

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLS, THREE HALF PENCE.]

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

No. 8.

## Poetry.

### THE MITHERLESS DAIRN

When a'ither bairnies are hush'd to the same  
By aunty, or cousin, or fractious gran-lame—  
Who stamle list and lanky, and hardly carin' t'  
I'se the gair wanderin' laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lone bed,  
Nae covers he could back, or paws his bare head;  
His wee hackett heels are hard to the arm,  
And poor is the fare o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow elean dreams tremble there  
O' hands that wunt kindly to kame his dark hair;  
But morning brings clutches a' reckless an' a' fra,  
That tava nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

His sister, who gang o'er his snally-rock'd bed,  
Now rests in the grave whaur his mammy is laid,  
His father toils sair their wee backnock to earn,  
And ken nae the wrang o' the mitherless bairn!

Her speld that hant'd in the hour o' his birth,  
Still watches his welfare and wanderings on earth,  
Recordin' in heaven the blessings they earn,  
Who generously deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O could him not harshly, be kimbled the while—  
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;  
In their dark hour o' anguish the hea'less shall learn  
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

## Literature.

### THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Elton was a very remarkable woman. She had a faculty of making everybody lose their temper while she kept her own, she ruled her family with unlimited sway; kept a sharp eye upon her daughter Grace, worked a little, visited a little, read a little, and talked a great deal. She was withal a decided man-hater. Whoever proved rash enough to bestow a glance upon the pretty daughter, was directly rebuked by a terrible look from the watchful mamma. So terrible, that twenty smiles from the young lady could hardly compensate for it.

Grace was very pretty—so said every one who had seen her face—so thought many who had only heard her voice in the psalm on Sunday; and when she was eighteen, her dear mamma groaned in her secret soul that she should be the mother of so bewitching a creature. Her papa began to grow fidgety. It was time for his sweet flower to unfold to leaves he thought; but how venture to propose to mamma to send forth her beautiful child to be spoiled in the wicked world? Mr. Elton meditated long upon a subject which lay near his heart. At last, even as a cat pounces upon a mouse, which it has been long marking for its own, so Mr. Elton pounced upon the matter in question.

"My dear, I shall bring home with me a young man whom I am determined shall marry Grace."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Elton, colouring slightly, from the surprise caused by the sudden flash of spirit in her meek husband—"he shall not see her." Mr. Elton gazed up quietly. He had watched his mouse in vain.

Grace was fortunately a very quiet sort of a girl. She loved papa and mamma, her

booke, and her flowers. Moreover, she loved her pretty friend Mary, and, for aught I know, might have fallen in love with the only young man of her acquaintance, Mary's tall brother, had it not been for a great pair of eyes of a fiery colour, stealing out from under a mass of stiff hair of the same fiery hue. Mrs. Elton was not afraid of Daniel Hartley. To be sure he had even hinted that if she were a little taller—had a little more colour, and wore prettier bonnets, he might condescend to take pity upon her forlorn state, but Mrs. Elton feared him not.

Mamma was convinced that Grace would never fall in love with any one, until the proper moment when she should desire her to do so. And to tell the truth, Grace would as soon have thought of stopping to admire the very stones by the wayside as the young man whom she met everywhere. Great, therefore, was Mrs. Elton's astonishment, when, one morning at church, she detected her daughter's eyes in the very act of gazing in another direction than the pulpit, and a pair of doubtful hue returning the compliment! Her movement of surprise called poor Grace to her senses. She turned seriously to the preacher, resolved not to move her eyes from his face again through the morning. Yet when her mamma, a few minutes after, glanced at her face to see that all was right, the blue eyes were absolutely directed towards another part of the church. The look of indignation which Mrs. E. thought proper to assume, was not lost upon Grace. She did not again venture to lift her eyes from the glove which she had been pulling to pieces. Jerk the first—off came the button; jerk the second—a great rent through the length of the glove, jerk the third—a finger amputated.

"Mercy on me! What is the child about?" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Elton, as she rapped the knuckles of the offender with her fan—"a bran-new pair of gloves!"

Grace felt that her mamma was displeased with her, but she tried to persuade herself that it was on account of the gloves. "I'm sure I've done nothing else," said she to herself again and again—yet somehow she anticipated a lecture, and trembled at the thought.

The next evening, Mr. Elton, with his wife on one arm and Grace on the other, set off upon their usual walk. The retired lane to which they bent their steps was a favourite of Mrs. E.'s, because nobody else ever thought of setting foot there. Grace liked it because mamma never ordered her to draw her thick green veil over her face while there, and Mrs. Elton was satisfied, because there was nothing in it to call for especial like or absolute disgust.

In the midst of this green lane there was an old house, and on the garden-gate there sat a man, busily engaged in drawing. On hearing footsteps, why should he not turn? and on seeing pretty Grace, why should he not look pleased? and when thus looked upon by a handsome young man, why should not Grace blush?

Mamma perceived the stranger of yesterday—she perceived his look of delight, and the blush of Grace—and pinched papa's arm. This being a signal formerly agreed upon between them, Mr. Elton prepared to obey it. But as each particle of his face was of itself a distinct smile, it required a considerable length of time to screw up his broad and sunny countenance into the gall and vinegar expression desired. So the young man received from the good papa what he conceived to be a very gracious smile. "I'll get an introduction to that man," said he to himself—and the three were gone.

The next night Mrs. Elton debated whether it would be expedient to go where lid of the eyes might also choose to wander; but at last, concluding that no one save herself would take so dismal a walk more than once, she entered it without reluctance. There sat the young man upon the post, and again his eyes met those of Grace. "I'll never set foot here again," secretly vowed Mrs. Elton.

The next evening Grace came down more becomingly attired than usual. She had evidently been enjoying a private interview with her dressing glass—perhaps it had said to her, "My love, you look prettily in your last new dress." But I can't positively assert that it had said any thing.

"Shall we walk to night, mamma?"

"No." And Grace ran back to her room, and fastened her door. Presently she heard her mother's voice, and flew to unlock it.

"Why was your door fastened, Grace?"

"Nothing in particular! People do not fasten their doors for nothing," said Mrs. Elton, looking suspiciously at Grace. At this moment she started suddenly, and closed the blinds with no gentle hand. Grace started too, and had time to see that the young stranger was in the street.

"Grace! Don't let me find your blinds open again for a month," cried mamma.

"My love," said her father, one night at tea—"do you remember that we saw a gentleman sitting upon the gate of the old house in the lane, a few nights ago?"

"Yes, papa," answered Grace, colouring in spite of herself.

"Well, I have found out to-day that he is the author of those poems which you admire so much. His name is Lawrence Norton."

Up stairs, two at a time, flew Grace; and snatching a well-worn volume from the shelf, sat down to the twenty-sixth reading. The poems were never half so beautiful before, she was sure of that, but somehow she could not help feeling a little uneasy sensation as she gathered from some odd lines that the poet certainly loved somebody with all his heart. Who could it be? What a happy creature his sister—his wife must be! The next Sabbath she saw the poet at the church. When she felt quite sure that he did not know it, she looked at him, because he was a poet. Certainly he had a fine intelligence; a head and face, and his eyes were so dark and expressive! But then it was not right to have such thoughts on a Sunday; so Grace

order of all vain and foolish ones to depart from her mind.

