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# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLE THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852.

No. 17.

## Poetry.

### LIFE IS ONWARD.

Life is onward—use it  
With a forward aim;  
Till its heavenly choice it,  
And its warfare claim.  
Look not to another,  
To perform your will,  
Let not your own brother  
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—never  
Look upon the past;  
It would hold you ever  
In its clutch fast.  
Now is your dominion,  
Weave it as you please;  
Blind not the soul's painon  
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward—try it  
Ere the day is lost,  
It hath virtue—buy it  
At whatever cost.  
If the world should offer  
E'er precious gem,  
Look not at the offer,  
Change it not for them.

Life is onward—heed it  
In each varied dress;  
Your own set can speed it  
On to happiness.  
If a bright path on'er you  
Time was not in vain,  
If Hope chaunts before you  
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it  
In sunshine or in storm;  
Oh! do not deem it  
In its humblest form.  
Hope and joy together  
Standing at the goal,  
Through life's darkest weather  
Beckon on the soul.

## Literature.

### THE LILY OF LIDDISDALE.

[FROM LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.]

The country all around rang with the beauty of Amy Gordon; and, although it was not known who first bestowed upon her the appellation, yet now she bore no other than the Lily of Liddisdale. She was the only child of a shepherd, and herself a shepherdess. Never had she been out of the valley in which she was born; but many had come from the neighbouring districts just to look upon her as she rested with her flock on the hill side; as she issued smiling from her father's door, or sat in her serene loveliness in the Kirk on Sabbath day. Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance; reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes; sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

It was thus that all folk who looked on the Lily of Liddisdale. She had grown up under the dews, and breath, and light of heaven, among the solitary hills; and, now, that she had attained to perfect womanhood, nature rejoiced in the beauty that gladdened the stillness of these undisturbed glens. Why

should this one maiden have been created lovelier than all others? In what did her surpassing loveliness consist? None could tell; for had the most imaginative poet described this maiden, something that floated around her, an air of felt, but unspeakable grace and lustre, would have been wanting in his picture. Her face was pale, yet tinged with such a faint and leaf-like crimson, that though she well deserved the name of Lily, yet was she at times also like unto the Rose.—When asleep, or in silent thought, she was like the fairest of all the lilled brood; but when gliding along the braes, or singing her songs by the river side, she might well remind one of that other brighter and more dazzling Flower. Amy Gordon knew that she was beautiful. She knew it in eyes that in delight met hers, from the tones of so many gentle voices, from words of affection from the old, and love from the young, from the sudden smile that met her when in the morning she tied up at the little mirror her long raven hair, and from the face and figure that looked up to her, when she stooped to dip her picher in the clear mountain-well. True that she was of lowly birth, and that her manners were formed in a Shepherd's hut, and among Shepherdeses on the hill. But one week passed in the halls of the highly born would have sufficed to hide the little graceful symptoms of her humble lineage, and to equal her in elegance with those whom in beauty she had far excelled. The sun and the rain had indeed touched her hands but nature had shaped them delicate and small. Light were her footsteps upon the verdant turf, and through the birchwood glades and down the rocky dells she glided or bounded along, with a beauty that seemed at once native and alien there, like some creature of another clime that still had kindred with this—an Oriental Antelope among the roes of a Scottish forest.

Amy Gordon had reached her nineteenth summer,—and as yet she knew of love only as she had read of it in old Border songs and ballads. These ancient ditties were her delight,—and her silent soul was filled with wild and beautiful traditions. In them love seemed, for the most part, something sad, and whether prosperous or unhappy, alike terminating in tears. In them the young maiden was spoken of as dying in her prime, of fever, consumption, or a pining heart; and her lover, a gallant warrior, or a peaceful shepherd, killed in battle, or perishing in some midnight storm. In them, too, were sometimes heard blessed voices whispering affection beneath the greenwood tree, or among the shattered cliffs overgrown with light-waving trees in some, long, deep, solitary glen.

To Amy Gordon, as she chanted to herself, in the blooming or verdant desert, all these various traditional lays, love seemed a kind of beautiful superstition belonging to the memory of the dead. With such tales she felt a sad and pleasant sympathy; but it was as with something far remote,—although at times the pressure of her voice, as it gave an affecting expression to feelings embodied in

such artless words, touched a chord within her heart, that dimly told her that heart might one day have its own peculiar and overwhelming love.

The summer that was now shining had been calm and sunny beyond the memory of the oldest shepherd. Never had nature seemed so delightful to Amy's eyes and Amy's heart; and never had she seemed so delightful to the eyes and the hearts of all who beheld her with her flock. Often would she wreath the sprigs of heather round her raven ringlets, till her dark hair was brightened with a galaxy of richest blossoms. Or dishovelling her tresses, and letting fall from them that shower of glowing and balmy pearls, she would bind them up again in simpler braiding, and fix in the silken folds two or three water lilies, large, massy, and whiter than the snow. Necklaces did she wear in her playful glee, of the purple fruit that feeds the small birds in the moors, and beautiful was the gentle stain then visible over the blue veins of her milk-white breast. So were floating by the days of her nineteenth summer among the hills. The evenings she spent by the side of her grey-headed father—and the old man was blessed. Her nights passed in a world of gentle dreams.

But, though Amy Gordon knew not yet what it was to love, she was herself the object of as deep, true, tender, and passionate love, as ever swelled and kindled within a human breast. Her cousin, Walter Hardon, now lived and would have died for her; but had not hitherto ventured to tell his passion. He was a few years older than her, and had long loved her with the gentle purity of a brother's affection. Amy had no brother of her own, and always called Walter Hardon by that endearing name. That very name of brother had probably so familiarized her heart towards him, that never had the thought of him, even for a single moment, in any other light. But, although, he, too, called Amy sister, his heart burned with other feelings, and he must win her to be his bride, and possess her as his wife, or die. When she was a mere child he had led her by the hand—when a fair girl he had in his arms lifted her across the swollen burn, and over the snow drifts—now that she was a woman, he had looked on her in silence, but with a soul overcharged with a thousand thoughts, hopes, and desires, which he feared to speak of to her ear; for he knew, and saw, and felt, in sorrow, that she loved him but as a brother. He knew, however, that she loved none else; and in that—and that alone—was his hope,—so he at last determined to woo the Lily of Liddisdale and win her, in her beauty and fragrance to bloom within his house.

The Lily was sitting alone in a deep hollow among the hills, with her sheep and lambs pasturing or playing around her, while over that little secluded circle a single hawk was flapping far up in the sky. She was glad, but not surprised, to see her brother standing beside her; and when he sat down by her side and took her hand into his, she looked upon him with a gentle smile, and asked if he was going upon

business further on among the hills. Walter Harden instantly poured forth in a torrent, the passion of his soul, beseeched her not to shut up her sweet bosom against him, but to promise to become, before the summer was over, his wedded wife. He spoke with fervour, but trepidation—kissed her cheek—and then awaited, with a fast throbbing and palpitating heart, his Amy's reply.

There was no guile—no art—no hypocrisy, in the pure and happy heart of the Lily of Liddisdale. She took not away her hand from that of him who pressed it,—she rose not up from the turf, although her gentle side just touched his heart—she turned not away her face so beautiful—nor changed the silvery sweetness of her speech. Walter Harden was such a man, as in a war of freedom defending their mountains against a tyrant, would have advanced his presence in every scene of danger, and been chosen a leader among his pastoral compeers. Amy turned her large beaming hazel eyes upon his face, and saw that it was overshadowed. There was something in its expression too sad and solemn, mingling with the flash of hope and passion, to suffer her, with playful or careless words to turn away from herself the meaning of what she had heard. Her lover saw in her kind, but unguaged silence that to him she was but a sister; and, rising to go, he said, "Blessed be thou all the days of thy life—farewell—my sweet Amy—farewell!"

