last moments, more occupied with the preservation of her young than herself.—*The Whalerman's Adventures in the Southern Ocean.*

## Agriculture.

### POTATO ROT.

Mr. DeRotterdam has recently published, in the *Miner*, a statement respecting this plague, and what he believes to be a cure for it, supporting his opinion by the fact that, by his plan, he succeeded last year in saving 42 minutes of potatoes. He says "the potato rot proceeds from two causes—the first, the electric state of the atmosphere, under the influence of the temperature and hygrometry of the air, acting directly upon the exterior organs of the plants; and on the coloring matter which serves the plants to respire and absorb the gases, as well as to receive the action of the solar and atmospheric fluids." The plant having thus changed the nature of its primitive organs, elaborates juice no longer limpid, but more or less sticky, of olive green or olive brown color, according to its age. The disorganization of the coloring matter, as well as of the organs of exterior tissues, takes place on the stalk and branches at different heights, and these last become clogged with a kind of viscid juice of a yellowish or dirty green color, to which is owing the disagreeable odour which is perceptible in the plant completely under the influence of the disease. The healthy sap can no longer be elaborated, and finally, a hollow tube is formed in the centre of the stem, by which the sap, in a completely altered condition, descends and attacks the set, which then communicates the disease to all the roots. The second cause may be found in the too general use of fresh and unfermented manure, which, in consequence of its fermentation below the surface, operating irregularly by alkalis and acids, of some strength, acting on certain parts of the encased organs of the plant under the influence of electrical action, favours the formation of this kind of sap, which corrodes the tubercles."

After showing the probability of this latter cause Mr. DeRotterdam goes on to say:—

"The first sign of the disease is the change of the coloring matter; and the more the disease increases, the more does the stem become yellow, with brown spots, the leaves black and withered, the tube meantime goes through the entire stem to the root, and the viscid matter is already, perhaps, at the root of the plant. In this case, it is useless to hope to save the tubercles from complete destruction, for the set will have been already spoiled, and will have passed the germ of the disease to all the young tubercles, which may be marked by black spots in their insides. But my opinion is, that the tubercles so attacked may serve for seed, and produce healthy potatoes, provided in sowing them the precaution is taken of cutting out the injured part, which, if left would destroy the envelope in which is lodged the fecula, which has to be changed into the nutritive principle of the plant, and which being unable to produce any new germ would destroy the rest of the individual potato. I should, therefore, recommend to persons having their potatoes attached, to cut away the sick part, and to sow them immediately in land well prepared, in a pit, to the depth of not more than three inches; and I am convinced that the next year they would have as good a crop as usual. If the winter were severe without snow, the potatoes should be covered with manure, no

matter of what quality, green or old. This plan would save the trouble of storing in cellars, potatoes which cannot be saved, and which are not even fit for the support of cattle. As I have already stated, I this year tried the experiment with 42 minots of seed, and then they were taken up there were many plants with as many as thirtynine healthy tubers, while some others, treated in the usual manner, gave nothing but rotten and weakly potatoes. If green manure be used, the tubers ought to be placed at least 4 or 5 inches below it, and not in direct contact, and the whole lightly covered with earth, and the contact of the manure with the stems ought to be guarded against as much as possible in earthing up. Generally the germs have already sprouted when potatoes are planted. These ought to be taken out with the exception of two or three, for too great a number weakens the potato. As soon as the leaves of the plant appear to be discolored, the stems should be mown within four or five inches of the earth, for if this operation be deferred only for a few days, the root becomes spotted, and the whole crop is hazarded. If the smallest quantity of the diseased matter has time to descend to the set, it is just as well to let them alone, for the disease is then at the root. This mowing does not influence the size of the potato, if the land is well prepared. It is an error to suppose that the more manure is used, the more profit accrues; an excessive quantity is as hurtful as its total absence. I have remarked on my land places where the plants above ground were in the highest beauty, and yet there were no tubers; and this was always where there was an excess of manure left in carting.

