

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

VIRTUE IS TRUE HAPPINESS.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

No. 50.

## Poetry.

### THERE IS WORK FOR ALL.

There is work for all in this world of ours:—  
Not idle dreamers in sunny bowers!  
Not giddy titlers with time and health!  
Not covetous hoarders of golden wealth!  
There is work for each, there is work for all.  
In the peasant's cot, in the noble's hall;  
There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue;  
There is work for the old, there is work for the young;  
There is work that tasks manhood's strengthened zeal,  
For his nation's welfare, his country's weal,  
There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,  
Her pitying eye and her accents bland;  
From the uttermost laudals of this earthly ball  
Is heard the loud cry—there is work for all.  
Look at our brethren tolling in chains—  
There is work for all while a single remains;  
Think on the woe of human life  
In the deadly sear of the battle strife;  
Think on the drunkard's wife and child,  
Lost to his ravings so fierce and wild,  
Look on the gibbet with shuddering eye,  
As a place where a fellow man may die;  
Think on the felon in dungeon dim—  
He is thy brother—go work for him,  
Look on the outcast from virtue's pale,  
Pity thy sister though crying and still,  
Visit the widow, the orphan, the old,  
When the wind blows keen and the nights are cold,  
Think of the poor in their low estate,  
The toiling poor who make nations great;  
Think of the sick as they helpless lie,  
Think of the maniac's frenzied eye;  
And remember the grave with its low repose,  
Which "no work, nor device, nor wisdom," knows;  
Let thy soul be pure and the aim be right,  
Then "what thy hand finds to do, do with thy might,"  
For from every clime on this earthly ball  
Is heard the loud cry—"There is work for all."

## Literary.

### A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I WILL tell you about an affair—important, as it proved to me; but you must not hurry me. I have never been in a hurry since then, and never will. Up till that time inclusive, I was always in a hurry; my actions always preceded my thoughts; experience was of no use; and anybody would have supposed me destined to carry a young head upon old shoulders to the grave. However, I was brought up at last "with a round turn." I was allowed a certain space for reflection, and plenty of materials; and if it did not do me good, it's a pity!

My father and mother both died when I was still a great awkward boy; and I, being the only thing they had to bequeath, became the property of a distant relation. I do not know how it happened, but I had no near relations. I was a kind of waif upon the world from the beginning; and I suppose it was owing to my having no family anchorage that I acquired the habit of running to and fro, and drifting hither and thither, at the pleasure of wind and tide. Not that my guardian was inattentive or unkind—quite the reverse; but he was indolent and careless, contenting himself with providing abundantly for my schooling and my pocket, leaving everything else to chance. He would have done the same thing to his own son if he had had one, and he did the same thing to his own daughter. But girls somehow cling wherever they are cast—anything is an anchorage for them; and as Laura grew up, she gave the care she had never found, and was the little mother of the whole

house. As for the titular mother, she had not an atom of character of any kind. She might have been a picture, or a vase, or anything else that it is useless except to the taste or the affections. But mamma was indispensable. It is a vulgar error to suppose that people who have nothing in them are nobody in a house. Our mamma was the very centre and point of our home feelings; and it was strange to observe the devoted care we took of a personage, who had not two ideas in her head.

It is no wonder that I was always in a hurry, for I must have had an instinctive idea that I had my fortune to look for. The governor had nothing more than a gentool independence, and this would be a good deal lessened after his death by the lapse of an annuity. But sister Laura was thus provided for well enough, while I had not a shilling in actual money, although plenty of hypothetical thousands and sundry castles in the air. It was the consciousness of the latter kind of property, no doubt, that gave me so free-and-easy an air, and made me so completely the master of my own actions. How I did worry that blessed old woman! how Laura lectured and scolded! how the governor stormed! and how I was forgiven the next minute, and we were all as happy again as the day was long! But at length the time of separation came. I had grown a great hulking fellow, strong enough to make my bread as a porter if that had been needed; and so a situation was found for me in a counting-house at Barcelona, and after a lecture and a hearty cry from sister Laura, a blessing and a kiss from mamma, and a great sob kept down by a hurricane laugh from the governor, I went adrift.

Four years passed rapidly away. I had attained my full height, and more than my just share of inches. I already enjoyed a fair modicum of whisker, and had even made some progress in the cultivation of a pair of moustaches, when suddenly the house I was connected with failed. What to do? The governor insisted upon my return to England, where his interest among the mercantile class was considerable; Laura hinted mysteriously that my presence in the house would soon be a matter of great importance to her father; and mamma let out the secret, by writing to me that Laura was going to "change her condition." I was glad to hear this, for I knew he would be a model of a fellow who was Laura's husband; and, gulping down my pride, which would fain have persuaded me that it was unreasonably to go back again like the ill sixpence, I set out on my return home.

The family, I knew, had moved to another house; but being well acquainted with the town, I had no difficulty in finding the place. It was a range of handsome buildings which had sprung up in the fashionable outskirts during my absence; and although it was far on in the evening, my accustomed eyes soon descried through the gloom the governor's old-fashioned door-plate. I was just about to knock, really agitated with delight and struggling memories, when a temptation came in my way. One of the area-windows was open, gazing as if for my reception. A quantity of plate lay on a table close by. Why should I not enter and appear unannounced in the draw-

ing-room, a sunburnt phantom of five feet eleven? Why should I not present the precise and careful Laura with a handful of her own spoons and forks, left so conveniently at the service of any area-sneak who might chance to pass by? Why? That is only a figure of speech. I asked no question about the matter; the idea was hardly well across my brain when my legs were across the sills. In another moment I had crept in by the window; and chucking at my own cleverness, and the great moral lesson I was about to teach, I was stuffing my pockets with the plate.

While thus engaged, the opening of a door in the hall above startled me; and afraid of the failure of my plan, I stepped lightly up the stair, which was partially lighted by the hall lamp. As I was about to emerge at the top, a serving-girl was coming out of a room on the opposite side. She instantly retreated, shut the door with a bang, and I could hear a half-suppressed hysterical cry. I bounded on, springing up the drawing-room stair, and entered the first door at a venture. All was dark, and I stopped for a moment to listen. Lights were hurrying across the hall; and I heard the rough voice of a man as it scolding and taunting some person. The girl had doubtless given the alarm, although her information must have been very indistinct; for when she saw me I was in the shadow of the stair, and she could have had little more than a vague impression that she beheld a human figure. However this may be, the man's voice appeared to descend the stair to the area-room, and presently I heard a crashing noise, not as if he was counting the plate, but rather thrusting it aside en masse. Then I heard the windows closed, the shutters bolted, and an alarm bell ringing upon them, and the man reascended the stair, half scolding, half laughing at the girl's superstitiousness. He took care notwithstanding to examine the fastenings of the street-door, and even to lock it, and put the key in his pocket. He then retired into a room, and all was silence.

I began to feel pretty considerably queer. The governor kept no male servant that I knew of, and had never done so. It was impossible he could have introduced this change into his household without my being informed of it by sister Laura, whose letters were an exact chronicle of everything, down to the health of the cat. This was puzzling. And now that I had time to think, the house was much too large for a family requiring only three sleeping rooms even when I was at home. It was what is called a double house, with rooms on both sides of the hall; and the apartment, on the threshold of which I still lingered appeared, from the dim light of the windows, to be of very considerable size. I now recollected that the quantity of plate I had seen—a portion of which at this moment fell naturally heavy in my pockets—must have been three times greater than any the governor ever possessed, and that various pieces were of a size and massiveness I had never before seen in the establishment. In vain I bothought myself that I had seen and recognized the well-known door-plate, and that the urch from which I entered was immediately under; in vain I argued that since Laura was about to be married, the extra quantity of plate might be intended to form a part of her trousseau: I could not convince myself,

but the course of my thoughts suggested an idea, and pulling hastily from my pocket a table-spoon, I felt, for I could not see, the legend which contained my fate. But my fingers were tremulous; they seemed to have lost sensation—only I fancied I did feel something more than the governor's plain initials. There was still a light in the hall. If I could but bring that spoon within its illumination! All was silent; and I ventured to descend step after step—not as I had bounded up, but with the stealthy pace of a thief, and the plate growing heavier and heavier in my pocket. At length I was near enough to see, in spite of a dimness that had gathered over my eyes; and, with a sensation of absolute faintness, I beheld upon the spoon an engraved cross—the red right hand of a baronet.

