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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLE, THREE HALF PENCE.]

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

No. 12.

Poetry.

CHANGE AND THE CHANGELESS.

That eye which sparkles with a flash of mirth
Is quenched ere long in swelling streams of sorrow
Tears flood the source where laughter had its birth;
To-day we smile—we melt in woe to-morrow.

The traits and lineaments we hold so dear,
Harden and stiffen in a marble clamber;
We look our last upon the funeral gear,
And add one sleeper to a countless number.

But love is changeless in the changeless soul,
Though born of earth, and rear'd in humes that perish,
Buoy'd on the wings of ages as they roll,
It clings to memories it was wont to cherish.

Amidst the glories of yon radiant skies,
Transplanted thither from its mortal dwelling,
It dreams of those for whom in fleshly guise
With tenderest thoughts its faithful breast was swelling.

Oh! fondly nurture in thy heart of hearts
The precious germ whose produce blossoms ever;
And when thy spirit from the body parts,
Life's sacred ties e'en death will fail to sever!

THE POOR BOY'S PRAYER TO ST. NICHOLAS.

"I saw in my dream," and a poor boy prayed,
And these were the words of the prayer which he said:
"St. Nicholas! once I used to be glad
When Christmas came round, but now I am sad!
For, since we've been poor, you never come near us,
We are so far down town I suppose you can't hear us,
You are busy up town with all your gay things,
Books, dolls, candy, cakes, fruit, penknives and rings.
I don't ask for these, but for something to eat,
Some clothing and drink, and shoes for my feet.
Oh! was it the way which the saints did of yore,
To give to the rich, and not visit the poor?
Come, come to us now, and praye you're no stranger
To him who, to bless us, was born in a manger.
But, if you should come, mind! a bare-legged boy
No stockings can hang for your sweet gift of joy!
So bring me, good saint, if you know how to spin them,
A pair of warm socks, and some bits of bread in them.
So ended his prayer—and strange it did seem—
Just then I awoke, and behold 'twas a dream."
JOHN BUNYAN.

Lt. Stephen's House, Dec. 21.

Literature.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

"Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief
And tears of pity would not be repress."

Some years ago, fate turned my wandering steps to the North of Scotland, and on the morning of a fine cheery day about the close of spring I reached a little town, in one or other of the humble dwellings of which, I was for a short time to fix my abode. This little place, pleasantly situated on the north bank of one of Scotland's picturesque rivers, seemed to the eye of a stranger famous for nothing but the irregularity of its appearance. Its narrow, dirty streets, intersecting each other, at every possible angle, and skirted by narrow unpaved footpaths, appeared in a truly primitive state; while the houses presented a motley group of rude architecture. They were for the most part, one storey high, with small windows, and glaring, red tile roofs; but, now and again one met the eye, rearing its head a couple of storeys above its unpretending neighbours, as if shot up by volcanic

agency. The antiquated parish church, with its conical roofed steeple looked down from the summit of a gentle acclivity on the little town. To the eastward, stretched a thick plantation, for several miles by the river side, with here and there a few patches of furze. Not far distant to the west stood the remains of a fine old baronial mansion, snugly embowered among trees; while close to its ancient doorway, stood a fine specimen of holly, with a stunted yewtree on each side faintly embracing in their sombre shade its rugged roofless walls. The ow's now claim its shattered chimney top as their inalienable right; and

*'Mong the lumber, daws a shelter find,
Whose croaking din, is all that greets your ear
As silently you gaze, in thoughtful mood,
On arches, buttresses, and massive walls,
Graved by Time's tooth, and crumbling into dust.*

The streets of the little town had an air of stillness and quiet. No bustle, no business, seemed to be transacted. Now and then as you passed along you would hear the clicking of a shuttle, and at every other window would be seen a group of young females, busily poring over their webs of Ayrshire needle-work; while once and again some more aged maiden, with broad hemmed coif, would be stretching her nervous arms over a tambouring tent. But all around was as calm as the unrippled river which was slowly wending onwards to the sea.

While puffing a cigar at an open window of the inn, at which I had taken up a temporary abode, an emaciated and miserable looking old man came forward, and in a mournful tone, asked half a glass of whiskey. I looked in silence at the ghastly spectre, that stood before me, when a gentleman, who, along with some friends, was seated at a table in the centre of the room, handed to me a rummer, into which he had poured a glass and a half of spirits, and a little water, and requested me to give it to the old man,—saying at the same time—"Poor man he has seen better days; his craving for whiskey is now great, but to it alone he now looks for comfort in his wretched and forlorn condition."

The old man eagerly grasped the glass in his shrivelled hands; and, wary of the precious load, he bent his head, to meet halfway the trembling cup, and drained it at a draught.

Prompted by an ever active curiosity, I expressed a desire to know, by what untoward means, this old man had been reduced to so great a depth of misery; for, wretched as was his appearance, his countenance was altogether divested of that indescribable leer which sparkles in the eye of one who has spent his life in villany and vice.

After some general remarks,—as to my being a stranger in that part of the country, &c.—the person who had previously spoken, said there was a gentleman to whom he could introduce me, who would most willingly gratify me in that respect.—"Captain McPherson," he continued, "had in early life been parish schoolmaster; but, becoming tired of the

birch, he went to sea, and having been successful, now lived at home comfortably enjoying the fruits of his earlier industry. His memory was well stored with facts, and scraps of traditional incident, connected with almost every family, in the village, and nothing seemed so conducive to his happiness, as an opportunity, to narrate to a stranger, the little 'ups and downs,' so interwoven with his youthful associations."

I was shortly after left alone, to muse on the caprice of fortune which had thus involuntarily bent my steps to a retired and deserted looking little town, and separated from friends, from society, and all the excitement which a city life produces, I felt the force of Leyden's lines:—

*From love, from friendship, country torn,
To meet thy son I regret the prey*

I resolved however to dispel as far as possible all regrets, and fill up my spare moments, by making myself acquainted with whatever was of interest connected with the locality in which another page of my history was to be unfolded.

Considerably refreshed after a long rough drive, by profound slumber, and a comfortable breakfast, I set out with Mr. Drysdale—my new acquaintance, to visit the Captain. It may be as well to state here in the outset, that Captain McPherson, was at this time a tall, spare, hale and cheerful looking man, about 63 years of age. He was easy of access, and after five minutes conversation I found myself as much at home, as if we had been on a six cruise month's together. His long white hair which had in his younger years been fastened in a queue now floated round his shoulders. His eye was clear and full, and he had withal a sweet complacency, which was a presage of that gentlemanly bearing, and ingenuousness which characterised him. During the few months I remained in that quarter, we spent many pleasant hours together. He was very fond of music and valued highly an "old cremona" he had purchased, in one of his voyages. With the sweet tones of this fine old violin, many evening hours were beguiled, and while we wandered during the day by the river's brink, or sought the solitude which the adjoining woods afforded, or reclined on the verdant slope in front of the old castle, under the shade of the solemn yewtrees, he would narrate with the greatest pathos, some prominent incident, connected with his townfolks, whose movements he seemed to have closely watched.

On one occasion we rested on a settle, on the bank of the river, and while the stream flowed gently on in its course, with now and again a sloop or a schooner, borne on its rippled surface, he related the story of the "Poor Old Man," the following sketch of which is as near as may be, the words of my ever venerated friend.

It is no fiction of the brain, but, bears in its sad and solitary plaint a stern reality. The names it is true, are changed, all else remains, as nature gave it character.

THE FIRST STAGE.

