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THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLE, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

No. 9.

Poetry.

A LESSON IN ITSELF SUBLIME.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this— I take no heed of time,
Save when the sun is shining.
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never teaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sing on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it;
And if to-day the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing.
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter—
We take the cup of life, and taste
No portion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning,
Then let us wait the coming light,
All boding phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

Literature.

BERTHA.—A STORY FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

A silent group surrounded the bedside of a dying woman. The apartment showed none of the luxury of the sick room which almost tempts the healthy poor to envy the wealthy invalid. It was nearly bare of all furniture; and its scanty moveables seemed to tell the story of one who, having exhausted all that the world had conferred upon her, and used to the utmost all that she possessed, was now departing, carrying nothing with her, and literally leaving nothing to which she held any claim behind.

The sound of a distant clock came into the room with slow and funereally distinct utterance. It seemed so like a knell, that the attendants of the dying woman raised their eyes from the couch of death; and, as prompted by a common impulse, looked inquiringly, and with awe-stricken countenances, at each other. The close, warm air of the room seemed to become icy cold; the hearts of the living, no less than the dying, appeared to cease to beat. The clock struck on, and finished its tale—

ten, eleven, twelve! Imagination scarcely could resist the persuasion that each succeeding blow fell fainter as it numbered the last seconds of the parting year.

The echo died away. A smile, though a sickly one, passed over the doctor's face, that he, all used to scenes like this, had partaken of the contagion of superstitious awe. All were reassured, and ventured to breathe again—all but the dying woman. She breathed no more.

A slight convulsive struggle drew all eyes and thoughts back to the dying bed. A smile passed over the pale features transforming the gaunt in suffering into the beautiful in death. The struggle was over. A soul was released; and the thousand clocks which told the last moment of the dead year were its passing bells.

All were relieved. Near that bedside had stood neither kith nor kin. The stranger had been taken home from amid strangers; and the pity of those who had befriended her—unselfish, inasmuch as it was not that of dependents or kindred—ceased when the sufferings of the dead wore over. Tears fell, in sympathy with our common frail nature. Words were said, in a subdued voice, in praise of the heavenly meekness and patience of the sufferer—now a sufferer no longer; and expressions of pity for the distant relatives were uttered also by those who know the pangs of separation from friends. But there arose no wail of grief, no bursts of unreasonable sorrow; for all felt that the friendless and unknown, who had departed in the calm confidence of a Christian soul, submissive to the will of its Maker, and trusting in the mercy of its Redeemer, had exchanged what had been indeed a bitter journey in the vale of tears for a welcome in that heaven where tears are wiped away for ever.

There was one, indeed, who, but for the happy ignorance of childhood, might have wept—an hour or two before she had fallen asleep on the pillow while the mother strained her dying eyes over the infant's face, and breathed many, many prayers, unheard except by Him to whom they were addressed. While the babe slept she was removed. Now, as if the strange presence of death in the house had chilled and frightened the baby dreams, she waked and cried in terror. The nurse, confused in her divided duty, caught up the child and returned to the bed again. The infant in her arms danced and shouted as it saw the face which all its little life had been its shield from fancied danger and its solace in childhood's little afflictions; struggled to get down and kiss the smails which death had stamped there; clapped its little hands, and cried out "Mother."

Day had fairly broken. Music sounded without; shouts of early revellers rose; and the attendants looked abroad, almost wondering as they threw up the windows, now that the air was scarcely colder than the clay which but a few hours before needed so many appliances to its comfort. A little time gave the apartment all the formal, icy state of death,

which the decent respect of the family of man for a deceased member prescribes. The infant was carried from the house, and all unknowing what it had lost, was soon loudest in its childish glee amongst a knot of hospitable little ones, who forced upon it their toys, and shouted in its wondering ears—"A happy New Year!—a happy New Year!"

CHAPTER II.

A happy New Year! While many raise this shout, how many others pine in sorrow! While one part of the race is rejoicing in hope, how many sink in despair! While these hear the congratulations of friends, how do those quail before the eager pursuit of enemies! As Joy turns her radiant face on one, she retires from others; and Misery's tenacious hold upon earth is only broken in one spot, that elsewhere it may fasten deeper and surer. Some good souls wonder how man can rejoice while there is so much distress in the world. Bless their honest hearts! None could ever be glad did they wait till all sorrow were off the earth. It is ungrateful not to be cheerful when heaven blesses us—and it is sinful to be an ingrate. No sin is worse.

A worse ingratitude than mere moroseness is that, however, which forgets the woes of others in our joys, their necessity in our plenteousness, and their loneliness in our troops of friends. Little Bertha's fate was better ordered, and she was not forgotten. It chanced that when in one house death was sweeping a mother into eternity, in another a child was called early to rest; and while in one a mother yearned for her child, in another a child looked despair out of its innocent eyes for a mother, Providence directed the two bereaved ones. Bertha nestled in a bosom which seemed to her at first a little strange, but soon she clung as naturally to her new mother as if she had known no other.

Years passed, and the lady who had taken her into her arms even before she had fairly laid her own dead child down, and into her heart while it was yet warm with living love for the departed, had quite forgotten that her adopted was not indeed her own child. Lovely she grew, and was reared with discriminating and anxious tenderness, for sorrow teaches the heart to love, and bereavement schools the afflicted how best to provide for those who are spared. There was only one thing in which Bertha's mother—for so we will call her—erred. That one error was, perhaps, a pious fraud. She coveted the child's whole heart, and did not tell her that she was not literally, and by the whole of woman's destiny her daughter.