I crept back again, holding by the balusters, fancying every now and then that I heard a door open behind me, and yet my feet no more consenting to quicken their motion than if I had been pursued by a murderer in the night-mare. I at length got into the room, groped for a chair, and sat down. No more hurry now. O! not there was plenty of time; and plenty to do in it, for I had to wipe away the perspiration that ran down my face in streams. What was to be done? What had I done. Oh, a trifle, a mere trifle. I had only sneaked into a gentleman's house by the area-window, and pocketed his table-spoons; and here I was, locked and barred and bolted in, sitting very comfortably, in the dark and alone, in his drawing-room. Very particularly comfortable. What a capital fellow, to be sure! What an amusing personage! Wouldn't the baronet laugh in the morning? Wouldn't he ask me to stay breakfast? And wouldn't I eat heartily out of the spoons I had stolen? But what name is that? Who calls me house-breaker? Who gives me in charge? Who logs me off by the neck? I will not stand it. I am innocent, except of breaking into a baronet's house. I am a gentleman, with another gentleman's spoons in my pocket. I claim the protection of the law. Police! police!

My brain was wandering. I pressed my hand upon my wet forehead, to keep down the thick-coming fancies, and determined, for the first time in my life, to hold a deliberate consultation with myself. I was in an awkward predicament—it was impossible to deny the fact; but was there anything really serious in the case? I had unquestionably descended into the wrong area, the right-hand one instead of the left-hand one; but was I not as unquestionably the relation—the distant relation—the very distant relation—of the next-floor neighbour? I had been four years absent from his house, and was there anything more natural than that I should desire to pay my next visit through a subterranean window? I had appropriated, it is true, a quantity of silver-plate I had found; but with what other intention could I have done this than to present it to my very distant relation's daughter, and reproach her with her carelessness in leaving it next door? Finally, I was snared, caged, and trapped—door and window had been bolted upon the without any resistance on my part—and I was now some considerable time in the house, unsuspected, yet a prisoner. The position was serious; but come, suppose the worst, that I was actually laid hold of as a malefactor, and commanded to give an account of myself. Well: I was, as aforesaid, a distant relation of the individual next door. I belonged to nobody in the world, if not to him; I bore but an indifferent reputation in regard to steadiness; and after four years' absence in a foreign country, I had returned idle, penniless, and objectless—just in time to find an area-window open in the dusk of the evening, and a heap of

plate lying behind it, within sight of the street.

This self-examination was not encouraging; the case was decidedly queer; and as I sat thus pondering in the dark, with the spoon in my hand, I am quite sure that no malefactor in a dungeon could have envied my reflections. In fact, the evidence was so dead against me, that I began to doubt my own innocence. What was I here for if my intentions had really been honest? Why should I desire to come into any individual's area-window instead of the door? And how came it that all this silver plate had found its way into my pockets? I was angry as well as terrified; I was judge and criminal in one; but the instincts of nature got the better of my ache of justice, and I rose suddenly up to ascertain whether it was not possible to get from the window into the street.

As I moved, however, the horrible booty I had in my pockets moved likewise, appearing to me to shriek like a score of fiends "Police! Police!" and the next instant I heard a quick footstep ascending the stair. Now was the fatal moment come! I was on my feet; my eyes upon the door; my hands were clenched; the perspiration had dried suddenly upon my skin; and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. But the footstep, accompanied by a gleam of light, passed—passed; and from very weakness I sat down again, with a dreadful indifference to the screams of the plate in my pockets. Presently there were more footsteps along the hall; then voices; then drawing of bolts and creaking of locks; then utter darkness, then silence—lasting, terrible, profound. The house had gone to bed; the house would quickly be asleep; it was time to be up and doing. But first and foremost, I must get rid of the plate. Without that hideous *corpus delicti*, I should have some chance. I must, at all hazards, creep down into the hall, find my way to the lower regions, and replace the accursed thing where I found it. It required nerve to attempt this; but I was thoroughly wound up; and after allowing a reasonable time to elapse, to give my enemies a fair opportunity of falling asleep, I set out upon the adventure. The door creaked as I went out; the plate grated against my very soul as I descended the steps; but slowly, stealthily, I crept along the wall, and at length found myself on the level floor. There was but one door on that side of the hall, the door which led to the area-room—I recollect the fact distinctly—and it was with inexpressible relief I reached it in safety, and grasped the knob in my hand. The knob turned—but the door did not open: it was locked; it was my fate to be a thief; and after a moment of now dismay, I turned again doggedly, reached the stair, and re-entered the apartment I had left.

It was like getting-home. It was snug and private. I had a chair there waiting me. I thought to myself that many a man would take a deal of trouble to break into such a house. I had only sneaked. I wondered how Jack Shepherd felt on such occasions. I had seen him at the Adelphi in the person of Mrs. Kreeley, and a daring little dog he was. He would make nothing of getting down into the street from the windows, spoons and all. I tried this; the shutters were not even closed, and the sash moving noiselessly, I had no difficulty in raising it. I stepped out into the balcony, and looked over. Nothing was to be seen but a black and yawning gulf beneath, guarded by the imaginary spikes of an invisible railing. Jack would have laughed at this difficulty; but then he had more experience in the craft than I, and was provided with all necessary appliances. As for me, I had stupidly forgotten even my coil of rope. The

governor's house, I found, had either no balcony at all, or it was too far apart to be reached. Presently I heard a footstep on the *trois-étier*, a little way off. It was approaching with slow and measured pace; the person was walking as calmly and gravely in the night as if it had been broad day. Suppose I hailed this philosophical stranger, and confided to him in a friendly way, the fact that the baronet, without the slightest provocation, had locked me up in his house, with his silver spoons in my pocket? Perhaps he would advise me what to do in the predicament. Perhaps he would take the trouble of knocking at the door, or crying fire, and when the servants opened, I might rush out, and so make my escape. But while I was looking wistfully down to see if I could not discern the walking figure, which was now under the windows, a sudden glare from the spot dazzled my sight. It was the bull's-eye of a policeman; and with the instinct of a predatory character, I shrunk back trembling, crept into the room, and shut the window.

By this time I was sensible that there was a little confusion in my thoughts; and by way of employing them on practical and useful objects, I determined to make a tour of the room. But first it was necessary to get rid, somehow or other, of my plunder—to plant the property, as we call it; and with that view I laid it carefully piece by piece, in the corner of a sofa, and concealed it with the cover. This was a great relief. I almost began to feel like the injured party—more like a captive than a robber; and I groped my way through the room, with a sort of vague idea that I might perhaps stumble upon some trap-door, or sliding panel, which would lead into the open air, or at worst, into a secret chamber, where I should be safe for any given number of years from my persecutors. But there was nothing of the kind in this stern, prosaic place: nothing but a few cabinets and tables, and couches, and arm-chairs, and common chairs, and devotional chairs; and footstools and lamps, and statuettes, and glass-shades, and knock-knacks; and one elaborate granite lung round with crystal prisms, which played such an interminable tune against each other when I chanced to move them, that I stumbled away as fast as I could, and subsided into a *fauteuil* so rich, so deep, that I felt myself swallowed up, as it were, in its billows of swan's down.

How long I had been in the house by this time, I cannot tell. It seemed to me, when I looked back, to form a considerable portion of a lifetime. Indeed, I did not very well remember the more distant events of the night; although every now and then the fact occurred to me with startling distinctness, that all I had gone through was only preliminary to something still to happen; and that the morning was to come, the family to be astir, and the house-breaker to be apprehended. My reflections were not continuous. It may be that I dozed between whiles. How else can I account for my feeling myself grasped by the throat, to the very brink of suffocation, by a hand without a body? How else can I account for sister Laura standing over me where I reclined, pointing to the stolen plate on the sofa, and lecturing me on my horrible propensities till she grew black in the face, and her voice rose to a wild unearthly scream which pierced through my brain?

When this fancy occurred, I started from my recumbent posture. A voice was actually in my ears, and a living form before my eyes: a lady stood contemplating me with a half-scream on her lips, and the colour fading from her cheek; and as I moved, she would have fallen to the

ground, had I not sprung up and caught her in my arms. I laid her softly in the *fauteuil*. It was the morning twilight. The silence was profound. The boundaries of the room were still dim and indistinct. Is it any wonder that I was in some considerable degree of perplexity as to whether I was not still in the land of dreams?

"Madam," said I, "if you are a vision, it is of no consequence; but if not, I want particularly to get out."

