

The Head Quarters,

LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND COMMERCIAL JOURNAL.

WILLIAM CRAIG, Editor.

"CHERISH RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT, AND BRITISH CONNEXION."—LORD METCALFE.

JAMES P. A. PHILLIPS, Proprietor.

VOLUME III.

FREDERICTON, N. E. JANUARY 21, 1846.

[WHOLE No. 131]

OF NOVA SCOTIA

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of British North America.
FREDERICTON BRANCH.
GEORGE TAYLOR, Esq.,—MANAGER.

DISCOUNT DAYS, Wednesday and Saturday.
Bills intended for Discount must be left at the Office on Tuesday and Friday.

N. B.—The Notes of this Branch are redeemed at par, at all the Branches and Agencies of the Bank of British North America in CANADA.

Central Bank of New Brunswick.

W. J. BELL, Esq.,—President.
SAM. W. BARRIE, Esq.,—Cashier.

DISCOUNT DAYS, Tuesday and Friday.
Bills for Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank on Monday and Thursday.

(*) The Notes of this Bank are redeemed at the City Bank, Quebec, at par.

Central Fire Insurance Company of N. Brunswick.

MONTHLY COMMITTEES.
DIRECTORS FOR JANUARY 1846.—Charles McPherson, and J. Wilcox.

Protection Insurance Company.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
F. W. HATHAWAY, Agent, Fredericton.

CHEAP GOODS.

THE Subscriber ever grateful for past favours begs leave to offer to his friends and the public generally, at his STORE, opposite the Market House, the following Goods, cheap for Cash or approved credit. Homespun Cloth, Socks, Mitts, or Country Produce taken in exchange.

CLOTHS, ORLEANS, &c.

Blue and Olive Broad Cloths, Check Cassimers, Pilot Cloths, all Wool & glass plaid & striped Cloakings; Lamb's wool worsted, & woaden Plaid, netted & striped Shawls & Handkerchiefs; Black Laces; black, green, drab, slate, cream, & brown Orleans; Merinos & Parisians; Blankets, woaden and cotton Rug, worsted Plaid, Molekin, Pudding and Canvas; Jeans, Ginghams, Scotch Homespuns, a good assortment of Prints, Velvets; plain, check and striped Marlines; Bishop's Lawn, Quilting, twilled and plain striped Regatta, grey and fine Cottons, grey Sheet, Bed Ticking, Osnaburghs, twilled and plain sheeting and F. French; Cottons, Bed Ticking, Osnaburghs, and Wadding; Linens and Lawns, all cloth Table Covers, Linen Table Cloths, Dowlaxes, rolled Cambrics, assorted; black and white, black and white, black and white; black and white; double milled Batte, worsted Yarn, Comforters, Indian Rubber and cotton Bras, worsted and cotton, black, white and grey Stockings; Gents' kid, Berlin, and little Gloves; Ladies' fur topped and lined kid, fished, & cotton Gloves & Mitts; linen Thread, Clark's & Cardwell's best 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100; Pearl Sticks, Pins, Tapes, Styfices, Ribbons, Edgings, Quillings, Laces, Trimmings, Dressing and pocket Combs; brass, japanned wire, and horn back combs; side Combs, Tooth Brushes, Soap, and Dipped Candles, Bees Wax, No. 1, Herrings, Mackerel, Codfish, Pollack, Dried Herring, Lard, and Butter Salt.

HOLLOW, HARD, AND TIN WARE.

Bake Ovens and Covers, from 10 to 16 inches; Pots, long handled Frying Pans, Saucepans, Gridirons; Tea Kettles, and small and large; No. 1 to 6; Italian Iron, large and small wire, Shovels, Curry Combs, Dog Chains, Knives and Forks, Teapots, Sugar Bowls, and other G. S. Sugar Tongs, Water Gards, Spectacles, and other pointed Pencils; Smokers and Trays, Waiters, Pediclers, Augers, Compasses, Files, Hammer, Spokenhaves, Putters and Common Gimlets, Scissors, Grindstones, Scythes, and Axes, best BY Slicks, Irons and steel thinblades, steel knitting pins, assorted; books and eyes, galvanic rings, percussion caps, horse milk, tin kettles and pails, lanterns, dippons, pint and half-pint cups, shaving cups, and all kinds of glass, &c.

