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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

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VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

No. 1.

Poetry.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

I love the banging hammers,
The whirling of the plane,
The crushing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The chattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continuous boom—
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of theawl—
The sounds of busy labour,
I love, I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
As he spurs his stock along;
The bustle of the market man,
As he hies him to the town;
The holla from the tree-top,
As the ripened fruit comes down;
The busy sound of thrashers,
As they clean the ripened grain,
And the quaker's joke and mirth and glee,
Nenth the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry,
I love, I love them all.

Oh! there is good in labour,
If we labour but aright,
That gives vigor to the day time
And sweeter sleep at night.
A good that bringeth pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours—
For duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers.

Oh! say not that Jehovah
Bade us labour as a doom!
No, it is richest mercy,
And will scatter half life's gloom!
Then let us still be doing
Whate'er we find to do—
With an earnest willing spirit,
And a strong hand free and true.

Literature.

ALICE BURTON.

BY WILLIAM H. CARRY.

Many are poets, who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt and loved and died but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner things.—BRON.

Immortal Bard! thou hast recorded a truth
whose melting tone lingers on the ear like the
faint sound of dying music from a distant
harp; so sweet and melancholy, awaking to
the bosom feelings of sublimity too exquisitely
beautiful for language to define. And this,
then, must be the poetical inspiration of the
soul whose bright and visionary ideas, hoigh-

tened by enthusiasm, are too deep and delicate
for sound.

Indefinable poetry! thy theme is ever love,
and in its hallowed bosom thou art gently re-
volving, often touching the sensitive chord that
leads to the heart; arousing all those tender
feelings by which it is actuated, until it over-
flows and seeks relief in heavy and repeated
sighs.

It was at the close of a warm sultry day in
August, that Alice Burton, absorbed in deep
reflection, was seated in a bower formed of
lattice work, interspersed by the hand of na-
ture with vines and flowers of various kinds;
reclining gracefully at the open window, her
head was resting on her snowy hand, whose
pallid softness stole through the opening of her
raven tresses like moonlight through the wav-
ing trees. Her features, though beautiful and
perfect in their regularity, seemed to have lost
all their expression in sadness; yet the liquid
light of her dark eye, at times wildly dilating,
betrayed a soul of deepest enthusiasm and
depth of feeling. Ever and anon a heavy
sigh would escape her bosom, as her head
wandered back to those golden hours when
'love's first dream' was realized, hours that
were beguiled with the object of her young
and guileless affection; her noble, devoted
Arthur. And you will ask why she sighed
over such a happy retrospect! perchance
in imagination, your own heart could best dic-
tate an answer, if like her you were about to
separate for years from one whose existence
seemed interwoven with your own by the ties
of deep and reciprocal love. Her reverie was
now broken by the sound of approaching foot-
steps; hastily turning in the direction from
whence they proceeded, she beheld the manly
figure of her lover advancing towards her. A
graceful form of muscular powers almost her-
culean to the eye, set forth his height; giving
him a noble and commanding appearance, such
as inspires love and demands respect. His
features though melancholy were remarkably
handsome, and seldom failed to enlist the sym-
pathies of any close observer; but the keen
penetrating glance of his eye revealed a soul,
brave and fearless in its passion, though con-
trolled by feelings ardent, generous and hu-
mane. Such was Arthur Dayton, to whom
Alice now arose, tremulous with emotion, and
extended her hand.

'Dear Alice,' he exclaimed, after having
gallantly conveyed her hand to his lips, 'thou
art unusually pale to day, and very sad; mo-
thinks, dearest, from the pallor of thy cheek,
thou art seriously indisposed; has ought oc-
curred, my love, to wound thy tender feelings
farther than our coming separation?'

At the sound of the last words tears invol-
untarily started to her eye, for it had touched
a spring which controls the fountain of the hu-
man heart. Hastily assuming composure, she
replied in a voice yet nervous with agitation,
that to the painful subject to which he had just
reverted, her present unhappy state of feeling
must alone be attributed; and raising her
dark eyes, all humid with tears, to his own be-
dewed with sympathy, she continued:—'Alas!

dear Arthur, since we must indeed part to-
night, and for so long a period, too, you must
promise to write to me frequently; but shall
if I should be able to find you—'

'Then, dearest Alice,' he replied, 'this
heart will have ceased to beat. Doubt not my
constancy, love; for you setting sun will as
soon forget to perform his revolution, the moon
her destined course, and all the minor lumina-
ries of heaven to shine as Arthur Dayton to
forget his pledged vows. Surely, beloved,
thou canst not doubt me!' The all-yielding
tenderness of her eye, that mirrored a confi-
ding soul, was her eloquent though silent re-
sponse.

Thus, held the lovers sweet converse, until
the last ray of the setting sun had departed
from the distant hills; and yet they lingered,
for the softness of the twilight hour seemed to
harmonize with their feelings. The shades of
evening gradually deepened, urged the imme-
diate departure of Dayton, as necessary to the
preparation of his journey. Gently retaining
the hand of Alice, he arose from her side,
vacating the seat on which he had passed so
many delightful hours. For a moment he
gazed into her lovely face, and in the next he
 essayed to bid her farewell; but his lips trem-
bled and refused their office.

'Oh, Alice, Alice!' These words were all
she heard. She arose, she clung to his em-
brace, exclaiming in the anguish of her grief,

'Oh stay, Arthur dearest, stay; we must
not part, resign that fatal commission that
consigns thee to the wars, and, perchance to an
early grave, for thine own sake, for the sake
of thine own Alice, oh say, will you abandon
it at once.'

A heavy sigh bursting from the depths of
his soul, was the only audible answer, as he
pressed her to his young and throbbing bosom.
He felt her warm heart beating in hasty con-
cert with his own, and in silence the lover
drank that happy hour as the holiest, sweetest
draught of his existence. Though as he tore
himself away, he feared in the words of the
poet, that to him,

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
She was gone and forever."

Mr. Burton, the father of Alice, having
been long and successfully engaged in mer-
cantile pursuits, was supposed to be wealthy,
but unfortunately such was not the case.
Characterized as a man of noble and intel-
lectual endowments, he was also proud and
ostentatious. He had always indulged in a
prodigal style of living, which, of late years,
had somewhat exceeded his income; conse-
quently his business was unprepared to meet
any serious reverse of fortune that might oc-
cur. From the decease of his wife, he had
placed his whole heart upon his daughter,
whom he tenderly loved and guarded with the
affectionate solicitude of a kind and indulgent
parent. Aware of the ardent and mutual at-
tachment that existed between her and Day-
ton, and actuated solely for her welfare, he
generally interposed, and informed her lover that

he would never sanction their union until he had acquired sufficient wealth to maintain her in a style she had been accustomed to from her childhood. From that hour the proud soul of Dayton swelled with ambition. Eager to seek his fortune in the wars, where he hoped to win a name more congenial to the lofty pride of Burton, he obtained a commission in the army, which severed for years the dearest tie that bound him to his native land.

Since his departure from the village, the visits of Col. Morton, who had long entertained an unrequited passion for Alice, were received with a frequency of forced attention very annoying to her feelings. Being an intimate friend of her father's, wealthy and of high standing, his claim to respect caused her to repress the repugnance she felt to regard his pretensions. Thus emboldened, by a misconceived success, and to further his own suit, (having previously intercepted her lover's letters,) he endeavoured to prove him dead or inconstant. But failing in his base attempt to weaken her faith in his constancy, and despairing of ever realizing his hopes by gentle means, he resorted to the powerful influence of his wealth. Agreeably to the solicitation of her father, he loaned him a large amount of money in paper, subject to demand, which Mr. Burton intended to liquidate on the payment of a heavy note due him, in a few days; but the maker failing in business, dishonored his note, which placed its holder, Mr. Burton, completely in the power of Col. Morton.

