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# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLE, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1853.

No. 16.

## Poetry.

### THE SPRING BREEZE.

The breeze ' the breeze! the fresh gushing breeze!  
 Bearing the breath of the balm laden trees,  
 Now sighing low its murmuring,  
 Like the song of the murmuring seas;  
 A gush of grief, or a broken sigh,  
 As it cradles the tears of the glowing sky—  
 The wailing, weeping breeze.

The breeze ' the breeze! the balmy breeze!  
 When life is ebbing, like well ring seas,  
 To the sickening heart—in the chamber dark—  
 Pining for life—O' breeze!  
 While it beats for breath the wave of death,  
 Like a caged bird for release,  
 Through the lattice bear, from the woodland air,  
 The balm cup's odour breath,  
 On the fever glow of the burning brow—  
 Blow soft—O' spirit, breath!

Like waters to the thirsty one,  
 Amid Nunahau sands,  
 Languing beneath an eastern sun,  
 Longing for shady lands;  
 Thou passeth, like the sound of waves,  
 Or a dream of forest trees,  
 Cool as the shade of mountain caves,  
 The wind-harp symphonies;  
 Like a spirit breath of life in death,  
 Whispers the pilgrim breeze.

It wanders where the pale orange flowers  
 Enwreath Arabian tombs;  
 Like altar-cups, the olive-towers  
 Fair Tempe's vale perfumes;  
 O'er Carmel's flowery crown it sweeps,  
 From ancient Palestine,  
 Where the broken harp of Judah weeps,  
 Beside her fallen shrine.

Sweet as a dream of Araby,  
 I hear it 'mid the vine-leaves sigh,  
 By blue hills a sea,  
 It bringeth from that music land  
 A gush of silver tones—  
 A cadence from Rossini's hand—  
 A wreath of choral songs;  
 Now, like a cataract of sound—  
 Now, like a fountain flow—  
 Now, like the moaning of a dove,  
 In murmurs soft and low.

The south wind comes, like the music of streams,  
 With the breath of budding leaves,  
 Till the heart, of flowers and sunshine, dreams,  
 And the balm of summer eves;  
 Oh! man, lift up thy drooping head,  
 There slumbers in the earth  
 The bursting roots of flowerets dead,  
 Sure hopes of joy and mirth.

Where'er the golden wing is spread  
 Of sunshine, God, in love, has shed  
 Buds of beauteous things;  
 Where summer's glory is revealed,  
 The book of promise is unsealed,  
 With all its wealth in bloom.  
 His spirit wind, His quickening light,  
 He sendeth forth into the night  
 Of nature's wintry tomb;  
 Behold! a new creation rise,  
 A prophecy of paradise—  
 The hope of fateless bloom.

Miss Atad.

Kilmarnock, Feb., 1852.

## Literature.

### AN EPISODE IN REAL LIFE.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows."—POPE.

When the arrangements were made, which I am now about to chronicle, it is very possible that the real fate of Mackenzie was not known. The whole affair had been the work

of a moment. Renson had resigned her seat by the time he reached the Village Inn, and the exertions of the physician having proved abortive, it was at once determined to send him to the asylum. The proprietor of the Inn took upon himself the responsibility, as having met Mackenzie frequently, he knew that he had no relations near at hand. His effects were carefully locked up, and the poor manine was accompanied to the asylum, where he was placed under the closest surveillance.

It is impossible to believe that Laiton was excited by the disinterested action he had performed. His elevation of spirits might all be owing to the favourable promise which the baronet had given. At all events he hastened from the mansion, and on the way to his own humble abode he procured a bottle of wine for his wife, and some food for his starving children, with part of the money, which he had received from the generous butler. No thought seemed to cross his mind, that the rash act committed by him, might have a woful future, that it had in fact already blasted a noble plant; but in the indulgence of that sordid spirit for which he was characterized, he ate of the food, and drank of the wine, which he had purchased, and when night had donned her sable mantle, he retired to bed at an early hour, in order to be prepared to meet the baronet betimes on the following morning.

At ten o'clock he made his appearance at Roseshall, and having been ushered into Sir Benjamin's presence, he explained at some length the state in which his family were placed by his recent illness, and the want of a situation.

The baronet had thought over the promise of the preceding day, as his mind seemed made up to a certain course. He said, that he had a house in the village, which had been fitted up as a grocer's shop. But as the person who opened it had not succeeded, it was empty and if there was any business which Laiton thought he was qualified to conduct he would advance him money sufficient to make a commencement, and he would do what he could to send him some good customers. He again expressed satisfaction at the interest which Laiton had felt in the safety of his property, and said, he was convinced that if he watched over his own affairs as closely he would succeed.

With an overflowing heart Laiton acquiesced in the generous proposal, and having been furnished with the show of authority he hurried off to make the necessary preparations. A few weeks more found him at the head of a business, with a well stocked shop, refitted and painted off in a tasteful manner.

Months passed on, and Mr. Laiton's customers became more numerous. At the time he made a commencement, the dim shadowy outline of the wine story was rumoured through the village, and here and there a murmuring response was made. But fame's trumpet tones had died upon the distant air: although a few of the intimate friends of

Mackenzie looked upon the establishment and its occupant with feelings of detestation, yet in process of time the villagers generally allowed their estrangement to subside and gradually became the customers of Mr. Laiton.

Mrs. Laiton recovered her health and the children appeared in a dress becoming the station of their father. Their former squalor had disappeared, and as the internal circumstances of the family improved, it was necessary that a corresponding change should be made in their external appearance, and so it was. The children were however but passive instruments in the hands of their parents, to be dressed in accordance with the caprice of the moment.

No anxiety, no care, no uneasy thought interposed to mar the harmony of the social circle. But that bright cloud may not always surround us, the sky may become dark and dismal, and we are left to grope our way in despair. This uncertainty of life's course is happily expressed by Pope—

Ab blindness to the future kindly given,  
 That man may all the circle marked by Heaven,  
 Who sees with equal eye an Owl of all,  
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

One incident alone that occurred from the opening of the establishment seemed to have a corrosive effect. Not that there was anything very startling in the fact itself; but from the early associations it had evidently called up. One day a poor lunatic from the neighbouring asylum was brought by one of the under superintendents into the village to break some stones for the repairing of the roads. A quantity of the granite blocks had been placed at the corner of the street almost immediately opposite to Laiton's shop, and here the man was brought to commence operations. Having received instructions, he was left to himself, but just before commencing his work, he somewhat unaccountably rolled down in the street and writhed as if in an agony of mind. The superintendent who had not gone far, immediately returned and with a little assistance managed to convey the poor man back to the asylum. This little episode, brief and somewhat significant to one party at least who witnessed it, was the only contravening circumstance which had occurred from the day on which Mr. Laiton had commenced business, on his own account. There was a little extra stir caused by the affair, several persons in passing paused to see the poor man as he was borne off; but it seemed to Laiton the dim shadow cast forth to herald the approach of some serious event. From that day his countenance lost all its cheerfulness, and an inward canker was evidently seriously preying upon his system, which so far broke in upon the harmony of his family circle, and led him more frequently out into company, with a view if possible to relieve his mind from its uneasy load. He could say in bitter earnestness

All that a bright must fade,  
 The brightest still the briefest,  
 All that's sweet was made  
 But to be lost when sweetest.

