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Weekly Almanack.

JULY—1831.		Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
13	WEDNESDAY	4 24	7 36	10 22	1 26
14	THURSDAY	4 25	7 35	10 50	2 5
15	FRIDAY	4 26	7 34	11 17	2 44
16	SATURDAY	4 27	7 33	11 44	3 29
17	SUNDAY	4 27	7 33	Morn.	4 20
18	MONDAY	4 28	7 32	0 11	5 24
19	TUESDAY	4 29	7 31	0 41	6 31

First Quarter 16th, 1h. 39m. evening.

Assize of Bread.

Published July 1, 1831.

	lbs.	oz.
THE Sixpenny Wheaten Loaf of Superfine Flour, to weigh,	2	4
The Sixpenny Rye,	3	9

And Shilling, Three-penny, and Penny-half-penny Loaves in the same proportion.

LAUCHLAN DONALDSON, *Mayor.*

THE GARLAND.

(From the London University Magazine.)

THE GAMESTER.

I saw a fair and flaxen haired boy
Shed kindly tears upon a wounded dove,
And press it to his innocent young lips;
Sighing in vain to give reviving breath
To the death-stricken flutterer; then I bless'd
The sweet humanity of the bright child,
And thought how his kind heart, in after years,
Would make the happiness of creatures fair
And sadness like himself. I strove to soothe
His gentle sorrow, and his large blue eyes
Look'd up in gratitude, whilst a bright smile
Play'd like a sunbeam o'er his matchless face.

Long years passed on: I sought the crowded town;—
But often to my thought that lovely child
Came like a fairy vision; in the world
I nothing saw so beautiful.—so Kind.
* * * * * *
There is a gentle being sits alone
In yon low chamber; on her wearied knees
A sleeping babe is lying; on its cheek
The mother's tears have fallen, and see, it stirs
Its little limbs, and, with a peevish cry,
Opens its full blue eyes, as if to ask
What means the unkind shower; then at once,
The desolate girl dries up her tears, and smiles
Upon the morning infant, and puts back
The glossy ringlets from its sunny brow
And kisses the sweet baby, till a smile,
Dissears his rose bud lips;—that eye, that smile,
They are the same I once have look'd upon;
The same that grac'd the tender hearted child
Who mourn'd his dying bird—these helpless ones
They are his own—his wife, and his fair boy.

'Tis past the hour of midnight: still she sits
And hears no sound, but the dull watchman's tread
Ring slowly o'er the pavement: the hush'd babe
Hath sunk again to slumber; his soft breath
Moves lightly the neglected curls that hang
O'er his sad mother's bosom;—surely he's
Sheild be a fate of blessedness; the bride
Of one so tender: but these lonely tears—
Are these the signs of happiness? that form,
Wasted with feverish watching—this dull room
Bearing the marks of chief 'mourn;
These cannot speak o' bliss. A heavy step
Winds slowly up the dark and narrow stair:
Can this be he—the vision of my youth,
The beautiful, the tender? that flush'd cheek,
Robbed of its youthful freshness—those dim eyes
Heavy with midnight riot—these the same
I look'd upon when innocence and health
Shone like a glory round him?—
Alas, for human excellence! that minds
Gifted with all the rich and golden stores
Of genius and feeling, should so oft
Be first to catch the world's polluted stain,
Whose blackness rests upon their name for ever!
That ill-starr'd youth hath fallen the gamester's prey,
His once heart expos'd him to the wiles
Of cold and selfish men; he hath lost all,—
All save these hapless ones; and they are doom'd
To share the burthen of his want and crime.

Few words are spoken by that wretched pair;
Languid and spiritless, he throws his limbs
Upon the humble couch, and scarce replies
To all her fond solicitude: she fears
His health is vanished with his happiness,
And tremblingly hangs o'er her guilty lord,
With all the tenderness that woman feels,
When the unworthy partner of her life
Is suffering or penitent.