### Arts and Manufactures.

#### SUGAR FROM INDIAN CORN AND OIL OF VITRIOL.

A patent has been granted at Washington for a process of making sugar out of corn, which, though familiar to all chemists is doubtless novel to most of our readers. A quantity of corn meal is placed in a boiler, to which is added nearly an equal quantity, by measure, of water, together with a small portion of common oil of vitriol, or sulphuric acid. The mixture is then boiled at a very high temperature, when common brown sugar is produced, held in solution, of course with the acid. A quantity of common chalk is now thrown in, which has the effect to remove the vitriol from the sugar, the vitriol uniting to the chalk; and falling with it as sediment, to the bottom of the boiler. The liquid sugar is then drained off into another vessel, boiled down into molasses, and finally crystallized and clarified in the usual manner. We imagine that an operating apparatus, placed in the World's Fair, and turning out lumps of sugar made out of corn and vitriol, would have made the "rest of mankind" conclude that the Yankees had a compact with the witches, or some other supernatural power. The Patience of this process is Mr. George Riley, of New York.

Sugar may be produced in the same manner from common starch, corn stalks and other fibrous substances. The process affords a fine example of what chemists call Catalysis.—Though sugar is produced, yet the nature and strength of the vitriol is not a whit altered, neither is the original quantity diminished.—The same vitriol would therefore suffice to convert an indefinite amount of meal into sugar.

We hope the day is not far distant when more attention will be paid to the subject of Chemistry as a branch of education, than it now receives in most of our schools. Though the process above described seems wonderful, it is no more strange than the phenomena presented by the combustion of a tallow candle. How few know that a burning candle is, in effect a gas light, the melted tallow or carbon being raised by capillary attraction to the centre of the flame, which being hollow, forms a retort wherein the tallow is subjected to an immense heat and thus converted into

illuminating gas, in precisely the same manner as the carbon in the large retorts at the gas manufactory, is turned into gas!

Food, drink, air, fuel, clothing, and thousands of other substances of daily use, are results of chemical combination, with which every one should be familiar. Chemistry is a science from which more real interesting and practical knowledge can be derived, than from almost any other, yet no branch of education is so badly neglected.

### Oriental Sayings.

#### ALL FOR THE BEST

Ahifaz, a wise and pious man, had passed several years in travelling through the east, during which time many mishaps befall him.

But instead of murmuring at these unexpected misfortunes, he always said, *All is for the best, what God does is well meant*, a maxim which had in early youth been imprinted on his mind, by his good parents, and which as the following narrative shows, always supported him in the hour of trouble.

One day as he was travelling over a desert tract of land, in the company of some other travellers, with whom he had accidentally fallen in, his mule fell, and injured itself to such an extent, as to be unable to keep up with the others, and he was thus left alone in a lonely and insecure place. *All for the best*, said Ahifaz composedly, and slowly wended on his way. At length night came on, and he laid himself fearlessly down on the sandy ground, having on the one side of him his lame mule and on the other side his lantern, the only remaining companions. Ahifaz had frequently heard of the dangers to which travellers were exposed passing over this desert tract, not only from robbers and wild beasts, but also, according to the popular belief from evil spirits, which were considered to have their abode in such desert places, and who frequently slew the benighted travellers; but Ahifaz was not afraid, and he slept soundly until the rays of the morning sun induced him to rise and pursue his journey. He had scarcely proceeded many miles, when his attention was attracted by some one lying on the ground, and groaning pitifully, as if he had been severely wounded, he alighted from his mule, and on approaching the person, he at once recognized him to be one of the company with whom he had the previous day travelled, and who informed him, that they had been, during the night, attacked by a large band of Arabian robbers, and that all except himself had been carried off by them. Ahifaz after having heard this mournful narration, exclaimed, did I no. say,—*All is for the best, surely, what God does is well meant*. Ahifaz placed the wounded man on his mule, and brought him to the first inn, and then went on his way. In the evening he came to a small city, but night having already set in, its gates were closed; in vain he went from gate to gate to seek admittance, all his entreaties were of no avail; and, although a great storm was pending, yet almost exhausted with hunger and thirst, he was obliged to take his night's lodging beneath the canopy of heaven, without the wall of the city. The good man, however, murmured not at his fate, but calmly said, *All for the best, what God does is well meant*; and in full confidence he laid himself down upon the green couch which nature had prepared for him. Not far from him his mule was quietly grazing, and by his side stood his lantern. But scarcely had he laid himself down and fallen asleep, (for you have seen that good men will sleep tranquil no matter what dangers may surround them), when the storm burst forth, with a violence peculiar only to eastern climes. The light in his lantern was extinguished with the first blast, and soon after a famished lion emboldened by the darkness of the night, tore his mule in pieces. A great noise, proceeding from the city, now awakened Ahifaz from his sound slumber, and he found his light extinguished, and his mule gone, except a few

