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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 21, 1852.

No. 11.

Poetry.

THE EYE BEFORE A BRIDAL.

Another moon shall wane, mother,
And by the altar's side
One moment standing there mother,
And I shall be his bride.

His bride! A flush is on my cheek,
My heart is trembling wild;
I would my love were thine alone,
As when a little child.

Oh, mother I can't ever be,
Upon his brow so fair,
Will come so dark and sad a thing
As wild and weary care!

I would it never might be so,
And yet I know it may;
Sweet mother kneel beside me now,
And for my own love pray.

Oh, a girlish one was that maiden fair
As she knelt that night at her evening prayer;
And her voice was low as a wailing sigh,
As it rose for her love, that he might not die.

That his heart might ever be free from care,
Was the fondest wish of the maiden a prayer;
Then she sank to rest, and her heart was mild
As the holy love of a sinless child.

Oh, a sacred thing is a maiden's love,
And her trust is as pure as a snow white dove;
Ah, stern must he be, who would lily break
The heart that would peril its all for his sake!

Literature.

THE LOVERS' FIRST VISIT.

(Concluded from our last.)

Mr. Gourlay was out superintending the clearing of an old drain, and our travellers having rested a little, and refreshed themselves, went away in quest of him. It so happened that as they were coming forward one of the men threw up with his spade a small curved piece of metal, which Mr. Gourlay picked up and was examining when the two young gentlemen made their appearance. After a very warm greeting the little piece of metal was exhibited. Samuel looking at it with a mechanical eye, saw nothing in it out of the ordinary way, it was a bit of old metal—that was all. But our philosophic friend fired at the idea of an interesting relic of the olden time, being thus lightly treated. He rubbed it against a stone, and having judged from its appearance that it was silver, he at once decided that it must have belonged to one of the ancient inhabitants of the country. Its form indicated that it must have been the tricker guard of a crossbow, such as was used by the Scots and Picts, and might have been lost in some one of their excursions against their less warlike neighbours, the Dalreudini, whom they finally subdued. Its being silver, no doubt testified to the fact that it had belonged to some one of the chiefs:

This lucky incident gave David an ample opportunity to show the thoroughness of his acquaintance with the ancient history of his

own country—a study frequently too much neglected—and he ran on at a rapid pace from the time of Galgacus, who so valiantly withstood Agricola and his Roman legions, down through a long list of Scotch and Pictish and Dalreudic chieftains. He admitted that it was not so thoroughly proved that the ancient races were so much given to the use of the crossbow, as to the use of a light javelin, and a sword of prodigious length; but as to their ability to work in metals there could be no dispute, for Edwin, King of Northumberland, who, early in the seventh century extended his conquests through Scotland beyond the Frith of Forth, is said to have caused wells to be dug by the wayside, and chained brazen ladles to them, that the traveller might slake his thirst as he passed by. While engaged in this learned disquisition they had moved off from the field, and neared the house of the neighbouring farmer, Mr. Westfield of Harrowluck—a name given, by the way, in consequence of Mr. Westfield having at one time while harrowing, turned up a mole's skin, pretty firmly stuffed with gold coins, which ever after gave the name of Harrowluck to the farm. The two farmers having been on the most intimate terms, a call was made, and the young strangers were introduced, and as a necessary consequence, the subject on which they had been discoursing was renewed. Mr. Westfield listened for some time with a seeming complacency, but judge of the surprise of the antiquary, when the farmer drew down from the rafters an old "Horse pistol" and fitted on the rusted piece of metal on the shattered stock as its original tricker-guard. This wonderful circumstance needed an explanation which was speedily afforded. Some twenty years previous Mr. Westfield, then a young man, had been out recreating himself along with the farmer, who at that time occupied the farmstead of Windy Hill, and having taken aim at some partridges with his old horse pistol, which had descended as an heirloom in the family, the piece burst and shattered its stock, and threw off the tricker-guard, which no amount of search had been able to discover until that fortunate moment when it was thrown from the ditch, where it had probably lain all the intervening time. This was rather harrowing, but,

"The best-laid schemes,—
Gang all a-glee."

Dinner was awaiting the trio by the time they reached the homestead, and having partaken of the generous repast they wandered over the premises, and inspected the threshing machine, and the other works and implements connected with the farm. A shooting excursion was proposed. Two guns were brought down and dusted, and off they started, but in this the travellers showed little experience. Nothing particular occurred, with the exception that Samuel in his hurry to take aim at a hare which was started, omitted to withdraw the ramrod, which unfortunately struck a stone and was altogether splintered. Mr. Gourlay having brought down a pheasant, and a brace of wild pigeons they were compensated for their labour.

It would, however, be like tolling secrets out of the family to say here how they were entertained, having got the particulars of the affair from Anabella herself. Suffice it to say, the day passed on very pleasantly, and they were greatly delighted with their excursion. Night, however, drew on apace, and a thick mist from the hills, which preceded the setting of the sun gave indications, that a dark forenoon would ensue.

Unconscious of the sudden approach of night the youths manifested considerable uneasiness about their return, as being totally unacquainted with the road, they considered it next to impossible for them to find the way.

It was at once proposed that they should remain overnight, and start off early in the morning to be home in good time to allay the fears of their parents, and strongly though the young farmer urged this proposal they were determined to make trial of the road.

After some further consultation, the two travellers—each provided with a strong hazel cudgel, and one of them carrying a large three cornered, house lantern,—set out singing,—at least Anabella very archly said, they should have been singing

"I'm o'er young to marry yet."

Mr. Gourlay accompanied them about two miles and a half, and so far all was well; and having cautioned them against being afraid of anything by the way, he returned home cheerful and happy to his little homestead.

Our adventurers betrayed a more ungenial state of mind. They proceeded along slowly and in silence. Frequently when the light fell obliquely from the lantern upon the broom or the alder bushes by the road-side, were their cudgels raised to protect them from the imagined foe; and ever and anon the slight rustling of the withered leaves, or the trickling of the water from the field drains in the road-side ditch, was a source of great terror.

At length, however they came to a dark wood, which runs on each side of the road, to nearly a mile in extent, separated only from the pathway by a dry stone dyke, about two feet and a half high. The little dip into ancient lore which David had made was at this particular juncture fatal to his comfort; for tradition had said—and he believed it firmly—that many dark deeds had, in feudal times, been done in that same wood; and that while the tall pines remained to shade the highway, they were only as so many sad mementoes of the days of yore.

It so happened that one of the farm servants of Woodside—a farm that skirted the east side of the wood—had gone in the gloamin' to the smithy to get the coulter of his plough sharpened, and having, either by chance or arrangement, fallen in with Sarah Johnson, a neighbouring domestic, the time passed more swiftly than they imagined. To make up for lost time they took a short road through the wood, and had reached within about twenty yards of the dyke, when the two young gentlemen with the lanterns were in sight.

The novelty of seeing a large glass lantern in such a place made Mackay a little curious to know who was coming, and he laid hold of one of the branches of a tall spruce fir; but while swinging

himself up to catch a higher one, the branch gave way, and down he rustled among the brushwood and withered leaves.