But they did not thus part. They walked together on the lonely hill side—down the banks of the little wimpling burn,—and then out of one small glen into another, and their talk was affectionate and kind. Amy heard him speak of feelings to her unknown, and almost wondered that she could be so dear to him, so necessary to his life, as he passionately vowed. Nor could such vows be unpleasant to her ear, uttered by that manly voice, and enforced by the silent speech of those bold but gentle eyes. She concealed nothing from him but frankly confessed, that hitherto she had looked upon him even as her own father's son. "Let us be happy, Walter, as we have been so long, I cannot marry you!—oh no—no; but since you say it would kill you if I married another, then I swear to you by all that is sacred—yes, by the Bible on which we have so often read together, and by yonder sun setting over the Windhead, that you never will see that day," Walter Harden was satisfied; he spoke of love and marriage no more; and in the sweet, fresh, airless and dewy quiet of evening, they walked together down into the inhabited vale, and parted, almost like brother and sister, as they had been used to do for so many happy years.

Soon after this, Amy was sent by her father to the Priory, the ancient seat of the Elliots, with some wicker baskets, which they had made for the young ladies there. A small plantation of willows was in the corner of the meadow in which their cottage stood, and from them the old shepherd and his daughter formed many articles of such elegance and ingenuity, that they did not seem out of place even in the splendid rooms of the Priory. Amy had slung some of these pieces of rural workmanship round her waist, while some were hanging on her arms, and thus she was gliding along a footpath through the old elm woods that shelter the Priory, when she met young George Elliot, the heir of that ancient family going out with his angle to the river side. The youth, who had but a short time before returned from England, where he had been for several years, knew at the first glance that the fair creature before him could be no other than the Lily of Liddisdale. With the utmost gentleness and benignity he called her by that name, and after a few words of courtesy, he smilingly asked her for one small flower basket to keep for her sake. He unloosened one from her graceful waist, and with that liberty which superior rank justified, but, at the same time with that tenderness which an amiable mind prompted, he kissed her fair forehead, and they parted,—she to the Priory, and he down to the Linn at the Cusht Wood.

Never had the Boy beheld a creature so perfectly beautiful. The silence and the songs of morning were upon the dewy woods, when that vision rose before him—his soul was full of the joy of youth—and when Amy disappeared, he wondered how he could have parted so soon—in a few moments—from that bright and beaming Dryad. Smiles had been in her eyes and round her pearly teeth while they spoke together, and he remembered the soft and fragrant look of hair that touched his lips as he gently kissed her forehead. The beauty of that living creature sank into his soul along with all the sacred influences of nature now rejoicing in the full, ripe, rich spirit of Summer, and in fancy he saw that Lily springing up in every glade through which he was now roaming, and when he had reached the Linn, on the bank too of every romantic nook and bay where the clear waters caddied or slept. "She must recross the bridge on her way home," said the enamoured Boy to himself; and fearing that Amy Gordon might already be returning from the Priory, he clambered up the face of the shrubby precipice, and bounding over the large green mossy stones, and through the entangling briars and brushwood, he was soon at the Bridge, and sat down on the high bank, under a cliff commanding a view of the path by which the fair maiden must approach on her homeward journey.

The heart of the innocent Amy had fluttered, too, as the tall, slim, graceful stripling had kissed her brow. No rudeness—no insult—no pride—no haughty freedom had been in his demeanour towards her; but she felt gladly conscious in her mind, that he had been delighted with her looks, and would perhaps, think now and then afterwards, as he walked through the woods, of the shepherd's daughter, with whom he had not disdained to speak. Amy thought, while she half looked back, as he disappeared among the trees that he was just such a youth as the old minstrel's sang of in their war or love ballads—and that he was well worthy some rich and noble bride, whom he might bring to his Linn on a snow-white palfrey with silken reins, and silver bells on its mane. And she began to recite to herself, as she walked along, one of those old Border tales.

Amy left her baskets at the Priory, and was near the Bridge, on her return, when she beheld the young Heir spring down from the bank before her, and come forward with a sparkling countenance. "I must have that sweet tress that hangs over thy sweeter forehead," said he, with a low and eager voice, "and I will keep it for the sake of the fairest flower that ever bloomed in my father's woods—even the Lily of Liddisdale." The lock was given—for how could it be refused? And the shepherdess saw the young and high-born Heir of the Priory put it into his breast. She proceeded across the hill—down the long Falcon glen—and through the Witchwood—and still he was by her side. There was a charm in his speech—and in every word he said—and in his gentle demeanour—that touched poor Amy's heart, and, as he gave her assistance, although all unneeded over the uneven hollows, and the springs and marshes, she had neither the courage, nor the wish, nor the power, to request him to turn back to the Priory. They entered a small quiet green circuit, bare of trees, in the bosom of a coppice-wood, and the youth, taking her hand, made her sit down on the mossy trunk of a fallen yew, and said, "Amy—my fair Amy—before we part—will you sing me one of your old Border songs? and let it be one of love. Did not the sons of Nobles, long ago, often love the daughters of them that dwell in huts?"

(To be Continued.)

#### MANUFACTURE OF MAPLE SUGAR BY INDIANS.

We are speaking of the remote past, and of an encampment of Ottawa Indians, in one of the maple forests skirting the western shore of Green Bay. It is in the month of April, and the hunting season is at an end. Albeit, the ground is covered with snow, the noontday sun has become

quite powerful, and the annual offering is made to the Great Spirit, by the medicine men, of the first product of one of the earliest trees in the district. This being the preparatory signal for extensive business, the women of the encampment proceed to make a large number of wooden troughs (to receive the liquid treasure), and, after these are finished, the various trees in the neighbourhood are tapped, and the juice begins to run. In the meantime, the men of the party have built the necessary fires, and suspended over them their earthen, brass, or iron kettles. The sap is now flowing in copious streams, and from one end of the camp to the other is at once presented an animated and romantic scene, which continues without interruption day and night, until the end of the sugar season. The principal employment to which the men devote themselves is that of lounging about the encampment, shooting at marks, and playing at the moccasin game; while the main part of the labour is performed by the women, who not only attend to the kettles, but employ all their leisure time to making the beautiful birchen mocuucks, for the preservation and transportation of the sugar when made, the sap being brought from the troughs to the kettles by the boys and girls. Less attention than usual is paid by the Indians at such times to their meals, and, unless game is very easily obtained, they are quite content to depend upon the sugar alone. If an Indian happens to return from the river with a fish, he throws it without any ceremony into the boiling sap, dipping it out, when cooked, with a ladle or stick; and therefore it is that we often find in the maple sugar of Indian manufacture the bones of a trout, or some more unworthy fish. That even a bird, a rabbit, or an opossum is sometimes thrown into the kettle instead of a fish is beyond a doubt; and we are not yet positively certain that the civilized fashion of eating jelly with roast lamb may not be traced to the barbarous custom of cooking animals in hot sap. That this sap itself, when known to be clear, and reduced to the consistency of molasses, is a palatable article, we are ready to maintain against the world; and we confess that, when not quite so fastidious as now, we have often eaten it in truly dangerous quantities even in the cabin of an Indian. The sugar season is dependent upon the weather; but, even when it is prolonged to four or five weeks, it commences from beginning to end to be one of hilarity and gladness. At such times, even the wolfish-looking dogs seem to consider themselves as entitled to the privilege of sticking their noses into the vessels of sap not yet placed over the fire. And in this manner does the poor Indian welcome returning spring. It is now about the middle of June, and some fifty birchen canoes have just been launched upon the waters of Green Bay. They are occupied by our Ottawa sugar makers, who have started upon a pilgrimage to Mackinaw. The distance is nearly 200 miles, and as the canoes are heavily laden, not only with mocuucks of sugar, but with furs collected by the hunters during the past winter, and the Indians are travelling at their leisure, the party will probably reach their desired haven in the course of ten days. Well content with their accumulated treasures, both the women and the men are in a particular happy mood, and many a wild song is heard to echo over the placid lake. As the evening approaches, day after day they seek out some convenient landing place, and, pitching the wigwams on the beach, spending a goodly portion of the night in carousing and telling stories around their camp fires, resuming their voyage after a morning sleep, long after the sun has risen above the blue waters of the east. Another sunset hour, and the cavalcade of canoes is quietly gliding into the crescent bay of Mackinaw, and reaching a beautiful beach at the foot of a lofty bluff, the Indians again draw up their canoes, again erecting their wigwams. And, as the Indian traders have assembled on the spot, the more improvident of the party immediately proceed to exhibit their sugar and furs, which are usually disposed of for flour and pork, blankets and knives, guns, ammunition, and a

