

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

VIRTUE IS TRUE HAPPINESS.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

No. 46.

Poetry.

A LITTLE THOUGHT.

Where the sweet waters met
Gracefully an eedling,
Lay the white violet
Peacefully sleeping;
And a star shadow fell,
Silvery gleaming,
Soft on the snowy bell
Blissfully dreaming.

Up from the ocean's lone
Storm-battled dwelling
Came a deep thunder tone,
Mournfully swelling,
Through the air solitary
Cloud banners waving,
Marshalled the tempest rude
Astrigly raving.

Morn o'er the billows shone,
Pityfully frowning,
Where has the floweret flown?
Lovely and joyous?
Far down the chilly tide,
Broken and faded,
Wanders the "fairy's pride,"
Lorn and degraded.

Thus on the stream of years
Youth is a blossom;
Hope, like the stars, appears
Bright on its hoorn;
Age is the coming cloud,
Faltering never;
Sorrow the tempest's rowd,
Blighting it ever!

L. V. SMITH.

Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more.
Yet who would tread again the scenes
He trod through life before!

Literary.

AN EPISODE OF THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

From Chamber's Journal.

Brave old Denmark was sincerely neutral during the great French Revolution; but England, by a very questionable act, seized two Danish frigates—under search-warrants—and towed them to British ports. This arbitrary insult appears to have induced both Denmark and Sweden to join the "Northern Armed Neutrality," which they did in the middle of December 1800. Upon this, England embargoed all Danish and Swedish ships in our ports, and seized all, or nearly all, their colonies. Shortly afterwards, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker (commander-in-chief of the fleet), Admiral Lord Nelson, and Admiral Graves, sailed for the Baltic with some forty-seven ships of war. They passed without opposition through the Sound, and the Swedish fleet of seven ships of the line and three frigates, could not, or did not, leave Carlscrona to join the Russian fleet, it was frozen up, besides which, the demise of the Emperor Paul caused a vacillation in the councils of Russia. The result was, that little Denmark was left unaided to bear the brunt of mighty England's vengeance.

Upon the crown-prince of Denmark—afterwards Frederick VI., one of the best sovereigns that ever ayayed a northern sceptre—devolved the management of the nation's affairs; for he had been regent since 1784, in consequence of the mental derangement of Christian VII. The

crown-prince was a brave and energetic man, and he made every possible preparation to defend Copouhagen—himself assuming the very responsible post of commander-in-chief. The land defences consisted of the Citadelle Frederikshavn, the Crown Batteries, and if they were as formidable in 1801 as they were when we saw them in 1850, they indeed possessed tremendous powers of destruction—also batteries on the shore of the island of Amak—Amager, as the English call it—which is separated from Copenhagen by a narrow arm of the sea called Kallibostrand.—The Danish fleet was moored in the inner harbour, which is a very strong position, as the entrance is defended by booms, and batteries are along its east or seaward side.

On April 1, 1801, the English fleet loomed onniously in the horizon, and it became evident that a fearful combat was close at hand. The crown-prince issued his last orders to Admiral Fishor, the gallant commander of the Danish fleet, and to the officers in command of the several batteries. A terrible day and night was that for the Danes! They knew that with the morrow's sun many of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, must fall; and in case victory should declare on the side of the assailant, they knew not what horrors of war might befall their city.—Yet the Danes—as brave and noble a people as any upon earth—yielded not to despair. They bitterly felt the cruel nature of their position, and with characteristic fortitude and unflinching resolution, prepared to meet it. They might be conquered, and their capital given to the flames—they knew that; but undauntedly did they rely on their native bravery, and the justice of their cause; for they believed they were engaged in a struggle of right against might.

At the hour of seven o'clock on this momentous evening of the 1st of April, a "mess" of sailors on board a Danish ship of the line, the outermost of all in the harbour, had just received, in common with their shipmates, an extra allowance of *brandevin*—white corn-brandy, somewhat like whisky. They were filled with feelings of high professional pride and confidence, and eagerly pledged one another, with patriotic resolves to conquer or die in the morrow's conflict. Some tossed off their allowance with national toasts.—One man among them held his *brandevin* untasted until all the others had swallowed theirs.—This man was a sailor who had volunteered to serve in the man-o'-war on the previous day.—He was a native of Copenhagen, and hitherto had spent his life in the merchant service; but he had offered himself patriotically on this great emergency to fight in his country's cause. There was nothing remarkable or striking in his appearance; he was a sun-burnt, hardy-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, and slight rather than muscular in appearance. Like many of his countrymen, his hair was very light flaxen, and his eyes bright blue. His name was Anton Lundt.

"Come, messmate," said one of the sailors, "what is your toast?"

Anton Lundt started a little, his lip quivered, and his eyes grew lustrous with hidden emotion. Holding his glass on high, he exclaimed with fervour: "For Pigeon, og yort Land—for Rosine og gamle Danmark!" (For the girls and our

country—for Rose and old Denmark!) and drained his *brandevin* to the last drop.

"Ah!" exclaimed his messmates, "your sweetheart and your country—no toast can be better than that! Hurrah for Rosine and old Denmark!" Anton Lundt dashed the cuff of his sleeve over his eyes, and turned aside with a glowing heart, and a prayer on his lips.

On the eventful morning of the 2nd April—

To battle force came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,
By each gun a lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Nelson was the chief in command of the English ships engaged on this eventful day, for Sir Hyde Parker could not possibly come up with his portion of the fleet, as wind and tide were both dead against him. Of Nelson, then, and his ships, it is that Campbell sings:

It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

And well might the boldest hold his breath! It was no ordinary foe that British valour had to contend with, but one of the bravest and most skilful both by sea and land in the whole world. At length the dread signal flew "along the lofty British line," and each gun—

From its adamantine life,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

The appalling roar of a thousand cannon shattered on the part of the Danes, and soon the very wind of heaven was stilled by the thundering reverberations of the artillery. We leave the historian to describe minutely the progress of the fight, and turn to the ship of Anton Lundt.

We have already said that this ship was the outermost in the inner harbour, and as the combat deepened, she was exposed to the heavy broadsides of two English seventy-fours. She was moored stem and stern, but her stern moorings were shot away, and she consequently drifted in such a position, that both the English ships poured in an awful fire that raked her fore and aft.—In a few minutes, her bowsprit was cut to shivers; her foremast was splintered and tottering; her mainyard broken up; her mizen-mast entirely carried away, and drifting under her counter; her bows riddled with shot; and her upper decks strewn with dead and dying. Only about half a dozen of her guns could be brought to bear, and although the crew made every possible attempt to manœuvre the ship, so as to recover her original position, they entirely failed in doing so; and it was obvious that the unfortunate vessel would soon be a mere floating shambles, if not altogether shattered to pieces, and sent to the bottom.

If a boat could have been sent ashore with a hawser, the ship would speedily have hauled, so as to avoid being raked, and also her own broadside would have been available; but it would have been hopeless to send off a boat, as every yard of intervening water was ploughed up with round and grape shot, and a boat would have been specially aimed at, and sunk before she had gone a couple of lengths. Moreover, every boat

in the ship had been staved or knocked to atoms already.

In this horrible crisis, Anton Lundt, who was stationed on the quarter deck, stepped up to the captain, stripped to the waist, all begrimed with powder, and sprinkled with the blood of his messmates, and said: "I will leap overboard with a line, and swim ashore to that battery, and then you can haul a hawser to the line; and when we have hauled and secured it ashore, you will hoave upon it, and get the ship back to her moorings!" The captain gazed a moment at the intrepid mariner who made such a chivalrous proposal, and then, without a word of reply, snailly shook his head, and significantly pointed to the water, which was all alive with hissing balls.

"I know it, captain," rejoined the undaunted volunteer; "but there is a God above all!"—Without further parley, Anton seized a coil of small white line, and with the dexterity of a seaman, knotted the end over his neck and beneath one arm, bringing the light over his shoulder for convenience in swimming. He then slipped off his trousers—the only garment he had on—and took a few loose coils in his hand, his messmate undertaking to attend to the running out of the light after him. All was the work of a minute; and without pause, he plunged head-for-most into the sea from the taffrail, shouting, as he clave the air: "For Rosno og gainlo Danmark—hurrah!"