Charles Marshall was the youngest son of a homely, frugal, and industrious family. He received his education at the parish school, and as he grew up his boyish pursuits gave sufficient indication of the bent of his mind. He loved to paddle about in a small boat on the river, or mount the rigging of some one or other of the vessels which might be lying in the harbour, and when at thirteen years of age he was apprenticed to Mr. John Williams—at that time a Baltic trader—he was placed in a situation congenial to his wishes. When about twenty years of age his father purchased for him a small schooner—the *Janel*—and in the capacity of master, the attention and activity he had displayed during his minority, were even more strikingly manifested. He now thought of sailing in life, and in a small place, where each one knows his neighbour, it was not, perhaps, a difficult task for him to meet with a friend of kindred spirit. With Mary Graham, the only daughter of a draper in the village, he had long been on familiar terms. They had been playmates at school, and the little friendships then interchanged, ripened into love.

Mary was a blithe, comely, gentle creature, and contrasted not a little with the bold off-hand disposition of the sailor, yet she judged prudently when she said, "a rough and even uncouth manner may conceal a warm and generous heart." With no small degree of complacency therefore she looked forward to that auspicious day which was to seal their union. All arrangements completed, the day at length arrived, and in the midst of mirth and jollity Charles Marshall led to their new abode the object of his affections.

Marriages here were, at that time, managed differently to what they are in the present day. Now, so soon as the ceremony has been performed the married couple start off on an excursion to the Trosachs, or if it be in summer, perhaps to the Island of Arran, to climb the lofty Goatfell, from whose serrated summit may be seen the heights of Cumberland, the hills of Ireland, and the heath clad mountains of Scotland; but, at that time, when a marriage was to be celebrated a party of fiddlers, engaged for the occasion, accompanied the bridegroom and his friends to the house of the bride. When the ceremony was performed the whole company marched off in regular procession to the new abode—sometimes as many as thirty couples, all on foot; with the fiddlers leading the van. The way from the bride's house was generally lined by all the inhabitants who could creep or walk to see the procession. The firing of guns and pistols, drowned at times the music, and at every other house the whole procession stopped to receive in a little whiskey, or home brewed ale, a token of the respect and the good wishes of the inmates of that dwelling. In this way, amidst shouting and cannonading and fiddling did the party move on, and sometimes with difficulty reached the house for the reception of the young couple. This done, however, the utmost hilarity crowned the festal scene. After a hearty supper, the staple of which was "beef and greens," the floor was cleared, and the company commenced to dance Scotch reels, and Strathspeys, and country dances. The duty devolving upon the "best man" was to see the toddy-bowl duly replenished; and you might see this worthy, sit for hours together with a long, twisted, whalebone-shanked, silver tipped taddle in his hand, stirring in the large Petersburg bowl; and ever and anon testing the flavour of the smoking beverage. This scene of things lasted generally during three days; but the good old marriage custom has disappeared with the old worthies by whom it was cherished; and should the sound of a violin be heard now at any such convivial meeting, it falls upon the ear with a less vibrating tone. Not only have the Robertsons of Dunblane, and the Blackwoods of Dollar,* yielded the contest to a new race of musicians, but their old heart-stirring strains, the

"Miller O'Drone," and "Tulloch Gorum" have given place to slippant measures that grandmother declares are not worth a "Sang O'Wallace."

Such was the kind of conviviality in which Charles Marshall was ushered into married life. I will not follow them through the minute details of their history, nor attempt to describe the joy which was felt when the birth of a son was announced, nor endeavour to portray the exhilarated feelings which successive events of a similar character produced. Our course is onwards. We have to deal with that family in a state of maturity. Suffice it to say that five rosy children—four boys and a girl—in due time surrounded the happy fireside.

The grandfather and grandmother, who had witnessed with feelings of devoutest gratitude, the earliest and happiest days of their youngest son and his family, were laid in their narrow bed, in a good old age, ere yet their grandchildren had begun to signalize themselves on the theatre of the world. Happily for them, the blossom of the almond tree was not blasted, nor their mellow years rendered miserable by the sorrowful succession of tragedies which shortly ensued. Mr. Marshall still pursued his calling with activity, and fortune smiled on his efforts. His voyages were frequently very remunerative; and on each renewed return, his family, happy in the innocent artlessness of youth, vied with each other for a share in his affection. The three eldest, Alexander, Charles and Joseph, seemed to partake very much of the disposition and spirit of their father. Surrounded by seafaring associations, they were all determined to be sailors, and were educated accordingly. Their mother, mild and ever indulgent, did not, perhaps, so restrain their impetuous spirits as their own well being required. Mr. Marshall was seldom at home more than three or four days at a time, and when he did arrive a jubilee was proclaimed, so that the sons—greatly to the acceleration of their future misery—were allowed to romp and rollick at will, and, one after another, all went to sea. Jane, the fourth child, was a bland and amiable creature. Her full soft blue eyes beamed with sweetest affection, while her beautiful auburn ringlets gave a lustrous effect to her appearance, and the cheerful gentleness of her manner, endeared her to all with whom she was acquainted.

THE SECOND STAGE.

"Honour and fame from no condition rise,
As 'twere your part, there all the honour lies."

In the first stage we travelled over a period of forty-five years, and some of the characters to whom we were introduced are mingled with the associations and history of the past. Alexander Marshall has now attained his majority, and as a "set off" in life his father has purchased for him a fine brig, called the *Myrtle*. This vessel was tastefully fitted up, and supplied with everything calculated to make him comfortable; but the prosecution of his history gives painful evidence that his moral nature was not sufficiently fortified to enable him to withstand the temptations by which he became surrounded. You find an exact counterpart to his future career, in that of many a noble minded youth who, beaming with fondly cherished hopes, and ardent with the brightest anticipations—leaves the quiet and sequestered hamlet in which his juvenile years have passed, to mix in the bustling activity of some large town or city. In this new sphere, freed alike from the restraints and the example of those who, watched with pious solicitude over his ripening years, he is lured by seductive blandishments to the dark retreats of the temples of vice, and imperceptibly receding, at length finally falls a victim to the subtle, though fatal fascinations. How many youths, alas! have thus swerved from the pure and holy principles by which their lives were regulated beneath the humble paternal roof. The chrysalis bursting from its filmy encasement, conscious of a new power floats high in air, or flits from flower to flower to sip their varied sweets; so these unhappy youths, having once entered the "pleasant valley," cast aside the fair mantle of religion,

which sat loosely on them; and bidding defiance to what they now consider childish prejudices, and superstitious bugbears, they float about in the false idea of emancipation. But as a tower whose foundations have been sapped, suddenly falls prostrate in the dust, so they, with minds depraved, passions inflamed, natural vigour abated, souls paralyzed, and dead to the calls of reason, are dashed from the sorry eminence to which an enslaving sensuality had raised them, and they sink into a premature grave, leaving their friends to mourn in silent sadness their untimely end.

But to return to the unfortunate Alexander. He soon gave striking evidence that he was out of his natural sphere. In the capacity of a captain he lost that impulse to duty which the presence of a superior authority afforded. Without moral or physical restraint he became haughty and domineering; and at sea, where every trifling occurrence is easily construed into mutiny, and punished as such, the seamen were afraid to test in any way his irritable temper, so that there was no sociality on board. Thus shut up within himself, as it were, the only companion he had was one which has blasted the hopes of many of Scotland's bravest mariners. He became familiar with the brandy bottle. Ah! little did his father think when he was so careful to fit up in Alexander's stateroom, a place for what he emphatically termed "the knowledge cask," that all the knowledge it would ever impart to his son would be a knowledge only of evil. By daily indulgence, however, a habit was formed which

"When once rooted
Few ha'e pith the root to poue."