She might have been less reserved—for there seemed no danger that any would dispute her claim. A cold, dark featured man did appear upon the funeral scene when the last obsequies were paid to Bertha's mother. He carefully paid every due, and cancelled every demand. Nay, he was even gracious enough to say, that the deceased was his daughter by marriage, but having of his own will accorded

so much information, he skilfully parried or rudely repelled all questions. The child seemed a sad annoyance to him, and it was certain, if actions could speak, that he regretted more that the infant lived than that its mother died. When the babe's new friend—a childless and widowed woman—timidly put forward her claim, as if she feared so great a boon would be denied her who should have clasped the infant to his breast could ill conceal his joy at parting with it; and any one less humane and tender of heart than the newly bereaved mother would have discerned in his pleasure something more than the mere joy he professed that his dear little infant was so well provided for. If he was little curious to learn anything respecting her who adopted the child he resigned, she was well content that nothing should be known of him. It was a pardonable feeling that led her to consider the child as scarcely less than a direct gift from heaven to her lonely heart, and she was anxious to forget all in connection with little Bertha, except that the cherub came to fill a void in her being, even before she was fairly conscious that such a void existed. Thus was her sorrow disarmed, and thus were her whole affections transferred to the orphan, so that an orphan she ceased to be almost before the name had been given her.

So she grew—cheerful and happy; but when were cheerfulness and happiness ever left alone? Never certainly, since the first intermeddler in the business of others came into the world. Bertha was wandering in the village graveyard, as she dearly loved to do, and as every child has a passion for doing. There is something very beautiful in it. As our first parents wandered in Eden, unconscious of death, so do little children seem to play amid the tombs in the garden of graves, all unconscious that death has entered the world. If, untaught by silly nurses to attach terror and gloom to the quiet silence of the spot, they find in it a place for their gambols, which is chiefly remarkable for furnishing quaint and singularly interesting reading upon its head-stones and tablets, when they are weary. And what are, then, infant gambols but life in epitome? What is life itself but a game of hide-and-seek with the grim archer, which sooner or later must be ended by a stumble, not over the grave, like the child's fall but into it? Silly as children, but not so innocent, are those who trifle their lives through, without a thought of the inevitable close.

"Strange that you, of all children, can play here," said a woman that looked over the wall. Bertha looked up, all wonder, her fair face mocking the chubby angel in the stone against which she leaned, and her bright eye sparkling with half-awo-stricken curiosity. Her face glowing with ruddy health; and her hair, beautiful in its negligent curls, danced upon her shoulders in the light air that played, like her (and she no less innocently than that), amid the graves. The picture of trusting happiness—what could have been the woman's thoughts who mused it? Bertha at length said, "Mother told me I might."

"Your mother? Heigh-ho!" And with a long-drawn sigh and lugubrious shake of the head, she added, "Your mother sleeps under your feet."

Bertha, horror-stricken, looked down, as if the grave were yawning beneath, and withdrew from the spot, trembling with puzzled terror, ejaculating, "My mother!"

The woman was gone. Little Bertha hurried home, and ran from room to room till she found her whom only she knew as mother; and burying her face in that bosom which had so dearly cherished her, cried as if her little heart would break.

"She told me you were dead—*asleep*," sobbed Bertha; "but here you are, and I will never, never leave you a minute again!"

CHAPTER III.

It was a calm and beautiful sunset. The fragrance of the early summer flowers came into the open windows with a weight almost oppressive. The foliage sparkled as if gemmed with diamonds—and each leaf bent under their weight.

The earth had been refreshed with a summer shower, and the slanting rays of the sun twinkled, not only in the rain drops on the leaves, but shone in the tears which trembled on Bertha's eyelids. Mother and child had been weeping, but were calm, for as rain to the thirsty earth, so are tears to the weary spirit.

"But you are my mother for all that!" exclaimed Bertha, with a tremulous voice. The answer was a long and ardent embrace. No words were spoken—none were needed. Mrs. Malcolm had been telling her ward and more than daughter the sad melancholy story how her mother had died. For the hint thrown out by the meddling woman had made such a communication necessary. Perhaps it was well that the child should know the truth. If now no more she loved her kind friend with the blind affection of instinct, her heart every day expanded more and more with gratitude to her who, when in death her mother forsok her, had been prompted by Heaven to take her up.

Poor Bertha! She was old enough to think, and what a world of care that age brings with it! Her cheerful sunny hours were clouded.—She knew that children have fathers as well as mothers, until death comes in to sunder the parental tie. Hitherto, when her widowed protector had spoken of Mr. Malcolm, she had listened, attentively and affectionately, as to the memory of her father. But this, she perceived, could no longer be. If we were usually in the habit of giving children credit for the faculties they possess, and the observations they make, Mrs. Malcolm might have divined Bertha's thoughts, and would have been silent and guarded on that subject. She was the reverse. The establishment of a confidence between her and Bertha led her to speak often of her own lost child whom Bertha had succeeded, and of her husband, whose loss had been her first sorrow. When she kissed Bertha's forehead, and fondly said, "You fill the place of both my child and its father," Bertha sighed. She did not speak—but she longed to ask, "Who was my father?" How much may a thoughtless word inflict—and how little did the curious, officious woman who clouded Bertha's paradise suspect, as she saw her growing more pale from day to day, that it was to her own foolish tongue the charge was due. She only said to her gossips, "That child grows weakly, like her mother, and I shouldn't wonder if she went the same way, some day." The marvel is that she did not say so to Bertha's self. So indeed she would have done, but Bertha avoided her as an evil genius.

CHAPTER IV.

A plain, upright slab marked where Bertha's mother rested, and on it was inscribed the single name *EMMELINE*. It was all that Mrs. Malcolm knew of the departed—all that she once thought she wished to know. Now she would have given worlds to know more, for while she did not suspect the true cause of her dear child's uneasiness, she fancied that if she could tell her anything of one parent, that Bertha would not think of the other. How strangely selfish is woman's love for her children! strange at the first thought, and yet it is natural. She who bears them in sorrows more than they, may be pardoned for the delusion that she alone fills their whole hearts.

Near the mother of Bertha, a lesser mound marked where Mrs. Malcolm's infant slept.—How wonderful the double ties which thus linked the dead to the dead, the living to the living, and all, living and dead, thus in one band!

