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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 6, 1852.

No. 13.

Poetry.

LINES BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

This sublime and affecting production was but lately discovered among the remains of our great epic poet, and is published in the recent Oxford edition of Milton's Works.

I am old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind :
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong :
I murmur not that I no longer see :
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme ! to Thee.

O merciful One !
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near,
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy Charlot ! bear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me ; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee.
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown .
My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear :
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing :
Beneath it I am almost sacred . here
Can come no evil thing.

O ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen

Visions come and go :
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng .
From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Eol in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the strings of a gift divine .
Within my bosom glows an earthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

Literature.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

(Continued from our last.)

THE THIRD STAGE.

"In the passion hour of youth
The lip may breathe its holiest vow
Yet shadows dim the spirit's truth."

Some three miles distant to the Northwest of the little village there stands a solitary little house on the acclivity of a gentle hill, from the gable of which was swung out a heavy sign-board with the rather attractive motto :—

"My liquor's good and hinders nose,
Refresh, and pay, then toddle on."

This was the rendezvous of many a weary pedestrian who on the faith of the motto, turned in to refresh himself as he journeyed to the hill country. From this point, a road led off to

the left hand, through a thick shrubby plantation, near the centre of which another road struck off at a nearly right angle, still towards the left. Along this road one evening in early spring, a tall, athletic, and somewhat weather beaten youth, was slowly wandering, with quivering step and agitated look. Now and again he would pluck a twig from a fir shrub, and suck its resinous juice while he muttered something to himself, the import of which could not be gathered. He passed the little house without his accustomed salutation, and just as the sun was making the summit of the Argyloshire mountains, he turned off to the left, and pursued his course until he reached Ivy Bank the residence of Mr. Edward Ramsay.

Here in rural retirement lived Helen Jeffrey the niece of Mr. Ramsay, a handsome young lady, with somewhat of a pensive cast of countenance, occasioned partly, perhaps, by its being continually shaded by a rich profusion of raven colored tresses, loosely curled all round, and flowing gracefully, around her finely sloping shoulders. She had been trained with pious care by an affectionate mother ; but that kind parent had fallen a victim to excessive grief occasioned by the sudden death of her husband, the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, who was thrown from his horse, one evening in returning from a meeting of Presbytery, and was dragged in the stirrup until life was extinct. Their only child thus left an orphan in the world, was consigned to the care of her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, by whom she was much beloved. Mr. Ramsay having been fortunate in his mercantile pursuits, had some years previous to this purchased the small estate of Ivy Bank, and retired to enjoy the sweets of relaxation and solitude.

To this sequestered spot Charles Marshall, had frequently turned his steps, and often did he, and the thoughtful Helen wander in the coppice-wood when the moon's pale beams had spread a silvery sheen o'er fern and furze. But on the night in question there was something in his look which betrayed considerable emotion. The secret, however, was soon explained. The return of his dissipated brother rendered it necessary that he should on the following day depart to take charge of the vessel. A twofold weight, thus preyed upon his spirits,—the disgrace of his brother, and his abrupt departure. He felt deeply at thought of parting so unexpectedly from one around whom all his affections had centred ; yet they consoled each other with the sweet reflection that at the conclusion of another voyage their union would be sealed. All was quiet as midnight, ere he again passed the little house, even the creaking sign-board was still and motionless, so that his reverie was not disturbed, until the streaks of light in the northern sky reminded him that a new day had dawned. Having vowed eternal fidelity, he had parted—he to pursue his trackless course through the Indian Ocean,—and the lovely Helen to her silent chamber, there to feed her imagination with fond thoughts of that endeared one,—who, should fate a pro-

pitious gales, waft once more to his native shore, was on his return to lead her to the hymeneal altar.

How truly has the poet said,

Alas ! the course of true love never did run smooth.

Often has this sentiment been fully verified ; but, perhaps, never more so than in the present instance. Spring with its genial showers, and blinks of sunshine glided swiftly past, and summer with all its refulgence and its languishing heat had fully come, when a visitor arrived at Ivy Bank,—Mr. Andrew Thompson a distant relative of Mr. Ramsay's—a merchant in the Metropolis, came to spend a few weeks with his friends, among the rural scenery of the North.

Never before could Mr. Thompson be prevailed upon to leave the counting-house. The one idea, of making money gave all his thoughts a golden tinge, and so absorbed his mind that he could think seriously of nothing else. Two smart attacks of bilious fever rendered it necessary, however, that he should for a time forego his wonted pleasure. Nor had he cause to regret his visit, for the bracing air of Ivy Bank, effected a wonderful improvement on his plodding and care-worn system ; and, in return for the daily pleasure of which he was deprived, a new, and holier joy was created within him. There was a secret watchery in the pensive look of that amiable, and accomplished young lady, an and irresistibly insinuating charm in her animated conversation, which touched a chord in his heart, that never vibrated before. Though naturally retired and unassuming, and rendered even more so, by her peculiar position towards the young captain yet out of in respect to her Uncle, she endeavoured to make herself agreeable to his guest ; and the worthy merchant while prosecuting his daily walk with the family, in the meadow, or on the hill side, or retired to the little arbour to enjoy the cooling shade, felt, that more after all was needed than gold, to constitute felicity. His heart set for amassing wealth as the chief good, insensibly became mellowed, and susceptible of impressions—if not of love,—at least of holy friendship.

It was now his delight to wander in the shade, when the refreshing breeze,—laden with the fragrance of the sweet-brier and the wood-ruffe, and the thousand wild flowers that bloomed around,—imparted to his mind the most pleasing sensations ; but, as a natural consequence, he could not wander alone. In vain would the flowers exhale their balmy odours, if he was not otherwise interested in his walks, and no one could so highly contribute to his happiness as Miss Jeffrey. The "Harebell," the sweet "Forget me Not," the Jasmine and the Honeysuckle, as well as all the other treasures of Flora, were alike strangers to Mr. Thompson, and each furnished matter for an explanatory lecture from the fair professor, whose attention in her retirement had been somewhat turned towards the science of Botany.

The genial weather, the delightful scenery, and the comfortable society, warmed the re-

frigorated soul of the merchant, and day after day, was Miss Jeffrey with her native charms, fanning a flame, not easily to be quenched.—Nor was she insensible to the effect which these long sylvan walks were producing, and though undertaken only out of courtesy, yet a thousand times over did she regret that the merchant had made his appearance. Her friends soon discovered the attentions bestowed upon their niece, and latterly knowing more of Mr. Thompson's mood, they urged her not to slight, or treat with disrespect the proposals of so worthy a man. "He is wealthy," said the uncle, "and has a good business, and has every comfort at command. He is besides, a respectable person and much esteemed by those who know him. Charles Marshall is in the way of manifold temptations. He is young, ardent and frank, and may by these temptations be overcome and thus you might live to regret your connexion with him, or like your tender, affectionate mother, consume your strength in silent sorrow, wither and die like an early blossom nipped by the untimely frost. His elder brother, has become a sot, and is living at home in indolence, a burden and a daily grief to his parents. Charles may not follow the example, but as yet he is untried. His father is a steady industrious man, but in his youth he was more strictly trained than his sons have been, and was not so liable to be led astray. I would not speak of the thousand snares, which are laid in foreign ports, for the warm hearted, but unwary mariners. It is impossible for them, sometimes to resist the fascinations by which they are surrounded; and the frauds that are practised upon them render them desperate, and ready to commit any amount of folly. Of these things you cannot, of course, form any idea, nor could you without mixing amongst them."