A period of more than three years had now elapsed since the departure of Arthur Dayton; during which time not a line had been received by Alice that he ever lived. Yet her trusting heart had encouraged the hope that he survived, and would return at the expiration of his appointed time; but now that the time had expired by several months, hope gave way to despair; and in the deepest anguish of her soul she mourned him as among the slain. Since her father's late embarrassment, the power of Col. Morton, over her destiny began to assume a serious aspect. He threatened her father with instant imprisonment for debt, unless he sanctioned with her consent their immediate union. To save her only remaining parent, at the sacrifice of her own happiness, she yielded; and he was forever released from his obligation by signing with her the marriage contract. The day was appointed—the fatal day that was to consummate her misery. Her heart melted at the idea of such an unhallowed union; yet it was to save an affectionate father from the gloomy walls of a prison, which to his proud soul was even worse than death.

'Yes,' she mentally exclaimed, 'I will save him—at the sacred altar I will cauterize mine obligation to his heartless persecutor,—and then the grave shall be my bridal couch' in the bosom of the cold earth, in virgin purity. I will seek that repose that hath been denied me on its surface. And my dear Arthur,—oh! no! no! no! It must not be,—I would be for ever lost to heaven and to him. Alas! what have I rashly meditated—oh! my God! forgive me, bear with me,—'twas my momentary flight of reason that left my speech unguarded,—'twas madness,—'twas despair.'

It was a beautiful morning, and the sun like bars of gold, lay on the verdant hills and plains afar, rosy and beautiful. The morning hymn of the birds went upward, rejoicing with the breeze. The tree tops stirred on the lifting winds and the green leaves whispered to themselves in dalliance sweet. The air was fragrant with the breath of blossoms, and musical with the flow of rippled waters, for summer was the time and sweet the hour. The bell of the village church, in slow and measured tones, announced the arrival of the wedding suite. Slowly they moved along the broad aisle, and approaching the sacred altar where the priest was in waiting, arranged themselves for the solemn ceremony. The bell had ceased tolling, and a breathless silence reigned

within the holy sanctuary, save when broken by the audible tones of the priest administering the benediction of matrimony. The nuptials being concluded, the company dispersed and sought their carriages, and while the Colonel was in the act of entering his own, a gentle tap on his arm arrested his attention, followed by a respectful bow from a stranger who politely tendered him a note. Throwing himself beside his bride, and hastily breaking the seal he read as follows:

VILLAGE HOTEL, 9 o'clock, A. M.

To COLONEL MORTON.—Sir,—I am happy to announce to you my arrival here this morning; and having business of momentous interest to submit to your consideration, as a gentleman of military discipline, honor, and talent I hope you will favor me with an immediate interview.

Yours in haste,

MAJOR GEN. MELVILLE.

'And this is indeed, news,' exclaimed the Colonel, carefully refolding the note, for it was flattering to his vanity, in being consulted by so famed and renowned a General as Melville, the brave the intrepid warrior, whose name was familiar to every ear; and whose deeds, as his virtues, were dear to every heart. Arrived at the dwelling house of his father-in-law, the Colonel and his bride received the usual congratulations of numerous friends and acquaintances, and after a suitable time had elapsed, he excused himself an hour's absence, pleading business of vital interest; and hastily entering his carriage, he soon reached the hotel of the illustrious stranger. A servant in reply to his inquiry for the General, politely conducted him to a splendid apartment, and ere the door had firmly closed upon him, another suddenly opened; but judge of his astonishment, his dismay, on finding himself in the presence of Arthur Dayton, in the full uniform of Major General of the army. The Colonel being married in military costume, was armed, and grasping his sword, he demanded an explanation, for what he deemed an outrageous usurpation fabricated for the purpose of taking his life.

'By what authority,' he exclaimed, dare you assume the honored title of General Melville?

'The honored title of General,' replied Dayton, with a look of withering contempt, 'I have won by noble and daring deeds in battle; such,' he continued in a sarcastic tone, 'as never made you a Colonel; and, the name of Melville was that of a deceased uncle, which conformably to his will, I have legally inherited with an immense estate. Thus, you see, Colonel Morton, there has been no deception practised in seeking this interview, which must prove fatal to one, and perchance to both of us. Nay, do not start—the doors are secured—we must fight, for nothing less than blood can wipe away the vengeance I have sworn. You have robbed me of that which was dearer to me than life—my own devoted Alice, yet do not flatter yourself that a victory over my happiness is so easily achieved. Behold these scars! they were gained in battle—and I bear no malice to the hand that dealt them, but you, like an assassin in the dark, have inflicted upon my heart a wound that cannot heal until I have made thy bride a virgin widow. I am not a stranger to your crimes, for I have been fully apprised of your dastardly acts.'

'Dastard! By heavens!'

'Nay, nay, Colonel put up your sword, and reserve your valor till a more fitting occasion; 'twere a pity to dim its lustre for the first time, by an act of violence, for I pledge my honor you shall have ample cause to wield it ere long in self-defence.

'Then be it now,' he replied 'for thy insulting taunts,—and, violently thrusting his sword to the General, who was unprepared for so dishonorable an attack, wounded him severely in the left arm, which aroused the deadly ire of his soul that burst from his lips.

'Assassin, thy blood be upon thy own head! and grasping his trusty sword, it leaped flashing from its scabbard, like lightning from the heavens, and furious was the conflict; the clashing of steel, and the hurried tread of feet, aroused the

inmates of the hotel, who burst the door just as the Colonel was staggering with his death wound. Fortunately, they witnessed his dying confession, which forever released the brave Melville from worldly restraints.

Summoning his servant, the General ordered his carriage, and hurriedly left the apartment, lest they, too, should recognize in him the person of Arthur Dayton. Great was the wonder and excitement created in the quiet village by this fatal affair. The dying words of Colonel Morton reflected no light on the mystery, further than to exonerate the General, as acting on the defensive. Various were the conjectures in circulation, and while some supposed the dispute of a military nature, others shook their heads, and more rightly deemed it—to use their own language—'an old grudge of long standing.'

Many were the eyes strained to catch a glimpse of the famous Melville, who, by this time, was riding from the village in his splendid equipage at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. But to return to Alice. What a favorable change a few hours had wrought in her condition,—and how apparently the reverse of feeling was manifested. The smiles and congratulations of friends were changed to condolence and sympathy, and, although naturally shocked herself at the sudden catastrophe, yet, nevertheless, like the captive unfettered and restored to freedom, her heart beat lighter, and her features though pale and pensive, were more calm and collected. But alas! with her those feelings were transitory as an evanescent gleam of sunlight over a clouded heart; for her own were borne on the wings of imagination to the supposed grave of her beloved Arthur. And though she sighed over her blighted hopes, still there existed a being her bosom fondly cherished—and that was her father—to whom she now devotedly clung; undefiled in purity; as the pale and drooping lily clings to its parent stem.

Several days had elapsed since the mysterious occurrence, as related at the hotel, when one evening the family of Mr. Burton were aroused by the hasty ringing of the hall bell. The servant announced that a stranger lately arrived from the wars, as the bearer of an important message, desired an interview with Mr. Burton and his daughter.

'Admit him instantly!' was the prompt reply of Mr. Burton, as he arose from his chair, and the last words had scarcely died upon his lips, when a tall commanding figure, enveloped in a military cloak, entered the apartment. His features were concealed by a mask, not unusual in the days to which our story refers. Declining the proffered seat, he introduced himself as the friend of Arthur Dayton.

'Arthur Dayton!' repeated Alice and her father with one accord,—and does he live? she eagerly continued.

'He does,' replied the stranger, turning to Alice, who sat—

'Pale and motionless, with lips apart

Like ancient sculpture of Italian art!'

'And he bade me ask from thine own lips if thou had ceased to love him, for reports reached his ear—though his many letters have been unanswered, yet, lady, his soul is so devoted to thee, he dare not doubt thy constancy; and, through me, he would learn his destiny.'

'Alas!' she sighed, and a tear as pure as the dew of heaven, rolled down her cheek—'since thou art indeed his friend, oh! tell him that mine eyes never gazed upon a single line that was breathed by him—tell him that my heart is unaltered—that it beats for him alone, as in the joyous time when sorrow was a stranger to my bosom; oh! say that I love him yet—in that his image is blended in my dreams and in my prayers—that when I cease to think of him, the spirit that nourished my devotion will have departed for ever.' The stranger was evidently touched, for a deep sigh from his bosom, followed the close of her declaration.

