

which protect birds and beasts of chase during that season when they obey nature's great mandate to increase and multiply.

Whilst speaking on this subject we must say, that it is not the partridge only which requires the protection of the law, the whole of the deer tribe are in like manner pursued and slaughtered at all times. The cow moose and the hind are mercilessly shot down whilst pregnant or when their tender young are at their sides, and maternal solicitude delays their flight. And this not by Indians and Canadians alone, but by those who affect the character of sportsmen, and who would no doubt be ready, in their own country, to haunt from any forest or chase, when at home, the recreant poacher who should be guilty of such barbarity. If, in the year 1839, the Special council under the English Government, could find time to consider so, apparently, trivial a matter, and (taking a lesson from old Phillips de Regnaud and Michel Begon who, more than a century ago, thought the preservation of the feathered race worth an ordinance,) enact a law for the protection of

"The native burghers of the desert forest"

from the natural warfare urged against them by lordly men, they would do an act worthy of humanity, and prolong the existence of those harmless tribes of wood rangers, which, under the present system of indiscriminate extermination, are likely, and that shortly, with the mammoth, to be known only in tales of traditional lore or in the treasured sketches of the naturalist, as beasts that once were upon earth and furnished food to all-devouring man.—*Quebec Gazette.*

IRISH PROGRESSION.

From the Spectator.

We have great pleasure in publishing a letter, descriptive of the impressions of a visit to Ireland after ten years' absence, by Mr. William Chambers of Edinburgh. Mr. Chambers is one of the brother-conductors of the well-known and popular periodical, and author of a Tour in Holland and Belgium, reviewed in the *Spectator* about two months since. The powers of close observation and distinct description exhibited in that Tour, induce us to place full reliance on the gratifying statements of Irish progression contained in this letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

Edinburgh, 19th August, 1839.

DEAR SIR—Since I saw you in London, I have made a pretty considerable round, by way of Dublin and Belfast, to Edinburgh; but how rapidly is such a journey now made!—from London to Liverpool by railway, ten hours; Liverpool to Kingston, twelve hours; Kingston to Dublin by railway, a quarter of an hour—all steam. What a magician is this steam, now-a-days! It is doing more for Ireland in the way of moral and physical improvement in one day, than was effected in years by the rubbish of Parliamentary enactments. People in England, however, are not aware of this: they go on dreaming about uproars, civil wars, and miseries which characterized a past age in Ireland, apparently not aware that the Ireland of 1839 is quite a different thing from the Ireland of 1798, or even of 1828. I had not been in Ireland for ten years, and was on this occasion much struck with the signs of improvement which on all sides presented themselves. Dublin is more cleanly, and infinitely more orderly, than it used to be. It has got a police, dressed in the same garb and disciplined in the same manner as that in the Metropolis. This civil force has, I understand, been of prodigious benefit to Dublin; every thing like a row is now promptly quelled, and during the night all is as quiet and peaceful as in London. There is, I think, also much less of that tag-rag and broken-windowedness in the appearance of some of the by-streets than I saw formerly;—as if a taste for neatness and love of comfort were on the increase. Those funny fellows who drive the street-cars are likewise more decent in their apparel—the straw rope having disappeared from the hat or legs, and their *mecanique* being altogether of a better order. The railway to Kingston is now going on famously after some initiatory difficulties. The train goes every half-hour. I went several times to and fro, and there were never fewer than from a hundred to two hundred persons carried. In consequence of the ease of conveyance out of town in this direction, the beautiful low sloping hills along the entrance to the Bay are becoming covered with villas, the whole presenting a scene of great beauty from the sea. While the environs are thus receiving the higher class of householders from the city, the streets they leave partially deserted are filling up with shops and houses of business; thus affording an evidence of growing prosperity. I was pleased to observe, among other tokens of improvement, an increase of booksellers' shops: these are even numerous, and I learned that literature is daily advancing. A few years ago, there was no publishing at all; but now, one house, CURRY and Company, issues as many new books, the produce of native talent, as are issued by all the publishers of Edinburgh, if not considerably more.

When I was last in Dublin, (in 1829,) I was astonished to see the vast number of red coats in the streets; but now there is

hardly one to be seen. From whatever causes, this is doubtless a good sign of the state of affairs: there is always something wrong when red is a predominating colour in apparel.

