

fore, occasionally the privilege of calling on your flock, if so be—

"Save your breath," cried the shepherd. "You must in no case devour a sheep, not even a dead one, if I am not to be your enemy. An animal which now eats dead sheep, leaving none to regard sick sheep as dead, and sound sheep as sick. Recross not on my friendship then, but be gone!"

VI.

"I must certainly sacrifice what I prize most, to attain my purpose," thought the wolf as he came to the sixth shepherd.

"Shepherd, how do you like my skin?" began the wolf.

"Your skin?" said the shepherd, "let me see. It is good. The hounds cannot have often worried you."

"Now, hearken, shepherd; I am old, and so shall not live long. Feed me to death, and I will give you my skin."

"Indeed I see now!" said the shepherd. "Do you also try these old miserly tricks? No, no; your skin would thus cost me seven times more than it is worth. If you are in earnest in making me a present, of it, give it me immediately." Thereupon the shepherd seized his club, and the wolf escaped.

VII.

"O, the ruthless wretch!" cried the wolf, now in the greatest rage. "I will then die as their foe, before hunger kills me, since they will not assist me!"

He ran and burst into the abode of the shepherd, pulled it down and worried his children, and was only with great difficulty killed by the shepherd.

Thence said the wisest of them; "We indeed acted wrongly, when we brought the old robber to extremity, and thus deprived him of all means of amendment, however late or however affected."

ALIIQUIS.

Miscellaneous.

**WILD ANIMALS IN CONFINEMENT.**—Were it not that custom reconciles us to everything, a Christian community would surely be shocked by the report, stanza—to the horrible instincts of snakes, who will not eat anything but what is alive. An account was recently given of a night-visit to the place of confinement of these disgusting reptiles, in which the evident horror of their intended victims, confined in the same cages, was distinctly mentioned. The gratification of mere curiosity does not justify the infliction of such tortures on the lower animals. Surely the sight of a stuffed box-constrictor ought to content a reasonable curiosity. Imagine what would be felt if a child were subjected to such a fate, or what could be answered if the present victims could tell their agonies as well as we feel them! Byron speaks of the barbarians who, in the wantonness of power, were "butchered to make a Roman holiday;" and verily the horrors exhibited in our public gardens and menageries are something akin to the fights of gladiators: it is the infliction of misery for mere sport. With reference also to lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals kept in cages—if retained at all, the space allotted them ought to be much larger than it is, so as to allow them full room for healthful exercise. At present, they must be wretched; and considering also the quantity of food they consume, which might be converted to useful purposes—though this is taking a lower view of the matter—it is at least desirable that the number should be much smaller, and a much greater space allowed them to exhibit their natural vivacity. These remarks do not, of course, apply to fowls and other animals who are allowed a sufficient share of liberty to exist in comfort, and to whom it is not necessary to sacrifice the existence of other creatures.—*Ogden's Friendly Observer.* We entirely agree in reprobating the practice of placing live rabbits and other creatures within the cages of box-constrictors. A recollection of a poor little rabbit cowering in the corner of one of these cages, as if aware of its approaching fate, has haunted us for years. No purpose of science can be answered by this con-

stantly recurring hostility. Zoological Societies should be careful not to run any risk of contracting by such spectacles the elevated feelings they are so well calculated to foster.—*Ed. Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

Within a few weeks a new effort has been made to explore the wreck of the British frigate *Plumper*, which was sunk near Dipper Harbour, about half way between Eastport and St. John, New Brunswick, with some seventy-five persons, and from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in specie, in 1851. The wreck lies forty-two feet below the surface of the water, is of course much decayed, and the adventurous explorers had to overturn the washings of sand, &c., which cover her, some six feet below the bottom. They have brought up about \$250 in Spanish silver, mostly whole and halves, the action of the sea having made them lighter than the original weight, and they were blackened as if by powder, having evidently been taken from the magazine. Remains of pistols, grapples, &c. were also brought up, and as a sad accompaniment, many human skulls. The party will discontinue its explorations for the present.