'Lady,' he replied folding his arms with apparent composure, 'I would bid thee hope for brighter days—perchance the torture of thy love

had not reached their ear. Know then, lady he is wealthy and renowned, by the decree of an aged relative, he hath inscribed a name, which his deeds in battle will forever perpetuate.

'The name?' interrogated Alice, rising from her seat in the excitement of the moment.

'General Melville,' answered the stranger, and hastily casting his mask and cloak aside, the lover himself, in glittering uniform, caught her in his arms as she fainted, and pressed her to his throbbing bosom, to part no more.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1851.

TO OUR READERS.—This first number will be sent to many persons whose names are not enrolled on our Subscribers' list. Such parties will please either return the paper, or signify practically that they wish it to become an inmate of their household. The second number will not appear before the 13th of December.

PROSPECTUS

OR

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

Price One Dollar per annum.

At present there exists not amongst us any paper so exclusively divested of party politics, and at the same time so general in its bearing upon the individual interest of the body politic, as to make it really a family paper; acceptable alike to the merchant and the mechanic, the artist and the agriculturist.

To supply this desideratum it is proposed to establish a quarto weekly paper, to be published in Toronto, entitled *THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD*, in which Agriculture, Art, Science, and Literature, in their latest discoveries, their most recent inventions, their gradual development, and their present and prospective social benefits, will be concisely and comprehensively unfolded, from the most reliable sources; thus presenting a Family Paper in which all the members of the household can find something suited to their individual tastes and capacities.

Mechanics' Institutes, Public Libraries, Mutual Improvement Societies,—in short, every institution which has for its aim the good of man, will be warmly supported, as, in our rising country, too much attention cannot be paid to the inculcation of sound moral precepts, so that the youthful mind may be thoroughly stored with useful knowledge.

New Publications will be reviewed with candour, and the various departments of the paper will be all carefully arranged under their respective heads.

The size chosen for the Herald is convenient for binding, while it will be furnished at a price within the reach of all classes of the community. Interesting European News will be attended to, and no expense will be spared to make it a most agreeable and instructive family paper, worthy the patronage of all who rejoice in the extensive diffusion of useful knowledge.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Herald will be found a valuable medium for advertising. Its cheapness brings it within the reach of

all. Its selections in Literature will make it always a welcome guest in the family circle; while its contributions, in Science and the Arts, will make it the companion of the Artizan and the Agriculturist; so that merchants and business men generally, will find it to their interest to announce themselves occasionally through its columns.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—This is a feature almost exclusively peculiar to a few English publications. It is found to contribute very successfully to the interest of the reader, and is the means of affording much useful information. We have made arrangements, by means of which, this branch will be carefully attended to, and all enquiries answered so far as practicable so to do.

Our simple aim, courteous reader, in appearing before you in the columns of the *CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD*, is to fill up a niche in the social literary circle; to gather into one focus a few of the rays of genius, that every day are dashed across our path, and become the medium by which their concentrated coruscations, shall again be transmitted to enlighten the general family circle. Free from party feeling, or party politics, or strictly denominational peculiarities, which make magazine and newspaper literature, always to a certain extent exclusive, the Herald will be generally available. Its columns will not be open to any party or personal matter whatever. No feelings will ever be engendered by a perusal of its contents, but those of hatred to what is vicious, and ardent, devoted attachment to that which tends to family comfort. The success of a cheap publication, of a strictly moral cast, may be doubted, were an examination made into the kind of literature which prevails most in our streets and in our steamboats; but this is no correct criterion, and only proves that people will read, and must have cheap literature, although, in many cases, it may be at the expense of sound morality. In the prospectus an idea is given of the general nature of the paper, and thoroughly satisfied that there is not only scope for such a weekly messenger, but, that it will be generally supported, it is, without further comment, launched upon the sea of life.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Last night a lecture was delivered in this Institution by Rev. Dr. Burns—subject, *THE DAWN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*. The attendance was very good, and the lecture was admirably well received. The next number of the Herald will contain a carefully condensed report of the interesting lecture, and the subsequent lectures of this Institution will be attended to. Arrangements are made, by means of which, the lectures delivered at the Mercantile Association of Hamilton, and the Mechanics' Institute at Kingston will receive a similar amount of attention.

ENGLISH SUMMARY.

With the exception of the very great excitement caused in England by the progress of Kosuth through the country, English news by the Asia, which arrived at Halifax on the 25th, is

divested of general interest. Manchester and Birmingham have even outvied Southampton in the hearty welcome they have given to the Hungarian Patria. The submarine telegraph between England and France is now in successful operation, and on the 13th a dispatch, in reference to the English Fiasco, was transmitted with accuracy.

The French news is very exciting, but as yet nothing definite has been adopted. The second reading of the new Electoral Law was lost on the 13th inst., by a majority of 375 to 248 in the Assembly; but notwithstanding this defect of the Ministry, everything remained tranquil, and no agitation is likely to be attempted by the Mountain until nearer the general election, when the strength of parties will be excited to the utmost.

Accounts from New South Wales to the 1st of August, had been received in London, giving the most flattering accounts both as to the quantity and quality of the gold round about Bathurst. Sydney was said to be almost deserted. The receipts per week into the town were said to reach £20,000 to £25,000. The Government armed escort brought £10,000.

The King of Hanover appeared to rally considerably on the 9th, so that hopes were entertained that he might yet be spared, but on the 10th the bulletin was so unfavorable that his decease was hourly expected.

Agriculture.

CULTIVATION BY MACHINERY.

Although many persons denounce all attempts to abridge manual labour by the use of machinery, as being destructive to the interests of the labouring classes, the time is not distant when machinery instead of being the foe of the labouring man or the mechanic, will prove his benefactor. It is no wonder that on the first acquisition of so powerful an agent, it should be seized upon by the man of wealth as an unfailling lever to elevate him to opulence, but the end is not yet. A wise providence makes our cupidity and our ambition the means of subserving his own invariable ends, and in no way is this more apparent than in the improvements that have been made in the process of cultivation. When another cycle has revolved, if it be found that in consequence of the rapid development of mind, an agriculturist with a steam-plough will be able in two hours to effect as much work as his grandfather could in two days, will it be then necessary that he should fill up all the remaining portions of those days by devoting it to unceasing labour? Unquestionably no. The labouring man will then know that he has a mind to cultivate as well as a field to drain and irrigate, and according as he performs aright the primary avocation, so will he be rendering his tribute of gratitude to that All Pervading Power, who has so blessed the energies of powerful minds as to afford him leisure thus to fulfil the true end of his being. This is perhaps a formal introduction to the elucidation of a recent invention for the application of steam power to