great variety of trinkets, long before the hour of midnight. That the remainder of this night is devoted to feasting and dancing, and tumultuous recreation is a matter of course. But the trader who would obtain from the Indians their more unique articles of merchandise, usually visits the encampment on the following morning, when he is always certain of obtaining from the young women, on the most reasonable terms, their fancy moocks of sugar, all worked over with porcupine quills, and a great variety of beautifully worked mooccasins, and fancy bags, made of the sweet smelling deer skin. In about a week after their arrival at Mackinaw, the Ottawa Indians begin to sigh for the freedom of the wilderness; and, before the trader has left his bed on some pleasant morning, there is nothing to be seen on the beach at Mackinaw but the smoking embers of a score or two of watch fires.—*Dentley's Miscellany.*

To our READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald will in future be published by Mr. Charles Fletcher, Bookseller, No. 51, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852.

LIFE'S GOLDEN HOURS.

Life is often represented as a continued scene of gloom and sadness, a barren waste, which, with here and there a green oasis, is overhung with the dark clouds of adversity and disappointment! But this is not so. True there are some dark hours. The horizon is sometimes overcast with clouds that seem thick and lowering, yet even on the darkest, the bright angel—Hope—paints the rainbow of promise, which points to the sunshine and gladness in the future! There are many cloudless days, many happy hours, and scenes of pleasure in the past—who does not recollect them? Though we would fain consign the darker hours to oblivion, we cherish the memory of those, which like an hallowed influence shed their mellow radiance on all our pathway. Among these are childhood's sunny days—the pleasant sports, the merry laugh, the joyous exuberance of feeling, the loving and confiding spirit—all are associations of that careless and happy period! We remember too, the calmer happiness of after life. Those tenderly loved friends whose kindly sympathies and ardent affection touched a chord in our hearts that vibrated with joy, when in the mutual exchange of thought and feeling, we held sweet intercourse with them—such form the dearest links in memory's chain!

We can think also of the seasons of converse with Nature, when with our minds attuned to the beauty and harmony of the works of God, we have listened almost enchanted, to the soft thrilling music of the wind, the murmur of the silver stream, or the carol of the birds. Often while wandering over hill and dale, have we plucked the sweet wild-flowers strewed so profusely in "Nature's garden," and in such sweet moments it seemed as if we never could repine or be unhappy again! And why should we, when we have so much to make us happy? With the bright blue sky above us, the smiling earth beneath our feet, the loving smiles and gentle words of friends, and more than all, a dear Heavenly Father, into whose ear we can pour all the varied feelings of our hearts; and while confiding in His love, and living in His smiles, we may feel happiness which nothing earthly can afford! But ah, and after all this, life would often

be dreary indeed, did not the golden beams of the "Son of Righteousness" shine athwart the gloom, shedding on all things its radiant lustre; thus affording a fair emblem of that happier day, when earth with its sorrow shall have passed away, and we may forever bask in the effulgent beams of eternal love! NELLIE.

THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

This Institute is established by royal charter, for the purpose of promoting the Physical Sciences, for encouraging and advancing the Arts and Manufactures, for effecting the formation of a Provincial Museum, and for facilitating the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, connected with the Engineering, Architectural, and Surveying Professions. W. E. Logan, Esq., is President; Capt. Lesmy, Director of the Royal Observatory, is first Vice-President. The list of Directors includes the most scientific gentlemen in the city. It has not been long in operation, but its operations hitherto have been to cherish a friendly feeling among the professors of the varied branches of art, and we have no doubt much good will result from its meetings. We are informed by the receipt of a ticket that this society intend to hold a Conversazione on Saturday—the 3rd inst.—this evening—in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, at half-past 7 o'clock. We have no doubt that it will be an interesting meeting. Sometime ago, we attended one of their convivalities and was very much pleased with the interesting remarks which were made. We will have something to say of it in our next.

Answers to Correspondents.

CONSTANT READER. GALT. The only means by which you can become intimately acquainted with the young Lady, whom you represent as being very pretty, and of whom you are much enamoured, is by association, and this can best be effected by being introduced by some friend—not a difficult matter, we would imagine, where there are two maiden aunts, and a grandmother. One great facility however to the realization of such a wish, is to endeavour to ascertain by careful examination, whether your mind is so refined by cultivation, and your manners sufficiently polished, to make your society agreeable to a young Lady. To have sufficient assumption to be able to talk nonsense with fluency, is by many young men of your age considered, ample recommendation to the society, the esteem, and the affections of any young Lady—but we fondly trust the one alluded to has mental fire enough to burn from her company all such time destroyers.

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

We are favoured by the following communication from our esteemed correspondent, Aliquis, correcting a Miscellaneous Paragraph in the Herald of the 9th ult. in reference to the population of the globe. Aliquis remarks that the "ingenious and authentic" author of that "awful calculation" states, that the number of inhabitants who have lived upon the earth (since the creation, it is supposed) is about, 35,627,843,195,846. He says that this is about the number, there might be a few more or less, so it may be called thirty-six billions for the sake of simplification. From this he calculates that if the entire dry land was a burying place, there must be an average of 100 bodies in each space of ground the ordinary size of a grave, so that the whole earth has been one hundred times dug over to bury its inhabitants. Now, if he does

not include beasts, birds, and fishes, this is a gross exaggeration and if he does include them, it is a gross imposition. The following are the true facts of the case. There are now living upon the earth according to the best authorities, about 800 millions of human beings. The earth, according to the Mosaic account, has been inhabited by man for 5,576 years. The average duration of man's life is said to be 30 years, which makes 195 generations of men since the creation. If we grant that the earth has been always so populous as now (which it has not), we will arrive at the total number that have ever lived on it, by multiplying the present population by 195. The product is 156,000 millions which is as nearly as possible a 25th part of the total stated by the "authentic" writer. If the rest of his calculation is correct, in place of there being 100 bodies in the space of a grave, there is not half a body in that space; and in place of the earth being dug over 100 times to bury its dead, the one half of it has not needed it, supposing no two in one grave.

A WATER SPOUT. Our esteemed correspondent C. writes to say, that on Sunday last, just as the moon was approaching her second quarter, a very unusual phenomenon—especially for this season—appeared in the horizon. He took it to be a Water Spout. It appeared to rise from Lake Ontario, and was beating from south-west to east. Its career was steady for some time considering the pressure against it of a keen breeze.

Literary Notices.

FROM THE MONTREAL WITNESS.

In our last we gave some Literary extracts from the Montreal Witness in connexion with the writings of Hugh Miller the great Scotch Geologist. The following pieces are part of the same article.—

"There are few professions, however humble, that do not present their peculiar advantages of observation, there are none, I repeat, in which the exercise of the faculties does not lead to enjoyment. I advise the stonemason for instance, to acquaint himself with Geology." The stonemason has "opportunities of observation, at every angle which can be shared with him by only the gentleman of fortune, who devotes his whole time to the study. Nay in some respects, his advantages are superior to those of the amateur himself."—*Old Red Sandstone*, p. 13.