Years however rolled on, and fortune continued to smile upon Sir Benjamin's tenant, and probably but for that one incident just alluded to, his mind would seldom have reverted to the prime cause of his altered circumstances. But that one fact was a worm gnawing at the root of the gourd which had so speedily surrounded him with its ample shade. One day he set off with Mr. Matlock, a friend of his, to see a fair which was held annually in a village a few miles distant, and in their perambulations through the motley crowd they fell in with some gentlemen of their acquaintance, with whom they tarried to enjoy themselves, and any one who has ever seen Greenwich fair, or any similar celebration, will know well that few can leave such a scene without having partaken freely of the inebriating cup. When drawing near dusk, Mr. Laiton and his friend started for home, and having driven down in a gig, in the morning, they had the same conveyance by which to return. They drove homewards very spiritedly, till they came to the village, where they encountered a crowd of boys who were amusing themselves in a way not at all uncommon in small villages, but a singularly unfortunate amusement for the moment. They had got hold of an old pistol and were enjoying themselves over a few halfpence worth of powder, and just as the gig was passing, one of the boys very mischievously fired off the pistol close by the horse's head. The animal was startled, and sprang violently forward, the reins were forcibly jerked from Mr. Laiton's hand, and the horse being left without control, dashed along the streets with great fury. Unfortunately at that moment there was a van at Mr. Laiton's shop door delivering some goods, and the affrighted horse crossed the road to make sure of passing, when one of the wheels came in contact with the pile of road metal which still stood at the corner of the street. The gig was upset and its two inmates were thrown with violence on the ground. Mr. Laiton was lifted up almost insensible, his right shoulder was dislocated and his skull severely fractured. Mr. Matlock was severely stunned, but falling partly upon his companion he was comparatively little injured, and in a few weeks was again able to make his appearance out of doors.

Not so the unfortunate Laiton. He lingered on in great agony for a considerable time, and his cheeks once more resumed their thin and sallow appearance. His mind wandered night and day, and often in his aberrations did he mention the poor butler whose last moments were so singularly brought under his notice. All the sympathy of his wife and children and his numerous friends could not relieve his mind from the load which dragged it down to earth. Moroseness and gloom settled down upon his mind, and he required to be constantly watched to prevent him putting an end to his existence. But constant watching began to wear out the energies of his friends, and he was left more at liberty. One day when left alone with one of his little boys, he unloosed the handkerchief from his child's neck, and fastening one end of it to one of the bed posts, he twisted the other round his neck so tightly that he speedily ceased to live. The terrified boy, in amazement immediately gave the alarm, medical aid was promptly procured, but the brittle thread of life was snapped.

This terrible catastrophe aided by long and wearisome previous watching threw Mrs. Laiton into violent hysterics, and on the following day she was stretched beside her lifeless husband, and one grave opened to receive the remains of both.

The family were not of age to keep up the business, and the Baronet again interred. The effects were sold off, and the proceeds that remained, after meeting all just claims, was deposited in one of the banks, in the name of a worthy individual to whom the training of the children was entrusted.

From what has been said, the reader may already have formed a pretty correct idea as to the

fate of the butler, but our sketch would not be complete without a more pointed allusion to the termination of his hapless career.

We had accompanied him to the Lunatic Asylum, where, under a kind and humane attendance, he soon began to exhibit favourable signs of recovery. His raving soon became less frequent, and even then, there was a greater coherence in his sentiments. His eye occasionally rolled and glared wildly; but there was a mildness in his demeanour, which gave his attendant the faintest hopes of a perfect return to reason.

He was allowed more freely to wander at liberty and latterly began to take a delight in trimming the walks, and doing any light work in the garden connected with the asylum a kind of work to which he had devoted much of his spare time in early life. Time thus passed on, and although not so far recovered as to be liberated altogether, he was qualified to go out of doors to work, a system which was practised to a certain extent to aid the funds of the Institution. One morning having got the necessary instructions from the governor, he walked out in silence after his guide, who led him to the neighbouring village to break some road metal to repair some of the streets. He was led to the corner of one of the principal streets, where a quantity of stones had been laid, a circumstance trivial in itself,—but tending rapidly to consummate the work which shortly before had been so strangely begun.—Mackenzie viewed rather sullenly the pile upon which his future labour was to be expended, and his very excitable nervous temperament, was somewhat affected. But he stripped his coat and kerchief and was about to apply the hammer, when he turned round as if to take a cursory glance at the street, into the end of which he had been brought. All at once his eye rested on a large signboard, with the name "John Laiton" in large and flashy characters painted on it, and turning his eye to the shop window—Good Heavens! he exclaimed, can this be the shop of John Laiton, who once called upon me, when he was in distress. His eye wandered again and again over the letters, with a view to elicit from the silent objects, whether or no they were the representatives of that same individual. In a few seconds, a chuffy looking figure appeared in the door and though changed wonderfully in external appearance, Mackenzie traced in his countenance the lineaments of his treacherous companion. The hammer dropped among the stones, and clasping his hands, he raised his eyes to the blue ambient vault, through which the sun was riding in effulgent majesty, and ejaculated, O thou incomprehensible, Jehovah—Thou Inexpressible God—Supremest Majesty—who hast caused the beautiful beams from the fountain of light to dispel the shades of morning. Is it so! O Lord thy will be done. Having uttered these incoherent sentiments with great energy, his head swelled, he reeled and fell.

His guide who had watched in the distance, to see how he would proceed with his work, observed the hammer fall from his hands, and seeing his eyes raised to heaven, he rushed to the spot, and heard his ejaculatory remarks; but before he had reached him he had fallen among the dust.

All was now over, his eyes were again as if bathed in blood, his hair was dragged in the dust; his forehead burned like an oven, and the poor butler was more furious and frantic than ever.

Mr. Laiton saw from his shop door the wonderful affair, and crossing the road, he enquired of the guide who the sufferer was, the guide very briefly replied that it was the old butler of Sir Benjamin Hooper, who was discharged for stealing a bottle of wine; and the spirit stricken Laiton shrank back instinctively, and he slunk away quietly across the road.

No reason can be assigned for Mackenzie having been led to that particular spot, further, than that a quantity of stones had been laid there, as the streets required to be repaired. The coincidence was as striking as the result was fatal. No blame can be attached to the Governor

of the Asylum, as it was not likely that he could have any apprehension of danger from the fulfilment of his order—How strange and inscrutable are the dealings of Providence.

Mackenzie was immediately conveyed to the Asylum, and in a few hours death came to his relief. The vital spark which had so long flickered in its socket was suddenly quenched, and the recollection of the sad event was only recalled, as a few years ago, along with some friends, I passed along the street, and gazed upon the shop, towards which, Mackenzie's eyes were rivetted within a few hours of the termination of his death.

PATERSON.

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

## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 27, 1852.

### OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

A few weeks ago, in replying to one of our correspondents, who was desirous to be informed as to the origin of Post Offices, we hinted briefly at the necessity of an Ocean Penny Postage, in order that the bonds of friendship that stretch across the Atlantic might be drawn more closely together, and that the overflowings of hearts widely separated may be sweetly reciprocated in an unceasing and unbroken stream of holiest sympathy. That the fond associations which live in hearts once closely united, may still well forth in liveliest affection, reviving the hallowed memories and endearments which are so tenderly wreathed around the recollections of the past. On this subject we have received the following address from Elihu Burritt. We have not met Mr. Burritt for several years, but still remember with delight many interesting circumstances in connection with his North British tour. We trust that his labors will meet a due reward.—Mr. Burritt says, Permit me to call your attention, and that of your readers, to a movement in England, the aim and end of which must deeply and peculiarly interest all the colonial populations of the British Empire. This is the establishment of a universal OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE, by which a letter, under half an ounce in weight, shall be merely conveyed from any port of the United Kingdom to any port beyond the sea, at which the British mail packets may touch, for *One Penny*. Thus the whole charge on a letter from any town in Great Britain to any port in the British colonies or dependencies, would be 2d.; or 1d for the British inland, and 1d. for the ocean transit. If an inland Penny Post were adopted in all the colonies, then the entire charge on a letter from any town in Great Britain or Ireland to any town in the British provinces, colonies, or dependencies, in America, Africa, Asia, and Australia, would be 3d. Vigorous steps are now being taken in England to induce the Government to adopt this measure during the approaching session of Parliament. The Right Hon. T. M. Gibson, M. P., has engaged to bring it before the House of Commons in a distinct motion. A series of public meetings have already been held, and will be continued for several months, until the subject has been presented in all the principal towns in the kingdom. It is expected that 1,000 petitions to Parliament in favor of the measure will be obtained, and many of the most influential members of that body enlisted in behalf of the project. Several Chambers of

Commerce, and other commercial associations have engaged to petition for it, and influential persons of all political parties and religious denominations, are cordially co-operating for its speedy realization. It seems to interest all classes of the community, not only those who have personal friends or commercial correspondents in the distant countries of the British Empire, but those also who desire to see abolished everything in distance that tends to estrange from their fellow-subjects abroad, or to prevent the development of that friendly intercourse and correspondence which would socially make them all part and parcel of the Home Country.

Now, while these efforts are being made in Great Britain to establish a postal system which must so deeply interest all the inhabitants of the distant provinces, colonies, and dependencies of the Empire, we would earnestly appeal to them for their co-operation in securing this great boon to the world. We would urge upon them the importance and necessity of uniting their petitions and memorials for such an *Ocean Penny Postage* with those of their fellow-subjects in the Home country. We are confident, if they would unite their efforts with ours, we should speedily see this great measure realized, and crowned with blessed consequences to all the sea-divided communities of mankind. Memorials or petitions, from legislative assemblies, municipal bodies, chambers of commerce, towns, villages, religious congregations, missionary societies, &c., addressed in due form to the Crown, or Home Government, would aid invaluablely the efforts now being put forth in Great Britain to secure this great boon, which will bring equal blessings and beneficence to all the subjects of the British Government, in whatever region of the globe they may reside. We would earnestly appeal to every Christian, patriot, or philanthropist, who reads this statement, to lend a hand to this work; to interest his friends and fellow-citizens in the question, to get a memorial or a petition in favour of an *Ocean Penny Postage* signed by the members of legislature, or of the town council, chamber of commerce, ecclesiastical body, or religious congregation, of which he may be a member, or by the inhabitants of the town of which he is a citizen. It is expected that Mr. Ginsow will bring forward his motion in the House of Commons for this postal reform during the month of April next, therefore, all petitions and memorials from the colonies should be sent in early in that month. All such as may be directed to our care will be put in the hands of Members of Parliament, who will not only present them, but support the measure with voice and vote.

To facilitate this operation, we subjoin a brief form of petition, which may serve for the purpose with such modifications as the circumstances of the place may suggest.

#### The Petition of the Undersigned—

*Sheweth*—That your petitioners are deeply impressed with the great and manifold advantages which would result from the establishment of a system of *Ocean Penny Postage*, by which the single service of merely transporting a letter from any port of Great Britain to any port in any of its colonies or dependencies beyond the sea, shall be performed for the uniform charge of *One Penny* for each letter under half-an-ounce in weight. Your petitioners are fully persuaded that this measure would vastly increase correspondence, and facilitate friendly intercourse between the rapidly increasing colonial populations of the British Empire, and their fellow-subjects in the Mother Country, and thus tend greatly to unite them more and more closely in those bonds of fraternal sympathy and fellowship which should subsist between subjects of the same Government. Your petitioners would particularly advert to the invaluable blessings which the establishment of such an *Ocean Penny Postage* would bring to the vast number of emigrants that are yearly flocking to our shores from Great Britain and Ireland; and who are, to a great extent, cut off from correspondence with their relatives and friends in the

land of their birth by the present high postal charge on letters. Your petitioners, therefore, earnestly pray that early measures may be adopted for reducing the charge of merely conveying a letter, under half-an-ounce in weight, from any port in the United Kingdom to any colonial port in the British Empire beyond the sea, to the uniform charge of *One Penny*.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

It will not cost any friend of this scheme any sensible sacrifice of time or money to copy the above Petition at the head of a large sheet of ruled foolscap paper, and get 50 or 100 respectable signatures attached to it. And we earnestly solicit from every such person this little contribution of time and trouble to the movement, which is costing others so much labour. All such petitions, and any communications on the subject, may be addressed, *postage paid*, to the undersigned.

ELIHU BURRITT.

35, BROAD STREET BUILDINGS,  
London, Jan. 17, 1852.

#### HOME AND ITS DUTIES.

What pleasant associations, what sacred recollections, cluster around our homes!—There is a charm in our every thought of home—the very rocks and hills, the green old woods, where we have roamed and frolicked in all the buoyancy of childhood—every flower, every blade of grass, comes up to our minds. All their freshness, and seem like old familiar faces that we have looked upon and loved from our youth—aye, more, the very word, home, has a cheering influence.

The wanderer in far distant lands turns his thoughts back to the home of his childhood with swelling emotions, and while his vivid fancy calls up with magic swiftness the many happy hours spent amid the social circle, with parents, brothers and sisters, before the bright, crackling fire, this thought forces itself upon him with twofold earnestness—that

"Be it ever so humble,  
There is no place like home."

And if, perchance, tidings reach him of his much-loved home, they fall upon his eager ear like the gentle cadence of sweet music, and he feels himself a happier and a better man. The kindly influence exerted by the social circle, makes a deep impression upon youthful minds, and clings to them in after life, and is often as a sheet anchor to the soul when tempted almost beyond endurance. With such a responsibility resting upon us, we should be more careful not only to perform our *social duties* to the utmost, but also endeavor to invest our homes with whatever of natural beauty we can, to throw a charm about the exterior, that they may better correspond with that beauty of affection that dwells within; and I appeal to you, ladies young or old, "grave or gay," married or single, to do your part to give to "the lowly thatched cottage" a significant *home expression*—that *cozy look*, that seems to say to the beholder "welcome, welcome here." No doubt many of you will wonder what you can do to carry out this idea. I will tell you. Most of you are fortunate enough to have a bit of ground that you dignify by the name of flower-garden, which can be greatly improved, if you take hold of the matter in the right spirit yourselves, and not leave it to your fathers and mothers to superintend, at such a busy time as the opening of Spring; next, procure a trumpet flower, a woodbine, a few honey-suckles, a couple of climbing roses or so—place one at each end of the piazza, another may be allowed to run over the front door; others again may clamber over the windows, half hiding with their graceful drapery the happy faces within, and scattering their sweet perfume throughout the house. It is truly astonishing how much of embellishment and of picturesque beauty can be bestowed on an otherwise plain house, by the judicious use of a few climbers. They will not only beautify your home, but will add to the happiness of the inmates, while they charm with their exquisite beauty all who see them, though their

feelings be not over delicate, or their tastes very refined. Try it, some of you young ladies, and my word for it you will ever after feel prouder of your homes, it will have a tendency to hallow and refine your feelings, and every hour spent in rendering your homes thus beautiful, will be returned to you in hearty pleasure a hundred-fold.—*Boston Cultivator.*

ESTELLE.

