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# THE CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

FIVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.]

Virtue is True Happiness.

[SINGLY, THREE HALF PENCE.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852.

No. 35.

## Poetry.

### THE EMIGRANT.

They told him of the far-off West,  
With its glorious summer skies—  
Where birds in strangest plumage dress,  
Would greet his youthful eyes;  
And the towering palm and cedar tree  
Looked up to heaven triumphantly.

So, soon he sprang on a foreign shore,  
And gazed on the strange wild scene;  
For the restless sea, with endless roar,  
Rolled its early home between;  
Then he felt, on the glittering, boundless strand,  
As an exile far from his fatherland.

Now forest flowers flashed on his sight,  
Pencil'd with rainbow hues,  
And fire-flies shot a meteor light,  
'Mid the murky, vapoury dews;  
No more, no more shall he ever roam,  
O'er the daisied meadows of childhood a home

Sad thoughts overshadow his troubled mind  
As the wanderer's muse alone;  
The boy's yearning heart could never find,  
Love a fondly-treasured tone;  
In the hush of night, in the morning's toll,  
"He pined like a plant for his native soil."

Years passed away, he gathered gold,  
But his clock had lost its bloom;  
The sum of his gains was sadly told—  
He was hastening to the tomb.  
Faint sounds from his parted lips there came  
Twas prayer with his mother's whispered name.

### SONNET.

In the low moanings of the mournful wind  
I seem to hear a voice, that says to me  
"Go forth upon the waters! thou art free  
To urge thy barque wherever thou canst find  
Man's track, or meet the smiles of womankind!"—  
Alas! such paths are desolate—to be  
No more foot-trodden by my destiny,  
Which long hath left the shores of life behind!  
—Hope speaks in a whisper, that becomes  
Like thunder in my ear; like thunder, too,  
The sounds are drowned in rain! No ships have I  
Of safety in the surge! no sea that booms  
Round islets, full of friends! The wind, still true,  
Is mournful as it moans—the voice a perjury!

## Literature.

### THE DEMON BOWLER.

My first bat—that is, the first worthy of being called a bat—I took to school with me as a present from my mother, to mitigate my grief at leaving home. Never shall I forget the delight with which I gazed upon the beautiful finish and magnificent make of my loved bat; and how I fancied to myself the envy of my school-fellows when I produced it on the play-ground, where I felt assured that, with such an ally, victory was certain.

Dangerous bat! Little did my fond mother think what a fatal gift she had presented me with; for the instant I became, in my own right, the proprietor of the best bat in the school, I threw my whole soul into the game. Everything in the world took, to my imagination, the form of a game at cricket. Every man had an innings. He who had the most successful hits was of course the winner; but, however dexterous and fortunate, Death at last bowled him out. Some men went in and achieved nothing but hard labor, and were finished off without a single stroke in their favor.

Notwithstanding this enthusiasm, I must confess that I was not a crack player. All

my labor never placed me first. I saw worse men, with worse bats, achieve greatness; I was but a second-rate. How I labored, but in vain! My score was always the least, and yet I certainly had the best bat.

I joined a celebrated club when I became a young man. I was received rather, as they were pleased to say, as a good fellow, than a good player. I bowed to the compliment that marked me as not what I wished to be; and I felt a sad disappointment chill my very heart.

Matches, many and victorious, were played by our club, but I did not aid much by my score; but more than once nearly lost the others their triumph, through some slip or awkwardness of my own. But they still called me a good fellow, and worked the harder to make up for my incapacity. Our side won, but I was a miserable, dejected man, when I read my name tacked to two or three runs. Oh! what would I have given to have received the applause bestowed on the hero of forty runs. Why was it? My turn-out was unexceptionable; men copied my running shoes; my jacket and trowsers were an admiration; my bat perfection: I was the very picture of a cricketer, but, alas! very little more than a picture.

I sat in my chambers pondering on my ill-luck after a day of triumph to my club, but not to me. I must confess that I was bowled out without the satisfaction of a single stroke. I could not help it. A mist seemed to obscure my sight as a celebrated bowler sent in his first ball. I never saw the ball. I heard the whistling sound of its course, and saw the stumps fly into the air from the palpable and violent hit. A roar of laughter sounded from the populace: I felt myself a degraded miff, unfit ever to put on even the outside of a cricketer. My friends crowded round me, but I would not be consoled. I had only one burning desire, which was, to have the head of the aforesaid wonderful bowler just within arms-length of my best bat. I felt convinced I should not have missed that. I returned home completely chafain, and felt too agitated to sleep; so threw open the window, and sat down to brood over my ill-luck, and bit my finger-nails to the quick.

What burning thoughts rushed through my brain. I pondered, until I was nearly mad, upon other people's triumphs and my own disgrace. I confess I swore little mental oaths, for I had been sacrificing, in my chagrin, rather too liberally to the rosy god.

I looked upon the broad quadrangle of my inn, where the moon shed its light calmly and tranquilly upon the worn pavement. No light however, glimmered in the numerous chamber-windows: it was late, and everybody had retired for hours. A calm and oppressive silence reigned around, but there was a storm raging in my bosom. I was not a cricketer. I had been laughed at—beaten. I almost took a dreadful oath that I would burn my bats, stumps, and all my useless paraphernalia. What right had I to put on the insignia of a

member of the noble science, disgracing it and myself. Miserable batter! the glory had departed from my house.

I threw myself back in my chair with a savage groan, which resounded through the solitary chamber. On the instant I heard a knocking at the door as if some one was applying his knuckles on the panel. I pricked up my ears; for the hour was certainly most unseasonable; my heart fluttered most tumultuously and unaccountably; for I hardly felt alarmed, yet I experienced a most peculiar feeling. I could scarcely collect presence of mind enough to bid the knocker come in; but I did so after a little hesitation.

My lamp, which was burning low, flickered with rather an uncertain light, but with quite power enough for me to see the door in the distance open very slowly, and give entrance to the figure of a man.

He bowed most politely, and placing his hat and gloves methodically on the table, he approached me.

I felt a little startled at his appearance, for his face was anything but prepossessing; for, upon close inspection, I perceived that his continual smile played only about his mouth, as if to show his white and glistening teeth: the upper part of his face, particularly his brows, being contracted by an expression of pain and dejection.

He approached with a noiseless tread, motioning me, at the same time, to resume my seat, which I had risen from on his entrance. I accordingly did so, and he coolly took a chair and seated himself opposite to me, then, placing his hand familiarly on my knee, said, with a most fascinating smile.

"My dear sir, I am a stranger to you; and my visit is, I dare say, at an unseasonable hour, according to fashionable ideas, but I am a very old-fashioned fellow, and think no hour can be bad in which I can do good. I am aware of your melancholy failure to-day—in fact, I may say, I hope without offence, for I mean none—ridiculous failure."

I winced at his impertinence, and felt very much inclined to kick him, had I not been influenced, as it were, by a spell cast over me by his appearance and strange address.

"I feel," continued he, "that your situation is both ridiculous and painful; for not being able to do what some of the greatest fools on earth excel in is ridiculous, and to a sensitive mind like yours decidedly painful.