One evening, as they sat together at tea, Mr. Elton said to his wife, "My dear, do you remember your old friend, Lucy Lawrence?"

"Oh, Yes! but it is many years since I have seen her. She married—who was it?—odd that I can't remember!"

"There is a son of her's in town, and as I knew you would like to see him, I invited him to spend an evening with us. His name is Lawrence Norton—the name of whom I spoke to you, Grace."

"Well!" said Mrs. Elton; but her countenance expressed anything but pleasure. She seemed absorbed in thought several minutes; at last, suddenly starting, she addressed Grace—"My dear, I quite forgot to tell you that your friend Mary is not well; and I think you had better go this evening and see her."

"What if she should come while I am gone?" thought Grace; and she thought it expedient to drink half a cup of scalding tea.

"Why, what's the matter with the child?" cried Mrs. E., seeing her eyes full of tears.

"The tea is so hot, mamma."

"Hardly, worth crying about, however."

Grace set off on her visit to Mary. On her return home she danced into the parlour singing—what do you think she was singing? One of Lawrence Norton's songs! And who should be there but the poet himself, and probably he knew that these words were his own. How should Grace recover from the confusion into which she had thus danced! It was rather late, and she knew that he must only stay a few minutes longer. The few minutes, however, were well improved by the young man; for he lost no time in getting acquainted with the beautiful one who had sung his song. It was natural enough that Grace should be pleased when she heard him fayited by papa to come again—it was right for the young poet to be glad to come again.

Grace could think of nothing else for a whole week. She read his poems. She could not help hoping she should meet him, if she walked out. She ran to the window many times a day when some tall personage was passing. "How delightful it will be," thought she, "to hear him talk a whole evening! I hope he will not send mamma word when he is coming again. If he does, we be unto him!—I shall be sent away."

Strange to tell, the poet did take pains to let Mrs. Elton know that he was about to honour her with his company again. Grace was delighted to spend the evening with her friend Mary.

"How provoking!" she thought. "Why am I sent out of the house in this style every time any one comes into it?" Grace was not in a very good humour. She walked slowly along the street, with her eyes cast to the ground, vexed with herself, because she couldn't help thinking of Mr. Norton, and vexed with her mamma, for denying her his delightful society.

"However," thought she, "I have always admired him ever since I have seen his poems; and there's no harm in thinking of a poet." At this moment her foot caught itself in a string which lay tangled in her path. To save herself from falling, she caught at the nearest post, which post proved to be no other than Lawrence Norton! In her haste to release the astonished poet from her embraces, she fell, and the young gentleman, imagining that she had fainted, took her unceremoniously in his arms, and carried her into the house that seemed nearest. Great was his mortification when he found that the lady had not fainted; and, if he might judge from the colour of her face at the moment, had no thought of doing so. It was, happily, the home of kind Mary, Harley, and she had a faculty of making everybody at ease in her presence.

"It was soon ascertained that Miss Grace had sprained her ankle, and that her walking home was out of the question. Mary was very sorry; but neither papa nor brother was at home, so Lawrence Norton went off very cheerfully for a

carriage. Grace was assisted to creep into it by the poet; he could not do less than accompany her; and in a few minutes the gentle, uncomplaining girl was lying comfortably upon the sofa at home, with papa, mamma, and Lawrence Norton around her. What could mamma do? Could she send the young man out of the house? Could she forbid his looking extremely handsome? Could she order him to become tedious, commonplace, "prosy-doesy" in his conversation?

The next day, however, Mrs. Elton took good care to confine Grace to her own room. "It will never do," said she, "for you to stay down stairs, where we are constantly in danger of having visitors." Moreover, the dear mamma, anxious to ascertain, if possible, the state of her daughter's heart, began to talk of Lawrence Norton. But how should she discover that which Grace knew not herself? A serious address on the evils of falling in love followed this examination; and so deep was the interest of the subject, that Mrs. Elton did not perceive the approach of the dinner-hour, nor the well-known ring of her husband. At last a forcible entrance was made into the room by the dear little man himself.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried he. "Here I've been waiting for dinner this half-hour—dinner growing colder and colder, and I hotter and hotter. Then I come and knock at your door till my knuckles are black and blue—no answer—call till my lungs are sore—no answer—and now I should like to know the meaning of all this." By this time Mr. Elton's wrath had evaporated, and he threw himself into a chair, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter when the astonished mamma made known to him the subject of her morning's lecture. "And all because you fancy that poor Grace may be smitten with the perfections of Lawrence Norton, or the poet with hers. Did not I tell you, my dear, that the man has a wife?" And Mr. Elton ran down to the parlour.

Mrs. Elton followed her husband, and Grace with the blood rushing away from cheek and life threw herself back upon her pillow in an agony of contending emotions. She had learned that of her heart which is not often easily taught. Why should she not with wonder and with shame own to herself that she loved? Poor Grace! How her mamma wondered at the feverish flush of her cheek, as she hurried to her side! How she instantly sent for Dr. Morton, and how anxiously she watched his face as he sat by the pillow of his patient!

The doctor was a wise as well as a good man. He did not attempt to administer a dose to the sick heart; but simply recommending quiet in a significant tone, he withdrew. Alas! to what quiet was Grace now condemned! The servants went about with laced slippers; papa was obliged to part with his boots the moment he entered the house; and the really kind mamma flitted noiselessly about like a spirit. At last Grace contrived to convince her papa that she should die, if imprisoned in this room in profound stillness, so, while Mrs. E. had gone down to scold a servant for slamming a door, Mr. Elton took Grace in his arms, and safely bore her to the sofa in the parlour.

When Mrs. E. entered the room there lay the poor invalid, with a brighter colour in her cheek than had been seen for a week. She was decidedly better. What had papa whispered in her ear when her head lay on his shoulder in the way down stairs? Oh, he only told her that Mr. Lawrence Norton had been there every day to ask respecting her—that he thought him a fine fellow—that he wished he had a son exactly like him. That evening he came again. Why should not Mrs. Elton receive him graciously? Was he not a married man? Why should not Grace frankly acknowledge that she was very glad to see him again? Why should he not stay as late as he chose, and be urged to come as often as he liked? Delightful married man! Grace had never liked any body half so well; and she could not help thinking that nobody had ever thought so well of her. As he was taking leave,

Mrs. Elton smilingly asked if his wife were in town.

"My wife, madam!" cried the poet, looking as much surprised as if he had never heard of such a thing before. "Oh, ah!—I understand—she is in town." And Lawrence Norton looked at Mr. Elton half laughingly, and added, "I did not know that I had told you about my wife; or, at least, I had forgotten her, for the moment."

"Well!" cried Mrs. Elton, the moment he had taken leave. "A fine husband, truly! Really, he looked as much astonished as if I had asked the most ridiculous question in the world! But all men are alike, I believe. So you see, Grace, what you may expect, if you are ever married."