It is not in man's heart to see, unmov'd,
Such uncomplaining grief:—a bitter pang
Shoots through the bosom of the libertine,
As he beholds the innocent young face
Which bloom'd so lately fresh in rosy health,
Now sunk with silent suffering. He draws
The mild enduring being to his arms,
And tears, repentant tears, overflow his eyes.
They fall like dews from heaven; his many crimes
Are all forgiven by that gentle one;
She sees him but the husband of her love,
The father of her child. Upon her knees
She sinks before him, and in the great name
Of the eternal God, implores that he
Will leave the evil men, whose arts have wrought
Such change in his pure heart;—her holy words,
Her beautiful pale face turn'd up to heaven
In prayer for his mi doing—his young boy
Sleeping in lovely helplessness—he feels
That these are twining round his heart again
In all their touching sacredness.—What spells
Dost thou, oh vice? possess, to draw the soul
From these most pure affections? Can it be
That he, who looks upon that saint-like form,
Who knows, that for his sake, those eyes have lost
Their diamond radiance, that fair cheek its bloom,—
Shall e'er again return to the dark ways
Of reckless dissipation?—In this hour,
This quiet time of midnight, he figures
The errors of his life, and solemnly
Calls upon heaven to witness to his vows.

Alas! this penitence hath passed away
Ere many suns have set: he will not bear
The shame of poverty, and seeks again
The wor hippers of mammon; practises
The arts that once ensnar'd himself, to draw
The young and the unwary into ruin,
And his sweet wife,—of her he hath no thought;
Except to feel her sinless life reproach
The errors of his black and guilty soul:—
His young babe's half-formed words, its fairy clasp,
The tender name of "Father,"—all these ties
Which form man's happiness, and keep his heart
Pure, by their purity, are nought to him;
He will not even teach his looks to wear
The semblance of affection; cold and stern
He meets the fondness of his angel wife

She hath lost hope; her meek and loving eyes
Have ceased their mild remonstrances; each day
She is a little weaker:—feebler grow
Her thin pale hands, that cannot now support
The steps of her dear infant: her soft voice,
So touching in its melody, hath lost
Its silver clearness; a faint hectic flush
Spreads sometimes o'er the whiteness of her cheek,
Then dies away, like the last rosy gleam
Of the descended sun on evening skies;
A sure and fearful omen that the night
Is closing o'er its beauty. He reeks not
Her visible decay, but holds his course
Of desperate wickedness; and when, on morn,
Wearied with fierce excess, he seeks his home,
He comes, and finds the gentle creature dead!

Behold him now,
When at the midnight hour, haggard and pale
He hurries to the haunt of infamy;
With eager haste he takes his wonted seat
Amid his vile associates, and soon
The fearful rites of avarice begin.
A deep and hideous silence, as of death,
Reigns o'er the unhallowed votaries of wealth,
While expectation thrills each beating nerve
To painful consciousness: look upon *him*,
Mark his contracted brow—his straining eyes,
Gleaming with horrid light, or wildly fix'd,
As phrensy were at work within his brain.
And see his livid lips, now, close compress'd,
Anon, with ghastly smile half opening;
While his breath, quick-drawn and hard, betokens
That his soul is wrought to desperation—
Success awhile attends him—a fierce joy
Flashes across his brow, rendering more drear
Its fearful meaning, (as the light'nings glare
More plainly show the depth of midnight gloom.)
With the exulting gladness of a fiend,
He views the ruin of his fall'n compeers:
No kindly thought stays his relentless hand;
He owns no sympathy with fellow-men;
He feels no human charities—the curse
Of avarice is on him, and he marks
The evil he is working, with delight.
Dizzy with fortune's smiles he ventures on,
And marks not his companions' eager eyes
Watchful to seize the moment when he may
Stand a self-branded villain—soon it comes,
That climax of his shame! from ev'ry tongue
Burst threats and execrations, rage and scorn,
Despairing, mad, he rushes from the place
A—he would die himself. Where shall he turn?
The night is dark, and the rude tempest howls:
He needs not these—a deeper, blacker night
Glooms in his breast—and fiercer tempests rage:
Shame, horror, ruin threat on every side,
While in his bosom sounds a dreadful voice:
It tells of talents misapplied, time lost,
Affection outraged, ev'ry social tie
Despised and trampled on; at once his hand
Raises the fatal tube—and lo! ere thought
Has paused one little moment to repent,
He plunges into an eternal world, and sends
A life of falsehood, with a death of Shame!