That was enough, our heroes gave a sudden scream and started off, as if pursued by the famous Alibaba and his gang. Mackay seeing their consternation thought he would make the most of it, and putting two of his fingers between his teeth gave a shrill whistle, when down fell David as if he had been shot, and the lantern hurled to the other side of the road. Samuel picked it up, but the light was extinguished. He assisted his companion to his feet, and they kept on at full pace, till breathless and exhausted they reached the extremity of the wood. They halted and leaned against the dyke for a second or two and listened, to hear whether or not they were pursued, but no sounds of footsteps grating on their ears, each ventured to congratulate the other, on the happy escape which they had made; while James Mackay and Sarah Johnson were making the other extremity of the wood resound with their peals of laughter at the sport they had got.

Having breathed a while, our travellers began to think of proceeding; but how were they to proceed when their light was out. They remembered that there was a toll-house not far from the extremity of the wood, and they resolved to face every difficulty till they reached that house, that they might get their light renewed. Trembling and agitated they reached the toll-house, and having by dint of hard knocking gained admission, they were regaled with a little spirits and water. Having retreimmed the lantern and rested a little they at length resumed their journey; but not without having recounted to Mrs. Malcolm the narrow escape they had made from being murdered.

From the toll-house, the road descends considerably for nearly a mile and a half, where it sweeps the base of a steep hill, thickly covered with fern and brushwood from its base. On the other side of the road, Loch Moran, a large sheet of water extending about a couple of miles, is separated from the road by a row of whins and sloethorn.

When nearly approached to this spot, which in daylight is the most picturesque part of the road, displaying in the distance, a line of castle towering majestically over the surrounding scenery, from the summit of a lofty hill; while the fine sheet of water, fringed on each side with a rich profusion of alder and birch, forms as it were a glassy path-way, leading direct to the venerable man-ion. Nearly arrived then at the eastern extremity of the Loch something white was discovered at the edge of the wood. The water reflecting through the firze exhibited the white object, which their own glimmering light only tended to obscure.

They paused, they stared, but could not discover what it was. Slowly they crept forward, and still the object kept its position as if guarding the road. Again the lantern was put in requisition, and while one of them lifted it up to cause it by some means or other to reflect its little light upon the distant object, a hare, or a ferret, that had been scared by the light, darted into a bush within a few feet of where they were standing. Samuel leaped right up off the ground, and the lantern fell from his hand, and its glasses were shivered to atoms. Thus were they again in darkness, beyond the means of recovery.

Reader! if you have never been abroad in a starless night, and by reason of the thick darkness have wandered from the path, and have thought that every succeeding step you were to take might precipitate you into some yawning pit, or plunge you into some slimy rut, furrowed deep by the melting snows of some thousand winters—if you have never been in this position you cannot fully sympathize with the forlorn condition of our two young travellers at this moment. It is all very well for Locke to philosophize about darkness having no necessary terror with it. It is very evident he was never out in a dark night on a

country road, and lost his lantern. Burke speaks more sensibly on this subject. However, our young friends were in a dilemma. On the left hand a closely wooded hill rising abruptly, lent its deep shadow to the surrounding gloom. On the right the lake cast a dim reflection upon—alas! they knew not what. To retrace their steps was now as serious a matter as to go forward, considering the awful encounter they had lately escaped in the old pine-wood.

In faltering accents they ventured to speak, and taking a cursory view of their position, they resolved to wade through the edge of the loch, rather than encounter the ghost, for no other could it be. They therefore lifted the remains of the ill-fated lantern, and having drawn up their trowsers to their knees, stepped into the water, being screened from the object of their dread by the whins and the thickly foliaged sloethorn. Keeping a steady eye in the direction of the spectre they walked gently through the water, until about half way across, where a small drain from the road empties itself into the lake, and is, or at least was then a little deeper and softer in the bottom than the bed of the lake. Into this, our literary traveller unfortunately stumbled, and here he stuck. His companion came to his aid, and while in the act of drawing him out, they saw through the opening in the bushes which the drain naturally occasioned that the object of their dread was a white horse quietly cropping the grass. It turned out, as they learned afterwards, that a band of gypsies had bivouacked in the wood, and had turned out their horse to feed by the road side.

Having made this happy discovery they came up out of the water, reproving themselves for their cowardice and folly; and having dashed the water and the mud from their boots they proceeded on their way.

About a mile from the lake there was at that time a footpath through a field on the right hand side, which led to a coal work on the opposite side of the road. When within about twenty yards of where this foot-path joined the high way, the sound of foot-steps was heard, and our heroes made a dead pause. To their astonishment a tall man without the head, came through the opening in the hedge, and walked on right before them in the way they were to go. This was rather mysterious. It had been currently reported for many years that a man who had been supposed to be murdered and thrown into one of the pits in the neighbourhood had been seen at night walking about without the head. This they at once conjectured must be the man, but while they conjectured, the figure moved slowly forward, and they moved slowly forward also, keeping at a respectful distance. At length the figure came within the circle affected by the fire of the colliery, and they discovered that the man veritably had a head; but his long grey locks resting on the collar of his coat, had exactly the colour of the lurid mist which still prevailed; and the old man's head being otherwise uncovered, their phantasmagoric optics very naturally concluded that the head was not there.

On they went again with rather more spirit, the locality was becoming a little more familiar to them, and the horrid idea of encountering robbers, or hobgoblins had nearly vanished when, in going over a stile, which led by a footpath through a corner stripe of plantation, Samuel, who was foremost, put his foot with some degree of pressure upon an ass, which had been browsing there during the day and had lain down very innocently at the foot of the stile. The animal so suddenly disturbed roared and snorted tremendously; but it would be impossible to say which of the three roared loudest. The hairs of the young man's head actually bristled up, as if they had been porcupine's quills, and his hat was lifted from his head, but he darted scatheless through the cope with the speed of the reindeer. His more unfortunate companion bellowed furiously for him to come to his assistance. At the unexpected yell of the ass, his foot had slipped off the spar of the

stile, and down slid one of his legs, while the other remained outside, and was so twisted up, that to extricate himself was next to impossible. Frequently had they occasion that night to remember the lines—

"Company is eye the best,
Crossing o'er the heather."

Samuel, after a little, returned, and assisted David out of the stile, and groped about till he picked up his own hat. Wearied and almost worried to death by trepidation they again moved on. Happily the adventures of the night were nearly terminated. They were within sight of the little town they had left so briskly in the morning, living evidences of the truth of the statement, that "even a king when he loses his way is no better than a common man." When they approached the church yard wall which bounded the high road at the outskirts of the town, they saw distinctly a man's head above the wall. They at once concluded that this was a resurrectionist, who was keeping watch while his unholy companions were robbing the graves of their hallowed treasures. To enable the reader to understand this part of the adventure it is necessary to say that this was about two years or so after the disclosures made by the notorious Burke, who killed dast Jamie in Edinburgh, when it turned out that the omnivorous Dr. Knox received subjects for inter-section from various country districts. Strong suspicions were entertained about the security of the little churchyard of Ardmorin, and to make all things secure a society was instituted, called "The Mort Safe Society." This society purchased large cast-iron chests of several tons weight, without bottoms, and with spring lids, which they inserted into the grave's where they remained for eight or ten weeks, and were then withdrawn.—But, although it required four men with a windlass to lift up one of these iron boxes, yet there was a little mischief maker of a blacksmith, who went here and there, and told the people that he could lift one of them with ease, with a small screw which he carried in his waistcoat pocket. Nobody, of course, ever saw the screw; yet many minds were nevertheless unhinged by his consequential statements.

