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# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

VIRTUE IS TRUE HAPPINESS.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1852.

No. 40.

## Poetry.

### HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

Flow softly on the bruised heart,  
A word of kindness falls,  
And to the dry and parched soul  
The moistening tear drops fall;  
Oh! if they knew, who walk the earth,  
What sorrow, grief, and pain,  
The power a word of kindness hath,  
To cure paradise again.

The weakest, and the poorest, may I  
This simple pittance give,  
And bid delight to withered hearts  
Return again and live;  
Oh! what is his if love be lost,  
A man's unkind to man;  
Or what the heaven that waits beyond  
This brief but mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea,  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart  
Betray their source divine;  
Oh! then be kind whoe'er thou art,  
That breathe'st mortal breath;  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten every death.

## Literature.

### PERSEVERANCE. OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RODERIC GRAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

Thus did five years pass on, and during that period I hardly ventured to lift up my eyes in her presence; though throughout that period I had said within my heart, *Jessy Mortimer shall be my wife*, and that was a bold thought for the son of a barman to entertain towards the daughter of a wealthy nabob. But throughout my whole life I had endeavored to put into practice my father's counsel concerning perseverance, and most of all was I determined to follow it in the subject which was dearest in my heart.

I remember the first time I ever spoke to Jessy. When I say the first time I spoke to her, I mean the first time that my soul spoke to her through my lips. For more than five years we had exchanged the common civilities of society with each other; but the language of the heart is over a sealed volume, when the cold, fashioned ceremonies of society have to be observed.

But to proceed—I was now upwards of eighteen, and the children under my tuition were to be removed to a public school. It was no disgrace to me that they were to be so removed, for I knew it from the beginning of my engagement. Yet I felt it as disgrace—as more than disgrace—because that it would tear me from the side of Jessy, on whom my eyes lived, and my mind dreamed. I had no wish to be a teacher, no ambition to become a minister; and her father had procured for me a situation as clerk to a broker in London. But to me the thoughts of departure were terrible. Every thing within and around the Colonel's establishment had become things that I loved. I loved them because Jessy loved them, because she saw them, touched them, was familiar with, and in the midst of them. They had become a portion of my home. I was unhappy at the thought of leaving them, but beyond every other cause my mind was without comfort at the thought of leaving her—it was hopeless, deso-

late. It was like causing a memory by lotes to perish in my heart.

It was in the month of September, I was wandering amidst the wooded walks upon her father's grounds. The rainbow'd bionzo of autumn lay upon the trees, deepening as it lay. The sun hung over the western hills; and the lark, after its summer silence, carolled over the heads of the last reapers of the season, to cheer their toil. A few solitary swallows twittered together, as if crying—"come—come!" to summon them to a gathering and departure. The wood-pigeon cooed in the plantations, and as the twilight deepened, the plaintiveness of its strain increased. As I have said, I was then wandering in the wooded walks upon Colonel Mortimer's grounds, and my thoughts were far too deep for words. While I so wandered in lonely melancholy, my attention was aroused by the sound of foot-steps approaching. I looked up, and Jessy Mortimer stood before me. I was too bashful to advance, —too proud, too attached towards her to retire.

We stood as though an electric spark had struck both. I trembled, and my eyes grew dim, but I saw the rose die upon her cheeks. I beheld her ready to fall upon the ground,—and half unconscious of what I did, I sprang forward, and my arm encircled her waist.

"Jessy!—Miss Mortimer!" I cried, "pardon me—speak to me."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "Roderic!" I approached her—I took her hand. We stood before each other in silence. She drew herself up,—she fixed her eyes upon me. "Sir," she retained, "I will not pretend to misunderstand your meaning; but remember the difference that exists in our situations."

"I remember it, Miss Mortimer,—I do. I will remember it, Jessy. There is a difference in our situations."

I sprang from her, I thought I felt her hand detaining mine; and as I rushed away, I heard her exclaim—"Stay Roderic! stay!" But wounded pride forbade me,—it withheld me. I thought of my father's and of my mother's words—"persevere! persevere!" and while I thought, I felt a something within, which whispered that I should one day speak to the daughter of Colonel Mortimer as her equal.

As I rushed away, I turned round for a moment to exclaim—"Farewell Jessy!—we shall meet again!" Methought, as I hurried onward, I heard the accents of broken-hearted agony following after me; and through all, and over all, her voice was there. But I would not, I could not return. It was better to feel the arrow in my soul, than to have a new one thrust into it.

In a few days I took my departure towards London. I earned with me the letters of introduction which her father had given me. The broker to whom he recommended me was a Mr. Stafford. He received me civilly, but at the same time most coldly, and pointing with his finger to the desk, said, "You will take your place there."

"I did so, and in a very few weeks I became acquainted with the minutiae of a broker's office. I perceived the situation which my senior clerks occupied, and I trusted one day to be as they

were. I had heard them tell of our master having come to London with only half-a-crown in his pocket, and I thought of my father's maxim "persevere," and that I might do even as my master had done.

There were a dozen clerks; and three years had not passed, until I occupied one of the chief seats in the counting-house. I became a favorite with my employer, and one in whom he trusted.

During that period I had heard nothing of my early benefactor,—nothing of Jessy—but my thoughts were full of them.

Now it came to pass, somewhat more than three years after I had arrived in London, that, one day as I was passing up Aldgate, a person stopped me, and exclaimed—"Roderic!"

"Esau!" I returned, for his name was Esau Taylor.

"The same," he replied, "your old school-fellow."