One blustering night in the month of November, on his homeward voyage from the Baltic to the North of Ireland, with a cargo of hemp, they neared that dangerous headland in the north of Scotland, appropriately named "Cape Wrath," where the waters which sweep round Dunnet Head, meet with the swell of the Atlantic and form the "Minch," between the Western Isles and the main land. About half past eleven o'clock they were off the Cape, when a squall peculiar to that place sprang up. It was the Captain's watch on deck. He was below in a half intoxicated soporific state. The young man keeping a "look out" was inexperienced in Cape weather, and ere the call was given—"all hands on deck," "shorten sail"—the *Myrtle* was on her beam ends. Hurry and confusion now prevailed; and after considerable exertion the masts were cut away, and the vessel again righted. The gale kept up most furiously, and was accompanied with a cold drenching rain; they were driven under lee of Rona, a little island about sixty miles from the Cape, where they lay till jury masts were erected, and then they proceeded to Stromness, the chief port in the Orkney Islands. Here they were obliged to winter, during which time the *Myrtle* was again put in order. About the end of February they again entered the Minch, and were nearly abreast of Stromness when it began to blow fresh. The *Myrtle* still kept on her course; but the gale increased so that the mate urged his captain to run back to Stromness, where there was a good roadstead. As usual, he was deaf to all suggestions, and kept on till it seemed dangerous to hold out longer. They were at this time off Long Island, South Uist, and the Captain attempted to make a port which seemed to offer shelter. They therefore "stood in," and just as they had got under the island of Benbecula, the Captain ran below to discover by the chart whether there was depth of water, or what kind of place it was, when the wind came sweeping round the back of the island and drove them to the opposite side. Had he been upon deck at this moment when the sails began to droop all might yet have been safe, but ignorant of the place, he had gone below, and before he reached the deck, the *Myrtle* was dashing against a rocky ledge in Loch Skipport; opposite to the island already named. Here she lay grinding until with the assistance of some Highland fishermen a hauser was got out, and she was warped up to the end of the cove, where they lay twelve

* Two families of famed musicians, almost constantly employed in this way.

days putting all to rights. They at last reached Belfast, but the cargo was considerably damaged, as well as the vessel, so that it proved on the whole a disastrous voyage.

Strange as it may appear the misfortunes of this voyage conveyed no salutary lesson to Alexander, nor served to check his dissipated course. But a few years more and information was communicated to Mr. Marshall, that as his eldest son was almost constantly in a state of inebriety while at sea, and seldom appeared on deck to attend to the welfare of the ship or cargo, the merchants could not think of entrusting their property to his care. The depraved youth was recalled, and returned from his brandy and his pleasures to his native village, to recruit in indolence that constitution which his dissolute habits had so much shattered. Here we leave him to wander dally, with blood-shot eye, and feverish step, between his father's house and the harbour, a moving nonentity, with no complacent look or word of gratulation for any one.

(To be continued.)

To OUR READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald will in future be published by Mr. Charles Fletcher, Bookseller, No. 54, 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, FEB. 28, 1852.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

BY REV. WM. C. WHITCOMB.

Music is one of the best promoters of domestic happiness. As an awakener of the sympathies, and a uniter of hearts, a more efficient agency cannot be employed, next to the religion of the Gospel. It humanizes and elevates the depraved soul, enlivens hospitality, and excludes the demon, discord, from the home-circle. It is oftentimes as necessary to soothe the ruffled spirit, as David's harp was to calm the turbulent breast of Saul. It lightens care, augments joy, and increases conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal affection. Hence, in all families where there are individuals who can sing, or play on instruments there should be a good deal of music. I would that there were more instruments of music in families. But, especially, I would there were "singing and a voice of melody," and praise around every family altar, where night and morn the members of pious households take delight in assembling to pay their vows unto the Most High.

"Music in the family," as one truthfully expresses it, "is a means of domestic cheerfulness. A musical family, will in spite of perplexities and trials, be habitually cheerful; not gay, for there are many points of difference between cheerfulness and gaiety; but cheerful in that sense which implies good spirits and freedom from corroding care.—You can have the sunshine of cheerfulness in your house on the most cheerless day, if you only have music there; and if affliction has caused tears to flow, music, coming to the aid of divine consolation, and the sympathy of friends, will be a sweet soother of pain, and a lightener of the weight which oppresses the spirit.

"Music promotes good nature in a family.—And in this world, where there is so much ill-humor manifested in a thousand ways, anything which will increase good nature is to be prized. Who can be angry in the midst of music, and fret and scold with sweet sounds falling upon his ears; or keep up sour and sulky manners

when the very air around him is bland with soft harmonies?"

Let parents cultivate the power to sing, not only the infant's soothing lullaby, but hymns fraught with truthful, religious sentiments, for the benefit, present and everlasting, of their little ones. The words of a song may outlive the most eloquent sermons in the memory of the young.—How important, therefore, that memories which commence with the life be favored with songs worthy of lasting till life's close; yea, of influencing the soul while ages on ages roll their unceasing rounds in the endless day of heaven! So deeply impressed was one celebrated man of the importance of music, that he is said to have exclaimed, "Let who will make the laws of the people, but let me make their songs."

When the glorious truths of inspiration are breathed forth in expressive melody, they are clothed with a diviner eloquence than that of the preacher or orator. Oh, ye upon whom is imposed the responsibility of imparting instruction to children,

"Teach them some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured tongues above;
Fill their souls with sacred pleasure,
While they sing redeeming love."

Milton, in his important poem, Paradise Lost, presents us with the beautiful idea of learning lessons of praise from angelic lips and golden harps attuned above. Just before their evening worship one of them is represented as thus addressing the other:

"How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, we have heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air
Alone, or responsive to each other's notes,
Singing their great Creator! O'er in bands,
With glorious touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

PURSUITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

One element of strength to a young man is intelligence. This will command respect, will enable him to distinguish between fiction and reality, between truth and error. It will afford a knowledge of those facts and principles necessary as the basis of action, and suggest the best means of appropriating them. Nothing short of an enlarged intelligence will qualify them to meet the demands of the present age, and especially of our own country,—a knowledge not only of elementary principles, but of their development and application, as found in ancient and modern history, with special reference to the future. The attainment of a requisite intellectual culture is not the result of a mere wish, or of an indolent effort. He that would win must labour for the prize. With many, much progress in this direction has, perhaps, already been made, and some may even think themselves wise enough now. It has been said that self-conceit is common to the young, but there is need of qualification in making such a charge. A distinction must be made between a fault and the indispensable elements of confidence and energy. But should any really imagine thus, a few years of experience will bring them to a better mind, or, if it did not, they would scarcely be worth saving, at least as far as society is concerned.

Many may think themselves excused from the pursuit of knowledge, because they have not been born to fortune, or to leisure, or have not had the advantages of an academical or collegiate education. But great as these privileges are, they are not indispensable to a competent intellectual culture. To convince young men of this, were it necessary, I might appeal to their actual circumstances. I might ask if there were no means within their reach for obtaining knowledge, either from books or observation, that are neglected? I might ask how their moments or hours of leisure are employed? What were the topics of thought or conversation, during such intervals? and what

the intellectual character of their habitual associates? Perhaps a response to these inquiries might help them to perceive that excuses like those just mentioned were not as well founded as was imagined. Besides instead of its being a calamity to be obliged to labor observation teaches, that it is in many respects an advantage. It tends to invigorate the body, inculcates habits of industry, order and economy, while the knowledge obtained under such circumstances will usually be prized in proportion to the labor it cost to secure it. Look around! What was the early condition of a majority of those who have shone as stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of science? Were they cradled in wealth and nurtured in the lap of luxury? Look at some of our own countrymen. A Franklin, once in the streets of Philadelphia almost penniless, a Burrill, the master of nearly the whole circle of languages, toiling meanwhile daily at the anvil; and to come still nearer home, think of our now sainted Levings, years ago a young man in the city of Troy, laying the foundation for his subsequent usefulness and greatness in knowledge, obtained by torchlight at the forge, after the labors of the day were over.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

Answers to Correspondents.