In this prospective manner did Mr. Ramsay reason with his niece, and the reasoning was so far plausible. There can be no doubt it was dictated by affection, and an anxious desire for her welfare. It was true that Alexander Marshall had brought disgrace on the family; but his conduct was no criterion by which to judge of the integrity of Charles,—far less was it a reason, that for that imprudence, Charles's fondest hopes should be destroyed. If he was not already sunk in vice, no course was more calculated to make him so; but it has frequently happened that one worthless member of a family has subjected all the rest to bitter disappointment and mortification. All my observations in journeying through life, confirm the opinion that in the majority of cases where promising young persons have resided from integrity and virtue, the incipient stage of that degeneracy, shows that a secret poisonous influence exerted by selfishness, or the want of due reflection of some one who held the reins of power, has chilled the heart of those most sensitive beings, who seem not so thoroughly humanized, as to be able to grapple with the ills of life. They have their counterpart in the mimosa, whose instinctive sensitiveness, is indicated by the most cautious approximation of the hand, yet if rudely pressed it remains ever after, insensible to the touch; so these febrile and sensitive natures, when suddenly checked in any noble aspiration, are rendered ever afterwards imperious to the dictates, or the demands of reason.

In vain did Helen urge her attachment to young Marshall,—in vain did she say, her heart was with him, and she could not bestow it on another. Persuasions were used on all sides, and she became exhausted in silent grief. A wide swelling ocean rolled between her and the object of her affections. She had no sister, no fond mother, with whom to take sweet counsel,—no one to whisper in her ear the path of duty. Her uncle and aunt had always treated her with the utmost kindness. She was indeed her own, their only, their adopted child, and to them she had implicitly rendered all the obedience of a confiding daughter. But still there was an indefinable feeling, that their urgent entreaties were dictated somewhat by selfishness. At length she began

to reason with herself, whether duty called her day after day, to rebel against the will of her foster parents, and in a calm, subdued and pensive mood, her resolve was taken, for weal or woe.

How much more in unison with surrounding nature was the mind of the merchant, when the earnestly longed for answer was obtained. The morning lark sang more sweetly, the swallows whirled more cheerfully, about the window, the gleesome gambols of the leveret, upon the closely cropped lawn, sent a thrill of maiden joy to his heart, and he inhaled the fresh balmy air of the morning,—wasted from the richly clothed meadows as a new principle of vitality, which made his hearts blood bound through his system, with warmth and vigour. The wedding day was fixed, the necessary preparations were speedily made and when the eventful morning came, Helen Jeffrey vowed to be the loving wife of Andrew Thompson.

THE FOURTH STAGE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but ye woodlands I mourn not for you.

At the conclusion of our last stage was noticed the fact, that the lovely lily of Ivy Bank was transplanted from the scene of her youthful retirement to mingle in the bustle of city life, and to be the "help-meet," of a city merchant not unworthy of the hand and the heart of that fair lady. But, alas! that heart, in softest, sweetest accents, was pledged to be another's. It was the pole star that guided an erratic soul. It piloted the wings on which that soul floated in space, across the trackless wave to a small secluded spot in a little island of the sea. The genial warmth of that heart was the all-propelling impulse, which accelerated the flight of that soul to the little harbour at Ivy Bank, there in the fondest day-dream, to speak of love, as sweet, as lasting as the unfading amaranth. But this star had set; and as surely as the tempest-driven bark is shivered on some sunken reef, when in a dark and dingy night, the compass is attracted by some external influence, and the stars are obscured to the pilot's eager gaze, by the murky clouds which dash furiously across the heavens,—so surely was that fragile being shattered, and destroyed, when the pole star of his affections ceased for ever to guide his mental vision.

Towards the close of the year the friends of Charles, began to feel uneasy at the expected arrival of the Myrtle in London, and Jane,—now in the bloom of rosy youth,—to prevent some one harshly communicating the fact of the marriage, to her brother, wrote a long letter to await his arrival. She announced feelingly and considerately the change at Ivy Bank, and expressed the fond hope, that her brother would have fortitude to bear the severe shock which the announcement would give. After stating the effect it had upon her parents she urged upon Charles to come home a few weeks to enjoy among his friends that change of society and relaxation of mind, which would prevent him from brooding over his unhappy lot. But all the pathos which Jane had infused, all her kind and soothing tenderness, could not check the dark, deep frown, which mantled the mariner's brow, as he hastily glanced over the contents of the epistle, which was handed to him at the wharf by a friend.

Recognising his sister's handwriting in the address he hastily broke it open and began to peruse it, to see what news from home. He suddenly turned his eye to the signature,—he looked at the address—there seemed no mistake, and his whole frame shook violently. He grasped the hand of his friend, and said "come along, I feel thirsty." Nothing further was said, they entered a tavern close at hand, and partook of a little brandy and water. He opened again the ill-fated letter,—and while his friend who knew well the cause of the sudden change of countenance, mused within himself, as to what it were best to say to divert his attention from the melancholy tidings he had himself conveyed,—the captain snatched up his hat, rose from the table, and said he would return again immediately.

Already had a dreadful project formed in his mind,—his blood rushed more vigorously from his agitated heart, and a wild and unusual glare, beamed from his eye, as he walked rapidly from the gangway of the Myrtle, and descended to the cabin. His life was bound up in one object—that removed,—farther delay on time's stage were unnecessary.

His friend waited with some anxiety his return, to the tavern, but at length his suspicions were aroused, and walking to the wharf, was informed that the Captain had gone below. He swung himself with one bound from the companion door to the cabin floor, but what a scene awaited him! Here lay the young captain stretched upon the floor, his chestnut locks dragged and matted with gore, his dark hazel eyes, glazed and motionless. At his right hand lay a blood-stained razor, which seemed to have been taken from an open dressing case in his state-room, and the blood still issued from a deep wound which had been inflicted.

Mr Simpson was overcome by the appalling spectacle, but speedily recovering himself, he bound a handkerchief round the fatal spot, to staunch the flow of blood. A surgeon was immediately procured, who examined and carefully dressed the wound.

To the earnest enquiry of Mr. Simpson, the Dr. replied that were his patient kept quiet, there need be no apprehensions of danger. The poor captain was therefore carried to a private lodging-house, that he might be more closely attended, and the sorrowing friend, returned to the cabin of his own barque, to write a few lines to Mr. Marshall, to inform him of the sad occurrence.

The melancholy news soon reached the little town, and threw the family into the greatest distress. His poor mother was greatly hurt by the intelligence and indeed never thoroughly recovered, from its lacerating effects. His compassionate sister lost no time, in hastening to watch over him,—although the principal communication at that time was by sailing vessels called Smacks,—and in a few weeks after her arrival, he was so far recovered as to be able to return home. The vessel was left in charge of the mate until arrangements were made. His friends manifested towards him the greatest interest, Jane was constantly by his side, soothing his mind, with genuine, heart-felt sympathy, when it touched the fatal chord; or cheering him, amid the gloomy forebodings by which he was occasionally overcast. So far pleasing was her beneficial society, to his wounded spirit, that if the image of his fond affection, was not effaced from his memory, he could at least look upon that indurated portrait, with a placid consciousness, and reflect in calmness and serenity, upon the beauty and the preciousness of the original. Here, for the present we leave him tolerably well recovered, and in good spirits, while we watch the motions of Joseph, the third son.