Hunger sat upon his cheeks,—starvation glared from his eyeballs,—necessity flitted around him as a ragged robo. The shoes upon his feet were the ghost of what they had been. His whole apparel was the laughing-stock of the wind; but my father had taught me to despise no one, however humble. It was a saying of his, "look to the heart within a breast, and not to the coat that covers it," and therefore I received Esau Taylor kindly. He was the son of an extensive farmer in our neighborhood, and although I wondered to find him in a situation so distressed, I recollected that in London such things were matters of every-day occurrence. Therefore I did not receive him coldly because of the shabbiness of his coat, and the misery of his appearance. I knew that I was the son of a barman, and that my father's coat might be out at the elbows.

"Ha, Esau! my dear fellow," said I to him, "when did you come to town?"

"Several weeks ago," he replied.

"And what have you been doing?" said I.

"Nothing, nothing," he rejoined.

"Well," said I, "will you meet me in this house to-morrow? You were always good at figures, Esau; you can keep accounts. I think I can do something for you; and if you persevere, I doubt not but that you may arrive at the top of the tree, and become the managing clerk of the establishment."

"Thank you! thank you! thank you!" said Esau, grasping my hands as he spoke.

"Ah!" said I, "there is no necessity for thanks; I am a plain, blunt person. I did not know you personally in the place of my nativity, but I remember having seen you. I remember also you friends; and as a townsman, it will give me pleasure to know that I can be of service to you."

Esau grasped my hand, and he shook it as though he would have taken it from the elbow. I was certain he would obtain the situation which I had in view for him. We sat down together,—we talked of old times, when the feelings of our hearts were young; and amongst other things, we spoke of Jessy Mortimer. I sat—I drank with him—we became happy together—we be-

came man together. My Jessy,—Jessy Mortimer was before me. Her presence filled my thoughts—it overshadowed me. I could think of nothing else, I could speak of nothing else. I drank to her in bumpers, but Esau sat as calm as a judge with the black cap upon his head. I marvelled that the man had so little of what is called sympathy in his soul. He appeared before me as a dead man—a thing that moved merely as it was moved. I almost despised, and yet I trusted him, because he was connected with the part of the country to which I belonged.

Now, as I have informed you, we sat together, we drank together, and the name of Jessy Mortimer overcame me; but I sat till I forgot her, until I forgot myself,—my companion,—every thing! In this state I was left sitting; and when consciousness returned, I was alone, bewildered. My companion had left me. My first sensation was that of shame,—of burning shame. I felt that I had abused the time and the confidence of my employer, and the thought rendered me wretched.

It was two days before I ventured to call again at the office, where I had become a confidential clerk. My master passed me as I entered, but he neither spoke to nor noticed me. His coldness stung me. I felt my guiltiness burning over me. But my confusion was increased when I learned that I was not only discharged, but that my place was to be supplied by Esau Taylor!

“Impossible!” I exclaimed.

“Doom it so,” said my informant. “But you have cherished an anger that has stung you, and with all your knowledge, you are ignorant of the world, and of the people that live, breathe, and act in it. Take my counsel, and regard every man as though he were your enemy, until you have proved him to be your friend.”

There was something in his words that more than restored my wandering thoughts into their proper channel.

I found that I had performed an act of kindness towards a villain—for I had not only treated Esau Taylor hospitably, but knowing that in London a good coat is of as much importance as a good character, I had furnished him with wearing apparel from my own wardrobe. A few days afterwards I met him in the Strand, arrayed in my garments, and he passed me with a supercilious air, as though I were a being only fit to be despised. I walked on as though I saw him not, conscious that if he had a soul within him, it must be burning with the coals of fire which I had heaped upon his head.

I soon found it was much easier to lose a good situation than to obtain an indifferent one, and that one act of folly might accomplish what a thousand of repentances could not remove.

In a few months I found myself in a state of destitution, and while the coat which I had given to Esau Taylor, was still glossy upon his back—mine, my last remaining one,—hung loose and forlorn upon my shoulders. Yet, although I then suffered from both cold and hunger, the words which my parents had made a portion of my character, departed not from me, and the words, “persevere!—persevere!” were ever in my heart, kindling, glowing as a flame, until in solitary enthusiasm I have exclaimed aloud as I wandered, (not having a roof to shelter me upon the street at midnight,) “I will persevere.”

I was glad to accept of employment as copying clerk to a law stationer, at a salary of seven shillings a-week. It was a small sum, and I have often thoughtlessly wasted many times the amount since; but it made me happy then. It

snatched, or rather it bought me from the grips of death,—it relieved me from the pangs and the terrors of want. My situation was now sufficiently humble, but my spirit was not broken; neither had I forgotten Jessy Mortimer, nor did I despair of one day calling her mine.