And here the muse must leave him: finite man
Does not set bounds to mercy infinite;
But the mind troubles at a fate like his,
And feels it more than pestilence would shun
A crime which makes its votaries outcast here,
Nor leaves a glimpse of hope for an hereafter.

MISCELLANEA.

THE FATE OF HENRY HUDSON.

Among the numerous adventurers who have distinguished themselves in the dangerous field of maritime enterprise, HENRY HUDSON will always hold an exalted rank. The straits and bay which he discovered on the northern coast of America, having received his name, cannot fail to transmit it to the latest posterity. But whilst we admire his intrepidity, and pay a tribute of respect to an able, a successful, but an unfortunate navigator, it must always be accompanied with indignant feelings at the baseness of his crew, tho' whose inhumanity he was doomed to perish.—Of this sorrowful narrative, we extract the following from the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library:*

"The expanse thus discovered by Hudson was the great inland sea, called from him Hudson's Bay; and it was a grand discovery, but not exactly what he imagined. The 31 of August had now arrived, a season at which the boldest of northern navigators had been accustomed to think of returning. Little inclined to such a course, he continued to sail along the left, which must have appeared to him the western boundary of America; hoping probably before the close of autumn, to reach some cultivated and temperate shore, where he might take up his winter quarters. The shores along this bay, though not in a very high latitude, are subject to a climate the most rigorous and inclement. Entangled in the gulfs of an unknown coast, struggling with mist and storm, and ill seconded by a discontented crew, he spent three months without reaching any comfortable haven. It was now the first of November: the ice was closing in on all sides, and nothing remained but to meet the cheerless winter, which had actually begun. The sailors were too late in attempting to erect a wooden house: yet the cold, though severe, does not seem to have reached any perilous height. Their chief alarm respected provisions, of which they had brought only a six months' supply, and consequently had now only a small portion left. Hudson took active measures to relieve this want. He carefully husbanded the original stock, and propounded a reward to whoever should kill beast, fish, or bird; and 'Providence dealt mercifully in sending such a supply of white partridges, that in three months they killed a hundred dozen.' In the spring these birds disappeared, but were succeeded by flocks of geese, swans, ducks, and teal, not denizens of the spot, but on their flight from south to north. When these were passed, the air no longer yielded a supply, but the sea began to open, and having on the first day taken five hundred fish of tolerable size, they conceived good hopes; but this success did not continue. Being reduced to great extremity, they searched the woods for moss, which they compare to pounded timber: they eat even frogs. The commander undertook an excursion, with a view to open an intercourse with the natives; but they fled, setting fire even to the woods behind them. Parley was obtained with one, who was loaded with gifts, yet he never returned. Discontents arose as to the distribution of the small remaining portion of bread and cheese, to allay which the captain made a general and equal partition of the whole. This was a bad measure among such a crew, many of whom knew not how to govern their share but greedily devoured it as long as it lasted. One man devoured the whole in a day, and brought on a dangerous surfeit. Their distress becoming thus greater than ever, soon brought on a most fatal crisis.

"Hudson, as may be observed, had from the first to struggle with an unprincipled, ill-tempered crew, void of any concern for the ultimate success of the voyage. He had probably hoped, as the season should advance, to go southwards, and reach next summer the wealthy regions which he was commissioned to search. The sailors on the contrary, had fixed their desires on the 'cape, where fowls do breed,' as the only place, where they expected to obtain both present supply and the means of returning to England. Ringleaders were not wanting to head this growing party of malcontents. At the entrance of the bay, the captain had displaced Ivet the mate, who had shown strong propensities towards returning, and appointed in his room Bylot, a man of merit, and who had always shown zeal in the general cause. He had also changed the boatswain. But the most deadly blow was struck by Green, a wretch whom—after he had been cast off by all his friends—Hudson, from humanity, had taken on board, and endeavored to restore to society. He was possessed of talents which had made him useful, and even a favorite with his superior; and among other discontents, it was reckoned one, that a veil was thrown over several flagrant disorders of which he had been guilty. Yet some hot expressions of Hudson, caused, it is said, by some misunderstanding about the purchase of a grey coat, so acted on the fierce spirit of the radian, that, renouncing every tie of gratitude, all that is sacred among mankind, he became the chief in a conspiracy to seize the vessel, and expose the commander to perish.