He rose some dozen yards or more from the ship's stern, having dived straight for his bourn, which was not more than eighty yards distant at the most. The general surface of the harbour would have been perfectly calm, had it not been for the continuous swells created by the oscillations of the Danish ships, as they locked to and fro under their heavy broadsides. Just as Anton Lundt emerged, a twenty-four pounder struck the water within a few yards of his back, but ricocheted exactly over his head, merely stunning him for a moment with the spray. He swam straight as an arrow, with the long and powerful strokes of a first-rate swimmer; and occasionally, when the graps and musket shots whistled thick as hailstones around him, he dexterously dived.—Thus swimming and diving alternately, he very quickly sped two-thirds of the perilous distance, amid the cheers of his countrymen. At length, however, the nearest English ship observed him, and probably guessed his object; for the marines on her poop fired a close volley at him, and a scream of rage and despair from his messmates arose, when they beheld him wildly throw up his left arm in unmistakable agony, and flounder in what appeared his death-flurry. Then his body rose perpendicularly, till his shoulders were a foot or more clear above the water, and he slowly fell backward, with his head pointing to the Danish battery. Contrary to expectation, he did not sink, however, but floated at full length, with nothing but a portion of his face visible. After a pause, he was observed to be propelling himself with his feet—swimming on his back, in fact—and his messmates on board the ship, and his countrymen at the battery, now cheered louder than ever. Two minutes of breathless suspense followed, and then a dozen hands were stretched forth, and he was lifted up the stony slope that led to the level of the battery. A moment he turned round, and faced towards his ship—his right arm hanging helplessly down by his side, shattered above the elbow by a ball, and his naked body streaming with blood from several wounds—then he waved his left arm in the air, and feebly hurrahing, fell senseless in the arms of the soldiers. By the order of one of their officers, he was immediately conveyed out of further danger. Meanwhile, had victory to the Danish

arms depended on poor Anton Lundt's single heroic effort, Denmark would assuredly have triumphed, for his scheme succeeded perfectly.—A hawser had been attached to the end of the line aboard the ship, the soldiers promptly hauled it ashore and secured it, and then the man-o'-war was easily hauled out of her critical position.

Let us now briefly glance at the progress of the main battle. It commenced exactly at five minutes after ten A. M., and in about an hour it was general on both sides. The Danes fought—as they ever have fought, and ever will fight—like worthy descendants of their Scandinavian forefathers, and for awhile the result seemed doubtful. As already mentioned, Sir Hyde Parker could not get to Nelson's aid; and it is related that this excellent man—who was as generously minded as brave—endured dreadful anxiety on account of Nelson and Graves. In another half-hour he could bear it no longer, and resolved to make a signal for the recall of the two subordinate admirals, remarking to his own captain, that if Nelson, whose extraordinary character he well understood, really felt himself in a position to continue the battle with a prospect of ultimate victory, he would heroically disobey the signal.

The signal of recall was accordingly hoisted, just at the time when the fire of the Danes had reached its acme, and it was yet a matter of considerable uncertainty to which side victory would incline. Nelson was swiftly pacing his quarter-deck, moving the stump of his lost arm up and down with excitement, and the balls of the foe whizzed thickly around him, stretching many a brave fellow lifeless at his feet. The splinters flew from the mainmast, which a ball perforated; and then it was that Nelson is said to have smilingly observed: "Warm work! this day may be the last to any of us at a moment! But, mark you—I would not be elsewhere for thousands!"

The lieutenant whose duty it was to attend to the signals, now informed him that No 39—"Leave off action!"—was hoisted on board the commander-in-chief. Nelson heard this unmoved, and made no reply. A second time the signal lieutenant reported it to him, and asked if he should answer it in turn. "No!" was the stern reply, "but acknowledge it." He then asked if his own signal for "close action" was duly flying, and being affirmatively responded to, said "Mind you keep it so!" Let us quote the characteristic scene that immediately ensued:—

"Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander-in-chief! No. 39!" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant. "Why, to leave off action!" Then shrugging his shoulders, he repeated the words, "Leave off action? Now—me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to his own captain, "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes!" and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed: "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed—"The signal! keep mine flying for closer battle! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!"

The action continued with increased vigour, for Admiral Graves, probably taking his cue from Nelson, also disobeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal. At one P. M., the fire of the Danes grew weaker, and by degrees it slackened, so that at thirty minutes past two P. M., it had ceased altogether in many parts of their shore defences, and most of their ships struck to the English, although the Crown Batteries, and a few men-o'-war ahead of Nelson's position, still

fought with desperation, and fired on the English boats sent off to secure the prizes. Some of the surrendered ships were, in fact, placed between two fires—that of friends and foes, and the unfortunate crews suffered proportionately. Nelson was both angry and grieved at this; and he immediately went into the stern-gallery, and addressed a world-renowned note to the crown prince, couched in these words:—

"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should not be the enemies, of the English."

He sealed this in an unusually formal manner, saying, that "it was no time to appear hurried" Captain Sir Frederick Theiser carried the letter ashore,* with a flag of truce, and delivered it to the crown-prince, at the Sally Port. The latter sent to know the precise meaning of Nelson, and he replied thus, "Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity; he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off the prizes as he shall think fit. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to his Royal Highness the Prince, will consider this the greatest victory he has ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy union between his own most gracious sovereign and his majesty the king of Denmark."

The immediate result was a total cessation of hostilities, and a most complete victory to the English. When the contest was over, the wounded were gradually collected and removed to the hospitals and private houses of the city—to the latter when their personal friends claimed them. Many of the Danish soldiers and sailors engaged were natives of Copenhagen, or had relatives and dear friends therein, and the scenes that ensued during the afternoon, evening, and night, were heart-rending in the extreme. Parents, wives, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts, frantically ran from place to place, alike hoping and dreading to learn certain tidings of the fate of those so dear to them. All Copenhagen was a city of woe and wailing.—Every body had sustained a loss. Mothers and fathers wept for their brave sons killed, wounded, or prisoners; sisters for their brothers; girls for their lovers; the patriot for his poor conquered country and his slaughtered countrymen. Tremendous, in our estimation, was the moral responsibility of the English ministry for "letting slip the dogs of war" for a slight cause—nay, strictly speaking, for no valid cause whatever.—Our firm conviction is, that had England left Denmark to her own honourable instincts, the latter nation would never have given real occasion for an appeal to arms. Even yet more cruel and criminal was the bombardment of the city of Copenhagen itself, only six years subsequently to Nelson's raid—for it was nothing better. But they managed matters fifty years ago in a different manner from what the enlightened spirit of the age would now tolerate. No British ministry of the present day would dare or wish to act as did the ruling sachems in the early part of this century.

* One of the grand basso relievos recently placed on the base of Nelson's Monument, in Trafalgar-square, London, represents Nelson in the act of delivering the letter to the young captain who acted as his aide-camp on the occasion. The subjects of the three other relievos are St. Vincent, The Nile, and Trafalgar.

Anton Lundt—as true a hero as Nelson himself, although incomparably a humbler one—was, as already related, conveyed to the rear of the battery, and his wounds were attended to as well as circumstances would admit. Later in the evening, his father, an old invalid man-of-war's-man, found him, and had him removed to his own humble home. The poor fellow had no recovered consciousness, and for many long hours he lay moaning, and occasionally struggling convulsively, under his natal roof, and in the same little room where he was born. His aged parents and a few friends wept around him; but there was one other watcher by his side, whose grief, although silent, surpassed theirs. It was his betrothed *Pige*, or sweetheart, Rosine Borontzen—the whose image had excited his heroism, and whose name was coupled with Denmark as his battle-cry. She shed not a tear—her anguish was too deep for that—but sat by his lowly pallet, supporting his head on her bosom, and wiping away the light foam from his bubbling lips.—Ever and anon the dying sailor—for, alas! dying he was—would utter sea-phrases, or affecting words of friendship or of love, yet not even the voice of Rosine, continually murmuring in his ear, could recall him to sensibility.

The midnight hour approached: a medical man had just been in, and departed with the brief but decided assurance that the patient could not possibly survive many minutes. A worthy clergyman was kneeling with the family around the couch, praying to God to receive the parting spirit. In the midst of their supplications, the countenance of Anton Lundt was illumined with a gleam of unearthly triumph, and springing half-upright, he tossed his left arm aloft, and in soul-thrilling tones pealed forth his battle-cry of "Rosine og gamle Danmark—hurrah!" He then instantly fell back a corpse on the bosom of his betrothed.