As autumn with its black winds advanced, they felt that these visits soon must close. One day, as with this presentiment they tarried longer than usual, they perceived a stranger enter the grounds. This, though not very common, was still not remarkable. Thoughtful travellers—and it is strange that there can be any other—never omit to visit the places where the dead sleep, for there is mirrored, in the manner of their bestowal, the character of the living.

But when, as Mrs. Malcolm and Bertha were

about to withdraw, they saw the stranger pause near them, the widow was astonished—shall we confess it—almost alarmed. He had passed hurriedly and with a look of unsatisfied curiosity everywhere else; he had passed indifferently the marks of posthumous pride and the relics of antiquity; he had possessed no eye for what we deemed the *notables of the place*; but now having reached the grave of Emmeline, he stood as if spell-bound. For a moment or two he gazed at the headstone as an object which he recognised as the companion of his, then this and the fabric of his dreams; then bowing his head upon it, his whole frame shook with unexpressed emotion.

Mrs. Malcolm was scarcely less affected. She divined all, and for an instant was half tempted to chide Heaven for what seemed to her another bereavement. A thousand thoughts intruded upon her troubled mind. Once she started to draw the child away from an unnatural parent who could thus neglect her, but started at Bertha's half resistance, she desisted. The father raised his head and seemed a moment annoyed, as if he now for the first time, perceived that there had been witness of his sorrow.

Mrs. Malcolm pointed to Bertha. The stranger looked a moment, then clasping her to his heart, said, "Her mother's second self! But they told me she left no child!"

The mystery is easily solved. The father of the stranger, cold, covetous, and ambitious, had frowned upon a union in which the parties consulted no counsellors but their hearts. The young husband, scarcely out of his minority, was driven abroad in a state of half exile, half dependence.—The young wife was grudgingly assisted, and that only on condition that she should bury herself in some village where the parents of her husband should not be offended with the sight of one whose presence reminded them that their child had consulted his own happiness rather than their pride. The rest the reader knows already. If she sinned, bitterly did she suffer. Nor did the father, ere summoned to his account, escape—for the pride which tramples on another rends its own heart.

If this narrative be not strictly true, it is less wonderful than many truths. The remainder we leave to the reader's fancy, for it will not always do to unite in a fiction the lights and shadows which come so abruptly together in real life.—But as some aid to the imagination, we will merely say that a little girl, very like Bertha, popped out from behind the breakfast-room door, on Friday the first of January, 1847, and cried, "A happy New Year, father and mother—now I've caught you both!"

H. H. W.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 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.

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 bear-

ing 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 Artisan 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.

BANFFSHIRE,—complains that the poetry in last number was altered from its original. The piece was quoted from the 229th number of the FAMILY HERALD, vol. V., and was given exactly as it appears there, without name or remark. Not having at hand a copy of the original it was allowed to go as it stood in that journal—perhaps, after all, not the most authentic source for Scottish poetry.

Agriculture.

STEAM PLOUGHING.

In a recent number of the Herald, we alluded to the invention of a steam plough, and its operations upon the property of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, which were so far satisfactory as to demonstrate the eventual accomplishment of the ploughing and working of land by means of steam power. It will be remembered that the operation was performed by means of a plough working to and from a stationary engine. This was but the dawning of the rural genius which already begins to unfold itself in all its magnificent proportions. Mr Usher, a brewer in Scotland has introduced a locomotive steam plough which has made some experimental trials in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh with every prospect of success. It is stated that the invention consists of a series of ploughs mounted on an axis. As the ploughs come successively into action they dig up the soil—their actions being something like the paddle-wheels of a steam-boat; and as the locomotive engine passes along, the earth is trenched or dug over. The locomotive engine is mounted on two broad wheels in front, and a broad cylinder behind. The engine-driver sits in front and guides the machine, which in appearance is the same as a common locomotive, but without a tender. The action, however, in the machine is reversed. The weight of the machine is stated to be about five tons, and the engine is of ten-horse power. Water requires to be supplied to the engine from a water-cart, placed at one end of the field.—The machine is calculated for eight or ten rows of ploughs on the axle: but it was only tested with four. These turned over a breadth of about three feet—being equal to four ordinary furrows; while the depth to which the machine was regulated varied from seven to nine inches. When the machine moved at the ordinary rate of the horse plough, there was left a heel in the furrow, such as is usually to be seen in the land ploughed by the common plough; but when the speed was doubled (being at the rate of from four to five miles an hour) this defect disappeared, and the whole soil was regularly and uniformly stirred to the same depth. This was the result of the working of the machine with the coulters; but on a trial being made of what it could accomplish without the coulters, it was found that while the work was equally well done, the force of traction was, as in the case of the common plough, considerably diminished. The next trial that was made was to test the power of the machine over a loose surface. This trial was also successful, and showed the capabilities of the machine for re-stirring the soil. The next trial was made with the machine across the ridges; but here the deep furrows were found to be a difficulty—the machine not moving so expeditiously, nor performing the work so equally or so perfectly practicable. By the common method of ploughing, the furrow slice is turned over at about a right angle, while pressure of the plough bakes or hardens the subsoil; and this stirring of the subsoil generally interferes considerably with the progress of the roots of the plant, more particularly such as are taper-rooted. This implement of Mr. Usher's, however, does not leave the soil in furrow slices, nor does it stiffen the subsoil; but the land is broken much in the same form as if it had been forked over, stirred twice or thrice by a powerful and efficient grubber. The soil of the field on which the experiment was made was a friable loam, and if a practical man had been brought to the field not knowing how the soil was stirred, he would have pronounced the complete operation to have been the work of a most perfect grubber or cultivator. Some parties who were present considered it an objection that the surface soil was not completely turned down, but this, in the eye

of more intelligent practical men, will be regarded rather as a strong recommendation in favour of the machine, inasmuch as the weeds will be kept nearer the surface and more readily eradicated, while at the same time the soil and subsoil will be more thoroughly incorporated. The cost of the engine at present is said to be about £350, but that is a matter of secondary importance, for let a locomotive steam plough be once perfected, doing its work regularly and in a proper manner, and the competition and the ingenuity of our implement makers will soon bring the cost and price down to a more reasonable scale. The *Edinburgh Scotsman* says—The practical men present appeared to be all surprised at the superior manner the soil was pulverised, as compared with the work done by the common plough, or any other implement at present in use for the purpose of stirring the soil. They at the same time expressed their high satisfaction with the principle of the machine, especially the ease with which it turned at the end of the ridges. And the *Edinburgh Courier* remarks that the feasibility of the invention was admitted by all who saw it, and it was also evident that the principle had reached a very considerable extent of practical development, and that, while several palpable defects could be readily removed, new and most important capabilities might still be added. In one of the experiments, a harrow was attached to the ploughing machine, and it was suggested that were a broadcast sowing machine added, and another harrow, perhaps, to bring up the rear, the whole work of spring might be thus accomplished at once. That steam ploughing will at no very remote period become a practical and profitable agricultural operation, there seems to be now every reason for believing.