"After some days' consultation, the time was fixed for the perpetration of this horrible atrocity. On the 21st of June, 1611, Green, and Wilson the boatswain, came into Pricket the narrator's cabin, and announced their fatal resolution; adding that they bore him so much good will as to wish he should remain on board. Pricket avowed most solemnly, that he exhausted every argument which might induce them to desist from their horrid purpose, beseeching them not to do so 'foul a thing in the sight of God and man, and which would forever banish them from their native country, their wives and children. Green wildly answered, that they had made up their minds to go through with it or die, and that they would rather be hanged at home than starved here. An attempt was then made to negotiate a delay of three, two, or even one day, but all without effect. Ivet came next, of whom, as being a person of mature age, there seemed more hope; but he was worse than Green, declaring that he would justify in England the deed on which they had resolved. John Thomas and Michael Perse now came in, proving themselves 'birds of a feather;' and Moter and Bennet having followed, an oath was administered to the following tenor—'You shall swear true to God, your prince, and country; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God, and the good of the action at hand, and harm to no man.' Pricket complains of the reproach thrown upon him for having taken this oath, the bare terms of which are certainly unexceptionable; but the dark context by which they were illustrated, marks them as containing an implied obligation to remain at least passive on this dreadful occasion. All was now ready; but Pricket persuaded them to delay till daylight the accomplishment of their crime. They agreed, but kept strict watch through the night, and held themselves ready to act on the first approach of dawn.

"Daybreak approaching, Hudson came out of his cabin, when he was instantly set upon by Thomas Bennet and Wilson, who seized him and bound his hands behind his back; and on his asking what they meant, told him he should know when he was in the shallop. Ivet then attacked King the carpenter, known as the commander's most devoted adherent.—That brave fellow having a sword, made a formidable resistance, and would have killed his assailant, had not the latter been speedily reinforced. The mutineers then offered him the choice of continuing in the ship; but he absolutely refused to be detained otherwise than by force, and immediately followed his master, whom the conspirators were already letting down the sides of the vessel into the shallop. Then with a barbarity beyond all example, they called from their beds, and drove into it, not the firm adherents of Hudson, but the sick and infirm sailors, who could afford no aid, and whose support would have been burdensome.—They threw after them the carpenter's box with some powder and shot. Scarcely was this transaction completed, when they cut off the boat from the stern, out with the topsail and set off, flying as from an enemy. Hudson thus abandoned, was never heard of more; and this great navigator undoubtedly perished on those remote and desolate shores, though the form or duration of the disasters to which he fell a victim, must be forever unknown.

"The sailors, as soon as the guilty deed was accomplished, fell upon the ship as on a captured vessel, breaking open every chest, and seizing on every remnant of food which could be discovered. Green, however, who now assumed the command, used some vigor in restoring order. He placed the cabin and provisions under the charge of Pricket, who was afterwards accused of a matter of no less than treason,—that of secreting some cakes of bread.