"I therefore, have come, although I confess unseasonably, to offer you my aid in achieving the principal object of your life—to make you a conquering cricketer. In these modern days, when men laugh at anything in my line, which I will explain to you in a minute or so, it is difficult to persuade them to trust in one: but I feel a sympathy towards you, for you are decidedly one of the 'fallen, fallen, fallen': beaten, disgraced, and laughed at by grooms, pot-boys, chums, and fair ladies, which last is most grievous and annihilating to a man of your complexion and age. If this is not a very devil, what is? Now I have come in a most friendly

way to offer you a salvo for all your wounds: to cover your head with an undying wreath, and make you the envied of all the clubs in the universe, both single and married, and the desired of all 'clever,' however celebrated.

"My terms are as low as possible for such a large grant, and I am prepared to qualify you in the twinkling of an eye, and make you second to none. I feel you will be slow in belief of my power to do so, but the bond shall be drawn up so that if you do not become what I promise you you shall be, the penalty of the bond becomes null and void.

"As you wish, if you will sign a bond that you not touch or endanger any of your worldly goods, but merely to consign yourself to me after death, I am ready to perform my part of the bargain without delay. To-morrow, I know, you are engaged with your eleven to play an eleven that has always thrashed yours most heartily, and indeed, feels a contempt for you as a club. Now, what would you not give to be the main instrument of their downfall to-morrow, and of achieving a grand triumph before the multitude which is expected on the ground. I have the power to make you do so if you come to my terms. If you do not do as I promise you, your part of the agreement becomes mere waste paper—think."

As he concluded, he threw himself back in the chair and smiled in my face.

There certainly was a curious, creeping feeling over my flesh when his hand touched my knee, and I felt alarmed when I found that his face never, with the exception of the smile, remained for one instant alike. What could he be? The devil? ridiculous! What could he be then?—a hoaxer, no doubt. My anger instantly rose, and I felt inclined to knock him down, but was much astonished and alarmed to find that I had not the power to do so. Yet I thought if such a thing were possible that he had the power to endow me with a conquering arm, how gladly would I consent to his terms, to triumph over those whose scorn had placed a burning brand in my bosom. As these thoughts rushed hurriedly through my brain, he fixed his eyes upon me with a most unmistakably sarcastic look.

"I perceive," said he, "that it is not my terms, but my ability you doubt; but I can assure you that, although I cannot give you any references as to character from individuals who have dealt with me, as my transactions always speak for themselves; it being always 'no cure no pay' with me; for my bond is nothing unless I fulfil my contract to the letter—you may place full confidence in me. On my own part I will take care of myself.

"If you will allow me to show you an article I have here, manufactured by myself, I think you may do business together." As he spoke, he unfolded a parcel which he drew from an unconspicuously long tail pocket. He unrolled the different wrappers in the most tradesmanlike manner, and at last discovered to my astonished eyes, a remarkable-looking cricket-bat.

"This article," continued he, "I can offer you, with the positive assurance of its being in every way all right; warranted never to miss, and make nothing under a three-run hit; so that you may remain in as long as you wish, or as your legs will allow you. This bat has belonged to all the celebrated cricketers of the day, who have all dealt with me more or less. The hotter the day the better will this bat play; as that kind of atmosphere suits the wood of which it is composed. This is the secret of the apparent madness, to the uninitiated, of men choosing to play a match when the heat has been almost intolerable; in fact, warm enough to drive a negro to the shade of a palm-tree. Look at the result. Not a knot disfigures its smooth surface—the handle lazed to a miracle; and the slight and graceful turn of the back vies with the beautiful line of the Venus de Medici, but its beauty is its least merit.

"Here's the bat. Here's the little agreement," continued he, pushing the bat into my unnerred hands, and placing a small slip of paper before

me. "Sign it, the bat is yours until I want it again. No qualmishness I beg, for I really have too much to do to wait for your wavering resolution."

An odd sort of vertigo seemed to be reeling my head round as I almost unconsciously took the pen in my hand. I signed the paper. I saw the signature was red, and supposed I had dipped by mistake in the red-ink bottle. As I finished my last down stroke the paper slipped from under the nib of my pen, and I was alone. I heard no door close—no creaking footstep; but my friend had gone. But there was the bat firmly grasped in my hand, and the moonlight shined on my writing table.

The next morning dawned. How sweet and refreshing was the morning air to my fevered head! I prepared for my jaunt to join my club, as I had promised ever and anon looking to see that the strange-looking bat had not vanished. But no—there it stood, in all its perfect beauty, and I had not been deceived. How extraordinary! Would it do all that had been promised? Should I have the glory of seeing my rivals' chagrin? It did not seem possible; it was some dream. Devils no longer came visibly upon earth to tempt mortals. Besides, I had never heard of a cricket-king devil!

But devil or no devil, there was a bat of unexampled beauty; so, *nil desperandum*, I must go—I must play—my fate was sealed. I packed up all my traps and prepared to depart, but found the door locked inside as usual. A shudder came over me at the discovery. I felt that my friend of the bat must have been more than mortal to have entered through the keyhole; and there was the chair placed exactly as he had taken it from its usual standing, and sat down in it. "What's done cannot be undone," I muttered to myself, with no pleasant feeling, as I shouldered my bat and emerged from my chamber.

I soon reached the place of rendezvous, and was greeted by the merry voices of my companions, who were already seated on the coach which was to convey us to our place of destination. They bantered me upon my dilatoriness, and the fear they were in that such a valuable member should be missing at the muster to meet our formidable opponents; at the same time hoping that I had saved up my runs for to-day, as I had not used up any the day before.

I bore all this like a martyr, and trembled in fear that my promised triumph might vanish at the very moment that I hoped to astonish the field.

We bowled merrily down the road through the pleasant little villages, all looking peaceful and happy as the invigorating morning sun shone brilliantly upon their flower-decked casements. The children garaballed after us as we passed, and the echo of their ringing laughter followed us long after the turning of the road shut them from our sight. How enviable did they appear to me—happy and innocent, whilst I, the spoil of pride and paltry ambition, had become the victim of the—. But I dared not think; I clutched my bat tighter as I recalled to my memory the insults of yesterday; notwithstanding which a heavy and oppressive feeling seemed to throw a shadow over my mirth.

My companions soon perceived my dullness, and laughed at my bewilderment, but I did not hope for better things, and said they would feel satisfied if I even got three runs.

We reached the ground, a lovely village green, surrounded by the little white-washed cottages that peeped at us from amidst most patriarchal-looking trees; the bells were ringing from the moss-grown tower of the venerable church in honour of our arrival. Everybody seemed to have put on their holiday faces to greet us.

Our opponents soon followed, coming in little groups over the fields and through the shady lanes. We were all soon shaking hands with the jollity of feeling that inspires such a meeting upon such a spot, determined upon a day of enjoyment. The flags, poles formed themselves into picturesque little groups around the field of action, and

many a bright look was sent to inspire our opponents who were playing upon their own ground. Such an audience, you may be sure, made me feel tenfold the desire to distinguish myself, and, if all turned out according to the promise of my last night's visitor, I felt that my desperation would not allow of any regrets.

After the usual preliminaries had been settled, and all had taken their places, our side going in first, and our best men at the wickets, the bowler, a powerful man, with the frame of a Hercules, approached to his task. My heart shrank within me as I heard the whistle of the ball, as he delivered it with the force of one fired from a cannon. It was blocked by the wary batter, but with a shock almost enough to shake his shoulders from their sockets.