scattered fragments of the limbs lying here and there, yet he murmured not at this additional misfortune, but piously exclaimed, *All for the best*. Thus he awaited patiently the approach of morning.

The storm had now expended its fury, and the bright Gazelle, (for so the Oriental Poets call the rising sun,) was now showing its horns, (i.e. its rays) above the summits of the hills, with an oriental brilliancy. The traveller arose to enter the city, but behold! the gate was indeed open—but the city was desolated and plundered. Not a human being was to be seen, save a grave old man, who was timorously wandering about the ruins. How has all this happened, enquired Ahifaz of the old man. Ahifaz replied he, we have long been threatened by bands of robbers, who continually infest this neighbourhood, and last night during the storm when all the inhabitants slept as they thought secure, these robbers fell upon the defenceless city, plundered it, killed many of its inhabitants, and carried the rest away to sell them for slaves. Ahifaz raised his eyes devoutly to heaven, and exclaimed, have I not justly said, when refused admittance into the city last evening, *All for the best, what God does is well meant*.

Reader! though I will not vouch for the truth of this story, yet take a lesson from the moral which it sets forth, and murmur not when a misfortune may befall you, who knows, but it may after all turn out for your good.

R.

### Miscellaneous.

#### PRESERVE OF MIND.

A lady one day returning from a drive, looked up and saw two of her children, one about five and the other about four years old, outside the garret window, which they were busily employed in rubbing with their handkerchiefs in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady had sufficient command over herself not to appear to observe them; she did not utter one word, but hastened up to the nursery, and instead of rushing to snatch them in, which might have frightened them, and caused them to lose their balance, she stood a little apart and called gently to them, and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of hurry or agitation in their mamma, so they took their time, and deliberately climbed the bars, and landed safely in the room. One look of terror, one tone of impatience from her, and the little creatures might have become confused, lost their footing, and been destroyed.—*Southern American Advocate*.

#### SALT PORK FOR SUMMER USE.

Last fall, I saw in some paper, a recommendation which struck me so forcibly as being good that I tried the experiment, and with perfect success, and I would recommend that you publish it in the Cultivator. It was as follows:—In packing pork for summer use, add to each layer of pork, a sprinkling of fine ground black pepper. I put about two pounds of pepper to a barrel of side pork, containing about 400 pounds. I have been house-keeper for nearly forty years, and I can truly say that I never had pork keep so sweet and fine. We are now using old pork, as good as if it had not been put over a month. O. F. Marshall, Wheeler, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1851.—*Cultivator*.

#### SAGACITY OF THE DONKEY.

The ass is always esteemed as the stupidest of animals, yet if one be shut up with half-a-dozen horses of the finest blood, and the party escape, it is infallibly the poor donkey that led the way. It is he alone that penetrates the secret of the bolt and latch, and may be often seen snuffing over a piece of work, to which all other animals are incompetent.

Artists' Corner.

NO. IV.—CORNELIUS HUYSMAN.