He was unlike either of the other brothers. He had not the soft effeminacy of Alexander, nor the sprightly snavity of Charles, but was of a dark, dogmatic, stubborn nature. He was not tall, nor particularly good looking, but had a robust frame calculated to endure fatigue. To several little circumstances which occurred in his youth much of his petulance, and sourness of temper might perhaps be attributed.

It would be useless to attempt to follow him in his career, or to investigate how far the little incidents in which he figured, tended to produce that dogged nature, which he subsequently manifested. Two of these incidents may however be noted, they were related by an eye witness. On one of his Baltic voyages, he arrived at Cronstadt, and the vessel was, as usual, boarded by the officers, from the war ship which lies off in the stream, to examine the manifesto, and search for hidden treasures. They are not so strict now; but at that time they were particularly jealous of all written communications. Whether there was confusion visible in Joseph's countenance, when the officers asked if there were any letters, was not known; but the officers having been often

duped, at once ordered Joseph to strip. The reluctance he manifested, only increased their anxiety, and they almost dragged his clothes from his person. A letter was found concealed under his vest between his brace and his shirt, and for the extra labour to which the officers were put, in this discovery, Joseph was taken ashore, and fined in one hundred silver roubles. A few glasses of Cognac from the Captain somewhat commuted the fine, but Joseph vowed vengeance on the rough chinned race for the spoliation. Nor was he long in seizing upon an opportunity, to show this feeling, but it terminated even more fatally than the preceding. They lay a few weeks in the mole at Constadt waiting for the cargo coming down the River Neva, and one Sunday Joseph went ashore with three young companions, belonging to the vessels alongside to see the *dobra* market. This market is held on Sunday afternoons, and to it, the natives bring out wring desks, wooden-bowls, slippers, painted window blinds, and a variety of other articles to tickle the fancy of the foreign sailor. Our four friends landed; but before reaching the market,—which was held in a large open square, back from the harbour,—they came to a hotel. It was necessary of course to get a little grog before going further and they went in and seated themselves at the same table, where three or four Russians were sitting drinking brandy and mead. They called for a supply of grog, but had scarcely partaken of it when one of the sailors, unceremoniously lifted a little sugar from a sugar-basin, which stood before one of the Russians. This was an offence which the Russian resented in some hard sounding native phrase, quite unintelligible to the mariners, who knew nothing more of the language than the ordinary form of salutation, which is easily picked up. The guttural phrase was however followed by a volley of nautical oaths, all unknown to the Russians, and a scuffle ensued. Five minutes more and they were all safe in the lock up.

Considerable uneasiness was felt on board the respective vessels, when the return of evening brought not with it the young mariners. An enquiry was instituted in the morning, but they had already been sentenced.

As soon as the case was examined, the Russians had been dismissed, and the four seamen were doomed to sweep the streets. What gave considerable pungency to the disgrace of the affair, was,—they were turned out to sweep the roads in front of the Custom-House, with two or three boors keeping watch over them. As all communications from foreign ports, must be examined at the Custom House, before being handed over to the parties addressed, this is the busiest part of the City during the shipping season, so that the young men had to stand the scrutinizing gaze, and the chuckling sneer of the passers by, for several days before they were liberated.

One of these young men was washed overboard and drowned shortly after that, on his homeward voyage but Joseph, still lived, although his temper improved not with his years. Fortune too seemed set against him.

He joined the Myrtle as Captain, and in a voyage to the West Indies, either through negligence, or ignorance of the locality, ran the vessel on a sunken coral reef, which lies in the Caribbean Sea, between the Bohemia Islands and St. Domingo, where she was totally wrecked. As the weather was not boisterous, the crew managed to live in the small boat until they were picked up, although they suffered considerably from want of food.—Joseph got a passage to Liverpool, in a bark from St. Domingo with mahogany &c. The loss of the vessel came heavy upon Mr. Marshall as the insurance was small, and the voyage was well light completed.

(To be continued.)

A *COUR D'ETAT*.—This term having come into general use, as the only one which can be applied to the late movements of Louis Napoleon in France, many persons inquire what is its precise meaning; in reply to which we an-

swer, that literally it means a *Stroke of State*, but that, according to an able French lexicographer, it is a measure, which, though useful to the State, is contrary to the rules of humanity and justice,—in brief, a measure of violence, or an arbitrary measure. It is pronounced *kaa da lah*.

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. 6, 1852.

AN ACT OF POLITENESS.

One little act of politeness has often paved the way to fortune. Among the many instances that have transpired, we have not read anything for a long time so strikingly illustrative of the well-known act of gallantry performed by Sir Walter Raleigh, as the following story from the Olive Branch. It will be remembered that the haughty and dignified Queen Elizabeth, in a walk among a crowd of her Courtiers, having come to a spot in which the path was obstructed by mire, Raleigh at once took off his rich plush military cloak and spread it on the ground for a foot cloth. This spontaneous act opened the way to honour and preferment, and the following sketch will show that the sailor lost nothing by the somewhat amusing, though equally spontaneous incident so characteristic of the warm hearted, good tempered class to which he belongs. The Editor of the Olive Branch says,—A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in rather a damp condition from recent rain and rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk, with no very satisfied countenance. The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the bright face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and the auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or an admiring glance.—Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed.

"That pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane, wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So, springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the door-way, and coming back to the smiling girl who was coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed; what else would make him snatch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home, she twice performing the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a

house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance, for a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then, with a wonderfully big sigh, turned away, disposed of his plank-bridge, and wended his path back to his ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from his captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement, he had never dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres or bowling alleys on his return from sea, he purchased books, and had become quite a student, but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year, the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow, with his neat tarpaulin, and tidy bundle, as his cabin boy.

One night, the young man, with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment, mounted the identical stair that two years before, the brightest vision he had ever seen, passed over, a vision he had never forgotten! Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor, and like a sledge-hammer it beat again, when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter and with a pleasant smile, said,—"The young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were all a blaze, and his brown cheeks flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty lady."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter-deck, second duty in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, to the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely, but earnest act of politeness towards his child, had pleased the captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his promotion. So now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume is according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City and he owes, perhaps the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in "crossing the street."

Answers to Correspondents.

D F Post Office. It is evident that Posts for the transmission of letters have been in use from an early period in the world's history. The King Ahasuerus, who reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, when he issued the decree to destroy all the Jews that dwell within his jurisdiction, sent "the letters by post into all the Kings provinces," and we are told,—"*the posts went out being hastened by the king's commandment.*" And, Job, a much more ancient authority says,

Now my days are swifter than a post
They flee away, they see no good.