During the days of humiliation which I am recording, I was struck with an incident, which, although trifling in itself, I shall here relate, for from it I draw a lesson which encouraged me, and made me resolve, if possible, to carry my maxim into more active practice. Frequently on a Saturday afternoon, when the labors of the week were over, instead of returning to my wretched garret, (for which I paid a shilling a-week, and which contained no furniture, save a shake-down bed and a broken chair,) I was wont to go out into the country, and to seek the silence and solitude of the woods and the green lanes. On such occasions

“My lodging was on the cold ground!”

and on the Sabbath mornings, I was wont to steal, as if unobserved, into the first country church, or other place of worship which I found open. I was there unknown; and in a congregation of English peasantry no one half of whom were in their smock frocks, there were none to observe the shabbiness of my garments. And in the plainness of every thing around me, there was something that accorded with my frame of mind, and in the midst of which I felt happier, and more at ease, than I could in the splendid cathedral, or the gaudy chapel of a great city. It was in the month of May, and the sweet blossom, like odoriferous snow, lay on the hawthorn. The lark sang over me its Sabbath hymn. The sun had just risen, and like the canopy of a celestial couch on which an angel might have reposed, the clouds, like curtains of red and gold, seemed drawn aside. I sat beneath a venerable elm tree, over which more than a hundred winters had passed, but their frosts had not nipped the majesty of its beauty. Above me a goldfinch chirped and fed its young, and they waited ready to break away upon the wing. It chirped to them, it fluttered from branch to branch, to allure them from the nest. One bolder than the rest ventured to follow, but ignorant of the strength of its wings, it fell upon the ground. The parent bird descended, and with strange motions mourned over it, anxiously striving again to teach it to ascend and regain its nest. My first impulse was to take up the little slatterer, to climb the tree, and to replace it in the home which its first parent had built; but I lay and watched its efforts for a few minutes, again and again by a bold effort it endeavored to reach the lofty branch where its parent had poised its nest, but as often it fell upon the ground, and its little breast panted on the earth. At length it, perched upon the lowest twig, and from it to others higher and higher, turning round proudly as it ascended, as if conversing with its parent, happy in what it was achieving, until the nest was regained.

“There!” I exclaimed, “there is an example of perseverance; and a lesson is taught me by that little bird. It attempted too much at once, and its efforts were unsuccessful, it endeavored to rise step by step, and it has gained the object it desired. That bird shall be my monitor, and I will endeavor to rise step by step, even as it has done.”

I returned to London, and as I went, the attempts of the little bird were the text on which my thoughts dwell. By sedulous attention to my duties, I began to rise in the esteem of my employer, the law stationer, and he increased my salary from seven shillings to a guinea a-week.

I said unto myself, that, like the young bird, I had gained a higher branch.

Within twelve months he obtained me a situation in the office of an eminent solicitor, where I was engaged at a salary of a hundred pounds a-year. This was the scaling of another branch; and I again found myself in circumstances equal to those I had enjoyed previous to the treachery of Esau Taylor. I did not in order to ingratiate myself with my employer, practice the cowering system, with which my countrymen have at times been accused; but I strove to be useful, I studied to oblige, and was rewarded with his confidence and favor.

It became a part of my employment to draw up abstracts of pleadings. On one occasion, I had drawn out a brief, which was to be placed in the hands of one of the most eminent counsel at the bar. He was struck with the manner in which the task was executed, and was pleased to pronounce it the clearest, the ablest, and best arranged brief that had ever been placed in his hands. He enquired who had drawn it out, and my employer introduced me to him. He spoke to me kindly and encouragingly, and recommended me to persevere. The word rekindled every slumbering energy of my soul. I had always endeavored to do so, but now stronger impulses seemed to stir within me, and there was confidence in my hopes that I had never felt before. He suggested that I should prepare myself for the bar, and generously offered to assist me.—Through his interest and the liberality of my master, I was admitted a student of the Inner Temple. My perseverance was now more necessary than ever, and again I thought of the little bird and its successful efforts. I had gained another branch, and the topmost bough to which I aspired was now visible.

I allowed myself but five hours out of the 24 for repose, the rest I devoted to hard study, and to the duties of assistant reporter to a daily newspaper. But often in the midst of my studies, and even while noting down the strife of words in parliament, thoughts of Jessy Mortimer came over me, and her image was pictured on my mind, like a guardian angel revealing for a moment the brightness of its countenance. My hopes became more sanguine, and I felt an assurance that the day would come when I should call her mine.

I had many privations to encounter, and many difficulties to overcome, but for none did I turn aside; my watchword was “onward,” and in duo tempo I was called to the bar. I expected to struggle for years with the genteel misery of a briefless barrister, but the thought dismayed me not.

Before, however, I proceed farther with my own career, I shall notice that of Esau Taylor. There was no species of cunning, of treachery, or of meanness of which he was not capable. There was none to which he did not resort. His brother clerks hated him; for, to his other properties, he added that of a low tale-bearer. But he was plausible as Lucifer, and with his smooth tongue and fair professions, he succeeded in ingratiating himself into the chief place in his master’s confidence; and eventually was placed by him at the head of his establishment; and in order further to reward what he considered his singular worth and honesty, he permitted him to have a small share in the firm. But Esau was not one of those whom a small share, or any portion short of the whole, would satisfy. This he accomplished more easily and more speedily, than it is possible that even he, with all his guilty cunning, had anticipated.

The merchant from whose employment he had

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What is the case?" I inquired.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### The Australia Eldorado.