"I don't want to be married," said Grace. "That's a good girl; and now we'll have you up stairs, and to bed. Poor child! you must be sadly tired. That man has asked you so many questions, and made you talk so much! I could see that you wished him out of the house all the time."

What could Grace say? She satisfied her conscience with a faint "Oh, no, indeed!" which her mamma did not hear.

The poet came so often, that Mrs. Elton began to get out of patience. "He comes at all sorts of odd hours," said she. "And what vexes me is, that he never mentions his wife—never asks us to go to see her—never brings her to see us. Poor thing! how much she is left alone!"

"My dear," answered Mr. Elton seriously, "I could give you a hint of something;" and he glanced significantly at Grace.

"Oh, I see now," said Mrs. Elton to herself. "Why didn't I think of it sooner? Of course it's not odd that she is not to be seen."

It became quite evident that the young gentleman "had something upon his mind," as the phrase is. Once or twice, when Grace had been alone with him for a minute, he had begun to say something which had never been finished. Grace wondered what it could be. One morning papa insisted upon taking her out for a ride. It was a fine day, and there was nothing to prevent; yet Grace seemed somewhat reluctant. She was thinking how the poet might come during her absence. Papa, however, would not allow her to decide for herself, and they set off. Presently they saw Lawrence Norton coming down the street. "He's going to our house I dare say," thought Grace. Papa must needs go out of the chaise to speak to the young man. In a few minutes he returned—declared that he had business that required attention—that Norton had nothing to do, and would like to take his place if Grace were willing. Why should she not be willing? The poet, in a happy mood, exerted himself to entertain his companion, and the ride proved a delightful one.

At last there came a pause in the conversation. All pauses are awkward, and rather than say nothing Grace said something about Mrs. Norton.

"You refer to my mother, I presume," said he.

"Oh, no—to you mentioned your wife some weeks ago, I think."

"My wife! oh—I remember. Is it possible that you thought me serious, that you believed that?"

"Indeed," said Grace, very much alarmed, "my father assured me that you were married."

"That is very odd. Some time ago—before I had seen you, or rather before our acquaintance had commenced, your father said to me one day, 'When are you to be married?' and I answered, 'Oh, for the present, poetry is my little wife.' The young gentleman improved the opportunity of making known to Grace that he had never been in love until now, &c., &c."

And Grace had owned that she was willing to have him ask mamma a little question. Certainly when the chaise stopped at Mr. Elton's door, there were two very bright faces revealed: "The poet took papa away, and Grace was glad to dance up to her own room."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Elton. "Lawrence Norton has proposed."  
 "Proposed what?"  
 "To marry Grace."  
 "What, *our* Grace? What do you mean, Mr. Elton? To take another wife?"  
 "Yes, my dear."  
 "And what did you say? Did you stand still and smile?"  
 "Yes, I smiled, I assure you, and told him that if Grace happened to fancy him that I was willing."  
 "Why, what is the matter with mamma?" cried Grace, as she entered the room.  
 "Grace!" cried Mrs. Elton, "your papa has told that vile Lawrence Norton that he may have you for his *other* wife if you wish it."  
 Grace looked down, and smiled slightly. Papa thought proper to explain—Mrs. Elton listened with a mixture of vexation and amazement—and at last promised to think of the matter—and perhaps by the time Grace was twenty-five, she might give her answer. In one year there was a wedding. C. C.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1852.

To our READERS. To prevent the threatened inroads of that procrastinating genius, which has forcibly interfered with the regular issue of some of our recent numbers,—The Canadian Family Herald will in future be published by Mr. Charles Fletcher, Bookseller, No. 54, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

LETTERS RECEIVED. J. C., Indiana,—will accept our thanks for his exertions. J. B. Belleville,—will comply if possible. Dr. McD., Goderich,—in our next. M. W. Stratford,—will be attended to. A Subscriber, Galt,—we appreciate your remarks, and will shew cause in an early number. A. K. M. N.,—will be glad to hear from him.

PROSPECTUS

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.

Now 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.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. C., STERLING. In its general acceptation this epithet implies, genuine,—having stood the test of examination,—as a sterling character. In its more literal sense it is applied to discriminate English Money, signifying that it is of the fixed or national value. Thus a pound sterling, is only an English pound, and is not indefinitely a pound, for we speak of a pound Halifax Currency, &c. The most plausible etymology of the word is that given by Camden, who derives it from Easterling, and quotes from old deeds where English coin is always called *nummi easterlingi*. In the reign of Richard the 1st of England, 1189-1199, money coined in the eastern part of Germany was very much esteemed in England on account of its purity. This money was called *easterling* money, as the people of that part of Germany were called *easterlings*. In consequence of this partiality some of the *Zasterling* coiners were invited to England to perfect its coinage, which was thenceforward denominated *easterling*, *esterling*, or *sterling*. During a considerable period the only coin in England was one about the value of a penny, hence many ancient writers used the word *easterling* as a substantive synonymous with *sterling*.

A READER. H. H. &c. &c. Several communications have reached us, containing suggestions

as to fancied improvements, in the appearance of our little miscellany; for all of which we are exceedingly grateful. It is very pleasing to think that you are not left to plod on unheeded in your course. We would certainly never object to notice any musical entertainment in which we might be favored to participate, or of which a pointed sketch might be furnished by any kind friend. Music is the sweetener of life. We endorse the lines,

Music! Ethereal effluence!  
 Breathes it upon the tremulous air  
 In silver undulations, and all that Love,  
 Or Pure, or Heaven bestows,  
 Is sweetened—even merry jest,  
 By thy mellifluous cadences,  
 Is transformed to bliss.

But still a reader will observe that his suggestion is altogether sectional. If music is the balm of life, we cannot forbear to say that

"The flower's divine where'er it grows."

A Reader will appreciate the remark, we will not at present be more particular. It may be said however that the Prospectus of the Herald was very carefully worded, so as to mean exactly what it said, and no more, and as yet there is no reason to strike out any new feature.

Toronto Mechanics' Institute.

In consequence of the delay previously referred to we have not been able to keep pace with the lectures at the Institute, but this one was so kindly given and so well received that it would be ungracious to pass it over. Dr. Hodder who was advertised to lecture was summarily called off, a few minutes before the hour of meeting, when at the request of the committee H. Y. Hind, Esq., kindly consented to supply the vacancy, and delivered a very interesting extemporaneous lecture on the properties of light. The lecturer adverted, in the first instance, to the generally received theory of light, which supposes it to be the result of minute undulations impinging upon the optic nerve, and the belief that colours are produced by a difference in the length of those undulations. After alluding to the decomposition of white solar light, as illustrated in the rainbow, Mr. Hind showed how the nerve of the eye itself might also effect its decomposition, and thus produce what are termed *spectra*. A ray of light emitted from the luminous atmosphere of the sun passes through the planetary spaces without receiving any change in its constitution; when, however, it reaches the earth's atmosphere, it undergoes various modifications. One part of the ray or beam being reflected back into space; another portion bent out of its course, or refracted, as it is termed, a third reflected from particle to particle of the atmosphere, thus rendering that medium, as it were, luminous; while a fourth portion is absorbed, that is to say, annihilated by repeated reflections. It appears, also that every beam of light contains, besides the colouring rays, heating rays, and also chemical rays. The yellow ray of light containing the most chemical rays, is of especial value to vegetables. Its effect, he illustrated by remarking, that a seed introduced into the earth derived nearly all its food, when under the soil, from the starch which exists in considerable quantities in all varieties of seed.—When, however, the growing plant pushes a leaf above the soil, the first substance formed is green colouring matter—and then only the true