#### Literary Notices.

THE ART JOURNAL, MARCH, London and New York, G. Virtue & Son; Toronto, H. Rodgers, Agent for Canada.

The March number of this most tastefully illustrated Journal has come to hand, and like its predecessors, has in it an amplitude of merit, sufficient to sustain the very high expectations that are now formed of the appearance of this Artistic Gem. The illustrations are, the Tambourine, engraved by C. Rolls, from the picture by P. Williams, in the Vernon Gallery, the Newspaper, engraved by C. W. Sharpe, from the picture by T. Goodle, in the Vernon Gallery, the Filatrice, engraved by Edwin Rook, from the Statue by R. Schadow, the Canonical Virtues, by Professor Mücke, of Dusseldorf, Examples of the Artists of Germany, Selections from the portfolio of Moritz Retsch. The Filatrice is from the chisel of Rudolph Schadow, an eminent Roman sculptor, who was born in Rome in 1773, and died there in 1822. His three principal works are "Tying the Sandal," a "Cupidon," and the Filatrice, all in the royal collection at Berlin. The one which forms the subject of the engraving in this number is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and is one of the three copies of this piece in existence, from the hand of Schadow. The word Filatrice means a spinner, and the figure represents a young woman amusing herself with a ball of thread and a spindle. The position is graceful, and the figure is finely brought out. Rook seems quite an adept at the engraving of Statuary. We have part III. of Mrs. Merrifield's essay on the harmony of colours, in its application to ladies' dress. This essay we commend to the careful perusal of our fair readers. The concluding sentences are, "In the dress of English ladies we find too frequently a variety of colours, without any pretensions to harmony of arrangement. Not only is the dress or bonnet selected without the slightest consideration, whether it is or is not, suitable to the complexion, but a variety of colours of the most dissonant and inharmonious kinds may frequently be seen in the habiliments of the same lady." The Master of Art in this number is Sir Peter Paul Rubens. The illustrations given from his works are "The Visit," and "The conclusion of Peace." We have also in this number one of these pretty gossiping pilgrimages of Mrs. Hall very sweetly illustrated. The subject is Chertsey and its neighbourhood. The dwelling of Thomas Day, the accomplished author of that almost universal youth's companion—Sandford and Merton. There are some excellent remarks in connexion with the somewhat eccentric author, but our space will not at present permit an extract. The other departments of the journal are selected as usual, some of the Art notices will be found in another part of this day's paper.

#### FROM THE MONTREAL WITNESS.

THE OLD RED SANDSTONE; OR, NEW WALKS IN AN OLD FIELD. By HUGH MILLER. Boston, Gould & Lincoln. Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co., T. Maclear.

GEOLOGY OF THE BASS ROCK. By HECH MILLER. With its Civil and Ecclesiastical History, and Notices of some of its Martyrs. By DR. McCRAIG and others. New York; Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto; A. H. Armour & Co., T. Maclear.

We have not placed these volumes in the chronological order of their publication, nor yet in the

order of their relative value and importance, but simply in the order of our reading. If they had been arranged according to their intrinsic excellence, it is most likely the last would have been first and any other one last. They are alike instructive, but as there generally exists a disposition to learn something of the personal and early history of our author, it would have been necessary to read Prof. Agassiz's introduction to the *Fossils*, in which that gentleman gives many interesting particulars of Mr. Miller's life. Yet most of what is found in the compilation of the professor, is gathered from "The Old Red Sandstone," so that the order of our reading, although accidental, was not far from being biographically correct.

Hugh Miller was born at Cromarty, of humble and respectable parents. His ancestors were a seafaring people, and many of them lie buried in the deep. His grandfather died when his father was scarcely a year old. His father seems to have been a man of great energy of character and perseverance. He began life as a poor ship boy, and when little turned of thirty he was owner of a fine large sloop and had built for himself a good house. The vessel was lost in a storm, and he had to begin anew his exertions. He speedily succeeded, and became master and owner of another vessel, but a terrible tempest engulfed this also, and Mr. Miller with all on board perished. At the time of this calamity our author was about five years of age. His widowed mother struggled honestly and successfully with the difficulties of her situation, and gave to him and his two sisters the best education in her power. She appears to have been a woman of great natural gifts and earnestness of character. She was descended from a venerable man still well known to tradition in the North of Scotland as Donald Roy, of Nigg, an early non-intrusionist, who courageously resisted the indication of an obnoxious presence. Mrs. Miller imparted to her son Hugh the feelings and sentiments she had inherited, and he has become as celebrated for his anti-Erastianism as for his geological searches.

Our author has been represented as a dunce at school, and escaping therefrom with the knowledge of reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, but even at this early period his truant propensities were gratified only that he might wander into the fields and on the sea shore, and there collect knowledge—his rudimentary knowledge of geology. The bent of his inclination could not be gratified at school, and as it under a presentiment of coming greatness in the school of philosophy, he rushed to the rocks and shores in search of instruction not provided in the seminary and not found in the books.

But a roving sentimentality about rocks and sandstones would not be likely to procure a living for the boy of iron frame. He must work—do as thousands were obliged to do, to use his own expressive sentence, "toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil." In February, 1821, being then a "slim, loose-jointed boy," he went to work in a quarry on the southern shore of the Bay of Cromarty. Up to this period, he says, "I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods,—a reader of curious books when I could get them,—a gleaner of old traditinary stories," but now he was going to "work in a quarry." He got through his first day's toil very agreeably. He was a little fatigued, and his hands somewhat blistered, but the next morning found him light-hearted and ready for his work. And now there are many things apparent on these rocks and various strata which invite inquiry and produce admiration. The geologist is at his alphabet, and many are the wondering ejaculations of the intelligent quarryman. He removes from this quarry to another more easily wrought, and more pregnant with interest. The geology of the district exhibited itself in sections, concerning which, however, we may quote Mr. Miller's own words—

"We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipi-

ces of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende. We find the secondary rock in another with its bed of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays and its nodular limestones. We discover the still little known but highly interesting fossils of the Old Red Sandstone in one disposition, we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock,—basalts, ironstones, hypersthene, porphyries, bituminous shales, and intercalaneous schists. In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gathering of years."—*Old Red Sandstone*, pp. 9-10.

It is easy to conjecture that without vocabulary or scientific instruction, our author must have encountered a great many difficulties. But while pursuing his avocation he had many opportunities of collecting specimens, arranging facts, and comparing data, all which in after life was of great service to him and to others. He followed the business of a stone mason for nearly fifteen years. Professor Agassiz says, "that after this he was promoted to a position more suited to his genius." A bank was established in his native town of Cromarty, and Mr. Miller received the appointment of accountant, and was for five years employed in "keeping ledgers and discounting bills." In our estimation this was neither a "promotion," nor "suited to his genius." It is just as respectable to build a bank to keep ledgers, and requires a little more genius. If our Scotch geologist had learned more arithmetic at school, and gone to discounting a few years sooner, we do not think his country and the world would have been enriched with the stores of scientific wealth and literary excellence which now stand connected with the name of Hugh Miller. A geologist by nature, he was providentially placed in early life in such a position as was best calculated to develop his "genius." On this subject Mr. Miller may speak for himself.

He says:—

"My first year of labour came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either the present or the past, the conviction that in every period of the world's history—the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labour, has not in the least inclined me to scepticism."—*Old Red Sandstone*, p. 11.