Cornelius Huysman was born at Antwerp in 1648. He is generally known by the name of Huysman, of Malines, to distinguish him from another painter, James Huysman of Antwerp. His father was an architect, and destined Cornelius for the same profession, but both his parents having died when he was yet a child, the education of the young orphan was entrusted to an uncle, by whom he was placed in the school of Gaspar de Wit, a landscape painter. After a short residence with this artist, he fell in with some of the pictures of James Van Artois, at that time in the meridian of his fame, and the young artist was so charmed with their beauty, that he immediately started off for Brussels, where Van Artois lived, and presented himself to him. The pleasing and gentle Van Artois received the youth with kindness, took him into his house, and having ascertained the aptitude which he possessed for sketching from nature, he set him to make drawings of the finest trees at the most sparkling rivulets, for Artois himself excelled in the delineation of such objects. By this delightful study he laid the foundation of those beautiful compositions and elegant natural forms which he afterwards introduced into his works. After a residence of some time in the studio of Van Artois, Huysman, whose reputation had exceeded even that of his preceptor, left Brussels and established himself at Malines, where he remained till his death. Although living in a flat, ungenial country, without any striking features, or possessing much that would call forth the feeling which a grand landscape invariably produces, Huysman managed to develop the majesty of nature as it presents itself in dim old woods, with their dark shadows, or in upheaved rocks, and in dark and deep ravines. The most striking effect produced by his landscapes is the feeling of grandeur they impose upon the spectator. One peculiarity in the landscapes of the Belgian School is, that the heavens occupy a small place in any of their compositions, and this is striking in the landscapes of Huysman. The clouds are sparingly introduced, and even then only to serve to detach the masses of foliage from each other. The various atmospheric effects which distinguish the different hours of the day are little studied by him, yet, although led by him into shaded spots, where it would be impossible to determine the hour—you know that the sun is shining, for you see it on the tufts of grass, and on the large wild plants that fill up the foreground. His treatment of light and shade resembles that of Rembrandt; his touch is vigorous and broad, and his compositions though grand in conception, are still true to nature. One of the characteristics of this painter's works, says a biographer,—one, perhaps which distinguishes him from most of the old landscape painters, is, that beneath his noble trees, which seem to stand only to offer their shades to gods and goddesses, he introduces only the most commonplace figures, herdsmen leading their cattle to drink from the rivulet, or labourers half stripped, employed in lopping the oak just felled to the ground: so that the excellence and purity of his style is more manifest in his landscapes than in the figures which enliven them. The presence of these rude denizens of the field and forest, gives to his pictures, notwithstanding his fine delineation of natural objects, a peculiarly rustic appearance. They resemble neither the smiling pastorals of Berghem, nor the sober grandeur of Ruysdael, nor the grace, somewhat rude indeed, which we meet with in the works of Both. At first sight, one expects to find among those majestic trees, some ancient temple, or that the priests of heathen mythology are celebrating beneath their deep and ominous shadows the mystic rites of their wonder working religion, or, at least, that the nymphs of another arcaidia had come down to bathe in the secluded streams; but we encounter no colonnades, nor classic porches,

nor the fountain which invited to repose the fair *train of Diana*; only, we perchance have a glimpse in the twilight of the roof of some cottage, the rendezvous of a gang of poachers, or of a family of neatherds. The figures of Huysman are however drawn so true to nature, and located with so much ease and freedom, that the landscape painters of his own country were not slow to avail themselves of his pencil to peopple their solitary regions. Van der Meulen, a native of Brussels,—who had quitted his native place and gone to live in Paris, by the entreaties of Colbert, under the smiles and pensions and patronage of Louis XIV. entertained a high opinion of Huysman, and when on a visit to his native place, sought an introduction to him, and wished to be permitted to introduce him to the French monarch. But the artist delighted too much to roam in freedom through the beauties of nature, to be prevailed upon to quit Malines. He was in the habit of painting on canvass primed with a sort of red, so that the majority of his paintings have a deep reddish brown appearance, which conveys a very unfavourable impression of the delicacy of touch, and richness of tone which they originally possessed. He lived to a good old age in Malines the place of his adoption, dying in 1737, after an active and well-spent life, extending to nearly eighty years. Lebrun, says that he was one of the Flemish landscape painters who threw most spirit and power into their works. The gallery of the Louvre in Paris contains several of his pictures, as also the galleries of Munich and Brussels; and the Museum, and Churches of Madrid contain many of his compositions.

Varieties.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit.

Beauty has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began.

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common.

Truth itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in any other than its right relations. There is no truth but the "whole truth."

A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus:—With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.

Pleasure, to be relished, must be shared. Let a blind fiddler make his appearance in the street, and the first thing Bill Jones will do will not be to listen, but to run for all the other dirty boys in the neighbourhood to come and take part in the festivities.