"As soon as the mutineers had time to reflect, remorseful musings began to arise. Even Green admitted that England at this time was no place for them, nor could he contrive any better scheme than to keep the high sea, till by some means or other, they might procure a pardon under his majesty's hand and seal. The vessel was now embayed, and detained for a fortnight amid fields of ice, which extended for miles around it; and but for some cockle-grass found on an Island, the crew must have perished with famine. Considerable disputes with respect to the steerage arose between Ivet and Bylot, who alone had any pretensions to skill, but the latter being justly viewed with the greatest confidence, at length guided them to Cape Digges, the longed-for spot, the breeding place for fowl, clouds of which accordingly still continued to darken the air.—The party, immediately landed, spread themselves among the rocks and began to shoot. While the boat was on shore, they saw seven canoes rowing towards them, whereupon they prepared themselves for all essays. However, the savages came forward beating their breasts, dancing, and leaping, with every familiar and friendly sign. The utmost intimacy commenced, the parties went backward and forward, showed each other their mode of catching fowls, and made mutual presents and exchanges. In short, these appeared the most kind and simple people in the world, and 'God so blinded Green,' that he viewed them with implicit confidence. One day, amid the height of this intimacy, Pickett, setting in the boat, suddenly saw a man's leg close to him. Raising up his head, he perceived a savage with a knife uplifted and ready to strike. In attempting to arrest the blow, his hand was cut, and he could not escape three wounds, one in the breast, and one in the right thigh; by which time he got hold of the handle of the knife and wrenched it from the assassin, whom he then pierced with his dagger in the side. At the same time a general attack was made on the English crew, dispersed in different quarters. Green and Perse came tumbling down wounded into the boat which pushed off, while Mote 'seeing this medley,' leaped into the sea, swam out, and getting hold of the stern, was pulled in by Perse. Green now cried *coragio*, and he and Perse brandished their weapons with such vigor, that the savages ceased attempting to enter the boat; but they poured clouds of arrows, one of which struck Green with such force, that he died on the spot, and his body was thrown into the sea. At length the party reached the vessel, but Mote and Wilson died that day, and Perse two days after. Thus perished the chief perpetrators of the late dreadful tragedy, visited by Providence with a fate no less terrible than that which they had inflicted on their illustrious and unfortunate victim.

"The crew, thus deprived of their best hands, were in extreme perplexity, obliged to ply the ship to and fro across the straits, and unable without the utmost fear and peril, to venture on shore; which yet was necessary for obtaining provisions to carry them to England. They contrived during some anxious and unhappy excursions, to collect three hundred birds, which they salted and preserved as the only stock whereupon to attempt the voyage. They suffered, during the passage, the most dreadful extremities of famine, allowing only half a fowl a-day to each man, and considered it a luxury to have them fried with candles, of which a weekly distribution was made for that purpose. Ivet, now the sole survivor of the ringleaders in the late dreadful transaction, sunk under these privations. The last fowl was in a steep tub, and the men were becoming careless or desperate, when suddenly it pleased God to give them sight of land, which proved to be the north of Ireland."

THE IMPORTANCE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.

But supposing that the present unemployed labourers were conveyed to the Colonies, that the abuse of the poor-laws were corrected, and the game-laws abolished or reconciled to the obvious principles of justice and common sense, still we should not have done enough to secure the public tranquillity. The situation of Great Britain is at present without any parallel in the history of the world, and is pregnant with many difficulties. The very large proportion of our population depending for subsistence on manufactures and commerce, and trade, consequently, to sudden and severe reverses, is one of those circumstances that merits the most anxious attention of statesmen. No one can doubt that it is the bounden duty of government to do every thing that is possible to diminish the chances of commercial distress, by giving freedom to the merchant, and especially to abolishing the existing restrictions on the corn trade—restrictions which multiply the chances of famine at the same time that they injure the agriculturist. But, do what we will, the manufacturing population must always be liable to be thrown out of employment, and deprived of their accustomed means of support, by changes of fashion or policy abroad and at home. Surely, then, it is of the utmost importance that they should be taught to meet such trying vicissitudes, when they do occur, with patient fortitude, and without aggravating the pressure of calamity by any rash proceedings of their own.—The outrages of the agriculturists may be repressed and put down with comparatively little difficulty; but were such a spirit to arise among the manufacturers of Lancashire as has recently prevailed among the southern counties, national bankruptcy and ruin would be the result. Let no man think that, if the spirit of discontent and outrage should once insinuate itself into the manufacturing districts, it could be suppressed or kept down by force. So mighty a mass cannot be dragooned and coerced into obedience. If we would prolong that security which has been the principal foundation of our prosperity, we must show the labourers that they are interested in its support; and that whatever has any tendency to weaken it is even more injurious to them than to any other class. For this reason, we are deeply impressed with the conviction that Parliament ought to lose no time in setting about the organization of a really useful system of public education. The safety of the empire depends wholly on the conduct of the multitude; and such being the case, can any one doubt the paramount importance of the diffusion of sound instruction? This is not a subject that ought any longer to be trifled with, or left to individuals or societies. The astounding exhibition of ignorance made at the late trials for rioting, shows how wretchedly the agricultural population is educated. A larger proportion of the manufacturing population can read and write; but a knowledge of these arts is not enough. Besides being instructed in them, and in the duties and obligations enjoined by religion and morality, the poor ought to be made acquainted with those circumstances which principally determine their condition in life. They ought, above all, to be instructed in the plain and elementary doctrines respecting population and wages; in the advantages derived from the institution of private property, and the introduction and improvement of machinery; and in the causes which give rise to that gradation of ranks, and inequality of fortunes, that are as natural to society as heat to fire, and cold to ice. The interests of the poor are identified with the support of all those great principles, the maintenance of which is essential to the welfare of the other classes. And, were they made fully aware that such is the fact, it would be a contradiction and an absurdity to suppose that the securities for peace and good order, would not be immeasurably increased. These revolutionary and antisocial doctrines, now so copiously distributed, would be rejected at once by an instructed population. But it is not easy to estimate what may be their influence in a period of political excitement and public distress, when addressed to those whose education has been entirely neglected, and whose judgment is, in consequence, guided by prejudice, and not by principle. The foundations of real security are beyond and above the law. They depend on the morals and knowledge of the people. Nor can there be a doubt, that rulers who neglect to provide their subjects with the means of procuring cheap and really useful instruction, are justly chargeable with the neglect of a most essential duty.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