the working of land by Mr George Guthrie, of Appleby, in Westmoreland, England. The specification of the patent was enrolled on the 24th of September last. The operation is performed, as we learn from the *Patent Journal* by a process of digging, resembling in some measure, the effect produced when performed by hand. The machinery employed in carrying out this system consists of a steam carriage, part of which only is shown in the drawings attached to the specification. The carriage is supported on level wheels, to prevent its sinking into the ground. These wheels are so connected with the driving gear that a slow progressive motion is imparted to the whole carriage over the land. The digging instrument, which is a substitute, and performs in a similar manner to the spade, is what is termed a "grape," being an instrument with three or more level prongs, which is capable of lifting a quantity of earth, and at the same time, does not afford so much surface to which the soil may adhere. This instrument is supported by a helve, like the ordinary instrument, which is a broad flat bar of iron, mounted in a suitable frame, in which it is free to turn on its axis, for the purpose of inverting or partially turning the grape during its action. Motion is given to the grape frame, partially of a reciprocating and curvilinear character. This is effected by means of a system of cranks and connecting rods.—The engine communicates motion in the first instance by a large spur-wheel to which are geared three pinions, on the shafts of which are placed the necessary cranks, these are connected by the several rods to the grape frame and are situated at such points from the periphery of the spur-wheel as to stand relatively in the necessary direction to the digging instrument so as to perform their several offices.—The frame of the digging instrument moves in suitable guides, in an incline direction, in which it is free to oscillate on two bearings at about the middle of its length. The cranks disposed of as before mentioned, are also situated relatively to each other, at such points of the circle as to impart the necessary motion to the digging frame, to cause it to produce the required evolutions of the large spur-wheel of the grape, thus, supposing the instrument about to enter the ground, it is in nearly a vertical position, and is propelled downwards by one or both of the cranks, on entering the ground about half-way, one of the cranks—that is, the one connected with the lower part of the frame—passes the lowest point of its circle, and begins to rise, which is then drawing up the instrument out of the ground, while, at the same time, the tendency of the other is to carry it still further down. The machine having, at the same time, a slowly progressive motion, the combination of the whole of which causes the instrument, although not penetrating to any great depth, to completely enter the ground by a kind of scooping motion. The continued motion of the crank in advance now lifts the instrument up to nearly a horizontal position, which is maintained by both cranks rising at the same time. About the time of the grape attaining nearly the horizontal position another motion is imparted to it—viz., that of partially turning on its axis; this is produced by the flat bar or helve of the grape before mentioned having a twist in it at a particular point: this performs the office of a screw with a coarse pitch. To produce the rotary motion a cross-bar is fitted to the grape frame or "gate" which is free to traverse lengthways therein. This bar has a slot, which receives the helve at its twisted part which is fitted thereto in such a manner, that it may traverse on the twisted portion. Motion is given to the cross-bar at the proper time, by a crank, so as to cause the bar to traverse in the direction of the length of the helve. This traverse taking place on the twisted portion of the helve, the grape is thus caused to turn and throw off the soil lifted by the other motions, by connecting the slot bar with some stationary object. The grape or digging instrument is placed on

one side of the machine, and the several cranks are overhung, or on the ends of the several shafts. After passing off the soil, the grape then assumes its original position, in which it entered the ground, which is repeated as before, but at another point, sufficiently in advance to take another spadeful, by reason of the advance of the machine.

PROCEED FROM A SINGLE GRAIN OF WHEAT—
An experiment on the fertility of wheat has, during the past year, been carried out in the garden of Mr. Skove, a surgeon at Buckingham, of which the following is a correct account. On the 13th of July 1850, a single grain of wheat was sown in the garden; the plant came up in ten days, and grew luxuriantly till the 13th of September; it was then taken up and divided into slips, and replanted, and suffered to remain till the present year. The weather then becoming favorably wet, they were all taken up again and divided into no less than 114 plants, these being planted, were permitted to stand till the month of Aug., when they were productive of the amazing number of 520 ears of wheat, many of them full size, containing more than 50 grains of corn. The crop was gathered before it was fully ripened, as the birds attacked it in spite of revolving sea-thorns and a protecting net. Whether the result of this trial will strengthen the opinion of those who contend for the thin sowing of wheat in ordinary field cultivation, must be left to the judgment of more practical agriculturalists, but of the amazing productiveness of the wheat plant under such treatment, any one may easily satisfy himself by repeating the experiment.—*English Paper.*

Literary Notices.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE CLIMATE OF WESTERN CANADA. By HENRY YOUNG HIND, Toronto. Brewer & McPAIL.

The wonder which Canada excited at the Great Exhibition shows plainly that even those who might have been expected to know somewhat of her resources were not at all prepared for the display there made. The Dumfries wheat, the Dundas blankets, and the Montreal and Quebec mechanism, spoke eloquently of plenty, comfort, and civilization. But something more requires to be done to remove those prejudicial impressions which have been formed in reference to the climate of the western portion of the Province. Without attempting to distinguish between the eastern limits of the county, and the general character of the western province, so delightfully situated amongst the Lakes, it has been set down that our winter is long, rigorous, and almost unendurable, and our spring glides rapidly into the insufferably scorching heat of a brief and fleeting summer, which is speedily consummated in a few days of mellow autumn. Such is the very general opinion regarding our climate, and the laudable object which the author has in view in the little work before us, is to aid in removing the unfavorable impressions which may have been formed in reference to the characteristics of the climate of Western Canada in its bearing upon agriculture. In the prosecution of his aim, he has happily adduced a variety of statistical facts which show that, from our peculiar position among the Lakes, our climate affords facilities for agricultural pursuits not surpassed in any part of this great continent. He shows

that the points in which the climate of Western Canada differs from that of Britain and Ireland are, 1st. In high summer means of temperature. 2nd. In its comparative dryness, and 3rd. In the serenity of the sky, and no one who has paid the slightest attention to the subject will doubt the correctness of his conclusions. These three properties, so essential to the ripening of grain, are so deficient in some of the more Northern parts of Great Britain, that it is not uncommon to see corn with a gigantic stalk of nine or ten inches cut down about the end of October as green as grass, purely because there is no sun to ripen it. Instead, however, of entering into the details which are so lucidly brought out, we would recommend the work to the perusal of every one interested in the welfare of Canada, and would give as an extract a few of the Author's concluding remarks:

Within five and twenty or thirty miles of Toronto, the better class of farmers consider thirty bushels of wheat to the acre an average crop, and this return is obtained in spite of all the imperfections of a comparatively primitive system of husbandry. If half the care were bestowed upon the preparation of land for wheat, which is devoted to that operation in Great Britain, fifty instead of thirty bushels to the acre, would be an average yield on first class farms. It must be borne in mind, that subsoil draining is unknown among our farmers; that top-dressing in the fall with long dung is never practiced, a proper rotation of crops scarcely ever adopted, frequent repetitions of the same crop general, farm-yard manure applied without any previous preparation; and yet, under these disadvantages of ART, NATURE, with her fertile soil and admirable agricultural climate, produces most abundant crops when she is not too grossly abused. How different a state of things to the east of the Lakes. Professor Norton, in his Appendix to Stephen's Farmers' Guide, says, that "in many of the Eastern States, where wheat was once largely grown, its culture has greatly decreased, and in some districts scarcely any is to be found, excepting an occasional small patch of spring wheat. It is common to ascribe this to the Hessian fly, to the prevalence of rust, &c.; but after we have made all due allowance for these causes of uncertain produce, the principal reason, in my judgment, is to be found in the deterioration of the land." The climatic adaptation of the Western Province to certain forage and root crops, is well deserving of notice. When ordinary care and attention is devoted to their cultivation, in the way of mere surface draining, and in the application of farm-yard manure, gypsum, or lime, they grow with remarkable luxuriance. White clover springs up wherever the virgin soil is stirred with the plough, or even exposed to the sun's rays, after the process of clearing the land of its forest growth. The red clover flourishes year after year, without diminution in yield, if sparingly top-dressed with gypsum or leached wood ashes. Certain varieties of beans, (not the common horse bean), such as the dwarf, French, and kidney beans, come to maturity with remarkable rapidity, and are at the same time very prolific. Some of the dwarf varieties are especially adapted for forage crops, or even for food, as in Germany and France. They may be sown in this country broadcast, as late as the middle of July; they produce most abundantly, and are well adapted to serve as a green manure, on light soils deficient in vegetable matter. Indian corn, as a forage crop, sown broadcast, has yet to be introduced. Jerusalem artichokes will bear mowing at least three times in the year, they will grow upon any kind of soil, and retain possession of the land with such singular tenacity, that a patch must be devoted to them alone. They derive nearly all their nourishment from the atmosphere,

and require no care whatever in their cultivation. In the event of a dry autumn when other crops are scarce they are always to be found in vigorous health. Vegetables, which succeed most admirably upon the comparatively heavy soils some few miles north of Toronto are very rarely to be seen. Lucerne is also well adapted to the Lacustrine climate of Western Canada, it attains dimensions far exceeding its average size in France and Italy.

Arts and Manufactures.

AFRICAN ARTS AND MANUFACTURES

Travellers in Africa all coincide in one important particular, namely, that the natives of that continent exhibit a remarkable degree of genius, and display in their numerous manufactured articles such a knowledge of mechanics as to agreeably surprise all who have heard of or been privileged to behold their handiwork.