growth of the plant commences by the absorption and conversion of carbonic acid into woody fibre through the instrumentality of water and the yellow rays of light—for it appears to be established, that the first formed green containing many compounds, while solar light reflects the green rays, absorbs the red, and transmits only the yellow and some of the blue rays, these enable the plant to decompose carbonic acid and combine with it the oxygen of the atmosphere. Among other illustrations of the powers and properties of light, the lecturer explained the Daguerreotype process—which goes on thus, a plate of copper being previously coated with silver is exposed to the vapour of iodine which forms with the silver a compound called iodide of silver, extremely susceptible of the influence of light. When a picture is prepared is placed in a Camera Obscura a picture of an object is made to fall upon it—the lights and shadows of the picture impress the iodide of silver with different degrees of opacity, according to the greater or less depth of the shadows. The effect of the iodide is the crystallization of its particles, more or less complete. The plate is then submitted to the action of vapour of mercury whereby the crystallized portion of the iodide is decomposed—but the uncrystallized portion remains unaffected, the plate is in fact corroded by the vapour of mercury, and only those parts impressed by the light which came upon it when in the Camera Obscura. The iodine liberated by the mercury penetrates deeper into the plate, combining there with fresh portions of silver. The concluding operation consists in washing off the unaffected iodide of silver by means of a solution of common salt or other suitable compound. The lecture elicited frequent marks of approbation from the audience, and considering that it was given on the spur of the moment, too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Hind for the courteous and obliging manner with which he acceded to the request of the Committee.

## Agriculture.

### INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE CROPS.

The frequent occurrence of large quantities of shrivelled grains of wheat, appearing in specimens throughout various parts of Europe and America, besides numerous complaints from Agriculturists, testifying to the great devastation of their growing crops, which presented to them a phenomenon wrapt in mystery, led the Entomologist to study the cause,—and of late his researches have not been in vain. He demonstrates clearly the cause and consequence—the farmer's unsuspected enemies are by him discovered. The cause of the before-mentioned defect is ascertained to be the work of a true parasitic fly, of an extremely beautiful formation, termed by its scientific name *Cecidomyia tritici*, or Wheat Midge, myriads of which will be seen in the month of June, from seven till nine in the evening, swarming about the blossoming ears of wheat, for the sole purpose of depositing their eggs in them, which, when hatched, produce little yellow maggots or larvae, consequently injuring the young *ovary*, and preventing the grain from attaining its due growth and natural dimensions. The larvae can be seen in the ear by pulling back the chaff-scales, when the grain is formed. The following may be taken as a pretty accurate description of the female insect. It is of a pale ochraceous hue, and hairy; its eyes are extremely black and coarsely granulated meeting on the crown nearly

covering the whole head. It has no *ocelli*—no visible indication of a mouth, except a short lip and two feelers. The antennae are as long as the body, *thems* reddish ochre in colour, and the wings are longer than the body, of a whitish yellow pubescent and beautifully iridescent when seen in repose. The abdomen is short, tapering to a point, and furnished with an *ovipositor*, or instrument for depositing its eggs nearly three times as long as the insect itself. The male *Cecidomyia* resembles the above description, with the exception of the antennae which are different in form, and also, unprovided with an *ovipositor* or *acumens*. It appears rather strange, that Mr. Curtis, and the venerable naturalist Mr. Kirby, in making their numerous observations upon this insect, could not discover the male fly, but if those gentlemen would have visited the same scene of study the following day they would likely have seen it performing the duty which nature had assigned to it. We have seen, on two occasions, the male and female flies together on the wheat plant, and saw no indication by the common appearance of the female that it possessed so curious an instrument as the *ovipositor*, until upon pressing the anus, it was easily discovered. It has the power of unshedding it at pleasure. The larvae of this fly are accompanied by a fungus of an orange colour—"one farmer imagined that these larvae were of great use in feeding on this fungus." This shows a natural mistake for an unscientific person, however it tends to prove to experienced investigators the necessity of caution in connecting things with each other, simply because they are coincident. The accurate entomologist, Mr. Kirby, often discovered the female fly caught a prisoner by being unable to withdraw its *ovipositor*,—and after many attempts, he at last witnessed his long wished for scene, the operation of depositing the eggs, which he describes as follows.—"he gathered an ear upon which the flies were actively engaged, and was enabled by the aid of a pocket microscope to view this remarkable process.—He says, he could "very distinctly perceive the eggs passing one after another like minute air-bubbles, through the *regina*, the *aculeus* being wholly inserted into the *foret*." This process, he examined for fully ten minutes, before the "patient little animal disengaged itself and flew away." Many attempts have been made by entomologists to breed these insects but without success. Some suppose that the larvae, after they have remained in the ear for a certain period, enter the earth to become pupae;—but we could find no trace of its *chrysalides* upon examination of the earth which was taken from the locality where the insect was found in the ear; still, without doubt they could be hatched favorably in the earth, and among the dust and chaff thrown out from the thrashing machine, which we would recommend to be burned to prevent their increase. That they are hatched between the chaff-scales and the young *ovary* there can be no doubt, as we have found the membranous empty remains of the *chrysalides* attached to the chaff-scales. In 1845 this insect was very numerous, and their work of destruction in England immense. Mr. Kirby calculated the loss, by this

fly, in one field of wheat which he examined, as "at least twenty bushels in fifteen acres." Occurrences to this extent are very rare, and in this Province the insect under notice has not been so destructive to the wheat crops as in other countries—but it is clear that in some seasons they are more numerous than in others, their decrease may be attributed to the severity of the cold they are liable to encounter. Being very minute a great many perish during the third state of metamorphosis. Spallanzani, however, exposed the "eggs of the silk-worm to an artificial cold 23 degrees below zero, and yet in the subsequent spring they all produced caterpillars. He also discovered that "insects invariably die at the temperature of 14 degrees, that is at 18 degrees below the freezing point. This shows the effect of cold upon the eggs of an insect, which in the imago state is about seven or eight hundred times larger than the *Cecidomyia*, referred to above as only being affected by cold in the pupary state. Thus we have *Ichneumon* flies, very useful insects in many instances, these will hereafter be noticed; but the increase of the Midge cannot be checked by the natural labors of the Ichneumon.