"Offer no injury," she replied, in a tremulous voice, "and no one will molest you. Take what you have come for, and begone."

"That is sooner said than done. The doors and windows below are locked and bolted; and beneath those of this room the area is deep and the spikes sharp. I assure you I have been in very considerable perplexity the whole of last night;" and drawing a chair, I sat down in front of her. Whether it was owing to this action, or to my complaining voice, or to the mere fact of her finding herself in a quiet *toit-a-toit* with a housebreaker, I cannot tell; but the lady broke into a low hysterical laugh.

"How did you break in?" said she.

"I did not break;" it is far from being my character, I assure you. But the area window was open, and so I just thought I would come in."

"You were attracted by the plate! Take it for Heaven's sake desperate man, and go away!"

"I did take some of it, but with no evil intention—only by way of amusement. Here it is;" and going to the sofa, I drew off the cover, and showed her the plate.

"You have been generous," said she, her voice getting quaverous again; for the whole must have been in your power. I will let you out so softly that no one will know. Put up in your pockets what you have risked so much to possess, and follow me."

"I will follow you with pleasure," said I, "were it all the world over;" for the increasing light showed me as lovely a creature as ever the morning sun shone upon: "but as for the plunder, you must excuse me there: I never stole anything before, and please Heaven, I never will again!"

"Surely you are a most extraordinary person," said the young lady suddenly, for the light seemed to have made a revelation to her likewise: "you neither look nor talk like a robber."

"Nor am I. I am not even a robber—I am nothing; and have not property in the world to the value of these articles of plate."

"Then if you are not a robber, why are you here?—why creep in at the area-window, appropriate other people's spoons, and get locked up all night in their house?"

"For no other reason than that I was in a hurry. I had come home from Barcelona, and was going in to my guardian's, next door, when your unfortunate area-window caught my eye, with the plate on the table inside. In an instant I was over the rails and in through the window like a harlequin, with the intention of giving the family a pleasing surprise, and my old mistress, sister Laura, a great moral lesson on the impropriety of her leaving plate about in so careless a way."

"Then you are Gerald, my dear Laura's cousin, so longingly expected—so beloved by them all—so?"—Here the young lady blushed celestial rosy red, and cast down her eyes. What these two girls could have been saying to each other about me, I never found out; but there was a secret, I will go to death upon it.

She let me out so quietly, that neither her father nor the servants ever knew a syllable about the matter. I need not say how I was received next door. The governor swept down another sob with another guffaw; mamma bestowed upon me another blessing and another kiss; and Laura was so rejoiced, that she gave me another hearty cry, and forgot to give me another lecture. My next four years were spent to more purpose than the last. Being less in a hurry, I took time to build up a flourishing business in partnership with Laura's husband. As for the baronet's daughter—for we must get everybody into the concluding tableau—why there she is—that lady cutting bread and butter for the children, with as matronly an air as *Wester's Charlotte*; she is my wife; and we laugh to this day at the oddity of that First Interview which led to so happy a *dénouement*.

## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, C. W., NOVEMBER, 20, 1853.

### THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

With what measure you mete it shall be meted to you again, is a solemn annunciation from the lips of Him who spoke as never man spoke; and in the every-day scenes of life we are continually reminded of its Divine original. If that measure be good, then peace and comfort will fill the soul; but if it be evil,—rejoice not though sentence against an evil work may slumber, for the evil day cometh when it is least expected. We see this in the various movements which are engaged in, either to effect the objects of a selfish ambition, to use a delegated power in the suppression of truth, or in the securing at all hazards of that monopoly of authority which an erroneous imagination may lay claim to. We require not, therefore, to journey to Japan for the illustration of this principle; but as we intend to present that peculiar country in its present somewhat anomalous phase, it is necessary to allude briefly to circumstances that transpired some hundred years ago, and which left, as an inevitable result, the strangely unnatural, restrictive condition, of their social economy alluded to in our last number. It will be remembered that we had moored our warm-hearted English sailor in the port of Bungo, in the island of Kiosoo, the most western of the three islands of Japan Proper. He could form no idea of what had become of the other four ships, nor did he ever learn, so that in all probability they had foundered at sea. Many of the men on board Adams's ship had died, and the remainder, including the captain, were so sick, that not more than five of the crew were able to walk upon deck when they reached the harbour of Bungo, which at that time was open to all who chose to enter it. But the Portuguese, as we stated, had got a footing there. Xavier and some of his companions had planted the Portuguese religion there, and many thousands had been converted to the Portuguese faith. They planted their feet on the island fifty-eight years before, and now, having had so long exclusive advantage of the trade with this Empire, they imagined that they alone should be left to possess it. The Spaniards and Portuguese at this particular epoch, by virtue of a Papal bull, claimed all the New World, and the greater part of the old, and would not willingly allow a share of the trade to any other nation in Christendom. If the ships of these haughty nations

found any weak or unarmed vessel on the coast of South America, or elsewhere in these foreign seas, it was seized as contraband, and the crew treated as thieves and smugglers. During a long series of years a sort of buccaneering process was carried on, so that the adventurers to the South Seas took the precaution to arm their ships, and they generally were able to give a "Holand for an Oliver," and frequently succeeded in capturing their invaders and plundering their ships. It was no wonder, then, that the residents endeavoured to represent to the Emperor of Japan that Adams and his comrades, who had now arrived, were pirates, and urged him to put them to death. They failed, however, in the result, and not many years afterwards, their conduct met a direful retribution, when their whole race was banished from the island. Even now, their name and their religion, after the lapse of 250 years, is still gall and wormwood in the Empire of Japan. But we must not forestall the event. Adams having come to anchor, many of the Japanese came on board the ship, as the sailors had no force to resist them, and they stole whatever they could lay their hands upon. As to what took place on the following day, we will allow Adams to speak for himself, as recorded in Mac-Faulan's Japan, an interesting work recently published by Putnam:—

"The next day, the King of that island sent soldiers aboard, to see that none of the merchants' goods were stolen. Two or three days after, our ship was brought into a good harbour, there to abide till the principal King of the whole country had news of us, and until it was known what his will was to do with us. In the meantime we got favour of the King of that place to get our Captain and sick men on land; and we had a house appointed us in which all our men were laid and had refreshing given them. After we had been there for five or six days, a Portuguese Jesuit, with other Portugals and some Japanese that were Christians, came from a place called Nangasacki, which was ill for us, the Portugals being our mortal enemies, who reported that we were pirates, and were not in the way of merchandizing.

"The evil report of the Jesuits and Portuguese caused the Governor and common people to think ill of us in such manner that we looked always when we should be set upon crosses, which is the mode of execution in this land for piracy and some other crimes. His daily more and more the Portugals incensed the Justices and the people against us. And two of our men, as traitors, gave themselves in service to the King, being all in all with the Portugals, having by them their lives warranted. The one was called Gilbert de Ganning, whose mother dwelleth at Middelburg, who gave himself out to be the merchant of the goods in the ship; the other was called John Abelson Van Owater. These traitors sought all manner of ways to get the goods into their hands, and made known unto them all things that had passed in our voyage."

It will be seen from this pleasing sketch, that it was not the natives of Japan that Master Adams had to contend with. Their civil polity sanctioned all religions alike; not that, however, of the Portugals. They wished a monopoly in religion as well as in trade, and they used every means to represent the strangers as heathens and blasphemers. But, fortunately, the case was submitted to the Imperial Court, then at Osacca, and the Emperor was pleased to order that Master Adams, with one of the maainers, should be brought before him. It would be a pity to abridge the interview, so we will again give the words of the worthy pilot.