THE BENEFITS OF CAPITAL.—When men complain of want of employment, they complain of the want of some power which is not in themselves.—Nobody hinders them from working: they may dig a hole and fill it up again; or they may fill a bucket from a pond, and carry the water to another pond. But they do not do these things. There was less employment amongst our ancestors—much less, than there is now; and they, therefore had a proverb that it is better to play for nothing than to work for nothing; which means that it is better not to work at all, than to do unprofitable work. What power is that which the labourer requires to set him to profitable work? It is the power of capital. Capital is the accumulation of the fruits of former industry.—Nations which consume every thing that they produce, without leaving a store for future production, have no capital. They live, as we term it, from hand to mouth. They are poor and wretched. The accumulation of capital is one of the greatest means of multiplying the power of man. United with the power of exchange—that is the power of giving capital for labour, and the produce of capital and labour for other produce, it constitutes, in a great degree, the superiority of our species over all other animals and the superiority of those of our species who employ it over those who do not. The people who do not use this faculty, such as the savages of North America, are gradually disappearing from the face of the earth. They are driven out, by capital extending the dominion of industry. The use of capital consists in its advance. It goes before all operations of labour and trade. It is the power that sets labour and trade in motion; just as the power of wind, or water, or stream, gives movement to wheels and pistons. The distinction between the poorest man who works, and the poorer man incapable of work, is, that the one possesses capital, the other does not. The time which a lad spends in learning the most ready way to perform any labour, is his advance of capital. The thing produced by that advance is a workman. There is an accumulation of knowledge and skill, which makes the difference between the workman and the *no* workman. When a labourer, or an artisan, goes to work on Monday morning, and works all the week, receiving no wages till Saturday night, he makes a more direct advance of capital. He has either accumulated something upon which he can live during the period in which he waits for his wages; or somebody trusts him; in the one case, it is his own capital; in the other case, it is the capital of another which is advanced. The man who sells matches in the street has a capital. He has advanced something to purchase the wood and sulphur of which his matches are made, and he has advanced his time; his profit, like that of all other capitalists, depends upon the certainty and quickness of his return. If he cannot sell his matches at all, or if he is a long time in selling them, he must live upon his other accumulations, or he must starve. The business of a match maker as much depends for its success upon the right employment of capital, as that of a farmer or a cotton manufacturer. A capitalist, for instance, desires to set up a cotton manufactory. He erects buildings, he purchases machines, he buys cotton wool, he engages workmen. The annual value of the buildings and of the machines, that is the interest upon their cost, added to their loss by wear and tear—the price of the raw material, and the wages of the workmen, are all calculated to be paid out of the price at which the cotton thread will be sold. To engage in such large undertakings, in which the returns are slow, there must be great accumulation of capital. To engage in such large undertakings, in which the risk is considerable, there must be abundant enterprise.—Without extensive accumulations of capital, which produce enterprise, they could not be engaged in it at all. Capital employed in commerce circulates through the world in a thousand forms; but it all comes back in produce to the country that sends it out. Nations that have no accumulated stock, that is, no capital, have no commerce; and where there is no commerce there are no ships and no sailors; and there are no comforts besides those which spring up at the feet of the more fortunate individuals of such nations. When one country is poor, as compared with another country possessing no greater natural advantages, there can be no doubt that there are some circumstances in the government, or in the habits of the people, which have a tendency to prevent capital being employed in that country. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the poverty of Ireland, as compared with England, is produced by a want of capital.—*Working Men's Companion.*