A NEAT REPLY.—"Pray Miss Primrose, do you like steamboats?" inquired a gentleman of a fair friend to whom he was paying his addresses. "Oh! pretty well," replied the lady, "but I'm exceedingly fond of a smack." The lover took the hint, and impressed a chaste salute on the lips of the blushing damsel.

EVERY THING in this life has its counterbalance. You see me now, says Belisarius, superannuated, blind, and indigent, the tenant of an old castle in ruins. But look back to a space of thirty years, adorned with happiness, and bright with victory and triumphs; review that period, and you will wish your son the lot of Belisarius.

NOR BAD.—The Rev. Mr. E., who lived not a thousand miles from Portland, was preparing his discourse for the next Sabbath. Stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to erase that which he was disposed to improve, he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but three summers—

"Father, does God tell you what to preach?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Then what makes you scratch it out?"

Resolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconsistency in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness.

NOVEL DEFINITION.—The other day the teacher of a lady's school in Wick, while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through their facings in the spelling book, came to the word "lad," of which, in accordance with the modern method of tuition, she asked the signification. One little puss, on the question having been put, with a side-long look, blushing answered, "For courtin' wi';" a reply which we record for the advantage of future lexicographers.—*John O'Connell's Journal.*

THE WHOLE NUMBER of the public Libraries in the United States, exclusive of the public school Libraries, is 694, and the aggregate number of volumes contained in them, 2,201,632. The majority of these libraries are small. There are but five which contain each 50,000 volumes and upwards, viz: Harvard University, 84,200 vols., and the libraries of Yale College, Congress, and the Boston Athenæum, each 50,000 vols.

Biographical Calendar.

A. D.	
Mar. 14; 1757	Admiral Byng, shot.
" 15 1673	Salvator Rosa, died.
	1767 General Jackson born.
	1772 Viscount Melbourne born (18th by another account.)
1792	Gustavus III, King of Sweden, assassinated.
" 16; 1286	Alexander III, King Scott'd, killed
1639	Nathaniel Bowditch died
" 17; 1715	Bishop Burnet died.
	1780 Dr. Chalmers born.
" 18 1745	Sir Robert Walpole died.
	1768 Lawrence Sterne died.
" 19 1739	Charles F. Le Brun born.
" 20 1727	Sir Isaac Newton died.
	1808 Louis Napoleon, born.
1811	Napoleon Francois Bonaparte, Duke of Reichstadt, born.
1842	Earl of Munster committed suicide.

Sir Isaac Newton, the most distinguished philosopher, mathematician, and astronomer of modern times, was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas day, 1642. Having early lost his father, his mother, in 1654, sent him to Grantham School, and from thence, at the age of 18, to Cambridge University. Here, at the age of 22, he took his degree of bachelor of arts. Not long after, he made his grand discovery of the laws of gravitation, though it was not till 1687 that he published his "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica." On his return to the University in 1667, he was chosen fellow of his college, and took his degree of master of arts. Two years after, he succeeded Dr. Barrow as professor of mathematics, and in 1671 was chosen fellow of the Royal Society, to which body he communicated his theory of light and colour, also an account of his new telescope, &c. When the privileges of the University were attacked by James II, Newton was one of the delegates appointed by it, and was instrumental in stopping the proceedings. At the revolution he was chosen member of the Convention parliament. In 1696 he was made warden and afterwards master of the mint, which office he held till his death. Mr. Whiston succeeded him in his chair at Cambridge. In 1703 he was chosen President of the Royal Society, in which station he continued 25 years, and in 1705 was knighted by Queen Anne. He died March 20th 1727. The following is Pope's epitaph on Newton:—

"Nature and all her works lay hid in night;  
God said, let Newton be,—and all was light."

## The Youth's Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.

(Continued from our last.)

Our kind old neighbour, Thomas, however, who had given us this advice, enhanced it still more. For, on the evening before we left, he bought for us a hurdy-gurdy, which our good Thomas gave us! The parting from our dear mother I shall never forget, and I was full of hope on my road to Paris: but when getting there, to part so disastrously from my poor Marie, my beloved sister!—Ah, Monsieur Dumenil, it grieves me to think of her. Tell me, do you think I shall ever find her again?