Again he bowled, when, to my astonishment, I saw the stumps fly like chips, and our best man had not got one run. Cheers ran round the circle as our man threw down his bat with a burning blush upon his angry brow. Well did I understand his feeling for I had so often been placed in the like situation. The hopes of our club fell below zero especially when they saw unfortunate me take up my bat in my turn.

At that moment a sort of desperation seized me, as I saw the smiles of the other club-men, and the despairing looks of my own dear friends. I stood erect in my faultless dress by the side of the stumps, with my bat elegantly poised in my hand. The magnificent bowler looked with a sinister eye upon my attitude, and I thought a smile of contempt curled his lip, and I made no doubt that my fame had gone before me, and he held me as almost unworthy of his prowess. Wait a bit, thought I to myself, as I stooped to take my position; but as I did so guess my feelings, and the thrill that rushed to my very heart, when I felt a warm pair of hands grasp the handle of the bat in the spaces of the handle left by mine. I turned my eyes down, but saw nothing but my own round the handle. Strange! I dreaded but I must go on. The bowler's arm was in motion; I saw the dreaded ball rush on its rapid course through the air; my bat raised itself, and with itself my arms, and dealt such a blow upon the whistling missile, that it flew far away in the distance, far beyond the chance of being caught. I flew with almost winged feet along my course;—again—again—again—again! Five runs! Huzza! shouted the excited gazers. Huzza! shouted the astonished members of my own club.

The bowler looked puzzled. He seemed suddenly to feel that he had been hoaxed, and appeared to lose confidence accordingly. He, however, nerved himself for his next ball, and most beautifully and scientifically did he deliver it; but my magic bat hit it with such a tremendous blow, that its velocity made it almost indistinct. At last its course was distinguished by the astonished scouts, but it was handled only after six more runs were scored to me.

Our opponents began to look a little blank, whilst my own side looked at me as if they thought that they must have changed me by some accident on the road down; for it was impossible that I could be the poor and timid player that was looked upon as naught among players. They looked at each other with unbelieving eyes, and seemed to hug themselves, as they saw the downcast look of the vaunting club at my unexpected success and prowess.

But I had only just begun. The great bowler tried all his best manoeuvres, but in vain. My bat sent the ball flying hither and thither; the scouts got redder and redder in their faces; the bowler's arm became powerless.

"Forty runs!" cries the scorer. I saw nothing but the round orbs of my friends, which were gradually distending with astonishment, as they saw me polish off one bowler after another. As for my own part, I felt myself getting red-hot. I glowed with delight and exertion. The cheers of the populace maddened me. I felt no fatigue. Hour after hour flew by; I drank draught after

draught, but my thirst seemed unquenchable; still my spirit upheld me, and I stuck to my bat.

The twilight gradually settled down upon the scene as I achieved eight runs, to the despair of the village club. For a long time both sides had done their work quite mechanically, as if they had been spell bound by the magic of my bat. All eyes were fixed with a stare upon me in perfect wonderment.

At last, a figure, with careful step and well-poised ball, took his place at the bowler's stand. I shuddered as I looked upon him, his scrupulously elegant cricketer's costume, and the deep shadow cast from the broad brim of his straw-hat, could not hide from me the bright eyes and sardonic smile of my last night's visitor.

Fatigue and excitement had long hushed the murmurs and the applause of the lookers on. My preternatural tenure of my post had stilled them into silence, so that I was surrounded by hundreds of distended eyes that had long become painful to my sight, when my occupation allowed me an opportunity of a furtive glance at them.

They watched with quickened glances the approach of the new and my veteran bowler. Not a breath nor a word broke the silence of the evening. All around looked pale like statues waiting the wand of the enchanter to release them or give them vitality.

A tremor passed through my frame as I saw his hand preparing to launch the ball. The magic bat quivered in my hand—it refused to move—and the ball struck with superhuman force upon the stumps, which, the next moment, lay shattered at my feet. The bat became, as it were, animated, and twined itself round my wrists.

The shout that followed my downfall was tremendous. The bowler walked up to me with perfect unconcern, and passing his arm through mine, led me unresistingly through the crowd; which a rapidly falling darkness turned into phantoms. The moment he touched me, a parch and burning feeling seemed to scorch me, and a liquid fire ran through my veins.

"You've had your game," he hissed into my ears; "and had not I had the foresight to be on ground, you would never have finished. Your exertion, as it is, has completely finished you, therefore I claim you while your remaining strength allows me to walk you off. You are not the best man I have bowled out. You have beaten all those fools,—I have beaten you. Of course, you pay me the forfeit; come, stir your stumps, for I shall not accept *bat*; and you are now going where you will make a long stop; for, you see I've not only bowled but caught you out."

I felt that I was in the power of the fiend, and for what? I looked back despairingly to the fast fading crowd of my friends. They seemed to take no heed of me, and I was lost.

A thought of resistance rushed into my brain; I endeavoured to struggle with my tormentor. He only smiled at my puny efforts, yet I persevered, and in a moment burst from my bonds. In my struggle I awoke myself, and found that I was seated by the window of the chamber, where I had slept all night after the day of my mortifying defeat. Heated as I had been, the cold had seated a fever in my blood, which had carried out the full vigour of my dream.

The cold grey light of morning saw me crawl, almost crippled, to my bed, from which I did not rise for some weeks, as the penalty of my folly. And when, in after years, I became a rising man in the game of the world, I looked back with horror to the Dream of the Demon Bowler.

#### MATERNITY.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest; and the blush of her cheeks fills with delight; but the charm of maternity is more sublime than these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kinred with

the skies—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watchful eye which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and to portray which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies the lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies, it reigns in his affections; his eyes look round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity—ecstatic sound! so twined round our heart that it must cease to throb ere we forget! 'Tis our first love! 'Tis part of our religion! Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood, we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding upon its mother's beauty, nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bow and grateful eye, is no man but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking of such is the kingdom of heaven," or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

To our READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald is published by Mr. Charles Fletcher Bookseller, No. 51, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1852.

#### CONVENTION OF THE PRESS.

We are now about to propose a measure which may be looked upon as Utopian by five-sixths of those under whose notice it may come, but that is nothing, the measure must sooner or later be proposed, and we are satisfied the fulfilment of its aim is only a question of time. We propose then that there be a Convention of the Press of Upper Canada in some central locality, prior to the meeting of Parliament, to take into consideration the propriety of making a united, vigorous, and determined effort to make one more step in the way of Postal Reform. Last Session effected wonders in that way, and the precedent then furnished not only leads to the further prosecution of the idea; but incites the hope that our efforts will not be fruitless. All exchange papers are now sent free, and publishers have duly appreciated the boon. But we want an extension of the principle. We must have the free circulation of all newspaper literature, as the present system tends to too much exclusiveness, and circumscribes the circulation of newspapers by confining them to the locality in which they are published. This burden presses more heavily upon the publishers of daily papers, as the expense in getting up a Daily,—say, for example, the Colonist, Patriot, or Spectator,—can barely be met by the city circulation of such papers, and the