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

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

#### Answers to Correspondents.

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

#### CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

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

#### FEMALE EDUCATION.

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

the mother's breast the healthful or impure stream is drawn which nourishes or vitiates infant life. In the mother's countenance the child has its first study, and every varied form which that countenance assumes excites new feelings or emotions in the infant mind. If it wear a pleasant smile, the first springs of affection will warm the infant heart. If it beams with intelligence, it will inspire the sweetest confidence and veneration. But, if that countenance is mantled with a frown;—if it is an index to the bitterness of resentment which may rankle in the soul, then will the corresponding passions be speedily excited in the pliant heart. We mistake very much by supposing that it is the purpose of education to implant those varied faculties in the mind which it sometimes very successfully promotes. It is not so, they are all there by nature in the mind, of the infant, as in that of the full grown man, waiting to be developed and to receive their proper bent that they may all operate to the glory of their Creator. In the development of these the mother plays the most important part. By her daily and persevering efforts the infant mind is expanded and strengthened, and flows out in earnestness and devotion towards all that is good and noble, pure and ingenuous; and to these intelligent, well-directed efforts, may be traced more of that mental greatness which has adorned mankind, than to any superior natural conformation. Such then is the work which necessarily devolves upon the mother, and if unperformed by her, the deficiency can be but ill-supplied by another. How important then to the interests of Society—to moral and mental greatness, to social comfort, domestic enjoyment, and to the realization of a happy home—that mothers be prepared for so ennobling a duty.—Here then the question suggests itself—How is this unspeakable blessing to be secured? It is evident, that to its thorough attainment it must be begun at the cradle; and here the matter becomes complex and involved, the more closely you examine it, for the one part so reacts upon the other that it is not easy to know at what stage of the process the educator can step in. If the work, to be successful, must begin at the first dawning of the infant mind, the prerogative necessarily rests with the mother; but then, if the mother has not in her earlier years been sufficiently fitted and qualified for her high vocation, how rests the matter. Oh! then there is a blank which no extraneous application can adequately supply. Thus we see that to ensure domestic comfort we must have educated mothers, and to make sure that the mothers are thoroughly trained we must educate the girls. The heart of the girls must be purified from all unhappy and ungenerous emotions;—the understanding cultivated to apprehend wherein lies the chief good;—the mind enlightened so as to discern and eschew the tendency to evil which is incident to human nature,—and so moulded by the pure and healthful moral precepts of christianity, as to be led to pursue virtue for virtue's sake. Not only so, but there must be an abrogation of much that is now mixed up with the prevalent ideas of female education. We must get rid of a great amount of that frippery which is termed accomplishment, so that something having a substantial bearing upon the necessities of life may be substituted in its stead. Although the higher department of intellectual education may safely devolve upon another, yet the first

and most lasting principles of the moral and physical departments belong exclusively to the mother. The superintendence of these is her special sphere, and not only must she impress upon her tender charge that the wayward heart is the seat of the affections; but, that it is the guiding principle in the physical system; that from it is constantly rushing with incredible force that radiant stream which sends energy and sensation to the remotest parts of the human frame,—and that the daily work which takes place in that stream must be daily supplied to the system by healthful nourishment. Here, however, we must for the present pause.

**New Flax Machine for the Provincial Show.**

The following letter to the Editor of the *Canadian Agriculturist*, is of so much public importance that we deem it expedient to give it a place in our columns, as a large portion of our readers are deeply interested in the subject of its contents. Mr. Widder and the Company which he so honorably represents, have hereby given us another proof of the hearty desire to promote the improvement and welfare of the country.

CANADA COMPANY OFFICE,  
Toronto, August, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR.—The last accounts from England inform me, that the Canada Company finding it impossible to come to any terms with the representatives of Donlan for his Flax Machine, have determined to send out a Machine which it is believed is taken from Donlan's plans, but is likely to be very efficient, and it will be sent by next Steamer to Liverpool, and will no doubt reach Toronto in time for the Provincial Exhibition. It will be accompanied with all particulars as to its effects and mode of application—and there appears to be every reason for believing it will be very suitable for the purposes of farmers growing Flax in the Province, and wishing to be able to reduce it to a marketable state on their farms, so as to be a profitable crop. It has cost £36 sterling, and the expenses attending it will make it, when placed here, amount to about \$230.

I am, Dear Sir,  
Yours, very truly,

FRED. WIDDER.

GEORGE BECKLAND, Esq.

**Early Closing.**

In last issue we expressed our gratification that an arrangement had been made amongst the principal commercial men of the city, to close their places of business at 7 o'clock, P. M., summer and winter. We fancied that this included all week nights, and were not, therefore, prepared to see many of them open up to 10 o'clock on Saturday night. It will perhaps take a little time to effect a thorough change. We would say that of all evenings in the week, Saturday should be left free from harassing cares; when it is a well known fact that if business people are true to themselves they will lose nothing by it. As regards the gain that will be effected by the change we make the following extract from the *Hamilton Canadian* in reference to the same healthful principle adopted there.

"It is satisfactory to see that, with a few solitary exceptions the rational proposal of closing stores and places of business at seven o'clock in the evening, has been adopted by our mercantile community. This is decidedly one of the greatest and most necessary improvements that could be introduced into the business world, and its salutary effects on society at large, will be visible in a very few years. It will, in the first place, be visible in the improved health of a large

class of superior young men who fill the offices of clerks and salesmen; it will be visible in the mental cultivation and the intellectual pursuits of, at least, a portion of these young men, and, above all, it will be visible as the first preliminary step in the coming reformation that will check the progress of that principle of selfish competition that is paralyzing and corroding the best feelings and energies of the human soul, and which if left uncontrolled and fostered as in time past, will in a few years bring civilized mankind under the debasing conviction that to "hammer hardware and weave moulin," to measure tape and keep accounts, is the chief end and object, the highest noblest goal of humanity."

**Seed Fairs.**

The Waterloo County Agricultural Society's half-yearly Seed Fair was held in Guelph on Tuesday last. The attendance was good. Eighteen samples were entered for competition: 9 from Passlinch; 6 from Guelph; 2 from Waterloo, and one from Kramora.—

The premiums were awarded as follows:—  
For the best wheat, Mr. H. Cockburn, Passlinch, (the gift of the Canada Company), £5 0 0  
2nd, Mr. William Whitlaw, Guelph..... 3 0 0  
3rd, Mr. Adam Shaw, Waterloo..... 2 0 0  
4th, James Wright, Esq. Guelph..... 1 0 0

The first, second, and fourth premiums were awarded to the Whitlaw Wheat, and the third was given to the Blue Stem, or Christie Wheat.