This incidental notice will explain how it was that the fire of poetry, and love, and ambition, and philanthropy, and patriotism, burned with very fierceness in the breasts of our travellers at the sight of the man looking over the church yard wall. They lifted a handful of stones from the road, and, stealing near enough to take an effective aim, that they might get safely past to give the alarm. The third stone hit him about the right eye, and he fell back insensible. Some little dispute arose as to who threw this stone, which was soon settled; and they rushed forward with alacrity to give the alarm; and soon succeeded in collecting together a number of that class of individuals who are always on the outlook for a job. Having got a few lanterns, a couple of pitchforks, a grape or two, and a half dozen pokers, they marched forward. They called at the house of the door-keeper; but he was not at home, which of itself was rather ominous. They however scaled the walls, and searched the gloomy mansions of the dead; but there were no signs of life there, no stir, no newly opened graves. They then proceeded to the corner where the watchman was knocked down. Here they were sure of a prize; but O! how sheepish did they look when, instead of a man groaning in agony from the blow on the head he had received, they found the ball of a tombstone, which had been placed against the wall a few days previously, and had unfortunately projected a little too high, so as to be visible from the outside. This ball had been driven off by the desperate aim of one of the travellers. They stopped not to join in the terrible bursts of laughter which followed the discovery; but slunk off the nearest way to their own abode, dispirited and almost dead with the many mishaps they had had.

When a few weeks had passed over they managed to smile at the eventful excursion to

Windyhill, but they never summoned courage sufficient to make another visit to the lovely Anabella.

Such, reader! is a faithful sketch of the incidents which two young gentlemen of talent and promise encountered while on a benevolent excursion. It seems hard that fortune should deal so capriciously with the feelings and best interests of mortals here below, but no doubt it is to inspire them with fortitude to enable them to fulfil their high destiny.

PALEMON.

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. 21, 1852.

ART IN THE PROVINCE.

Under this head, in the sixth number of 'the Herald, we gave a slight description of a seal executed by Mr. Wheeler, of King Street, for the Western Insurance Company. Again we have the pleasure to announce another contribution from the burine of that gentleman. This seal is smaller than the last, being only about two inches and a quarter in diameter. This is however equally happy in design and successful in execution. It is intended for a new Canadian Insurance Company to be established in Hamilton, under the title of the "Ontario Marine and Fire Insurance Company." The shield is represented as leaning against a capstan, beside which stands on the dexter side a mariner in full go-ashore rig, leaning his left on the capstan, and standing as it were behind the shield. On the sinister side, and as if in front of the shield stands Justice with the scales in her left hand and a sword in her right. The charge in the chief of the shield is a house in flames, in the bottom—emblematic of the title of the Company, is a ship in a storm. On a fesse gules, is a beaver between two maple leaves. The crest is the winged lightning, and the motto,—BE PRUDENT AND SAFE. The figures are both very neatly executed, and the design of the whole is exceedingly appropriate. Some one large in the suggestive faculty has hinted to us that now would be a very proper time to say, that as we have no long line of ancestral grandeur to look back to, in connection with the affairs of the Province, there are still two gentlemen of sufficient mark whose names are so intimately interwoven with the early history of the country,—who are so identified with its civil and religious associations as to have their names handed down with its future history. It is conjectured that a medal having on one side an effigy of the Venerable Bishop of Toronto, and on the other an effigy of Chief Justice Robinson, would be a most befitting memorial of these two gentlemen, who have endeared themselves to a large circle of friends throughout the province, both by their public usefulness, and their

private worth. We have consulted Mr. Wheeler on the subject and find that if a hundred subscribers will come forward he could furnish such a Medal, of silver, about two inches and a quarter or so, for four dollars a-piece. We are satisfied that Mr. Wheeler could catch the likeness to a shade, and hope therefore that some of our public men will take the matter into their immediate favour. Several gentlemen have already signified that they would countenance such a movement, and as in the ordinary course of nature the two gentlemen must give place by and by to others, what may be done should be done apace.

Answers to Correspondents.

EMMA. A VALENTINE. It is evident your Valentine has taken a poet's license, with one of the letters of the alphabet. C is not in any instance we at present remember of pronounced like K when used as an initial letter and immediately followed by the vowel i, unless in such proper names as Cidber. The plain English of the phrase alluded to, when viewed thus is—I long to kiss you—which Emma may either take as a compliment or not, as best suits her fancy.

Toronto Mechanics' Institute.

On Friday evening, T. Henning, Esq. lectured on Astronomy, in the Mechanics' Institute, and explained Foucault's pendulum experiment by which the rotation of the earth is demonstrated. In the opening of the lecture he gave a brief sketch of the Solar System, making pointed allusion to the new planets which have been recently discovered performing their revolutions between Mars and Jupiter. These discoveries were made by M. Gasparis of Naples, and Mr. Hind, of London; the latest so recent as the 29th July last. The lecturer here referred to a principle lately discovered by Kirkwood of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, for ascertaining the size of the planet which has been broken up, and now forming these fifteen asteroids. Between every two adjacent planets there is a point where their attractions are equal. If we call the distance of this point from the sun, the radius of a planet's sphere of attraction, then Mr. Kirkwood's law is, that in every planet the square of the length of its year, reckoned in days, varies at the cube of the radius of its sphere of attraction. According to this law, the planet between Mars and Jupiter must have been a little larger than Mars, or about 5000 miles in diameter, and the length of its day about 57½ hours. The discovery by Mr. Lassell, of Liverpool, of the Satellite Saturn was noticed. It appears that the latter was observed on nearly the same day by Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, Mass. The Messrs. Bond have also discovered a dusky ring, interior to the well known rings of Saturn, which was subsequently seen by Messrs. Dawes and Lassell, of England. Hitherto Saturn's rings, have been considered to be solid bodies, like the planet itself. But the Messrs. Bond regard the rings as fluid, and constantly dividing, re-uniting, and dividing again. Prof. Pierce, of Harvard University and some others think the theory a correct one and add that no solid ring can encircle a planet. The lecturer referred to the theory of Professor Olmsted, of Yale College, in regard to the Aurora Borealis, and stated that the Professor dissatisfied with the attempts which have been made to account for the origin, or to explain the phenomena of the Aurora from either Electricity or Magnetism, or from any other cause of a terrestrial nature, arrived at the conclusion that the origin is *cosmical*. He infers that the auroral