INFORMATOR. BANK OF ENGLAND. The Bank of England was projected by Mr. William Patterson, a Scotch gentleman, and received its charter from Government on the 27th of July, 1694. The original capital which amounted to £1,200,000 was lent to Government at an interest of eight per cent., and an allowance of £1000 a year for management, as the scheme was projected solely with a view to relieve the necessities of the Government of the time. Three years afterwards another loan of £1,001,171 10 was made to government, but this was repaid in £1707, and the capital again reduced to its original amount. In 1713 the capital was raised to £3,559,995, and in 1729 further subscriptions of £3,400,000 were raised; and in 1749, at the renewal of the charter, another call was made upon the stockholders, and the capital was raised to £9,800,000, and various successive additions were made to the capital, so that it was raised to £14,553,000, the whole of which was lent to government. Up till 1826 the Bank Restriction Act was in force, which granted a monopoly of banking business in England to this chartered Bank, but it was then partially repealed; and to remove all doubts, a clause was inserted in the Bank Act of 1833, authorizing the establishment of Banks which do not issue notes. The Bank of England acts as the agent of Government in the management of the National Debt. Its profits are derived from discounts on commercial bills; interest on exchequer bills, of which a large amount is held, interest upon the capital stock in the hands of government; allowance of £60,000 for managing the public debt; interest on loans; dividend in stock in the public funds; profit on purchases of bullion, and some lesser sources of revenue. The Bank maintains an establishment of more than a thousand officers, clerks, porters, and messengers. The Bank has the power of issuing notes on a fixed amount of securities, which is of the value of £14,500,000, and any issue beyond this sum must be in bullion.

The following abstract will show the state of the Bank for the close of the year —

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An account pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap 22, for the week ending on Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1861.

Issue Department	
Notes issued	£ 30,741,280
Government Debt	11,015,100
Other Securities	2,781,200
Gold coin	15,710,705
Silver Bullion	35,473
	£30,741,280
Banking Department.	
Proprietors' Capital	£ 11,500,000
Reserve	2,130,000
Public Deposits (including the year's Advances)	13,221,227
Bankers' Comm- odors of National Debt, and Divi- dend Accounts	9,570,115
Other Deposits	9,241,231
Seven-day and other Bills	1,017,231
	£37,533,356

The Scotch Banks have no monopoly of privileges similar to the Bank of England. The Bank of Scotland was established in 1695, with an original capital of £1 000 000 Scots, or £100 000 sterling. It now amounts to £1,500,000 sterling. The Royal Bank of Scotland was chartered in 1727, with a capital of £150,000, which has since been increased to £200,000.

E. B.—D F.—AGRICULTURE.—W. S.—CURIOSITY.—W. Mc. Received.

Literary Notices.

CANADA. PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. Toronto, T. Maclear.

This is the eighth part of Mr. Maclear's very excellent work. It contains a map of the Counties of Hastings, Frontenac, Lennox and Addington. We need not here speak of the merits of this work. It has been warmly received by the entire press of the Province, and will be found an admirable text book, for reference as to the extent, appearance, and resources of the country. It is very carefully got up, and the various descriptions given, having been made after a personal survey of the different localities, by the author of the work, they may be fully relied on. We trust the publisher will meet that success, in the disposal of his work which his enterprise so justly deserves.

THE PEDLAR'S BOY, OR I'LL BE SOMEBODY. Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co. Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.

This is another of Uncle Frank's Juvenile treasures, got up in a style similar to the one noticed in last number. The tinted illustrations are very neatly executed. As a specimen of Uncle Frank's style, we give a statement made by him in connexion with the resolution of little Samuel Bissell, which forms the title to the Book, "I'll be Somebody."

"And did he succeed? I should have to get ahead of my story to answer the question. But one thing I will say here, that if a boy makes up his mind, deliberately and firmly, that he will climb up to some high point on the hill of science, and that he will be respected and honoured among his fellows—if he brings his hands and his head and his heart to the task, and goes ahead through thick and thin, not turning out of his path however he may be tempted to do so, he is almost sure to succeed in reaching what he aims at, that is if his life is spared, and his health does not give out. I have great

faith in a strong will, a clear head, right principles, a good stock of patience, and a steady disposition to go ahead."

This is a very beautiful extract, and worthy to be kept in mind by all our Juvenile readers. Numerous instances might be adduced of the truth of these remarks, and a little scrutiny into the private life of men who have risen to eminence in any profession, will show that this eminence is more to be attributed to calm, determined, indomitable perseverance, than to any superior natural mental qualifications with which they were endowed.

Agriculture.

FUNGI—AS A PARASITE.

The fungi next in order are different from puccinia, still I have no doubt it has a near alliance with it, which can be easily observed by viewing the uredo separately. Uredines, the plural of uredo from the Latin *ureo*, (to burn,) because it discolours the parts attacked by a burnt appearance; are chiefly found on the young or old leaves of cereals, but seldom on the stems. The uredo has been known to exist on the wheat plants in all its stages of growth; early in the spring it will be found in the glumes and paleæ of the ear, after the grain is formed. There are two kinds of uredines, one resembling an orange, the other of a yellow colour. *Uredo linearis* having oblong spores, the other, *uredo rubigo*, (red dust,) having its spores nearly spherical—these are closely allied to the red dust on the leaves of the rose-tree. (*uredo roseæ*.) they belong to the order of conio-mycetes, or dusty fungus. Farmers usually call it "red-gum," "red-dust," &c. To see the form of the spores of this fungi requires a very high power of the microscope, and must be viewed as an opaque object. Botanists are of opinion that they are imperfect forms of minute fungi; that in their perfect state they are known by other names. Corn-fields have been seen to droop under the influence of this parasite, causing a sickly aspect, often creating serious alarm, however, a few bright warm days dissipate this evil, the heat of the sun drying up the superfluous moisture, the fungus cannot spread and, health returns. Unquestionably, it passes off in the way described, more easily than any other; but when the beneficial influence of sunshine is not effectually exerted a deterioration of the crop takes place. When it is found in later stages of growth, and on the glumes and paleæ of the chaff, it is more injurious than when it merely appears in the earlier period of growth.

An astonishing mould, called *Chomyphæ*, appears during snow, first discovered in Iceland by Thieneman; also, two species in the neighbourhood of Dresden, very abundant, it melts by the heat of the sun without a general thaw, its reproductive portion is sometimes red and green, it will be afterwards found in the stratum of the young plants, resembling a cobweb of great delicacy. It is ascertained that it is due to the existence of animal matter in the soil. There is still another as developed beneath the snow, called by Unger, *Lanosa Nivalis*, unlike the last, being excessively injurious to both grass and corn; it appears in "white patches of a foot or more in diameter, tinging the snow with a red hue, arising from the spores of the fungus, which are of this colour." On viewing the spot where this fungus has been I found it completely withered wherever it had run its course. It is not known in England, and happily for them such is the case, it being discovered to be one of the most destructive parasites to barley and rye. The *Uredo Segetum*, more minute than any of those formerly noticed, reduces the ears of wheat and barley to a mass of black sooty powder. Inexperienced farmers, as usual, call it by a variety of names, such as "smut" "dust brand," "burnt ear," &c.—adhering by a gummy substance, the black dust forming the spores, which are extremely small, in

this case the ear is completely ruined. A botanical writer says that the "one hundred and sixty thousandth part of a square inch will contain forty-nine of them," another calculates "that no less than seven millions eight hundred and forty thousand would be required to cover a square inch, English measure." This fungus is rarely found on any other part of the plant—the ear being its chief location. Some seasons they may be seen during summer in immense quantities long before the rest of the grain comes to maturity, its spores being scattered to the winds for weeks before reaping begins, the farmer scarcely sees it during harvest, and therefore thinks but very little about it.