GLASS AND EARTHENWARE.

Tumblers, Wine and Salt Glasses, White Marble, and Faced Tea Sets, Breakfast, and Tea Cups and Saucers, with and without handles; Fancy and Painted Porcelain, best; Blacking, black, blue, and red, and Painted Tea Pots, Creams, Sifts, Pepper Jugs, and Fishers; mugs and bowls, in variety; white, marble, brown, blue, and blue and white; glass, blue, green, white, and yellow covers and basins, stool and bed pans, dials, dials, and round baking dishes, covered dishes, stone pictures and pans, milk pans, pudding bowls; milk bowls, with spoons; preserve pots, &c.

WOODEN WARE AND CORDAGE.

Measures, Pails, Patent Wheel Hacks, Cloth Pins, Split Boxes, Reels, Forks, Sifters, Lucifer Matches, Corn Brooms, Vases, Hearth Brushes, Indian Brooms and Baskets, Snow Shovel, Red and Log Wood, Leaders of all lengths; Muslin Garages from 2 to 24 thread, do. Red Cord and Cloth Lines, Chalk Lines, besides many other things to tedious to mention.

ALSO—50 barrels Superfine Flour on Consignment, for Cash only.

GEORGE A. PERLEY.

Fredericton, January 6, 1846.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.

TENDERS, the rate to be expressed in Sterling, will be received by Assistant Commissary General Inglis at the Commissary Office, in King Street, until 12 o'clock noon, of the 31st of January, 1846, for Erecting a Wooden Building, for a Guard House, near the gate of the Park Barrack, in this Garrison. Plans and Specifications to be seen at the Royal Engineer Office in this place, where every requisite information may be obtained. The above service to be finished on or before the 20th of June, 1846, and when completed and approved of by the Royal Engineer Department, payment will be made in a Bill of Exchange on the Lords of H. M. Treasury, at Par.—Two good and sufficient sureties will be required for the faithful performance of such Contract as may be entered into. Commissary, Fredericton, Dec. 31, 1845.

TRAVELLERS' INN.

THE Subscriber in returning his sincere thanks to his friends and patrons, for their liberal encouragement since opening the above Establishment in York Street, respectfully intimates that he continues to conduct the same, for the accommodation of the Public, and in soliciting patronage, pledges himself, that strict attention and diligence shall continue to be used by him, for the comfort and convenience of all who may favour him with their support.

He begs also, to state that he can accommodate all Members of the House of Assembly, and is confident, that he can make them comfortable, as he has fitted up apartments at considerable expense expressly for that purpose.

For Permanent Boarders can be accommodated.

For Good Stabling, and Prices moderate.

GEORGE R. ATHONTON.

Fredericton, December 31, 1845.

LITERATURE.

[FOR THE HEAD QUARTERS.]

A BALLAD.

Poor Thyrus was a simple swain,
With love his bosom burn'd;
The fair simplicity disdain,—
His suit proud Chloe spurn'd.

She saw him weep, she heard him sigh,
And smiled at all his woe;
"I cannot love"—she oft would cry,
"Not you at least—oh! no!"

The scornful maiden turn'd aside
And left him to despair,
But Time, (that cunning leech) supplied,
A cure for all his care.

The gentle Anna met his eyes,
Young, lovely, tender, true;
He spoke his passion in his sighs,
In sighs she answered too.

No need of words, when deeds will do,
And so, no words were said;
Their silver gave the Priest his cue,
The faithful pair were wed.

Chloe meantime had found her heart,
Could condescend to love;
But Stephen was the child of art,
And did inconstant prove.

'Twas then, and not till then, she learn'd,
Simplicity to prize;
And saw the youth whom she had spurn'd,
The slave of Anna's eyes.

IL PENSOROSO.

A SONG FOR A POLK.

"Flee are not lothors,
—From their eyes"—P. Pindar, Jun.