The name of Posts is said to be derived from the Latin *Posilus* (placed) because horses were placed at certain distances to transport letters. In the ninth century there existed in Germany, France, and Italy, messengers, who travelled on horseback Louis XI of France, by an edict of June 19, 1464, instituted Post stations at intervals of four French miles. When the Spaniards discovered Peru, in 1537, they found three-cent

placed at short distances on the road from Cusco to Cuzco, in order to transmit with speed the orders of the Inca. It is likely these posts were similar to the ones which we find in England as early as the reign of King John who were charged with the conveyance of letters, and the expenses of whose establishment formed a considerable item in the charges of the royal household. In 1481 Edward IV. is stated to have established at certain posts, twenty miles apart, a change of riders who handed letters to one another, and by this means we are told that letters were expedited 100 miles a day. It would seem that in England the posts at which relays of riders and horses were kept, were wholly private enterprises, but when their importation became apparent the state subjected them to its surveillance. A statute passed in 1548.—2 & 3 Edward VI., c. 3, fixed a penny a mile as the rate to be chargeable for the hire of post horses. Camden mentions one Thomas Randolph as the chief post master of England in 1581, but he does not seem to have had any connection with the letters. The earliest mention made of the duties of a post master, was during the reign of James I. In 1635, a proclamation was made for settling of the letter office of England and Scotland, which commands Thomas Witherings Esq., his majesty's post master of England for foreign parts, to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and Scotland and the City of London, to go thither and come back in six days. But the most complete step in the establishment of a post office was taken in 1659 when an act was passed, to settle the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It enacts that there shall be one General Post Office, and one officer styled the Post Master General of England and Comptroller of the Post Office. Prices for letters, both English, Scotch, Irish, and foreign and for post horses were fixed, and all other persons were forbidden to set up, or employ any foot posts. In the English Parliament from 1711 to 1839 upwards of 160 acts were passed affecting the regulations of the post office. In that year Mr. Rowland Hill's measures, for post office reform were embodied in an act (2 & 3 Victoria) In Jan. 10th 1840 the benevolent efforts of Mr. Rowland Hill were brought into practical operation by the imposition of a uniform inland rate of postage of 1d. per half ounce. This was an incalculable benefit to England, and our own post office reforms have been a boon to Canada. But that beautiful expression of Solomon,

As cold water is to one who is thirsty,
So are good news from a far country,

is still very much shorn of its power. We must have an ocean penny postage, that the bonds of friendship that stretch across the Atlantic, may be drawn closer together, that the overflowings of hearts widely separated may be sweetly reciprocated, in an unceasing and unbroken stream of holiest sympathy. In England the head of the Post Office is styled the Post Master General, under whose authority are placed all the post offices in the United Kingdom and the Colonies. The office is considered a political one and the holder relinquishes it with a change of ministry; but the Post Master General has not generally a seat in the Cabinet as with us. The present Post Master General the Marquis of Clanricarde is however a Cabinet Minister.

E. B. AUTUMN. MY CHILDHOOD &c. We have perused very carefully the pieces with the above titles, contributed by E. B. and are most reluctantly compelled to say that in the present form they will not suit our columns. We can assure E. B. that we regret as sincerely to make this announcement, as E. B. possibly can at the time being rejected, because we have always hitherto laboured to encourage rising talent wherever manifested. Let E. B. keep in mind this fact, that Thomas Grey, the author of the finest elegy in the English language,—the Elegy in a Country Church Yard,—kept that piece beside him for upwards of ten years, revising and prun-

ing and correcting it before he would allow it to go before the public. If this rule were generally adopted, we might have a less quantity of metrical composition, but we would have a much greater quantity that would possess more than a mere ephemeral existence.

S. D. P. M. Your contribution has been received. The same remarks made in reference to E. B. are applicable here. The fact is we have no faith in amateur extemporaneous versifying. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and the mere attempt to throw off a long string of verses in a few minutes is after all no great affair.

J. C. will please accept our thanks for his contributions. The second Enigma has been answered by three correspondents; but as there was a slight error in one of the lines which caused the reading of the answer to be incorrect, the answer will not be published. The answers were by J. Y. Z. and J. C.

Literary Notices.

Harper's Magazine,—March, New York, Harper & Brothers.

International,—March, New York, Stringer & Townsend.

Sartain's,—March, Philadelphia, J. Sartain & Co.

Godey's Lady's Book,—March, Philadelphia, S. A. Godey.

Toronto, T. Maclear, A. H. Armour & Co., and C. Fletcher.

It would be superfluous now to say one word in praise of these fashionable monthlies. They enjoy a very extensive circulation, which is the surest test of their appreciation by the community, and although very different as regards the nature of their contents, they will generally be found acceptable to the lover of light literature. The aim of the two first mentioned, is to give the choicest selections from the English Irish and Scotch periodicals. The aim of the two last is to draw out the nature talent of America. In this they have very happily succeeded, and the very neat engravings which accompany each number, give it a considerable interest. But Harper's and the International in the natural course of events must continue to be more warmly appreciated by the ready community of Canada, because their associations are all English. We may have now and again a local sketch; but that we expect just as much, as an account of the Russians in Fraser or a tale from the German in Hogg. The illustrated piece in Harper is a Franconia story from the pen of Jacob Abbot; the illustrated sketch in the International, is from the pen of Mr. S. C. Hall, writers eminent in their respective walks. The varied contents which we have not space to enumerate, will be found very interesting. The engravings in Sartain are Raffaele and the Fornarian, and Lydia Purple's Valentine. In Godey's the Cougar's Sunday morning, and the Soldier's Dream of Home.

Natural History.

ICHNEUMON-FLIES.

We derive advantages from the insect portion of creation, both direct and indirect. He who holds the balances of nature in His hands has well, and wonderfully distributed the different branches of the animal and vegetable kingdom, though their adjustments are very often hidden from our view, and, like the treasures of Spiritual truth, can only be discovered by careful research. Until the entomologist discovered the wonderful habits of the insects called Ichneumon-flies,