Iron ore of superior quality is found in immense quantities, and from it are made, by the untaught natives, ornamental and useful articles, such as spears, arrows, rings, chains, hoes, bracelets, &c. A small but regular amount of this material, made into a peculiar shape, is called a "bar," and appears to be the standard of value by which their currency is regulated.

They are exceedingly skilful in the tanning and manufacture of leather. Their armlets, cases, spears and dagger sheaths, whips, bridles, pouches, powder flasks, sandals, boots, &c., are made with remarkable neatness.

In addition to these may be named, their war-horns made from the tusks of elephants and other animals, their musical instruments—the strings of the "banjo" being formed from the fibres of trees. Their bags for carrying materials, and baskets of all sizes and descriptions, are wrought with great symmetry and beauty from sea grass and the leaves of their innumerable and useful trees, plants, &c. The palm tree, says a traveller, "is applied by them to three hundred and sixty five uses. Huts are thatched with palm leaves, its fibres are used for fishing tackle, ropes, sieves, twine, &c., a rough cloth is made from the inner bark, the fruit is roasted, and is excellent, the oil serves for butter, and the wine is a favourite drink.

In some portions of Africa, they are exceedingly skilful in making canoes. These are dug out of trees, and are amazingly large. Some are capable of carrying from fifty to one hundred and fifty persons, besides ten or twelve hands to pull. Mats in abundance, of all kinds, sizes, and qualities, are manufactured, chiefly by the women. These mats are used for many purposes—to sleep on, partition off rooms, for bed-curtains, bags, carpets, &c.; the fine ones make nice table-covers, and are used for clothing. They look as if they were woven—are sometimes eight feet wide, and fifteen or twenty feet long.

Clothes are made in abundance; they are spun (without any wheel) from the native cotton, and woven in a strip from five to ten inches wide, then cut to the length they want the cloth, and sewed together. Various figures are made in weaving. The colors are handsome and permanent. Pottery made of clay is very common, and stands the fire as well as any other, the vessels are of all sizes, from a quart to twenty gallons. Hats, similar to the American palm-leaf summer hats, are made in various styles, and are much superior to the American article—more durable and fine.

In making clothes, the Mandingoes are very expert to cut and sew shirts and other kinds of garments, and in making their caps and robes.

Wooden spoons, of a neat, fine quality, are also produced, and bowls, fine and superior, from a pint to a half barrel, neat and cheap. Wooden fish hooks are made, and much used, large fish-baskets, also, for catching fish. Many

of their green-grocery display much skill in their manufacture. Soap, good and cheap, is abundant. Jugs, bottles, bowls are made (earthen), and a multitude of other little things we cannot now mention, very ingenious and skilful.

The native African, it is to be understood, is naturally indolent, and although the various articles of labor here mentioned would perhaps convey the impression that they are an industrious people, yet the contrary is the fact.

What a market is here opened for the sale of our manufactures? Who can rightly calculate the amount of employment it would afford the operatives and workmen of our land to clothe her unnumbered millions and the enormous trade which she could afford us in the luxuries, and what we consider the necessities, of life, from her prolific tropical soil?

Well might the poet, speaking of Africa, exclaim

"Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Black in the splendors of the solar zone,
A world of wonders—where creation seems
No more the work of Nature, but her dreams!"

Miscellaneous.

A PORTRAIT FROM REAL LIFE.

We have seldom met with anything more graphic and telling than the subjoined. It is to the true, and his off in an admirable spirit, a species of proverbs that is fearfully prevalent. Too many of the young and inexperienced mistake impudence for independence, and vulgarity for wit. They imagine, too, that to be manly, is to be profligate, and thus they boast of vices and irregularities—indirectly, it is true—as if they thought that by the indulgence of such weakness and error, elevation and importance were attained. They fancy, too, that age is ever associated with imbecility, while youth is not only fresh and vigorous, but that it possesses extraordinary powers of discrimination. Thus they lose all sense of respect for their seniors in years, and by pretension, impertinence and insolence, offend good taste, violate good morals, and excite the pity if not contempt of the calm and reflecting observer. The subject, however, is one that cannot be adequately expatiated upon in a brief paragraph. We may allude to it again, and in the meanwhile we invite the attention of the interested, and the class is by far too numerous, to the following:

THE CITY BOY-MAN.—Boys of the present age, we congratulate you on your extraordinary precocity! We rejoice to see you advanced so immeasurably above your degenerate forefathers. Putting infants, as they were, engaged in the depreciable and unmanly games of cricket and marbles, you, with far sublimer ideas, look with disdain upon them, and, staking about with hat, cane, and cigar, ape the manners, and adopt the conversation of maturity. How commendable! Boydom has passed away in the city—and forever. Never again shall we hear the merry laugh, or shrill whistle, as, engaged in some exciting sport, the boy gave vent to his joy. Not in boxing, not in squirrel-hunting, does boyhood now take delight, but, with an affected stimper, and with ugly-strapped pantaloons, and kids ready to crack at the least muscular exertion, you behold him gallantly securing some little delicate Miss to her French school, or, with the most perfect nonchalance, amuse his leisure hours in enveloping his head in tobacco smoke, or imbibing draughts of villainous fire-water.

It is an unanswerable fact, that youths at the age of fifteen, from the miracle—or no rule—of parents or some other cause, labour under the singular delusion, that in experience, ability, and general attainments, they far excel their fathers. As for their grandfathers—they were a set of ignoramuses! So strongly is this idea impressed upon their minds that no opportunity is allowed to escape without its being manifested. They give their opinion boldly upon every occasion,

and do not spare the man whose judgment unfortunately happens to conflict with their own, as a fool. Their talent to expressively elaborate but in bad taste, and a swaggering air is invariably assumed, which is easily outdone by any alibi.

The City Boy-Man talks much and loudly about his prowess in pugilistic encounters, and is continually threatening to "punch" severely some man about his age and size. A Sunday never passes without his being seen upon the steps of some church case in hand, familiarly sitting at every lady that passes. His conquests with the sex are innumerable. In fact, his dissipatedness are irresistible.

His presence—whenever he may be—he invariably makes known by loud demonstrations. He is the best critic of the Drama probably in the country. Schlegel and Hazitt are nothing to him. His entire conversation consists of an interminable enumeration of the number of sherry-cobblers he imbibed the preceding night, the late hour at which he retired, the headache he is now suffering under, and his firm determination to give up all dissipation.

He is the greatest bore in the world, throwing himself upon you at the most unseasonable time and place, and perseveringly adhering to you, in spite of the strongest hints and insinuations. A scandalous story is a perfect god-send to him, which he enthusiastically details, elaborately embellishes, among his companions. He under stands horses thoroughly, and knows the pedigree and "time" of all the fast-horses in the country.—His taste in liquors is also exquisite and unimpeachable.

In fact, the City Boy-Man is "posted up" in every thing, and is fully entitled to most profound—no, not detestation, but esteem and admiration.—*Drawing Room Journal.*

LIMITATION OF HUMAN FACULTIES.—How to use our fellow men, is a great discovery; how to abuse them is an easy matter which every dunce may learn. But to avail oneself of the virtues and abilities of others, is a happy faculty, possessed by few. Yet it is his knowledge, or the want of it, which makes much of the difference among men. Without it, a man may be every inch a man, but possesses only a one-man power after all. With it he becomes a great machine combining and controlling the natural powers of many. Such a person is, therefore, more than a match for any individual, however great, who stands alone.

Men are not great in every thing, most have but one faculty that is prominent. For that they become remarked, and thereupon the credulous and easy world attribute to them many, if not most others, however insignificant. This is a dangerous mistake, and has led to memorable disasters. Generals have been selected for the figure, which they have made in drawing rooms, and men have been promoted to dictate in political economy and the laws of nations, because they successfully commanded armies in time of war, when all laws are silent, or extravagance and reckless waste are subordinate to victory. One strong faculty, so far from pre-supposing, frequently puts a negative upon others, (or according to an affected phrase lately borrowed from the lawyers,) ignores them.