"So taking one man with me, I went to him, taking my leave of our Captain and all the others that were sick, and commending myself into His hands."

that had preserved me from so many perils on the sea. I was carried in one of the great King's galleys to the Court at Oaxaca, about eighty leagues from the place where the ship was. The 12th of May, 1600, I came to the great King's city, who caused me to be brought into the palace, being a wonderful costly house, gilded with gold in abundance. Coming before the King, he viewed me well, and seemed to be kind and wonderful favorable. He made many signs unto me, some of which I understood, and some I did not. In the end there came one that could speak Portuguese. By him the King demanded of what land I was, and what moved us to come to his land, being so far off. I showed unto him the name of our country, and that our land had long sought out the East Indies, and desired friendship with all Kings and potentates in way of merchandise, having in our land divers commodities, which these lands had not; and also to buy such merchandises in this land as our country had not. Then the Great King asked whether our country had wars? I answered him, yea, with the Spaniards and Portugals, being in peace with all other nations.—Further he asked me in what I did believe? I said in God that made heaven and earth. He asked me divers other questions of things of religion, and many other things, as what way we came to his country. Having a chart of the whole world with me, I showed him through the Straits of Magellan; at which he wondered, and thought me to lie. Thus, from one thing to another, I abode with him till midnight. And having asked me what merchandise we had in our ship, I showed him samples of all. In the end he being ready to depart, I desired that we might have trade of merchandise, as the Portugals had. To which he made me answer, but what it was I did not understand. So he commanded me to be carried to prison. But two days after he sent for me again, and enquired of the qualities and conditions of our countries, of wars and peace, of beasts and cattle of all sorts, of heaven and the stars. It seemed that he was well content with all mine answers. Nevertheless, I was commanded to prison again, but my lodging was bettered in another place. So I remained nine and thirty days in prison, hearing no news neither of our ship nor captain, whether he were recovered of his sickness, nor of the rest of the company. . . Now in this long time of imprisonment, the Jesuits and the Portugals gave many evidences to the Emperor against us, alleging that we were thieves and robbers of all nations and if we were suffered to live it should be against the profit of His Majesty and the land; for then no nation could come there without robbing; but if justice were executed on us, it would terrify the rest of our nations from coming there any more. And to this intent they sued to His Majesty daily, to cut us off, making all the friends they could at court to this purpose.

At length the Emperor gave the Jesuits and Portugals their answer:—That as yet we had done no hurt or damage to him, nor to any of his land, and that, therefore, it was against reason and justice to put us to death; and if our countries and theirs had wars one with the other, that was no cause that he should put us to death. The Emperor answering them in this manner, they were quite out of heart, that their cruel pretence failed; for the which, God be praised forever and ever!

Now in this time that I was in prison the ship was commanded to be brought so near to the city, where the Emperor was, as she might, the which was done. So the one and fortieth day of my imprisonment, the Emperor called me before him again, demanding of me many questions more, which are too long to write. In conclusion, he asked me whether I was desirous to go to the ship to see my countrymen? I answered that I would gladly do it; so he bade me go. Then I departed and was free from imprisonment. And this was the first news that I had that the ship and company were come to the city. Therefore, with a rejoicing heart, I took a boat and went to our ship, where I found the Captain and the rest recovered of their sickness. But at our first meeting aboard, we saluted one another with mourning and shedding of tears; for they were informed that I was executed and long since dead. Thus, God be praised, all we that were left alive came together again."

There is a genuine simplicity and a full hearted integrity display in this long extract. We find in it too, a sound political economy without parade or mystery. "We desire friendship with all kings and potentates in way of merchandize, having in our land divers commodities, which their lands had not, and also to buy such merchandises in this land as our country had not." What language could have been better. There is no miserable quibbling here about building up a home trade at the expense of any one. Then there is the pious spirit in which his letter is written,—"Their cruel pretence failed; for which God be praised forever and ever!" And frequently throughout does he show the same implicit trust in the all seeing God. Then we have the curiosity of the Emperor to know all about the strangers, and his sound and well regulated mind which would not brook to put them to death when they had not in any way injured him. And lastly we have the same miserable plea urged when persecution is recommended, "if justice were executed on us it would terrify the rest of our nations from coming there any more." Justice is always the plea, and it is urged alike by the man who would domineer and tyrannize over a fellow being, who would as Milton says so emphatically

'Practice falsehood and faintly show,  
Lest justice to conceal, crushed with revenge'

as it was here to secure a monopoly of the trade and the religion of the island. We have already exceeded our space, and would conclude for the present by saying that Adams was not allowed to leave the Island, but he made himself friends by his ingenuity and ability, and gradually rose in the estimation of the Emperor himself, and ultimately attained to almost the highest honors that could be conferred on a man not a member of the hereditary aristocracy of the country.

### Literary Notices.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, October. Toronto, T. Maclear.

The following is the list of contents of this excellent work:—1. British Barls and Stonehenge. 2. Ionian Islands—Lord Seatou and Sir Henry Ward. 3. Irish Salmon. 4. Sindh—Dry Leaves for Young Egypt. 5. Memoir of Dr. Uhalmers. 6. Life and Letters of Lord Langdale. 7. Gold Discoveries. 8. Parliamentary Prospects.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW, October. Toronto, T. Maclear.

Contents:—The Oxford Commission. Whewell's Moral Philosophy. Plants and Botanists. Our Colonial Empire. The Philosophy of Style. The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. Goethe as a man of science. The Profession of Literature. The Duke of Wellington. Contemporary literature of England, America, Germany and France.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL, October. Toronto, Hugh Scobie.

Contents:—List of Members of the Canadian Institute. Extracts from the Regulations of the Council. The Provincial Agricultural Show. View of the Show Ground. The Agricultural Hall, with plate. Agricultural Productions—Prize List. Agricultural Machinery and Implements. The Floral Hall, with plate. Fine Arts—Ladies' Department, with plates.

Educational Department. Horses. Horses—Prize List. Prize Calf, with plate. Poultry. Analysis of the Exhibition. Analysis of the Exhibition—Recapitulation. Messrs. Jacques & Hay's Cabinet Department. High Bridge, Portage, New York. The New York Crystal Palace, with plate. Meteorological Register for September. Reviews. Progress of Electric Telegraphing. The Great Telescope at Wandsworth Common.

### GEMS.

PRUIT STYLE.—I am on the whole more and more confirmed in the opinion which Bishop Horsely has expressed, in one of his sermons, that a theological argument clearly stated in terms derived from the English language exclusively, will generally be both intelligible and interesting to the lower classes. They do not want acuteness or power of attending. It is their vocabulary alone which is confined; and if we address them in such words as they understand, we may tell them what truths we please and reason with them as subtly as we can.—*Bishop Heber.*

Earnestness and simplicity are the soul of eloquence.—*Sheridan.*

Eloquence is the language of nature.—*Lawler.*

### Arts and Manufactures.

#### MODERN CYCLOPEAN WALL.

A recent number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains an interesting account of a visit which the writer had made to inspect the progress of building a wall in the manner called Cyclopean, at Duernstrock, near Kiel, in Schleswig Holstein. He considers the effect of the work and the style of execution far superior to any of the numerous remains called by the same name which he had seen in Italy, and goes so far as to give it the preference over any other kind of wall, so far as the plan, vertical surface of the material, apart from ornamental accessories, is concerned. He thinks that the polygonal stones, exerting their pressure in all directions, must insure stronger work than squared stones, however closely jointed, which only act in the direction of gravity. Indeed, the innumerable many-sided and multangular stones of all sizes seem run together into one compact mass, of which neither time nor age will get the better. Neither mortar nor any other means of binding the stones together is employed; but the greatest care is taken in fitting the granite blocks one into the other, the vacant spaces in the wall as it is carried up being accurately taken off with a lead tape (*bleistange*) forced with a hammer into all the angles of the openings, and then applied to the flat-brown face of the block best suited, and next to be brought to its proper shape by the workman. From the workman he learned that the directions given them by the architect were, "Five-sided and six-sided blocks, seldom four-sided; straight lines, obtuse angles, joint upon angle and angle upon joint; all according to the lead tape, and only inclined junctions." In fact, all the junctions between the blocks were found to be in every gradation between the perpendicular and the horizontal, without coinciding with either of them. In this obliquity of the joints the author detected the arch principle of construction as applied to the work, and the workmen pointed out to him, that each stone either pressed or supported with every one of its sides, however numerous. He was unable to learn the name of the architect. Herr Mahuko was the name of the builder, who had said that the cost of the work was less than a squared stone wall; that it was much stronger, so that he should have used it in several larger buildings if he had been acquainted with it sooner; moreover that this kind of building was to be preferred, because every stone, large or small, can be used up in it. Generally, the writer holds this polygonal or Cyclo-

mean kind of building to be especially applicable in, first, hydraulic works, as it offers nowhere a continuous joint to the water; second, in fortifications; third, for railways in substruction and steep coverings, and in the cellar story and even in the next story of large buildings and palaces. In these mortar would be used, not as a means of connecting the stone, but only as pointing to the joints, so that the immediate contact of the stone should not be interrupted. In conclusion, the writer recommends the adoption of this method of building according to determined and clearly defined principles and rules, as altogether practical, wherever the material for polygonal blocks is found—a method which is at least to us a new one, and not simply a more careful execution of the long-used rock walls, or an ornamental imitation of an old style, as in the Wallalla, of which practical method, in short, this Cyclopean wall, near Kiel, is the first example that has been executed in Germany—*The Builder.*

IRON SHIPS.

