

us some information from this source, for which we would have thanked him, and which might have been useful to his country—but he preferred to root amidst vice and wretchedness, and ascribe it to the oppression of others, as if every great city in the world had not too much of it, be its form of policy what it may. The extravagancies of the Church are dwelt upon, and we would have no objection to this, but we love fair play—and while we allow that the goods of the English Church are unequally bestowed, her generosity has not been unfelt by her Colonial brethren, and the single fact, that £150,000 a year is bestowed annually by this very Church, upon her poor brethren in foreign parts, is surely proof enough that the vitality of religion still exists within her.

We have no doubt that Mr. Marshall is actuated by feelings of philanthropy and benevolence, and that the vast amount of wretchedness which met his eye in the Mother Country—may have convinced him that something is radically wrong in our social polity, but he ought in common fairness, to have shown us both sides of the picture. No country has provided so amply for the poor, by law—and in no country does private munificence do so much for the alleviation of poverty and misfortune, as in Great Britain. It is only right that she should have due credit for these things.

Many of the rich, are very rich, and some of them sadly misapply their wealth, but this is the exception, not the rule, and the great body act upon the axiom that “property has its duties as well as its rights.” The Englishman is too proud to be mean, and too prudent and punctual to be unjust.

Mr. Marshall would have us suppose England to be one vast Poor House, a hot-bed of misery and crime; her population starved and ground down by the exactions of the rich. This is far from being the case, and did our limits permit us—we could show clearly that working men are paid as fair as in any other country. As a general rule, unskilled labour is paid from fourteen to sixteen shillings a week; skilled labour—from twenty-one to fifty shillings. There is to be sure, one great exception—the hand loom weaver, whose occupation the steam engine has destroyed. This intelligent and deserving craft, we believe cannot make more than from six to seven shillings a week. This is to be deplored, but it cannot be remedied.

Mr. Marshall's book has now been some time before the public, and they may have almost forgotten it. Its eccentricities of thought, took no one by surprise—for the people of this province were aware that the learned judge, looked upon most matters in a light peculiar to himself. Some of our readers may consider us rather hard upon the author, but “Fiat justitia” is our motto—and we should be glad to have been able to commend with the same frankness with which we have condemned it. There is only one thing in the letters, in which we can coincide and fully sympathise with the writer—and that is in lamenting the fearful extent to which intemperance prevails among the working