Neither is
"Saw dust Road Beef,"
—Blow the Yankies!—Do!

TUNE—"Roast Beef of Old England."

When Jonathan Bull Frog, was blown out with pride,
And swore that Old England he soon would "Conquide,"
Rebellion he cherish'd both in and out side;
O the Saviour of old Yankee!

And O the old Yankee Saw dust!

He threw off what he call'd the yoke of his dam,
He blew on his hide, and his stomach did cram;
With Raw "Pork and Lasses," and jollies and jims,
O the Saw dust of old Yankee!

And O the old Yankee Saw dust!

He then tried to Trade with and trick his old Mother,
So he made himself smart just to rob his own Brother;
Search all the world round you'll ne'er find such another,
O the Saw dust of old Yankee!

And O the old Yankee Saw dust!

He swore that the "Y" was the "World Universal,"
With him it was every day kind of rehearsal;
This fighting is shame—or he only can curse all;
O the Saw dust of old Yankee!

And O the old Yankee Saw dust!

He humbug'd the Whigs with the line call'd "No' West,"
For in trickery always he will get the best;
But this trifling matter is now set at rest;
O the Saw dust of old Yankee!

And O the old Yankee Saw dust!

The powers of Europe he's lately defied,
He's cram'd up his stomach and blown out his hide,
But this Bull-Frog will soon get a prick in the side;
O the good steel of old England!

And O the old English good steel!

Green Erin's bright sun can they ever forget
Philadelpia's murders—aye, gunging, et cetera;
Or the Festival at Boston, where his coat got wet;
O the dirty Saw dust of old Yankee!

—Bid scan to the Yankee Saw dust!

Master President Pollock, or A-lookin' Polk,
Thinks to humbug John Bull, just by way of a Joke.

Recit.—I guess he'll then sing—
O the Roast Beef of old England!
And O the old English Road Beef!

GAMBLING, OR RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

"Why do you keep me so long a time at the door?" said Edward P. passionately to his wife, "The night had passed, but its cold wind entered the house as Mrs. P. with a sorrowful heart undid the lock."

"It is late, Edward, and I could not keep from slumbering."

He said nothing in return to this, but flung himself in a chair, and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee, and putting his arms round the father's neck, whispered, "Papa, what has mamma been crying for?" Mr. P. started, shook off his boy, and said with violence, "Get to bed, sir—what business has your mother to let you be up at this late hour? The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up, and when he reached his cot, his warm heart discharged itself of its noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, and went to him; but soon returned to the parlor. She lent upon her husband, and thus addressed him, "Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I implore you not to act in this manner before our children. You are not, Edward, as you used to be! These heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, and of bad hours. You wrong me, you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged. Tell me, Edward—for heaven's sake tell me! we are poor—are we reduced—we are ruined—is it not so?"

Edward had not a word to say for his wife, but a man's tears are more awful than his words. "Well, be it so, Edward! Our children may suffer from our fall, but it will redouble my exertion for them. And as for myself, you do not know me if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for them. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself my husband; it is true your father has cast you off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum; but he is not all the world—only consider your wife in that light!"

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. P. to ascertain the cause.—She returned to her husband—Mary is at the door; she says you always kissed her before she went to bed.

"My child—my child," said the father—"God bless you! I am not well, Mary. Nay do not speak to me to-night. Go to rest now—give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again."

Mr. P. was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and children had once given him happy dreams; but now, the pain he had brought upon them was an awakening reality. When the light of the morning fairly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. P. arose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.

"I have been considering," he replied calmly; "and I am determined to try my father.—He loved me when I was a boy—was proud of me. It is true I have acted dishonorably to him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him, but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my wife, has completely altered me. I will never forget ill temper towards you. But I will make up for it—I will—indeed I will. Nay do not not grieve in this way, this is worse to me than all. I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast room.—Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for notice of his father. In a short time Mr. P. returned.

"Why so pale my husband? Will your parent not assist you? We must sink my love! He will not assist me. He upbraided me—I did not, I could not, not a single feeling for my father in my mind, and our little ones, but he cast us off forever!"