We are not sorry to see our author escape from the bank to a position suited to his genius. He is destined to become the instructor of mankind, and has shown his qualifications for that office by various productions from his pen, chiefly his famous letters to Lord Brougham, on the Scottish Church question. He takes the editorial chair of the *Witness*, and enriches that periodical, with sound literature and scientific papers. His few leisure hours are devoted to his favourite studies, and he now takes his place among the first of living authors and practical geologists.

*The Old Red Sandstone* is dedicated to Robert Impey Murphison Esq F R S &c., president of the Geological Society, and bears date Edinburgh, May 1st, 1841. Since that time the volume has passed through four editions; and the one before us is a faithful reprint of the fourth edition. This work has been long enough before the world to receive the most searching scrutiny, and if scientific men are the best qualified to judge of the merits of a work of this kind, then may Mr. Miller congratulate himself on the decision awarded him. The late Dr. J. Pye Smith, himself a philosopher and theologian of the first rank, describes "*The Old Red Sandstone*" as "a geological work small in size, unpretending in spirit and manner; its contents, the conscientious narration of facts; its style, the beautiful simplicity

of truth, and altogether possessing for a rational reader, an interest superior to that of a novel."—Other persons of high attainments in geologic science have given to Mr. Miller and his works the most satisfactory evidence of approbation. It might be deemed creditable to depreciate the views of learned men, and to differ from critical reviewers of the Old and New World, yet after a careful reading of this production, we are convinced that they have failed to give a sufficiently distinct portrait of the combined moral and geological beauties of these "New Walks in an old field." The book must be read to be appreciated. The geologist will learn much and if he dissents from Mr. Miller's inductions he will be compelled to acknowledge his inferiority of mind, and superiority of genius. The unscientific reader will hardly be repelled by technical phraseologies, for though these are not wanting, yet they are wrought up in so easy and charming a manner, and withal so pleasantly spoken (as it were,) that you feel always in very agreeable company, being quite sure also, of a safe deliverance from whatever depository you may have had occasion to visit and investigate. And at the close, "*The Old Red Sandstone*" of Ross and Comary rises up before you, teeming with the re-animated existences of pre-Adamic creations, venerable beyond the possibilities of chronologic computation, and proclaiming every where the unfathomable depths of infinite wisdom and power.

*The Geology of the Bass Rock*, is a work of great interest and beauty. "The Bass stands in the mouth of the Firth of Forth, about a mile and a half from the shore. It is fully a mile in circumference. It is about 600 feet in total length and 120 feet above the surface of the sea." From the representation of it in the engravings, which accompany this volume, we should judge it to have a venerable and picturesque appearance. For its geologic description, there are not wanting despite data. The skillful and practised eye and hand of Mr. Miller, invest the whole with majesty and grandeur, unsurpassed in any work of the like kind. Dr. McCrie's Civil and ecclesiastical history of the Bass, is replete with instruction—Those godly men who, in a former age, suffered for righteousness sake, speak again to those living in better and quieter times. None can read this delightful little book, without being convinced of the superlative wisdom of God, in creation and providence; and of the infinite ability of the Eternal Spirit, to give courageous patience, and controlling grace to his servants in times of severe persecution.

## Natural History.

### HORSE BREEZE-FLY,—(*Gasterophilus equi*.)

The Horse Breeze-fly differs very little in its natural habits from the species before mentioned, which infest Oxen and Cows. It is ascertained beyond a doubt, that it deposits its eggs upon the hair. However trifling it may vary in other minute particulars, I must admit, in justice to distinguished Entomological Authors, that the Breeze-flies, producing galls upon animals, do the same. I have watched with profound attention, these flies in the act of placing their *ova* upon the hair of a horse, and am satisfied that this insect has instinct enough to select a part of the skin which the horse can easily reach with its tongue,—for instance, the inside of the knee, or the side and back part of the shoulder. The work of the mother-fly cannot be better described than by the following from the pen of Mr. B. Clark. The Italics in the quotation are given to solve the query of Messrs. Kirby and Spence, in their *Introd.*, p. 162, 2nd edit., where they say, "There can be little doubt, (or else what is the use of such an apparatus?) that it bores a hole in the skin." Mr. C. says—When the female has been impregnated, and her eggs sufficiently matured, she seeks among the tufts a subject for her purpose, and approaching him on the wing, she carries her

body nearly upright in the air, and her tail, which is lengthened for the purpose, curved inwards and upwards. In this way she approaches the part which she designs to deposit the egg, and suspending herself for a few seconds before it, suddenly darts upon it and leaves the egg adhering to the hair. She hardly appears to settle, but merely touches the hair with the egg held out on the projected point of the abdomen. The egg is made to adhere by means of a glutinous liquor secreted with it. She then leaves the horse at a short distance, and prepares a second egg, and passing herself before the part, deposits it in the same way. The liquor dries, and the egg becomes firmly glued to the hair, this is repeated by these flies till four or five hundred eggs are sometimes placed on one horse. Among the first papers which appeared relating upon this insect, it was conjectured that the horse licks off the eggs thus deposited, therefore, that they were thus conveyed into its stomach. This is, however, discovered not to be the case, for although the horse might take the eggs into its stomach by accident, there is no reason to suppose that they are hatched in it.—At the lapse of five days the *ova* attains maturity—the slightest application of warmth and moisture is sufficient to bring forth, in an instant, the latent larvæ. It is at this period that the horse is likely to use its tongue,—the escape of the larvæ from the eggs will cause irritation.—The operculum of the egg is thrown open, and a small active worm is produced, which readily adheres to the moist surface of the tongue, and is thence conveyed into the stomach with the animal's food. At this stage, it often occurs that "a horse which has no *ova* deposited on him may yet have bots, by performing the friendly office of licking another horse which has." The galls or larvæ generally hang in thick clusters from the lining of the stomach of the animal, and keep their hold by means of two dark brown hooks, between which is the mouth of the insect. When matured, the grub quits the stomach of the animal, falls to the ground, and, finding a suitable place of retreat becomes a chrysalis, and after remaining in this state for a few weeks, it appears in the imago or perfect state. The agitation and terror produced upon cattle by this fly, and another horse-fly—(*Gasterophilus hamorrhoidalis*), which deposits its eggs upon the lips of the horse is "very distressing to the animal, from the excessive irritation it occasions," and cannot be better described than by the following, lines.

"Light fly his slumbers,—if perchance a flight  
Of angry gad-flies fasten on his head,  
That startle scatter from the shallow brook,  
In search of lavish streams—Tossing the foam,  
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain  
Through all the bright severity of noon."

One species of these flies hide themselves in the grass, and as the horse stoops to graze they dart upon the mouth or lips.

C.

### TO PROTECT SHEEP FROM DOGS.

The general evil of dogs, which I see is claiming at present the most stringent legislation in our Northern States, likewise exists with us. Our own legislature has done much, and will, no doubt do more at the proper time, to eradicate this evil. In the mean time, let me publish to the sheep-raising world a remedy against the destruction of sheep by dogs, which was given me a short time since by a highly respectable and valued friend, himself an extensive wool grower. It consists simply in placing on one sheep in every ten of the flock a bell of the usual size for sheep. The reasoning of my friend is this, the instinct of the dog prompts to do all his acts in a sly, stealthy manner, his attacks on sheep are most frequently made at night while they are at rest, and the sudden and simultaneous jingling of all the bells strikes terror to the dogs; they turn tails, and leave the sheep, fearing the noise of the bells will lead to their exposure. The ratio of the bells

might be made to vary according to the size of the flock.

The very importance of the sheep preservation from dogs, the writer hopes, will claim for this communication an insertion in most of the papers of the Union, that a remedy so cheap and simple may be fully tested.—*Richmond Whig*.