As a good deal of attention has lately been given to iron ships it may be interesting to shipowners to know that the iron bark "Richard Cobden," now being overhauled in No. 1, Canning Graving Dock, was, on Wednesday last, bored through one of apparently the worst and most corroded plates in her, Mr. F. W. Sim, the managing owner, being anxious to ascertain what the actual diminution in thickness would prove after eight years' service between this and the East. The result was that the plate operated upon turned out to be the same thickness that it was when the ship was launched in July 1844, namely, 1/16ths of an inch on the sixth tier from the keel.—The only part of the vessel which, on examination, exhibited any corrosion, and that only slightly, was the bow, where the anchor and chain had chafed the paint or coating with which the vessel is covered as a preservative, and which appears to perform its office effectually.—*Liverpool Albion.*

ANCHOVIES AND THEIR ADULTERATIONS.

The *Lancet* gives the result of the investigation of the Analytical Sanitary Commission into the composition of "Anchovies," as vended in the metropolis. Having analysed 28 samples, the following conclusion has been arrived at:—That seven of the samples consisted entirely of Dutch fish. That two of the samples consisted of a mixture of Dutch fish and anchovies. That the brine in 23 of the samples was charged with either bole Armenian or Venetian red, the quantity varying considerably in amount; but in most cases the brine was saturated with these earthy powders to such an extent that they might be obtained and collected from the bottom of the bottles almost by tea spoonful. The commissioners add—"It is not to be inferred that those samples in which no Dutch fish were detected consisted of the true anchovy, since we have ascertained that two other kinds of fish besides the Dutch are commonly imported and sold as 'true anchovies,' and 'real Gorgonas,'—namely, French and Sicilian fish. A further investigation established the fact, that not one-third of the 28 samples examined consisted of Gorgona anchovies.

Natural History.

INFUSORIA.

The influence of a low temperature on Infusoria has been minutely described by Professor Ehrenberg; he agrees with Professor Spallanzani that cold is generally fatal to the above class of animated beings, especially to the *Rotatoria*. "It is more destructive to the living animals than to the eggs." Water, when recently thawed, is found to be inhabited by a few individuals which have escaped death, and enclose the germs of future generations. They invariably die when incased in ice from one hour and a quarter to two hours; but the moment that congelation of the water takes place, each individual is surrounded by a small cavity, which Professor Ehrenberg sup-

poses to be the result of its proper heat. If the ice is thawed quickly by a strong heat, it proves fatal to every Infusoria it contains, therefore, to obtain them from ice, it must be dissolved by a slow heat. They are found in winter at the lowest extreme of ice covering ponds, &c. HEAT will instantaneously kill a fusary animalcules, the eggs as well as the animal's perish. There are, however, several species capable of supporting a temperature from 45 to 70 degrees, (Reunow!) but I have on several occasions found vegetable Infusoria living when the heat was gradually brought up to this degree. Light is favorable to them, but it is not considered necessary to their development; they are found in deep mines, for example, the Schlangenberg, Freiberg, &c. If the light be too strong, it acts quite the reverse. Sometimes they are found in waters towards the north, it is therefore thought a peculiar circumstance might influence them in this situation; heat causes the development of currents of gases which draw with them these minute creatures, and this is the cause of their presence more frequently on the warm side, than on the side towards the light. The difference between day and night is not appreciated by them. "The electric spark acts differently, according to the power and species on which it is tried; generally the animals found in the current are dead, it not by the first spark, at least by the second. The animals found in the galvanic pile, or of a magneto-electrical apparatus, are instantly killed; but to effect this, it is necessary that decomposition of the water takes place, and that the wires be approximated to within from one to three lines of each other. All animals which approach are as it were struck with lightning." ATMOSPHERIC AIR is necessary for the existence of animalcules; the *Rotatoria* cannot exist without it; it is therefore necessary that a small hole be cut in the cork of the bottle in which they are kept. Those, however, of the genus *Chlamidomonas* will live five days under a layer of oil; some will only live beneath the air-pump as long as they can find the smallest particle of air; the larger animalcules soon perish when thus treated. OXYGEN has little effect on Infusoria; but if a small proportion of nitrogen be added to the before-mentioned fluid and transferred to the vessel in which they are kept, they will not survive over twenty days,—and by an experiment of the learned Professor Ehrenberg, in which he added a third part, of hydrogen, which has the property of burning with vital air, after this addition they survived only seventeen hours. What is more strange, is that all chemical substances which do not change the composition of the water, will exercise no influence upon these minute creatures

of Creation; not even the strongest or most deadly poisons will destroy their vitality, if they are not more than mechanically mixed with it. The drop of salt water will destroy thousands of fresh water animalcules—the salt water itself containing a large number of them. Strichia destroys them in the same way as purified water, by promoting an escape. This salt is swallowed by them without producing any effect. A little was swallowed by a species called *Planorbis* only, but which did not die until some time after. Calomel, Corrosive sublimate, and camphor did not cause death until some hours after being swallowed. Wine and rum, like sugar destroy nearly all the Infusoria which are found in drinkable water. C.

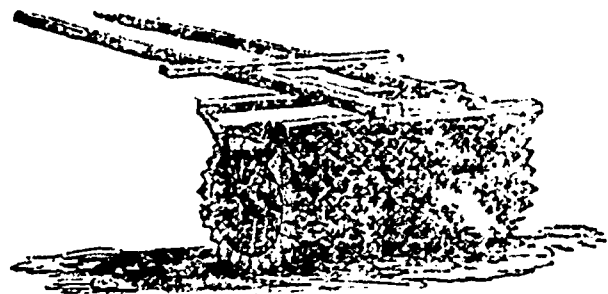
TOXICOLOGY.

It is a fact pretty generally known in this district that the grass which grows in the neighbourhood of Loch Avon proves fatal to the lives of nearly all the horses that partake of it, but it is not so generally known in what the properties of the grass we refer to differ from those of other grasses elsewhere—in other words, what is the cause of its producing death. Were it necessary, many instances could be given to show its poisonous properties, for the present we shall content ourselves by referring to one which can be attested by a very respectable and influential person belonging to the neighbourhood. Some years ago, the gentleman we refer to, being visited by a few acquaintances was anxious to show them the romantic scenery which surrounds Loch Avon. A fine day was selected, horses were provided, at an early hour in the morning. Off the whole of the party set for the desired spot which, in the course of time, they safely reached. Forgetting the singular and dangerous nature of the grass, the horses were allowed to partake freely of it. No bad effects were visible till the party commenced their homeward journey, when two of the horses began to stagger very much and in the course of a very short time, altogether lost the power of their legs. The rest of the horses were similarly effected, but not to the same extent. After some delay, the appearance of the whole of the horses improved very much, and their riders managed to get them some distance towards home. Subsequently however, the two that were worst relapsed into their former state, and in a very short time ceased to exist. The rest, though often near death, after many struggles, were got home, and recovered. So notorious is now this property of the grass that no sportsman will, within a few miles of the place, keep a register—*Danforth Journal.*

Agriculture

CROSSKILL'S PATENT CLOD CRUSHER.

In our last number we gave a brief sketch of the Norwegian Harrow, accompanied by a drawing of the implement, and as allusion was made to Crosskill's Clod Crusher, we subjoin a sketch of that implement.



Although in some manner answering the same end in so far as the pulverization of the surface of the soil is concerned it is evident that in order to open out a hard clay soil the Norwegian Harrow will be of far more importance, although the Clod Crusher is undoubtedly the most effective implement that moderate mechanical skill has contrived in order to furnish the farmer with the means of reducing to a fine condition the driest and most stubborn soils. It is composed of a number of cast-iron rings, two feet six inches in diameter with indented or serrated surface, placed around an axle, and acting independently of each other so as to produce a separate action, and effect a self-cleaning movement. The ordinary width of the roller is six feet and a half, and each of the separate parts has a series of inner teeth at right angles to the axle, pointing directly perpendicular into the clods, and most effectually pulverizing the roughest land into a fine surface mould. This implement has been aptly termed a roller and harrow combined. It has been used with much advantage on young wheat in Spring, when the soil requires consolidation, and is said to prevent the Wile-Worm in many situations. The price of its manufacture varies from £15 to £25.