The Kora Seed Fair was held on Thursday last, but was not so well attended as was expected. The Horticultural Exhibition came off, however, very successfully. Forty-eight premiums were awarded.

The show of Fall Wheat for the Counties of Middlesex and Elgin, came off on Tuesday, at the City Hotel, London. The samples shown were of the best quality, and it was a difficult matter for the judges to decide which was superior. Prizes were awarded as follows: Daniel Mann, Yarmouth, 1st prize, £2; Joseph Mann, Westminster, 2nd, £1 10s.; John Grant, do., 3rd, £1 10s.

**Literary Notices.**

**BOOKS RECEIVED.**

Anthony's Latin and English—English and Latin Dictionary.  
Life and Works of Robert Burns, Vol. III.  
Snow Drop—September. A. H. Armour & Co.  
Meyer's Universum, Part V.

**Arts and Manufactures.**

**EFFECTS OF THUNDER.**

Are the telegraphic wires likely to be more affected than rivers or canals in causing the absence of thunder storms? I answer most certainly, yes; for iron and copper wires are much better conductors than air, water, &c.; since the telegraphic wires exceed in length, by some hundreds of miles, all the canals and rivers in England put together, it follows that if rivers and canals were conductors of the electric fluid, by how much more is that fluid drawn off from the atmosphere by the telegraphic wires by induction and hence the disruptive discharges diminished and with them the quantity of rain is consequently lessened. Professor Faraday in his recent electrical researches, has thrown much light on this subject by his very beautiful investigations, and his extensive discoveries in this valuable branch of physical research have far surpassed in importance those of any other enquirer, either



in ancient or modern times, and he says—"The power of conduction is common to all substances and the question of discharge is a mere question of time. In some substances, such as the metals this communication takes place with extreme rapidity, in others, such as air, water, shellac, &c., the process is difficult and slow—so slow as to admit of such substances being considered as insulators." Again the progress of electrical discharge by conduction through metallic or other substances involves the idea of velocity, and hence Professor Wheatstone has, by a beautiful series of experiments, shown that the velocity of an electrical discharge is at the rate of 576,000 miles in a second of time. Again atmospheric electricity when travelling along the electric wires has been known to disarrange magnetic needles at the stations, and to prevent this an arrangement has been made at the posts nearest to the stations to carry the communicating electro-current over the tops of these posts rising on the tops of the posts points, which attract the atmospheric electricity when the current is passing over the posts, and carries it down the posts into the earth, while the current from the battery at the previous station is left to pass on its course uninterrupted, for it will jump over spaces, as atmospheric electricity is known to do to take the easiest and most powerful conductor towards the earth, and hence I do conceive the telegraphic wires, and also the rails, carry off by conduction much electricity from the air, and thereby reduce the frequency and intensity of our thunder storms.

—Mark Lane Express.

**WATER.**—Some four-fifths of the weight of the human body are nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucous, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that liquid. All the soft, solid parts of the frame may be considered as solutions (to use the word but loosely) from the blood, that mother-liquor to the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved, the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment, so that the flesh is only a vanishing solid, as fluent as the blood itself. It has also to be observed, that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood-vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in the economy of that little world, the body of a man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three-fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes, its mountain-crests are covered with snow and ice, its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams, its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous vapour is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in portions and at intervals in dews and rains, hails and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature, it is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of European speculators, pronounced it the mother-liquid of the universe. In the later systems of the Greeks, indeed, it was reduced to the inferior dignity of being only one of the four parental natures—fire, air, earth, and water; but water was the highest in rank.—Westminster Review.

**Agriculture.**

**POTATO DISEASE.**—A correspondent of the London Times, adopting the signature of "An Eye to the Potatoes," in the course of some admirable observations on this subject, makes the following remarks:—"The potatoes again show unmistakable symptoms of disease—the leaves and stems appear withered and burnt, and these symptoms were developed immediately after the great thunderstorm of Friday week last—those plants alone escaping which were under the shelter of some walls. The same effect was produced upon some potatoes of my own, apparently by the same cause, while residing in Guernsey, some few years back; and the present result tends to confirm me in an opinion which I was then led to adopt, owing to the development of the disease appearing to be immediately consequent upon the liberation of a large amount of atmospheric electricity, that the potato rot is due to the formation of ozone, which is an altopro or electric and more active form of oxygen.

Now, as the potato disease has been generally found to be the precursor of cholera, some of our chemical philosophers may be led to put the ozone theory (at least, so far as regards the potato disease) to the test of experiment. Surely, nothing would be easier than to ascertain the influence of an atmospheric ozone upon a potato plant; and if it could be shown that all the symptoms of the disease can be thus artificially produced, at least we should have advanced one step towards the discovery of a remedy for it, and, may be, afterwards, for that more terrible scourge, the cholera. Catarrhal complaints, I find, have been very general among my own friends, since the late storm, and that this is an ozone effect Professor Schonbein, to whom we owe the discovery of the substance or principle itself, has placed beyond doubt. Dr. Faraday, too, recently showed, by some experiments performed at Brighton, that ozone is generally present in the breeze blowing down is free from it. Those who have consulted Dr. Faraday's admirable map of the cholera in his late voluminous and philosophic report upon the subject, will not have failed to observe that the places where the pestilence committed the greatest havoc were mostly either on the banks of rivers near the sea, or on the coast itself; and that in the inland districts the scourge was comparatively powerless.—Liverpool Paper.