## Agriculture.

### APRIL—WORK TO BE DONE.

**GENERAL FARM WORK.**—Early part of this month light sandy soils intended for general crops may be plowed, and indeed spring plowing for sandy soils is preferable to fall plowing; for although clayey loams, are benefited by winter rigging and the consequent pulverization from frequent freezings and thawings, still sandy soils would not be improved by similar treatment, as they would suffer by working &c.

Although clayey soils, as well as all others, should be plowed as early in spring as practicable still they should not be disturbed while wet. The action of the plow is to compact them in lumps, and thus render them unkind and non-absorbent.

Such fields as were plowed last month, but are not yet planted, should be run through by the cultivator immediately before planting; so as to have the surface of the ground thoroughly disintegrated just before sowing the seed; such fresh surfaces induce rapid vegetation, and burrs, half germinated weeds too low to interfere with the regular crops. Top-dress winter grain with super-phosphate of lime and guano mixed with charcoal, plaster of paris or loam, as you now wish to press forwards the plants, which could not be done with propriety in the fall, for fear of their being too forward, and thereby more liable to be winter killed.

Attend to water courses, drains, &c., as during the early freshets your mowing ground may be rendered uneven in growth, by uneven irrigation. If the sea on has been backward, you may still sow spring wheat, barley, oats, rye, field peas &c. Beans, early potatoes, &c., may now be sown. Flax and hemp sow. Attend to pastures. Do not turn cattle too early into pasture grounds before the grass has had time to start fairly, and the ground has become sufficiently hard not to be disfigured by them. If you intend to fatten cattle in the fall and winter, you should now plant out carrots, parsnips, &c. You can raise eight hundred bushels of Belgian carrots to the acre, and they will do more service for your cattle and milk cows than four times the quantity of ground appropriated to either hay or corn crops. Cleanse cellars from putrescent substances, plant Indian corn; sow Lucerne; attend to the extermination of insects, &c.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—This is the month of gardening. All esculents intended for raising seed should now be in the ground, and if not done before, do not delay. Be sure they are not in the vicinity of others of the same genus, or they will be sure to hybridize and thus spoil each other.

Keep the unplanted soil in motion, and hoe and weed former plantings. Make artichoke plantations; asparagus; beet seed; sow late broccoli; start summer cabbages, cardoon, carrots, celery; sow cress; start cucumbers and melons in frames ready to put out in settled weather, (pots,) sow endive; make plantations of horse radish; plant corn, sow leek seed; lettuce, mustard seed, nasturtium; sow onions early both for crops, and closely for pips for next year's planting; put out pips for last year's growth, also top and potato onions, parsley, parsnips, plant peas, potatoes, sweet potatoes; continue to sow radish seed; plant rochambold, Hubbard, salsify, sea-kale, spinach, tomatoes; sow turnip seed, cauliflower, brassica tupa esculenta, &c.; pot herbs, &c.

Attend to dressing artichoke and asparagus beds, &c. Plant medicinal herbs, &c. Transplant from hot-beds in open ground, lettuces, cauliflowers, broccoli, cabbages; and in proper weather

egg-plants, peppers, tomatoes, &c., &c.; pumpkins, squashes, &c. During dry days, water seed-beds, late transplanting, &c., until established.

Plant Lima beans, melons and cucumbers in pots, under frames, ready to set out as soon as the weather is permanently settled, they may be put out in place much earlier than without. Those who have no hot-beds or frames, may turn a sod grass-side down, in a shallow box, and then cut the sod with a sharp knife in lines two inches apart, and running in both directions across the box, thus it will be cut in squares; plant a Lima bean in the manner directed in our article on the Kitchen garden—place this box opposite a window in a warm room, and plant out the squares around the poles when the weather is settled.

**ORCHARD**—Look well to peach trees, and see that the peach worm is not at work. Pour boiling water on the lower part of the trunk near the ground, and if a sufficient quantity be used it will cook the worm without any injury to the tree; we have tried it fairly, and are well convinced that even three gallons of boiling water may be so used without any injury to the tree.

Place the lime and salt mixture, as recommended in vol. 1., about peach trees, and if the shortening of peaches, apricot, and nectarine trees, was neglected last month, attend to it this month.

Manure trees and recollect that they require cultivation. Attend to preparation of scions early, and graft such trees as require it. See *Doering's Fruit Trees of America* on this subject.—*New York Working Farmer.*

#### MOWING MACHINE.

A machine for mowing, manufactured in the western part of the State of New York, has recently been introduced into Dutchess county, of that State, which will probably prove of great advantage to farmers. It is warranted to cut and spread an acre an hour of any kind of grass, with a pair of horses, on all lands free from obstruction, and do it as well as it can be done with the scythe by the best of mowers. The machine is simple in its construction, and can be managed by any boy capable of driving a pair of horses. It is highly recommended by a large number of farmers who have used it with success in the western and central part of the State.

#### FROZEN POTATOES.

The *Rural New Yorker* says that "a potato, if frozen, and instantly put into cold water, does not recover, but is totally changed, and becomes a flaccid sack of unsavory, gummy matter, of a very disagreeable odor—its original properties entirely changed and lost; but if, while in the frozen state, they are thrown, one by one, into water constantly boiling, they are no way affected, and are as edible as when first taken from the earth. This is an anomaly in the action of cold, which may be true when applied to other vegetables, of which we are not advised, but it is a fact worth knowing, as it may on some occasion meet the necessities of almost every family—especially in these flat countries where cellars are difficult of construction.

### Arts and Manufactures.

#### IMPROVED BREAST COLLARS FOR HORSES.

Mr. P. F. Hicks of Bristol, Ontario Co., N. Y., has patented an improvement in Breast Collars for horses, which obviates the evil of the present stuffed collar, experienced when a horse is drawing a heavy draft. The collar is elastic with the lower part forming a loop, and the upper ends bent over at right angles with the side of the bow, and constructed in such a form that the shoulder blades of the animal are allowed free and expanded action when going fast or drawing heavy loads.

#### LIFE PRESERVER.

Application has been made by Mr DeBibery for a patent for a life-saving and swimming apparatus. The Washington Telegraph, describes it as a kind of frock or doublet, of ordinary dress material, made double, and interlined with small inflated boxes inflated. This doublet may be worn as an overall, on ship-board, and it is impossible for the wearer to sink below the shoulders, and Mr. DeB. asserts that a person may remain in the water any length of time, and the water has no effect whatever on the buoyancy of the dress.

#### SELF-WINDING CLOCK.

Professor Willis of Rochester, has completed, and has now in constant operation a self-winding clock, which it is said determines the seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years of time, with unfailling accuracy.

#### MAGNIFICENT FOUNTAIN.

A magnificent fountain has recently been erected in the Market Hall in Birmingham. It is of bronze, and is the work of Mr Messinger who has constructed it more with a desire to decorate the town, than to profit, inasmuch as he is a loser by the transaction. It is most classically conceived, the embellishment is beautifully rendered, and the groups of fish are tastefully disposed.—*Art Journal.*

#### STATUE OF RADETZKY.

Joseph Mex, Sculptor of Prague, has just finished the model of a statue of General Radetzky, intended for execution in bronze. The figure is nine feet high, and stands upon a shield, supported by eight representatives of the various nations and branches of the service which have contributed to his victories. This idea, however, is not original, a like design was proposed years ago for a statue of Napoleon, supported by his Marshals.

#### MARTIN'S MEMORIAL.

A martyr's memorial is now in process of erection on the hill side at Darford, in Kent, to commemorate the execution of Christopher Wade, in the reign of Queen Mary. The monument is constructed after the fashion of an antique cross in the early English style of Architecture.—*Art Journal.*

### Oriental Sayings.

#### THE KING AND THE HORSE.

A certain King who was somewhat rather passionate, though in other respects kind and good, had a beautiful horse, which he so highly valued, that he could not be prevailed upon to part with it at any price. It, however, so happened one day, that the horse died, through the sheer negligence of the servant, who was entrusted with the care of it. The King, on hearing of the casualty, was so enraged, that under the impulse of the moment, he seized a lance, ran up to the servant, and would have instantly pierced him through, had not one of his ministers, who fortunately was present, interposed.