In the suburb of Oosterbro, at Copenhagen, is a naval cemetery, and it generally attracts the eye of the stranger, as it most forcibly did our own, by a number of rough, picturesque fragments of unhewn granite, strown over the mortal remains of the brave men who fell fighting for old Denmark against Nelson. The simple words "Anton Lundt død April 2, 1801," may be seen on one of them.

Rosine Borontzen never smiled again. On the first anniversary of the battle, she returned home from the cemetery, where she had been to place a wreath of immortelles on the grave of her betrothed, after the fashion of her country, and ere morning dawned, her soul had fled to rejoin her hero in Heaven. Peace to the souls of the brave, and of all who loved and were loved of the brave who fell at the Battle of the Baltic!

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

I am not sure about bribery and corruption. It may be a bad thing, but many seem to think otherwise.—Much may be said on both sides of the question. Oh! don't tell me of a worm selling his birthright for a mess of pottage: I never read of such worms in Baffin, or even in Pliny. But if they do exist in the human form, the baseness consists in the sale, not in the *quid pro quo*. A mess of pottage in itself is a very good thing—it should say, a very respectable thing; and an exchange can take form at that character. Still, if what we give for it is an heirloom, coming from our ancestors and belonging to our posterity, the transaction is shabby, and not only shabby, but dishonest.—If that is proved, I don't defend the worm. Trample on him by all means—jump on him. But beware of insulting the mess of pottage, which is as respectable as when newly out of the pot. Fancy the sale to have been effected by means of some other equivalent: and that, by the way, is just what puzzles me. There are

numerous other equivalents, not a whit more respectable in themselves—many far less so—which not only escape all obijuration, but serve to lift the identical transaction out of the category of baseness.—This confuses a brain like mine, even to the length of doubting whether there is any harm in the thing at all. Let us turn the question over patiently. I confess I am slow; but 'slow and sure,' you know.

Bribery and corruption is a universal element in civilized society; but let us talk in the meantime, of political bribery and corruption. It is the theory of the law—if the law really has a theory—that in the matter of a parliamentary canvass, every man, as a celebrated Irish minister expressed it, should stand upon his own bottom. By this poetical figure, Lord Londonderry meant that the man should depend upon himself, upon his own merits and character, without having recourse to any extrinsic means of working upon the judgment of others. It is likewise the theory of the law, that a man who suffers his judgment to be indirectly biased is as bad as the other—and worse: that he is, in fact, a Worm, unfit to possess his birthright, of which he should be forthwith deprived. Well, this being premised: here is the Honourable Tom Souffleton, who wants to represent our borough, but having neither merit nor character of any convertible kind, offers money and gin instead. The substitute is accepted; and Honourable Tom, slapping his waistcoat several times, congratulates the free and independent electors on having that day set a glorious example to the world, by thus exercising their birthright and upholding their palladium; and the affair is finished amid cheers and hiccoughs.

When I say, however, that the substitute is accepted, I do not mean that it is accepted by, or can be offered to the whole constituency. That would be a libel. There are many of the electors who have a soul above sovereigns, and who, if they could accomplish it, would never drink anything less than claret. These persons are ambitious of being noticed by the family of Honourable Tom. They are not hungry, but they take delight in a dinner in that quarter. They also feel intensely gratified by having their wives and daughters bowed to from the family carriage. A thousand considerations like these blind them to the absence of merit and character on the part of the candidate, and lay them open to that extrinsic influence which, according to the meaning of the law, is bribery and corruption. As for the man who takes his bride, for the sake of convenience, in the direct, portable and exchangeable form of a sovereign, he lays it out in any pleasure or distinction he, on his part, has a fancy for. If he is a dissolute person, he spends it in the public-house; if he is a proper-behaved husband, he gives his wife a new gown; if he is a respectable, serious individual, he devotes it to the conversion of the Wid-a-wak tribe in Central Africa, and glazes upon the name of John Higgins in the subscription-list. In whichever way, however, he may seek to gratify himself, he is neither better nor worse, so far as I care are, than the voter of more elegant aspirations; they have both been bribed; they are both corrupt; they have both sold their birthright.

This is a homely way of viewing the question, but it suffices. If we enquire into the motives of a hundred electors, we shall not find ten of them free from some alloy of self-interest, direct or indirect. In cases where the candidates are all equally good, equally bad, or equally indifferent, there may be no practical harm in this; but it is not a political but a moral question that is before us. The question is as to the *bride*. If we are to be excused because of the nature of the solution we accept, then should a thief successfully plead that it was not money he stole, but a masterpiece of Raphael. What I doubt is, whether they who have not been solely influenced by patriotic motives, have any right to cast stones at the free and independent elector who has sold his vote for a sovereign.

If the common saying be true, that 'every man has his price,' then are we all open to bribery and corruption; and the only difficulty lies in ascertaining the weak side of our nature. The distinction in this case is not between vice and virtue, but between the various positions in which we are placed. Money will do with some men; others, who would be shocked at the idea of taking money, will accept of something it

has bought; others, again, who would spurn at both these, will have no objections to a snug little place for themselves or their dependents. The English, as a practical, straightforward people, take money—five or ten pounds being considered a fair thing for a vote, and no shame about it. The Scotch, as more calculating, like a *situation*; anything to put sons into, will do—a cadetship in India, a tide-waitership, a place in the Post-office, or a commission in the army. From a small Scotch country town, which we have in our eye, as many as fourteen lads in one year received appointments in the Excise, every body knew what for an election was in expectation. No money, however, being passed from hand to hand, the faith of these said lads would look with horror on such cases of bribery as have given renown and infamy to Sudbury and St. Alban's.

All men think all men sinners but themselves.

Happy this consciousness of innocence! How fortunate that we should be such a virtuous and discreet people! And thus does one's very notions of what is right become a marketable article. Where neither money nor place is wanted, a gracious look and an invitation to dinner may have quite a telling effect.—In fact, the more refined men have become, through the action of circumstances such as education and position, the more abstracted and attenuated is the equivalent they demand for their virtue: till we reach the highest grades of all, whose noble natures, as they are called, can be seduced only by affection and gratitude. Now observe: in all these the thing is the same, whether it be crime we have been tempted to commit, or mere illegality; the only distinction lies in the value of the *quid pro quo*. But is there a distinction even in that? I doubt the fact. I don't say there is none, but I doubt it. Value is entirely arbitrary.—One man, at the lower end of the scale, sins for the sake of a pound; and another, at the higher end, does the same thing for the sake of a kindness. The two men place the same value on their several equivalents, and each finds his own irrefutable. Are they not both equally guilty?

That a refined man is better than a coarse one, I admit. He is pleasanter, and not only so, but safer.—We know his virtue to be secure from a thousand temptations before which meaner natures fall; and to a large extent, therefore, we feel him to be worthy of our trust. He will not betray us for a pound, or a dinner, or a place, or a coaxing word, or a condemning bow; but we must not go too far with him for all that. He has his price as surely as the meanest of his fellows; and let him only come in the way of a temptation he values as highly as the other values his miserable pound, and down he goes! Refined natures, therefore, are only comparatively trustworthy; and, however estimable or admirable they may be under other circumstances, when they do fail they are as guilty as the rest. It is a bad thing, altogether, bribery and corruption is; and I don't object to your putting it down when it takes that material form of money you can so readily get hold of. But what I hate is the cant that is canted about it by those who have not even the virtue to take their equivalent on the sly. For it is a remarkable thing, that when this does not come in a material shape, such as you can count or handle, it is looked upon by the bibber as no bribe at all! Nay, in some cases, he will glory in his crime, as if it were a virtue; and in all cases he will turn round upon his fellow-criminal—him of the vulgar sort—call him a worm, and throw that mess of pottage at him! This refined evil-doer may be as enigmatic as he pleases in his actions, but it would be well if he were a little more quiet in his words. If he looks within, he will find that the distinction on which he prides himself is wholly superficial; and that such language is very unbecoming the lips of one who might more truly, as well as more politely, say to corruption, 'thou art my father, and to the worm, thou a t my mother and my sister!