HIGH FARMING IN JERSEY.

At a recent meeting of the St. Peter's Club in Jersey, some facts were stated by the members which show what can be done by the high cultivation of land. The small farmers of Jersey are, it is well known, extremely industrious and good managers they keep a large quantity of stock, in proportion to the size of their farms, and having everywhere facilities for getting manure from the sea shore, they produce large crops. Mr. Hume, the hon. secretary of the club, in contrasting the value of land in Ireland and Jersey, said that in the latter island, the value of agricultural land is from £100 to £200 per acre, and rents from £5 to £10 per acre, "and yet the farmer is an independent man." And the same gentleman afterwards "gave a statement of a small experimental farm he held, which he took six years ago, in bad condition, and paid £7 an acre! He had expended £1721, and his receipts, with the value of stock, were £2182, leaving £158 to credit on thirteen acres in six years, paying a rental, remember, of £7 an acre! He said his intention was to publish the statement, so that the public might be enabled to judge for themselves." What will the carping critics of Mr. Huxtable's Mr. Caird's and Mr. Mechi's statements of high farming say to this?—*Economist*.

Arts and Manufactures.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The invention of clocks has been ascribed to Boethius, about the year 510, but clocks such as are general throughout Britain were not manufactured until between two and three centuries ago, so that if the same construction of clock had previously been in use, at an early period it must have gone into oblivion. The Dutch Clock or 'Wag at the Wa,' in consequence of its cheapness, made an inroad upon the use of the more stable eight-day clock, and again the more useful finish, and greater accuracy of the American

clock, combined with its trifling expense, has in this utilitarian age gone far to supersede the use of both. Still our youthful associations linger around the old eight-day clock. How often have we listened to 'The Mill, Mill O,' and 'Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonny Doon,' chimed by one of these wonderful machines. How cheery, how comfortable, did it make the fire-side on a Winter evening, when seated in social compact, the conversation was at once lushed, and the sweet chime, 'I'm a poor but honest Sodger,' called forth a glow of sympathy which sweetened the conversation for the succeeding hour. We would much rather see such a clock in every house, as it would conduce greatly to social exhilaration. But we must bow to the progressive spirit of the age, and for this reason notice with the greatest pleasure the description of a most ingenious and elaborately constructed clock made by E. Henderson, L.L.D., of Liverpool. The Albion says the Clock is calculated so finely, that in many of the motions, by wheelwork, it will not err one minute in 1000 years. These calculations we understand, have received the unqualified approbation of the leading scientific men and astronomers of the day, both in Britain and foreign countries. The clock will show the minutes and hours of the day, the sun's place in the ecliptic, the day of the month perpetually, and take leap-year into the account; the moon's age, place, and phases: the apparent diurnal revolutions of the moon, the ebb and flow of the sea at any port in the world; the golden number, exact, solar cycle, Roman Indiction, Sunday letter, and Julian period; the mean time of the rising and setting of the sun on every day of the year, with its terms and fixed and moveable feasts. The day of the week will be indicated, and the year will be registered for 10,000 years past or to come. The quickest moving wheel revolving in one minute, the slowest in 10,000 years from the date. To show the very great accuracy of the motions of this complicated clock, a few of the periods may be noted, namely, the apparent diurnal revolution of the moon is accomplished in 24 hours, 50 minutes, 58 seconds, and 379,882,268 decimals of a second, which makes an error of one minute too fast at the end of 1470 years. The stars will make a revolution in 23 hours, 56 minutes, 4 seconds, and 69,087,281 decimals of a second, which gives an error of one minute too slow at the termination of 589 1.2 years. The synodical revolution of the moon is done by the wheels in 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 2 seconds and 372,514,288 decimals of a second, and this will give an error of one minute too fast in 1167 years. The sidereal year is done in 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 11 seconds, and 53,322,496 decimals of a second, which will make an error of one minute too slow in 1806 years. The clock will go 100 years without requiring to be wound up which is unequalled in horological science. The clock will contain about 170 wheels and pinions, and upwards of 300 distinct pieces.

Miscellaneous.

ORIENTAL SAYING, FROM THE TALMUD.

When Alexander the Great was in Egypt, an Egyptian prince came to him and said, our Nation has always heard, that you are so benevolent as to pay, or cause to be paid, all the just claims of your poor subjects. I came therefore to enquire of you, if it is really the case. The King answered in the affirmative, and enquired of the prince the nature of his demand. The Egyptian