"That, my kind boy, I cannot possibly say, for it depends upon the will of God; but that will, which is much, much more than even the wisest of this world can conceive, be assured, protects your dear sister and yourself. That kind Father in Heaven will not forsake your sister, nor leave her without bread when hungry, but will lead her to kind-hearted people."

"Yes, Monsieur Dumenil," said the affected boy, in tears, "that shall always give me confidence when I think, in fear, of the fate of my poor Marie. Good night, sir, God bless you!"

Poor Seppi now crept down stairs, and went quickly to bed, much consoled by what Monsieur Dumenil had said.

In the morning, his master's first inquiry was for the money from his new customer. He counted it, and found it all right, not a farthing missing. "And to-morrow, sir, I am to go up again," said Seppi.

"Quite right," said the master: "if this gentleman pays, I care not how much he has of my pastry. Why, he appears to have got a very sudden relish for it! But herein the bitter sweet-cake maker was wrong, if he thought that his new customer felt any desire for his pastry, for his only object was, by these means, to see more of his little slave, the poor Savoyard; and, naturally, Seppi took care to meet his kind friend's wishes, by duly taking up, every morning what was required."

Just about this time, an occurrence took place which excited, in the breast of Seppi, the liveliest hopes that he might recover his sister. Whilst walking through the streets, he met a gentleman, in all appearance the same who had formerly done him the kind service of making him the means of exchanging base coin.

"Why," said Seppi, to himself, "that is the person who was standing near Marie when I left her to change his bad money! Surely he must know something about her!" He hastened, therefore, after him, and just as he had overtaken him the man entered a house. Seppi was about following him into the place, when he was thrust back by the porter, none being admitted but gamblers—such, only, being the visitors received there.

But, pray, inquired Seppi of the man, "what is the name of the gentleman just gone in?"

"Oh, that we don't know," was the snappish answer.

"And yet I should very much wish to know," entreated Seppi.

"Why, you impudent varlet! pack yourself off this moment!" exclaimed the man, in a passion. With heavy heart, our poor Savoyard gave up all hope of attaining his object here, and returned home. On the following morning, he informed Monsieur Dumenil of what had taken place. The latter, however, was by no means very sanguine about the matter, for, supposing Seppi had succeeded in questioning the man upon the subject, how little could he, under the most favourable point of view, communicate about Marie's fate; and he had too much reason, too, to deny all knowledge of that evening's transaction?

"Oh, my poor, poor mother!" exclaimed the boy, in lamentation: "how she will cry about Marie! Yes, and even if I do send her the twenty francs,

and she hears nothing from Marie, I am quite sure the money alone will give her no joy."

"What!" inquired Monsieur Dumenil, rather astonished; "are you going to send your mother twenty francs?"

"Yes, sir, I wish to do so; and I have already saved something towards it, but still it will take a whole year yet before I can make up that sum, but never mind. Ah dear! how happy must rich people be."

"Do you think so, Seppi? But it is not as you think, Seppi, for there are very rich people, who drive about in splendid carriages, who are anything but happy; for there are too many among them to whose wealth the sighs and curses of the unfortunate adhere, and too many pass every moment of their life in dread of death—such, therefore, Seppi, we cannot fancy ever enjoy happiness. True and perfect happiness, my good boy, consists in not wishing otherwise than as in the will of God; because He, in His supreme wisdom, guides us over the best paths. If it be His will that we should remain poor, we ought to bear this poverty with resignation, and not desire anything beyond; and if, on the other hand, it be His desire that we should obtain riches, we should, in all humility and gratitude, employ them to the honour of the Heavenly Giver."

"Ah, yes, dear Monsieur Dumenil, I wish to be contented too, only I could not help thinking of my poor mother, and wishing I could only once send her a good sum. Oh, that would be so delightful, you know, Monsieur Dumenil!"

"If it be the will of God, Seppi, then be assured He will give you the means of putting your affectionate object into force; for He will bring you into a situation, where you may be enabled to make a more profitable use of your time."