present system necessarily confines their circulation to the limits of the city. With the exception then of supplying news-rooms, hotels, and such places, the great end and aim of such papers is defeated. The man who gets his paper supplied by the publisher has it at the publisher's price; but the man who lives a few miles distant, has a tax of 13s. a year to pay, which would supply him with a good weekly paper, and if his paper is delivered to him by post, the rate according to the present position of affairs, is necessarily doubled, so that for a daily paper supplied by post he would have to pay 26s. a year. This amounts to a direct and certain prohibition. It is easy to say that persons so circumstanced must content themselves with papers published in their own neighbourhood, or else take only weekly papers, and the expense will be less; but this is virtually saying that it is wrong to live four miles beyond the city limits of Toronto or Hamilton, and as a punishment for this fault we will take good care you shall be denied a privilege, which all good citizens enjoy, and seeing that it is so earnestly coveted, its loss will be the more keenly felt. Now if there was any benefit to be given in a postal way, that belongs of right to those in the country, for the person in town is not only supplied with his morning paper at the publisher's price, but he has the advantage of a Reading Room where for a small sum he can peruse all the daily papers in the province. In justice then to those who are without, this tax of postage ought to be withdrawn, that they may have a small share of the privileges which citizens enjoy. The same effect is apparent with weekly papers, although the expense is so much less. Many country people who may live in comfortable circumstances so far as the necessaries of life are concerned, have little money passing through their hands, and while they would willingly take a paper at two dollars a year, yet when they have to pay nearly another dollar for its transmission, they just say, we will see by and by, and they go without, and are left in a political serfdom. We have thus at present brought out three points. The present system injures the publisher by confining his circulation to his own immediate neighbourhood,—it punishes the man who lives at a little distance from the centre where these papers are published;—and it entirely prevents the man of small pecuniary means from taking advantage of one of the greatest blessings of the age,—a free and independent newspaper literature. Will the Press take up this matter, and call a convention to be held in Kingston say, prior to the meeting of Parliament, in order to make a determined and united effort to obtain the desired boon.

#### SELF DEFENCE.

Well, as I have said before, my attitude of self-defence is not only the simplest, but almost always the surest, and most conducive to comfort of mind, and soundness of body. I had at one time an acquaintance, a salesman in an establishment in the High Street of Edinburgh. He was a tall, athletic, firmly knit young man, with an excellent constitution. He was a most agreeable, social and intelligent companion, but had unfortunately studied pugilism. I say unfortunately, for it proved so in his case, as it inspired him with the desire to maintain his ground on all occasions. If for instance any drunken wight in passing up High St had asked rather more

than his share of the pavement, which is a common occurrence in such cases, he was sure to get a punch in the chest to remind him that he was monopolizing the highway, and if a policeman had interfered, he would have been knocked down instantly. When quietly talking over the matter, his invariable excuse was that he was interfered with. So far, indeed, did he carry it in antipathy to interference, that he got a pair of loaded gloves made for night excursions, and pity the unfortunate wight who trenched upon his liberties, as one blow from his right hand would have brought down the meanest policeman that walked the streets of Edinburgh, and many a one felt the weight of his arm. But this peculiar temperament made him often unhappy, exposed him very much to danger, and often actually made him feel personally the injurious effects of such a course, for sometimes he got a Roland for his Oliver. These foolish days have however passed away, and he now stands a worthy member of Merchants' Hall. In his case the principle of self defence was perhaps carried to an extreme, for it was often exercised before there was an attack. But it is the necessary ultimate of a principle whose tendency is only to evil. Witness its effects in various parts of South America, where it is common for people to carry about with them those barbarous looking instruments called Bowie-knives. How many times are these scindish instruments called into use? and how many unfortunate victims are hurried by them into an unseen world, just in consequence of some harsh word used incautiously, and which in other circumstances would pass unnoticed? The laws of our being, which make us all dependent one upon another for social enjoyments,—command us with unerring voice,—if we would enjoy life,—not only to live at peace with all men, but really to love all men; and endeavour in our every action to reciprocate those expressions of good feeling and kindness which are breathed from other lips, and by the closest attention to all the amenities of life to cultivate those heavenward emotions which alone give peace to the mind, and lead to the satisfaction of the demands of our complex nature. All the contentions and strifes, the wars and the bloodshed, that have desolated the earth, have had their origin in the violation of that sacred precept,—Love thy neighbour as thyself,—and whether used in a personal or more extensive sense, the principle of aiming in self-defence is an inchoate infraction of that ennobling command, and imperceptibly gives rise to, and strengthens those emotions of hatred and jealousy which, when matured, lead man to look upon his fellow man, not as a brother—not as a person, whose friendship and favour is needed to consummate his own happiness, but as a being to be viewed with suspicion and distrust. Even when weapons of offence are carried with the sole design of resisting the attacks of that outlaw to nature and humanity—the highwayman,—they may lead their possessor into endless bitterness of feeling. A friend of mine who used to carry a spear-staff with him when he went to the country on any excursion, was, one fine summer evening, coming along a dreary moor-land road, which was skirted on each side by a dry stone parapet wall. All around was so quiet and motionless, that the sound of his own footsteps, alone broke the stillness of the scene. But all of a sudden a man leaped over the little dyke, and ere he had time to open his mouth, he was met by the exclamation—hallo! friend,—and already the point of the unsheathed spear had unbuttoned his vest. The terror-stricken stranger started back, and called out for mercy. He protested that he had gone over the fence by necessity, and was so much overjoyed at the prospect of company, that he had leaped over without considering the necessary effect of such a step; and not till he had said so much was the discovery made that they were, mutual friends. They wandered on together for several miles be-

fore their respective homes required a divergence from the common road; but so deeply was this meeting impressed upon my friend, that from that day the spear was never unsheathed without recalling those unhappy emotions which the near prospect of destruction to a fellow being had associated with the event. I had the pleasure of seeing the old spear cut up to make scow-drivers, which was very nearly a fulfilling of the words of Isaiah—They shall turn their spears into pruning hooks. These instances which have come under my own knowledge, confirm me in the opinion I expressed, that the best attitude of self defence is to "keep a civil tongue in your head." I would almost here be inclined to make an exception in reference to dogs, for I have never been in any city so outrageously overrun with impudent, ill-bred dogs, as Toronto is, so much so, that if you require to be out beyond 10 o'clock, as I have occasion sometimes to be, it will be next to impossible or you to reach your home if it is suburban, without being attacked by at least half a dozen hungry, gaunt, unpleasant-looking companions. This nuisance I hope, will, however, be speedily removed, and then on that score the principle enunciated will have free scope. P.

#### CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

An eastern prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself, he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The king, honouring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to the demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,516,692,636 grains of corn, equal to the whole contained in 16,384 towns, each having 1024 granaries of 174,763 measures each consisting of 32,768 grains.

The story of the horse-shoe is of the same kind, and, like the above, is usually met with in books of scientific recreation. A man selling a fine horse is to receive for it nothing more than the value of the twenty-fourth nail of the animal's shoes, supposing that the first nail is worth a farthing, the second two, and so on, doubling each time. The bargain is a tolerably good one, since the twenty-fourth nail at this rate proves to be worth £17,000.

Suppose that of all the prodigious number of eggs in a female herring, only 2000 come to maturity, and that each of them in its turn gives birth to the same number, half males, and half females. In the second year, we should have a family of 12,000,000; in the third, of 2,000,000,000; and in the eighth, the number would be expressed by the figure 2 followed by 21 ciphers. This number of herrings would not find room even if the earth were turned into a globe of water, as its whole volume would furnish only about a square inch for each fish.