**BYTOWN AND PARSONS RAILROAD.**—We understand, that the application for the £75,000 guarantee by the province in the Bytown and Prescott Railway, has been favourably entertained by the members of the government, and will meet with their support, when submitted to the House. We further learn, that there is every prospect of an satisfactory arrangement for the whole of the iron required for the work, being entered into with a party from England, who is now in Canada, with the object of supplying iron to the several railroads now in contemplation, and in a state of progress.—*Citizen.*

**SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.**—A poor Irishman, with her only son, embarked on board of the bark *Kingston*, at Liverpool, for Quebec, and while in the harbour the boy fell overboard, and everybody on board the *Kingston* believed, was drowned, as he was not afterwards seen. He was, however, picked up by a boat from another vessel, the *Montezuma*, and curiously enough, the *Kingston* and *Montezuma*, arrived at Quebec together on the 27th ult. and the poor boy was restored to his previously borrowing mother, in the full enjoyment of health.

An earthquake occurred a Augusta on Wednesday, which lasted for six seconds. The people were much agitated but no serious damage was done.

Varieties.

Never spend your money before you have earned it. Be humble—be willing to stand in the valley. The sweetest birds and flowers are there.

There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature and insures your ultimate success.

To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

Talent is an eye-sore to tyranny. In weakness, tyranny fears it as a power; in power it hates it as a liberty.

No person is obliged to say all he thinks, but both duty and self-interest forbid him to make false pretences.

"They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip it over quickly, for it is but a bog—if we stay we sink."

Pleasure is sometimes only a change of pain—A man who has had the gout, thinks he feels first rate when he gets down to rheumatism again.

All the world is complaining of the want of friends, and yet scarcely any body gives himself the trouble of bringing the necessary dispositions to gain and preserve them.

Smoothing irons seem to be rather a late invention.—About the time of Elizabeth and James I. large stones, inscribed with texts of scripture, were used for the purpose of ironing.

We often speak of being settled in life—We must not well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down a hill.

Purpose is the edge and point of character: it is the supercription on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid; genius without it is bullion, splendid and uncirculating.

A wag says, it is "folly to expect a young girl to love a man whom every body speaks well of. Get up a persecution, and her affection will cling so fast that a dozen guardians can't remove them."

Biographical Calendar.

Sept. 12	A. D.	Event
1645	1806	Sir William Douglass, born.
	1806	Chancellor Thurlow, died.
	1819	Marshal Blucher, died.
" 13	1520	Cecil, Lord Burleigh, born.
	1759	General Wolfe, killed.
	1806	Hon. Charles J. Fox, died.
" 14	1321	Dante Alighieri, died.
	1741	Charles Rollin, died.
	1816	Aaron Burr, died.
	1851	James Fenimore Cooper, died.
" 25	1827	Robert Fulk, died.
	1830	Hon. William Huskisson, died.
	1836	Antoine de Tussac, died.
" 16	1701	James II. of England, died.
	1824	Louis XVIII. died.
	1841	Thomas Hudson, died.
" 17	1746	Peter Gonsard, died.
" 18	1642	Bishop Burnet, born.
	1792	Samuel Johnson, born.
	1721	Matthew Prior, died.
	1830	William Hallist, died.

Samuel Johnson, the celebrated lexicographer, was born in 1709, at Lichfield, where his father was a bookseller. He completed his education at Pembroke College, Oxford; and in 1732, became warden-master of a free-school at Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire: This he soon quitted, on account of the haughty treatment he received from the principal, and endeavoured to earn a subsistence by literary employment. In 1735, he married Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer at Birmingham, with a fortune of about £300, by which he was enabled to open a boarding-school; but the plan did not succeed. In 1737, he went to London in company with David Garrick, having engaged with Carey, the proprietor of the Gentleman's Magazine. His first production, which attracted notice, was his "London," a poem. In 1747, he left the plan of his "English Dictionary" before Lord Chesterfield, and the publisher agreed to give him £1575 for it. In 1749, his tragedy of "Irene" was played at Drury-lane; but it was unsuccessful. In 1750, he published "The Rambler," which was continued till 1752. In 1755, his Dictionary appeared; and the same year, the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of M. A. In 1758, he began the *Liter*, a periodical paper, which was published as a weekly newspaper. On the death of his mother, in 1759, he wrote the romance of "Rasselas," to defray the expenses of her funeral. In 1762, the King granted him a pension of £300 per annum. About 1765, he instituted the Literary Club, consisting of some of the most celebrated men of the age. In 1773, he went on a tour with Mr. Boswell, to the Hebrides; of which journey he shortly afterwards published a highly-interesting account, and in which he throws doubts on the authenticity of Ossian's Poems. In 1775, the University of Oxford sent him the degree of L. L. D., by diploma. In 1779, he began his "Lives of the English Poets." He died, after a long illness, full of that faith he had inculcated in his writings, Dec. 19, 1784.—*Altiqus*

Advertisements.

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