The main cause of such anomalies I take to be, that there is among us a general want of earnestness! We do not believe in ourselves or our duties, or our destinies. Our life has no theory, and we care only for outward forms and symbols. Our taste is shocked by the grossness of vice, but we have no quarrel with the thing itself; and if the people around us will only preserve a polished, or at least indolent exterior,

that is all we demand. Why should we look below the surface in their case, when we do no such thing in our own? We feel amiable, genteel, and refined; we detest the appearance of low impropriety, and would take a good deal of trouble to put it down; we look very kindly on the world in general. If the low people who are in it would only become as decorous as ourselves. In the old republics, the case was different. These men had a theory, even if a bad one, and they stuck to it through good report and through bad report. The theory was the spirit of the community, and its members sacrificed to it their whole individuality. No wonder that such little political unities held together as if their component parts had been welded, and that they continued to do so till they came into collision, and, from their hardness and toughness, rubbed one another out.

Put down bribery and corruption: that is fair.— And more especially put down open, shameless, and brutal bribery and corruption, for its very coarseness is, in itself, an additional crime. Put no reform in effect which does not come from within; and when reformed men wage war against vulgar vices, let their look sharply to their own. I do not say, that by taking thought they will be able to do entirely away with the seductive influence of a bow, or a dinner, or a kind action; and that, in spite of these, they will do their duty with the stern resolve of an ancient Spartan.— But they will be less likely to yield to temptation, and the price of their virtue will at least mount higher and higher, which is as much as we can expect of human nature. The grand benefit, however, they will derive from the inquisition, is the lesson of tolerance it will teach. They will refrain, for shame's sake, from casting stones and calling names. They will see that the only part of the offence they can notice is vulgarity and ignorance, and they will quietly try to refine the one and enlighten the other.— *Chamber's Journal.*

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, C. W., OCTOBER 23, 1852.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF WELLINGTON

On Tuesday evening a Public Meeting was held in the St. Lawrence Hall, called by the Mayor to consider the most appropriate way of paying a tribute to the memory of the Hero of Waterloo. The Hall was crowded by a most enthusiastic audience, and the greatest harmony prevailed. In the unavoidable absence of the Mayor, Mr. Sheriff Jarvis occupied the chair, and made a few suggestions as to the course of procedure. Several very excellent, feeling and appropriate speeches were made in submitting the subjoined resolutions. It appeared at the outset as if a difference of opinion was to exist as to the spot most fitted for the location of the future monument, but this was happily overruled by leaving the matter in the hands of the committee, who will be better able to make the necessary arrangements. The committee were to have their first meeting yesterday, but we have not heard what transpired. We hope that all their procedure will be marked with that oneness of feeling which characterized the meeting by which their power was delegated. The loss is national, and the monument must be national, and we have no doubt that every means will be used to make it so.— The following are the resolutions adopted:—

Moved by George Gurnett, Esq., seconded by J. H. Hagarty, Esq.,

Resolved—That the inhabitants of the City of Toronto and its neighborhood, assembled at this meeting, most sincerely and most ardently participating in the universal sentiments of the British nation upon the occasion of the demise of the illustrious Duke of Wellington, desire to perpetuate those sentiments by the erection of a Cen-

taph, or other Monument, to the memory of "The Greatest man of the age."

Moved by Hugh Scobie, Esq., seconded by E. W. Barron, Esq.,

Resolved—That for the purpose of accomplishing this object, a Committee of — persons be now appointed, with power to obtain details for the proposed Cenotaph, or other Monument—to select a suitable site wherein to place it—to obtain subscriptions for carrying out the proposed design—and to report their proceedings at the earliest convenient period, in a general meeting of the subscribers, for the purpose of obtaining the determination of those subscribers, on the best mode of accomplishing the object in question.

Moved by P. Brown, Esq., seconded by R. J. Mount-
Esq.,

Resolved—That the citizens of Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, entering fully into the feeling of loyalty so patriotically portrayed in the character of His Grace the late Duke, cannot allow his name to enter upon the list of departed worth, without declaring their high regard of the services rendered by him to his country in all peace and war, in the field as well as in the Senate.

Moved by R. C. McMullen, Esq., seconded by Geo. Duggan, Esq.,

Resolved—That in order to carry out the foregoing resolutions the following gentlemen be named a Committee, with full power to add to their number, viz.

- John G. Bayne, Esq., Mayor, J. H. Hagarty, Esq., Mr. Sheriff Jarvis, Hon. J. H. Cameron, Hon. W. Chalmers, P. M. Yankonghust, Esq., Richard Hampsey, Esq., George Gurnett, Esq., Angus Morrison, Esq., Lewis Moffat, Esq., Thos. Armstrong, Esq., Col. George Duggan, Wm. Wakefield, Esq., Peter Brown, Esq., Henry Russell, Esq., John Cameron, Esq., George Duggan, Jr., Esq., W. B. Skelton, Esq., George Herrick, Esq., M.D., Dr. McCaul, Hon. Capt. Irving, Hugh Scobie, Esq., T. D. Harris, Esq.

W. McKenzie, Esq., moved the following address to the Queen, which was adopted unanimously, and signed by the Chairman on behalf of the meeting.

"We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the citizens of Toronto, in Canada West, beg to approach Your Majesty with heartfelt condolence, upon the occasion of the decease of the late Duke of Wellington. Our land is peculiarly marked with the blessings of a glorious and long enduring peace, achieved under the guidance of a benign Providence, by the master spirit for whom we mourn—a vast wisdom, — been peopled and subdued—the arts and sciences, the comforts and refinements of civilized life, pervade our Province—and a territory once remote, is now brought to the threshold of its parental homeland. It sorrow, therefore, do we assure Your Majesty of our sympathy with Your Majesty's grief at the loss of an old and faithful servant of the Crown, who must ever remain in the memory of British men, as the first man of his age, whose brilliant achievements—in the field, whose high and mental qualities and untiring devotion to the interests of his country, have constituted imperishable claims upon their lasting gratitude." Signed on behalf of the meeting,

W. B. JARVIS, Chairman,

Toronto, U. C., Oct. 18, 1852.

SCOTTISH MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

On Monday evening Mr. Clirehugh, of New York, gave a Scottish Musical Entertainment in the St. Lawrence Hall. The audience was not by any means so large as it might have been, but still it was fair for the first, as Mr. Clirehugh was unknown even by name in this quarter as a Scottish vocalist; a circumstance which operates to a great extent against any new solicitor of public favor because there are so many counterfeits in the world, in Scottish vocalism as in everything else. Mr. Clirehugh pursues the system, so happily adopted by Wilson and so successfully prosecuted by Frazer, of giving a brief description of each song, its author, the period of its composition, and the peculiar features which give it significance. In this department he would be more successful if he were more ani-

mated, as his pronunciation is good, and the remarks are very happy. We could even believe him, when he said he sang the songs of his native land, with a far greater depth of feeling now than he did ere he had strayed from Caledonia's strand. We are very much pleased to see that Mr. Clirehugh intends to give another concert on Tuesday evening, and we hope he will have a large audience. He has a very fine tenor voice and sings sweetly, and with great effect. His companion, Mr. Butterworth of Edinburgh is a good accompaniment. His new Frankonian we were not close enough to inspect, but we rather believe that our school-boy fingers gyrated on a similar instrument some twenty years ago. Mr. Butterworth is however quite an adept, and it very well worth hearing. We have ever admired the fine Solian tones of the Musical Classes, but somehow this instrument has never become general. Perhaps the Frankonian is an improvement which may commend itself to the Musical World.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

On Thursday we had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. W. Anderson of New Brunswick, well and favorably known there as a portrait painter. Mr. Anderson has been induced in consequence of ill-health to seek a shelter in a more genial clime, where he will at the same time find scope for the exercise of his talents. We trust that he will find a comfortable home among us, and that the efforts of his genius will not only be thoroughly appreciated, but suitably rewarded. The *New Brunswick* of a recent date, in noticing some of Mr. Anderson's productions, says:—

"We are sorry to learn that in consequence of ill-health he is about to lose from our community a gentleman possessing artistic abilities of so high an order as those possessed by Mr. Anderson, and we trust that in changing his residence, he may find not only renovated health but a professional appreciation which his talents as an artist so justly entitle him."

