

emphatically me, and over whom his plausibility and pretended honesty had gained such an ascendancy, had a daughter,—an only child,—who about the time of Taylor's being admitted into a sort of partnership, returned from a boarding-school in Yorkshire. He immediately conceived that the easiest way to obtain both the father's business and his wealth, would be by first securing the daughter's hand. Of anything even bordering upon affection, his earthly soul was incapable; but to obtain his object he could assume its appearance, and he could employ the rhapsodies which at times pass for its language. The maiden was young and inexperienced, and with just as much of affection as made her the more likely to be entangled in the snares of a plausible hypocrite, who adapted his conversation to her taste. The girl began to imagine that she loved him,—perhaps she did,—but more probably it was a morbid fancy which she mistook for affection, and which he well knew how to encourage.

She became pensive, sighed, and drooped like a lily that is nipped by the frost, and seemed ready to leave her father childless; and the merchant, to save his daughter, consented to her union with Esau Taylor, his managing clerk and nominal partner.

The old man lived but a few months after their union, bequeathing to them his fortune and his business; and within a year and a half his daughter followed him to the grave; to which, it was said, she was hurried through the cruelty and neglect of her husband.

Esau was now a rich man, a great man, and withal a bad man—one whose heart was blacker than the darkness of the grave, where his injured, I believe I may say his murdered wife was buried.

We had not met each other for more than five years, and it is possible that he had half forgotten me, or if he remembered me, considered me unworthy of a thought.

I have told you that I was called to the bar, and for ten months I attended the Courts in my gown and wig, sitting in the back benches, and listening to the eloquence of my seniors, with a light pocket, and frequently a heavy heart.

I was sitting one evening in my chambers, as they were called,—though they contained nothing but an old writing desk, two chairs, and a few law books; I was poring over a volume of olden statutes, mancing a biscuit, and sipping a glass of cold water, when the bell rang, and on opening the door my old master, the solicitor, stood before me, and he had what appeared to be a brief in his hand. My heart began to beat audibly in my bosom.

"Well, Roderic," said he entering, "I always promised that I would do what I could for you, and now I am determined to bring you out. Here is a case that may make your fortune. You will have scope for argument, feeling, declamation. If you do not produce an impression in it, you are not the person I take you for. Don't tremble,—don't be too diffident, but as I say to you, throw your soul into it, and I will answer for it making your fortune. There are fifty guineas as a retaining fee, and it is not unlikely that my fair client to-morrow may give you fifty more as a refreshment."

"Fifty guineas!" I involuntarily exclaimed, and my eyes glanced upon the money. I felt as though my fortune were already made, and that I should be rich for ever.

"Come Roderic," said he, "don't think about the retainer, but think of the case,—think of getting another,"

"What is the case?" I inquired.

"That," replied he, "your brief, which is as clearly and fully drawn up as if you had done it yourself, will explain to you. In the meantime I may state, that your client, the defendant, is a young lady of matchless beauty, great fortune and accomplishments. When you see her, you will be inspired. She is the orphan daughter,—and now the sole surviving child of an officer, who had extensive dealings with a house in the city. Of late years the prosecutor was his broker. Some time after the father's death, the prosecutor made overtures of marriage to the defendant, which she rejected. He has now, stimulated by revenge, set up a fictitious claim for twenty thousand pounds, which he alleges, her father owed to the house of which he is now at the head; and for this claim he now drags my client into court.—Now I trust that we shall not only be able to prove that the debt is fictitious, but to establish that the documents which he holds, bearing the Colonel's signature, are forgeries. It is a glorious case for you—here is your brief, and I shall call on you again in the morning."

I took the brief from his hand, glanced my eyes upon the back of it, and read the words—"Taylor against Mortimer."

"Taylor against Mortimer!" I exclaimed, starting from my seat, "what Taylor?—what Mortimer? Not Jessy—my Jessy? Not the villain Esau?—the supplanter—the—?"

"Hold, hold," said the solicitor in surprise, "such are indeed the names of the parties—but if you are in ecstasy already, I must take the brief to one who will read it soberly."