Miscellaneous.

corn

The present production of Gold in New South Wales is at the rate of £100,000 per month, or £1,200,000 per annum, and that of Victoria from £3,500,000 or £4,000,000 per annum say in both Colonies about £2,000,000 per annum. Nearly the whole of this product is sent to Great Britain, at a per cent yields a gross annual amount for freightage of £28,000.—*Australian Gazette.*

POLITICAL ON DIT.

It is said that the Earl of Derby is about to issue cards to the leading members of his party, for a grand dinner on the 3rd of next month, being the eve of the opening of parliament. The principal dish at this entertainment will, we understand, consist of a large humble pie, which the guests will partake of previously to renouncing protection, and making amends to the memory of Sir Robert Peel.—*Punch.*

A GOOD PRECEDENT.

An important decision, upon a point never before settled in England, was given in the County Court of Yorkshire, held in this town yesterday, (20th ult.) before Mr. Thompson, the deputy Judge. The plaintiff was Mr. Raikes, the banker, and the defendants were the York and North Midland Railway Company, one of whose trains being a "heavy" one—that is, unusually full of passengers—had arrived at Milford Junction half an hour too late for the Great Northern quick train for London. The Jury gave £5 damages.—*Hull Packet.*

MARRIAGE OF A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

Amongst the various expedients to which parties desirous of contracting this sort of alliance are having recourse, the one most in favour is that of tying the nuptial bonds in Denmark, where the facilities are greatest. A telling impediment, however, stands in the way of candidates of hygienical honors. They must be provided with certificates of having been vaccinated, or the ceremony cannot be performed: such is the Danish law. Now, to the majority of middle-aged gentlemen and ladies, whose boyhood was spent in good old times before vaccinations came into fashion, the obtaining of this certificate is impossible except they, in anticipation of the difficulty that will hereafter await them, cause the operation to be renewed. Some of the knowing ones, duly admonished of the necessity, make the necessary provision; but a far greater number, on their arrival in Denmark, learn for the first time the conditions on which alone they can be united, and submit to the operation on the spot, thus furnishing an interesting case of ardent lovers bleeding for each other's sake.

THE EXODUS OF THE BAR.

The exodus of Ireland to America, and of England to Australia, is rivaled by the exodus of the bar from the temple. You cannot pass through that region at any hour, but you will meet laden porters going out of it, or see suspicious vehicles at doors receiving piles of dusty lumber and mountains of mouldy books. The bar is migrating—some to dig gold or to keep a store in the land of wealth, others to follow some more hopeful calling at home; but the majority to the provinces, anticipating the localization of law and better chance for themselves in the local courts. Soon the bar that hitherto has been centralized in London will be scattered over the whole face of the country. At any season than this when so many questions of practical law are claiming attention, it would have been a curious and interesting object for speculation what will be the consequences of this great change to the bar itself, to the profession generally, and to the public. For our own part, we believe that it will be equally injurious to all. The bar never can be again what it has been, and we have little doubt that in no long time its entire functions will be changed, and it will take a different status. But while lamenting such a catastrophe, we must admit that it was inevitable. It has been the result of other great social changes. Society has advanced faster than the lawyers, and is now running over them. The functions of an attorney are a necessity that rather increases than diminishes;

but those of the barrister, except as an advocate, are not necessary and therefore society is striving to do without him. If this be the true theory of the decline of the bar, we fear that it will not be stayed by a flight to the Provinces.—*Law Times.*

PROFESSOR NORTON.

With the deepest sorrow we announce the decease of this distinguished and promising scientific Agriculturist, who has been, according to human judgment, prematurely cut off in the midst of his usefulness. In the domain of Norton and Downing this continent has lost two of its most able and successful cultivators of the important and attractive arts of Agriculture and Gardening, whose places will not be readily supplied.

Professor Norton had enjoyed the great advantage of studying under such able chemists as Professor Johnston, in England, with whom he continued on terms of the most friendly intimacy, and Professor Mulder, of Holland; and distinguished himself for patient and original research in completing a series of analyses of the soil, for which, the Highland Society awarded a premium of Fifty Pounds. His excellent little treatise on Scientific Agriculture, for which he received a liberal prize from the New York State Agricultural Society, is well known and appreciated; while his Notes to the American Edition of Stephen's great work, the Book of the Farm, or, as it is called on this side the Atlantic, "The Farmer's Guide," display an intimate acquaintance with practical as well as Scientific Agriculture that must render that truly able and original work, of still greater usefulness to American farmers. He was likewise a frequent contributor to the Albany Cultivator, and occasionally to other periodicals of a similar character. Mr. Norton filled the Chair of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, and took a warm interest in the establishment of a University in Albany, in which Agriculture should hold its rightful position. Over exertion seems to have developed that insidious destroyer—consumption, which rapidly hurried him to the grave at the early age of 30 years, but not till he had laid a sound foundation of substantial learning, and acquired for his sterling integrity and moral worth, the profound respect of all who knew him.—Truly, the memory of the wise and virtuous is blest.

ROBERT HOPE, ESQUIRE.

Mr. Robert Hope, the Scotch agriculturist, died a short time since at an advanced age. For upwards of half a century he has been tenant of the farm of Fenton Barns, East-Lothian, and held a prominent position in connection with Scottish agriculture. He succeeded his father in the same farm, and was early noted as a skilful and intelligent cultivator, and as one of the pioneers in those improvements in the agriculture of Scotland, which East-Lothian may be said to have begun first and carried furthest. In early life Mr. Hope was a contributor to "The Farmer's Magazine," and to the works published by Sir John Sinclair. Almost the last article of any length which he wrote was the General Observations on the County of Haddington in the New Statistical Account of Scotland, where he graphically describes the changes witnessed in his life-time. He states that he remembered when the public roads in his neighbourhood, particularly the one along the coast to North Berwick, were without metal, and ploughed up every summer to lessen the inequalities, and to remove the water, the condition of the agricultural districts being at that time as primitive as the roads, and he lived to see the best of roads intersecting a country cultivated like a garden, and a railway passing his own fields, carrying to market in tons, in a few minutes, the produce which he used to see conveyed on horseback or by sea. "Mr. Hope's reputation as an agriculturist, and as a man of general intelligence and probity," says the *Scotman*, "being more than local, he was one of the Scotch farmers selected to give evidence before the Parliamentary committee on agricultural distress in 1830, and his evidence then given is very remarkable for fulness of information and clearness of statement, not only regarding questions purely agricultural, but on the Scotch system and other topics. In personal qualities—in gentleness, benevolence, kindness, and the strictest and most sensitive integrity—Mr. Hope stood very high

and he enjoyed throughout life the respect and affection of his neighbours of all ranks and opinions. As a master, he was remarkable for his careful study not only of the interests and comforts, but of the feelings of those he employed."

Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.	
Nov. 21	1572	Sir Thomas Gresham, died.
	1835	James Hogg, died.
	1840	Princess Royal, born.
" 22	1620	John Bradshaw, died.
	1724	Archbishop Tillotson, died.
	1774	Lord Clive, committed suicide.
" 23	1815	James Lackington, died.
	1837	Lieutenant Weir, died.
" 24	1848	Sir John Barrow, died.
	1572	John Knox, died.
	1628	Archbishop Sancroft, died.
	1713	Lawrence Sterne, born.
" 25	1848	Lord Melbourne, died.
	1562	Lope de Vega, born.
	1626	Edward Alleyn, died.
	1748	Isaac Watts, died.
" 26	1841	Sir Francis Chantrey, died.
	1723	A. W. Ernest, born.
	1851	Marshall Soulé, died.
" 27	1628	Frontenac, died.