"At any rate," exclaimed the lad, with pleasure "I know how to read and write, Monsieur Dumenil; I have learnt that already."

Monsieur Dumenil's foot now got better everyday, so that at length he was enabled to walk about again. Meanwhile, Madame Rivage's curiosity respecting his means of living, and so forth, had not as yet been satisfied, in spite of the continual questions she put to Seppi. One day, in order to try him once more, she sent him for some pies, and she used every effort to induce him to tell her: but all in vain. "Well, well," said she, in her vexation, and trying to detain him still longer, "you must go and get me this franc piece changed, else I cannot pay you."

"Oh, I have got some money, and can give you change now, at once," said the innocent Seppi, as he drew forth his little treasure.

The old woman opened her eyes when she saw this, and exclaimed: "Indeed! if you are so rich, then, pray what wages does your master give you?"

At this the poor boy's face turned quite red, and he answered, hesitatingly, "Nothing, madame; these are little presents which I have received."

"So, so," said Madame Rivage, when Seppi, had retired; "now I have you in my power, you little obstinate urchin; and that Monsieur Dumenil, too, of whom you are so fond, I'll set him against the pastry, for no more shall you take him"—and she kept her word.

She no sooner met her fellow lodger, who was just going out, than she very graciously accosted him, and said: "My excellent Monsieur Dumenil, I have felt very much for you; and then, too, you have eaten pastry every day."

"How!" asked Dumenil, quite astonished, "I really don't understand you: what has your pity to do with the pastry?"

"Oh, why?" said she in an undertone. "I will tell you quick! You know, perhaps, that there are people in Paris, whose sole business consists in stealing cats: well, it is such cats as pastrycook here buys, kills, and makes his pies of; and—but of course I need not tell you any more. But is it not horrible to think of? It is true, I assure you, I have it from the best au-

thority; pray, therefore, eat no more of those pies, good Monsieur Dumenil!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Monsieur Dumenil, in seeming indignation. "Well, I'll bring the man to book for this directly—he shall certainly not go unpunished!"

Put Madame Rivage, in alarm, held him back. "Stop, stop!" she cried; "you surely will not betray me! Remember, for Heaven's sake, it is told you in confidence—it is a secret!"

"Why, madame," replied Monsieur Dumenil, gravely, "you must either know it for certain, in which case it is your duty to bring such dishonesty to light that it may be punished, or, if it is merely supposition, you are acting extremely bad in spreading a report which must extremely injure this man."

(To be continued.)

## Advertisements.

## EARLY SPRING GOODS!!

THE subscribers beg to announce, that they have received their usual EARLY SPRING IMPORTS, per the British Mail Steamer to Boston.

CONSISTING OF

Silks, Ribbons, Bonnets, Orleans, Colours, 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.

SILK, TURNBULL &amp; CO.

Wellington Street,  
Toronto, March 12th, 1852

14-15

## DRY GOODS!!

## HENDERSON &amp; 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 &amp; USHER,

4, City Buildings, King Street East,  
Six Doors from the MARKET

Toronto, March 12, 1852.

14-16

## SPRING ARRIVALS!!

## NEW DRY GOODS!!

WILLIAM POLLEY,  
66, 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, Musings, 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 suited for the early Spring Trade.

An Inspection is invited.

WILLIAM POLLEY,

Third Door West of Church Street.

Toronto, 12th March, 1852.

14-15



**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, "
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- Eclectic Magazine,
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- International, "
- Littell's Living Age,
- Harper's Magazine,
- Sartain's Union, "
- Constitution and Church Sentinel
- Dublin Newspaper,
- Globe, "
- Colonist, "
- Patriot, "
- Examiner, "
- North American, "
- Canadian Family Herald,
- Literary Gem,

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. 6-58

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

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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.

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CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

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

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- 5000 pairs superior thick Boots, 11s. 3d
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A liberal discount to the purchaser of more than £25.

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**FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.**

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Toronto, Dec., 1851. 3-65

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THIS elegant Toleet 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 ringworm; and what is of the highest importance, is that it is unlike most other Toleet 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. 4-1f

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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-f.

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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.

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Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. 1-f.

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Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-15.

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