

ornament to your country yet." I doubt all the ornament I have been to my country, is hardly of a higher kind, than that of a stucco or a pasteboard figure on a mantel-piece, and perhaps not so much. However, be that as it may, I have the consolation to think that I have not passed through the world exactly as it I had been a cipher.

I know it is a difficult and a delicate thing, for a man to write a sketch of his own life, without committing shipwreck on the shoals and quicksands of egotism, but I will endeavor to steer clear of this, and while it is certain that I will "set down naught in malice," I trust that I shall be able to show that I will "nothing extenuate."

My father's precept of *perseverance* carried me through my school-boy days gloriously, even as it had borne him through the expense of paying out of his scanty earnings for the education of nine children; I wanted three days of completing my thirteenth year when I left the school, but then I had begun to read Homer in Greek, — I had read Horace in Latin, and I was acquainted with Euclid. My father was proud of me, my master was proud of me, for I had *persevered*. It was seldom that the son of a cottar, or the son of any one else, left the school at such an age so far advanced.

Many said that before I was twenty, they would see me in a pulpit—but they were mistaken.—My father's habitual word *persevere* had taken too deep root in my heart, until it produced a sort of mental perpetual motion, which ever urged me onward—onward! and I found that the limits of a pulpit would never confine or contain me. I felt like a thing of life and happiness, that rejoiced and shook its wings beneath the sunshine of freedom, and I longed to expand my wings, even though they should fall or break under me.

I have said that I left school three days before I had completed my thirteenth year, and on the day that I did so, I was to become tutor in the family of a Colonel Mortimer, of the Honorable the East India Company's service. I was to be at once the playmate and instructor of two children; the one five, the other seven years of age—both boys. But his family contained another child,—Jessy Mortimer,—a lovely, dark-eyed girl of fifteen. The sun of an eastern clime had early drawn forth her beauty into ripeness, and although but two years older than myself, she was as a woman, while I was not only a mere boy, but if I might use the expression, something between what might be termed a boy and a child; and certainly at the very age when children are most disagreeable to persons of riper age. Yet, young as I was, from the very day that I beheld her, my soul took up its habitation in her eyes.—I was dumb in her presence, I opened not my mouth. I was as a whisper, a shadow in the family—a piece of mechanism that performed the task designed for it. It was a presumptuous thing in the son of an humble barrister to fix his eyes and his heart upon the daughter of an East India Colonel, and one two years older than himself; but the heart hath its vagaries, even as our actions have.

For the first two years that I was in the house of Colonel Mortimer, I may say that save in my class-room, my voice was not heard above my breath. But as my voluntary dumbness became more and more oppressive, so also did my affection, my devotion for Jessy become the more intense. The difference between our ages seemed even to have become more marked, and I felt it. Yet, I began to think that her eyes looked upon me more tenderly, and the thought increased the devotion which for two years I had silently cher-

ished. There seemed also a music, a spirit of gentleness and of kindness in her voice, which first inspired me with hope.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, C. W., SEPTEMBER 4, 1852

### CONVENTION OF THE PRESS.

A few weeks ago, we propounded the somewhat chimerical notion that there should be a Convention of the Press of Canada in some central spot to consider the propriety of making a united, vigorous and determined effort, for an extension of postal privilege. On this subject, the words from His Excellency's lips, which were heralded through the Province with lightning speed,—and soon broadcast upon society in newspaper extras,—are very cheering. The most timid and desponding heart will say that the fact, that it is contemplated the postal receipts will ere long balance the expenditure, is a great inducement for immediate effort for an enlargement of our privileges, and affords additional cause why there should be such a Convention. Our spirit-d contemporary, the *Hamilton Spectator*, gave a hearty response to the suggestions submitted, and warmly urged the propriety of the step. We would have published the *Spectator's* remarks, but from the fact that it would have been a slight infraction of that ever-to-be-remembered admonition of Solomon—"let another praise thee, and not thine own lips." We felt convinced, however, from the feeling displayed by the *Spectator* that the idea would grow, even although a little Utopian. The *Streetville Review* has since sounded the tocsin, and the echoing tones have been reverberated by the *Hamilton Canadian*. The *Review* says:

Our very brother the *Canadian Family Herald* has commenced an agitation for an abolition of the postage on newspapers in this Province, and suggests a convention of the Press in order to devise measures for carrying the proposed change into effect. We entirely concur with our little contemporary in his views, and shall be happy to put our shoulder to the wheel to give them effect.