Your Majesty! cried he, with a voice that made the King pause for a moment, what! will you kill this man before you have convinced him of the enormity of his guilt?

Convinced him then! exclaimed the King impatiently, but he quick.

The minister therefore seized the lance, and turning to the trembling servant, said, bear! thou child of misfortune, and mark what evils thy carelessness has caused.—In the first place, through thy negligence the King, thy master, has lost his highly prized and favourite horse—You must therefore die. Secondly, it is thy fault, that the King, through the loss of his horse, has been roused to such a degree of anger, that he himself would have killed thee.—See! this is another crime far greater than the former. And lastly,

It will be said, both in this and the neighbouring countries that the King thy master, for the sake of a horse has taken the life of a human being, and thereby he will lose his good name, which is a loss far greater than that of his favourite horse.—See! this is another crime. Now, what do you say, do you confess it?

Let him go, exclaimed the King, for I will not lose my good name on his account, he shall rather be forgiven.

The moral of the foregoing saying is easy in its application, and worthy of being impressed upon the mind, by all who value their good name. How often has it happened that persons under the impulse of excitement have done acts, the very thought of which, has made them shudder in their calmer moments.

R.

#### THE OX AND THE GOAT.

I will give you another fable from the Mishle Shulim. An ox was quietly grazing upon a field, when he was suddenly started by the roaring of a lion, who had issued from a wood and was making up to him. The ox fled with all possible speed, but hearing the lion continually raring behind him, and seeing that he was gaining upon him, he at last crept behind some shrubbery, where a goat had already taken refuge. The ox on perceiving the goat, started back with fright. What are you afraid of friend I said the goat, don't you know me? Why we were brought up together in the same stable. Is it you? replied the ox somewhat more composed, dear me! since this roaring lion has frightened me, every thing alive appears to me to be a lion.

A terrified man is afraid at his own shadow.

R.

### Miscellaneous.

#### EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION OF THE GIPSIES FROM HUNGARY.

A people of mysterious origin, inaccessible to all civilisation, and insensible to all religion, after a repose of four hundred years, has once more grasped the pilgrim's staff to fly beyond the reach of modern legislation, and seek out for itself a new country. Alarmed at the reorganisation of the kingdom of Hungary by the usurpations of the Austrian government in that country, where they have so long enjoyed the immunities of an uninterrupted freedom, they have been for some time wandering in swarms, and in all directions throughout the Austrian monarchy seeking an outlet into another more friendly land. Accustomed for centuries in Hungary to live apart from the rest of its population as unmolested dwellers in holes and caves, earning the scanty necessaries of life without much exertion, they have found themselves narrowly watched, averse to, and incensed at this state of surveillance, it has wrought them into an unheard-of state of excitement, and to the desperate resolve to leave forever their wanted hearths, to seek out once more the ancient country from which so many centuries ago, they were driven by some unknown power. To see this people in their present impulsive act of emigration is said to be truly wonderful. Like the wild denizens of the forest, inclosed on all sides, they seek an issue out of the frontier pale of Europe: numbers have penetrated on their pilgrimage as far as the Tyrol, and even Switzerland; Bohemia and Austria Proper swarm with their hordes, and numbers have penetrated southwards across the Turkish frontiers. They speak of nothing but of their new country—where are no frontiers, no passports and no gendarmes. They say they came from Egypt and must now return thither.—*Pilnitz's Hungary.*

## DROLLERY AND OBEDIENCE OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

There is not in the world a drollier creature than a Russian soldier. When for the first time a young countryman throws over him the grey cloak and takes the gun on his shoulder, one can think of nothing more unwieldy and awkward than such a being. But this seemingly so unpliant creature shows himself, in an astonishingly short time, capable of the greatest improvement in any direction. The germ of all that is noble and common, of all that is good and bad, lies hidden in this people. It lies, of course, in all men; but develops itself in the most heterogeneous manifestations among no people so easily and speedily as among the Russians. The Russian soldier is brave, cowardly, honest, thievish, humane, cruel, diligent, lazy, everything, according to the pattern of his chief. With proper management, everything can be made of him, but, left to himself, he is nothing; and, without the influence of others, would carry all his talents undeveloped to the grave, saving a certain goodnaturedness and an indefatigable hilarity. There is some truth in what a German officer, serving in the Caucasian corps, once said to me, half earnest, half in joke:—"If I were to command one of my soldiers to set to on the spot and compose a song, he would not hesitate to obey, and the song would be forthcoming; whether good or bad, we need not stay to determine. At all events, this blind obedience, a child of fear and of firm faith in the infallibility of his guide, forms a peculiar and conspicuous trait in the character of the Russian soldier, as in general of the whole Russian people. This unconditional confidence, which, among freer people, not rank and station, but only ascendancy of spirit can secure, has in Russia often been the mother of great deeds. Who will not here call to mind, from the late Turkish war, that characteristic anecdote which has preserved to us the words exchanged between a Russian and a German, on the occasion of storming a fort? The German contemplates the defences with an experienced eye, and gives it as his opinion that it is impossible to take the fort. "How so, impossible?" cried the Russian amazed; "why the Emperor has commanded it!" A proof that the hearts which beat under these Russian grey coats hide, at least as many good as bad qualities, may, I think, be found in the affection which most of the German officers on service here entertain for their soldiers. With regard to my own personal experience, the soldiers were just as palatial an object to me in European Russia, as during my residence in the Caucasus they have been pleasing.—*Dorchester's Thousand, and One day in the Morning Land.*

## SPRING.

"Spring came! There is a delightful sound in the word; it conveys something pleasant and new to the ear. Spring appeared! and how welcome it is after passing through a long and tedious winter, which over presenting the same solitary picture of snow-covered hills, bleak extended plains, or ice-bound rivers, is gladly forgotten, while viewing with pleasure the budding trees, the shooting grass, or the creeping vine. Spring came! and with it the song of the thrush, the chirrup of the robin and the chipmunk, the twitter of the blackbird, and the hoarse cawing of the rook. Spring came! and the snipe appeared near the streams—the quail strutted over the plains—the plover winged themselves over the valleys, and the red top'd woodpecker glided up the trees, piercing the bark with its long bill in noisy clamour. Spring came! and the pigeons darkened the sky, and burdened the forest with their numbers; the ducks floated tranquilly in the rivers—the geese lifted their white bosoms to the breeze, and the cranes rose occasionally from their swampy retreats, floating lazily over the waving rushes. Spring came! and the country answered once more to the signs of life. The hardy trapper went abroad for his game, the hunter shouldered his rifle, the fisher threw out

his line, and voyagers commenced their journeys for the upper lakes. Snow and ice still lingered along the shore of the lake and river, but as the sun came out warm and bright day after day, coaxing on balmy breezes, it quickly vanished. Spring came! and all hearts seemed lighter, and faces brighter; the laugh was gayer and the voice was merrier. Spring came! and the blue waves of Ontario danced to the glance of the sun and the caress of the breeze. The rivulets trickled from the mountains; the rivers burst from their bonds—their fountains broke loose—their sour e poured forth their abundance—they appeared to have acquired fresh strength during their long sleep of the winter, to add velocity to the flight of its rolling water, or to lift its swift career to the grassy margin of its boundary. Spring came! and numerous flowers covered the ground with their blooming buds; they grew in the forest amongst the tallest trees; they contrasted their blush with the greenest vine; they matched themselves in the lowest fern, and sprinkled the crisp moss with their beauty. Spring came! and the Huron girls raised their songs to honor its advent, as they hastened from tent to tent, while the Indians covered the bay with their canoes.—*Last of the Iroquois.*

## A LECTURER.

There was a reforming lecturer once—he is extant, and speaking still, the clever man, whom to hear once was to think a genius. But when you heard him again, or read the report of his next speech, and discovered in it, carefully embalmed, the very points with which he had formerly delighted his audience, he gradually came down. By and by you became accustomed to his periods, and knew when and in what succession they came; and as your knowledge enlarged the speaker dwindled. Once you thought him a greater new discovered star, then he faded into the milky way, and now, far out of sight, you lose him altogether, and discover that it was no celestial light after all, but only a blazing barrel, or the fictitious elevation of some earthen model, which deluded you with its momentary flame.—*John Drayton, Liverpool Jingancer.*

## Varieties.

KIND WORDS do not cost much. They never blister the tongue. And we have never heard of any mental troubles arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

AN HONEST LADY, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed:—"Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone!" It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Hooper has gone too, poor man!"