Mr. Anderson's rooms are above Messrs. Charles & Co.'s store Yonge Street where he can be seen daily, from 10 till four.

PUBLIC DEBT OF CANADA.

The amount of debt due by the Province up to 1st August, 1852, was \$4,635,999 3s 3d. Of this sum £1,157,463 8s embraces various grants for the construction of Public Works by the Legislature of Upper Canada, prior to the Union;—£177,498 13s 4d embraces Loans by Lower Canada, prior to the Union, for Montreal Harbour and Turnpike Trust, and £22,192 of it for Quebec Turnpike Trust. The Imperial Guaranteed Loan under acts 4 and 5 Vic., for Public Works amounts to £1,825,000. Grants by the Provincial Legislature subsequently for Public Works including payment to Welland Canal Share-holders, £1,475,019 11s 11d. The annual interest for this debt amounts to £226,563 8s 7d, averaging from 4 to 6 per cent, payable to the Bank of England, Glynn & Co., Baring & Co., and Boscawen & Co.

Bank of Upper Canada.....	£250,085 14 9
Bank of Montreal.....	119,428 11 1
Bank of British North America...	77,850 0 0
Banque du Peuple.....	39,083 6 8
Do do.....	69,826 2 2
Commercial Bank M. D.....	54,854 9 9
Quebec Bank.....	15,068 2 8
City and District Savings Bank, Montreal.....	11,000 0 0
Gore Bank.....	3,097 10 5
City Bank.....	1,316 2 8
Total,.....	£602,526 14 6

Agricultural Census of Canada for 1851.

We are indebted to the Correspondent of the Montreal Herald for an abstract of the Agricultural census of Upper Canada for 1851, which we present in the following comparative form, that the Agricultural operations of both Provinces may be more easily considered. The returns have not yet been classified and brought down to the House; but the following statistics may be relied on:—

Comparative Statement of Crops, Occupiers of Land, and Cultivation in Upper and Lower Canada.

	UPPER CANADA.		LOWER CANADA.	
	Quantity.	Acres.	Quantity.	Acres.
Lands occupied.....	9,822,233	8,113,815
" Cultivated.....	2,697,724	2,603,317
" Cropped.....	2,274,586	2,072,053
Pasture.....	1,304,649	1,502,355
Gardens.....	55,489	30,209
Wild Lands.....	6,123,009	4,508,398
Acres in Wheat.....	782,115	427,111

OCCUPIERS IN UPPER CANADA.

Total occupiers in U. C.	22,960
Over 200 acres each.....	3,980
100 to 200 ".....	18,421
50 to 100 ".....	48,027
20 to 50 ".....	18,467
10 to 20 ".....	1,889
10 and under ".....	9,976

CROPS IN UPPER CANADA AND LOWER CANADA.

	Upper Canada.	Lower Canada.	Average.
Wheat.....U. C.	782,115	427,111	14.99
".....L. C.	427,111	782,115	7.20
Barley.....U. C.	29,910	625,875	20.93
".....L. C.	42,927	668,626	15.00
Rye.....U. C.	38,968	479,651	12.34
".....L. C.	46,007	341,443	7.87
Peas.....U. C.	192,109	2,873,394	14.20
".....L. C.	165,192	1,182,190	7.16
Oats.....U. C.	421,684	11,191,844	26.64
".....L. C.	530,422	8,067,694	15.00
Buckwheat. U. C.	44,265	639,384	14.51
".....L. C.	51,781	530,317	10.24
Indian Corn U. C.	70,571	1,690,519	24.45
".....L. C.	22,069	400,287	17.60
Potatoes....U. C.	77,672	4,981,475	64.00
".....L. C.	73,224	4,456,111	60.03
Turnips.....U. C.	17,135	3,644,943	212.00
".....L. C.	3,897	360,909	95.00

The following is returned as the gross produce in all other crops:—

	Upper Canada.	Lower Canada.
Grass Seeds.....Bush.	42,460	18,921
Carrots.....	174,995	82,338
Mangel Wurzel.....	51,228	103,999
Beans.....	18,109	24,902
Hay.....Tons	681,782	965,663
Butter.....Lbs.	15,976,315	9,637,152
Hops.....	113,064	111,158
Cheese.....	2,236,778	511,054
Flax and Hemp.....	50,651	1,867,010
Tobacco.....	764,476	488,662
Wool.....	2,639,964	1,430,976
Maple Sugar.....	3,581,505	8,190,694

MANUFACTURES.

Fulled Cloth.....Yds	527,466	780,391
Linen.....	14,955	889,528
Flannel.....	1,169,301	860,850

CATTLE AND SHEEP STOCK.

Bulls, &c.....Head	193,089	111,819
Milch Cows.....	298,924	294,514
Calves and Heifers.....	254,988	180,317
Horses.....	203,300	238,827
Sheep.....	968,023	629,827
Pigs.....	569,237	256,219

It must be remembered, that throughout the greater

part of Lower Canada, the acres are arable, and the bushels minto. An acre is about one-seventh less than an acre; and a minto about one-eighth more than a bushel. The County which possesses the largest number of occupied acres is York with 390,523; the same County has likewise the largest number of acres in wheat, viz: 50,147, producing 901,608 bushels. The smallest number of acres in wheat is in the County of Bruce, where only 489 acres are cultivated for this crop; but as these acres produce 2,190 bushels, or an average of 20 30-100 bushels per acre, Bruce has the honour of being by a trifle the most fertile wheat county in the Province? York comes next, with an average of 19 71-100 bushels per acre; and Brant, Durham, Halton, Huron, Oxford, Stormont and Wentworth, all show a product within a fraction more or less of nineteen bushels to the acre. The County which exhibits the smallest average per acre is Lennox, with 5,046 acres producing 39,281 bushels—little more than 8 bushels to the acre. The average for the whole of Upper Canada is 14 90-100 bushels per acre.

The County in L. C. which possesses the largest quantity of cultivated land is Dorchester, with 479,712 acres; and that with the greatest quantity in wheat is Huntingdon, with 40,229 acres, and 241,171 bushels. The smallest number of cultivated acres are in Gaspe, viz:—27,210; producing also the smallest quantity of wheat, or 641 acres, and 3,418 bushels. Stanstead grows most wheat to the acre of any County of Lower Canada, having 4,851 acres in wheat, and 62,882 bushels—12.96-100 bushels per acre. The County producing the smallest quantity per acre is L'Islet, from which the return is 15.531 acres—67,912 bushels, or 4 88-100 bushels per acre. After Stanstead, Missisquoi and Sherbrooke, are the most fertile counties in wheat; both producing more than 12.50-100 bushels per acre.

It will thus be seen that the difference between Upper and Lower Canada, as regards the growth of wheat, in the two best wheat counties, is as 20 to 13; and in the counties having the lowest average, as 6 to 4.

Literary Notices.

LIVES OF WELLINGTON AND PEEL, New York. D. Appleton & Co., Toronto: A. H. Armour & Co.

We have in one of Appleton's Popular Library, price 50 cents, the Biographical sketch of Wellington which appeared in the Times of September 15, and is considered to have been written some years ago by Mr. Dodd, of Parliamentary Peorage celebrity. It is an admirable biography of this great man and in this form is easily accessible to all. The accompanying sketch of Peel is taken from the same paper of the day, and forms not an unhappy companion to that of the Great Duke. The facts in such cases are from the most reliable sources, for although these papers comes out with all the freshness of the passing moment impressed upon them, when commemorating some sudden departure, they are in general prepared years before the dread event which gives them publicity, and so happily adapted to the circumstances of the times, that though possessing a seranance of the broad street, they have with them all the correctness and the precision of the more elaborate calendar.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE—October—New York: Leonard & Scott, Toronto: T. Maclear.

The contents of this ever welcome monthly are— "Cornicillo and Shakespeare," "Kallo Stewart," Part IV, "Are there not great Boasters among us?" "A Journey to Mandera," "Jeffery," Part II, "My Novel," or, Varieties in English Life," Part XXV, "Day Dreams," "The Death of the Duke of Wellington."