prince then stated, that the Jews, who were under his jurisdiction, had several hundred years ago borrowed jewels of silver and of gold from his people, and had as yet not returned them, nor paid for them, and he had now come to demand both principal and interest. Alexander wished to know what evidence he could adduce to substantiate his claim. The prince replied the Bible. This is indeed excellent evidence said the King, will you allow me three days to examine into the nature of your claim? The prince readily consented to this, and at the same time referred him as evidence of his claim to Exod III 22, and xi. 2. The King then consulted with his secretary Gaviah ben Pasca, who was a very learned Jew, and who on the morning of the third day called upon King Alexander, and told him, to get the prince when he came, to consent in the first place, that if a balance were due on either side, it should be paid with interest, secondly, that the Bible should be evidence for and against both parties; and thirdly, enquire of him if his law did not allow servants and slaves a just and equitable compensation for their services, all of which he will no doubt readily admit. Then refer him to the Bible where he will find that Jacob and his posterity took their cattle and all their wealth with them into Egypt. Also that the Israelites were there, three or four hundred years in bondage to his nation, and when they left Egypt they could not as slaves, take their property with them. Now then estimate the value of the property that Jacob and his family took into Egypt, and the interest of it, and also the services of all the Jewish nation for 400 years, at so much per day for each one, then add the interest, and double both principal and interest, for the Egyptians made them double their labour, and they had also to find their own materials to make brick. Let him then from that sum deduct the small amount of Jewels, and there will be such a great balance in our favour, that their whole nation will not be able to pay it. Besides he does not understand our language, for the word *Shaal* means to ask, or demand as a debt, or an equivalent, and not to borrow. In support of this allegation the learned secretary referred the King to numerous passages in the Bible. The King was delighted with this critical view of the case, and adopted the plan pointed out by his secretary, and when the prince came, in full confidence of gaining his point, and Alexander explained the whole merit of the case to him, shewing beyond doubt, that his nation was largely in debt to the Israelites, the prince fled into a foreign country. R.

A LOVE STORY.

Let us try to give you very briefly, reader, a little story that was told to us the other night in the sanctum. We will endeavor to present it as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator:—

"Did I ever tell you," said he, "about my first and last poetical effort? Reckon not. Well, thus it was. A considerable long time ago, when I was pursuing the law (*haud passibus equis*), and which I never overtook, I was sitting with my feet upon a line with my nose, my 'custom always in the afternoon,' when at the open door a veritable client appeared. His inimitable hitch at

the wristband spoke at once his occupation on the brink deep.

"Do you ever write letters here?" was his first question.

"Sometimes," said I, "although I am not exactly a man of letters."

"Well, then," said he, looking round carefully to see that his communication was confidential, "I want a first-rate one."

"To whom, and on what subject?" I asked.

"To a gal in Kittery," said he. "She ain't acting right, and I want to tell her so. She's been and gone to singing-school with another chap since I left. Now, take a sheet of paper and give her my mind, strong."

"I did my best, and put down in our good vernacular some emphatic expressions of indignation, and some hard knocks against the interloper of the singing-school."

"Hold there!" says he, "that is rather too much sail on that tack! Now put her off a few points on another tack, and give her some soft biscuit, for I don't want to break off entirely; only to scow her, so that she will mind her helm and steer straight."

"So I eased off, and put in some 'soft sawder' and love-sick nonsense. I read it to him."

"That will do," said he; "but tell her after all, it will be as she behaves!"

"So I qualified the honey with a little vinegar."

"That's all right," said he, "but I want you to put in some verses, to wind up the yarn."

"Such as what?" said I.

"This—

"My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My love for you shall never fail."

"I wrote at his dictation, until I came to the word 'pale.'

"That will never do," said I, "for this ink is most particularly black"—and it was 'black as Erebus,' or 'the ace of spades.'

"This was a puser. He scratched his head in most amusing perplexity. 'I must have the poetry,' said he, 'at any rate; and what if it ain't exactly true?—will that hurt?'

"Not as poetry," said I, refining, "but as fact. It will be a false statement of a matter of fact, and the falsehood will be apparent on the face of the record *falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*, you know, Jack! How can Betsey believe a word you say, with such a black falsehood staring her in the face? (I was young and fresh from Blackstone, and talked learnedly.)

"What shall we do?" cried Jack; "you must fix it somehow."

"How will this answer, Jack?" I asked.

"My pen is poor, my ink is black,
My love for you shall never slack."

"First-rate!" exclaimed Jack.

"And so it went, and so ended my first and last attempt at poetry. I wish I had kept a copy of that letter."—*Knickerbocker Magazine for September.*

COLD WINTERS.

We notice in an exchange paper a list of severe winters in the olden times, which may not be uninteresting now that our severe winter is so much talked of. The list is as follows:—

In 1664 the cold was so intense that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

1695 the cold was so excessive that the famishing wolves entered Vienna and attacked beasts and even men. Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and 1696 was nearly as bad.

In 1709 occurred that famous winter called by distinction, the cold winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea for several miles from the shore. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Birds and beasts were struck dead in the fields, and men perished in their houses.

In the South of France the wine plantations were almost destroyed, nor have they yet recovered that fatal disaster. The Adriatic sea was

trozen and even the Mediterranean, about Genoa; and the cotton and orange groves suffer extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1710 the winter was so intense that people travelled across the straits from Copenhagen to the province of Sema, in Sweden.

In 1726, in Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow.

In 1740 the winter was scarcely inferior to that of 1712. The snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and thousands of people went over it. All the lakes in England froze.

In 1741 the winter was very cold. Snow fell in Portugal to the depth of twenty-three feet on a level.

In 1754 and 1775, the winters were very severe and cold. In England the strongest ale, exposed to the air in a glass, was covered with ice one-eighth of an inch thick.

In 1771, the Elbe was frozen to the bottom.

In 1776, the Danube bore ice five feet deep below Vienna. Vast numbers of the feathered and finny tribe perished.

The winters of 1774 and 1775 were uncommonly severe. The Little Belt was frozen over.

From 1800 to 1812 also, the winters were remarkably cold, particularly the latter in Russia, which proved so disastrous to the French army.

ANECDOTES OF STOTHARD THE PAINTER.

A work recently published in England,—"The Life of Thomas Stothard, R. A., by Mrs. Bray"—gives the following among other reminiscences of the artist:—

Few things in nature were considered below the attention of his most observant mind. If he wanted to make himself acquainted with any natural object, he always drew it. If any of his children asked him a question, relating to a bird or animal, he instantly took up the pencil and sketched, by way of illustrating the explanation he gave in reply. As to himself, in order to more fully understand what might be required if he had occasion to introduce an animal in a picture, he would often draw even the skeleton of it. One, of the entire elephant, where every bone is most carefully distinguished, is still in the possession of his son Alfred. It is in pen and ink. Several of his fine studies from living creatures, such as the lion, the tiger, the leopard, &c. are to be found in the collections of the admirers of his works. In sketching animals, he was as remarkable for observing the grace and form of action as in drawing the human figure.