## Arts and Manufactures.

### ART IN THE PROVINCE.

We rejoice to have an opportunity to speak of the prosecution of Art among ourselves, as it is another indication that we are endeavouring to keep pace with the progress of the age. While we regard with delight whatever is of artistic merit in any quarter, it more especially enhances that delight to record what is transpiring among ourselves. Mr. Pell, Carver and Gilder, with that debonaire tact which characterises all his movements, has sent us a portrait of the Rev. Mr. Caughey, a gentleman who has been labouring amongst us in his ministerial capacity for some months. The likeness is said to be striking; it is admirably brought out. It was drawn on

stone by Mr. William Hunt a young and enterprising artist lately from England, and was printed at the Lithographic Press of Mr. Scottie, King Street. It is very neatly executed, and will form a very fitting remembrance of a gentleman who has laboured in our city so assiduously, and successfully. We sincerely trust that Mr. Hunt may find amongst us that liberal encouragement to which his merits so highly entitle him, and that our city may have among its collective treasures, many trophies of his artistic fame. As regards the frame in which the Portrait is so handsomely encased, it is unnecessary to say a single word. Mr. Pell's abilities as a picture framer, are pretty widely known, and very generally appreciated, and we feel assured that those who know of him only through the medium of this portrait, which he has already extensively framed, will cultivate a closer acquaintance.

**MONTREAL.** The committee for carrying out the Peel testimonial have approved the design submitted by Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor of Edinburgh. The monument is to be a statue of freestone, standing nine feet high, with a pedestal about twelve feet in height. It is proposed to erect it in the centre of the High Street.—*Art Journal*.

**GLASGOW.** The young men attached to the offices of the architects in Glasgow, have formed an Architectural Society for their mutual improvement in design and knowledge of the science and aesthetics of architecture.

A committee consisting of Sir James Anderson; Mr. Macnee, R.S.A.; Mr. Raif, and Mr. Macdonald, having been appointed to inspect the drawings by the students in the Government School of Design, and to award the prizes offered by the committee of management, and by several gentlemen desirous of promoting the progress of the students, report to the committee of management that they have been gratified by the progress which has been made by the students since the last exhibition of their works.—*Art Journal*.

**LIVERPOOL.** A large party assembled one evening in the end of December to do honour to Mr. Thomas Spencer, the discoverer of the electrolytic process. Mr. Spencer is about to take up his residence in London, and prior to his departure from Liverpool, many of the most influential inhabitants of the place invited him to a public dinner at the Waterloo Hotel. The proceedings on the occasion alluded to, were most creditable to all concerned. The application of the electro-galvanic process has wrought a wonderful and beneficial effect on manufacturing art; and although the claim to priority of invention had often been a subject of dispute, the statements put forth by Mr. Spencer at the dinner, would, of themselves, be sufficient to establish his claim to the honour. This gentleman has long been known in Liverpool and elsewhere for his scientific attainments.—*Art Journal*.

### CURIOS DISCOVERY.

A few days ago, as some of the workmen in the manufactory of Messrs. Banks, Son & Co. Pencil Manufacturers were engaged in planking a log of cedar, the large saw came in contact with a hard foreign substance near the centre of the timber, which on examination, was discovered to be one of the blades of a pair of scissors about four inches in length. No orifice existed in the timber around it, so that it must have been thrust into that position at an early period in the age of the tree, which subsequently, in the course of its natural growth, completely encompassed it.—The depth of the timber from the outer extremity of the scissors-blade to the bark of the tree, was so great as to demonstrate that about 70 years must have elapsed since it was deposited there, most probably by thrusting it into the tree. It was in perfect preservation, and was remarkably well finished for the period indicated by the circumstance we have stated.—The timber is believed to have grown in the vicinity of New Orleans, and according to the

above calculation the article was placed in the position described during the height of the American war of independence — *English paper*

Natural History.

BREEZE FLY.—(*Edrus bovis*)

This is a Dipterous fly, resembling the earwig in appearance and colour, having two black bands, one crossing the shoulders and the other the abdomen—the feet being covered with hair. It was first discovered by an Italian Entomologist, Vallisneri, and it was afterwards treated upon by the celebrated Naturalist—Reumur, who have made several interesting observations upon it. The Breeze fly is provided with an ovipositor, which it does not carry like the Ichneumon flies,—being constructed of very singular sliding tubes, precisely like a small telescope, which may be distinctly seen by a slight pressure upon the abdomen. These tubes are composed of a horny substance, four in number, but the terminal piece contains five points, three of which are longer than the other two, and, at first sight, not unlike a *four-de-lis*, though upon narrow inspection, they may be discovered to terminate in curved points, somewhat like the claw of a cat. The two shorter pieces are also pointed, but not curved; and by the union of the five, a tube is composed for the passage of the eggs. Reumur says it would be necessary to see the fly employ this instrument to understand in what manner it acts, though he is disposed to consider it fit for boring through the hides of cattle; he, however, could never succeed in seeing the insect at work—that is to say, piercing the hide of an ox or a cow. But Mr. Breeze Clark has taken another view of the matter, having arrived at the decision, that this fly does not pierce the skin of cattle with its ovipositor, but merely glue the eggs to the hairs, and that the grubs when hatched, make their way into the hide or skin. Now, this may be the fact—the three curved pieces of the ovipositor, which Reumur took as the centre bit for boring, only serve the fly to prevent her eggs from falling, which being glued to the hair. This statement is rendered more plausible, when the last named author adds that the deposition of the egg is not attended by much pain, unless some very sensible nervous fibres have been wounded. Therefore the pain produced must not be estimated to the thickness of the instrument: when an animal is stung by a wasp or a bee, it is not the puncture or force of the instrument that causes the pain, but the poison infused. There is no analogy in the comparison of the ovipositor of the Breeze fly and that of a wasp. But it ought to be here remarked, that cattle have very thick hides far from being acutely sensitive of pain—that in countries where they are used to draw the ploughs and waggons, they and the whip ineffectual to drive them, and have to use a goad, in form of a stick. If the pain inflicted by the *astus* is very acute, she would find it next to be impossible to lay "thirty or forty eggs without being killed by the strokes from the ox or cows tail. Vallisneri says that the fly is shrewd enough to choose such places as the tail cannot reach." Cows have been repeatedly seen to flap their tails upon the parts called Gall-bumps—affected by the larvæ of this fly, endeavoring to beat away a swarm of common flies, no doubt attached by the putrefactive odour of the disease. Now, this shows clearly that those two beasts would have treated the *astus* in the same way if they had given them pain when depositing their eggs. Every person, I may say, has a recollection of having seen a whole herd of cattle start across a field in full gallop, their movements indescribably awakened—carrying their bodies in a strange position, and their necks stretched to their utmost length. The consternation produced by this fly has been known, even from the earliest ages; Virgil gives a correct and lively picture of it in

his Georgics of which the following translation is a little varied from that of Trappes

"Round mount A. Borpus, green with shady oak,  
And in the grove of Silenus, there flies  
An insect pestilential *Edrus* by the Greeks,  
By us *Astus*, fierce with prying hum  
Indistinctly the herd driving them terrord o'er  
From glade to glade, while the far sky's sounds,  
And woods and caverns' banks, be their lowings."

If there were no other instances, of late, discovered, causing a similar terror among sheep, deer, and horses by insects of the same genus, I would conclude at once with Reumur and Vallisneri, that the *astus* penetrated the skin of these animals; but since the discoveries of Mr. B. Clark and several other clever entomologists have been made known; I will, not ungrudgingly say, that the opinion of the latter gentleman has some weight. I will return to this subject, especially to the Horse Breeze-fly, known to many as the cause of the disease in horses called *bolts*—C.