Would it not be desirable, however, to chalk out a more extended platform for the proposed convention? There are many matters deeply involving the respectability of the press in Canada, which might legitimately come under the cognizance of such a symbol.

The *Review* then goes on to enumerate grievances, one especially, which might with great propriety be made the subject of serious consideration. We have no objection at all to an extension of the plan: but, sincerely eschewing all sorts of abstractions, we like to stand upon realities, and, therefore, submitted one tangible proposition. If the matter comes to a *rixa roce* discussion, we will be prepared to make a few additional suggestions, which might be followed by the press with the greatest possible advantage. What we first desiderate is the Convention—a meeting of men determined to honour their profession.—We have only received one letter condemning the suggestion. Although its contents are similar to the notions current in the juvenile days of Rowland Hill, we would have published that letter but for two reasons,—1st, It is rather long for our columns, and 2nd, It was signed—"One who pays his Postage."—We have not, nor ever will insert any letter reflecting in the slightest way upon individual character, or on

the policy of any measure, without adhibiting to that letter the name of the person who wrote it, or at least claims its authorship. Were a similar rule adopted by the press, throughout the Province, much of that incessant jarring of feeling which leads to strife and vain words would be unknown. It is due to every man whose character is aspersed through the press by a private pen that the writer's name should be given in full at the end of his epistle. This would not perhaps gratify spleen so much: but it would stop at least five-sixths of the scribbling that one is obliged to meet with every day in turning over a pile of exchanges. Letters giving information, or propounding questions for public consideration are of a different stamp: a judicious, discriminating Editor will at once see the difference. But all letters, the sole aim of which is to attack private or public character, should only be published with the name of their author. It is the duty of an Editor to expose every abuse that comes under his cognizance, and when he does so the public ought to feel deeply indebted for the favour, for however slight such a matter may appear, and however earnestly the editor may seem to wield the lauca, be it remembered that it is only done in many cases after much misgiving of feeling. Editors are, somehow, sociable as other folks,—and a justice to society,—a faithfulness to the charge tacitly reposed in them, demands in many cases, the rending of these social ties, and if they will speak plain, they invariably do it at their own expense.

### OUR CITY BRASS BAND.

It is evident that Congreve belonged to the Old School, or he never would have written,

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast."

He must have copied the idea from *Mosop*, for it is fabulous. Here is our proof. Some few weeks ago, at the request of the Mayor, our City Brass Band obtained permission to play in the Government grounds on Friday afternoons, with a view to afford the citizens a musical lounge. So little has this boon been appreciated, however, that Mr. Scott, the Leader of the Band, has written us to say, that in consequence of the boys destroying the trees on the ground, the Band can no longer be permitted to assemble there. Well, it is palpable that as a community, take us for all in all, we have very much to learn. We will require to take another slave at music some day soon.

### ONE NOBLE STEP.

That golden chain with which mammon has encircled our commercial society, has, this week, snapped one of its links, and our chests already begin to expand, and we breathe more freely in consequence. Our Commercial men have made a permanent agreement to close their places of business at 7 o'clock. Our minds are divested of everything like selfishness when we say we rejoice at the noble step. 'Tis ours still to trim the midnight lamp, but we do so cheerfully alone. Dear friends of the fair sex, we entreat thee, do not again encircle them with a chain of gold. Thy own fond embrace is far more besitting,—bind them to thy heart with the fondest endearments, and soon, very soon, wilt thou dissipate those winnowing, withering thoughts, that reach no higher than the counter till.