body, is a nebulous body of light, semi-transparent, inflammable and magnetic matter, revolving around the Sun. He thinks that there are many such collections of nebulous matter diffused through the planetary spaces. The lecturer then proceeded to explain Foucault's pendulum experiment, and stated that it was only a new proof of an old discovery. The occurrence from which M. Foucault was led to his discovery, is thus related by himself: "Having fixed on the arbor of a lathe and in the direction of the axis, a round and flexible steel rod, it was put in vibration, by detaching it from its position of equilibrium and leaving it to itself. A plane of oscillation is thus determined, which from the persistence of the visual impressions, is clearly delineated in space. Now it was remarked in turning round with the hand, the arbor which formed the support of this vibrating rod, the plane of oscillation was not carried with it, but always retained the same direction in space." From this came the conclusion, that a pendulum set in motion, will continue in the same plane of vibration, however the point of suspension be rotated, a fact which the lecturer demonstrated by a simple trial with a weight at the end of a cord. The rotation of the point of suspension, may make the pendulum revolve on its axis; but the plain of vibration remains the same. Indeed this is necessarily so from the forces at work. Different methods of suspending the pendulum have been adopted. Foucault used a fine steel wire inserted into a hole, just large enough to receive it, made in a steel plate fastened to the ceiling. The greatest length of the pendulum wire hitherto employed, was that of 220 feet at the Pantheon in Paris. The pendulum at Bunker Hill Monument, was 210 feet, and so on down to 5 or 6 feet. The weight of the Ball has also been various, ranging from 2 to 80 or 90 pounds. The wire used on the present occasion, was 14 feet in length, and the ball 5 lbs. in weight; and with those the experiments made, were successful. Mr. H. then said that if a pendulum is put in vibration, it is seen gradually to change its position in reference to the points of the compass, moving from left to right. The rate of this angular motion, is different in different places, being proportioned to the sine of the latitude in which the experiments is made. At the poles, the problem is very simple—the plane of vibration remaining constant, and the earth turning under it at the rate of fifteen degrees an hour, its angular velocity of rotation. At the equator, the pendulum plane being always parallel to the meridian, no relative angular motion can be shown. Between the equator and the poles the time required for the pendulum to make 360 degrees varies according to the latitude, being greater, the farther from the poles. We understand that Mr. Henning has been requested to give another lecture on the pendulum and has so far consented. He was listened to with great attention, although the technicalities of the science were perhaps too freely used.

Literary Notices.

APPLETON'S MECHANICS' MAGAZINE. January and February, New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.

This very useful and instructive journal has, with the present numbers, made its appearance in an enlarged style. In the quarto form, there is much more scope for the display of diagrams, and subjects introduced can thus be more amply illustrated. In the January number there is a very neatly engraved section, on a large scale of the steamers *Panzer* and *City of Pittsburg*, two screw steamers intended for the Philadelphia and Liverpool trade. The engravings were furnished by Mr. Ruaph, the designer of the work, and may therefore be relied on.

The *City of Pittsburg* is a three deck ship. On the upper deck, above which is a spacious promenade deck, is the grand saloon, with windows

on each side, affording at the same time ventilation, light, and a good view of passing objects. This room is tastefully decorated, showing the hand of an artist in all its points. The paneling is of highly polished satin wood, surrounded with beautifully carved beading of green and gold, and on each side of the windows the sameness is relieved by white pillars, with carved capitals of gold. The cornices are also of green and gold, and the ceiling, and the casing of the masts, are ornamented in a similar style of elegance. The aft part of the saloon is furnished with six elegant mirrors, and two on each side of the entrance door of large dimensions let into the panels, as are all the mirrors throughout the vessels. * * * On the orlop deck she can stow about 1000 tons of goods, besides having a tank capable of containing a thousand gallons of water.

The other pieces in this number are Brick and Cement Beam experiments, illustrated; Colne's Improvements in Glass Cutting Machinery, illustrated; and a further description of the manufacture of flax. The February number contains a very neatly engraved design of Davies's Rotary Engine, with a very full description, illustrated; Hill's Improvements in Malleable Iron Railway Chairs; with a continuation of Flax, and its manufacturing machinery, and a variety of other useful experiments. The desire which the publishers of this very ably conducted practical and scientific journal have evinced, to keep pace with the progressive spirit of the age; not only by furnishing the most recent improvements, but in producing them in the most appreciable form, will, we trust, meet with the warmest and most hearty co-operation from artisans of all classes.

THE DIVING BELL.—OR PEARLS TO BE SOUGHT FOR: By Uncle Frank; Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.; Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.

This is one of Phillips and Sampson's juvenile treasures. It is printed in a clear bold type, very tastefully got up, and embellished with a variety of beautifully tinted pictorial illustrations. It is written in an easy pleasing style, well calculated to rivet the attention of youth; while the sound moral precepts it inculcates, are happily fitted to leave a lasting impression on the young mind. The name gives no direct indication of its subject matter, as it is used in a metaphorical sense, to represent that, as the Diving Bell is used sometimes to aid in the search for pearls, so may this book be used in the search for pearls of an inestimable value.

Agriculture.

FUNGI—AS A PARASITE.

(Concluded from our last.)

The pests attacking wheat plants, &c., include four different genera, all worthy the attention of the tiller of the soil. The cereal parasites, which are extremely minute, having their mycelium present in healthy plants, generally appearing in patches of different colors, commonly deep yellow, brown or black, growing on the leaves or raising the epidermis (skin) into curious puffy blisters. The *dipasca*, quite common, makes its appearance on the stem in their healthy state, may be noticed by carefully examining the joints. Whole fields of wheat have been seen blackened by its encroachments, farmers call it mildew, but botanists have found it to be a true parasite, and a very destructive one. This disease, in its infancy, shows itself beneath the epidermis of the stem, of an orange colored tinge, which, when magnified, appears to be a dense mass of pear-shaped fungi, with a stalk, into which each one gradually tapers.

All plants have *stomata*, or mouths, organs by which they exhale and inhale, and under the influence of light and dry weather, these organs are in active imbibition, but in wet and gloomy

weather their functions are reversed, and they inhale powerfully. Now, as I have before stated, that minute fungi are always present in the atmosphere, there can be no doubt that their location in the wheat stems must be their entering the *stomata* during the time its pores are open for the purpose of inhaling its natural supply of moisture, being exhausted by the heat of the preceding day. Pores, or mouths, similar to these are placed by nature on the surface of leaves, branches, and stems of all perfect plants." This shows a beautiful provision in nature, compensating for the want of locomotion in vegetables, for a plant cannot, when thirsty, go to the brook and drink, therefore, failing to receive nutriment, becomes shrivelled and defective, according to the number of parasites which are robbing it of its sustenance. Farmers are in error when using the name of mildew, upon the ear of wheat being attacked by a black dust-like appearance; although this dust is a fungus, it must not be confounded with *puccinia*. Its botanical name is the *dadosporium herbarum*, called so from the Greek word, (*klados*) meaning branch. This fungus is always incidental to some previous disease; where the soil is stiff, or boggy, and when winds have injured the crops, or the rain laid it on the ground, then the *cladosporium* seizes it. Observations, however, are not yet quite satisfactory as to the effects of soils upon this fungus; whether heavy soils are more favourable to it than light ones. Nor is it decided whether spring wheats are less liable to it than winter wheats. Much may be done in checking the injurious diffusion of these granivorous tribes. Mr. Edwin Sidney, an enterprising botanist recommends the following suggestions, well worthy the attention of the agriculturist:—

1. "To change the texture of soils by amendment, or by mixture, where fungi, or mildew has long obstinately prevailed. The farmer should learn that the mechanical state of his land is just as important as the chemical. Glass, which refuses to part with its alkalies when in a solid state, if brought into contact with water, parts with them easily when moistened, after being finely powdered in a mortar. Any person may convince himself of this fact, by laying a lump of wetted glass on turmeric paper. No result follows. Now reduce the same piece of glass to fine powder and wet it; the turmeric paper turns red, indicating that an alkali has been set free. Hence the fine mechanical division of the soil effected by judicious mixture of more friable materials, may produce great results in giving out organic compounds, whose tendency is to strengthen it against the attacks of disease."