The great Harveer is very unmercifully dealt with in these sketches in Blackwood; but perhaps the very decided difference in political creed may afford some scope for the hypercritical sarcasm so lavishly displayed. The short sketch of the Duke is skilfully written, and we would earnestly wish every one to read the paper.— Are there not great Boasters among us? We have been requested by the Publishers to say that they can now supply any of the Reviews or Blackwood by post direct from New York, thus causing less delay in delivery, and offering an inducement to those parties living at a distance from any regular bookseller, where they can be supplied. The reduction in the postage is thus a boon to all parties.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, III. & IV. By Bartlett. London, George Virtue; Toronto, Hugh Rodgers.

We have had time only to glance at the pictures of these two numbers of this very beautifully illustrated History of the United States. The illustrations are, General Coffe repulsing the Indians at Madley, William Penn's Treaty with the Indians, Portrait of Washington, Portrait of Thomas Jefferson. These are finished in a very superior style of art, and the history will be found, if we may judge from previous numbers, to be pleasingly written, and correct as to details.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—The Earl of Carlisle, who is familiar, from personal observation, with the working of negro slavery in the United States has written to the editor of the Leeds Times the following letter on the subject of Mrs. Stowe's book:—

My dear Mr. Haines,—I write a line to thank you, as privately or as publicly as you think fit, for your admirable comment upon an admirable book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It gave me the more special pleasure for having been somewhat disabused and disappointed in other quarters. There are, however, very few subjects (I will not say there are none,) upon which I have not found that our sympathies flow in common. With respect to the work in question, its genius, its pathos, its humour, must sufficiently commend themselves to its nearly unparalleled number of readers. I feel that I have seen and known enough to convince my own mind equally of its general fairness, fidelity and truth.

Very faithfully yours,
CARLISLE.

Naworth Castle, Sept. 6.

Oriental Savings.

HANS IN-LUCK.

Translated from the German for the Canadian Family Herald.

Hans had served seven years with his master, when he said to him, "Master, my time is cut; give me my wages for I would like to go home to my mother." His master replied, "You have honestly and honourably served me; as your service so shall your wages be," and gave him a lump of gold that was as large as Hans's hand. Hans drew his handkerchief from his pocket, wrapped the lump in it, set it on his shoulder, and set out on the road home. As he was thus walking along, and over setting one foot before the other, a horseman came in sight, who freshly and merrily trotted past on a lively horse. "Ah," said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing riding is! There one sits as on a chair, kicks no stones, saves his shoes, and gets along he knows not how." The rider heard him, cried to him, "Hey, Hans, wherefore do you trudge on foot then?" "Ah, I must carry home this lump; it is real gold, but I cannot keep my neck straight for it, and it is very heavy on my shoulder." "I'll tell you what," said the horseman, halting, "I will exchange; I will give you my horse and you will give me your lump." "With all my heart," said

Hans, "but I tell you, you will have hard work with it." The rider dismounted, took the gold, helped Hans to mount, and giving him the reins tight in his hand, said, "When you wish to go very quick you must cluck with your tongue and cry, hop! hop!"

CHAPTER II

Hans's heart was glad as he sat on the horse and rode along so lightly and smoothly, but after a little it struck him that he should go still quicker, and he began to cluck with his tongue, and to cry, hop! hop! The horse now got into a smart trot, and, before Hans knew, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch which divided the fields from the road. The horse would also have run away, had not a peasant caught it, who came along the road driving a cow before him. Hans gathered himself together and got upon his legs again, not at all pleased, and said to the peasant, "It is an ugly joke, that riding, especially when one gets such a bruise as that, who stumbles and throws one off, so that one might break his neck; I will never get on again. I much like your cow, for one can walk behind her at his leisure, and have, besides, each day, his milk, butter and cheese sure. What would I not give then to have such a cow." "Well," said the peasant, "if it would be so great a favor, I am quite willing to exchange the cow for the horse." Hans joyfully consented; the peasant leaped on the horse and rode speedily away. Hans drove his cow gently before him and thought of his good bargain. If I but have now a piece of bread, (and that will not fail me, surely) then can I, as often as I please, eat butter and cheese with it; if I have thirst, then do I milk my cow and drink the milk; Soul! what can you desire more?" When he came to a tavern, he halted, dined with great joy for his dinner and supper at once, and ordered in, for his last two pennies, a half-glass of beer. He then drove on his cow towards the village of his mother. But the heart became oppressive as noon approached, and Hans found himself on a heath which extended perhaps a league farther, while he had become so hot that his tongue clove to his palate for thirst. "The thing can be remedied," thought Hans, "ow will I milk my cow, and refresh myself with the milk." He then tied her to a dead tree and put his leather cap under to hold the milk, but however much he exerted himself, not a drop of milk made its way thence. As he applied himself to it rather awkwardly, the impatient animal at last gave him such a blow on the head with one of her hind feet, that he fell to the ground, and for long could not at all recollect where he was.

CHAPTER III.

Luckily a butcher was coming along the road, who had a pig lying in a wheel-barrow. "What kind of tricks are those," cried he, helping honest Hans up. Hans related what had befallen him. The butcher reached him the flask, and said, "Take a drink and be of courage; the cow will indeed give no milk, for it is an old beast, that at the best is fit only for the yoke or for slaughter." "Aye, aye!" said Hans, smoothing the hair on his head, "who would have thought it! It is certainly a good thing when one can kill such an animal for the family, what a quantity of meat one gets! But I don't care much for beef, it is not tender enough for me. Ah! if I had a young pig, it tastes quite otherwise; and then the sausages!" "Hark! Hans," replied the butcher, "to oblige you I will exchange, and give you the sow for the cow." "God bless you for your kindness," said Hans, delivering up to him the cow, and he made him untie the pig and take it out of the barrow and give him the rope with which it was bound, into his hand.

Hans went on, cogitating how every thing still went just as he could wish, for if he met any trouble it was always immediately made right again, when there made up to him soon after, a lad with a beautiful white goose under his arm. They had each other good-day, and Hans began to tell him of his good fortune, and how he had always bartered so advantageously. The lad told him that he was carrying the goose to a christening. "Just lift it," continued he, "and feel how heavy it is; it has been fattening only eight weeks. Whoever eats this roast, must wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth." "Yes," said Hans, weighing it in one hand, "it is pretty heavy, but neither is my pig a sucking one."

At this the other fellow looked round on all sides quite suspiciously, shaking also his head. "Listen," he then began, "there may be something not quite right with your pig. In the village through which I have just come, one has just been stolen from the sty of the Mayor. I am afraid that that is it you have in your hand; it would be a bad job if they find you with it; the least is that you will be shut up in the black hole." Honest Hans became alarmed. "Mercy!" cried he, "help me in my need; you, who are acquainted with these places, take my pig there and leave me your goose." "I must indeed run some risk," answered the lad, "but yet will I not be the cause of your getting into trouble." He took the rope in his hand and drove the pig away quickly by a side road, and honest Hans went on his way homeward exempt from care with the geese under his arm. "If I consider it rightly," said he to himself, "I have profit in this bargain also; first, the delicious roast, then plenty of fat that will drop out, which will give us good fuel and bread for quarter of a year; and lastly, the beautiful white feathers, these will I get stuffed in my pillow, and on it, uncradled, will I fall asleep. How joyful my mother will be!

CHAPTER IV.

As he was passing through the last village, there stood a knife-grinder with his wheel, who sang to his whirring occupation:

My wheel an' awil I scissor grind,
And set my mill for every wind.

Hans stood still and looked at him; at last he accosted him, saying, "It goes well with you since you are so merry at your grinding." "Yes, indeed," answered the scissor-grinder, "the trade has a golden recompense. A good grinder is a man who can touch money as often as he puts his hand in his pocket. But where did you buy this beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it at all, but exchanged it for my pig." "And the pig?" "That I got for a cow." "And the cow?" "That I received for a horse." "And the horse?" "For that I gave a lump of gold as big as my head." "And the gold?" "Ah! that was my wages for seven years' service." "I have always wished to assist you," said the grinder, "so that if you succeed so far you may hear the money jingling in your pocket when you rise up, and thus I will make your fortune." "How shall I set about it?" said Hans. "You must become a grinder like me; you require nothing for that but a grindstone, the rest comes of itself. I have one there which is indeed a little damaged, for which, however, you shall give me nothing more than your goose; are you willing?" "How can you doubt it," answered Hans, "I am truly one of the luckiest men on earth; when I will have money as often as I put my hand in my pocket; what need I care then?" and Hans handed over the goose. "Now," said the grinder, taking up a paving stone which lay near him, "I give there a good-sized stone into the bargain, which will be good to straighten your old nails upon. Take it and preserve it carefully."