**Oriental Fables.**

**THE STORY OF THE OLD WOLF, IN SEVEN FABLES.**

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

A wicked wolf who was advanced in years, formed the hypocritical resolution of living on friendly terms with the shepherds. He set out, therefore, and came to the shepherd whose folds were nearest to his den.

"Shepherd," said he, "you call me a blood-thirsty robber, which yet in reality I am not. It is true I must rely on your sheep for a meal when I am hungry, for hunger pains me. But protect me from hunger: only satisfy my wants and you will be right content with me. I am truly the tamest and gentlest of animals, when I have enough."

"When you have enough that may well be," replied the shepherd, "but when will you have enough? You are avarice have never enough. Go your way."

II.

The disappointed wolf then came to a second shepherd.

"You know, shepherd," was his address, "that I can, throughout the year, kill many of your sheep, but if you will each year give me six good sheep I will be satisfied. Then you can sleep peacefully, and dispense with your dog without fear."

"Six sheep?" said the shepherd, "that would be a whole flock!"

"Well, then since it is for you, I will content myself with five," said the wolf.

"You jest! Five sheep hardly do I offer more than five to Pan in the whole year."

"Nor four, either?" asked the wolf further.

The shepherd shook his head scoffingly.

"Three!" "Two!"—

"Not a single one," was the final reply. "It would be indeed foolish to become tributary to an enemy against whom I can protect myself by my vigilance."

III.

"Three is lucky," thought the wolf as he came to the third shepherd.

"It grieves me to the heart," said he, "that I should be decried among you shepherds, as the fiercest animal. To you will I presently prove what injustice they do me. Give me yearly one sheep, and then shall your flocks be allowed to graze free and unharmed in your woods, where none but I cause insecurity. One sheep! What a trifle! Can I possibly act more generously, more disinterestedly? You laugh, shepherd. Why do you laugh?"

"Oh, for nothing at all." "But how old are you, my good friend?" said the shepherd.

"What does my age concern you? I am still young enough to kill your young lambs."

"Don't get angry, old Jagger! I am exceedingly sorry that you came a year too late with your proposition. Your worn down teeth betray you. You play the disinterested one, simply that you may the more comfortably and with the less danger support yourself."

IV.

He went on to the fourth shepherd. His faithful dog was just dead, and the wolf availed himself of this circumstance.

"Shepherd," said he, "I have quarrelled with my brethren of the forest, so, that I can never again be reconciled to them; you know how much you have to fear from them. But if you will take me into your service instead of your dead dog, I will answer for it, that they shall not even look askance at one of your sheep."

"Will you, then," replied the shepherd, "protect them against your brethren of the forest?"

"Certainly. What else do I mean?"

"That is all very good. But if I receive you into my folds, pray tell me, who shall then protect my poor sheep against you. To take a thief into the house in order to secure it from a thief without, they deem we —"

"I have heard enough," said the wolf. "You begin to moralize. Farewell!"

V.

"Were I not so old," snarled the wolf. "But alas, I must adapt myself to the times." And so he came to the fifth shepherd.

"Do you know me, shepherd?" demanded the wolf. "I know those like you, at least!" replied the shepherd.

"Like me! that I very much doubt. I am so singular a wolf that I am well worthy of your friendship, and of that of your sheep."

"In what are you singular then?"

"I cannot kill a sheep and then devour it; even should it cost me my life. I live entirely on dead sheep. Is not that praiseworthy? Allow me, there;

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

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

VI.

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

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

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

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

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

VII.

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

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

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

ALIIQUIS.

Miscellaneous.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Varieties.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Biographical Calendar.

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

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

Advertisements.

DRY GOODS IMPORTATIONS.

Fall Arrivals—1852!

THE subscribers beg to announce that they are now receiving a large and varied assortment of FALL IMPORTS, via the *St. Lawrence* consisting of Seasonable Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, which have been carefully selected by themselves in the British Markets, and which they offer to their customers and the Trade on the most advantageous terms.

SHAW & TURNBULL,

Wellington street, Toronto, 11th Sept., 1852.



**QUEBEC AND RICHMOND RAILWAY COMPANY.**

**TO SUB-CONTRACTORS.**

MESSE<sup>RS</sup>. JACKSON, BRASSY, FITZ and BETTS, General Contractors for the Works on the Line of Railway from Quebec to Richmond, are prepared to receive proposals for CHIMNEY, BRICKWORK, EXCAVATING, MASONRY, and various descriptions of Work connected with Railway construction. Payment will be made in Cash every fortnight.

Mr. BRASSY (Resident Agent), will be in attendance at the Railway Company's Office, Quebec, after the 15th September to receive proposals.

September 2nd, 1852.

**QUEBEC AND RICHMOND RAILWAY COMPANY.**

MESSE<sup>RS</sup>. JACKSON, BRASSY, FITZ and BETTS beg to inform Proprietors and Store Merchants that the SUPPLY of STORES and PROVISIONS for the men and horses employed on the QUEBEC and RICHMOND RAILWAY, will be OPEN to competition, as no one in their employ will be allowed to traffic in Stores and Provisions. All payments for labor and works will be made in cash, every fortnight.

September 2nd, 1852.