2. A careful notice of many places where mildew has prevailed, will at once satisfy the observer that they have been so situated as to be subject to the evils of too much shade, or want of free circulation of air. Letting in more air and light in these localities, by obvious means, would be in such cases the best mode of proceeding."

3. Growing early varieties in places subject to the growth of fungi; also, avoiding manuring immediately before putting in the seed."

Great precautions should be taken in clearing the land from weeds; the author of the above, quotations says from experience that he has seldom, if ever, failed to meet with it in unclean lands." When drainage is good it will not be found to any alarming degree. Just as the clean skin of animals is a defence against noxious living parasites; so by an analogous method, the soil will be rendered free from the destruction of fungi.

Oriental Sayings.

AFRICAN JUSTICE.

Alexander the Great, in the course of his march to conquer the world, happened to come into a remote province of Africa, which abounded in gold; but whose inhabitants dwell in their peaceful tents,

far removed from the turmoil of the world, and who knew neither of war, nor of conquest.

When the Macedonian hero had arrived among them they conducted him to the tent of their aged chief, who received him with great kindness and cordiality, and immediately placed before his noble guest various kinds of fruit and bread, of solid and pure gold.—What! and do you eat gold here? asked Alexander, eagerly.—No, replied the old chief, but I imagined that of eatable food you might have found plenty in your own country. What then has brought you to this distant land?—I have not come hither enticed by your gold, replied Alexander, but I came to learn your manners. If such indeed is your desire, said the chief, be welcome, and remain with us as long as it may please thee.

Whilst they were yet speaking, there came two citizens to obtain judgment from the chief. The one said, I bought from this man, a short time ago a piece of land, and whilst I was digging it, I discovered a large treasure of immense value; it does not belong to me, for I only bought the piece of ground, and not the treasure that was concealed in it. I have repeatedly urged him to take it back, but he positively refuses to accept it. To this the other replied, I am also as conscientious as my neighbour, and fear equally to do evil, I sold him the piece of land, and all its contents, and hence the treasure justly belongs to him, and I can therefore not receive it again from his hand.

The chief having attentively listened to both parties, repeated their words, in order that he might be sure, that he had rightly understood them; then, after some little deliberation, said to the former, friend, methinks thou hast a son, hast thou not?—yes was the reply;—then turning to the latter he said, and thou hast a daughter, if I remember rightly? yes.—Well then! go let thy son marry his daughter, and give the treasure to the bridal pair, as a marriage gift, and let them be happy.—This is my decision.—Alexander stood amazed with a astonishment; not motionless, and with his face towards the ground. Have I judged wrongly, said the chief, at last that thou art so surprised? By no means, replied Alexander, but I am astonished. And why, how would the matter have been decided in your country? asked he eagerly.—To tell the truth replied Alexander, with us, both parties would have been cast into prison, or they would have lost their heads, and the treasure assigned for the King. For the King? repeated the chief, and clasping his hands together, looking at the same time sternly at his noble guest. And does then the sun shine in your country?—O yes! and does it also rain there? by all means.—Strange! Wonderful! And have you animals, and fowls in your land? Plenty of all kinds.—Then no doubt, exclaimed the aged chief; the Almighty Being, causes the sun to shine, and the rain to descend from the heaven, for the sake of these innocent animals, as for such men, they deserve it not.

R.

Miscellaneous.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are formed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend, are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. We would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be almost its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity.* The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment; infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of that principle on record. A gentleman dreams that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was appre-

hended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations a gun was fired, he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream, and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awaking in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

THE MASTER AND THE APPRENTICE.

A gentleman, one day conversing with a watch maker upon the dishonest practices of persons in his way of his business, was thus addressed by him—"Sir, I served my apprenticeship with a man who did not fear God, and who consequently was not very scrupulous in the charges which he made to his customers. He used frequently to call me a fool, and tell me I should die in a work-house, when in his absence I used to make such charges as appeared to me fair and honest. In course of time I set up in business for myself, and have been so successful as never to have wanted a shilling; whilst my master, who used to reproach me for my honesty, became so reduced in circumstances as to apply to me for a couple of guineas, and did at length himself die in a work-house."

CONSUMPTION OF PAPER AND GAS IN ENGLAND.

The London Correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that a late Parliamentary return shows a wonderful increase in the consumption of paper during the last fifty years. In 1800 the quantity which paid duty was 81,598,637 pounds, in 1840 it was 152,132,659 pounds showing a four-fold increase. The use of gas is wonderfully extended throughout the United Kingdom; no fewer than 833 cities and towns are supplied with it. The capital invested in gasworks is upwards of £15,600,000 and the quantity of gas annually manufactured exceeds 12,000,000,000 cubic feet.

A FRAGMENT.

Canst thou detain yon glittering star as it appears to dart athwart the jewelled heavens? Canst thou make yon yielding waters retain the furrow made by the receding wave? Canst thou by a word, still the quivering of the aspen? Or canst thou check the droppings of the summer shower as it gently falls, tapping mildly on the topmost boughs of the stately trees? If thou canst, then mayest thou check the onward course of mind, and hold thought in bondage to thy will! The boy may be caged, and fetters may be bound around the stable limbs until the iron shall rust in the festering flesh; but thought, the beautiful, the godlike, the immortal essence, will, by an immutable law of our being, ever remain unshackled by man's fellow-tyrant man.

NEVER GET ANGRY.

It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool; and has made himself a fool in the eyes of others, too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbour, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in the same state of mind as if they were living next to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything "goes by contraries"—will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the grounds more productive, the markets more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools; why should it be indulged at all?"

OCEAN.

O, that hoarse voice of Ocean, never silent since time first began.—where has it no been uttered? There is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises and no streamlet flows, and the long cavern piles its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of the Ocean been there. It is his sands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his vessels—shells, and fish, and the stony coral—that the rocks underneath enclose. There is silence on the tall mountain-peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labor to inhale the thin bleak air,—where no insect murmurs and no bird flies,—and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. The effigies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been,—the devourer of continents,—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation is to eat up the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rock flanks of Schehallion; and his nummulites and fish-like embolden in great stones of the pyramids, hewn in the times of the old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon still untouched by the tool. So long as Ocean exists there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths, to awaken no more, and should the sea still continue to impel its currents and to roll its waves,—every continent and island would at length disappear, and be again, as of old, "when the fountains of the great deep were broken up."—Hugh Miller.