CANINE SAGACITY.

Various are the stories told of the wonderful sagacity of the canine race, their fidelity and extreme sympathy, showing a nicety of instinct amounting almost to reason. We were recently told of an instance in which the intelligence of the animal was exhibited in a remarkable manner. A large mastiff that had been in the family of a country gentleman in Ontario county for several years, had become so old, obese and lazy that the master of the house became tired of keeping him. One evening, while the old dog lay by the kitchen fire, enjoying his ease with dignity, the master said to his men in an impatient tone, that he was tired of keeping the old dog, calling him by name—he was old and stupid. He directed them in the morning to take him out and shoot him. Hearing this, the dog rose from his snug place by the fire and, with a sorry, sneaking look, went out of the house. No attention was paid to him, but on looking for him in the morning, he was nowhere to be found. He never returned to his old master and after a few months he was seen in the town of Livonia, distant many miles from the farm where he was reared. Query—Did the dog understand the command given for his execution?—*Rochester Democrat*.

Oriental Sayings.

SIMAM AND HIS THREE FRIENDS.

There was once a very opulent merchant, Simam by name, or perhaps better known by the name of Simam the Good, for so he was generally called by all who knew him, not only on account of his great liberality, his house being always open to the poor and to the stranger, but also from his great piety, and strict integrity in all his actions. This good man had three friends, who continually shared the hospitality of his house. Two of these were very dear to him, the third, was also loved, yet, was not held in so great esteem by him, though in reality he was the most sincere.

Simam carried on an extensive business, and for some time fortune seemed to smile upon him, but, as many a sunny day has its cloudy evening, so, this good man had his latter days shaded by adverse circumstances. And how did his bosom friends now behave to him? Let us see.—Simam was once innocently accused before the King, who was very angry with him on hearing the accusation, having looked upon him as a most just man, and demanded that Simam should be brought before him to answer to the charge preferred against him.

Who of you, said Simam to his three friends will now go with me, and testify of my innocence before the King. But friends at the festive table do not always prove friends in the hour of trouble as was the case in this instance. The first began to excuse himself immediately, that he had some other urging engagements. The second, true,

did accompany him, but when he came to the gate of the palace his courage failed him, and he returned home. The third, however, in whom he had habitually placed the least confidence, went in with him and testified as to his innocence, to the entire satisfaction of the King, who, not only honorably discharged him, but, at the same time made him some presents, as a token of great esteem.

Reader! So man has three friends in this world, but do they prove such in the hour of death? Let us see.—Money his dearest and most highly valued friend forsakes him first. His Relations, true, they accompany him to the grave but, then, they return again to their homes. This Good Deed, however, though frequently so little valued, and often so little thought of, they, alone accompany him to the judgment seat, plead and obtain mercy for him.

R.

THE WOLF AND THE ANIMALS.

This Fable from the work entitled *Middle Stories*, i.e., Fables of the Foxes, by Rabbi Barachia Hanakdan, who lived at the end of the 13th century, is translated for the Family Herald. The *Motto* appended, is very expressive. No limitations can restrain the vicious from pursuing a destructive course.

The wolf was once accused by all the animals that no living creature was safe for his murderous teeth. This voracious insatiable creature, they said, makes the forest a desert; our wives widows; and our children orphans. The King of the forest was exceedingly angry on hearing this accusation, and reprimanded the wolf for his cruelties towards his fellow creatures. Your past misdeeds, said the King sternly, can no more be recalled, but, beware in future, and let no similar complaints of you come before me again. Be satisfied, hereafter with such dead animals as you may find upon the field, and as a guarantee of your future good conduct, you shall faithfully promise to me, now, that you will abstain from eating flesh for two years, even of any animal that your evil desires may incite you to kill. The wolf promised, and went his way. A few days after, he was seized with a ravenous hunger, and on looking about him, he espied a fine fat sheep quietly feeding upon a meadow—"To eat no flesh for two years!" said he to himself, is indeed a heavy penalty, and yet I have promised it.—But let me see, there are 365 days in the year; now it is day when I can see, and night when I cannot see, if I, therefore, shut my eyes, it is night, and when I open them again it is day.—Oh! a happy thought, and quickly he shut his eyes, and opened them again; here is one day, said he, and then he shut and opened his eyes till he had counted two full years. Now, said he, I have paid the penalty for my crime before hand. He seized the sheep, and killed it.

So, wicked men, always find easy means to evade the fulfilment of their promises.

R.

ORIENTAL SAYINGS.

Our Oriental culture wishes to state that when the Brant Herald, or the Fredericton Head Quarters think proper to appropriate any of his translations, which are prepared expressly for the Family Herald, if they would be kind enough to acknowledge the source from which they are obtained, he would take it as a personal favour. We are satisfied that the matter was in both cases an overlook.

## Artists' Corner.

ALBERT DURER.

In a previous notice of this Great Master of Art we accompanied him in a tour through several of the continental states, and returned with him again to his home in Nuremberg. When about the age of forty nine Durer was desirous of revisiting the Netherlands. In this excursion he was accompanied by his wife, and on the evening of their arrival in Antwerp the director of the leading Banking establishment invited them to a splendid supper. They were subsequently invited to a public dinner given by the artists of Antwerp in their own hall. In the journal of this visit to the Netherlands, Durer says of this entertainment: "There was no sparing of expense the banquet was served on silver, and all the painters attended with their wives. When I entered with mine, they ranged themselves on each side for me to pass through as they would for some great lord. The most distinguished persons there saluted me reverentially, and expressed the most earnest desire to pay me all respect, and to make the entertainment as agreeable to me as I could wish. When I had taken my place, the Sieur Rathenot offered me in the name of the guild, four pots of wine, in token of their good will and esteem. I thanked them and expressed my gratitude. After having been most pleasantly and hospitably entertained till late in the night, they conducted us home by torchlight, and renewed their expressions of regard during the journey. Durer was received in the same hospitable and courteous manner at Ghent and at Bruges. Entertainments were got up to do him honour, and each evening he was conducted to his lodgings amid the blaze of flambeaux. In his further travel, he was doomed to meet with buter disappointment, which, transient records in his Journal testify, he had felt deeply. When he had reached Brussels, Margaret of Austria regent of the Netherlands for Charles V., commissioned an officer of the court to assure Durer of the favour of the regent and of the emperor. In return for this mark of regard Durer offered the regent some of his choicest prints, among them his "St. Jerome seated"—engraved upon copper, and still considered among his finest works,—and a set of his "Passion prints," and other two subjects drawn with great care on parchment, and which he valued at thirty florins. But an entire change was speedily manifested in the conduct of the regent, occasioned no doubt by the same kind of envy which had been excited toward him in a previous part of his career. He painted a portrait of the Emperor, and showed it to the regent, but Margaret received it with so contemptuous an air that the painter carried back his picture in silence. In order to ascertain whether it was the work, or the artist, that was worthy of such treatment, Durer, a day or two afterwards asked Margaret for a small book containing some admirable miniatures by James Cornelisz, a celebrated Dutch Painter, but she sharply replied that she had promised it to her own painter, Bernard Van Orley. Besides this disrespect, six individuals in Brussels who had commissioned him to paint their portraits, received the pictures but neglected to pay for them, other parties had treated him in a similar manner for he says in his "diary,—I have made a large number of drawings, portraits and other works, but the majority of them have produced me nothing." He thus became a little straitened in his circumstances, and felt no doubt most acutely the striking contrast between his earlier reception and the injustice he now received. He says in a note in his journal, written in large letters.—"In all my transactions while travelling through the Netherlands; in all my expenses, sales, and other matters; in all my dealings both with the higher and the lower classes, I have been unjustly treated, but especially by Madame Margaret, who has given me nothing in exchange for my presents and my pictures." What no doubt made the painter feel this conduct more keenly was the pecuniary difficulties in which he became