He was beginning to paint the figure of a reclining sylph, when a difficulty arose in his own mind, how best to represent such a being of fancy. A friend who was present said, 'Give the sylph a butterfly's wing, and there you have it.' 'That I will,' exclaimed Stothard; 'and to be correct I will paint the wing from the butterfly itself.' He immediately sallied forth, extended his walk to the fields some miles distant, and caught one of those beautiful insects: it was of the class called the peacock. Our artist brought it carefully home, and commenced sketching it, but not in the painting room; and leaving it on the table, a servant (I know not if it were the Irish damsel) swept the pretty little creature away, before its portrait was finished.

On learning his loss, away went Stothard once more to the fields to seek another butterfly. But at this time one of the tortoise-shell tribe crossed his path, and was secured. He was astonished at the combination of colour that presented itself to him in this small but exquisite work of the Creator, and from that moment determined to enter upon a new and delightful field—the study of the insect department of natural history. He became a hunter of butterflies; the more he caught, the greater beauty did he trace in their infinite variety, and he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these insects—they had taught him the finest combinations in that difficult branch of art, coloring.

Not however, in butterflies only, but in every thing, Stothard was an indefatigable student of na-

ture. He went no where without a sketch book, and nothing struck his eye or his fancy but it was transferred to it; he recommended this practice to others, with the injunction never to alter anything when absent from the object drawn; he said that, unless this rule was observed, all the spirit of the sketch would be lost. In his walks to Iver, (about eighteen miles from London,) whether he often went accompanied by his son Alfred, to visit his aged aunt, Mrs. Hales after they had passed Acton, he would say, "Now, let us leave the high road and away to the fields and the hedges; we shall find there some beautiful plants, well worth seeking." No sooner had they done so than the sketch book and color box was brought forth from his pocket, and many a wild plant, with its delicate formation of leaf and flower, was carefully copied on the spot. This was done with a fine pen filled with the tints required; the springing of the tendrils from the stem, and every elegant bend and turn of the leaves or the drooping of a bell, was observed and depicted with the utmost beauty.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE.

Never be ashamed of thy birth, or thy parents, or thy trade, or thy present employment, for the meanness or poverty of any of them; and when there is an occasion to speak of them, such an occasion as would invite you to speak of anything that pleases you, omit it not, but speak as readily and indifferently of thy meanness as of thy greatness. Przemslaus, the first King of Bohemia, kept his country-shoes always by him, to remember from whence he was raised; and Agathacles, by the furniture of his table, confessed that, from a potter, he was raised to be the King of Sicily.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD.

The state of mind induced among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Scotland, by snow storms is thus pleasingly described by the Ettrick Shepherd:—"The daily feelings naturally impressed upon the Shepherd's mind, that all his comforts are so entirely in the hands of Him who rules the elements, contributes not a little to that firm spirit of devotion for which the Scottish Shepherd is so distinguished. I know of no scene so impressing as that of a family sequestered in a long glen during the time of a winter storm; and where is the glen in the kingdom that wants such a habitation? There they are left to the protection of heaven; and they know and feel it. Throughout all the wild vicissitudes of nature, they have no hope of assistance from man, but expect to receive it from the Almighty alone. Before retiring to rest, the Shepherd uniformly goes out to examine the state of the weather, and make his report to the little dependent group within, nothing is to be seen but the conflict of the elements, nor heard but the raving of the storm. Then they all kneel around him while he commends them to the protection of heaven; and though their little hymn of praise can scarcely be heard even by themselves, as it mixes with the roar of the tempest, they never fail to rise from their devotions with their spirits cheered, and their confidence restored, and go to sleep with an exaltation of mind in which Kings and conquerors have no share.

INDIA RUBBER OVER SHOES.

Of all the uses to which India rubber is applied, none is so important and beneficial to the human family as the manufacture of it into over-shoes. A few years ago there was a strong prejudice against these shoes; they were called unhealthy and fit only for enervated men, and weak women. Well, even if they were beneficial to no others, if Indian rubber shoes had done no good to only one individual, this should have blunted the edge of prejudice. But against prejudice they have won their way into sensible and universal favour. It is well known that during rainy weather, but more especially during a thaw, when the ground has been covered with snow, the best leather boots and shoes cannot resist the entrance of moisture. People take cold more readily, we believe, by getting their feet wet and chilled

than by any other cause. How many people have we known, who being compelled by circumstances to walk the streets in sloppy weather, have contracted cold from wet feet, and finally consumption. Weakly people have suffered the most from such ills of human life, to them, especially India rubber over-shoes is one of the great blessings of physical discovery. They resist moisture,—they are impervious to wet; they keep the feet warm and dry when walking in the wet and cold penetrating snow,—and they are therefore one of the greatest comforts. There are thousands of these India rubber over shoes worn now, for one pair that were worn fifteen years ago. They tend to prolong life, by keeping the feet warm, thus preventing cold and disease, and at the same time, they pour drops of comfort into the cup of life. The great necessities of life—the main essentials to general physical happiness—are plenty of food, warm clothing, and dwellings. What would it signify if every man possessed a mountain of gold if he could not keep his feet warm? A very poor consolation indeed. We are liable to overlook many things which have been done of late years to benefit the human family, and the claims of India rubber shoes have not been so fully acknowledged as they should be.—Scientific American.

HOW TO COOK CABBAGE.

Chop the half of an ordinary head very fine, put it in the spider or saucepan, add two-thirds of a tea-cup of water, a table-spoonful of lard, and half a tea-spoonful of salt; cover and cook it from one hour and a half to two hours, giving it now and then a stirring. Then add two-thirds of a tea-cup of good vinegar, some pepper and salt sufficient to season it to taste. Let it be on the fire five minutes and serve up.—Id.