The *Uredo fastida*, or stinking rust, so called from its most disgusting odour, which may be easily perceived in passing through the field where it prevails. Or if an ear be broken in your hands the smell is intolerable, resembling the stench of putrid fish, and cannot be easily removed from the fingers. Unless the precautions hereafter pointed out are taken to prevent it, no field will be free from its encroachments—being injurious in every degree. It confines its ravages to the grain, completely filling the seeds, replacing the flour by a black disgusting starchy powder. Botanists are of opinion that this fungus enters by the spongloles of the roots of the plant, and propelled through the tissues by the ascending sap, enters the young ovum to vegetate, when there all fecundation is destroyed by it, there being no development of the parts as the fructification swells, no embryo can be detected. The grain is well on—the harvest is cut, and 'tis after the farmer has gone through the cleansing of the grain that he discovers the disease.

M Basot, an Arifal botanist, in showing the progress of this parasite very properly remarks—"The earliest period at which I discovered the parasite within the cavity of the *oreole* of the young plant of wheat (the seed grain of which had been inoculated with the fungi of the *uredo fastida*, and sown the 14th November, 1805), was the 6th of June, 1806, being sixteen days before the ear emerged from its sheath, and about twenty days before the sound ears, springing from the same root, were in bloom. At that early stage the inner cavity of the ovum is very small, and, after fecundation is filled with the albumen or farinaceous substance of the seed, and already occupied by many young fungi, which from their jelly-like root or spawn adhere to the membrane which lines the cavity, and from which they can be easily detached in small flakes with that spawn. In that state their very small pedicels may be distinctly seen. At first the fungi are of a pure white colour; and when the ear emerges from its sheath the ovum is much enlarged, but still retains its original shape; and the fungi rapidly multiplying many of them have then nearly come to maturity, assuming a darker color; and having separated from the spawn lie loose in the cavity of the ovum. The infected grains continue growing, and the fungi continue to multiply till the sound grains have attained their full size and maturity, when the infected grains are easily distinguished from the sound ones by their being generally larger, and of a darker green color."

The encroachment of this fungus will be prevented by merely cleansing the wheat about to be sown from all "bunt" which may have attached itself to it, on account of its unctuous character being of a greasy oily nature, consequently adhering to the skin of the healthy grains, causing inoculation in this instance. Here chemistry comes to the aid of farmers. "An alkali converts oil into soap, and this is the basis of all effectual dressing, as it is called, of the seed corn." Lime has often been resorted to on account of its alkaline properties, but by slaking it too much such properties are destroyed. Common potash, substances containing ammonia, even the excrements of animals have been adopted for remedies. Brine has also been employed, sulphate of copper, and arsenic; articles not possessing alkaline qualities. My opinion is that the two last mentioned, especially the arsenic, are undesirable

and improper, (the last mentioned) being well known to be a deadly poison. The increase of this fungus can be partly checked by judicious dressing, and farmers should be very careful in the preparation of their seed before sowing it to the soil, for when this fungi is mixed with the flour it is excessively disagreeable, producing ill effects on the constitution. I am satisfied that there is scarcely a plant which is not more or less attacked by a species of this destructive parasite. In Africa, near Algiers, an uredo has been found destroying the seeds of a species of lucerne, as the bunt does wheat. The maize is also subject to a large species; the *panicum* of Egypt has its parasite of the same shape as the uredo, while another kind enters grasses, and is propagated within the sheafs. Wherever the cereberry grows it produces fungal diseases, one, the *acidium*, very much like the rust of the rose, but upon close examination the form is quite different.

NUTRITION IN VARIOUS GRAINS.

Wheat is one of the most important of all crops. The grain contains from fifty to seventy per cent. of starch, from ten to twenty per cent. of gluten, and from three to five per cent. of fatty matter. The proportion of gluten is said to be largest in the grain of quite warm countries.

It is a singular fact that, in all the seed of wheat and other grains the principal part of the oil lies near or in the skin, as also does a large portion of the gluten. The bran owes to this much of its nutritive and fattening qualities. Thus, in refining, our flour to the utmost possible extent, we diminish, somewhat, its value for food. The phosphates of the ash also lie, to a great degree, in the skin. The best fine flour contains above seventy pound of starch to each hundred. The residue of the hundred pounds consists of ten or twelve pounds of gluten, six to eight pounds of sugar and gum, and ten to fourteen pounds of water, with a little oil.

Rye flour more nearly resembles wheaten flour in its composition, than any other, it has, however, more of certain gummy and sugary substances, which make it tenacious, and also impart a sweetish taste. In baking all grains and roots which have much starch in them, a certain change takes place in their chemical composition. By baking, flour becomes more nutritious, and more easily digested, because more soluble.

Barley contains rather less starch than wheat, also less sugar and gum. There is little gluten, but a substance somewhat like it, and containing about the same amount of nitrogen.

Oat meal is little used in this country for food but it is equal, if not superior, in its nutritious qualities, to flour from any of the other grains; superior, I have no doubt, to most of the fine wheaten flour of the northern latitudes. It contains from ten to eighteen per cent. of a body having the same amount of nitrogen or gluten. Besides this there is a considerable quantity of sugar and gum, and from five to six per cent. of oil or fatty matter, which may be obtained in the form of a clear fragrant liquid. Oat meal takes owe their peculiar agreeable taste and smell, to this oil. Oat meal, then, has not only an abundance of substance containing nitrogen, but is also quite fattening. It is in fact, an excellent food for working animals, and, as has been abundantly proved in Scotland, for working men also.

Buckwheat is less nutritious than the other grains which we have noticed. Its flour has from six to ten per cent. of nitrogenous compounds, about fifty per cent. of starch, and from five to eight per cent. of sugar and gum. In speaking of buckwheat, of course we mean without husks.

Rice was formerly supposed to contain little nitrogen; but recent examinations have shown that there is a considerable portion, some six or eight per cent. of a substance of gluten. The percentage of fatty matter and of sugar is quite small, but that of starch much larger than any other grain, yet mentioned, being, between eighty and

ninety per cent, usually about eighty-two per cent.

Indian corn is the last of the grains that we shall notice. This contains about sixty per cent. of starch, nearly the same as in oat. The proportion of oil and gum is large—about ten per cent., this explains the fattening properties of Indian meal, so well known to practical men.—There is, besides, a good portion of sugar. The nitrogenous substances are also considerable in quantity—some twelve or sixteen per cent.

Natural History.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The Nightingale, or *Philomela Luscina* of Selby, the *Rosignol* of the French, and the *Nochtigoll* of the Germans, is one of the most celebrated of the song birds of the old world. It is a general favourite, and has formed a fit theme for poets of all ages; not in consequence of the beauty of its plumage, but for the soft, harmonious, and exquisitely varied richness of his song, which surpasses that of all other minstrels of the glade, and is rendered still more precious by being lavishly poured out during the night when all other warblers are hushed in repose. It begins its song early in the evening, and generally continues during the whole night. Drummond of Hawthornden, a Scotch poet of the sixteenth century, in a beautiful ode to the Nightingale, says—

"What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness), sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spleen and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of æthere—yes, and to angels' lays."

And Milton, in one of his delightful sonnets, says—

"O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill."