the existence of such a "check on the minute devastators of our crops was totally unknown." They are termed Ichneumons, because they are valuable in their operations in destroying insect pests, as the animals so designated are. In destroying the eggs of the fierce-looking crocodiles, &c. in the regions where they are a terror to the inhabitants. Indeed, the little Insect Ichneumon does as great service as the useful Ichneumon of Africa. The peculiar instinct of the Ichneumon-flies, is to lay their eggs in other living insects, mostly when in the larva state. Sometimes they oviposit in chrysalides, and occasionally in eggs, but they have never been known to attack an insect in the imago state. The object of the Ichneumons in laying their eggs as described, is that they may be favourably hatched into grubs, which soon commence attacking the living substances in which they are placed, and ultimately destroying them. Their instinct being such, that they regulate the number of eggs by the size of the victim in each case, and that of the larvae to which they are to give birth—sometimes only one egg is laid when there is only enough for the nourishment of its grub. There are very few insects in existence that are not more or less subject to this species of attack; the Ichneumons themselves vary in size in conformity to the dimensions of the bodies on which they are destined to prey. Mr. Kirby says:—"some are so inconceivably small, that the egg of a butterfly, not bigger than a pin's head, is of sufficient magnitude to nourish two of them to maturity; others so large, that the body of a full grown caterpillar is not more than enough for one." It will be seen by the above quotation, that it is not the Ichneumon-flies in the imago or perfect state, but the production of their eggs (the larvae) that destroys such quantities of insects. The Ichneumon is an insect of the order Hymenoptera, (having four wings,) whose food is honey, and the female seems to live only for the purpose of depositing eggs in the way heretofore mentioned. The aged, but keen-eyed entomologist Mr. Kirby, says—"in search of this she is in constant motion;—she is seen to alight upon the plants where the caterpillars of Butterflies or of Moths are to be met with. run quickly over them, carefully examining every leaf, and having found the unfortunate object of her search, insert her sting or ovipositor into its flesh, and there deposit an egg. "In vain her victim, as if conscious of its fate, writhes it body, spits out an acid fluid, menaces with its tentacles, or brings into action the other organs of defence with which it is provided: the active Ichneumon braves every danger, and does not desist till her courage and address have insured subsistence for one of her future progeny." I have, on several occasions, watched the labours of the female Ichneumon-flies especially while examining an unfortunate caterpillar. Seeing one of these flies depart without depositing, I thought at the time, that the caterpillar had been forestalled by a precursor of her own tribe, who had likely buried an egg in it, and to satisfy myself on this point I carried the caterpillar home to wait the result. A few days afterward it changed into a chrysalis, and the following summer, when I expected a moth to appear, out came four Ichneumonets (*Opius Lutetum*.) Now, there can be no doubt, that this female Ichneumon was well aware of four eggs being laid in the caterpillar it examined; and that its size would not suffice for the support of more, therefore, she proceeded in search of some other yet unoccupied. The little magot, which springs from the egg of the Ichneumon, goes on eating its prey, devouring every part of it except the vital organs, which it never touches.—This shows how Nature has given instinct to an animal in its reptile state, to guide it from destroying the vital parts of a living caterpillar, the death of which would involve its own entire destruction by famine. Some Ichneumons only give their eggs to the bodies of certain larvae, because their maggots are provided with instruments for piercing the skins; others lay their eggs in the nests of insects, which hatch them to devour.

their own young. Bees are particularly subject to such insidious enemies, in fact, no concealment unless, perhaps, under water, seems sufficient toaffle the ichneumon, and nothing can surpass its perseverance until its eggs are safely placed in the condition suitable for its progeny.

HABITS OF INSECTS.

The assertion is altogether groundless that insects experience no sensations of pain although transfixed with a pin, around which even a slight deposit of veridigris collects, and left till they perish from hunger; for although in all probability they do not suffer pain during the latter period, there is no doubt but they feel acutely at the moment of the transfusion. It is only necessary to watch the effect when a needle is thrust through the back of an insect, and it will be obvious that it makes many powerful and convulsive movements, indicative of pain, and not of struggles for escape. Butterflies pierced with a common pin exhibit these symptoms, and the spasms are repeated if a heated pin be afterwards introduced. But still, as said before, much depends on the organization, and besides, the formation of insects is so peculiar to themselves, that we have no parallel in any of the other classes. Some of the animals of the class Vermes may be cut and divided almost *ad infinitum*, and each part will eventually become a perfect animal. Some insects with this reproductive power will bear dividing, and still continue to live, and perform most of the various functions with which they are endowed. The common dragon-fly (*Libellula variolosa*) will live for days without its head; and if instead of the head, the abdomen be taken away, the animal seems to feel no material injury. This insect is of a most voracious nature, and has been known to feed under the following extraordinary circumstances. A gentleman being engaged in collecting insects, caught a specimen of the common dragon-fly, which he fastened down in his collecting box, with a large pin thrust through its thorax, when to his astonishment, he observed the dragon-fly held in its forceps a fly, which was still struggling for liberty. This it soon devoured, without exhibiting any signs of pain, seeming wholly unconscious of his own unpleasant situation, being still secured by the pin before named, to a piece of cork. When the fly was devoured, the insect began to flutter, and made several attempts to regain its liberty. The gentleman, greatly surprised at this incident, and willing to prove the experiment still further, caught another fly, which he offered to it. This was eagerly seized by the rapacious insect, and devoured with greediness, and when its meal was finished, it began to flutter again as before. It certainly is not derogating from the benevolence so conspicuous in all the works of Providence, to conceive it probable that it has, with infinite wisdom, withheld from some of the lower classes of animals that degree of sensation so abundantly dispensed to others filling the higher ranks of creation, as, from the habits necessarily entailed upon them, they are more likely to encounter accidents that tend to mutilate, than other individuals of higher power of sensation.—*Thompson's Passions of Animals.*

Agriculture.

PAVING FOR CATTLE STALLS.

At a meeting of the Highland Agricultural Society, held last week, Mr. Maxwell, before the commencement of the discussion, called the attention of the meeting to specimens of grooved bricks for laying the floors of cattle stalls, invented and manufactured by Mr. Forbes at the Newark brickworks, near Ellon, in Aberdeenshire. Their peculiarity consisted in the bricks being slit in the surface and grooved in the centre, the grooves communicating with a larger brick of similar construction, on the

principle of a main drain, which receives their contents, and forms the grip of gutter. He mentioned that he had received from Sir John Forbes, and various practical farmers in Aberdeenshire, statements certifying the advantages of the invention in point of cleanliness, economy of litter, and comfort, and that he understood that the bricks were sold at the kiln at 8s. per 100, 160 being sufficient for four animals.—*The Builder.*

DISEASES OF SHEEP.

The disease in sheep known as "starly," which is very prevalent in some districts, and has long baffled the skill of the veterinary art in effecting a cure with any amount of certainty, can now be treated with the greatest success through the perseverance and ingenuity of Mr. Neil Ballingal, Seggie Kinross-shire, who lately invented a set of instruments consisting of a trochar, cannula, and syringe. In perfecting these instruments Mr. Ballingal has devoted much time and attention, in conjunction with Messrs. Hilliards, instrument makers, Edinburgh. The operation is a very simple one, and a cure can now be reckoned on in eight cases out of ten. This mode of treating the disease having come rapidly into use throughout the counties of Fife and Kinross, a number of sheep farmers who have derived great benefit from Mr. Ballingal's invention presented a testimonial to him on Saturday last, consisting of a gold watch, guard, chain, and seal, to mark their appreciation of the value of his labours and the kind manner in which he had so readily placed his own successful experience before his brother farmers.—*Scotsman.*

Oriental Sayings.

RABBI AKIBA'S MARTYRDOM, FROM THE TALMUD.

Under the tyrannical government of the Greeks, the Jews were at one time forbidden on the pain of death, to read their law. But Rabbi Akiba, notwithstanding the imminent danger in which he exposed himself, held daily public assemblies, and fearlessly instructed the people the same as he had hitherto done. Pappus, the son of Judah, found him one day thus engaged, and said, Akiba! what do you not fear the threatening of the tyrants?—

I will tell you a fable, replied Akiba, which much resembles our present condition. A fox was leisurely walking up and down by a clear rivulet, and saw how the little fish were timidly gathering together, sometimes here and sometimes there.—Why do you wander so disquietly to and fro? asked the fox.—Because replied the fish, the heartless men cast their nets into the water to catch us, and we endeavour to escape them. Indeed! said the fox, and why do you remain to be thus driven about day by day? I will offer you some advice, come away from this place of danger, where you are continually hunted from place to place, come up to me upon the dry land, and I will bring you to a place where you will have no longer to fear the fisherman.—What replied the fish, art thou the fox, which is esteemed the wisest of all animals? you must indeed be the most stupid, if you can give us such an advice, is the water not our element of life? and because we are not safe here, you would counsel us to flee to the element of death!