THE CHURCH.—"How would a reformed Parliament affect the interests of the church?" This question is put by a correspondent of *The Christian Observer*, for this month; and after remarking that the Established Church is not "in the state of spiritual efficiency which would command, to a due extent, the affections and suffrages of the people"—that patronage is too generally distributed according to Parliamentary interest rather than to sound piety—that pluralities and non-residences, and a variety of venal interests, are nourished by the corruptions of Parliament; the editor says, "Our view is, that under a reformed Parliament, the administration of our hierarchical ecclesiastical establishment will undergo a severe ordeal; but that the issue will be, if the clergy are faithful to their high trust, to make it more popular, more spiritual, and more useful. It may come to be less looked to as a sinecure provision for young men who have no taste for its duties; but we think too highly of the claims of our church, and its powerful hold upon the best affections of the country, to fear that a Parliament chosen by the large majority of respectable householders would wish for more than its rectification, or would plot its extinction. Wherever there is a pious, zealous, and affectionate pastor, the church, we are persuaded, is in no danger. The people only ask to have a pious, active, resident, fairly paid clergyman in every parish."—*Christian Advocate.*

LACONICS.

(From "Marmy?" By Theodore Hook.)

PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE.—None of our fellow creatures enjoy life more than the successful member of one of the learned professions. There is, it is true, constant toil; but there are constant excitement, activity, and enthusiasm; at least, where there is not enthusiasm in a profession, success will never come—and as to the affairs of the world in general, the divine, the lawyer, and the medical man, are more conversant and mixed up with them, than any other human beings—cabinet ministers themselves, not excepted.

The divine, by the sacred nature of his calling, and the higher character of his duties, is, perhaps, farther removed from an immediate contact with society; his labours are of a more exalted order, and the results of those labours are not open to ordinary observation; but the lawyer in full practice knows the designs and devices of half our acquaintance; it is true, professional decorum seals his lips, but *he* has them all before him in his "mind's eye,"—all their litigations and litlenesses,—all their cuttings, and carvings, and contrivings. He knows why a family, who hate the French with all the fervour of British prejudice, visits Paris, and remains there for a year or two; he can give a good reason why a man who delights in a well preserved property in a sporting country, with a house well built and beautifully situated, consents to "*spare it*," at a reduced price, to a man for whom he cares nothing upon earth: and looks at the world fully alive to the motives, and perfectly aware of the circumstances, of three-fourths of the unconscious actors by whom he is surrounded.

The eminent medical man stands, if not upon higher ground, at least in a more interesting position. As he mingles with the gay assembly, or visits the crowded hall, he knows the latent ills, the hidden, yet incurable disorders of the laughing throng by which he is encircled; he sees premature death lurking under the hectic flush on the cheek of the lovely Fanny, and trembles for the fate of the kind-hearted Emily, as he beholds her mirthfully joining in the merry dance. He, too, by witnessing the frequently recurring scenes of death, beholds the genuine sorrow of the bereaved wife, or the devoted husband—and can, by the constant unpremeditated exhibitions of fondness and feeling, appreciate the affection which exists in such and such places, and understand, with an almost magical power, the value of the links by which society is held together.