How strange it is, that one should be commissioned Secretary of the Navy, because he is a historian, or a novelist, or made a governor for having had the luck to make a fortune first. Even Mr. Jefferson's philosophy was, in the time of it, and by many people now, regarded as a disqualification to him, so far as it went, but he escaped at last upon the ground, that it did not go very far. Is there any thing in successful shyness which qualifies one to be an editor, or give an opinion on finance? Would it be discreet to appoint an eminent farmer to be Collector of the port, or an importing merchant to the presidency over a board of agriculture, or the committee on manufactures in the House? Is a man of necessary a capable critic of Webster's Dictionary, be-



cause he happens to be a member of the New York Senate or a writer of pleasant stories?

Men have peculiar adaptations, and when taken out of them, lose their usefulness and power. Few are equally good, like Rindera, in the command of liberating armies, lecturing abolition societies, and as mob instigator and orator, yet even he, if constituted major of New York, or Judge of the District Court, might not shine as a conservator of the peace of the city, which he has spent his life in disturbing, or in the interpretation of the laws of society and nations, which he has done so much to stimulate others to the violation, though he has had the cunning, or cowardice, to elude them himself.

This, and similar trains of thought, make one desirous to know, who it is that is constantly manufacturing public opinion, the ruling power in this country. This popular judgment is created by talking and by writing, and it would be a curious occupation to investigate, whether the time is given by the most intelligent, or, on the contrary, by those least qualified in the community. A suspicion is extensively abroad that men are out of their proper position, some are teachers, when they should be learners, and others are put into the very offices, or which they have manifested an unsuitness. Of one thing it is time to be convinced, that a great orator is not the best man to be relied on for a good worker, and that a witty fellow, or crafty manager, makes frequently the worst of legislators.

A Utopian dreamer, or ethical reasoner and speculator, would be as much misplaced in a position among statesmen, as a carpenter with his compasses and square in the chair of a professor of poetry. No man's opinion should be deferred to in any particular matter, because he happens to be eminent in another.—*Newark Advertiser.*

DURROW OR KNOWLEDGE.—Regard for a moment the condition of the savage in that intercourse with his fellows, where sensual indulgences and rude exultation in the slaughter of his enemies, constitute the chief of that happiness which their society affords. Think of the aged and infirm parent falling under the paralytic hand, because forsooth his ribs are no longer active in the chase, his arm no longer nerved to deal the deadly blow to an insulting adversary. Think of the sick and afflicted, deserted in their last moments, and left to a pile without the hand of friendship to close the dying eye. Think of women formed to soothe, to polish and refine our ruder natures, doomed to a degrading servitude, and thought worthy to minister only to the passions of their haughty lords. From this rude society, turn to that of civilized life. Benevolence spreads her arms to embrace the human race—sympathy awakens at the notes of woe. Charity forgets not her work of love, but visits the habitation of poverty and wretchedness, and with a generous hand, relieves want, and soothes the wounds of adversity. Filial piety softens the pillow of declining age. Whilst friendship and affection wait upon the couch of sickness, forgetful of fatigue, contagion and death. In scenes of health and prosperity, peace and joy reign—mutual confidence and endearment characterize domestic life—rational enjoyment marks the social circle, nurturing feelings which strengthen the bonds imposed upon mankind by mutual wants and mutual dependence. Lovely woman holds her just ascendancy—shines alike in every relation of life—a voluntary homage paid to her charms—her smile encouraging to virtuous enterprises and noble achievement—her frown chilling the ardour of even hardy insolence and impious daring. Does this contrast result from difference in mental cultivation? History presents it as the primary cause.—*So. Lit. Messenger.*

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOUR.—The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is

very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You shall see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bowers of the same family, two young men of whom the one shall be a limited to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity, yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness, while on the other hand you shall observe the mediocre, plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Men are the architects of their respective fortunes. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexercised, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the Condor of S. America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that ethereal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and prolonged continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this carving and wide-spreading comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought, that

"—Pick bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where bottom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks—"

This is the process, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.—*Writ.*

PHILANTHROPIC DOG.—A correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, writing from *Dorchester, Massachusetts*, relates the following incident of bird sagacity and canine benevolence:

We have a fine dog of the mastiff breed, who takes great interest in all home affairs, and he seems to think that the poultry, (of which we have a great many) are under his special protection; and woe to the unlucky rat or weasel, cat or skunk who dares venture within the precincts of the yard. One morning this summer I was in my room, and hearing a commotion in the yard I looked out and observed a fine speckled hen of the Dominique breed, in great distress, running from a deep earthen water jar to the dog, who was asleep, about a rod from the jar, and back again.

This she repeated two or three times—I saw that one of her chicks, a few days old, had fallen into the jar, and was about going to its relief, when the dog sprang up and ran to the jar. He seemed to deliberate for a moment, then put his nose deep into the jar, and not succeeding in taking the chicken out, placed his paw upon the edge of the jar, and upset it, when the chicken ran off and joined the brood, much to the relief of the old hen. The dog, after deliberately tapping his paws, quietly returned to his nap, and I, thinking that such "instinct" was worth recording, wrote it down at the time in my diary; and you may, if you please, give it to your readers.

DIAMONDS.—The *London Morning Chronicle* indulges to the following speculations, to which certain recent chemical discoveries have given rise: "It would be exceedingly curious, if, at some future exhibition, diamonds rivaling the Kohinoor should be considered of less value than the glass models now shown by Mr. Apalay Pellati, and should be produced at even less cost. But, if the result of certain investigations which have been communicated to us be correct, our reconceived notions on this subject will be readily converted. Hitherto we have been told by chemists that 'his glittering stone is pure carbon, and that we may as well try to produce original matter as this substance. But some investigations into the laws of chemical combinations and affinities, conducted by the Chevallier Clausen, have, within the last few days led him to believe that the existing notion of the diamond being composed

of the pure element of carbon is erroneous. Instead of being pure carbon, he states that it is a compound of carbon and carbonic acid—in fact, a carbonate of carbon: and he is also of opinion that carbon itself is not an elementary body, as he thinks he has succeeded in dissolving and analyzing it. We have not had an opportunity of verifying the experiments referred to, but we are informed that several eminent chemists are at present engaged in that task.

THE PLANET MARS ATTRA.—"Nothing is sacred," says the *Home Journal* "from the irreverent assaults of science. Not content with reversing the motion of the planets, and exploding the four elements which our ancestors relied upon, philosophy has now attacked the existence of the equinoctial storm! This time-honored institution, which we had thought safe under the protection of unassailable prescription and precedent, is not only gravely questioned, but boldly and absolutely denied! The force of innovation 'can no further go!' Professor Loomis, at the late meeting of the Association of Science, at Albany, in a paper read before one of the sections, affirmed the belief of the semi-annual phenomenon to be an old woman's delusion, and declared that it had no rational or scientific foundation. The eminent Dr. Hare, with that conservatism of instinct which might be expected in an old Washingtonian Federalist, came to the rescue of this venerable tradition of time; and, from his well-known ability, there is yet hope that this grand old monument—the awe of our youth, the cupious theme of maternal counsels—may be saved to the world. If 'the equinoctial' is wrested from us, we may ask, with Dr. Young, 'Where is the world in which we were born?' If we are bereaved of our storm, we are bereaved. Democrats, an' ye please, we are; but for such march of revolution we had not been prepared. The constitution changed—the common law abolished—and now the equinoctial openly assailed! After this, what is safe? It is the beginning of the end. This science is a turbulent thing; respecting nothing that is scullied. We may say of its menacing progress:

'This subtle thief of life, this stealthy form,
What will it leave us, when it snatch our storm?'