And Young Keates, in one of his imaginative rapturous odes, says—

"Thou wast not born for death immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The name that o'erlures bath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Thus might we run on quoting from almost every poet who has had the pleasure of hearing this far famed songster. It is a migratory bird, visiting England about the middle of April, and leaving again about the end of August. The male bird arrives generally about ten days before the female, and, as it is very much sought after by bird catchers, they make the most of the intervening space, well knowing that those males which are taken after they have paired seldom survive. The nightingale is very reclusive in its habits. It frequents thick hedges and low copse, generally sitting in the middle of the bush when singing, so as not to be seen. Its nest is also placed low down in the thickest part of the hedge, and made as secure as possible from observation. It is built of the leaves of ferns, straw and moss. The male bird is about six inches long, the upper part of the body is a russet brown tinged with olive, the under part a pale ash colour, almost white at the throat and belly. Mr. Temmnek states that the nightingale is common in nearly all parts of Europe, and that it migrates in winter into Egypt. Hasselquist saw it among the willows of Jordan, and among the olive trees of Judea. Musignono saw it in the neighbourhood of Rome, which it also leaves in winter. In no part of Europe is it more common than in Spain and Italy, but even in these southern regions it is migratory, Africa being its temporary abode during the months of winter. The islands of the Greek Archipelago are among

its favourite localities. Mr. Kidd, in the *Gardeners Chronicle* thus speaks of the affection of the Nightingale. He says, by remarkably good fortune, one of the most extraordinary of these songsters has recently taken full possession of my garden. I call the gay, joyous fellow "extraordinary," for I never yet heard such seraphic strains, such perfect freedom of song, from any of the tribe, much as I have had to do with them. And what makes me value the little rogue the more, is his almost incredible tameness. He sings the night through, just under my chamber window, and seldom leaves the garden, by day or by night, for more than a few minutes at a time. I usually rise to greet him at five o'clock A. M.; and on venturing an humble imitation of his swelling note, he flies to me at once. Seating himself on a shady bough, and bending slightly forward, there he remains, holding converse with me, so long as my time permits me to tarry; and he improvises such music the while, that I can hardly tear myself away from him. He knows my voice and I know his. Thus do we, morning by morning, exchange familiarities; and greatly do I love to return, after the fatigues of a day of toil, to renew our intimacy. I believe the pleasure is quite mutual. I cannot but imagine that this bird possesses an unusual charm; for he has drawn into one focus a host of blackbirds, thrushes, robins, blackcaps, and other vocalists, whose orchestral accompaniments, blending with his own heavenly voice, almost lead us to suppose we are in fairy-land. They rehearse early in the evening; and the concert, once commenced, lasts until long after sunrise. I need hardly say that I now retire to rest with my chamber window open.

Oriental Sayings.

ABRAHAM'S CHILDHOOD.

Abraham was brought up in a cave, for the tyrant Nimrod sought to take his life. But in this dark cave, the light of God dawned within him, and one day he meditated and said, within himself, who is my Creator? Thus he had spent sixteen years in the cave when he one morning stepped out, and as he, for the first time, saw the heavens and the earth, he was greatly astonished, and rejoiced, and asked every thing about him.—Who is your creator? The sun was just rising, he fell upon his face, and said, this is surely the creator, for its appearance is grand and beautiful. But the sun that had risen in the morning, set again in the evening, and the moon arose, then said Abraham to himself, this cannot be the God of heaven—perhaps this smaller light may be the God, whom these numberless stars may serve. But the moon and stars also disappeared, and Abraham stood alone meditating. Thus disappointed he went to his father and asked him: who is the God of heaven and earth? and Terah showed him his idols. I will prove them, said Abraham to himself; and when his father had left him alone, he placed before them the most beautiful fruits. If you are living Gods, then take this offering, said he, but the idols were motionless. And is it possible, said the boy, that my father holds these for gods, and worships them? Well, perhaps I may instruct him, and with this he took a stick and broke all the idols in pieces save one, in whose hands he placed the stick. In the evening when his father came home and found the idols broken in pieces, he asked Abraham, how comes all this? who has broken my idols? To which the youth replied, Oh father, during your absence there came an old woman, to offer a little flour and some fruit, when a quarrel arose among them, as to who was to have the offering; then the tallest god took up a stick and killed all his brethren, and behold the stick is yet in his hands.

Terah looked upon the youth with a fierce countenance and said, you mock me boy; how can that be—how could he have broken them in pieces, whom my hand has made? Oh! be not

angry with me my father said Abraham, and let thine ear hear what thy own mouth has said. You deny your god the power of doing that which I myself have done with my feeble hands, how then can he be the God who created me and thee, and the heavens and the earth? Terah stood motionless at the words of the youth.

But soon afterwards this assurance was made known to Nimrod, the tyrant, who demanded that Abraham should be brought before him, and said, thou shalt worship My God, boy, or be cast into a fiery furnace. For all the wise men had foretold to the king at the birth of Abraham, that he would destroy all the idols in his kingdom, and also bring him down from his throne, therefore he sought to kill him.

Who is thy God, O King? replied the youth boldly. The fire is my God, it is the most powerful element.

The fire, said the boy, is extinguished by water; the water is easily carried by the clouds; the wind disperses the clouds, and man can withstand the wind, so man is the most powerful being.—And I am most powerful of all beings, said the king, therefore worship me! or the fiery furnace is your reward.

Then the boy raised up his modest eyes, and said, I saw the sun rise, yesterday morning and set again in the evening; command, O King, that it, to-day, rise in the evening and set in the morning, and I will worship thee.—And Abraham was cast into the furnace.

But the fire injured not the boy, an angel took him softly into his arms, and drove the flames from him. More beautiful the youth came forth from the fire, and soon afterwards the Lord appeared to him, and called him forth from the land of Chaldea, and made him his friend. So Abraham became the founder of the true worship of the God of heaven and earth.

R.

Artists' Corner.

WILLIAM KALF.

William Kalf was born at Amsterdam, somewhere about the year 1630, but the exact date is not known. He remained some years in the study of Henry Pot, who was considered a good painter of history and portraits; but very little is known about Kalf's early life, or of what progress he made in his art. He seems, however, when he left the studio of Pot to have also relinquished the particular style for which his master was famed, and turned his attention to flowers, fruits, vegetables, brass kettles, and sometimes also vases of precious metal. His range of subjects in fact became confined to the furniture and appurtenances of a Dutch Kitchen, or of a butler's pantry, a class of art even yet practised without exception solely by the schools of the Low Countries. Limited as was his range, which was confined to the most common-place subjects, he endeavoured to throw his whole mind into the work, and in the reproduction of kitchens, and rustic apartments, he excelled every painter of his day, and his works are worthy to be classed amongst those of the greatest masters, for their brilliant tone and finish, and the profound knowledge they exhibit of the great principles of harmony, light, and shadow. He would sit, it is said, for entire days, before a melon, a fine orange, the handle of a knife made of agate, or mother of pearl, to study its various tints, and in this laborious way he acquired so thorough an acquaintance with the minutiae of objects, as enabled him to represent them with the greatest truthfulness. His paintings have been always highly valued by amateurs, and there are few collections where some of his works are not met.

Kalf was of a warm and affectionate disposition, and was ever ready to do a kind act, at whatever sacrifice of time, or amount of trouble it might occasion. He had a well cultivated and most intelligent mind, and possessed a peculiar facility for reciting a story, so that his

friends would often sit for nights together listening to the histories of his pictures, or narrations of the scenes he encountered in the search for the subjects which had engaged his pencil, given in the most graphic and humorous manner. Notwithstanding the estimation in which he is held his pictures rarely fetch high prices.