Still we have another fly designated by its scientific name *Cecidomyia destructor*—commonly called the American Wheat fly, or Hessian fly. It derives this latter name from the idea prevailing on its first appearance that it was carried by the Hessian troops from Germany. In 1776, it committed great devastations on this continent. Its attacks commence in autumn, as soon as the young plant appears above the earth; they lay their eggs in the interior of the stem, which is so weakened that it cannot support the ear when the grain begins to swell, consequently the plant falls and perishes. Mr. Kirby in his papers upon this insect, says, "All the crops as far as it extended its flight, fell before this ravager. It first showed itself in Long Island, from whence it proceeded inland, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles annually, and by the year 1789, had reached two hundred miles from its original station. But other authors testify that its progress at first was slow, about the rate of seven miles per annum, therefore, their ravages would be more considerable—their flight has not been more than five or six feet, at a time, (that is the extent of the horde in migrating.) Neither mountains nor the broadest rivers are a barrier to their career. At one time they were seen to cross the Delaware like a cloud.

The only remedy would be to burn the refuse of dust thrown out from the thrashing machine or from the barn floor. It would greatly check those minute pests of natural creation.

## Natural History.

### WHAT BECOMES OF THE FLIES?

The flies are gone, but where are they gone to? that is the question. At the close of summer, when they are busy buzzing around us in the shape of a visitation, it is certainly no easy matter to let them pass by us as the idle wind, but in one respect they are to most people like the wind too, since they scarce know whence they come, or

whether they go. Doubt the first, as to when they come, it is not difficult to see, though perhaps with the most presuming of flies, as with the most presuming of folks, the more we pry into their places of abode, the more we may be inclined (but with the insect not justly) to hold them in contempt, suffice it, that as the domestic fly makes himself quite at home in our houses, so has his parent, in an insidious, made herself equally free of our stables, where she finds a habitation for her eggs, and in the same a provision for her infant race. There, in the firm and wingless state of maggot or larva, they commence their early, their important use of leaving to eat the earth of all things that offend, and on how grand a scale they are able to carry on this operation may be estimated from this fact, that a single fly will lay as many as 177 eggs. House flies come chiefly from the stable, the road, and the grazing inclosure, though some neatly resembling them come from other places, and exist in their earliest stage on vegetable, instead of animal substances. Among these we have noticed a very common species, which finds its first "bed and board" between the upper and under skins of dock leaves, borrowing and feeding on the pulpy flesh. From spring to autumn, we may see them thus busily employed, merely by holding and gathering to the light such leaves as are to be found continually now adorned by large, discoloured, transparent blotches, the outward tokens of their injurious presence. These, from the above habit, may be ranked among a sect of insect labourers or feeders of more classes than one, hence called coal miners, some of whose winding ways we mean, by-and-by, to follow.

For query the second, and that just now is more pertinent to the season, of whether flies go on the arrival of winter, it still remains, we believe, a problem not yet completely solved even by naturalists, who have maintained opinions on the matter nearly as different as on the hibernation of swallows. A great proportion, no doubt, perish from cold, or the many accidents to which their weakness and growing torpor render them, as the year declines, more and more exposed.— Yet how few comparatively of the swarms so agile, head downwards on the ceiling, do we ever perceive (or our housemaids either) stiff and stark, legs upwards, on the floor? That fly survivors there are laid up snugly in secret hibernacula, is further evidenced by the few which are often seen emerging from nobody knows where in mild winter weather, also by those more lonely bodies tempted by the warmth of the fire to creep forth even in nipping frost. Under such forlorn circumstances a fly becomes, to us at least, an object of absolute interest; our dislike, amounting almost to an antipathy, of the intrusive, buzzing, piffing, boozing, sickling varlet, one of the dusky legions which "possess" us in the month of August and September, is converted into sympathy for the poor, mateless, friendless, shivering, silent creature, lured by deceptive warmth to quit the shelter of its winter asylum. We would make him as welcome now to his tiny bit or sup as the red breast to his crannies of comfort, and on occasion would even stretch out a willing finger to save him a flood of milk, or a morass of honey. Yet more, when thus rescued and set, damp or dripping, on the heated mantelpiece, we have often watched with curious and interested eye the poor sufferer's gradual restoration, marking how at first languidly, and then with increasing briskness, he busies his handy paws: now, cat-like, stroking and wiping his head and face and large moveless eyes, then, with his hinder limbs perforating the like operation on his wings and body.

How does the fly feed?—the "busy, curious, thirsty fly, that drinks with me," but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating and drinking being his trunk or sucker, the narrow pipe, by means of which, when let down upon dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument, convenient enough, when inserted into a saucer of syrup or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry, but we often see our

sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing "small by degrees," under his attack—How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiments? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Lanthal fashion, by a solvent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe which returns the sugar melted into syrup.

The fly is a perfect insect (or image,) having already passed through its two preparatory stages of transformation, those of larva and pupa, corresponding to what, with the beetle fly, is more generally known as caterpillar and grubs; so that, like the butterfly, when winged it grows no more. Those middle-sized fly genies, also nearly equivalet, which form the main body of our parlor visitants, are altogether a different species to those of much lesser or greater magnitude, such as some tiny frequenters of flowers, the pouncing blood-sucker, and the black and gray chequered blow-fly, those pests pre-eminent of the latter, which, as every cook knoweth, are neither.

"Harshed on the road—near to the stable tread."

Numerous gray-coloured varieties may be seen between spring and autumn, and in September, nearly altogether, grouped in a laboured, scurried, and sipping on the honeyed caudex of the Michacimas grass, that last sorry heaven of their existence, at all events of the year. Later still, towards the end of October and beginning of November, when taking a noon-day walk under a southern sky-erased wall, you may be sure to see some or all of them come out to meet you from their dark-green bush of shelter. Even now, if you examine closely between the wall and the ivy stems which embrace it, you may detect behind them many a refuge of the revolutionary year, and you may, perhaps, be rewarded for your trouble by turning out from the shelter, in lieu of a sleepy fly, a hibernating butterfly—

"Starting the eye  
With unexpected beauty."

Once more to our picture. You know, we suppose, that the fly has a pair of wings, but a hundred to one if one out of a hundred has ever noticed that she has a pair of winglets (or little secondary wings), and a pair of poison, drumstick-like appendages between the main wings and the body, employed for assisting and steadying her flight. These poisons are much more conspicuous and easily observed without a magnifier in the gnat and in the father-long-legs insects belonging to the same order as flies.

Did it ever occur to you to notice the prismatic painting of a fly's nervous pinion—the iridescent colours wherewith its glassy membrane seems overlaid? If not, only look, we pray you, in a proper light at the next of its kind you may chance to meet with, and if, as is most likely, it comes, to tell you a pleasant tale of approaching spring-time, we are verily sure that you will see a hundred rainbows painted on its wing.—*Eyesodes of Insect Life.*

Arts and Manufactures.

ECONOMIC SCIENCE—IMPROVEMENT OF CALICO MANUFACTURE.