A sprig of henbane sometimes produces 50,000 grains; but if we take the average at 10,000, the number of sprigs in the eighth generation would be expressed by 1 followed by 16 ciphers. At this rate, it would take nearly the entire surface of the globe to contain all the henbane produced from a single plant in four years.

A sum of money invested at five per cent., compound interest, is doubled in fourteen years and some months, quadrupled in less than thirty years, occupied in less than forty-five years, and so on. From this it would appear that if a centime had been placed out at such interest, pro bono publico, in the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West, the 30,000,000 Frenchmen inhabiting the country at the revolution in 1830 would have enjoyed an income of 100,000,000,000 francs. Such arithmetically

true, but economically impossible results of old deposits, are made the ground-work of some works of fiction; but writers of another class are obliged to attend to the obvious fact, that in order to effect such accumulation of capital, the business of the bankers and the wealth of the community would require to increase in the same proportion. Money does not breed spontaneously. The party to whom it is intrusted must use his funds in such a way as to enable him not only to pay the interest, but to derive a profit from the transaction.

A hundred pebbles were arranged in line, six feet apart, with a basket six feet ahead of the first pebble, in which a man, for a wager, was to place the stones one by one, in as little time as his comrade would take to walk from the Luxembourg to the chateau of Meudon and back again. The distance between these two points is 30,000 yards, or 60,000 paces; and returning; and this is the exact distance the stone-gatherer would have to walk, by making a separate journey from the basket for each one of his pebbles. But the latter would not only have to walk, but to stoop and pick again a hundred times; and, in effect, so great an hindrance was this, that he had only deposited his eighty-fifth stone by the time the other had completed his task.

The population of the globe is supposed to be under a thousand millions, or, according to M. Haasel, 927,855,000. If, then, says a French writer, all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counter-balanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to his calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagos), it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the present number.

How many curious speculations suggest themselves here! What space will it take for the inhabitants of the earth to increase to twelve times their present number? Will such increase ever take place? Supposing the epoch to approach when 'the table is full,' what will be the condition of the then races of mankind? In what way, through what proximate causes, will the number of births adjust themselves to the number of deaths? Will war be once more re-suscitated from the ashes of ages—for war must have been dead, to admit of the completion of the ranks of the species? Will hatred, want, misery, follow as usual the footsteps of the destroyer, and the earth swallow up the children which her uncalculating instincts have produced?

But it is folly to perplex ourselves with inquiries upon subjects which are obviously beyond the grasp of the intellect. All we know with certainty is, that the human world has gone on for at least four thousand years, without attaining to more than one-twelfth part of its possible extent. Our knowledge is limited, and must always be so. Not to talk of the interior of the earth, which we can learn but little about from hammering upon its crust, we are each individually ignorant even of our fellow-beings on the surface. One of us may know something of insects, and so on; but the mind does not exist which is able to comprehend the organic world in its entirety. It is said that there are 100,000 species of vegetables; five or six times that number of insects; about 1200 of quadrupeds; 6300 of

birds, and 1500 of reptiles. The sea we know almost as little about as we do of the interior of the earth; but as its bottom is at least double the extent of the surface of our continents and islands, we may roughly take the number of its species, animal and vegetable, as equal to that of the species which require atmospheric air. As for the microscopic world, there we are entirely lost, but in all probability it is as rich in species as the world that is cognizable in our ordinary senses. But if we take the entire number of species of organized beings at only 2,000,000, what human intellect is capable of studying them to any purpose? If a man gave himself up to the task as the business of his life, attending to the examination of each species but one minute, and working incessantly during ten hours in the day, he would not accomplish the cursory unreflecting survey in less than twenty years! These considerations should at least teach us humility, and for the rest, we may safely trust in the Creator of these unspeakable wonders, that His a mighty hand will sustain the work which His omniscient wisdom conceived, and that the same power which originated the plan, will extend to its consummation.

Agriculture.

STEAM FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.

It is somewhat difficult to estimate the power of steam-engines. They are usually classed by the horse power, as four-horse or six-horse engines. It is a better way, however, to state the diameter of the cylinder. In England, a diameter of 18 inches is usually rated at 8 horses; in Scotland, with some of the best machinists, at 6 horses. Thus an eight-horse engine in England is only rated at six horses in Scotland. The price of a moveable steam-engine of eight-horse English, 6 Scotch, is about £210. In Scotland a 4 horse fixed high pressure engine can be obtained for about £60, or one of 10 inches diameter (or 6 Scotch) for £80. Thus the original expence of the portable and fixed engine is widely different, the one being three times the other. During a lease a fixed high pressure will cost almost nothing for repair, if properly attended to, and will at the end be worth more than half price. In the portable engine the form of the boiler is extremely liable to accidents, and the whole machine often requires repairs. From the construction of the boiler in particular, these repairs must necessarily be expensive, and few of these portable engines will be serviceable in ten years. Upon railways the repairs and renewals of the engines form a serious item in the working expenses, and the boiler—the essential part in these portable engines being upon the same principle—is liable to the same wear and tear. When a portable engine is placed in a field, of course the water and coal must be brought to the engine. In a fixed engine the well for the water is made at the time of erecting the engine, and the coals are put into a coal-house near the engine—of course they have to be drawn from the coal hill, but there is no necessity for carting the water to a fixed engine. In our opinion the disadvantages far more than counterbalance any advantages which portable engines may possess over fixed engines.—We may point out a difference greatly in favour of our fixed engine, but more appreciable, perhaps by a practical engineer. In the moveable engines, a high pressure is invariably used, to compensate for the smallness of their cylinder, generally not under 50lbs. to the inch, while in the fixed, it seldom if ever exceeds 30, and is generally about 25. The risk of accident in the former is thus increased, and above all, the wear and tear of the boiler. If portable engines could once be employed as the common motive power of the farm, the case would, of course be altogether different. At present, however, there can be no hesitation in giving the first place to the fixed engine for threshing. It is worthy of

remark that in almost every other case where steam power can be applied in a fixed form, it is always employed.—North British Agriculturist

STRAW AS A COVERING.

Clean straw is an excellent covering for many things, thousands on thousands of sea kale or frambroes or under hoods have no other blanching material, and how clean they grow in it! Rhubarb, in winter forcing and early spring grows beautifully pink. It is well known that early spring frosts destroy Rhubarb, but if a six inch layer of straw is put on every crown, as the heads put up, they raise the straw with them, and it not only gives the stalks a better colour, and makes them less stringy, but it keeps the leaves from growing too large. No wind will blow it off, nor will the most intense frost injure the plants. Straw should not be looked on as a mere litter, it is as good as a frame upon a large scale. What sort of eatable strawberries would we have without straw? In summer, every crop, such as gooseberries, currants and many other things, should have the protection of straw, which keeps the sun from drying up the surface, and the surface roots damp and cool, while all weeds are kept down. Market gardeners use it for their frames—it matters not whether for cucumbers, melons, or potatoes, straw is their covering—and their crops are more secure than when "protected" by a thin mat. But some may object to the use of straw, on account of the litter it makes in a garden; but if any of those who object to its use for this reason, will just take a peep into Covent Garden market at any season, they cannot fail to be struck with the quality of the produce. In the raising of which straw plays an important part. Straw is also the best of all manures for a strong retentive soil, when it is dug in fresh, as it decays and leaves innumerable worm-like holes which act as drains for the roots.—English Paper.