The distressed man had scarcely said this when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F's father he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F. a prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

"Mum! whisperd Mark, 'then my father go to prison? Won't they let us go too?'"

"Here comes my authority," said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. P. doggedly placed himself in a chair.

"You shall not take my papa away," cried the boy to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct sir," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind of you. I have no more of my father's property, and my children—your children—have no right to harass them with your presence."

"Nay husband," responded Mrs. P. "I think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you from your childhood as he has done, but he shall see how I can cling to you—can be proud of you in your poverty. He has forgotten your youthful days—he has lost sight of his own childhood's years."

The old gentleman directed the law agent to leave the room. He then slowly yet nervously answered this:

"Mum! I have not forgotten my own thoughtless days. I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble minded as yourself, and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child.—An old man hides his sorrows; but let not the world lie before him, think him especially as to what would taught him to do so."

The distress I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. I would get a wife by single story, and many think the victim must return grateful. I know Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap is sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother—his laughing-eyed young pet of a son—pshaw!—of an old fool—for why am I crying?"

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher, and without uttering a word, she had put her handkerchief to her eyes. The boy also now left his parent walked up to his grandfather, and leaning his elbow on the old man's knees and turning up his round, cheek, said, "Then you want take papa away?"

"No, you little impudent rascal; but I'll take you away, and when your mother comes for you, I will treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after her."

His father's happiness at the heel of ruin. If husbands often appreciate the exquisite heaven-like affection of their wives, many happier families would be seen. "One in love and one in pain," could to him and every married man, and And others would many times check imprudence if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness.

THANKSGIVINGS.

AN AMUSING NEW-ENGLAND STORY.

In one of the small interior towns of New England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of our people, the facts occurred, a few years since on which the following tale is founded.

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's, in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done, before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be hanked up, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c., put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were dispatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage way, while the good man himself was busy on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a whole flock of sheep on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of cabbage, unobserved entered the cellar and quietly consumed his feast.

The avenue through which he entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements for completing the larger boys set off in high glee, the dog running and barking before them, apparently as well pleased to go to Grand-papa's as any of the puppy group. Soon after the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire, fastened the doors and windows by means of many curious contrivances, to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon of the day following the festival was completed, the paternal roof was again open to the sky, and the family returned home accompanied by some of our young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbours, both sexes were invited in, and a merry thanksgiving

was celebrated in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar, with a little tow-wicked candle, gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw care back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—"the devil is in the cellar!" "Pooh," said the father who have been only frightened by your own shadow—give me the light!" On which he seized the candle, leaving the candlestick clinched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and bodily rushed to the cellar stairs but ere he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous nose of the beast-cursed, him to retreat as much terrified as his son—"Sure enough the devil is in the cellar!"

The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house. The good man seized the great Bible and attempted to read, but the candle, sputtered, turned blue, and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in hand of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled close to their favourite swains—and the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants. One bright thought, however, occurred—

"The devil is in the cellar!" said the father, "let us drive the devil away!"

On coming to the house the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer and implored by at least a dozen voices at once, "to drive the devil away!" But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the parson was pushed forward as a leader, lighted by the same numerous candles into the cellar, there, to the dismay of the company, keeping close behind him.

When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire, and the shadowy outline of enormous horns, magnified at least ten fold by the terrors of the dark, he beheld them, roared all about him, and had previously existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend.

"The devil instantly fell on his knees, and with bestial instinct began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motive, but supposing by the motion of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, advanced a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary, the decaying dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest, and drawing lastly back to renew the assault, looked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and passed the same with him into the cellar."