Varieties.

Don't moralize to a man who is on his back. Help him up—see him firmly on his feet, and then give him advice and means.

POVERTY may lay its chilly hand upon us, and freeze up the brightest fountain of our hopes—disappointment may meet us at every step—affliction may strike down those who are dearest to us—the foul breath of slander may attempt to sully our fair name, and tarnish our reputation—still let us be true to ourselves.

TRUE politeness consists of an exquisite observance of the feelings of others, and an invariable respect for those feelings. By this definition it claims alliance with benevolence, and may often be found as genuine in the cottage as in the court.

FRIENDSHIP.—When we see the leaves dropping from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think we, is the friendship of the world; while the sap of maintenance lasts, our friends swarm in abundance around us, but in the winter of need they leave us alone and naked. He is a fortunate man that finds a real friend in his need; but more truly happy is he, by far, that hath no need of his aid.

I WOULD never separate myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from which, perhaps, within a few days, I should dissent myself.

GOOD NATURE is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. Like the pure sunshine, it gladdens, enlivens, and cheers. In the midst of hate, revenge, sorrow, and despair, how glorious are its effects.

NEVER GO BACK—never. What you attempt, do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect is somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but the strong arm of death can extinguish.

Artists' Corner.

COMPOUND COLOURS OR COLOURS ARISING FROM MIXTURE.

Purple.—Dark-red mixed with violet-colour.
Carnation.—Lake and white.
Gold colour.—Massicot, or Naples yellow, with a small quantity of realgar, and a very little Spanish white.

Olive colour.—This may be obtained by various mixtures: black and a little blue, mixed with yellow; yellow-pink, with a little verdigris and lampblack; or ochre and a small quantity of white, will also produce a kind of olive colour. For distemper, indigo and yellow-pink mixed with white lead or Spanish white, must be used. If veined, it should be done with amber.

Lead colour.—Indigo and white.
Christal colour.—Red ochre and black, for a dark-chestnut. To make it lighter, employ a mixture of yellow ochre.

Light Timber colour.—Spruce ochre, white, and a light amber.

Flesh colour.—Lake, white lead, and a little vermilion.

Light Willow Green.—White mixed with verdigris.

Grass Green.—Yellow-pink mixed with verdigris.

An endless variety of greens can be obtained by the mixture of blue and yellow in different proportions, with the occasional addition of white lead.

Stone colour.—White, with a little spruce ochre.
Dark Lead colour.—Black and white, with a little indigo.

Fawn colour.—White lead, stone ochre, and a little vermilion.

Chocolate colour.—Lampblack and Spanish brown. On account of the fatness of the lampblack, mix some litharge and red lead.

Portland Stone colour.—Umber, yellow ochre, and white lead.

The variety of shades of brown that may be obtained, are nearly as numerous as that of green.

To imitate Mahogany.—Let the first coat of painting be white lead, the second orange, and the last burned umber or sienna; imitating the veins according to your taste and practice.

To imitate Wainscot.—Let the first coat be white, the second half white and half yellow ochre, and the third yellow ochre only. Shadow with umber or sienna.

To imitate Satin Wood.—Take white for your first coating, light blue for the second, and dark blue or dark green for the third.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.—D. McDougall, Toronto.—This is the happy designation of a small weekly miscellaneous literary paper, printed by Mr. Stephens, (King-Street East,) for the proprietor, Mr. D. McDougall, 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 his 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 communications 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.—*Star*.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.—This is a new paper published weekly by Mr. D. McDougall, Toronto, at the very low rate of 5s. per annum, in advance. The *Herald* is very respectably got up, and well conducted, and bids fair to be what its title imports—a family paper. Eschewing the troubled waters of politics, the *Herald* is devoted to education, literature, agriculture, science and the arts.

We wish the enterprising publisher the success which his commendable effort to introduce cheap and profitable reading so richly merits.—*Beckenauical Record*.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD. Published for D. McDougall by James Stephens, Toronto, is the name of a weekly Journal of which three numbers have already been issued. It is pre-eminently a "family newspaper," and if it holds on as it has begun we should be glad to see it finding its way into every family in Western Canada. Such a periodical is very much wanted in Canada—one, unencumbered with politics, or unconnected with sectaries, which may be placed in the hands of individuals of every party and of every creed without any violence being done to their cherished sentiments. The selected articles so far as they have appeared are most judiciously chosen. The original matter part of which we have given elsewhere, indicates a talented management, and what we have further to say is simply this, let every one that wishes an entertaining, instructive periodical introduced, weekly, to his family, at the insignificant charge of 1s. per number, send to Toronto instantly and order it.—*Dundas Advertiser*.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.—This is the title of a new publication lately started in Toronto. It is published by Mr. D. McDougall, and is intended to supply a want that must have long since made itself felt in Canada, to wit: A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. The *Family Herald* will be strictly neutral in politics and religion. It is published once a-week at the low price of a dollar a-year. We should like very much to see a Canadian literature spring up amongst us, and not have us dependant on American authors for mental food. We trust that Mr. McDougall's undertaking will prove successful, and that the *Family Herald* will ere long find its way into every corner of Canada.—*Mirror*.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.—This is the title of a new paper published at Toronto, by D. McDougall, the first number of which we have received. The prospectus states it will be devoted to literature, science, art, and agriculture. It is published weekly, in quarto form, at 6s. per year. Its typography is neat, and the selections of a high order.—*Canada Christian Advocate*.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

We have received a couple of numbers of this family newspaper, and it gives us pleasure to recommend it to all who wish to supply their families with the news of the day, at the same time conveying by the same means amusement and instruction. The *Canadian Family Herald* is a non-political journal, as (family papers should be) its editorial chair is ably filled, and its columns display an amount of literary talent, which does it great credit. It is published every Saturday morning, in Toronto, by Mr. D. McDougall, at the low price of 5s. per annum. We sincerely wish Mr. D. McDougall every prosperity in an undertaking which promises to supply a desideratum long wanted in this Province, namely a good, cheap family paper.—*Kingston Argus*.