BEAUTY AND COMFORT OF A GARDEN.

One always loves a garden labour wears its pleasantest aspect there. From the first days of spring, to latest autumn, we move about among growing plants, gay flowers, and cheerful fruits, and there is some pretty change to note by the light of every sun. Even the narrowest cottage garden looks pleasantly to those who come and go along the highway, it is well to stop here and then when walking, and look over the paling of such little gardens, and note what is going on there.

There is, unhappily, a very serious objection to cultivating fruit in our village gardens: fruit-stealing is a common crime in this part of the world; and the standard of principle on such subjects is as low as it will can be in our rural communities. Property of this kind is almost without protection among us, there are laws on the subject, but these are never enforced, and of course people are not willing to throw away money, and time, and thought, to raise fruit for those who might easily raise it for themselves, if they would take the pains to do so. There can be no doubt that this state of things is a serious obstacle to the cultivation of choice fruit in our villages; horticulture would be in a much higher condition here if it were not for this evil. But the impunity with which boys, and men, too, are allowed to commit thefts of this kind, is really a painful picture, for it must inevitably lead to increase a spirit of dishonesty throughout the community.

It is the same case with flowers. Many people seem to consider them as public property, though cultivated at private expense. It was but the other day that we saw a little girl, one of the village Sunday-scholars, moreover, put her hand within the railing of a garden and break off several very fine plants, whose growth the owner had been watching with care and interest for many weeks, and which had just opened to reward his pains. Another instance of the same kind, but still more flagrant in degree, was observed a short time since: the offender was a full grown man, dressed in fine broadcloth to boot,

and evidently a stranger; he passed before a pretty yard gay with flowers, and unchecked by a single scruple of good manners, or good morals, proceeded to make up a handsome bouquet, without so much as saying, by your leave, to the owner, having selected the flowers most to his taste, he arranged them tastefully, and then walked off with a free and jaunty air, and an expression of satisfaction and self-complacency truly ridiculous under the circumstances. He had made up his nosegay with so much pains, even if so modestly as he carried it before him, and moved along with such a very mincing and dainty manner, that he was probably on his way to present himself and his trophy to his sweetheart; and we can only hope that he met with just such a reception as was deserved by a man who had been committing petty larceny. As if to make a chapter complete, the very same afternoon, the village being full of strangers, we saw several young girls, elegantly founced, put their hands through the railing of another garden, facing the street, and help themselves in the same easy manner to their neighbour's prettiest flowers. What would they have thought if some one had stepped up with a pair of scissors and cut half a yard from the ribbon on their hair, merely because it was pretty, and one had a fancy to it? Neither the little girl, nor the strangers in broadcloth and flowers, seem to have learned at Common School, or at Sunday School, or at home, that respect for the pleasure of others is simple good manners, regard for the rights of others, and common honesty.

No one who had a flower border of his own would be likely to offend in this way; he would not do so unwittingly, at least, and if guilty of such an act, it would be premeditated pilfering. When people take pains to cultivate fruits and flowers themselves, they have some idea of their value, which can only be justly measured by the owner's regard for them. And then, moreover, gardening is a civilizing and improving occupation in itself; its influences are all beneficial; it usually makes people more industrious, and more amiable. Persuade a careless, indolent man to take an interest in his garden, and his reformation has begun. Let an idle woman honestly watch over her own flower-beds, and she will naturally become more active. There is always work to be done in a garden, some little job to be done, some little thing to be done, which it is incomplete; books may be eloped with a mark where one left off, needlework may be thrown aside and resumed again, a sketch may be left half finished, a piece of music half practised; even attention to household matters may relax in some measure for a while, but regularity and method are constantly required, are absolutely indispensable, to the well-being of a garden. The occupation itself is so engaging, that one commences readily, and the interest increases so naturally, that no great share of perseverance is needed to continue the employment, and thus labour becomes a pleasure, and the dangerous habit of idleness is checked. Of all faults of character, there is not one, perhaps, depending so entirely upon habit as indolence, and nowhere can one learn a lesson of order and diligence more prettily and more pleasantly than from a flower-garden.

But another common instance of the good effect of gardening may be mentioned;—it naturally inclines one to be open-handed. The bountiful returns which are bestowed, year after year, upon our feeble labour, shame us into liberality. Among all the misers who lived on earth, probably few have been gardeners. Some cross-grained churl may set out, with a determination to be niggardly with the fruits and flowers of his portion; but gradually his feelings soften, his views change, and before he has housed the fruits of many summers, he sees that these good things are but free gifts of Providence to himself, and he learns at last it is pleasure, as well as a duty, to give. This head of cabbage shall be sent to a poor neighbor; that basket of refreshing fruit is reserved for the sick; he has pretty nosegays for

his female friends; he has apples or peaches for little people. nay, perhaps in the course of years, he at length achieves the highest act of generosity.—he bestows on some friendly rival a portion of his rarest seed, a shoot from his most precious root! Such deeds are done by gardeners.—*Miss Cooper.*

### Oriental Sayings.

A certain King under the impulse of anger formed the hasty resolution, to invade the dominions of a mighty monarch, who had in some way offended him. He made his purpose at once known throughout his kingdom, by a royal proclamation, setting forth at the same time, that if any one shall venture to remonstrate with him, in order to dissuade him from his design, he shall suffer immediate death. A faithful and engaging minister, who foresaw the imminent danger of this undertaking, and yet fearing lest he should lose his life by boldly representing it to the king, thought of a stratagem by which means he might show the absurdity and risk of the enterprise to his royal master. For this purpose the sagacious minister sallied forth one morning early, with his bow in his hand, into the royal garden, the dew was heavily falling, so that his official garments which he on purpose had put on, were dripping with wet, and as the time arrived, when he was to appear before the king with the other ministers, he purposely presented himself in that state before the Monarch. The King soon perceived the wet state of the minister's garments, and asked him from whence he came, that he was so wet. Your Majesty, replied the minister, I have just come from the royal garden, where I have witnessed something very remarkable. Indeed! said the king, and what was that, relate it? A grasshopper was stung upon a plant singing merrily, whilst it was refreshing itself in the morning dew. Not far from it, sat a bird, an enemy of grasshoppers, but which the insect had not perceived or else it would not have sung so quietly. I watched them for sometimes attentively, when I beheld the bird slowly drawing nearer and nearer, and no doubt felt almost sure of its prey. At the same time, a bird of prey was making swiftly down upon the bird, which did not perceive its adversary in the rear of it, already it lengthened its neck to seize the bird, it did not perceive me standing beneath the tree, just ready to let the mortal arrow fly at its breast. Now, Your Majesty, whilst I viewed all that was passing before me I thought, poor creatures, all busy and sure to catch the prey, ye see not the dagger which impends over you, but if ye once perceive it, how soon you forget your longed for prey, and hasten to save your own life.—I know what you wish to say, said the King, the purposed warfare shall be relinquished, we have more than enough to do at home.