While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope, as regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "Brethren, take care of yourselves, the devil has got me!" The exclamation was better obeyed than any that he had ever delivered from the pulpit—his friends fled and left them to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first supposed the fiend to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun, and willing to see a comedy, he had been thought to himself; and pretended to sympathize with the others in their fears. He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch-pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel held the hold of his coat—and the cry of—"don't!"—"don't!" proceeding from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of the horns and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, crying to the astonished parson, "follow me!" The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished Ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company—

and hanging down of heads ensued. The passed scene, however, was to induce to admit of sober reflections, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

BROADWAY MOCK AUCTION SHOPS.—We stepped into a notorious mock Auction shop in Broadway yesterday and were particularly amused by the various tricks used by the auctioneer and Peter Funks to get a couple of green-looking countrymen, who had come in for the purpose of saving a speculation. The officiating auctioneer held, in his hand a galvanized tin watch, which he stated, in most eloquent and affecting terms, a poor sailor, who has been shipwrecked on the coast of South America, and had landed with nothing, but this watch, which had been given him as a remembrance by his mother, had left there to be sold solely for his benefit. The auctioneer handed the watch to a tall, good looking gentleman, with a white cravat and spectacles, and who had every appearance of a country gentleman. This gentleman looked at the watch with a discriminating glance, and bid boldly and loudly fifteen dollars. At this moment a farmer-looking man, with a high bell-crowned hat and rough overcoat, entered the establishment.—

"Ah, Mr. Brown, have you sold your butter?"

"Yes," said the farmer, "and at a good price." This conversation was carried on so that the two flats could distinctly hear it. The watch was now handed to the farmer, who bid another dollar. The auctioneer then took it, and dilaed upon its beauties. After this, he handed it to a fine, fleshy looking gentleman, with "Alderman take a look at this."

The Alderman held it in just such a light that the flats could see it—examined very narrowly the inside and the outside, and bid eighteen dollars.—The flats could not resist, and the greenest looking one bid twenty dollars. The auctioneer, after stating that it was altogether too low, knocked it down to the flat, who paid for and pocketed it, thinking what a catch he would cut among the lasses of the Green Mountains. Probably before this he has found out his mistake. The auctioneer, with a smiling countenance, stated that there "wouldn't be no more sales to-day," and the Funks and ourselves left the office.—N. Y. Herald.

CONSEQUENCES OF PITT'S RESTORATION.—Pitt was in his zenith when the insinuations of Bute and the Princess suddenly paralysed his efforts, and rendered his position as a member of the crown no longer serviceable to the King or to the country. He resigned, and the nation was thunder-struck, alarmed, and indignant. The city of London pro-

posed to address the king, to know why Mr. Pitt was dismissed; but it being replied that the King would tell them that he had not dismissed Mr. Pitt, but had wished him to continue in employment, the motion dropped. Some proposed a general mourning; others, more reasonable, to thank Mr. Pitt for his services; but this too was damped, for the favourite agents were not idle, and insinuated that Mr. Pitt had acted with mischievous views; for they who were incapable of great views were excellent in undermining. The King was advised to heap rewards on his late minister. The Princess pressed it eagerly. A peerage, a vast pension, the government of Canada (as a mark that it was not to be restored at the peace), were offered to him. He had the frailty to accept the peerage for his wife, and a pension of £3,000 a year for three years. The gifts were eagerly received before their acceptance was notified, whereupon a knowledge of the fact might bring the patriot reproach. It was of the highest consequence to Bute that the gifts should be regarded as a bribe, and nothing more. How else could the popular heart behold the injury inflicted upon its darling with patience, or suffer another to usurp his rightful seat? Pitt's acceptance of the boon was published in the earliest Gazette, and it was the first time that a pension had ever been made public through the medium of its pages. Idols, however, are not so easily abandoned. The notice of the pension appeared in the Gazette of the 9th October, 1763.—

On the 10th of the following November, the King and all the Royal Family dined in the City with the Lord Mayor. Thither, too, went Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, in the chariot together. To them all exclamations were addressed, and the distinction paid in the Guildhall to Mr. Pitt, to the neglect of the King, bestowed all the honor of the triumph on the former. Little was wanting to turn the pageant into a tragedy. Riots ensued, and persons were murdered. The favourite had taken the precaution of having a guard of butchers and bruisers, and by the defence of that convey

constantly in mind that nine tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we then to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of labourers are always to be labourers. The path upwards is steep and long, and the education which consists in bringing children up to labour with steadiness, with care, and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of labourers are always to be labourers. 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