A NOVEL CONTEST IN PARIS.—A Paris correspondent of the *Washington Republic* states that an English lord recently arrived in Paris, for the purpose of offering a new species of amusement to the Jockey Club of that city. He is, says the writer, the owner of two owls, whose principal accomplishment is the waging of a war of extermination against rats. They have already given proofs of their vigor, in a battle with six of the biggest specimens of those vermin that could be found in the three kingdoms. But as the rats of Paris enjoy a reputation for ferocity unequalled by those of any other locality, the baronet has crossed the channel intending to match the owls against twelve of the most fierce. Victor Comurier, the inspector of drains and gutters, was employed to furnish the combatants. In three days the rats were ready. They are all of them from fifteen to eighteen inches long, with moustaches six inches in length. They are kept in separate cages, for fear they might mutually devour each other. They are highly intelligent, for they recognize Comurier, who feeds them, and even respond to their several appellations. The inspector has fixed on one, as being the most ravenous, and as the most likely to give the terrible "Beak of Iron"—one of the owls—his mortal wound.—He mixes certain substances with their food, which will, by the time agreed upon for the fight, have wrought them up to a state of uncontrollable phrenzy. When once they have laid hold with their teeth in this condition, nothing but death and annihilation can make them let go.—The baronet paid two dollars a-piece for the monsters. Beus run high in their favor, and the owls, if they win, will realize for their master an almost fabulous sum. They, too, are training, and the combat is only delayed in consequence of the illness of Beak of Iron, who is still suffering from wounds received at his last encounter.—*Tribune*

THE BAKER POET OF NISMES.—In Nismes dwells the baker Rehoul, who writes the most charming poems; whoever may not chance to know him from these, is, however, well acquainted with him through "Lamarline's Journey to the East." I found him at the house, stepped into the bakehouse, and addressed myself to a man in shirt sleeves who was putting bread into the oven. It was Rehoul himself! A noble countenance which expressed a manly character greeted me. When I mentioned my name, he was courteous enough to say he was acquainted with it through the "Revue de Paris," and begged me to visit him in the afternoon, when he should be able to entertain me better. When I came again I found him in a little room which might be called almost elegant, adorned with pictures, casts and books, not alone French literature, but translations of the Greek classics. A picture on the wall represented his celebrated poem, "The Dying Child," from Marmion's "Chansons du Nord." He knew I had treated the same subject, and I told him this was written in my school days. In the morning I had found him the industrious baker, he was now the poet completely, he spoke with animation of the literature of his country, and expressed a wish to see the north, the scenery and intellectual life of which seemed to interest him. With great respect I took leave of a man whom the muses have not meanly endowed, and who yet has good sense enough, spite of all the homage paid him, to remain steadfast to his honest business, and prefer being the most remarkable baker in Nismes to losing himself in Paris, after a short triumph, among hundreds of other poets.—*Hans Andersen's Life.*

MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.—This popular and copious romance is about to publish his own "memoir." The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* thinks the chances are that the work will be one of the most brilliant of the kind that has yet been published; and that is saying a great deal, when we call to mind the immense host of memoir writers which France possesses. Only a few of Alexander's feats make a sufficiently imposing sentence. "Having mixed familiarly with all descriptions of society, from that of crowned heads and princes of the blood, down to strolling players—having been behind the scenes of the political, the literary, the theatrical, the artistic, the financial, and the trading worlds—having risen unaided from the humble position of subordinate clerk in the office of Louis Philippe's accountant, to that of the most popular of living romancers in all Europe—having found an immense fortune in his inkstand, and squandered it like a genius (or a fool)—having rioted in more than princely luxury, and been reduced to the sore strait of wandering where he could get credit for his dinner—having wandered far and wide, taking life as it came—now dining with a king, anon sleeping with a brigand—one day killing lions in the Sabara, and the next, according to his own account, being devoured by a bear in the Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and managed a theatre, and failed in both—having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National Guard, and done fierce battle with bailiffs and duns—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his coat is more variegated with ribbons than the rainbow with colours—having published more than any man living, and perhaps as much as any man dead—having fought duels innumerable—and having been more quizzed, and caricatured, and lampooned, and satirized, and abused, and slandered, and admired, and envied, than any human being now existing—Dumas must have an immensity to tell, and none of his contemporaries, we may be sure, could tell it better—few so well. Only we may fear it will be mixed up with a vast deal of imagination. But *Wimpole's!*"

THE STUDY OF NATURE.—The study of Nature enlarges the mind. "It grows with that it feeds on," and the vastness of its themes compel the expansion and elevation of its powers. In Na-

ture there is nothing absolutely little. A leaf defies the power of imitable art as essentially as the giant forest—a sunbeam, as the sun himself. This study, furthermore, refines the passions and the affections. The heart of man, unless debased by corrupt associations, will beat in unison with the exquisite chords of Nature's harp.

The history of great and good men, in all ages of the world, attests the power of Nature to soothe and charm the heart, even when regarded merely in her outward manifestations. How much more when her inward spirit and mystery are revealed in man, and he stands, as it were, in the very presence of the sublime Builder, beholding the processes of his mysterious operations!—Can such a man take pleasure in the dissipations of the sensualist? Can he delight in those grovelling pursuits which check the current of pure and generous feeling? Reason and virtue answer, no!—*Richard's Claims of Science.*

LARK.—Life, without some necessity for exertion, must ever lack real interest. That state is capable of the greatest enjoyment where necessity urges, but not painfully, where effort is required, but as much as possible without anxiety, where the spring and summer of life are preparatory to the harvest of autumn and the repose of winter. Then is every season sweet, and in a well spent life the last the best—the season of calm enjoyment, the richest in recollections, the brightest in hope. Good training and a fair start constitute a more desirable patrimony than wealth, and those parents who study their children's welfare rather than the gratification of their own avarice or vanity, would do well to think of this. Is it better to run a successful race, or to begin and end at the goal?

Varieties.

AN IRISHMAN coming to Boston from Lowell, took the stage in preference to the cars, because, as he said, he could ride four times as long for the same money.

AN IRISHMAN passing down the street, the other day, discovered a one dollar bill lying on the pavement. He eyed the craytor sufficiently to ascertain that it was of the stamp of one on which the day previous he had lost ten cents by way of discount. "Bad luck to the likes o' ye," exclaimed Pat, as he passed on; "there ye may lie, devil a finger will I put on ye, for I lost ten cents by a brother of yours yesterday."

WHEN it was told to the Rev. Sidney Smith, that it was intended to pave St. Paul's church yard with blocks, his answer was, that he thought there would be no difficulty in the matter, if the *Dean and Chapter would put their heads together.*

A YOUNG CLERGYMAN having preached on one occasion for Rev. Dr. Emmons, was anxious to get a word of applause, and, as the grave doctor did not introduce the subject, was obliged to bail the book for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day?" "No sir," replied the doctor, "nor by the depth of it, either."

A COLLEGE STUDENT being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to Deity, was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?" He answered with much simplicity, "Poor relations, sir."

A SCRITICAL YOUNG MAN who was conversing with the distinguished Dr. Parr, observed, that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then, young man," said the doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

A PAISLEY MANUFACTURER, having got by some accident a severe cut across the nose, and having no court plaster at hand, stuck on his unfortunate organ one of his gum tickets, on which was the usual intimation, "If warranted 300 yards long."

I do not know where that boy got his temper, he did not take it from me."

"Why, no my dear," was the affectionate response, "I don't perceive that you have lost any."

FRENCH AMONG THEM OWN FRENCH.—About 150 of the 2000 boys belonging to the Oak Orchard distillery, when it was burnt a few days since, got on a regular "bender." They partook of the fire-water as it came flowing into their styes, and, as a consequence, got most gloriously befuddled. Three of the number actually died in the ditch. The fish in Oak Orchard Creek were still more unfortunate. The fatal liquid mingled with their own pure element, and they drank and died by thousands. Oak Orchard Creek, was converted literally into a stream of death.

MAXIMS TO GIVE YOUR MIND.—Keep good company or none.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things.

Never listen to loose and infidel conversation.

Your characters cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Let judgment guide instead of passion.

Live in a manner that you need not reproach yourself when you become aged.

Be moderate in your pleasures.

"No enjoyment," says Sidney Smith, "however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure!"

BIRTH.

At Toronto, on the 24th Nov., the wife of Mr. Robert Graham, printer, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Guelph, on Thursday, the 16th inst., by the Rev. John G. Macgregor, Mr. William Gillis, of Galt, to Miss Mary Ann Horrox of the Township of Pusiloch.