**University of Toronto.**

**MICHAELMAS TERM, 1852.**

- SEPTEMBER 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, and 23—Annual Examination in Faculty of Arts
  - September 27 and 28—Examination for the Chancellor's Medal.
  - September 28 and 29—Annual Examination in Faculty of Law.
  - September 29 and 30—Examination for Natural Philosophy Medal, and Jameson Medal
  - October 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8—Examination for Scholarships, and for Admission.
  - October 11 and 12—Private Examination for Admission.
  - October 14—Lectures commence.
- University of Toronto, }  
Sept. 9 1852. } 8144t

**Setting of Telegraph Poles.**

PROPOSALS will be received for the setting of Telegraph Poles, on Dundas Street, from Toronto to Hamilton, until Sept. 15th.

They must be placed Four Feet in the earth at least. Augers for boring the earth will be furnished. Lettings for Sections of Ten Miles each preferred, as all the poles on the route must be up by the 10th day of October, ready for wiring.

Direct propositions to the subscribers, at the North American Hotel, Toronto, and the Hamilton House in Hamilton.

J SNOW,  
A. J. DWIGHT.

Toronto, Aug. 20, 1852.

**Setting of Telegraph Poles.**

PROPOSALS will be received for the Setting of Telegraph Poles, on Yonge Street, from Toronto to Barrie, until the 1st of September.

They must be placed Four Feet in the earth at least. Augers for boring the earth will be furnished by the Company.

Lettings for Sections of Ten Miles each preferred, as all the Poles on the route must be up by the 15th of September, ready for wiring.

Direct propositions to the subscribers, at the North American Hotel, Toronto.

A. J. DWIGHT,  
J. SNOW.

Toronto, Aug. 19, 1852.



**Crown Lands Department.**

CROWN LANDS DEPARTMENT.

Quebec, 6th August, 1852.

NOTICE is hereby given that the future Sales of Crown Lands will be at the prices and on the terms specified in the respective localities mentioned below:

West of the Counties of Durham and Victoria, at Seven Shillings and Six Pence per acre, payable in ten annual instalments, with interest, one tenth at the time of Sale.

East of the County of Ontario, within Upper Canada, Four Shillings per acre: in the County of Ottawa, Three Shillings per acre, from thence, north of the St. Lawrence to the County of Saguenay, and south of the St. Lawrence in the district of Quebec east of the Chaudiere River and Kennebec Road, One Shilling and Six Pence per acre. In the District of Quebec, west of River Chaudiere and Kennebec Road, Two Shillings per acre; in the District of Three-Rivers, St. Francis and Montreal, south of the St. Lawrence, Three Shillings per acre; in the District of Gaspé and County of Saguenay, One Shilling per Acre in all cases, payable in five annual instalments, with interest one fifth, on time of Sale.

For lands enhanced in value by special circumstances, such extra price may be fixed as His Excellency the Governor General in Council may direct.

Actual occupation to be immediate and continuous, the land to be cleared at the rate of five acres annually for every hundred acres during five years, and a dwelling house erected not less than eighteen feet by twenty-six feet.

The timber to be subject to any general timber duty that may be imposed.

The Sale to become null and void in case of neglect or violation of any of the conditions. Patent upon complying with all the conditions. Not more than two hundred acres to be sold to any one person.

All papers in the Province to copy for one month. 83s-1m.

**Crown Lands Department.**

Quebec, July 30, 1852.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the School Lands in the Counties of Bruce, Grey and Huron, are now open for sale to actual Settlers on the following terms, viz—

The price to be Ten Shillings per acre, payable in Ten equal Annual Instalments, with interest: the first instalment to be paid upon receiving authority to enter upon the land. Actual occupation to be immediate and continuous; the land to be cleared at the rate of five acres annually for every hundred acres during the first five years; a dwelling house, at least eighteen feet by twenty-six, to be erected, the timber to be reserved until the land has been paid for in full and patented, and to be subject to any general timber duty thereafter; a License of occupation, not assignable without permission to be granted, the the sale and the license of occupation to become null and void in case of neglect or violation of any of the conditions; the Settler to be entitled to obtain a Patent upon complying with all the conditions; not more than two hundred acres to be sold to any one person on these terms. 81s-1m

**Guinea Gold Rings.**

Buy your Guinea Gold Wedding Rings at 82, Yonge Street, two days north of Adelaide street.

Toronto, July 5th, 1852.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC.**

Messrs. Evans & Harrison's Gallery, 25 King Street East, Toronto, UPSTAIRS.

O. B. EVANS the oldest practical Daguerrean in the United States, has associated with himself, Mr. L. F. HARRISON, one of his most successful pupils, and located in Toronto, where they intend to practice the Daguerrean art for a few weeks only. Mr. E. would also most respectfully call the attention of the Public to his celebrated London Premium Daguerrean Gallery, No. 214 Main Street, Buffalo.

One of the most costly and elegant establishments in this country. The first Premium, a Silver Medal and a Diploma were awarded the subscriber at the State Fair at Buffalo in 1848, also in Syracuse in 840, and again at Rochester in 1851, and a diploma or the Daguerreotype of a Domestic Animal.

Mr. E. is also one of the three who

Received a Prize at the World's Fair,

Thus showing more first class premiums than any other Daguerrean in America. In all the above exhibitions we have competed with the first operators in the country.

We have a few premium Pictures here, one a game of Chess, on which H. M. MESSER lavished the most extravagant eulogy.

But lest we should be accused of egotism, we shall only say that we most cheerfully submit our productions in the Art to the criticism of connoisseurs. N.B.—Our Pictures are taken in all weather (under the latest approved sky-light) with equal success, except children, for which the best light should be selected, and with our Telegraph Instrument, they can be taken almost instantaneously.