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hopes from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the words, or sunk in the slough of indolence.—*Self Culture.*

THE IMPORTANT TRIFLES.—Like flakes of snow that fall upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action treats, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurries the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant, and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulations, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

"SOLICITUDE."—This is a favourite word of Kossuth. It is French, and has not found its way into our dictionaries. An American writer says it expresses generally that the life of a man is not exclusively the life of an individual, but the life which he possesses jointly with his race, that men live in *solido*, soldered together in one if we may say so, that each man is an individual and indivisible, soluble part of the life of all men, and all men are indivisible parts to each man.

## Biographical Calendar.

A D	
April 4	1771 Oliver Goldsmith, died.
	1807 Lalonde, died.
	1810 Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, born.
	1811 President Harrison, died.
" 5	1689 Thomas Hobbes, born.
	1605 John Stow, died.
" 6	1109 Bohan I., Count de Lion, died.
	1528 Albert Durer, died.
	1696 Madame de Sevigny, died.
	1801 General Pichegru, died.
" 7	1520 Raphael, died.
	1770 William Wordsworth, born.
" 8	1783 J. C. Loudon, born.
" 9	1483 Edward IV., King of England, died.
	1626 Francis Bacon, died.
	1717 Lord Lovat, beheaded.
	1807 John Opie, died.
" 10	1563 Hugo Grotius, born.
	1777 Joseph Hume, born.
	1786 Commodore Byron, died.

William Wordsworth, one of the greatest poets of our age and country, was born at Cocker-mouth, in Cumberland, April 7th, 1770. He received the rudiments of his mental culture at Hawkshead School, and in the year 1787 was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. Having completed his studies and taken his academic degree, he made the tour of France and Switzerland at a period when the revolution in France had attained its grand crisis; and its influence upon the fiery imagination, and sensitive mind of Wordsworth, was no less forcible than that produced upon those of his friends and frequent companions, Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd. The earnest thoughts that had been generated by his continued meditations upon this theme, found an utterance in his "Descriptive Sketches" and "Evening Walk," both of which made their appearance in 1793. In 1798 he published in conjunction with Coleridge, a collection of "Lyrical Ballads." In 1797 he had conceived a plan for the regeneration of English Poetry. This book, so far from making converts to Wordsworth's peculiar way of thinking, met everywhere with the bitterest contempt and ridicule. The Edinburgh Review denounced his theory as puerile, and stigmatized his verses as a species of second-rate nursery rhymes. Still many sympathized with his views, and he was induced to publish other two volumes of poetry in 1807. In 1814, his great work "The Excursion" appeared. About the same time he obtained the situation of distributor of stamps, which office he retained for 28 years, retiring in 1843 on a pension of £300. Several works followed "The Excursion," among others the "White Doe of Rylstone;" and in 1843 appeared a volume containing the poems of the Poet's early youth, with others written in his old age. In 1845 he succeeded his friend Southey as poet-laureate. It would be almost impossible to exaggerate or over estimate the importance of the influence which Wordsworth in conjunction with Coleridge has exercised in the formation of the intellectual characteristics of the present age. Thousands of admirers made a pilgrimage to the Poet's sanctuary, Rydal Mount, where he died in the year 1850. His noble autobiographical poem "The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind," was a posthumous publication.—*Aluquis.*

The Youths' Department.

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS SISTER.  
(Continued from Page 133)

"What, me!" said the malicious woman, who now began to regret being a witness of this scene; but she now became still more confused, for just at that moment Monsieur Dumont entered the shop. He had just returned home, and his ear caught the sound of the boy's voice, and to whom was his appearance more welcome than to poor Seppi!

The poor boy was so alarmed that he trembled every limb. "Heaven is my witness, that I have never robbed you!" he exclaimed.

"Come, out with that purse full of money, you lying scoundrel, you have one—that I know!"

"There it is," said Seppi, drawing out of his pocket the little purse containing the few pieces of money, that is the purse, if you mean that, and it is the same which Madame there saw this morning."

The baker shook out its contents, and said— "Now, confess at once how you robbed me of this money!"

"Heaven shall be judge," exclaimed the poor boy, weeping, "if there is a single farthing of it yours! Every one of them was given to me; but take it all if that is what you want. Monsieur Dumont knows well that I saved it up for my mother, and you ought to be ashamed of your self, Madame Rivage, to state such falsehoods of me!"

"What is the matter, Seppi? What have you done!" Kindly asked his friend, who, when he saw the purse and money, soon guessed the truth.

"Pray mind your own business, and don't interfere here at all," exclaimed the confectioner; "this boy is in my service, and I shall do with him what I like. Do you understand me?"

"Quite right; I understand you, sir," returned Dumont, calmly; "but it is possible you have made a mistake." "Mistake!" cried out the baker, still more harshly; "I tell you this rascal has robbed me—"

"Ah, Monsieur Dumont," said the boy, "the money that I have saved to send to my dear mother—"

"Silence, you good-for-nothing fellow. I say you have robbed me; but you shall not keep the money; you shall be turned out of my service this day—nay, this very minute!"

"Be it so, Seppi," said Monsieur Dumont; "your master has discharged you from his service; now take off that jacket and follow me—I will take you into mine."

"What! Would you dare to take away my errand boy?" exclaimed the baker in a threatening voice; for he had by no means been in earnest when he talked of turning Seppi away, whilst the overjoyed boy lost not a moment, but hurried off his jacket at once, and was speedily ready to follow his new master.

"You may keep the money you have taken from the boy," said Monsieur Dumont, without changing his calm, but firm tone of voice. "You, yourself, have discharged the boy, and therefore you can no longer lay claim to him."

"Impudent fellow!" exclaimed the pastrycook, enraged. "Base slanderer, as you are, to accuse me of making bad pies! Tell me, what is it you dared to say about my pies? what is it I make them of, eh? Here, Madame Rivage, you are my witness, repeat what he said, for it was to you he spoke."

Madame was not a little astonished to find herself so suddenly called upon as a witness. "Why, yes, yes," she stammered, "but it is hardly worth repeating—besides, I just recollect that I must go shopping—"

"Stop a moment, Madame," said Monsieur Dumont; "you appear to have been doubly busy here; for it was yourself, if you recollect, who warned me against those pies, because they contained cat's meat."

"Good Heavens! Is that true, Madame? Did you do that?" exclaimed the pie-man.

"I tell you I know nothing about it, nothing! Therefore, don't ask me anything about it. I have nothing to say—I never said anything!" cried Madame, hurriedly.

"I will not detain you longer, Madame," observed Monsieur Dumont. "I have only to request, as I have this morning purchased the house here in which you live, that within a month from this time you will remove to another dwelling."