Hans took up the stone and went on with contented heart, his eyes sparkling with joy, and saying to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky skin; whatever I wish is realized to me as if I was a Sunday child." Now however, as he had been since day-break on his legs, he began to get tired; he was also tormented with hunger, for he had consumed all his provisions at once in joy over his bartered cow. He at last could proceed only with toil, obliged to halt every moment; and the stone, besides, oppressed him miserably. Then could he not resist the thought of how good it would be, if he no longer required to carry the stone. Like a snail he crept along till he came to a brook, where he could rest, and refresh himself with a cool draught. Here he laid down his stones carefully beside him on the bank of the stream, in order not to injure them. He then turned about, and was bending down to drink, when he slipped, stumbled a little, and knocked both stones plump into the water. Hans leaped up for joy, then kneeled down and thanked God with tears in his eyes, that he had shown him that favor, and in so happy a manner rid him of the stones, which was all that was wanted to complete his happiness. "There is nobody under the sun," cried Hans, "so lucky as I." And with light heart, and free from all burden he ran on, until he came home to his mother.

ALTIQUS.

Biographical Calendar.

	a. d.	
Oct. 24	1601	Tycho Brahe, died.
	1765	Sir James Oglethorpe, born.
" 25	1420	Geoffrey Chaucer, died.
	1709	George II, died.
" 26	1751	Dr. Doddridge died.
	1764	William Hogarth died.
	1836	George Colman died.
" 27	990	Alfred the Great died.
	1553	Servetus born.
	1728	Captain Cook, born.
" 28	1467	Crispien born.
	1701	John Locke died.
	1792	John Smoot died.
" 29	1618	Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded.
	1656	Edmund Halley born.
	1666	Edmund Calamy died.
	1740	James Bevel born.
	1782	Dr. A. L. C. died.
	1796	John Keats born.
	1843	Alban Cunningham died.
" 30	1683	George II, born.
	1823	Edmund Cartwright died.
	1785	Lord Harline born.

Captain James Cook was born of humble parents, at Morton, a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the 27th October, 1728. At the age of 13 he was apprenticed to a shop-keeper, but obtaining soon his discharge, he bound himself for seven years as an apprentice in a coal vessel plying from Whitby. When his term expired he continued for some time as common sailor till he was appointed mate of a vessel in the same trade. In 1753, when war commenced with France, Cook happening to be in the Thames, many merchant seamen were pressed, and he, after hiding himself at first, at last volunteered into the navy. His merit being soon recognized, he, in 1759, obtained a master's warrant, and as such he was present at the seizure of Quetec, in the *Mercury*, one of Admiral Saunders' fleet, when Wolfe commanded the land forces. He also surveyed the river St. Lawrence below Quebec, and a chart of it was published from his drawings. On returning to England in 1762 he married. From 1764 to 1767 he was occupied in surveying the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. On the 25th May 1768 he was appointed to the *Endeavour* of 370 tons, as Lieutenant, and dispatched on his first voyage of discovery, the primary object of which was to observe the transit of Venus in 1769, which could be seen to advantage only in the Pacific Ocean. He sailed on the 26th August 1768, and on the 13th April 1769, anchored in Port Royal Bay, Otaheite. After many discoveries (including that of New Zealand) and completely circling the Globe, he arrived in the Downs on the 11th June, 1771. On August 29th, he was promoted to be commander. On the 17th July 1772 he set sail on a new expedition. and in this instance, the principal object was to settle the question whether there was a southern continent. In this voyage, although he failed in discovering a continent, he made many additions to geographical knowledge, and returning to England anchored at Spithead 30th July 1775. He was not allowed to remain long idle, however, for an expedition being projected to discover a north-west passage to India, he offered his services, and on the 12th July 1776, set sail from Plymouth for the North Pacific Ocean. After exploring the north-eastern coasts of Asia and north-western of America, but unable to make his way east, on account of ice, he prosecuted his discoveries among the islands of the Pacific. On the 30th November 1778 Owhyhee was discovered, where, in consequence of a quarrel with the natives (though received by them in a friendly manner at first) he was attacked and killed by them on Sunday, the 14th February, 1779. Part only of his remains were recovered, and the ships of the expedition continued their exploration for some time, and arrived at the Nore on the 14th October 1780.—*Altiqus.*

Madame Sontag has gone to Philadelphia.
J. B. Gough is expected in Buffalo shortly, to deliver a course of lectures.
A rich vein of gold has been discovered near the Chandlere.

During the month of September the American Bible Society issued 22,304 Bibles and Testaments, a great increase on previous issues.

The *Scientific American* says that a certain cure for hicough, is to raise one or both hands high above the head.

We received, by the *London Globe*, the gratifying intelligence that Macaulay is rapidly recovering his accustomed health.

Some months ago a scientific expedition was sent out from Copenhagen to explore the hills of Greenland and report on their mineral resources. This expedition has just returned to Denmark, with a cargo of minerals as the fruits of its industry. The explorers have failed to find any of the more precious metals; but they have brought back iron, lead, nickel, tin, and copper mixed with a little silver, the whole valued at nearly £2000. The society appears to be encouraged by these first-fruits of its enterprise to renewed exertions; but the rigours of the climate of Greenland deter even Norwegian miners on embarking in the adventure.

FASHIONS—THE DIGNIFIED BONNET.—Madame Duway D'Golbert, whose name is known throughout visited Europe as the prevailing Goddess of Fashion, as just astonished her votaries by the production of a bonnet. The history of this novelty is somewhat curious, and peculiarly marks the character of the Parisians. Madame D'Golbert, about to retire full of honours, was struck with a desire to leave a something which should attach "a glory to her name." Fired with the notion, and in the pure spirit of a Frenchwoman, she seized upon a skin of polished leather, and in an instant converted it into a bonnet. Yes, a bonnet—charming as ever alarmed Paris as its birth-place! Madame has secured a patent for her ingenuity, and has conferred upon Messrs. Jay, of Regent-street, the exclusive right of the sale in this country of those made in black and violet. The possession of these bonnets has already become a perfect furore in Paris; and the really beautiful way in which the material is made subservient to every style of vesture, from the truly coquetish to the sombre or drabure, fully justified this distinction.—*London Morning Herald.*

Advertisements.

J. & W. McDONALD,

MOST respectfully beg to intimate to the Ladies of Toronto and surrounding country, that their SHOW-ROOM WILL BE OPENED FOR THE SEASON, ON WEDNESDAY, THE 27th INST., With a large and select display of the most fashionable MILLINERY.
Corner of Yonge & Adelaide Sts. }
Toronto, Oct. 21, 1852. } 102-1d

BETLEY AND KAY

MOST respectfully announce to the Ladies of Toronto and Canada West, that their MILLINERY AND CLOAK ROOM Will be opened on THURSDAY next, the 29th instant, with the latest productions of the season.
Toronto, 19th October, 1852. } 103-2t

Information Wanted.

OF MARY GINNETY, from the County Monaghan Parish of Metricklane, Ireland, aged about 20 years. 'Who' last seen she left the Emigrant Sheds in Quebec for Toronto, about last June or July. Since that time she was seen on the Wharf in Toronto, by an acquaintance of hers, and has not since been heard of. Any person giving such information as will lead to her recovery, will confer a great favour on her disconsolate parents, who live in the Township of Hamlet, County of Northumberland.

PATRICK GINNETY.

Cobourg, Oct. 13th, 1852.

SECOND Scottish Musical Entertainment

MR. CLIREHUGH,
AT ST. LAWRENCE HALL,
ON TUESDAY, THE 26TH OF OCTOBER, 1852
Will give a LECTURE on the Life, Writings, and Character of

ROBERT BURNS,

Illustrated by the following songs, incidental to the Poet's life, viz:

- "Up in the morning early,
- "Highland Mary,
- "Oh! wae the air the wind can blow,
- "John Anderson my Jo,
- "A man's a man for a' that."

Mr. C. will be accompanied on the Piano Forte, by

MR. BUTTERWORTH,

who will likewise perform on

THE FRANKLINIAN

A variety of the Melodies of all Nations,

PART II.