DIED.

At Paris, C. W., on the 15th inst., Maria Ann, daughter of Mr. G. A. Sparr.

Advertisements.

A SALE.

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

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, at such reduced prices as will ensure a speedy sale. Parties about to buy their winter clothing have now an opportunity of doing so at prices far below their value. Those calling first will have the best choice.

Remember No. 68, King Street, 2 doors West of Church Street. Toronto, Nov. 23rd, 1851. 1-3m.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE JUST OPENED!

J. D. MERRICK

DEGS to inform his friends and the public that he has just opened, immediately opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, with a large and varied assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, suitable for the fall and winter trade.

Toronto, Nov. 23rd, 1851. 1-1m.

NEW DRY GOODS WAREHOUSE.

WILLIAM POLLEY

RESPECTFULLY intimates to his friends and the public generally, that he has opened these commodious premises,

66, King Street East,

(lately occupied by Messrs. McKean, Brothers & Co.) three doors west of Church Street, with an entire new stock of *First and Fashionable Staple and Fancy*

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Printed Cobourg Cloths, Printed Cashmere do., Printed De Laine do., Chene Crape, Puritan, Fabrique de Lyon, Plain and Figured Cobourg Cloths, Plain and Figured Orleans do., Gala Plaids, Saxonia Plaids, French Cloakings, Mohair do., Black and Coloured Gros de Naples, do. do. Silk Velvets do., do. do. Cotton do., 7-8ths, 4-4ths, 9-8ths Fancy Prints, Mourning Prints, Furniture do., Blue and White Prints, Blue and Yellow do., Hungarian Cloths, Coloured Derry's Blue Bengals, do. Drills, do. Denims, Furniture Stripes, Stripe Shirting, Regatta do., White Cottons, do. Sheetings, Grey Cottons, (all widths), Stout Grey Sheetings, 3-4ths and 6-4ths Blue Ticks, 6-4ths Straw, 3-4ths and 4-4ths Osaburgs, 3-4ths and 4-4ths Brown Linens, Towels and Toweling, Dowls, Hucabac, Canvass, Bags and Bagging, Cheese Cloth, Buff and White Window Hollands, Undressed Hollands, Blay do., Slate Brown do., Scotch do., Irish Linens, Table Damasks, Diapers, Lawns, Broad Cloths, Beaver do., Whiney do., California do., Etoffe do., Canadian do., Satinets, Tweeds, Doeskins, Cassimeres, Vestings, Blankets, Rugs, Scarlet, Red, White, Pink, Rose and Blue Flannels, Welsh do., Printed Salsbury do., Green Baiszes, Plaidings, Collar Checks, Moleskins, Printed Druggets, Carpets, Silicas, Linings, Patchwork, Oil Cloths, Bonnet Shapes, Quilts and Counterpanes, Cotton and Woollen Table Covers, Jean, Lastings, Umbrellas.

Grapes, Bonnet Ribbon, Cap do., Sarsnet do., Satin do., Flowers, Lappets, Veils, Stays, Muslins, Netts, Laces, Edgings, Lace Sleeves, Cambric Handkerchiefs, Silk Pocket do., do. Neck do., Satin do., Opera Ties, Mullers, Ladies Wool Shawls, do. dp. Plaids, Wollen Handkerchiefs, Worsted Yarn, Wollen do., Lamb's Wool do., Cotton Handkerchiefs, Gimps, Jenny Lind Braids, Dress Buttons, Trimmings, &c., &c., &c.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF WOLLEN GOODS, IN

Hosiery and Gloves in every variety, Polkas, Lapland and Athens, Coats, Hoods, Cravats, Boas, Pelopines, Ear Caps, Cuffs and Sleeves, Bootkins, Gaiters, Glengary and Sealette Caps, &c., &c., &c.

SMALL WARES IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

W. P. would also intimate that as his Stock is ENTIRELY NEW, with every article in the line, and selected in the British markets expressly for this trade, he is enabled to offer a large and splendid assortment of Dry Goods, which, for *QUALITY, CHEAPNESS, and VARIETY*, cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade.

Superior Cotton Warp, all Nos.; a prime article of Baiting: Black and White, Wadding, &c., &c.

TERMS CASH. No abatement from the price asked.

WM. POLLEY.

Chequer'd Store, Victoria Row, Three Doors West of Church Street, Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1p.

NO FICTION.

GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE, QUEEN STREET WEST.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to invite the attention of his friends and the public to his Extensive Assortment of

Groceries, Liquors, Provisions, &c.,

Which he has lately received, constituting the largest Stock ever offered in this City West of Yonge Street, and which he will supply to his Customers at the very lowest remunerating Prices for Cash, pledging himself not to be undersold by any other house in the same line in Toronto. His Stock in part consists of—

- 15 hds Muscovada Sugar,
- 20 barrels Crushed do
- 6 " Bastard do
- 20 dozen Loves Sugar,
- 20 Chests Young Hyson Tea,
- 10 " Black do
- 20 cattles fine Black Tea, Gunpowder and Imperial,
- 10 chests Twankay,
- 50 boxes Fresh Raisins,
- 25 half-boxes do
- 50 qr-boxes do
- 10 tierces Rice,
- 4 casks Vinegar,
- 5 barrels Pot Barley,
- 20 " Oatmeal,
- 5 " Indian Meal,
- 5 " Buckwheat,
- 13 boxes Tobacco,
- 20 barrels No. 1 Herrings,
- 20 " No. 2 & 3 Mackerel,
- 50 " Lake Ontario White Fish,
- 5 " Salt Water Salmon,
- 50 boxes Digby Herrings,
- 33 " Yarmouth Bloaters,
- 5 casks fine Sherry,
- 6 pipes fine Port,
- 3 hds pale Brandy,
- 4 hds dark do
- 5 hds Hamburg Gin (very fine)
- 25 bbls Morton's (Kingston) proof Whiskey,
- 15 " Wallace's Toddy Whiskey,
- 10 " Hespeler's do do with about 30 barrels of other Canadian brands,
- 2 " Scotch Whiskey,
- 10 bases Schiedam,
- 10 baskets Champagne,
- 7 cwt fine Cheese,
- 10 boxes American and English Sperm Candles
- 15 boxes Starch,

And a supply of other articles usually sold in the trade, too extensive for enumeration.

In the Provision Line, will also be found a Large and well selected Stock of Hams, Bacon, Fresh and Pickled Pork, Butter, Potatoes, Cabbages, Turnips, Carrots, Onions, Beet Root, &c., &c., &c.

A large Assortment of Pickles, Fish and other sauces

No Charge for Inspection!

D. HURLEY,

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. *Queen Street West.*

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 Doeskins, Cassimeres, Shirts, Bonnets, Caps, plain and fancy Moleskins, 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.

1-1p.

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

AT **MR. JOHN MCGEE'S,**

49, Yonge Street, three doors from King,

THE Subscriber has now on hand a splendid assortment of Stoves, including every variety of pattern, among which are the celebrated "Lion," "Bang-up," and "New Improved Premium" Cooking Stoves, Parlour, Box, and Air Tight Stoves.

— ALSO —

An assortment of Double Folding Door Coal Stoves, which for beauty of design are unequalled in Canada.

Dumb Stoves, Store Pipes, and Tin Ware at Lower Prices than any other house in this City, Stove Pipes fitted up, and Job Work done with punctuality and despatch.

JOHN MCGEE,

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1m.

D. MATHIESON'S

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

GENERAL Outfitting, and Dry Goods Warehouse, Wholesale and Retail, No. 43, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1f.

W. H. DOEL,

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,

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

5, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1f.

DRY GOODS.

No. 8, KING STREET EAST.

ALEXANDER RENNIE, JR.,

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

FANCY & STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

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

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1f.

General Printing Establishment.

JAMES STEPHENS,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING ST. EAST.

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

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

PRINTED FOR D. McDougall, EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY JAMES STEPHENS, PRINTER, No. 5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.