At the annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science held at Ipswich recently, Dr. Lyon Playfair, at a meeting of the Section on Chemistry, read a communication from a Mr. Mercer, "on a new method of contracting the Fibres of Calico, and of obtaining on the Calico this prepared Colours of much Brilliance," which seems to offer an improvement of no little value to the manufacturer. Mr. Mercer, who commenced his experiments in 1814, has ascertained that a cold solution of caustic soda has a peculiar effect on cotton fibre, causing it to

contract and remain so, permanently, after the soda has been washed out. Caustic soda, as Dr Playfair observed, has long been used in the process for bleaching cottons, but his power of altering the structure of the fibre, he says, only belongs to the cold solution. The degree of condensation is equal to form one-fifth to one-third of the total volume of cotton employed. The practical applications of the discovery may be inferred. The first obvious one would be that of converting coarse into finer fabrics, which is effected by taking a coarser fabric and steeping it in the proper solution of caustic soda, in which the contraction of fibre imparts to it a fineness of appearance not before possessed. Dr. Playfair exhibited to the Section specimens, brought from the Industrial Exhibition, and said the improvement is so great that, if the finest calico in England, known as 180 picks to the web, was thus acted upon, it immediately appeared as fine as 270 picks. Dr. P. also exhibited stockings of wool saving condensed in this manner into great fineness. Another application would be the improvement of colors, to which the condensation imparts depth and brilliancy. The effect of this alteration of texture, says a notice of the paper which we find in the Athenaeum, "was most strikingly shown by colours. The pink cotton had its tint deepened to an intense degree by the condensation process. Printed calico especially with colors already applied with little satisfaction as lilac, had strength and brilliancy; besides thus producing fabrics cheaper finer than can possibly be woven by hand. The effect was shown of patterns being formed by portions of a surface being protected by gum from condensation. Thus patterns of apparently fine work can be easily produced. It was stated that the fabrics by this process have much strength given them—for a string of calico one half condensed by caustic soda will break by 20 oz., while the unacted upon string broke with 13 oz." Mr. Mercer's paper was deemed of sufficient importance to be made the subject of a discussion between such men as Faraday, Dumas, and others; and it was proposed that microscopic examinations should be made for the purpose of ascertaining the mode and date of the change effected in cotton fibre by this new process, which as the reporter declares, "bids fair to exercise an immediate and extensive alteration in the patterns and produce of cotton fabrics."

Miscellaneous.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is the voice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom—to educate the head, and forget there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection, when it is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy the attention and the memory are only exalted strongly by the senses, and move the heart; and the father may insist more solid and available instruction in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than in a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotyped abstractions.

No physician doubts that precocious children, in fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the disciplines they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundation for insanity is laid.

When the studies of maturer years are studied into the head of a child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man, that the one is confirmed, and can bear exertions; the other is growing, and requires repose, that to force the attention to abstract facts; to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail, in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity

## Artists' Corner.

## COMPOUND COLOURS OR COLOURS ARISING FROM MIXTURE.

The various colours that may be obtained by the mixture of other colours, are innumerable. I only propose here to give the best and simplest modes of preparing those most frequently required.

Compound colours, formed by the union of only two colours are called by painters *virgin tints*.

The smaller the number of colours of which any compound colour is composed, the purer and the richer it will be.

*Light Gray* is made by mixing white lead with lamp black, using more or less of each material, as you wish to obtain a lighter or a darker colour.

*Buff* is made from yellow ochre and white lead.

*Silver, or Pearl Gray*.—Mix white lead, indigo, and a very slight portion of black, regulating the quantities by the shade you wish to obtain.

*Flaten Gray* is obtained by a mixture of white lead and Prussian blue, with a small quantity of lake.

*Drift colour*.—Yellow ochre and red lead, and one-fourth part amber and yellow ochre. The proportions of the last two ingredients being determined by the required tint.

*Walnut-tree colour*.—Two-thirds white lead, and one third red ochre, yellow ochre, and amber, mixed according to the shade sought. (Veiling is required, use different shades of the same mixture, and for the deepest places, black.)

*Songul*.—Yellow, pink, and white lead. This colour is only proper for distemper.

*Lemon Yellow*.—Realgar and orpiment. Some object to this mixture, on account of the poisonous nature of the ingredients. The same colour can be obtained by mixing yellow-pink with Naples yellow; but it is then only fit for distemper.

*Orange colour*.—Red lead and yellow ochre.

*Violet colour*.—Vermillion, or red lead, mixed with black or blue, and a small portion of white. Vermillion is far preferable to red lead, in mixing this colour.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.—D. MACDOUGALL, TORONTO.—This is the happy designation of a small weekly miscellaneous literary paper, printed by Mr. Stephen, (King-Street East,) for the proprietor, Mr. D. Macdougall, of this city. The appearance of the first number is highly creditable, both to printer and editor; and there is little doubt that, if conducted in the same spirit with which it has commenced, it will be successful. The editor seems so far to have chosen as its model, *The Family Herald*, one of the most interesting and most extensively circulated literary papers in London, and, as a necessary consequence, has introduced one great feature in that serial—*Answers to correspondents*. This will undoubtedly give the *Herald* a considerable degree of interest amongst a numerous class of enquirers that are to be found in every city. The prospectus is brief, but it is perhaps ample enough for a paper that has no political theories to unfold, and no denominational peculiarities to contend for. In its commencement he says:

"Our simple aim, courteous reader, in appearing before you in the columns of the *Canadian Family Herald*, is to fill up a vacant niche in the social literary circle, to gather into one focus, a few of the rays of genius that are every day darted across our path, and become the medium by which their concentrated coruscations shall again be transmitted to enlighten the general family circle."

We wish him all success in the prosecution of his simple aim, confident that society will be no loser thereby.—*Globe*.

the exertions of a man's, is as irrational as would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out such a course for the emotions as they are the liveliest and most easily moulded; being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source that the mass of men are hither to show their aim of happiness or misery. The actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth life presents a happiness that we should feel rightly very few instances occur where it is necessary that we should think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention, not to interrupt them by improper or over-excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period that is necessary to its health; and the best is moral instruction, exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that at this period of life special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and exercise is indispensable; and, wherever they are withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering have, in innumerable instances been shown in the constitution of the child; simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and, the time has come when the united voices of those innocent victims should ascend, "trumpet-tongued" to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land. Give us fresh air and wholesome exercise; leave our expanding energies to be developed in accordance with the laws of our being, and full scope, for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood.—*Quarterly Review*.

## THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

Of more than twice the size of the Mississippi valley, the valley of the Amazon is entirely inter-tropical. An everlasting summer reigns here. Up to the very base of the Andes, the river itself is navigable for vessels of the largest class. A natural canal through the Caciquari, connects it with the Orinoco. Giving draining and fertility to immense plains that cover two millions square miles, it receives from the north and south innumerable tributaries, which it is said, afford an inland navigation up and down, of not less than 70 or 80 thousand miles in extent. Stretched out in a continuous line, the navigable streams of that great water-course would more than encircle the earth around at its largest girth. All the climates of India are there. Indeed, we may say, that from the mouth of the sources of the Amazon, piled up one above another, and spread out, Andean like, over steppe after steppe, in beautiful unbroken succession, are all the climates, and all the soils, with the capacities of production that are to be found between the regions of everlasting summer and eternal snow. The valley of the Amazon is the place of production of India rubber—an article of commerce which has no parallel as to the increase of demand for it, save and except in the history of our own great staple since the invention of the cotton gin. We all recollect when the only uses to which India rubber was applied, were to rub out pencil marks and make trap-balls for boys. But it is made into shoes and hats, caps and cloaks, foot balls and purses, ribbons and cushions, boats, beds, tents and bags, into pontoons for pushing armies across rivers, and into camels for lifting ships over shoals. It is also applied to a variety of other uses and purposes, the mere enumeration of which would make us tedious. New applications are being