Le Brun valued one of his best works in 1791 at \$100; but at the sale of the collection of M. Randon de Boisset, in 1777, a Kitchen by Kalf realised about \$3,000. Houbracken and Weyerman state that Kalf went one day to call upon a dealer in works of Art named Cornelius Heilemans, to whom he had offered to sell a number of engravings. They arranged to meet on the following day at Kalf's house to complete the arrangements, which having been settled, Heilemans wished the painter to go with him to his residence to receive the price of his prints. This was declined, and on the following day the death of the artist was announced. On returning that evening from the house of a friend, he accidentally fell over the bridge of Bantem and received a considerable shock. He was immediately taken home and expired in a few hours afterwards, on the 31st May, 1693. The poet Van der Hoeven wrote an epitaph for his tomb, which is eulogistic of his talent. It says that William Kalf knew well how to paint golden vases and cups of silver, and the treasures of wealth, but that no treasure could repay his genius, for it never had an equal. Deccamps says that the finest example of this painter is in the cabinet of M. de la Court at Leyden, it represents some vases and a melon cut in two. What cannot the power of Art effect? you travel to acquire a taste for fine things, you visit celebrated collections, you walk through the galleries and museums of Europe, and returning through Holland you hear talk of a chef d'œuvre even there; what is this master piece? you enquire; and then after so much sacrifice, such long journeys, and so great fatigue; you are amazed by seeing placed before you what you may have had a hundred times upon your own table, almost unnoticed, certainly without admiration,—an object which the pencil of Kalf has rendered marvellous,—a melon cut in two! These remarks although perhaps a little extravagant justify the idea that the perfection of Art may be as really exhibited in a copper pan, burnished and glittering with light, or in a silver goblet, whose sides exhibit the most delicate and beautiful chasings, as in those nobler subjects, which the facts of history, the deductions of philosophy, or the stories of fiction may have furnished. It is remarkable that there are few examples of the class of Art which this artist followed to be found among the Italian, Spanish, or German. It is chiefly confined as we have before stated to the Low Countries, a proof that national tastes indicate not only the character and progress of Art in a country; but that art is made subservient to national taste whatever that may be. We see this illustrated in the passion for flowers which prevailed in Holland and amounted at one time almost to a mania. That passion raised up a host of flower painters, so that the Dutch have never been excelled in this peculiar class of Art. With every capacity for appreciating the noble conceptions of Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyk, and their other great masters of historical painting, the citizens of Amsterdam, the Hague and Leyden were delighted to hang the walls of their dwelling houses with the more humble representations of objects culled from their menial occupations.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD NAME.

Always be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it. It will never do to seek a good name as a primary object.—Like trying to be graceful, the effort to be popular will make you contemptible. Take care

of your spirit and conduct, and your reputation will take care of itself. The utmost that you are called to do as the guardian of your reputation is to remove injurious aspersions. Let not your good be spoken of, and follow the highest examples in mild and explicit self-vindication. No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle, and he who would maintain a good character should be mainly solicitous to maintain a character void of offence towards God and towards man.

THE ADVANTAGE OF THINKING.

Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other peoples' thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come in lumps—homely and shapeless; but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write—the more you think, the better will you express your ideas.

Varieties.

An ancient author says—"To make a man smart throw him on his own resources."

The glory of great men is ever to be rated according to the means used to acquire it.

The world is oftener favorable to false merit, than unjust to true.

There are reproaches which give praise, and praises which give reproach.

True eloquence consists in saying what is proper, but nothing more.

He that is choice of his time, will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions.

Good qualities, like great abilities, are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

Dishonest men endeavour to conceal their faults from themselves, as well as from others; honest men know and confess them.

Were we to take as much trouble to be what we ought to be, as we take in disguising what we really are, we might appear like ourselves without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one. And why shouldn't it? It will have seven days' more experience.

AGENTS FOR THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

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

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

The Nouths' Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.

(Continued from our last.)

At this moment a window in the front kitchen of the house, and close to where poor Seppi was sleeping, was slowly opened, and a head in a white nightcap popped out: it was that of the pastrycook, to whom part of the house belonged.

"Hallo! why now, there's a lazy rascal for you," said the pastrycook, perceiving the slumberer; "snoring there this bright morning, and not knowing perhaps how he may get a crust of bread to eat at mid-day: sleeping, idling, begging, and stealing. What objects there are in this world to be sure. An efficient police ought not to tolerate such vagabonds. And only see how undisturbedly the boy sleeps here in the open street, but he is pretty sure, of course, that thieves would make no thriving business by him."

Whilst the tongue of the confectioner expressed, in such fashion, the morning reflections of its owner, the man's eye rested scrutinously upon the boy. Seppi, it should be observed, had a very agreeable and prepossessing exterior, and so the idea suggested itself to the mind of the selfish, avaricious pastrycook, whose own assistant had run away from him only the day before, whether he would not perhaps do well to take the Savoyard lad into his service instead. "Such a creature," thought he, "must needs be glad to earn a living, and feel grateful for all and everything one may give him. Besides, he has a good-looking, likely face, and that he is quick on his legs there can be no doubt."

Therefore, no sooner said than done. The confectioner proceeded to open the door, and forthwith greeted the slumbering Seppi with a gentle kick. "Well, my idle fellow," said he, "do you intend to sleep it out here the whole of this fine day?"

Seppi, half awake and half asleep, jumped up and answered, "Yes, sir, I'll sweep your chimney directly."

"Do what?—Sweep the chimney!" returned the confectioner: no, no, it's not the time for that yet. Come, get up and rouse yourself."

Seppi rubbed his eyes, but oh, how grey and misty did the city look by morning! "Yes, sir, what am I to do then?" he asked.

"Come with me, you shall hear that directly," answered the man, as kindly as possible. Seppi followed him into the shop, and the savoury smell of the warm pastry attracted the famished lad irresistibly. "Listen to me, my lad," quoth the the pastrycook, when they had reached the little parlour. "I am inclined to do you a great service." Seppi at this pricked up his ears, for he expected nothing less than the baker was going to make him a present of a few of his nice tarts for breakfast. "You shall stay with me, carry out pastry, help me to serve the customers, and make yourself generally useful to me; in short, I will take you entirely into my service, and provide for you. Now, only think of that, you poor, deserted fellow! and look what I am doing for you; for I am going to give you food and clothing, whilst now you are in hourly risk of being starved to death!"

What more desirable thing could have befallen our poor, hungry Savoyard? Yet, when the pastrycook spoke of "starving," the thought of poor Marie instantly made his affectionate heart shrink within himself. He wept bitterly, and faltered out, amidst his sobs: "Alas! sir, I have a sister, poor dear Marie, who came with me to Paris: I lost her yesterday evening, and—Oh heavens!—she was very, very hungry, and had not a morsel of bread. I must, indeed, first of all, go and try to find her."

The brow of the confectioner gradually darkened with frowns. "Foolish boy," said he, in a tone of vexation; "what! do you pretend to look for your sister in Paris?—in a city which contains a whole million of inhabitants, and whose width and length embraces so many miles!

Why, you may search your whole life long, and yet not find her again. Besides, she may have fallen, in the dark, into the river, or have been run over by some carriage, nay, we don't know what may have happened to her. If it be the will of God that you should find her again, that will come to pass without your having occasion to stir a step in it. It is nothing new in Paris for children to run away and lose themselves: some do turn up again, and some do not. However, you will have the best opportunity, when carrying out the pastry, of meeting her. But mind, you understand me when I tell you, that you must not presume, on this account, to loiter on your errands about the city, but you must keep straight on the road I order you to follow."