MIDDLE LIFE.—There is more healthful exercise for the mind in the uneven paths of middling life, than there is on the Macadamized road of fortune.—Were the year all summer, how tiresome would be the green leaves and the bright sunshine—we, indeed, those will admit, who have lived in climates where vegetation is always at work.

STOCKBROKERS.—"I know some of them brokering boys are worth a million on Monday, and threepence on Thursday—all in high feather one week, and poor waddling creatures the next.

MERCANTILE LIFE.—A dark hole of a counting house, with a couple of clerk chaps, cocked up upon long-legged stools, writing out letters—a smoky fire place—two or three files, stuck full of dirty papers, hanging against the wall—an almanack, and a high-railed desk, with a slit in a panel, "bills for acceptance" pointed over it. There are the chaps "wot" makes time-bargains—they speculate for thousands, having nothing in the world—and then at the wind up of a week or two, pay each other what they call the difference: that is to say, the change between what they cannot get, and what they have not got.

THE SECRET SPRING.—There are with all great affairs smaller affairs connected, so that in the watch-work of society, the most skillful artist is sometimes puzzled to fix upon the very little wheel by which the greater wheels are worked.

WRITING.—It was Addison, we believe, who observed of the schoolmen, that they had not genius enough to write a small book, and therefore took refuge in folios of the largest magnitude. We are getting as fast as possible into the predicament of the schoolmen. No one knows when he has written enough; but like a player at chess, sit goes on with the self-same ideas, merely altering their position.—This must arise from early habits and prejudices, from having been taught to regard with veneration vast collections of commonplaces, under the titles of this or that man's *works*. Tacitus may be carried about in one pocket, while it will very shortly require a waggon to remove Sir Walter Scott's labours from place to place. Voltaire's *facility* was his greatest fault; better he had elaborated his periods, like Rousseau; who notwithstanding, wrote too much. The latter, however, of all modern writers, best knew the value of his own mind. His prime of life was passed in vicissitude and study. He did not set himself about writing books for mankind, until he knew what they possessed and what they wanted. It was his opinion that a writer who would do any good should stand upon the pinnacle of his age, and from thence look into the future.—*Anatomy of Society.*

LOVE OF PLEASURE.—The cause why men visit each other and converse, abstracting all considerations of business, seems to be shortly the love of pleasure. This is the passion truly engaged; this is the pivot upon which the world intellectual, as well as the world of sense, turns. Philosophers and saints feel it in their speculations and devotions, and yield it too, in their way, as completely as the Sybarite governed, whose stomach is his God and Aviarium. Nor is this at all surprising, in reality, for the gratification of this passion is *happiness*—a gem for which all the world search, and few find.—*Ib.*

LOVE.—Do we imagine, when we open some new treatise on Love, that the author has discovered a fresh vein, and mined more deeply than all former adventurers? Not at all: we know very well that the little god has already supplied all beautiful epithets, all soft expressions, all bewitching sounds: and the utmost we expect from the skill of the writer is, that he has thrown all these together, so as to produce a new picture. Love is immortal, and does not grow wrinkled because we and our expressions fade. His heart is still as joyous and his foot as light as when he trod the green knolls of Paradise with Eve. He will be young when he sits upon the grave of the thousandth generation of our posterity, listening to the beating of his own heart, exporting with his latest breath, as childishly as if he were no older than the day under his foot. His empire is a theme of which the tongue never grows weary, or utters all that seems to come crowding and gasping to the tips for utterance. We think, more than we ever spoke, of love; and if we have a curiosity when we first touch some erotic volume, it is to see whether the author has embodied our unutterable feelings, or divulged what we have never dared.—*Ib.*

The new coinage will, in addition to the usual pieces, consist of *double sovereigns*, of the value of forty shillings. On the one side the King's effigy, with the inscription "Gulielmus IIII, D.G. Britanniarum Rex. F.D." will appear, and on the other the armorial ensigns of the United Kingdom, with the words "Decus et Tutamen."