continually made. Boundless forests of the Saratiga tree are found upon the banks of this stream, and the exportation of this gum from the mouth of that river, is daily becoming a business of more and more value, extent and importance. In 1816-7 pontoons for the British armies in India, and tents for the American army in Mexico were made in New England from the India rubber of the Amazon. It is the best in the world. The sugar cane is found here in its most luxuriant growth, and of the richest saccharine development. It requires to be planted but once in 20 years. There are produced of excellent quality, and in great profusion, coffee and tobacco, rice and Indigo, cocoa and cotton, with drugs of virtues the most rare, dyes of hues the most brilliant, and spices of aroma the most exquisite. Soils of the richest loams and the finest alluvions are there. And there too, lying dormant, are the boundless agricultural and mineral capacities of the East and West, all clustered together. If commerce were but once to spread its wings over that valley, the shadow of it would be like the touch of a Magician's wand, those immense resources would spring at once into life and activity. In the fine imagery of their language, the Indians call the Amazon the "King of Rivers." It empties into the Ocean under the Line.

## Varieties.

They who rule safely, must rule with love, not arms.

As Love is the surest evidence of faith; so obedience is the truest test of love.

DR. FRANKLIN, in summing up the domestic evils of drunkenness, says, "Houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, morals, or manners."

ADVANTAGE DERIVED FROM ENEMIES.—As to friends and enemies, I have hitherto, thanks to God, had plenty of the former; they have been my treasure; and it has, perhaps, been of no disadvantage to me that I have had a few of the latter. They serve to put us upon correcting the faults we have, and avoiding those we are in danger of having. They counteract the mischief slavery might do us, and their malicious attacks make our friends more zealous in serving us.—*Franklin*.

THE TENTH GOOD OF LIFE.—In looking over Dean Swift's works, we met with the following paragraph in one of his letters to Vanessa:—"Remember that riches are nine parts of ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth. Drinking coffee comes along after, and yet it is the eleventh, but without the two you cannot drink it right. The best maxim I ever knew is to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot to be easy without it."

Dr. Coopers of the South Carolina College, was one of the best natured old gentlemen that ever lectured to mischievous boys. On one occasion, when he entered the lecture room, he found the class all seated with unwonted punctuality, and looking wondrous grave. Mischief, it was the cause, and it was apparent that they were prepared for a burst of laughter as the old doctor waded along to the professor's chair, for there sat an old goat, bolt upright, lashed to a chair. But they were disappointed of their fun, for instead of getting angry and storming at them, he mildly remarked, "Aha young gentlemen! quite republican I see, in your tendencies: fond of a representative government? Well, well, it is all right. I dare say the present incumbent can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to-day, Good bye! Don't feel sheepish about it!" And he went away without leaving a smile behind him.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

Stand forth and hold up your head, wee chap, for you have nothing to be ashamed of! We have carefully inspected the contents of your literary park, and certify unhesitatingly that they are of an exceedingly respectable description. The dimensions of our small brother, are not very gigantic, it is true, but like a roasted maggot, his sweetness is not to be measured by his bulk—and it would not be easy to specify a guest whose visits to the family circle ought to be more heartily welcomed than the *Herald*. The annual assessment for the journal is only five shillings, dog cheap in all conscience, even in these dinky times.—*Streetville Review*.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD. It is refreshing to us from politics, and contemplate something which is not contaminated with its jarring influence. To such as may require so pleasing a variation, we can recommend *The Canadian Family Herald*, a neat and well conducted literary journal, published at Toronto.—*Kent Advertiser*.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.—This is the title of a New Publication, conducted by Mr. D. McDougall, of Toronto. The first five numbers have been sent to this office, with the arrangement of which we are much pleased. The Publication is purely of a literary character, consequently the *Herald* offers a favourable opportunity for every family being supplied with an instructive weekly spare-time companion. The price is only 6s. per year. The Work is published in a form suitable for binding.—*Droeville Recorder*.

New Paper.—A new weekly periodical has been commenced in this city, called "The Canadian Family Herald." It is a neatly printed sheet, in the quarto form, and is to be devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and Agriculture, and promises to be a valuable addition to our periodical literature.—*Christian Guardian*.

AGENTS FOR THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

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

- |                    |       |                           |
|--------------------|-------|---------------------------|
| D. McLellan,       | - - - | Hamilton.                 |
| James McCaig,      | - - - | Paris, C.W.               |
| David Buchanan,    | - - - | Port Sarina.              |
| Robert Reid, P.M., | - - - | Saugter.                  |
| David George,      | - - - | Bradford.                 |
| William Hogg,      | - - - | York Mills.               |
| Thomas, A. Milne,  | - - - | Markham, (Markham Mills.) |
| D. McLeod,         | - - - | Port Hope.                |
| A. Stewart,        | - - - | Deltville.                |
| J. J. Whithead,    | - - - | Kingston.                 |
| William Snyder,    | - - - | Peterboro.                |
| D. T. Brodie,      | - - - | West Williamsburg.        |

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

Advertisements.

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. 1-1f.

New Dry Goods Establishment.

66, King Street East,

THIRD DOOR WEST OF CHURCH STREET.

WILLIAM POLLEY

RESPECTFULLY intimates to his friends, and to the Citizens of Toronto and surrounding country, that he has opened those commodious premises in Victoria Row, lately occupied by Messrs. McKend, Paterson & Co. with an entire New Stock of Fresh and Fashionable STAPLE & FANCY

DRY GOODS,

Selected in the best markets, with great care, expressly for this trade, and on the most advantageous terms. his stock is not all in hand,