Will consist of the following selections of Old Songs, with appropriate and historical remarks, viz:

- "My bonny Tammy,
- "Mary of Castle Cary,
- "My wife has waken the geese (by request)
- "The Lass of Towrie,
- "Tullochgorum."

Doors open at seven o'clock. Performance to commence at eight o'clock. Tickets 2s. 6d.; to be had at the several Music stores, Hurdle & Co. of Mr. Glushko (at Eliza's Hotel, King Street) and at the door on the evening.
Toronto, 19th October, 1852. } 103-1f

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS
VIRTUE, SON, & CO.

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

Mr. RODGERS has just received two more parts of Bartlett's United States, Beautifully Illustrated, FLETCHER'S FAMILY BIBLE,
A New Edition of the Wilkie Gallery,
and the LONDON ART JOURNAL, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT.
Toronto, October 15, 1852. } 65-4

PRIZE TIME-PIECES.

JAMES W. MILLAR,
No. 80, YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

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

J. W. M. takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business and hopes that by his long experience and training in all the branches connected with the manufacturing and repairing of time pieces, in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and other parts of Britain, and being for three years principal watchmaker in a respectable establishment in this city, that he shall be found worthy of public confidence.

A large assortment of

First Class Gold and Silver Watches

For Sale—warranted for twelve months in writing.

Gold and Silver Chains newest pattern; Gold Signet. Fancy and Wedding Rings; Gold and Silver Pencil Cases; Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale.

American Clocks of Every Design

cheap for cash.

Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Levers for £2 10s.

TO THE TRADE—Cylinders, Duplex, and Lever Falls made to order; Watches of every description repaired—For Cash,
Toronto, Oct. 11th, 1852. } 100-6m

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

Messrs. Evans & Harrison's Gallery, 24 King Street East, Toronto, STAIRS.

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

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

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

One of the most costly and elegant establishments in this country. The first Premium, a Silver Medal and a Diploma were awarded the subscriber at the State Fair at Buffalo in 1848; also in Syracuse in 1850, and again at Rochester in 1851, and a diploma for the Daguerreotypes of a Domestic Animal.

Mr. E. is a one of the three who Received a Prize at the World's Fair,

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

We have a few premium Pictures here, one a game of Chess, in which HEN MASKETT vanquished the most extravagant cology.

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

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

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

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

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

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

O. B. EVANS,
214 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
EVANS & HARRISON,
25, King Street, East, Toronto, C.W.
Aug. 10, 1852. } 84su

Still Greater Bargains of COAL GRATES & STOVES.

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

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

No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street.

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

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

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

Remember the stand, No. 3, Elgin Buildings.
MCINTOSH & WATSON,
Toronto, Aug. 24th, 1852. } 25-1y

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

COMPOUND CHAMOMILE CORDIAL.

THIS Cordial as its name announces is prepared scientifically by a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain...

These medicinal virtues, which only procured are more delicately concentrated and developed in the Cordial which from its transparency and golden color...

TESTIMONIALS

Toronto, June 26th, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN.—We have tasted the Sample Bottle with which you furnished us of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial," and find it as you describe, fragrant and agreeable to the palate...

We are, Ac., GEORGE HERRICK, M.D. JOHN KING, M.D.

77 Bay Street, Toronto, June 29, 1852.

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

Averse of the manner in which you prepare it, and of the nature and quality of the ingredients which you employ in its manufacture I cannot object to express to you in my writing my opinion of it...

I consider it a very elegant Pharmaceutical Preparation, no acceptable of being made exceedingly useful in a dietical as well as the medicinal point of view.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours, Ac., FRANCIS BADGLEY, M.D.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

Hamilton, July 2nd, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN.—I duly received and have tried the Sample of "Compound Chamomile Cordial" which you sent me. I consider it a very elegant Preparation, and useful in all cases where a mild Tonic is required...

I am, Ac.,

THOMAS DUGAN, Surgeon.

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

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

GENTLEMEN.—I have received the Sample Bottle of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial," and consider it a beautiful as well as highly nutritious preparation. The aromatic and peculiar flavor in which lies the essential medicinal qualities appear to be largely infused and well preserved...

I am, Yours, Ac.,

GEORGE HOLME, Surgeon.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co. Toronto,

GENTLEMEN.—I have no hesitation in expressing to you my professional approbation of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial." The fine properties of the Flowers of Chamomile, with which it is finely blended, are so universally acknowledged...

Messrs. REXFORD & Co. Toronto,

GENTLEMEN.—I have no hesitation in expressing to you my professional approbation of your "Compound Chamomile Cordial." The fine properties of the Flowers of Chamomile, with which it is finely blended, are so universally acknowledged...

In the case of your preparation, so successful, that it cannot fail to be a favorite with the public.

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

This Cordial is sold generally by all respectable Chemists, Ac. The bottles are sealed with the initials R. A. T. A., and signed by the Proprietors. None else being genuine.

Address: Messrs. REXFORD, Lyman Bros. & Co. High Street, London. In F. H. Gwynne and W. H. Bond King Street, and A. C. Love and F. T. Leysell, Upper Street.

Price—2s. per Bottle.

REXFORD & Co., Sole Proprietors, 68, KING STREET, WEST, TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

PENNY READING ROOM

THE undersigned has opened a News Room in his premises, 151 Yonge Street, supplied with the leading Papers and most valuable Magazines, both

British and American,

As follows, viz:—

- The London Quarterly Review, The Liberator, North British, Hutchinson's Gazette, Electric Magazine, Blackwood's, International, Atlantic Living Age, Harper's Magazine, Nation's Union, Constitution and Church Sentinel, Indian Newspaper, Globe, Colonist, Patriot, Examiner, North American, Canadian Family Herald, Thrifty Man.

With a large number of others, and on the charge is only one Penny per visit or Seven-pence halfpenny per Month, he trusts to be honored by the patronage of the reading public.

C. FLETCHER

Toronto, January 3th, 1852.

NEW BOOK STORE!

No. 51, Yonge Street, Toronto. (Two doors west of Spencer's Foundry)

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the Public that he has commenced business as BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER in the above premises where he intends to keep on hand a choice and varied assortment of

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

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

A valuable Second-Hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

Mrs. Dunlop,

BEGS to acquaint her friends, that she is now receiving her Stock of

HOSIERY, AND OTHER ARTICLES

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

A Fine Lot of Children's Dresses

For the cold season, of the newest patterns and materials, traded as I embarked.

Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Hosiery and Underclothing, Of the best Description.

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

Ladies' French Hoots and Shoes, Gloves, Lace, &c., &c. Toronto, Sept. 23, 1852. 95-1f

Guinea Gold Rings.

Buy your Guinea Gold Wedding Rings at 80 Yonge Street, two door north of Adelaide street.

Toronto, July 5th, 1852. 72

TURNER & ROGERSON, AUCTIONEERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

YONGE ST., TORONTO.

April 4, 1852.

81-

THIS I advertised and now returned to receive every description of Goods and Merchandise for Sale by AUCTION, in my private terms, at their Premises on Yonge Street

TURNER & ROGERSON.

April 6, 1852.

82-

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

TURNER & ROGERSON.

April 6, 1852.

83-

D. MATHIESON'S,

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

GENERAL Dressing and Dry Goods Warehouse, Wholesale and Retail, No. 18 King Street East. Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851. 1-4

The Castilian Hair Invigorator.

THIS elegant Toilet Preparation is warranted to excel all others ever offered to the public, for Preserving and Restoring the hair, it prevents all cases of baldness or grey hair, cures dandruff and ringworm, and what is of the highest importance, is that it is unlike most other Toilet preparations, being perfectly harmless, yet successful for the purposes recommended. It gives the hair a 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 tried

The Castilian Hair Invigorator

of centuries. It causes the hair to retain its original color to the latest period of life, only making it assume a darker shade, originally very light. Dissolved hair becomes and takes out on your step. 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.

Is. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per Bottle.

Toronto Dec. 27th, 1851. 4d

WIRE NETTING

For Fencing and Machinery.

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

At the Exhibition.

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

Toronto, September 20, 1852.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD,

is PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY

Charles Fletcher, Yonge Street, Toronto. At Five Shillings per Annum.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY JOHN G. JUDG, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST," YONGE STREET, TORONTO.