The application, thou son of Judah, is easy. The law of God is unto us the element of life, for it is written.—"It is to thee, life, and length of days." Now though we are persecuted in this element, should we therefore flee into the element of death?

Shortly after, Akiba was betrayed, and cast into prison, and Pappus was also accused and imprisoned in the same dungeon.—What has brought thee to this place? asked the Rabbi.—Oh happy Akiba! exclaimed Pappus, thou art suffering because thou has faithfully continued to

read and teach the law, but not to Pappus who has to suffer because he has neglected it.

Rabbi Akiba was led to death, but under the most execrating tortures he faltered not, his scholars were astonished at the composure with which he bore his sufferings. Oh my beloved! exclaimed the Master, all my days have I longed for the opportunity to be able to keep the great commandment.—"Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and all thy might," and now that I have the opportunity why should I shrink from it? Oh my young friends fear not the tyrant's threats, nor listen to his delusive words, to lead you from the paths of duty, but rather keep this great commandment continually before your eyes. Remember this last exhortation of your loving Master.

Having uttered these words he calmly yielded up his spirit to him who gave it.

R.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT IN SEARCH OF PARADISE.

It is said, that whilst Alexander the Great was in the remotest part of India, he came one day to a clear stream, and being very fatigued, and overcome by the scorching heat, he sat down on the banks of the rippling waters. One of his attendants, placed before him a salt fish which he had washed in the river, and some bread. The King was astonished at the unusually pleasant taste of the fish, which he at once ascribed to the water of the river in which it had been washed. In order to satisfy himself more fully of the peculiar excellency of the water, he went down and drank of it freely, which immediately imparted to him, a delightful freshness, such as he never before in his life had experienced.—Surely! he exclaimed with extasy,—surely, this must be a stream, proceeding from Paradise, I will follow it until I come to its source, it is the best guide that I possibly could have. And he followed it, through many a desert tract of land.

At last he arrived at the portal of Paradise and cried, somewhat authoritatively, let this gate be opened to me! for I am the conqueror of the world, and the king of all the earth. But instead of the gate opening to the monarch's command; a soft, yet audible voice, replied who is the king of all the earth, and the conqueror of the world? We acknowledge no human conqueror here, depart, thou art stained with the blood of human victims, this is the holy gate, where none but the just may enter. If I may not enter, said Alexander greatly disappointed, do give me at least some token to show that I have been here. And a human skull was presented to him.

Alexander stood aghast at the sight of it, and hesitated for some time to receive it but at last took it in his trembling hands. Whilst his eyes were yet gazing at the object of terror, he felt that the skull grew heavier and heavier, until he could carry it no longer, and finally obtained to such a weight, as to outweigh all the treasures that he had gathered in Persia and India.

Troubled at this wonderful spectacle, and having in vain inquired of all that were about him, what this strange sight could mean, he at last applied to a Rabbi. This human skull, Oh King! said the Rabbi calmly, is none other than thyself, as long as thine eyes are open, thou canst not be salted with gold and silver, but behold, I will strew a little dust upon this skull, and cover it with a handful of earth, and it shall become as light as any other.

And it happened as the Rabbi had said. Nor was it long before this significant declaration was accomplished. Alexander soon returned with his large army, and died at Babylon.—His empire, after his death, was divided, and the conqueror's head was laid in the grave like that of any other mortal.

R.

Artists' Corner.

NO. III.—ANTHONY WATTEAU.

Anthony Watteau was born at Valenciennes in 1684. His father carried on the business of a tiler in that city, and was a man in humble circumstances. We know little or nothing of Watteau's early history. But his youth was passed at a critical period in French history. At the commencement of the 4th century, the Parisians were almost wearied to death by the gloomy state into which their great king, Louis XIV. had been brought, by the successive defeat of his armies by the duke of Marlborough and Eugene, by the death of his best generals and the exhausted nature of his treasury, and they just waited the decease of their monarch to start off upon a new career of pleasure and dissipation. But their volatile spirits could not be enshrouded in gloom till that anticipated event took place. They could not exist without their opera, and as it required redecoration, there came from Valenciennes a decorator, who brought with him as an assistant Antoine Watteau, whose great ambition was to excel his master in painting fairs and goddesses in halls and stables, and stage scenes. He was thus occupied for some time, but his master having left Paris he found an employer named Metayer, a picture manufacturer, who had gathered into his studio a number of young artists, to copy for him pictures of monks, infants, virgins, flowers, landscapes, and all the saints in the calendar, &c., and gave them very little for their services. Here he had a considerable and varied practice, and though he showed himself the most skillful workman of the group his salary was only three livres a week, or about a dollar and a quarter. He was employed to paint pictures for churches, and particularly in copying pictures of St. Nicholas, a saint who happened to be in especial demand at that time; so that Watteau became wearied with manufacturing St. Nicholasses, continually, and took to flight, leaving Metayer and his manufactory to take care of themselves. He was subsequently taken into the employment of Claude Gillot, an artist of some ability, who having perceived the peculiar bent of Watteau's genius, permitted him to assist him in his own works, which consisted of landscapes, into which fauns, satyrs, and such other grotesque figures are introduced. But the efforts of the pupil soon eclipsed the talents of the master, and they parted abruptly. Watteau soon commenced his professional labours as his own master, and the previous training through which he had gone eminently fitted him for prosecuting the particular style of painting which so suited the fashions of the time in which he lived. It has been doubted whether on this very account it were at all proper to place Watteau on the category of historical painters; but on this point a French critic has very justly observed, "that he wrote the memoirs of a certain age upon the folding doors of saloons, on tents and marquees, on the panels of mansions and carriages; as well as on the numerous canvasses which during his short career were sent forth from his easel."

The age in which Watteau lived was one of most fanciful, and to our ideas of the fitness of things, almost masqueradish costumes, "an age of powder, and patches, and spangles; of vermilion on the cheeks and vermillion on the heels; of long pointed waists, full robes, and lofty head dresses; and the painter made a free use of the fashions which he placed on his figures, frequently beyond their actual existence, so that his pictures must not be regarded as indicating the exact costume of the period, though approaching very closely to it." Watteau grouped his figures with very great taste, and dressed them up in the richest and most brilliant colours, most completely harmonized. Life, as he painted it, knew neither sadness nor disappointment, it was one endless round of pleasure. His style of colouring was much improved by studying