At this announcement, the old lady, between shame and surprise, could scarcely tell how she felt. What! Monsieur Dumont had a house like this! Involuntarily even the baker took off his cap, for he venerated nothing so much as riches. But to his no little surprise and mortification, in return, Monsieur Dumont said, calmly, to him likewise— "I give you, sir, also warning to quit this house within a month!" and taking our happy Savoyard by the hand he quitted the shop, leaving behind him two individuals, a prey to the most bitter feelings of rage and wonder at this unexpected change of things.

"And now, Seppi," said his benevolent guide, let us go and select a suit of clothes for you, for henceforward I will provide you with everything, and teach you what you stand in need of. Thus you see, my good boy, God has now placed you in a position to enable you to assist your mother in her old age; and I hope, Seppi, you will be grateful to God, and never forget the love He has shown you."

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE QUESTIONS.

We have received answers to our 1<sup>st</sup> set of prize questions, from J. C.—C. C. L.—W. C.—J. J. R.—Miss A. H.—E. F. L.—T. B.—J. W.—D. D.—E. H. In nearly all the cases, the answers display great taste, but none of them are complete. It would be an injustice to those who have not given any answer, to say more at present. Young friends,—please try again.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST.

CONGRUOUS.—Cabinet.—C. C. Latham, Toronto.—Donald.—Miss M. L.

ENIGMA, No. 5.—Cochitcal.—C. C. L.—H. J. R.—T. L.

KALMA, No. 6.—Westmoreland.—O. C. L.—J. W.—A. Y.—Alexander.—H. J. R.—T. L.

ENIGMA No. 7.

- I am composed of 20 letters.
- My 7, 10, 6, 1, 8, 7, is the name of a Savage chieftain, once terrible on account of his power and rapacity.
- My 3, 9, 17, 16, 5, 11, is the consequence of neglect of the laws of God and man.
- My 3, 12, 5, 14, 7, 5, is a bond of union, better calculated to unite the masses, than are all the association doctrines of the day.
- My 2, 1, 17, 17, 7, 20, is an object of religious reverence to the greater part of Christendom, but of denunciation and abhorrence to the remainder.
- My 6, 16, 2, 16, 5, 1, 10, 11, is often—when gilded by success, mistaken for a virtue.
- My 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 1, 6, 11, is considered by some philosophers to be the basis of all present, as well as future happiness.
- My 11, 7, 5, 3, 19, 14, 15, is a maritime piece of some importance.
- My 5, 4, 3, 7, is the classic name of a place once mighty, but now politically debased and powerless.
- My 17, 18, 20, 9, 6, 7, 5, 11, is an adjective expressing the condition of a man when alone with the one he loves best.
- My 7, 20, 7, 8, 6, is famous in martial story as the spot where many brave men fell, fighting in a questionable cause.
- My 13, 9, 8, 16, is a bad thing to bite.
- My whole, is of momentous importance to all, but considered only by the few, who have made it a theme of endless speculation and discussion.

Advertisements.

NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE,

Corner of Yonge and Agnes Streets, 1st door South of Mr. Wick.

JOHN RUSSELL

DEGS in return his sincere thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Toronto, for the liberal encouragement they have received since he commenced business, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their favour.

He can confidently recommend his stock, as equal in price, material, and workmanship, to that of the best shops in Europe.

Toronto, March 1852.

13-17

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE:

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

All who desire to be completely, thoroughly, and reliably informed on the proceedings of Congress, the great questions of our Foreign Policy, the Tariff, the extension of our Lines of Steamers to the Sandwich Islands, Asia, and Africa; the Presidential Election, &c., &c., will find their wishes gratified in the New York Tribune. Its arrangements for procuring early and accurate information are not surpassed either in extent or perfection by those of any Journal in the world.

In addition to the above named matters, we shall regularly publish the Letters of HAYARD TAYLOR, one of the Editors of The Tribune, who is now exploring the unknown and mysterious regions of Central Africa, and before his return, will visit the famous Oriental cities of Damascus and Bagdad, and examine the ruins of ancient Nineveh.

Postmasters taking charge of and permitting us the money for a club of twelve will be entitled to a copy of the Weekly gratis.

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(Payment in all cases required in Advance)

DAILY TRIBUNE.

Mail Subscribers, \$3 a year; \$1 50 for three months.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy . . . . . \$3 00  
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WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy . . . . . 3 00  
Three Copies . . . . . 8 00  
Eight Copies . . . . . 16 00  
Twenty Copies, (to one address) . . . . . 30 00

The Weekly Tribune is sent to clergymen of all denominations for \$1 per year.

Subscriptions from individuals and clubs are respectfully solicited. They may be forwarded at any season of the year. Address the letters to

GREENEY & McSLAUGHT,  
Publishers, Tribune Buildings, New York.

Notes of all orders paying Banks in the United States are taken for subscriptions to this paper at full Money enclosed in a letter to our address, and deposited in any Post Office in the United States, may be considered at our risk, but a description of the bills ought in all cases to be left with the Postmaster.

New York, January, 1852.

G. & M. E.  
16-32

Who'd have thought it—Notes bought it.

IRISH SNUFF!!

THE undersigned has now on hand, and will be constantly supplied with, a quantity of that well-known article.

LUNDY FOOT'S HIGH TOAST

Or Irish Blackguard,

To which he invites the attention of connoisseurs and the Trade.

In 3lb. Tin Cans and 4lb. Bottles.

Church Street, Toronto, March 18th, 1852.  
R. C. McMULLEN, Agent.  
16-13



**NEW WATCH AND CLOCKMAKER'S ESTABLISHMENT.**

**JAMES W. MILLAR** respectfully intimated to friends and the public that he has commenced business as a Chronometer, Watch and Clockmaker on **Yonge St., No. 81, YONGE STREET, 2nd door South of Adelaide Street.**

J. W. M. hopes, by his long experience and training in all the branch 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, new patterns, Gold Sings, Fancy and Wedding Rings; Gold and Silver Pen and Pencils, Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale. American Clocks of every description, cheap for cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Levers, for £2 1/2.

To the Trade—Cylinders, Duplex and Lever Ruffs made to order. Watches of every description repaired and cleaned.

Toronto, March 19th, 1852. 15 10

**PENNY READING ROOM!!**

**THIS** 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,
- Sartain's Union "
- Constitution and Church Sentinel
- Dublin Newspaper,
- Globe, "
- Colonist, "
- Patriot, "
- Examiner, "
- North American, "
- Canadian Family Herald,
- Literary Gossip,

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

**VIRTUE, SON, & CO., English Illustrated Publications!**

**HUGH RODGERS, AGENT FOR CANADA.**

Fletcher's Family Bible, London Act Journal, received monthly in advance. Cyclopaedia of useful Arts—Chemical, Manufacturing, and Engineering. Burns, Byron, and Shakespeare, &c., &c., &c. In short every publication issued by Virtue, Son, & Co. Office 91 Yonge Street, where specimen Numbers may be seen, and all orders left.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

**30,000 PAIRS!!**

**BROWN & CHILDS,**

At No. 83, KING STREET EAST.

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

- 5000 pairs superior thick Boots, 11s. 3d.
- 3000 " " Kip " 12s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.
- 2000 " " Calf " 15s. 0d. to 17s. 6d.
- 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. 83, 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

**The Castilian Hair Invigorator.**

**THIS** elegant Tinct 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 ringworms; 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 skin and hair to a healthy condition.

For sale, by **BUTLER & SON, London,** and by

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The only Wholesale Agent in Canada.

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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.

8, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 24th, 1851.

1-11

**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. 24th, 1851.

1-11

**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 Dressings, Castlemore, Shirts, Bonnets, Caps, Hain and fancy Mouselines, 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.

1-11

**D. MATHIESON'S**

**CLOTHING, TAILORING,**

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

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851.

1-11

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

- D. McLellan, - - - Hamilton.
- James McQuaig, - - - Paris, C. W.
- David Buchanan, - - - Port Sarvia.
- Robert Reid, P. M., - - - Saugan.
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