A dark dress is most becoming to all, a dark scarf is the most suitable neck dress for Gentlemen, showing as little linen as possible.

Instructions will be given at this Gallery which will enable any one to succeed in this lucrative branch of business.

Stock and apparatus of all kinds will be found constantly on hand at this office.

O. B. EVANS,  
214 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

EVANS & HARRISON,  
25, King Street, East, Toronto, C.W.

Aug. 10, 1852.

8144t

**Still Greater Bargains of COAL GRATES & 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 Up 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, Yongo 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, plows points, mould-boards, wagon boxes, and pot-ash-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.

2541y



Patronized and Recommended by the most Distinguished Medical Practitioners in Canada.

COMPOUND CHAMOMILE CORDIAL.

THIS Cordial, as its name announces, is prepared authentically by a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain...

These invaluable virtues, while fully preserved, are more delicately concentrated and developed in the Cordial which from its transparency and golden colour, resembles Wine...

TESTIMONIALS:

Toronto, June 26th, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.,

GENTLEMEN.—We have tested the Sample Bottle, with which you favored us, of your Compound Chamomile Cordial...

We are, Ac., GEORGE HERZICK, M.D. JOHN KING, M.D.

77 Bay Street, Toronto, June 29, 1852.

GENTLEMEN.—I duly received and have tried the sample of 'Compound Chamomile Cordial,' which you sent me.

Aware of the manner in which you prepare it, and of the nature and quality of the ingredients which you employ in its manufacture, I cannot object to express to you in my writing my opinion of it...

I consider it a very elegant Pharmaceutical Preparation, susceptible of being made exceedingly useful in a medicinal as well as therapeutic point of view...

I am, Gentlemen, FRANCIS HAIGLEY, M.D.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.

Illustration, 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...

I am, Ac., TAOMA DUGAN, Surgeon.

London, C.W., June 30th, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co.,

GENTLEMEN.—I have received the Sample Bottle of your 'Compound Chamomile Cordial,' and consider it a beautiful as well as highly palatable preparation...

I am, Yours, Ac., 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...

In the case of some preparations, so successful, that it cannot fail to be a favorite with the public.

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

This Cordial is well generally by all respectable Chemists, &c. The bottles are sealed with the initials R. A. Co., and signed by the Proprietors.

Approved by T. B. H. London and W. H. King Street, and N. C. Lane and E. F. Brynherst, Long Street. Price—2s. per Bottle.

REXFORD & Co., Sole Proprietors, 68, KING STREET, WEST, TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

PENNY READING ROOM!

THIS gentleman has opened a News Room in his premises, at 141 Yonge Street, supplied with the leading English and most valuable Magazines, both British and American,

As follows, viz:—

- The London Quarterly Review, The Edinburgh North British, Blackthorn's Eclectic Magazine, Blackwood's International, Lattell's Living Age, Harper's Magazine, British Union, Constitution and Church Standard, Dublin Newspaper, Globe, Colonial, Patria, 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 2th, 1852.

NEW BOOK STORE!

No. 24, 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, SCHOOL BOOKS, &c., &c.

A valuable Second-hand Library for Sale

TERMS—CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852.

NEW WATCH AND CLOCKMAKER'S ESTABLISHMENT.

JAMES W MILLAR respectfully intimates to his friends and the Public that he has commenced business as a Chronometer, Watch and Clockmaker, and Jeweller, &c. No. 50, YONGE STREET, 2nd door North of Adelaide Street.

J. W. M. hopes, 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 patterns; Gold Signet, Fancy and Wedding Rings, Gold and Silver, Fencil Cases; Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety, for sale.

American Clocks of every design, cheap for cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Levers, for £2 10s.

To THE TRADE—Cylinders Duplex, and Lever Staffs made to order, Watches of every description repaired cleaned. Toronto, March 18th, 1852.

TURNER & ROGERSON, AUCTIONEERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, YONGE ST., TORONTO.

April 6, 1852.

THIS I understood are now prepared to receive every description of Goods and Merchandise for Sale by AUCTION, or by private contract, at their Premises on Yonge Street.

April 6, 1852.

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

April 6, 1852.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a BY-LAW is now under the consideration of the Council of the City of Toronto, to open and extend BEECH Street from its present termination, at Parliament Street, until it reaches Beaton Street.

Clerk's Office.

Toronto, Aug. 11, 1852.

D. MATHIESON'S,

CLOTHING, TAILORING,

GENERAL Outfitting and Dry Goods Warehouse, Wholesale and Retail, No. 18 King Street East. Toronto, Nov. 24th, 1851.

The Castilian Hair Invigorator.

THIS elegant Toilet Preparation is warranted to excite all others ever offered to the public, for preserving and restoring the hair; it prevents or cures baldness or grey hair; cures dandruff and ringworm, and what is of the highest importance, is that it is unlike most other Toilet preparations, being perfectly harmless, yet successful for the purposes recommended.

The Castilian Hair Invigorator

for centuries. It causes the hair to retain its original colour to the latest period of life, only making it assume a darker shade if originally very light. Directed hair loss and falls out in turns grey. This Invigorator removes such disease, and restores the skin and hair to a healthy condition.

For Sale by BUTLER & SON, LONDON, and by S. F. URQUHART, Toronto, The only Wholesale Agent in Canada. 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Per Bottle. Toronto Dec. 27th, 1851.

THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD,

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY

Charles Fletcher, Yonge Street, Toronto.

At Five Shillings per Annum.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY JOHN G. JUDG,

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