ROBERT CLIVE, Lord Clive, and Baron Plassey, was born in 1725, at Styche, in Shropshire. When about 18 years of age he obtained a Clerkship, in the East India Company's service, and arrived at Madras in 1744. In 1745 Madras surrendered to the French, when Clive, with others, was made prisoner, but escaping in the disguise of a Moor; he entered the military service as ensign in 1747, and as such was at the siege of Pondicherry. He also led the forlorn hope at the attack on Devl Cotal, as lieutenant, when only three of his comrades besides himself escaped. After a short return to the civil service, he again resumed the military character, and as Captain, in command of 210 Europeans and 500 Sepoys he took the city of Arcot, and soon after successfully defended it against Raja Saib, who was assisted by French Engineers in the attack. In 1753 he returned to England, where he was presented by the Company with a sword richly set with diamonds, and went back to India with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The Nabob Dowlah having taken Calcutta, and by confining his prisoners in the "Black Hole," caused the death of so many, Col. Clive in conjunction with Admiral Watson, determined to avenge their countrymen. With an army of 2000 men, he soon brought the Nabob to terms, although the army of the latter numbered 60,000, besides cannon and elephants.—Despairing of peace, while the then Nabob was in power, he now determined on dethroning him in favour of Meer Jaffer, a discontented courtier. He did not scruple to attempt this with an army of about 3000 men, against 70,000 which composed that of the Nabob. He attacked the latter at Plassey, and, partly through the treachery of Meer Jaffer to his prince, obtained an easy victory with the loss of about 70 men. He was now made Governor of Bengal, receiving, to support his dignity, lands worth £27,000 per annum. Leaving affairs in a prosperous state, he returned to England in 1760, and, in 1761, was created an Irish Peer by the title of Lord Clive Baron Plassey. New difficulties having arisen in India, he was again appointed Governor of Bengal, and embarked for India 1764. In 1767 he returned to England after settling matters satisfactorily. In 1773, six years after his return, he was impeached in the House of Commons for mal-administration, and though the motion was lost and Clive exculpated, yet it so preyed upon his mind that in November, 1774, he put an end to his existence by his own hand.

**CONTINEMENT.**

They tell of a far-famed philosopher's name,  
Whose touch converts everything base into gold,  
But mortals from hence that were never were less,  
Say they've sought it in vain till they're weary and old.  
And I, too, have been in the regions of pleasure,  
And searched every place 'twixt the earth and the skies,  
To find out the rich and the full in treasure,  
In which it is said the property lies.  
I've been where the dancers at midnight are meeting—  
I've peeped on the lover peep by the closed door—  
I've chafed in the warm and affectionate greeting  
Of hearts that are faithful and lips that are kind,  
I have sung the glad song and the wine-cup have pressed,  
And laughed at the joke as it merrily passed,  
Not to fill up the vacuum left in my breast.  
The seeds of contentment are planted at last.  
Oh! give me not riches: their time and their glitter  
May fade in a moment, and vanish away;  
And feasting and riot too often embitter  
The prosper that crowd into life's closing day.  
But give me Contentment, the brightest and rarest  
Of all the bright jewels in Wisdom's deep mine—  
Oh! all earth's sweet flowers the sweetest and fairest,  
The sun that unclouded for ever shall shine.

**Varieties.**

The Winter term of the Upper Canada College will commence on the 1st December next.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own.

Forty-five per cent of the soil of England is not cultivated.

The best line of business for a medical man to follow is a railway line.

Anger is like a ruin, which, falling upon its victim, breaks itself to pieces.

The Highland costume is quite the fashion for little boys in London. The prevailing color for bonnets is said to be cactus-color.

Years are the sum of hours. Vain is it at intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save this hour."

A book called "British Pomology" has appeared, containing a description of 942 kinds of apples. All these are traceable to the common crab.

The *Voice of the Fugitive* of the 4th inst., says that within two days there had been twenty three arrivals at Windsor from American slavery.

Oh for the good old days when merit overtopped external show—and man was man despite his prurvy Contradictory as it may seem, the golden age of the world was its age of honest poverty.—*Buff. Express.*

A leading medical practitioner at Brighton, England, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his knowledge within the last six months.

There are 400,000 Indians in the United States Territories, west of the Mississippi. Among them are labouring one hundred ordained missionaries, besides assistants, and 10,000 are communicants.

Sir Michael Shaw Stuart, who, some years ago, presented a park to the people of Greenock, Scotland, has recently given to the town a plot of eight acres, as a place for sports and exercises.

The intelligence from Van Dieman's Land is gloomy. The shipments of wool from Victoria this year will be much less than usual, and in Port Albert the rot is carrying off the sheep by hundreds.

There is a man in the town of Ice, in the State of New York, eighty-two years of age, who has never suffered an hour's illness, has never lost a tooth, and has not a gray hair, his head being thickly covered with dark and vigorous locks.

The Ladies of Renfrew have presented the Sons of Temperance there, with a handsome Bible for their Chaplain and a pair of splendid candlesticks for the desk of the W. P. Well done! Ladies of Renfrew.

The managers of the Erie Railroad do not allow any kind of spirituous liquors to be sold at any of their stations, or on any of their grounds. They also absolutely refuse employment to any person who makes use of such drink. A wise regulation.

A new remedy for hydrophobia has been found. The wound must be washed with warm vinegar, or tepid water, and well dried. Then a drop of muriatic acid must be poured on the bitten part.

The general term of the Toronto Academy commenced on Wednesday last the 17th inst. Pupils are, however, admitted at any time, and charged accordingly. This institution is now under the management of Messrs. T. Henning and J. A. Smith.

A runaway slave from a Georgia planter, recently returned to his master a wealthy man! The master was poverty stricken and fell very nice when the negro's unbounded gallantry presented him \$1,000 for his freedom papers.

Mr. Webster, three days before he died, to call to visit his extensive stables, had his noble cattle driven up to his mansion, that he might, as he stood in the doorway, take his last look of the noble animals in which he took so much pride.

Cloves, cayenne seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce, then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags, among your clothes, it will make a very pleasant perfume and preventive against moths.

It is said that an attempt is making to form a company at New Orleans for the purpose of entering into the rosewood trade. The projector owns a large tract of land near Guatemala, in the State of Anaco, on the Pacific, about 240 miles from Acapulco, which is covered with splendid rose trees from three to four feet in diameter. It can be delivered for shipment at a cost of \$6 per ton, and is worth between \$50 and \$60 per ton of forty cubic feet.

We have received another sample of beautiful drab colored paper, made by R. & D. H. Forbes of Galt, C. W. from scraps of leather straw, and rags. It is sent to us by Mr. D. Toland, of that place, an old subscriber to the *Scientific American*. This may be the kind of paper which the editor of the London *Artisan* mentions as having been received by him wrapped around some parcels from America, and which he states is the strongest sample, considering its thinness, he ever met with.—*Scientific American*

In Wakefield, in New Hampshire, there is a perfect nest of ancients—three score and ten being the ordinary span of life there. Here is a pretty place for city people to spend the summer, and take a dash of life. One house contains a small family four of which are over sixty, and two over ninety-five, and not more than a mile away lives a couple, who have been married upwards of seventy years. Robert Macklin, a Scotchman, was cut off here in 1787 at the untimely age of one hundred and twenty-five years. Macklin lies buried in Wakefield.

A young woman in one of the Dumfermling factories, last week, wove 10 cloths in 13½ hours. Notwithstanding that assistance in dressing and mending was rendered by her neighbours, the feat was extraordinary. The web had 50 shots to the inch, 3375 to the cloth, 33,350 to the whole 10. This sum divided into 13½ hours, gives a quotient of 2500 shots flung through the shade every hour, together with the same number of trappings of the troddles, and the same number of strokes of the lay in the same space of time—making in all 100,000 independent operations, in the 13½ hours. This seems the more wonderful when we consider that the pendulum of an eight-day clock, incessant and regular as it is, makes only 48,700 vibrations in the same time.—*Fife Herald.*

**Advertisements.**

**NOTICE.**

**To Holders of Corporation Notes.**

THIS city of Toronto will be prepared to redeem their Notes with the average interest thereon, on and after the 15th inst, and the holders thereof are requested to present them at the Office of the Chamberlain for Taxes.

A. T. McCORD,

Chamberlain.

Chamberlain's Office,  
Toronto, November 27th, 1852.

**WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY'S OFFICE.**  
TORONTO, 30th OCTOBER, 1852.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the

**"WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY"**

will be held at the Chamberlain's Office, No. 100 Queen Street, in the City of Toronto, on Wednesday, the 15th inst. at 10 o'clock.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting there will be presented for the consideration of the shareholders the balance sheet for the year ending on the 31st inst. and the report of the directors thereon, and the accounts of the officers of the Company for the year ending on the 31st inst. and the report of the directors thereon.

By order,

ROBERT STANTON,  
Secretary.

City of Toronto, 30th October, 1852.

**Guinea Gold Rings.**

Buy your Guinea Gold Wedding Rings at 80 Yonge Street, two doors north of Adelaide street.