the works of Rubens in the gallery of the Luxembourg in Paris. Walpole says of him,—the genius of Watteau resembled that of his countryman, D'Urfé,—the one drew, and the other wrote of imaginary, nymphs and swains, and described a kind of impossible pastoral or rural life, led by these opposites of rural simplicity, people of rank and fashion. Watteau's shepherdesses, nay, his very sheep, are coquet, yet he avoided the glare and *cinquant* of his countryman, and though he fell short of the dignified grace of the Italians, there is an easy air in his figures, and that more familiar species of the graceful which we call gaieté. His nymphs are as much below the forbidding majesty of goddesses, as they are above the boyish awkwardness of country girls. In his halts and marches of armies, the careless slouch of his soldiers still retains the air of a nation that aspires to be agreeable as well as victorious." Such was Walpole's opinion, and no one was more thoroughly qualified to criticize the works of such a painter. Watteau's natural disposition was restless and irritable; he was exceedingly reserved, and even somewhat misanthropic; peculiarities undoubtedly superinduced by a highly sensitive temperament and a delicate constitution, arising from pulmonary disease. He came to England in 1718 with a view to consult Dr. Meade an eminent physician of that time, and during his residence he painted two pictures for the Dr. He returned to France with his health impaired, and his temper even more gloomy and morose. His last work was a satire on the medical profession, a scene from Molière's comedy "*Le Malade Imaginaire*." When the picture was completed the pencil fell from his hand. He died soon afterwards, in the year 1721, at the age of thirty-seven. The works of Watteau are much esteemed, although his style is thought to have had a prejudicial effect on the French School. His two best pupils were Lancret and Pater.

Miscellaneous.

WEAVING IN IRON.

Strange as this idea may seem, it is no more strange than true, that iron of a thickness that would appear impossible that it could be worked by any other agency than the forge, the anvil, and the hammer, is now by the aid of new and powerful machinery, woven in the most beautiful patterns, and the designs varied with almost the same facility as in the weaving of a carpet, or a table cover. The specimens that we have seen, excel in beauty and finish any iron railing that we have ever seen, and do not cost more than the ordinary cost of even cast iron railing. Many of the first class counting-houses and offices in New York are now fitted up with this railing, in preference to any heretofore or at present in use.—The uses of the invention, however, are not confined to railings, as the most tasteful verandahs, window gratings, garden fences, etc., are made by it. The coal miners of Pennsylvania prefer it above all other modes for their screens.—Charleston and New Orleans each have parks enclosed with it, and many of the rich southerners have their flower conservatories enclosed in the same manner. In fact, wherever it has been introduced, it has come into almost unlimited favor. The peculiar advantage it possesses over all other kinds of railing is that in its manufacture the rod or wires so crimped that, in the weaving process, they are crossed in a manner that one binds the other, thus giving a mutual support to the whole, that renders it more durable than work twenty times its weight, made in the old way.—*Vermont Chronicle*.

FRIENDSHIP is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings, than by attachment to excellencies. The former is valued as a kindness which cannot be claimed, the latter is exacted as the payment of a debt to merit.

BENEFITS OF SCIENCE.

The practical view of agriculture cannot be more clearly or profoundly conceived than it was by the North American chief, whose speech on the subject is reported by Crèvecoeur. The chief, in recommending agriculture to his tribe, Mississippian Indians, said: "Do you not see that the whites live on corn, but we on flesh; that the flesh requires more than thirty moons to grow, and it is often scarce? that every one of the wonderful seeds which scatter on the soil returns them more than an hundred-fold? that the flesh has four legs to run away, and we only two to catch it? that the seeds remain and grow, where the white man sows them? that the winter, which for us is the season of laborious hunts, is to them a time of rest? It is for these reasons that they have so many children, and live longer than we do. I say, then, to every one who hears me, before the trees above our huts shall have died of age, before the maples of the valley cease to yield us sugar, the race of the sowers of corn will have extirpated the race of flesh-eaters, unless the hunters resolve also to sow." In his difficult and laborious life of the chase, the Indian consumes in his limbs a large sum of force, but the effect produced is very trifling, and bears no proportion to the expense. Cultivation is the economy of force. Science teaches us the simplest means of obtaining the greatest effect with the smallest expenditure of power, and with given means to produce a maximum of force. The unprofitable exertion of power, the waste of force in agriculture, in other branches of industry, in science or in social economy, is characteristic of the want of true civilization.—*Lib g.*

Biographical Calendar.

- Mar 7|1274|Thomas Aquinas died.
 |1810|Lord Collingwood died.
 " 8|1702|William III. died.
 |1706|Sir William Chambers died.
 |1803|Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, died.
 " 9|1451|Americus Vesputius born.
 |1649|James, Duke of Hamilton, beheaded.
 " 10|1792|John, Earl of Bute, died.
 |1820|Benjamin West died.
 " 11|1514|Tasso born.
 |1770|William Huskisson born.
 " 12|1772|Frederick Schlegel born.
 " 13|1711|Nicolas Houlcau died.
 |1733|Dr. Priesley born.
 |1764|Charles, Earl Grey, born, (some say, on the 15th.)

Americus Vesputius, or, more properly, Amerigo Vespucci, an eminent navigator, was born at Florence, in 1451. After receiving a liberal education, he was sent by his father to Spain for the purpose of conducting his commercial affairs; and being at Seville when Columbus was making preparations for his second voyage, he resolved to quit mercantile pursuits, and enter on the career of discovery. His first expedition to the new continent was in 1499, under the command of Ojeda, a year after the discovery and examination of that part of the coast by Columbus. After this he entered the service of king Emanuel of Portugal, and made two voyages in Portuguese ships; the first in 1501, the second in 1503. The object of this last voyage was to find a westerly passage to Malacca. He arrived at Brazil, and discovered the bay of All Saints. In 1505, he again entered the service of the king of Spain, but made no more voyages, as appears from memoranda showing that he was at Seville till 1508, at which time he was appointed principal pilot. His duties were to prepare charts, and prescribe routes for vessels in their voyages to the new world, which soon received his name. This honour certainly belonged to Columbus rather than to Amerigo, for the prior discovery of the continent by the former is not to be questioned. He died in 1516.—*Maunder's*.

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The Worthy's Department.

THE SAUVAGEUR BOY AND HIS SISTER.

(Continued from our last.)

This, however, our hero always steadfastly refused to do, treating her offers of money with the contempt they merited, and avoiding her, as a dangerous mischief-monger.

There was, however, another lodger, towards whom Seppi, on the other hand, felt great respect and regard. This was Monsieur Dumencil, who lived a story higher than Madame Rivage, and, although his appearance was needy and care-worn, still, in his countenance there reposed that calm resolution and resignation, seeming to control every adversity, that the heart of Seppi felt greatly influenced thereby. Monsieur Dumencil was always very retired in his manners, and merely pronounced the "good day" to any one he met with belonging to the house. The confectioner thought rather meanly of him, because he never came into his shop and patronised his pastry. If perchance the conversation turned upon him, he would say, "Ay, ay, that lean, half-starved looking being never comes in here; and I am quite sure, as he cannot pay his rent, the landlord of the house will soon eject him. Why, you can see poverty and misery staring him in the face when you look at him! Shame upon such a creature!"

Remarks of this kind always cut Seppi to the heart, for he but too well remembered that his father had been a poor man too; and he never forgot the many beautiful things the clergyman had said about him at his grave. Therefore, our little hero, when his master was once launching out very severely against Monsieur Dumencil, plucked up a spirit, and said: "But, sir, I have once heard our minister at home tell me, that rich and poor are quite equal before God, and I remember, too, that there was a man in our village who had a great deal of money, and yet people did not like him, because he had got it in a bad way, and they had good reason to think."