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

In a recent work on the possessions of Great Britain on this continent, it is stated their magnitude is nearly equal to the whole extent of the two Russias; almost double that of the European continent, and more than two-fold greater than the Persian empire under Darius, or the Roman Empire in the plenitude of its power. The crown of England extends its jurisdiction over an aggregate surface of 4,700,000 square statute miles. The provinces of America, which form but a section of the aggregate British possessions in this Western hemisphere, occupy nearly 400,000 statute miles of land, of which superficies scarcely 9,000 miles have been yet brought under cultivation. The population in round numbers, amounts to nearly 2,000,000 of souls, and doubles itself every sixteen years. The trade to these provinces employs annually upwards of 1,800 sail of British shipping, exceeding 47,000 tons, and requiring more than 20,000 seamen. The value of exports to and from Great Britain amounts to more than £2,000,000. It is computed that in less than half a century the number of inhabitants spread over the British possessions in this hemisphere will not fall short of 160,000,000.

IMPROVED CAST-IRON CAR WHEEL.

Mr. Orson Moulton, of Blackstone, Worcester Co., Mass., has taken measures to secure a patent for a useful improvement in Cast-iron Wheels for railroad cars, which consists in connecting the hub and rim by two curved plates, having projecting ribs running in cyma form on their inner sides, from the hub to the rim, the ribs on each side being placed opposite the middle of the space between those of the opposite side; this, it is said, provides for the unequal shrinkage of the metal in every direction. The extension of the ribs across the inside of the rim gives it great strength.

BRIEF FACTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

- 1639. First American Printing Press.
- 1701. First American Newspaper.
- 1733. First Lodge of Freemasons.
- 1774. Streets of Boston first lighted.
- 1792. First American 74 gun ship.
- 1781. First American voyage to China.
- 1790. First U. S. Census. Pop. 3,929,396.
- 1791. First Turnpike Corporation.
- 1801. 200 Newspapers in U. S.
- 1804. Middlesex—first large Canal.
- 1807. First Steamboat on the Hudson.
- 1810. 359 Newspapers in U. S.
- 1811. First Steamboat in the West.
- 1825. Erie Canal completed.
- 1826. Am. Tem Society instituted.
- 1834. 1265 Newspapers in U. S.

INGENIOUS INVENTION.

The Dayton Journal says, that H. Best and C. Kinley of that place, have invented a most ingenious piece of machinery, in which are combined all the "elements," peculiarities and uses of a pocket pistol, a house dog, and a spring balance. It is very simple in its construction—can readily be carried in the pocket, or attached to a door of any description, by a screw which accompany the weapon, so that on an attempt to open the door, it discharges on the instant, and so gives alarm to the household. A traveller may use it for protection during his travels, by day and by night; and before going to bed, attach it to the door of his room, and he will be sure of receiving timely notice of any unlawful entrance, effected by false-key or jimmy. Application will be made for a patent immediately.

CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

Mr S. W. Jewet, writing to the Boston Cultivator, says:—At about three years of age, a daughter of the Hon. Daniel Baldwin, of Montpellier, became very deaf in both ears. In conversation it was quite difficult to make her hear, and she continued in this wretched state until about eighteen years of age, when an Indian doctor chanced to see her, who told the mother, Mrs. B. that the oil of an onion and tobacco would cure her if prepared as follows:—Divide an onion, and from the centre take out a piece the size of a common walnut; fill this cavity with a fresh quid of tobacco, and bind the onion together in its usual shape; roast it, then trim off the outer part until you come to that portion slightly coloured or penetrated by the tobacco; mash up the balance with the tobacco; put it into a phial. Three drops of this oil, Mrs. B. informed me, she dropped into the ear after her daughter had retired to bed which immediately gave her considerable pain which lasted for some time. Before morning however, her hearing was so extremely delicate and sensitive, that she suffered by the sound and noise in common conversation! This she soon overcame, and for more than three years past her hearing has been entirely restored, to the great joy of her parents and friends! Having been acquainted with the family for many years, I cannot, in justice to the afflicted; refrain from making this simple and effectual remedy for deafness known.

A SEVERAL ECHO.

- What makes time fly? Activity.
- What causes irksomeness? Idleness.
- What brings in debt? Neglect.
- What tends to affluence? Diligence.
- What leads to honour? Valour.
- What causes happiness? Contentedness.

Artists' Corner.

GREAT MASTERS.

PAUL REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

(Concluded from our last.)

Rembrandt gathered into the school which he had established, all kinds of fanciful materials for his art. He had a great collection of turbans, fringed scarfs, ancient armour, old rusty swords, halberds, and daggers, with a lot of old spangled stuffs, which he used to exhibit to his friends and visitors as his antiques. Shortly after his return, he married a handsome peasant girl of Ransdorp, without fortune, but possessing considerable personal attractions. He was not long in introducing to the world his wife's portrait by the side of his own, and, like it, dressed up sometimes in the most fantastic and extravagant female attire. The love of money became however deeply seated in Rembrandt's mind, and he had recourse to various expedients to gratify it. In the school which he established, previous to his marriage, he received a very high price for the instructions he gave, and he retouched the works of his pupils and sold them as his own. He also dated several of his etchings at Venice, to make them more saleable; a circumstance which caused some of his biographers to believe that he was actually in Venice in 1636 and 1638. But he never left Amsterdam, though he frequently determined to quit Holland in order to increase the demand for his pictures. As early as 1628 he had applied himself zealously to etching, and soon acquired great perfection in the art. His etchings were esteemed as highly as his paintings, and he had recourse to several artifices to raise their price. He sold off impressions from unfinished plates, then finished them and sold off other impressions, and having used them made some slight changes, and thus sold the same work three or four different times. In his "Raising of Lazarus," an engraving held in high repute, the first impression,—some of which have been valued at £180 sterling—the figure in the act of running away alarmed is uncovered; in the print of the second impression the same figure wears a cap. This sort of thing was practised constantly by him. Again, he would secretly buy up at auction sales, or otherwise, his own works, and then cause his son to offer them for sale secretly, as if he had stolen them from his father. By means of these artifices, and by having his studio always well filled with scholars, Rembrandt soon amassed considerable wealth. Rembrandt is considered a master in all that relates to colouring, distribution of light and shade, and the management of the pencil; but in composition, grouping, design, perspective, drapery, and taste, he is very deficient. His drapery is fantastical, and arranged without taste. His works possess expression, but they are destitute of dignity. But his pencil is masterly and unique, possessing an energy and effect belonging to no other artist. His colouring is effective in the highest degree. Each tint was applied in its proper place, and with the greatest correctness and harmony. His pictures are, therefore, full of warmth, and his chiaroscuro replete with imitable truth. He generally introduced very strong lights in his pictures; and as he always preferred light from above, he had a small aperture in his chamber by which alone his model was lighted. To this may be ascribed the uniformity of his colouring, and the somewhat monotonous effect it has throughout his works. The occasional visits which he paid to the country residence of his friend and patron, the burgomaster, revived the taste of his earlier years for landscape painting. But he carried into the studio of nature that gloomy, yet poetical feeling, which seemed to attach itself to him on every occasion. His delight was to deal with the wind and the tempest; he covered the heavens with dark and ominous thunder clouds, between which the sunlight breaks with