involved. One Alexander Imhoff, a citizen of Antwerp, agreed to lend the painter one hundred florins, on his own acceptance, payable at Nuremberg, and with this timely relief the artist began to make arrangements to return homeward. But on the eve of his departure, Christian II. King of Denmark arrived at Antwerp and hearing that Durer,—whose fame had reached the northern courts of Europe—was still in the city, the King sent for him to paint his portrait. This work was accordingly accomplished and paid for in a liberal and handsome manner. Durer presented Christian with some of his engravings, and was in return invited to a grand banquet, where he met the Emperor, Margaret, and the King of Spain; but neither of these dignitaries condescended to address the artist. Durer soon afterwards quitted the Netherlands; and although he carried with him many better remembrances, still the opportunities he had had of studying men and manners and, of making himself familiar with the works of the Flemish School, exerted a beneficial influence on his mind, and tended very much to change the ideas he had formed as to the end and object of Art. Unfortunately however the disposition of Agnes Frey, who it will be remembered was selected by his father to be a wife to the Artist,—was of so entirely querulous and peevish a cast as to banish every thing like domestic harmony from their abode. This mental disquietude, coupled with the unremitting toil of the artist put a speedy termination to his labours and his hopes. Petulant and avaricious, tortured by a constant apprehension of impending poverty, Agnes was an incessant disturber of her husband's peace and an habitual torment. Worn out by this constant annoyance he abandoned himself to despair, and was at length released from a life of vexation and disappointment on the 10th of April, 1528, in the 57th year of his age. The senate of Nuremberg decreed him a public funeral which was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity.—It is stated that he left a tolerable fortune to his wife. His genius has been recognized and appreciated through centuries, his engravings were carried to a degree of perfection which has not been surpassed at any subsequent period in the annals of Art, while his literary labours have no slight claim in the consideration of the scholar.

## Varieties.

IF WOMEN knew their power, and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistible.

GENIUS is like a beautiful woman balancing herself on tiptoe. Power is represented by an African with a heavy load on his shoulders. Art is like a Funambule balancing a pole.—*Chiffonnet*.

HE that publishes the favour he has done lessens the merit of it, because he shows by his indiscretion that he is divided between his vanity and his friend.—*Ausuehler*.

THE WORLD is a sea, where some men are wrecked; but all are towed with winds, and subject to the agitation of the waves.—Let it be your prudence to gain such a safe port, which may secure you from the one, and preserve you from the other.

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD.—A gentleman called some time since to consult a physician of our city with regard to a rheumatism, which caused him much pain. The doctor immediately sat down and wrote him a prescription; as the patient was going away the doctor called him back and said—

"By the way, sir, should my prescription happen to afford you any relief, please let me know, as I am myself suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it."—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

## TOO SMART.

One day last week, says the Boston Bee, a gentleman who had conceived the idea that all coal dealers were rogues, having occasion to purchase a load of Lehigh, determined that he would in person superintend the operation of weighing. Accordingly he proceeded to the coal-yard, and watched with an eagle eye. When he was satisfied that he had obtained full weight, he ordered the coal to be conveyed to his dwelling, and to be assured that nothing was lost on the road, he followed it to its destination. After the coal was delivered, the teamster returned to the yard, and, being observed to be in an uncommon good humor, was questioned as to the cause of his mirth. He explained it by saying that the gentleman who purchased "that last load of coal," in his anxiety to avoid being cheated, had stood upon the platform balance while the coal was weighed. The gentleman alluded to weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds.

## Biographical Calendar.

| A. D.   |  |
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| Mar. 28 | 1483 Raphael, born.                            |
|         | 1757 Damians, executed.                        |
|         | 1801 Abercrombie, (Sir Ralph) died.            |
| " 29    | 1765 Marshal Soult, born.                      |
|         | 1772 Swedenborg, died.                         |
|         | 1830 James Rennell, died.                      |
| " 30    | 1481 Archibishop Bouchier, died.               |
|         | 1783 Dr. William Hunter, died.                 |
| " 31    | 1596 Rene Descartes, born.                     |
|         | 1732 Hayden, born.                             |
| April 1 | 1578 Dr. Harey, born.                          |
|         | 1793 Lord John Hay, born.                      |
| " 2     | 1743 Thomas Jefferson, born.                   |
|         | 1791 Mirabeau, born.                           |
| " 3     | 1593 Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, born. |
|         | 1826 Bishop Heber, died.                       |

Emanuel Swedenborg, a celebrated philosopher of the 18th century, who was greatly distinguished for his valuable contributions to science, but is now more especially known as a theological writer, was born at Stockholm in 1688, and carefully educated under the care of his father, bishop of Skard, in West Gothland, in the principles of the Lutheran Church. After pursuing his studies, and taking the degree of D. Ph. at Upsala he went on his travels, and visited the Universities of England, Holland, France, and Germany. On his return, he was appointed assessor extraordinary to the College of Mines, and in 1719 was ennobled, upon which occasion his name was changed from Swedberg to Swedenborg. He prosecuted his scientific studies with such an ardour that placed him in the first rank of European philosophers, until the year 1713, when, as he himself affirms, a new era of his life commenced, and he was permitted to hold intercourse with the inhabitants of the invisible world. In 1717 he resigned his office in the mining college, retired from public life, and, spending his time alternately in Sweden and England, devoted himself to the publication of his theological works. They are, in themselves, sufficiently extensive to form a life's work, and present throughout evidences of the deepest religious feeling. Though it is frequently affirmed that Swedenborg laboured under a delusion, it is surprising that his writings show no symptoms of aberration; the last, finished but a few months before his death, being singularly clear, logical, and free from enthusiasm. He was always regarded as a learned and pious man, and there is nothing in his life and writings which bears the charge of insanity. Some of his works recently translated into English have attracted great attention, and are remarkable, as showing, that at least, in medical science, he anticipated some of the greatest discoveries of more modern times. He died in London in 1782. His followers, known as Swedenborgians, are now become a numerous body.—*Alliquis*.

The Youth's Department.

OUR PRIZE QUESTIONS.

In selecting our Prize Questions we have been influenced by the following considerations, 1st, as it may be safely assumed that all the readers of the Family Herald have a copy of the Bible, and 2nd, as every one who has a copy of the sacred volume ought to be very well acquainted with its contents, it necessarily follows, 3rd, that the Bible is the best source from which to extract a series of questions intended for intelligent youth. We expect the answers in the handwriting of the person who has answered them—accompanied of course, with the name and address. The contest is confined to all under 18 years of age.

- I.—What discovery was made by Anah the Hivite while feeding his father's asses in the wilderness?
- II.—Whose threshing floor was situated on Mount Zion, the same spot on which the Temple of Jerusalem was afterwards built?
- III.—To which tribe belong the families of potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges, and in what part of Scripture do we read of them?
- IV.—Which is the most ancient prophecy?
- V.—By what beautiful object in nature may we be frequently reminded of the faithfulness of God, and for what special object was it originally designed?
- VI.—What number of cities fell to the lot of the tribe of Judah in the division of the land of Canaan?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 4.