### Miscellaneous.

Lucky Jones, was married to a wife with £300 a-year, but then she is a sad muddle. Miserable Jones! do you know what you have done? Muddle would be dear at double the money. Muddle will provide for you up home to rest in, no sympathising comforter to advise. In the temple where Muddle reigns there will be found no peace, no beauty, no good. Against Muddle the dower weighs not. An observing eye, a calculating head, a ready hand, a gentle stop, a loving heart, external neatness, internal purity are more to be considered than hundreds a-year,

trash accomplishments, lofty connections, and unhealthy apings of the class above. Mothers, be wise; make your daughters able women, real help-mates; not useless toys, joy-destroying Muddles.—*Hans Trunks for Home Peace.*

**DRESS AND MERIT.**—Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold, but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais anticipating the enquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

**DANGER OF CANDLE GREASE; MARROW, &c.**—It is commonly believed that disease has been introduced into the human system by the mere application or use of common "candle grease" in cases of chapped hands or lips. Candles are often made of tallow, taken from animals that have died of some foul disease, by which it is rendered unfit for using in this way. A little marrow taken from the bone of a healthy cow or bullock, and melted in a cup is excellent for chapped hands. Making a profuse lather of Castile soap on the hand, and rubbing them gently until the lather is absorbed and nearly dried up, is good to soften the skin that inclines to be husky.

### Varieties.

FACTS are the materials of which Science is the architect.

NOBODY ever sees an action as very wrong when under the excitement of doing it.

MANY A MAN has lost being a great man by splitting into two middling ones.

WHEN our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected!

DEATH is the only subject upon which everybody speaks and writes without a possibility of having experienced what he undertakes to discuss.

OF ALL LEARNING the most difficult department is to unlearn, drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.

IN THE NATURE OF MAN, the humblest or hardest, there is a something that lives in all of the Beautiful or the Fortunate, which hope and desire have appropriated, even in the vanities of childish dreams.

THE INDIVIDUAL, in relation to the multitude of human influences that act upon him, is as a spring to many rain-drops; but in relation to another individual mind, as a rain-drop to a spring.

AS THAT GALLANT can best affect a pretended passion for one woman who has no true love for another, so he that has no real esteem for any of the virtues can best assume the appearance of them all.

ONE OF THE most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is to be its own master; a pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

WITH A DOUBLE vigilance should we watch our actions when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless, and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent, every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

**A BRAGGART AND HIS BRASS.**—One of those devotees to Mammon once received a lesson from an humble follower, who did not seem to pay him, the possessor of the purse, sufficient homage. The latter said, "Do you know, sir, that I am worth a hundred thousand pounds?" "Yes," said the irritated but not broken-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is all you are worth."—*The Stomach and its Difficulties* (by Sir James Esqre).

### Biographical Calendar.

	A. D.	
Aug. 8	1827	Hon. George Canning, died.
	1836	Nathan Rothschild, died.
" 9	1503	Isaak Walton, born.
	1631	John Dryden, born.
	1819	Captain Murray, died.
" 10	1653	Admiral Martin Tromp, killed.
	1850	Sir Lancelot Shadwell, died.
" 11	1730	Charles Bossut, born.
	1772	General, Lord Hill, born.
	1851	Sir H. Jardine, died.
" 12	1753	Thomas Bewick, born.
	1769	George IV., born.
	1774	Robert Southey, born.
	1822	Matquils of Londonderry, (Castle-reeagh) committed suicide.
" 13	1667	Jeremy Taylor, died.
	1792	Queen Adelaide, born.
" 14	1737	Charles Hutton, born.
	1802	Lettitia E. Landon, born.

John Dryden, a celebrated English poet, was born in the parish of Oldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1631. His father, who, it is supposed, was a presbyterian, possessed a small estate, and sent his son John, first to Westminster School, and afterwards, in 1650, to Trinity College, Cambridge. In the latter he took his degrees, but was in no way distinguished above his fellows. In 1651 his father died, and as there were several children, Dryden, to eke out a living, had to accept a secretaryship from Sir Gilbert Pickering, one of Cromwell's adherents. On Cromwell's death, Dryden celebrated his memory in heroic stanzas, which did not hinder him from writing, after the restoration of Charles II., a "Panegyric on the Coronation." In 1663, having written some verses on modern improvements in philomophy, he was elected a member of the Royal Society. About the same time he wrote his first play, entitled "The Wild Gallant," which was acted in February, 1663. This was followed by "The Rival Ladies" and "The Indian Emperor," and an "Essay on dramatic Poesy" written in prose. About 1665 he married Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. In 1667, he engaged to furnish the king's theatre with three plays annually, which produced him £400 a year. On the death of Sir William Davenant, in 1668, Dryden was made poet-laureate. In 1679, having satirized Lord Rochester, he was beaten by hired ruffians on the street. In 1681 appeared "Absalom and Achitophel," and "The Medal; a satire on sedition," both having allusion to political events. "MacFlecknoe," his next piece, was a satire on Shadwell, a rival poet, who succeeded Dryden in the laureateship at the revolution. On the accession of James II., Dryden became Roman Catholic, no doubt to ingratiate himself with that monarch. This obtained him a pension of £100, which, however, stopped with James's abdication. He was now advanced in life, and had to write for subsistence, and it was now that his translations of Juvenal, Persius and Virgil appeared. "Alexander's Feast," the most popular of all his compositions, was one of his last productions. It is thought by many to be the finest lyric in the English language. Dryden died on the 1st May, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The Trough's Department.

THE TROJAN HERO.

It was a glorious inspiration which burst up like a sudden gush of water, in the breast of the ancient Trojan hero, when, in the very thicket of perplexity he gave utterance in this gigantic sentence:—"they are able because they think they are able." The scholar scarcely knows which to admire most, the exceeding beauty of the verse in which the honey-lipped bard of Mantua relates the exploits of "pious Aeneas," or the nobility and grandeur which belongs to the character of that illustrious personage. In sentences like this, however, his admiration is mutual. He glories in him who utters, and in him who records so great and good a maxim.

Vollition is a most powerful agent in the accomplishment of human purposes. Whichever we will to perform, we generally can perform. Not that we can surmount actual impossibilities, but many things which, at first, may seem to us as such—The venerable proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," embodies a similar truth. It is said that Ex-Chancellor Walkworth, when a boy, was sent one day with some law papers to the office of the then acting Chancellor. He was much delighted with the appearance of the great legal functionary, with his office library, and the dignified atmosphere which pervaded the place, and said to himself as he retired, "I believe I will be a Chancellor too." He was one.

A strong and inflexible will is like the whirlwind which uproots the ponderous trees that obstruct its progress and hurls them thundering upon the ground; while indolence and faint-heartedness, are as the languid gale which merely puts the boughs aside, and suffers them to return to their original places when it has passed. Or, again, it is like a determined and reckless steed, which dashes along the highway, scales every barrier, leaps every chasm, swims every stream, and champs the bit with proud satisfaction at the end of its course; while the opposite is as a beggarly foot-pad, who snivels along the road, grows disheartened at every trifling obstacle, faints at every chasm, and falls down upon the shore of the stream, assured that he could not pass it, even were his life to be the forfeit of his refusal. Energy is an impulse springing from seeds which angels plant within the bosom, sluggishness is the devil's whisper, that describes in glowing terms the sweets of a life led in "inglorious ease," but adds not a word of its disastrous consequences.

Put forth your energies, brothers, in this world of labour. They will return to you with reward. They may be feeble at the beginning, but, like the muscles of the arm, they will gain power by use and practice. The tendril is, at first, a puny thing, but when it once fastens itself to the oak, it strengthens and increases, until it cannot easily be torn away. An unflinching determination not only accomplishes its design, but also gains a guerdon—new impulses to undertake and new ability to achieve. Yield not to a "slight purpose," but let "the deed go with it."