strange and supernatural brilliancy; or he brought forward heavy masses of foliage and deeply shadowed foregrounds to tell against the brightness of an evening sunset. His numerous paintings are dispersed in various public and private cabinets. The most celebrated are Tobias and his family kneeling before the angel; The Two Philosophers; Christ at Emmaus; The Workshop of a Carpenter; The Good Samaritan; The Presentation in the Temple; The Portrait of himself and his wife; The Threatening Prisoner, Samson and Delilah; a Descent from the Cross; Christ among the Little Children; The Apostle Paul; The Portraits of his Mother and himself; a Holy Family; Hagar; Christ in the Temple; a Burial of Christ; The Sacrifice of Manoah; The Feast of Abasuerus; Gany-medo; Saul and David; a Circumcision; Tobias; Himself and Family, and some landscapes. His most distinguished pupils were Ferdinand Bol, Gerard Douw, Gerard Van Eckhout, Michael Poorter, Philipp Koning, Govaert Flitak. According to Houbracken, Rembrandt died at Amsterdam in 1671, but Desiles says he died in 1668. He left one son behind him, who inherited the wealth, but not the genius, of his father.

Varieties.

PLEASURE OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbour who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." We see but the outside of a rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.—*Isaac Walton.*

SELF LOVE.—The ingenuity of self-deceit, is inexhaustible. If people extol us, we feel our good opinion of ourselves confirmed. If they dislike us, we do not think the worse of ourselves, but of them; it is not we who want merit but they who want penetration. If we cannot refuse them discernment, we persuade ourselves that they are not so much insensible to our worth as envious of it. There is no shift, stratagem, or device which we do not employ to make us stand well with ourselves. We are too apt to calculate our own character unfairly in two ways, by referring to some one single act of generosity, as if such acts were the common habit of our lives, and by treating our habitual faults, not as common habits but occasional failures. There is scarcely any fault in another which offends us more than vanity, though perhaps there is none that really injures us so little. We have no patience that another should be so full of self-love as we allow ourselves to be; so full of himself as to have little leisure to attend to us.

The beauties of a crystal spring, a silent grove, a daisied meadow, chasten the feelings of the heart, and afford at all times, to those who have a taste for Nature a permanent and pure delight.

The powers of the human mind are of greater extent than is generally imagined. He who, either from taste or necessity, exercises them frequently, soon finds that the highest faculties of which our nature is capable reside entirely within ourselves.

Scenes of serenity, whether created by tasteful Art or by the cunning hand of Nature, always bestow, as a gift from the imagination, tranquillity to the heart.

A cheerful disposition, a placid temper, and well regulated passions, will prevent worldly vexations from interrupting our happiness.

The transition from joy to sorrow is easiest in pure minds, as the true diamond, when moistened by the breath, recovers its lustre sooner than a false one.

IMPATIENCE, is a stifled anger, which men silently manifest by looks and gestures, and weak minds, ordinarily, by a shower of complaints.

PLUTARCH tells a beautiful anecdote of Pericles. He was a whole day loaded with reproaches by a vile and abandoned fellow, but he bore it with patience and silence; continued in public for the despatch of some urgent affairs, and in the evening walked slowly home, this impudent fellow following and insulting him all the way with the most scurrilous language until he came to his own door, when, it being dark, Pericles calmly ordered one of his servants to take a torch and light the man home.

A GOOD ANECDOTE is related by Mr. Eaton in the *Kennedee Journal*, of one Boggs, who introduced the first flock of sheep into Warren. He brought them from the Penaquid by water, and while sitting on the windlass one day, got sleepy and began to nod. "The patriarch of the flock, taking it for a challenge, drew back and knocked him sprawling upon the deck. Whereupon Boggs, more pugnacious than wise, seized the old fellow by the wool, and chucked him overboard. But he got more than he bargained for by this counter movement, for the whole flock, feeling bound in all cases to follow their leader, popped over after him; and Boggs, being several miles from land, was obliged to heave to, and with much difficulty recovered them again. He concluded that he had the worst of the battle at both ends."

A POSER FOR A PROFESSOR.—A Professor of logic was once endeavouring to argue "that a thing remains the same notwithstanding a substitution of some of its parts." A wag held up a knife, inquiring—"Suppose I should lose the blade of my knife, and should get another made and inserted in its place—would it be the same knife it was before?" "To be sure," replied the professor. "Well, then, the wag continued, "suppose I should then lose the handle and get another, would it be the same knife still?" "Of course," persisted the professor. "But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?" We never learned the professor's reply.

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The Nonths' Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.

"So, then, that is Paris!" exclaimed Seppi, in astonishment.

"Yes, that must be indeed Paris," said his companion Marie, "it looks so very large. 'Would we were but once there, Seppi, for I am so very hungry, and we have not a morsel more bread left in the wallet.'"

"Why yes, Marie, our bread is indeed all gone; but only think of the pretty marmot and the hurdy-gurdy, by which God will help us on still further. Come, come, let us be merry and cheerful. Kind-hearted people will surely not deny us a bit of bread, and a little nook where we may sleep. And you, Marie, can dance so prettily the Savoyarde, and I will sing our song to it; and—hurrah! hurrah!—how my little animal here will spring about when it hears the hurdy-gurdy! And besides, you know, I can sweep chimneys too, and earn plenty of money that way."

"Ah, Seppi, you are always so light-hearted and merry; whilst poor I—I feel as if I could rather grieve my heart out, and cry bitterly!"

"Well, now, that would be foolish! Would that bring us a step further! And yonder lies Paris. Don't you know that one may make one's fortune in such a place as that? Our old Thomas, at home, has often enough told us that, and he knows it, for he has been in Paris himself.

Marie, who sat down to rest herself a little, now summoned together all her strength, and arose, sighing beneath the weight of the hurdy-gurdy, and with a dejected look, walked on by the side of her more sanguine brother. When they had gone thus for a little while, Marie stopped again, and said, mournfully, and almost in tears: "Alas, Seppi, what will our dear mother do now, so all alone at home! This is just about the time when the bells must be chiming there for evening service. Ah, how very sad it is not to be able to hear the sounds of those pretty bells here."

"Why, Marie, it is true," rejoined the consoling Seppi, "we do not hear them ourselves, but our dear mother does; and when she thinks of us, and the bells chime for prayer, she knows that we are in God's hands, and that He will not forsake a couple of poor children."

Just at that moment they were interrupted by the sudden tones, echoed forth through the evening air, from a loud peal of bells. The children simultaneously gave a loud scream of lively joy at these unexpected sounds; and Seppi exclaimed, exultingly: "There now, Marie, you see there are bells in Paris too, and they sound quite differently from those in our own village. Come, come; we shall not fail to thrive there."

And now even Marie herself had gained courage, and so, forgetting hunger and weariness, they pushed on again stoutly together.

The elated Seppi, as they stepped forward continued exclaiming, in a joyful tone, "Yes, yes, we will dance the Savoyarde, and marmot shall perform his tricks, and we will play the hurdy-gurdy and sing, and I will sweep chimneys—ay, ay; and if we can but once send our dear good mother some money—perhaps actually a gold piece, Marie—eh! only think of that!"