"No," I cried, grasping the brief in my hand—"take back your fee—I will plead this cause for love."

"Keep the money—keep the money," said he drily; "it will be of as much service to you in the meantime as love. But let me know the cause of this enthusiasm."

I untossed my soul to him. I did not see Miss Mortimer until the day of trial, in the Court and when I rose to plead for her, she started—the words "Roderic!" escaped from her lips, and tears gushed into her bright eyes. It was at the same moment that Esau Taylor saw and recognized me—his eyes quailed beneath my gaze, his guilt gushed to his face. I commenced my address to the jury,—I drew the picture of a fiend. Taylor trembled. Every individual in the Court was already convinced of his guilt. He endeavored to escape amidst the crowd. I called upon the officers to seize him. I gained the cause, and with it also won the hand of Jessy Mortimer, to obtain which, from boyhood I had persevered. Taylor was committed to prison, to stand his trial for the forgeries; but before the day of trial came he was buried within the prison-walls, with disgrace for his epitaph.

The Australia Eldorado.

From all the accounts we have had, we are prepared to believe that Australia will even rival California in the product of gold. From Sept. 30, 1851, to March, 1852, the combined yield of what are known as the Ballant and Alexander diggings, is stated to have been two hundred and ninety-eight thousand, six hundred and eighty-three ounces of gold. The mines will produce for the present year, it is believed, six millions of pounds or thirty millions of dollars! This statement seems extravagant at first blush, yet facts warrant it. And still every arrival speaks of the increase of the gold and the opening of new diggings! The emigration from England, consequent upon such golden prospects, is of course immense. From being a penal colony of Great Britain, it has become her golden harvest field.

In agricultural capabilities, Australia is by no means deficient; and the circumstances seem to have been discovered simultaneously with the gold. The wretched native population will see their land transformed into a garden, under the influence and energies of strangers and adventurers.—*Ogdensburg Daily News.*

Answers to Correspondents.

CONVERSION OF THE PRESS.—If "A SUBSCRIBER" would once more read the remarks in last Saturday's *Herald*, under the head, "Conversion of the Press," he will find there is very little scope for so high dudgeon. It is plainly stated that his letter was not published, because—1st. It is rather long, and 2nd. It was signed, "One who pays his postage,"—that is, it did not contain the name of the writer. If there had been any other reasons necessary, they would also have been given. We endeavor always to speak out plainly. All that was needed then if justice was not done, was merely to have sent in his name to the publisher. A "Subscriber" is entirely mistaken if he thinks his views of postage reform coincide with the principles advocated by Rowland Hill. If, however, he wishes others to know what are his views on this important subject, he has it in his power. Our law is inexorable.

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TORONTO, C. W., SEPTEMBER 11, 1852.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Having said so much, as to the mode of Education, we would for a few moments turn to the kind of instruction to be given, and the parties who most particularly require that instruction. As regards the books to be used, and the way in which their contents may be best acquired, we need not here speak, as these, in a great measure, are dependent upon local and incidental circumstances. One teacher may, from his earliest years, have been accustomed to one mode of communicating instruction, which, if pursued by another, not so thoroughly initiated into that mode, might appear ill-fitted to produce the desired end. One may have a preference for one kind of text-book, because its elementary principles are more clearly defined, and the connecting links between the various principles enunciated, more easily discernible, than in the text-book of a fellow-teacher, all of which, instead of being cause for a diversity of feeling, only ratify the remark—"that custom renders all things easy." If the teacher is an adept at his profession, the peculiar kind of text-book does not so much signify, in so far as the mere elementary part of education is concerned. Leaving that department of the school-room, then, we start with this broad principle, that in whatever light we view the subject, in its varied ramifications, we must consider the mother as the great educator, and according as the faculties of her mind have been developed, and have received a proper bent, may we estimate the influence she will exert not only in her own domestic sphere, but upon society. How desirable that she be fitted for the high responsibility in which she is placed;—that a thorough knowledge of her own physical organization should guide all her movements in that important relation in which she now stands to society. From