When he heard this, the confectioner became quite pale with rage, for he felt how he himself had earned, and was still earning, his own money, when he had made his pies of rabbits' flesh, and did other things of the same kind. "Hold your tongue, you poor silly fool," he returned, "what is your minister and your village to me! What do you know about rich and poor! We are here in Paris, not in your wretched hamlet: don't open your mouth until you are asked."

A rather singular, but, happily, not fatal accident occurred about this time to make Seppi still more intimately acquainted with Monsieur Dumencil. The latter was very much in the habit of passing his evenings from home, a circumstance that caused Madame Rivage, whose eye nothing very easily escaped, to form various conjectures of an ominous, implicating nature. The staircase of the house was very steep and intricate; and being very dark, it chanced that Monsieur Dumencil, one evening, made a false step in descending, and fell down a whole flight of stairs. Just at that moment Seppi returned home, and, rushing forward, tried, as well as his little strength would allow, to assist the good man up again. But he found that the severe fall had sprained, and, as he feared, even broken his leg. Poor Monsieur Dumencil felt great pain, and was quite unable to move. "If," said he faintly, leaning upon the stairs, "there were but a doctor in the neighbourhood!" "Oh, I know one, Monsieur Dumencil," exclaimed the compassionate Savoyard, "I'll fetch him directly!" and he at once darted off. The doctor dwelt two or three streets off, and our humane messenger ran as hard as he could. But, as ill-luck would have it, the doctor was out—gone to the coffee-house; where, in fact, as the servant told Seppi, he did not like to be disturbed. This, however, did not prevent Seppi from going to him; for, not losing a mo-

ment, he ran as swiftly as possible to the place mentioned, and sure enough found the healing man absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper. The French are enthusiastic readers of the news of the day, and of course Monsieur Perrot was not an exception. Twice and three times was our anxious messenger forced to make his application, because it was attended to, when the doctor at length, throwing down the paper, vouchsafed to give him a hearing.

"Oh, pray sir, do make haste," exclaimed Seppi, "a gentleman has just had a sad accident, and I much fear he has broken his leg. Now do, good Monsieur Perrot, have the kindness to come with me directly."

"Well, well, I will come," said the doctor, as he cast a longing look at the paper, and taking up his hat and cane, he at last withdrew with the boy. The slowness of the doctor's pace was finely contrasted with that of his more humane guide, who, every now and then, was forced to come back in order to urge him to give relief to the suffering man. They arrived at length, and found him still in the same state in which Seppi had left him; he leaned on the surgeon's arm, and with his and Seppi's aid he was assisted up stairs.

The reception which poor Seppi met with this time, when he returned, on the part of the confectioner, was certainly not of the most pleasing kind.

"Why, you good-for-nothing lout," he exclaimed, "where have you been stopping so long?—Now mind, you rascal, for this you shall go to bed hungry, not a morsel shall you have this night!"

"Why, sir, poor Monsieur Dumencil, has fallen down stairs, and I have only been to fetch a doctor for him," appended the poor boy in excuse.

This only served to enrage his savage master the more. "Now only hear that," he exclaimed, "so Monsieur Lamerol has tumbled down stairs, and you pretend you have been to fetch a doctor for him! Pray, in whose service are you then? who clothes you? who gives you food? and what does that poor, half-starved wretch concern you? He may fall up and down stairs too for what I care; nay, break his neck in the bargain!"

The fact is, that this humane confectioner thought he had very good reason to express his particular indignation at Seppi's absence just at this moment, inasmuch as this was the evening when the club to which he belonged met together; and as he was one of its most zealous members, he was sadly annoyed at being half an hour beyond his time—for the supper. In return for this however, he had his revenge upon poor Seppi, for the poor boy was forced to go to bed without a morsel. But, hungry as he was, his feeling heart turned towards the suffering Monsieur Dumencil, and his anxiety lest that poor man had actually broken his leg, made him quite forget his own deserted state. But on the following morning his fears were at an end, for Monsieur Dumencil's servant came down stairs to order some pies for her master. "What!" exclaimed the confectioner; "do you really mean to say you want pies for Monsieur Dumencil? Why you surely make a mistake, my good woman!"

"Is there anything so wonderful, pray, in the order?" she asked "why, I am not deaf; and those were the instructions he gave me—and mind, you are to send them up by Seppi."

"Well, now, only think of that!" grumbled the pastrycook, who was not at all satisfied with his new customer. "Well, here, Seppi, take them up; but, mind, if the question be about the money to-morrow, the cakes to-day—understand me—that goes for nothing. For, once for all, I give no credit; here you have the goods, but here must also be the cash. Now, be off!"

It need not be said with what haste our good Seppi hurried up stairs, and how little attention he paid to the questions of the anxious Madame Rivage, who met him on the way, as to what he was carrying up to Monsieur Dumencil. He paused not a moment until he reached the room, where he found the patient reclining upon a sofa. When in reply to his anxious inquiries, he found that Monsieur Dumencil had not broken his leg, in the joy of his heart he wept tears of sincere gratitude.

This affectionate feeling of the kind lady was not lost upon the worthy man, who now, contrary to his usual habits, entered upon a little conversation with the boy. He asked him about his birth-place, and how long he had been in Paris, &c. Seppi told him his simple tale, and how he had lost his dear sister Marie. "Ah, dear sir!" said he, "would we had never come to this place, and yet we are forced to come, for we could not, all of us together, have managed well at home, and Marie and I would have been too much for our poor mother. What could we do? We were wretched, and so we followed the advice of old Thomas, who said—'Children, if you love your mother, which I know you do, you must go to Paris—There you will earn money, I know, for I have been there myself, when I was your age; and if you are active, and early and late at work, you will succeed in procuring for your dear mother an easy old age.' So we made up our minds, Marie and I; but our poor mother wept bitterly when she heard of it, and would on no account part with us; however, at length she gave way to our persuasions, and consented.

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO THE ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

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A—y.

What multiplier will from the same factor, given above, make a product of threes? and what is the general rule for the working of these questions.

No. 3, BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

- I am composed of fourteen letters.
- My 4, 5, 7, 13 was he who perfected the Steam Engine.
- My 14, 5, 10, 1, 19 was a celebrated Italian poet.
- My 11, 5, 8, 10, 5, 9 was a Roman emperor.
- My 1, 7, 12, 4 wrote a "survay of London."
- My 6, 8, 4, 3, 1 was a novelist of the beginning of this century.
- My 3, 12, 10, 11, 12, 8 was a celebrated biographer.
- My 12, 1, 11, 5, 9 is king of a European state.
- My 4, 5, 13, 14, 10 wrote a well-known collection of hymns.
- My 6, 8, 8 wrote the "Canterbury Tales."
- My 6, 8, 1, 6, 2, 8 was a celebrated Scotch mathematician.
- My 10, 5, 6, 8 was a general in the Afghan war.
- My whole was the name of a celebrated Scotch Poet and Novelist.

ALIIQUIS.

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- Sartain's Union, " "
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C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58

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Toronto, Dec., 1851. 3-65

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DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY,

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Remember No. 58, King Street, 2 doors West of Church Street.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. 1-13.

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Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1f.

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Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-15.

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