consisting in part of

- |                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Printed Cobourg Cloth.      | Winey, Beaver, Blotie,      |
| " Cashmere "                | & Canadian Cloths.          |
| " DeLaine "                 | Cassimere, Doeskins,        |
| Chene Crape.                | Tweed, Satinets,            |
| Plain & Fig'd Cobourgs.     | Vestings, Moleskins,        |
| " Orleans.                  | Blankets, Horse Rugs.       |
| Plush Cloakings.            | Batac, Serges,              |
| Gala & Saxonia Plaid.       | Collar Checks & Drug-       |
| Black & Color'd Silks       | gels                        |
| " Velvets                   | Scarlet, Red, Pink, Rose,   |
| 7-8, 4-4 & 9-8 Fancy Prints | and White Flannels.         |
| Mourning & Furniture        | Printed Sallibury do.       |
| Prints.                     | Quilts & Counterpanes.      |
| Blue & White, & Blue        | Colton & Woollen Table      |
| and Yellow Prints.          | Covers, Oil Cloths,         |
| Hungarian Cloths.           | Bonnet Shafes, Jeans,       |
| Cold Derrys, Bongals.       | Last'ge, Silicias, Linings. |
| Drills, Denims.             | Patchwork, Umbrellas,       |
| Stout Strips Shirtings.     | Crapes, Towels, Lappets     |
| Fancy                       | Bonnet, Cap, Sarinet, &     |
| White & Grey Cottons.       | Satin Ribbons,              |
| " Sheet'gs                  | Veils, Stays, Laces.        |
| Cotton Ticks, all widths.   | Edgings, Muslins,           |
| Straw Ticks.                | Neis, Lace Sleeves.         |
| Brown Linens & Osna-        | Cambrie & Silk Pocket-      |
| burgs, all widths.          | handkerchiefs.              |
| Stout Bags & Bagging.       | Silk and Satin Neck do.     |
| Towels and Toweling.        | Opera Ties, Mufflers.       |
| Dowls, Cheese Cloth.        | Ladies' Long Woollen        |
| Hucabac, Canvas.            | Shawls.                     |
| Window Hollands.            | Woollen Handkerchiefs.      |
| White, Brown, Blay.         | Woollen and Worsted         |
| Slate & und'r'd Hollands.   | Yara.                       |
| Irish Linens, Damaaka.      | Gimps, Dress Buttons,       |
| Diapers, Lawns.             | Jenny Lind Braids,          |
| Broad Cloths.               | &c., &c., &c.               |

A Full Assortment of Woollen Goods in Hosiery, in every variety, Boots, Petserint, Polkas, Athens' Coats, Ear Caps, Lapland Coats, Hoods, Cuffs, Sleeves, Woollen Cravus, Gaiters & Bootskins.

Overstockings, Glengarry, and Sealene Caps, Buck Mitts, &c., &c.

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

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

TERMS CASH. No abatement from the price asked.

WM. POLLEY.

Chequered Store, Victoria Row, Three Doors West of Church Street, Toronto, Dec. 20th, 1851. 3-1f.

WANTED.

A PERSON competent to canvass for this Paper in the City and Country.—Apply at this Office.  
Toronto, Dec. 13, 1851.

CHRISTMAS

NEW YEAR'S CAKES.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully return thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Toronto and vicinity, for the liberal patronage he has hitherto received. He is determined to use every exertion to increase his business and accesse the public, that all articles in his establishment shall be of the best quality and at the LOWEST RATES

Amongst his assortment will be found the following, viz —Jellies, Blanc Alceges, Ice Creams, Italian Creams, Trifles, Fancy Baskets, and Pyramids.

The subscriber will also have for Christmas and New Year, a large assortment of

FANCY CONFECTIONERY, for presents to children, also, the usual supply of CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CAKES, Plain and Ornamented.

Wedding Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Balls, &c., furnished on the shortest notice.

SHELL OYSTERS, Oranges, Lemons, Malaga, Grapes, Figs, &c., &c. Also, 100 doz eggs, warranted fresh, for sale by

THOMAS McCONKEY,

19, King Street East.

Toronto, Dec. 20, 1851. 3-1f.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS !!

BROWN & OHILDS,

At No. 88, KING STREET EAST,

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

- |  |          |
|--|----------|
| 5000 pairs superior thick Boots.                       | 11s. 3d. |
| 3000 " " Kip " 12s. 6d. to 13s. 6d.                    |          |
| 9000 " " Calf " 15s. 0d. to 17s. 6d.                   |          |
| 3000 " " Boys' " 6s. 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 Article repaired without charge.

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

3000 Sides Best Spanish LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.  
Toronto, Dec. 1851. 3-1f.

GROCERIES.

ALEXANDER MALCOLM A

BEGS to inform his friends and customers that he has removed from his Old Stand to the New Brick Building North Corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets where he has on hand a large and well-selected Stock of GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, PROVISIONS, &c. All of which he will sell at his usually low prices.  
Toronto, Dec. 13th 1851. 2-1f.



**PENNY READING ROOM!**

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

**BRITISH AND AMERICAN,**

As follows, viz. :-

- London Quarterly Review,
- The Edinburgh,
- North British,
- Bibliotheca Sacra,
- Ecclesio Magazine,
- Blackwood's,
- International,
- Littell's Living Age,
- Harper's Magazine,
- Curtains Union,
- Globe News Paper,
- Colonist,
- Patriot,
- Examiner,
- North American,
- Canadian Family Herald,
- Literary Gen.

with a large number of others, and as the charge is only One Penny per visit, or seven-pence halfpenny per month, he trusts to be honoured by the patronage of the reading public.

C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

**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.

It is a Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

6-1-1

**REMOVAL.**

**HAYES, BROTHERS,**  
Wholesale Grocers,

HAVE REMOVED to the New Warehouse, 97 YONGE STREET South of King Street, nearly opposite to the Bank of British North America.

Toronto, January 8th, 1850.

6-10-1.

**PROVINCIAL MUTUAL AND GENERAL INSURANCE OFFICE,**

CHURCH STREET, Toronto, Dec. 31, 1851.

A DIVIDEND, at the rate of Eight per cent. per annum, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Provincial Mutual and General Insurance Company, has this day been declared.

The Dividend payable at this Office, as well as at the various Agencies of the Company, on the 30th January next, until which day the Transfer Books of the Company will be closed.

EDWARD G. O'BRIEN,

Secretary,

6-1-1.

**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

*Ready 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. 65, KING STREET, 2 doors West of Church Street.  
Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. 1-3m.

**NEW DRY GOODS STORE JUST OPENED!**

**J. D. MERRICK**

BEGS 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. 28th, 1851. 1-1m.

**The Castilian Hair Invigorator.**

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

**THE CASTILIAN HAIR INVIGORATOR**

for centuries. It causes the hair to retain its original colour to the latest period of life, only making it assume a darker shade if originally very light. Dissolved 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

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

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

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851. 4-1

**TUITION.**

A SCHOLAR of the Toronto University will be happy to assist a few Young Gentlemen in the study of the Classics and Mathematics.—Terms, liberal. Satisfactory references can be given,—apply at the office of this paper.

Toronto, December 12th, 1851. 2-1

**DAVID MAITLAND,**

NO. 8, YONGE STREET,

NEARLY opposite the Bank of Montreal. Has on hand a well-assorted Stock of Confectionaries (also Christmas and New Year Cakes,) made up for family use, cheaper than ever.

No Cakes made up for Raffle.

Toronto, Dec. 13, 1851. 2-2

**Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!**

**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 "Iron," "Bang-up," and "New Improved Premium" Cooking Stoves, Parlour, Box, and Air Tight Stoves.

—A.S.O.—

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

Dumb Stove, Stove 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 12, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. 1-1

**W. H. DOEL,**

Wholesale and Retail

**DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,**

IMPORTER of English, French, Mediterranean and American Drugs, and Chemicals. Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Artists' Colours, Tools, Trusses, &c., &c., 57 KING STREET EAST.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851. 1-1

**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

**SPANISH & 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. 1-1

**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. McDONNELL, EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY JAMES STEPHENS, PRINTER, NO. 5, CITY BUILDINGS, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, AND PUBLISHED BY CHAS. FLETCHER, 54, YONGE STREET.