- Nadir, a term in Astronomy.
- Dreams, what some people do at night and others continually.
- Media, the ancient name of a country in Asia.
- Antrim, the name of a county in Ireland.
- Earn, the name of Scottish Loch.
- Arran, the name of a Scottish island.
- Midian, the name of a country which Jacob once visited.
- Aram (Eugene) the name of a schoolmaster rendered famous by Hood & Butler.
- Mead, a famous beverage in the North of Europe made of honey and water.
- Neander, a celebrated German Historian.
- Ararat, one of the Armenian mountains, the one on which Noah's ark rested.
- The whole, Mediterranean. Z.

Answers to No. 4 have been received from R. C., McM., and several others.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

12345679 multiplied  
by 27 will make  
86119753  
24691358

a product of 33333333 as required.

By multiplying the same factor by 9 the product will be ones; by 18, twos; by 36, fours; by 45, fives; by 54, sixes; by 63, sevens; by 72, eights; and by 81, nines. The rule is to multiply the factor by 9, or by any two figures which, when added together, make 9.

ALEXANDER.

Hamilton, 18th March.

ENIGMA, No. V.

- I consist of nine letters.
- My 1, 2, 1, 4, 5, 6, 1, 4, 5, 8 is the name of an extensive tract of country to the east of Asia.
- My 2, 3, 5, 8 is a feature of the human countenance.
- My 1, 2, 6, 1, 7, 8, 9 is a word denoting privacy or secrecy.
- My 9, 7, 7, 3, 4 is an animal whose appetite is satisfied only with blood.
- My 1, 8, 6, 2, 7 is one of the most primitive kinds of boats.
- My 1, 2, 3, 2, 8 is a species of the palm tree.
- My 1, 8, 6, 2, 6, 5, 1, 8, 9 is the robe worn by a church dignitary.
- My 1, 1, 5, 6, 1, 1, 5, 9, 9, 8 is a small animal found in Chili, and valued on account of its fur.
- My whole is an insect used in a chemical process. J. C.

No. VI. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

- I am composed of twelve letters.
- My 3, 1, 9, 12, 8, 11 is a European kingdom.
- My 5, 10, 12, 7, 10, 3 is a city in India.
- My 11, 10, 4, 10, 9 is a British colony.
- My 5, 6, 3, 8, 9, 9, 2 is a European river.
- My 7, 6, 3, 3 is a county in Britain.
- My 6, 12, 8, 3, 3, 10 is a city in Russia.
- My 1, 8, 3, 2, 7 is a river of Germany.
- My 10, 5, 3, 4, 8, 7, 12, 10, 5 is the capital of a European kingdom.
- My 7, 6, 5, 2 is an ancient city.
- My 9, 6, 11, 12, 6, 11 is a city in Britain.
- My 1, 10, 9, 8, 3 is a principality.
- My whole is a County in Spain.—Aliquis.

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUM.

My first as a common conveyance is used.  
My second I would not disown.  
My third catches prey in the deep far below.  
But is oft' used by ladies in town.  
An assembly of men grave, learned, and wise  
My whole exposes to view.  
The same name to a furniture fixing is given.  
When you guess it you'll find this is true.  
J. C.

Advertisements.

**NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE,**  
Corner of Yonge and Agnes Streets, 1st door South of Mr. Webb.

JOHN RUSSELL

BEGS to return his sincere thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Toronto, for the liberal encouragement he has received since he commenced business, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their favours.  
He can confidently recommend his stock, as equal in style, material, and workmanship, to that of the best shops in Europe.  
Toronto, March 1852. 15-17

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

JAMES W. MILLAR respectfully intimates to friends and the public that he has commenced business as a Chronometer, Watch and Clockmaker, and Jeweller, &c., No. 83, YONGE STREET, 2nd door North of Adelaide Street.  
J. W. M. hopes, by his long experience and training in all the branches connected with the manufacturing and repairing of time-pieces, in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and other parts of Britain, and being for Three years principal Watchmaker in a respectable establishment in this city, that he shall be found worthy of public confidence.  
A large Assortment of First Class Gold and Silver Watches for sale—warranted for twelve months in writing.  
Gold and Silver Chains, newest pattern, Gold Signet, Fancy and Wedding Rings; Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale.  
American Clocks of every description, cheap for cash.  
Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Levers, for £2. 10s.  
To THE TRADE—Cylinders, Duplex and Lever Staffs made to order; Watches of every description repaired and cleaned.  
Toronto, March 18th, 1852. 15-17

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE:

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

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

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

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

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

GREENEY & McELRATH,

Publishers, Tribune Buildings, New York.

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

New-York, January, 1852.

G & McE.  
15-17

DRY GOODS!!

HENDERSON & USHER

INTIMATE that they have now Commenced Business with a large and well assorted STOCK of

DRY GOODS,

Suitable for the Spring wear; they have determined to offer their Goods at Prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to every purchaser.

HENDERSON & USHER,

4, City Buildings, King Street East,

Two Doors from the MARKET. Toronto, March 12, 1852. 14-16

Who'd have thought it—Koses bought it.

IRISH SNUFF!!

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

LUNDY FOOT'S HIGH TOAST

Or Irish Blackguard,

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

In 3lb. Tin Cansisters and 1lb. Bottles.

R. C. McMULLEN, Agent.  
Church Street, Toronto, March 18th, 1852. 15-19

**THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON  
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.

Available Funds to Meet Present Losses:  
**HALF A MILLION STERLING.**

ESTABLISHED IN 1836 BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.  
Responsibility of Stockholders Unlimited.

THE Subscriber having been duly appointed Agent for the above Company for Toronto and vicinity, is now prepared to receive applications for Risks on every description of TOWN and COUNTRY property. Premiums on which will be as low as first class Offices, and he will be happy to grant further information at his

Office—8, WALLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET,  
JAMES FRASER.

☞ Payments prompt, without reference to England.  
Toronto, Feb. 21, 1852. 11 16

**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,
- Eclectic Magazine,
- Blackwood's "
- International, "
- Littell's Living Age,
- Harper's Magazine,
- Scotsman's Union, "
- Constitution and Church Sentinel
- Dublin Newspaper,
- Globe, "
- 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. 6-5A

**NEW BOOK STORE!**

No. 54, Yonge Street, Toronto,

(Two Doors South of Spencer's Foundry.)

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public that he has commenced business as

**Bookseller and Stationer**

In the above premises, where he intends to keep on hand a choice and varied assortment of

**BOOKS & STATIONARY.**

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

☞ A Valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-5B

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

HUGH RODGERS,  
AGENT FOR CANADA.

Fitchers Family Bible.  
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Cyclopaedia of useful Arts—Chemical, Manufacturing, and Engineering.  
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In short every publication issued by Virtue, Son, & Co. Office—41 Yonge Street, where specimens Numbers may be seen, and all orders left.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

30,000 PAIRS!!

**BROWN & CHILDS,**

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. 9d.
- 2000 " " Calf " 15s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.
- 3000 " " Boys' " 5s. 7d. to 10s. 0d.
- 10,000 " Gents', Youths', & Boys', Brogans, 3s. to 10s.
- 5000 " Ladies' Cloth & Prunella Boots, 6s. 3d. to 10s.
- 2000 " Children's, of every variety and Style.

B. & C. manufacture their own—the Manufacturer 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. 89, Painted Boot, nearly opposite the English Cathedral, is the place.

3000 SIDES BEST SPANISH LEATHER FOR SALE.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.

Toronto, Dec., 1851. 3-55

**The Castilian Hair Invigorator.**

THIS elegant 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. 4-4f

**W. H. DOEL,**

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**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.

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

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