Advertisements.

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CHAMOMILE CORDIAL.

THIS Cordial, as its name announces, is prepared scientifically by a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, from the Flowers of Chamomile and other vegetable Ingredients, imported expressly from England. Not only as a Tonic does it stand unrivalled, but its peculiar medicinal virtues have acquired a justly celebrated reputation, surpassing the famed Sarsaparilla, to which, in point of richness of taste and flavor, as well as in practical efficacy, it is incomparably superior.

These inimitable virtues, while fully preserved, are more delicately concentrated and developed in the Cordial, which from its transparency and golden colour resembles Wine, and so such may be used at discretion. The flavor is fresh and fragrant, and the taste very grateful and most refreshing, either to the body, the Temperance advocate, or fastidious connoisseur.

TESTIMONIALS

Toronto, June 26th, 1852.

Messrs REXFORD & Co.,

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

We are, &c.  
GEO. HERRICK, M. D.  
JOHN KING, M. D.

77, Bay Street, Toronto, June 29th, 1852.

GENTLEMEN.—I duly received, and have tried the sample of "Compound Chamomile Cordial," which you sent me in care of the mail. 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 writing my opinion of it, which I should not hesitate to do under different circumstances.

I consider it a very elegant Pharmaceutical Preparation, susceptible of being made exceedingly useful in a dietical as well as therapeutic point of view. It will serve as an excellent substitute for such of the spirits which is purchased as Wine for the use of invalids, and will also prove an excellent medium for the agreeable concentration of remedies, which, without some such auxiliary, are often rebelled against and rejected by the stomach.

I am, Gentlemen,  
Yours, &c.  
FRANCIS RADLEY, 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, more especially in cases of Dyspepsia, and weakness of the Stomach; it being very agreeable to taste, can be taken by any one.

I am, &c.  
THOMAS HUGGAN,  
Surgeon, &c.

London, C. W., June 19th, 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. The aromatic and peculiar bitter flavor, in which lies the essential medicinal qualities, appears to be largely infused and well preserved, and as this Vegetable Tonic is highly beneficial in those forms of Dyspepsia, depending on debility, or want of tone of the digestive organs, (the form most frequently met with on this continent,) your Cordial will, I doubt not, form an inestimable addition in our Pharmacies.

From the knowledge possessed by me of Mr. Rexford, and his very high reputation as a Pharmaceutical Chemist, I feel much pleasure in confidently recommending his preparation of this valuable Tonic to my Professional brethren, and to the public, as a delightful and invigorating Cordial.

I am, Yours, &c.  
GEORGE HOLMES,  
Surgeon, &c.

Montreal, June 2nd, 1852.

Messrs. REXFORD & Co., Toronto, C. W.

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 finely blended, are universally acknowledged, and the Medicinal qualities of that Vegetable ingredient so fully admitted in Dyspeptic complaints, that I consider the idea of administering it in the pleasing form of a Cordial, most happy, and in the case of your preparation, successful, that it cannot fail to be a favorite with the public.

W. MOUNT, M. D.,  
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng.

This Cordial is sold generally by all respectable Chemists, &c. The bottles are sealed with the initials R. & Co., and signed by the Proprietors.—None else being genuine.

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was opened on the 27th inst. with a new and select display of the most fashionable Millinery, which will be offered at prices unusually low.

No. 1, King Buildings.

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THE undersigned has opened a News Room in his premises, 64 Yonge Street supplied with the leading Papers and most valuable Magazines, both

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As follows, viz.—

- London Quarterly Review,
- The Edinburgh, "
- North British, "
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- Eckste's Magazine,
- Blackwood's "
- International, "
- Littell's Living Age,
- Harper's Magazine,
- Sartain's Union, "
- Constitution and Church Sentinel
- Dublin Newspaper,
- Globe, "
- Colonist, "
- Patriot, "
- Examiner, "
- North American; "
- Canadian Family Herald,
- Literary Gem,

with a large number of others, and at the charge is only One Penny per visit, or Seven-pence half-penny per month, he trusts to be honoured by the patronage of the reading public.

O. FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852 6-58

NEW BOOK STORE!

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(Two Doors South 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

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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.

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CHARLES FLETCHER.

Toronto, January 8th, 1852. 6-58



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- Millman's History of Christianity,
- Taylor's Lectures on Atonement,
- " Apostolic Baptism,
- Rale's Koran with Notes, &c., &c.

CHARLES FLETCHER

Toronto, 29 May, 1852.

**PIANO FORTES.**

THE Subscribers beg to inform their friends and the Public generally, that they have received and are now in possession of their Spring Stock of Piano Fortes, from the celebrated Manufacturers of

Stodart & Dunham, in New York, and J. Chickering, in Boston.

which comprise all classes of Six, Six and a half and Seven Octave Pianos, from the pianest to the most highly finished.

A & S NORDHEIMER,

King-Street East,

Toronto, May 12th, 1852.

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MESSRS. A and S NORDHEIMER have just received direct from Europe, a large assortment of every description of

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**MILITARY AND AMATEUR BANDS,**

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Best Roman and English Violas, Harp and Guitar Strings.

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**J. CORNISH,**

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BEGS to return his sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him, and trusts that by continuing to manufacture Goods of the Best Quality, to merit a continuance of public support.

J. C. begs to inform his numerous customers, that in consequence of the Re-building of his present premises, he has

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**CORNER OF ADELAIDE ST.,**

Where he has a large assortment of **BOOTS and SHOES**, of every description and size, which he will continue to sell out, until he returns to his old stand; and in order to dispose of the whole, he has put them down to **THE LOWEST PRICE**. All orders promptly attended to.  
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3000 Sides Best SPANISH LEATHER for Sale.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS OF COD OIL.

Cash Paid for all kinds of Leather.

Toronto, Dec., 1851.

3-65

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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 or grey hair; cures dandruff and ringworm; and what is of the highest importance, is, that it is unlike most other Toilet preparations, by being perfectly harmless, yet successful for the purposes recommended. It gives the hair a beautifully soft, smooth and glossy appearance; in this, it also differs from other preparations, all of which more or less harden and dry the hair. The Spanish Ladies, so justly famed for beautiful and glossy hair, have used

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J. W. M. hopes, by his long experience and training in all the business 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 running. Gold and Silver Chains, newest patterns; Gold Rings, Fancy and Wedding Rings; Gold and Silver Fossil Cases; Mourning Brooches and Bracelets in great variety; for sale. American Clocks of every description, cheap for cash. Common Vertical Watches converted into Patent Watches for £2. 10s.

To THE TRADE—Cylinders, Duplex and Lever Works made to order; Watches of every description repaired and cleaned.  
Toronto, March 14th, 1852. J. W. M.

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In addition to the above named features, we shall regularly publish the Letters of HAYARD TAYLOR, one of the Editors of The Tribune, who is now exploring the unknown and mysterious regions of Central Africa, and before his return, will visit the famous Oriental cities of Hamamah and Bagdad, and examine the ruins of ancient Nineveh.

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G. & McE.

New York, January, 1852.

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Toronto, Nov. 28th, 1851.

1-1f

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