When our little travellers entered Paris, it had already grown quite dark. But what an ocean of houses—what crowds of people and equipages—and what astonishing quantities of lights were everywhere scattered around! The Savoyards strayed about for an hour or so, and during that time they were completely bewildered by the sight and bustle. But after the first charm of novelty was satisfied, hunger and weariness returned only the stronger. "But who then will give us something to eat, Seppi," asked Marie, "and where shall we sleep this night?"

"Why, there are so many, many houses," returned her brother, in a rather dejected tone; "surely there will at least be a corner in one of them! Look Marie, yonder is a fine large man-

sion, where there will be no lack of room—come, let us go and beg for shelter. Kind gentleman," said he, to a man who was standing at the gate with a long cane in his hand, "we are in sad distress for a night's lodging and a crust of bread; pray bestow your charity upon us, and we will dance the Savoyarde, and, if you like, our pretty marmot shall perform his leaps before you."

"Why, you couple of detestable beggars," exclaimed the porter, "do you think the palace of his Excellency is to be converted into a hovel to receive such trash as you? No, no, be off; we want none of your monkeys nor Savoyard dances."

Seppi waited not a moment, but seized Marie's hand, and led her hastily away, whilst the poor girl burst into tears and sobbed aloud. "Come, dear Marie, cheer up," said her brother, when they had gone on a little way again; "you take and play now the hurdy-gurdy, and marmot shall dance to it." Marie wiped away her tears, and they now halted and commenced their performance; but the people passed by, without, as Seppi had expected, handing them a present, or offering them a night's lodging. It got later and later, and the little girl shivered with cold and grief, whilst Seppi, almost losing courage, uttered not a word.

They had now reached a small square, crossed by several streets. Marie sunk down on a stone, and held her hands before her eyes in bitter lamentation. At this moment an elegantly-dressed person seemed to observe the children, and, stepping up to Seppi, said, "My little Savoyard, you could do me a favour."

"Very willingly sir; what are your commands?" replied Seppi, delighted.

"Do you see that large shop yonder, which is lighted up so brilliantly?"

"What, opposite? O yes, I see it."

"Well, here you have a gold coin, go in there and get it changed. In case you are questioned about it, say boldly, you have found it. When you come back I will make you a present."

Seppi gladly handed his monkey to his sister, took the twenty-franc piece, and ran across with it to the shop as hard as he could run. When he had given it to the person in the shop to change, the latter looked at it very closely, sounded it on the counter, took it up again and examined it; and, at length, rushing towards the little Savoyard, seized him by the collar, and held him tight. "You good-for-nothing fellow," exclaimed the tradesman, "confess at once where you got this bad money!"

The astonished lad had quite forgotten what he ought to reply, and trembling, stammered out the truth. But the man was distrustful, and was not at all satisfied with this statement. He wished at all events to trace out the party who resorted to such an expedient for circulating base coin among the public. Accordingly, he still retained hold of Seppi's collar, summoned a couple of his people to join him, and ordered the lad to lead the way directly to where he had left the stranger. Meantime the latter, having found the Savoyard to remain rather longer on his mission than he expected, began to think all was not right, and was confirmed in his fears when he perceived the approach of the party, headed by the boy: he accordingly started off, full tare, as fast as his legs could carry him. He was quickly pursued by the others, who still dragged poor Seppi with them against his will, but their efforts to overtake the culprit were in vain, and they were forced to give up the race, he having too great a start of them. They then dismissed the dead-weary Savoyard, saying, "Be off, young squire, you may now run wherever you like."

Run, indeed!—alas! poor Seppi was only too glad to be able to barely drag his wearied feet after him. He crept slowly after the others, and thought of his distressed sister, who, doubtless, would be waiting for him to return, in the dearest anxiety and alarm. When he at length arrived at the spot where he had left her, he looked

everywhere about—but his dear Marie was gone! "Marie, Marie, dear Marie!" cried Seppi, softly, but she did not reply, "Marie, Marie!" he repeated, but no answer. And now, indeed, poor Seppi's heart was broken, and he was quite in despair. He ran backwards, and forwards, everywhere about, calling out loudly, "Marie!" but all in vain, and, leaving it to chance, he hurried down the first leading street to look for her.

The midnight hour had now struck, when Seppi quite exhausted and faint, sank down upon the step of a house, and soon fell into a deep sleep. The morning dawned, and our little Savoyard still slept on. Doubtless he was dreaming of the mountains of his fatherland—of his dear parent—the playfellow's he had left behind—but, perhaps above all, of his beloved sister, now wandering about, Heaven only knew where!

(To be continued.)

ENIGMA No. 1.

We commence in this number the publication of Enigmas for the benefit of our young readers. This one is of a general nature and will not cause much difficulty. Now boys and girls let us see how quickly you can think.

- I am composed of 10 letters.
- My 10, 5, 8, is a river in Switzerland.
- My 2, 10, 6, 7, what Noah's dove went in quest of.
- My 10, 2, 4, 3, is one of the most important parts of a locomotive.
- My 7, 5, 6, 3, is an inhabitant of Northern Europe.
- My 9, 8, 3, is a representative of one of the passions.
- My 7, 1, 6, 9, 3, 2, is an eminent Hebrew who was proof against persecutions.
- My 9, 7, 1, is a famous mountain, near Troy, where Paris adjudged the prize of beauty to Venus.
- My 7, 9, 6, 3, when conveyed in a request is cheerfully complied with.
- My 2, 3, 10, 6, is a characteristic of Pharaoh's lean kine.
- My 5, 7, 8, 9, 6, is a most eminent lying magician.
- My 10, 2, 7, 3, 8, is a very shrubby tree with leaves resembling those of the hazel.
- My 10, 4, 3, is an instrument in daily use.
- My 8, 9, 6, 7, is of great use in confectionary.
- My whole is a town in the north of Africa.

AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

What multiplier, will from the factor
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9
bring a product of sevens.

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 Blaks 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,
Bartons 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.

6-15in.

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. 88, King Street, 2 doors West of Church Street.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 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. Diseased hair loosens and falls out or turns grey. The INVIGORATOR removes such disease, and restores the 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 3s. Per BOTTLE.

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851.

4-14

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS!!

BROWN & CHILDS,

At No. 89, KING STREET EAST,

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

6000 pairs superior thick Boots,	11s. 3d.
3000 " " Kip " "	12s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.
2000 " " Calf " "	15s. 0d. to 17s. 6d.
3000 " " Boys' " "	5s. 7d. to 10s. 0d.
10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys', Brogans,	3s. to 10s.
5000 " Ladies' Cloth & Prunella Boots,	6s. 3d. to 10s.
2000 " Children's, of every variety and Style.	

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

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

Any unreasonable failure repaired without charge.

N. B.—No. 89, 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,
5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING ST. EAST.

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

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-14.

A CARD.**DANIEL McNICOL**

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

1-14.

D. MATHIESON'S**CLOTHING, TAILORING,**

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

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-14.

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.

1-14.

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,**

suitable 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.

1-14.

PRINTED FOR D. McDougall, Every Saturday Morning, by JAMES STEPHENS, PAINTER, No. 5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, AND PUBLISHED BY CHARLES FLETCHER, 54, YONGE STREET.