The common-place and unfeeling arguments used by the confectioner, by no means served to console the affectionate Seppi, still he saw clearly, that a search made in so large, populous, and, to him, completely unknown city, would most likely meet with little or no success, whilst he thought it not quite impossible but that, in his walks through the capital, he might fall in with his dear Marie. But it was the recollection of the dying words of his father, and which that good man had bequeathed to him in his last moments, which gave Seppi the best comfort. Remember, dear boy," said he, "you have still a Father in Heaven above, and He watches and takes care of His children." And so will that same Father, thought Seppi, protect and watch over poor Marie, and thus consoled and strengthened, he accepted the confectioner's offer of engagement. The latter felt quite satisfied, for which he had his good reasons, inasmuch as he treated his people so badly—giving them little to eat, and plenty of work—that he had great difficulty in getting any for his service, or in retaining them in it. But a chap like this, thought he, who is used to nothing better, will still think the very worst treatment good, in his unhappy state.

Seppi was now duly initiated in his new office, and received the article of clothing which his truant predecessor had left behind, called by the pastrycook "a livery!" a title of honour still nobly bestowed upon the old patched jacket (and which formerly it might have merited) as that cost its master nothing. This worthy warned Seppi to take good care of it, and impressed upon him most urgently, never to acquire a taste for pastry. This the lad promised, and only begged now for a piece of bread to satisfy his hunger. "Why, I thought you had already breakfasted," said the heartless man, who seemed to forget that he had lighted upon the boy fast asleep.

Seppi's service was no easy one; he was, however, a nimble, attentive lad, and executed everything faithfully. His master had reason to be quite satisfied, and really was so, as far as generally speaking, a selfish person can be satisfied. In his numerous walks, our little Savoyard did not neglect turning his eyes in every direction, in hopes, perchance, they might light upon his poor dear little sister. And when he saw, at a distance, a little girl, who in height and shape was like Marie, how did he run after her until he overtook her, but when, his heart throbbing, he found it was not his sister, he would burst into tears, and then think what his poor mother would say, if ever he should come home without Marie.

Such bitter delusions Seppi experienced daily; yet he did not give up hope. Marie and his mother was his constant thought day and night, although he slept so soundly, that the confectioner felt vexed that a youngster, who had not a farthing in his possession, should rest so tranquilly. On this point, however, his master was not mistaken; for Seppi, not enriched, it is true, with a halfpenny, by the liberality, of his employer, obtained, at times, from the customers who visited the shop, a small piece of money, by way of a present, and which he saved up carefully in his little purse, in order, when a favourable occasion might offer, to send the whole to his mother. And thus his store increased every day.

On the third floor dwelt an old widow lady, who, from idle curiosity was ever anxious to busy herself about all that took place in the house and in the neighbourhood. Madame Rivage was extremely desirous to engage Seppi in her interest, and had tried to bribe him, in order that she might get him to tell her all that was going on at home, as well as abroad, in reference to his master and his customers.

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 1.

ALEXANDRIA.

- Aar, a river in Switzerland
- Land, was sought by Noah's dove.
- Axe, a part of a locomotive
- Dane, a native of Denmark in Europe.
- Ire, or anger, a passion.
- Daniel, an eminent Hebrew.
- Ida, a mountain near Troy.
- Dine (to), what is cheerfully complied with.
- Leah, what seven of Pharaoh's kine were.
- Adrian, is (I suppose) a living magician.
- Alder, a shrubby tree.
- Axe, an instrument in daily use.
- Rind, (orange, or citron peel, I suppose used in confectionery.

J. Y.

ENIGMA No. 2.

- I am composed of eleven letters
- My 10, 11, 6, 4, 7, 2 is a kind of wood first mentioned in ship-building.
- My 3, 9, 2, 10, 11 is what makes the merchant ships sail so nimbly.
- My 3, 5, 6, 4, 7, 2 is what boys learn at school.
- My 6, 4, 5, 1, 8 is much used in the laboratory.
- My 3, 4, 9, 5, 2 is comfortable beside the par. our fire.
- My 11, 5, 8 is an important article of merchandise much used in medicine.
- My 9, 2, 3, 4 is conspicuous in all railway bridges.
- My 3, 7, 1, 8 is expressive of certainty, and the name of a german coin.
- My 6, 8, 1, 3, 7 is what the labourer considers he is entitled to.
- My whole is a term common in geography.

A Rmdr.

- Can you tell me where I stand?—
- On the sea or on the land—
- Near the equator or the pole,
- "Twixt you and me vast oceans roll.
- Every one would fain caress me—
- No one yet did e'er possess me.
- Though in their reach they all confess me.
- Man seeks me with his latest breath,
- E'en till his search is lost in death.
- Now, would you have this blessed prize?
- 'Tis written here before your eyes!

Advertisements.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital, Two Millions Sterling.

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

ESTABLISHED IN 1836 BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Responsibility of Stockholders Unlimited.

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

Office—8, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET, JAMES FRASER;

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

PENNY READING ROOM!!

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

BRITISH AND AMERICAN,

As follows, viz. —

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

NEW BOOK STORE!

No. 54, Yonge Street, Toronto,
(Two Doors South of Spencer's Foundry.)

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

Bookseller and Stationer

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

BOOKS & STATIONARY.

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

A Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

Terms—Cash.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-58

REMOVAL.

HAYES, BROTHERS,
Wholesale Grocers,

HAVE REMOVED to the New Warehouse, 57 YONGE STREET, South of King Street, nearly opposite to the Bank of British North America.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-15.

WANTED

A PERSON competent to canvass for this Paper in the City and Country.—Apply at this Office.

Toronto, Dec. 13, 1851.

A SALE.

J. CARMICHAEL

BEING about to make extensive alterations in his premises, will sell after this date, the whole of his Winter Stock of

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY,

at such reduced prices as will ensure a speedy sale. Parties about to buy their winter clothing have now an opportunity of doing so at prices far below their value. Those calling first will have THE BEST CHOICE.

Remember No. 68, King Street, 3 doors West of Church Street.

Toronto, Nov. 24th, 1851.

1-13

The Castilian Hair Invigorator.

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

THE CASTILIAN HAIR INVIGORATOR

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

For sale by BUTLER & SON, London, and by

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

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

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851.

4-11

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS!!

BROWN & CHILDS,

At No. 88, KING STREET EAST,

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

- 5000 pairs superior thick Boots, 11s. 3d.
- 3000 " " Kip " 12s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.
- 2000 " " Calf " 15s. 0d. to 17s. 6d.
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- 5000 " Ladies' Cloth & Prunella Boots, 6s. 3d. to 10s.
- 2000 " Children's, of every variety and Style.

B. & C. manufacture their own—the Manufactory producing from 500 to 1000 pairs daily.

A liberal discount to the purchaser of more than £25.

Any unreasonable failure repaired without charge.

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

3000 Sides Best SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.

Toronto, Dec., 1851.

3-55

General Printing Establishment.

JAMES STEPHENS,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

6, CITY BUILDINGS, KING ST. EAST,

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

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-17.

A CARD.

DANIEL McNICOL

BEGS to inform the Merchants of this city and surrounding country, that he has opened out on Yungo Street, opposite the Bank of British North America, a general assortment of Broad Cloths, Fancy Doeskins, Cassimeres, Shirts, Bonnets, Caps, plain and fancy Mouseline, 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.

1-16.

D. MATHIESON'S

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

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

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-16.

W. H. DOEL,

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,

IMPORTER of English, French, Mediterranean and American Drugs, and Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Artists' Colours, Tools, Trusses, &c., &c., 5, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-11.

DRY GOODS

No. 8, KING STREET EAST

ALEXANDER RENNIE, Jr.

BEGS to inform the citizens of Toronto and the surrounding Country, that he has on hand, a Large and well selected Stock of

FANCY & STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

suited for the Fall and Winter trade. His Stock having been purchased on the most reasonable terms, he is confident that it cannot be surpassed for cheapness or quality by any house in the trade. An early inspection is respectfully requested.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-11.

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