Toronto, July 5th, 1852. 73

**Still Greater Bargains of**

**Coal Grates and Stoves.**

JUST RECEIVED and for sale by the Subscribers, a quantity of the choicest Coal Grates, and coal and wood cooking, and Parlour Stoves, in the City. The Grates consist of several different patterns, and the Stoves are as follows:

COOKING.—Western World, Coal, 3 sizes; Canadian Farmer; Bang's air tight; Black Hawk; Davy Crockett; and Premiums of all sizes, together with a very handsome variety of Parlour Stoves,—all of which can be seen by calling at the old stand,

**No. 3, Elgin Buildings, Yonge Street.**

As care has been taken by one of the firm to make the selection suitable for the citizens generally, we feel warranted in recommending the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.

The subscribers will likewise have on hand a quantity of sugar kettles, plow points, mouldboards, wagon boxes, and pot-bash-kettles cast bottom downwards.

Mill and cross-cut saws of a superior quality.

N.B. The whole stock is entirely new and of the best description.

Remember the stand, No. 3, Elgin Buildings.

McINTOSH & WALTON.

Toronto, Aug. 24th, 1852. 20-ly

**ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS**

VIRTUE, HOPE, & CO.

HUGH RODGERS, AGENT FOR CANADA, NO. 3 ELGIN BUILDINGS.

Mr. RODGERS has just received two more parts of Bartlett's United States, Beautifully Illustrated,

FLETCHER'S FAMILY BIBLE,

A New Edition of the Willie Gallery.

and the

LONDON ART JOURNAL, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT.

Toronto, October 15, 1852. 48-ly

**TENDERS FOR WOOD.**

TENDERS will be received, at the Office, until Monday, the 1st Nov. next, from persons wishing to furnish the Wood required for the use of the City Hall and Office, and Fire Engine Station.

The Wood to be first class, and delivered in quantities as required.

By Order,

CHARLES DALY,  
C. C. C.

Clerk's Office,  
Toronto, 30th October, 1852. 47th-ly



Patented and Recommended by the most Eminent Medical Practitioners in Canada.

COMPOUND CHAMOMILE CORDIAL.

THIS Cordial is the most efficacious in preparing for the relief of a variety of the most distressing diseases of the stomach and bowels, and is especially adapted to the relief of the following ailments...

These inimitable virtues have been proved in many delicate cases, and are especially useful in the relief of the following ailments...

TESTIMONIALS:

Messrs. Rexford & Co.

GENTLEMEN—We have tried the Sample Bottle with which you favored us of your Compound Chamomile Cordial, and find it as you describe, singularly agreeable to the palate, and consider it an excellent Preparation for the use of the valuable Tonic Properties of the Flowers of Chamomile.

Yours, &c., GEORGE HERRMANN, M.D. JOHN KING, M.D.

77 New Street Toronto June 23 1852

GENTLEMEN—I duly received and have used the Sample of Compound Chamomile Cordial, which you sent me.

Aware of the manner in which you prepare it, and of the purity and quality of the ingredients which you employ in its manufacture, I cannot object to express to you in my written opinion of it, which I should not hesitate to do under different circumstances.

I consider it a very elegant & efficacious Preparation, especially of the most delicate cases, and is useful in a dietetical as well as therapeutic point of view.

I am, Gentlemen, Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS BADDISLEY, M. D.

Messrs. Rexford, & Co.

Hamilton, July 2nd, 1852.

Messrs. Rexford & Co.

GENTLEMEN—I duly received and have tried the Sample of "Compound Chamomile Cordial" which you sent me. I consider it a very elegant Preparation, and useful in all cases where a mild Tonic is required.

I am, &c.,

THOMAS DUGAN, Surgeon.

London, C.W., June 18th, 1852.

Messrs. Rexford & Co.

GENTLEMEN—I have received the Sample Bottle of your Compound Chamomile Cordial, and consider it a preparation as well as highly palatable preparation. The aromatic and peculiar bitter flavor, in which lies the cause of its medicinal qualities, appears to be largely unaltered and well preserved.

I am, Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HOLME, Surgeon.

Messrs. Rexford & Co. Toronto.

GENTLEMEN—I have no hesitation in expressing to you my professional approbation of your Compound Chamomile Cordial. The Tonic properties of the Flowers of Chamomile, with which it is chiefly blended, are universally acknowledged and the Medicinal qualities of that vegetable, especially as administered in the present form, that I consider the idea of administering it in the present form of a Cordial, is highly and

In the case of a cold, prostration, or prostration, that it cannot fail to be a favorite with the public.

By MOUNT, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.

This Cordial is sold generally by all respectable Chemists, &c. The bottles are each of such the British R. & Co. and signed by the Proprietors—None else being genuine.

Agents for Toronto—James Ross & Co. High Street, 125 to 131 St. James and W. H. Bond Street, and N. C. Lane and R. J. Campbell, Long Street.

Price—2s. per Bottle.

REXFORD & Co., Sole Proprietors.

69, KING STREET, WEST, TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED.

MEYER'S UNIVERSUM No. 8

(CONTAINING the following Elegant Steel Engravings with descriptive text—

Washington's House at Mount Vernon,—by Horace Greely. Niagara. (Harris). Cape Horn. A Masked Ball at the Opera House in Paris.

Price 25 Cents, or \$2.00 per Volume.

Subscribers in advance receive a splendid engraving as a premium. Published semi-monthly.

Address—

HERRMANN J. MEYER,

Publisher, No. 164 William Street, N. Y.

PENNY READING ROOM

THIS undertaking has opened a News Room in his premises, 161 Yonge Street, equipped with the reading papers and most valuable magazines, both

British and American,

As follows, viz.—

- The London Quarterly Review, The Edinburgh North British, Hibernian Spectator, Eclectic Magazine, Blackwood's International, Lattin's Living Age, Harper's Magazine, Kaitian's Union, Constitution and Church Sentinel, Dublin Newspaper, Globe, Coleridge, Pall Mall, 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 honored by the patronage of the reading public.

C. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

PRIZE TIME-PIECES.

JAMES W. MILLAR,

No. 89, YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

2nd floor North of Adelaide St., having taken the Prize at the Provincial Exhibition for Time-pieces, begs to inform his friends that he has on hand several of these excellent specimens of mechanism which he will dispose of reasonably.

J. W. M. takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support he has received since he commenced business, and hopes that 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 Fingert, Fancy and Wedding Rings; Gold and Silver Fingert Cases, Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale.

American Clocks of Every Design

cheap for cash.

Coramum Vertical Watches converted into Patent Levers for £2 10s.

To THE TRADE—Cylinders, Duplex, and Lever Stocks made to order; Watches of every description repaired—For Cash.

Toronto, Oct. 11th 1852.

21

TURNER & ROGERSON,

AUCTIONEERS AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

YONGE ST., TORONTO.

April 6, 1852.

21

THE Undersigned has been prepared to receive every description of Goods and Merchandise for Sale by AUCTION, on any private terms, at their Premises on Yonge Street.

TURNER & ROGERSON,

April 6, 1852.

21

CASH ADVANCES made on all Goods and Property sent for immediate Sale.

TURNER & ROGERSON,

April 6, 1852.

21

D. MATHIESON'S,

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

GENERAL Custom and Dry Goods Warehouse, Wholesale and Retail, No. 12 King Street East.

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1851.

1-4

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 of every kind, cures dandruff and itching, and washes out the highest impurities, in that it is unlike most other Toilet preparations, being perfectly harmless, yet successful for the purposes recommended. It gives the hair a beautiful red, strength and glossy appearance, in its use it also differs from other preparations, all of which make the hair 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 in the latest period of life, only making it assume a darker shade if originally very light. Dressed hair becomes and falls out as usual. The Invigorator removes such dandruff, and restores the skin and hair to a healthy condition.

For Sale by BUTLER & FOX, London, and by R. P. RICHARDS, Toronto.

The only Wholesale Agent in Canada,

1s. 2s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per Bottle.

Toronto Dec. 27th, 1851.

4-4

NEW BOOK STORE!

No. 64, Yonge Street, Toronto.

(Two doors west 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 AND STATIONERY.

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

A valuable Second-hand Library for Sale.

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

4-3

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD,

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY

Charles Fletcher, Yonge Street, Toronto.

At Five Shillings per Annum.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST," YONGE STREET, TORONTO.