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 stinky times.—*Stratford Review*.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD. It is refreshing to turn 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 fireside companion. The price is only 5s. per year. The Work is published in a form suitable for binding.—*Drochelle 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:—

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Advertisements.

A CARD.

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Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-4.

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| Blue & White, & Blue | Cotton & Woollen Table |
| and Yellow Prints. | Covers, Oil Cloths. |
| Hungarian Cloths. | Bonnet Shapes, Jeans. |
| Cold Drays, Bengals. | Last'gs, Silicias, Linings. |
| Drills, Denims. | Patchwork, Umbrellas. |
| Suot Strips Shirtings. | Crapes, Flowers, Lappets. |
| Fancy " " | Bonnet, Cap, Saranet, & |
| White & Grey Cottons, | Satin Ribbons, |
| " " Sheet'gs. | Veils, Stays, Laces. |
| Cotton Ticks, all widths. | Edgings, Mualins. |
| Straw Ticks. | Neis, Lace Sleeves. |
| Brown Linens & Osmab- | Cambrio & Silk Pocket- |
| burgs, all widths. | handkerchiefs. |
| Stout Bags & Bagging. | Silk and Satin Neck do. |
| Towels and Toweling. | Opera Tics, 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. | Yarn. |
| Irish Linens, Damasks. | Gimps, Dress Buttons, |
| Diapers, Lawns. | Jenny Lind Braids, |
| Broad Cloths. | &c., &c., &c. |

A Full Assortment of Woollen Goods in

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Hosiery, } in every va- | Boas, |
| Gloves, } rious. | Pelerines. |
| Polkas, Athens' Coats. | Ear Caps. |
| Lapland Coats, Hoods. | Cuffs, Sleeves. |
| Woolton Cravats. | Gaiters & Bootskins. |

Overstockings, Glengarry, and Scalotte 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, CHEAPNESS and VARIETY, cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade.

Superior Cotton Warp, all Nos., a prime article of Duffing: 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.

3-4c

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-U.

WANTED

A PERSON competent to canvass for this Paper in the City and Country.—Apply at this Office.

Toronto, Dec. 13, 1851.

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. 2-1

Toronto, Dec. 13, 1851. 2-2

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. 29th, 1851. 1-1m.

CHRISTMAS

AND

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 assures 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 Manges, 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. 3-3-in.

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 " Mustard do
- 20 dozen Loaves Sugar.
- 20 Chests Young Hyson Tea,
- 10 " Black do
- 20 casks fine Black Tea, Gunpowder and Imperial,
- 10 chests Twankay,
- 50 boxes Fresh Raisins,
- 25 half-boxes do
- 50 qr-boxes do
- 10 barrels Rice,
- 4 casks Vinegar,
- 6 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 Digtly Herrings,
- 33 " Yarmouth Bloaters,
- 5 casks fine Sherry,
- 5 pipes fine Port,
- 3 hds pale Brandy,
- 4 hds dark do
- 5 hds Hamburg Gin, (very fine)
- 25 bbls Morton's (Kingston) stout Whiskey,
- 15 " Wallace's Tody Whiskey,
- 10 " Hespeler's do do with about 30 barrels of other Canadian brands,
- 2 " Scotch Whiskey,
- 10 bascs 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. 29th, 1851, Queen Street West.

GROCERIES.

ALEXANDER MALCOLM .

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-U.

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, "
Hilltophera Sacra,
Eclectic Magazine,
Blackwood's "
International, "
Littell's Living Age,
Harper's Magazine,
Saratoga Union, "
Globe News Paper,
Colonist,
Patriot, "
Examiner, "
North American, "
Canadian Family Herald,
Literary Gem.

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

C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

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.

A Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

G-1-1

REMOVAL.

HAYES, BROTHERS,

Wholesale Grocers,

HAVE REMOVED to the New Warehouse, 27 YONGE STREET, South of King Street, nearly opposite to the Bank of British North America.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

G-10in.

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 20th January next, until which day the Transfer Books of the Company will be closed.

EDWARD G. O'BRIEN,

Secretary.

G-4in.

A SALE.

J. CARMICHAEL

BEING about to make extensive alterations in his premises, will sell after this date, no whole of his Winter Stock of

Simple 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 CHANCE.

Remember No. 68, King Street, 2 doors West of Church Street.

Toronto, Nov. 24th, 1851.

1-3m.

The Castilian Hair Invigorator.

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

THE CASTILIAN HAIR INVIGORATOR

for centuries. It causes the hair to retain its original colour to the latest period of life, only making it assume a darker shade if originally very light. Diseased hair loosens and falls out or turns grey. The Invigorator removes such disease, and restores the skin and hair to a healthy condition.

For sale by BUTLER & SON, London, and by

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

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

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1851.

4-1f

BOOTS AND SHOES.

30,000 PAIRS!!

BROWN & CHILDS,

AT NO. 83, KING STREET EAST,

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

5000 pairs superior thick Boots. 11s. 3d.

3000 " " Kip " 12s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.

2000 " " Calf " 15s. 0d. to 17s. 6d.

3000 " " Boys' " 6s. 7d. to 10s. 0d.

10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys', Brogans, 3s. to 10s.

5000 " Ladies' Cloth & Petticoat Boots, 6s. 3d. to 10s.

2000 " Children's of every variety and Style.

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

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

Any unreasonable failure repaired without charge.

N. B.—No. 83, Painted Boot, nearly opposite the English Cathedral, is the place.

3000 Sides Best SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.

Toronto, Dec., 1851.

3-1-1.

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 Stove, Parlor, 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, Stove Pipes, and Tin Ware at Lower Prices than any other house in this City. Stove Pipes Sued 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. 13, 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 Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Artists' Colours, Tools, Trusses, &c., &c.,

5, King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1f.

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

IFANCY & 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, AND PUBLISHED BY CHAS. FLETCHER, 54, YONGE STREET.