The thing, however, which pleased me most, was the appearance of the schools for the children of the poorer classes. At the school of the National Board of Education, I saw 1,700 children, a mixture of Roman Catholics and Protestants, receiving an education infinitely superior in quality to that given in our Scottish parish-schools. I found not only mere reading taught, but mathematics and natural sciences. A class of very poorly-clad urchins, at my request, went through an examination in these branches of knowledge; and the result was most satisfactory. I visited also the large school of the Kildare Place Society; and in it found 1,100 children under a similar system of tuition. From these visits, and what I saw otherwise, I feel impressed with the belief that the Irish have got fairly into the right course of intellectual and moral advancement, and that the country will by and by show as good a front as England or Scotland. One thing is most gratifying—the landed proprietors have begun to take an interest in the condition of the poor peasantry. The Poor-law deserves the credit of bringing about this beneficial change in public sentiment. Forseeing that the peasantry may fall upon them for subsistence, already a stir has been created among the gentry, and they are at this moment, in divers places, projecting some wholesome measures of emigration, and making an effort to enlarge the size of farms and introduce agricultural capitalists. All this is exactly as it should be. The mischief of Ireland is too many people and too little work; and although the country will ultimately support in comfort far more than its present number of inhabitants, it is clear that in the mean time the profitless mass of labourers must be removed—that is, in the spirit of kindness, sent away to regions where labourers are wanted and well paid. It is likely enough that a class of orators, newspapers, and magazines, who thrive upon keeping up mischief, may set their face against these benevolent plans of emigration; but I would fain hope that, by good management, Ireland will be relieved of her difficulties, and the land everywhere put under a right system of agriculture. Already, I understand, estates are bringing good prices; and no wonder, seeing that produce of every description is so readily exported to England, and Scotland, by steam-boats. Cattle, pork, poultry, butter, and vegetables, are now sent off daily for half-a-dozen ports; and, would you believe it, Glasgow is now supplied with butter-milk from Belfast. Of course all this is rapidly transplanting capital from Great Britain to Ireland; and hence Ireland must thrive in spite of herself. Every one with whom I conversed allowed, that provided no political squabble intervened, and that Ireland was fairly treated as an integral portion of the United Kingdom, its advance in the course of the next ten years would be very considerable. I have no doubt in my own mind, that in that period there will be a decided rush of capital into Ireland—the rush, indeed has begun. That half a century, however, may elapse before it is what it ought to be, is not improbable; for Scotland took nearly a century to recover from the shock of its Union—all its improvements, as you know, being of quite a recent date. Among other symptoms of an advance, I found that the Church is roused to do something useful. There is now a greater energy about the clergy; and they are at present projecting the establishment of schools of a strictly Protestant kind. This is excellent. The more schools the better, for the greater chance is there of the whole people being educated.

In the North, I found things in a fully more flourishing state than in the South. A railway, just opened from Belfast to Limerick, is making a stir. It is to be carried shortly to Armagh, and afterwards, I believe, to Drogheda and Dublin. When we get our railway from Edinburgh to Glasgow finished, and also the railway from Glasgow to Greenock, we shall be able to reach Ireland from the East coast of Scotland in no time.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

W. CHAMBERS.

A PAWNEE VILLAGE.

We accompanied the chiefs to the village, which was about twelve miles ahead of us; at length we came in sight of it, and a more interesting or picturesque scene I never beheld. Upon an extensive prairie gently sloping down to a creek, the winding course of which was marked by a broken line of road, here and there interspersed with a fine clump of trees, were about five thousand savages, inclusive of women and children; some were sitting under their buffalo lodges lazily smoking their pipes; while the women were stooping over their fires, busily employed in preparing meat and maize for these indolent lords of the creation. Far as the eye could reach, were scattered herds of horses, watched (or as we would say in Scotland, 'tented') by urchins, whose sole dress and equipment was the slight bow and arrow with which they exercised their infant archery upon the heads of the taller flowers, or upon any luckless blackbird perched near them. Here and there might be seen some gay young warrior ambling along the heights, his painted form partially exposed to view as his bright scarlet blanket waved in the breeze; while his small frolic horse was scarcely to be recognized under the variety of

trapping with which the vanity of his rider had tricked him out; near him might be seen another naked savage, without a saddle and his only bridle a thong round the horse's head, galloping at full speed, and waving in his extended right hand a laryette, with which he was chasing some refractory mule or runaway steed, that had escaped from his gang; while the banks of the stream were alive with the garrulous voices of women, some washing themselves, their clothes, or their infants, other carrying water to the camp, and others bearing on their backs a load of wood, the portage of which no London coal heaver would have envied them.—*Murray's Travels.*

A COUNTRY CURATE'S HOUSEHOLD.

The very bad do not like to enter a clergyman's family. Indeed, my female servants have had so good a name for all proprieties, that this circumstance alone led to the very comfortable settlement of one of them, and I think that event has been a recommendation to the house ever since. One evening, as tea was brought in, I heard a half-suppressed laugh in the passage, and observed a simpering, strange look, in the servant's face as the urn was put on the table. The cause was soon made known: it was a courtship, and a strange one. A very decent looking, respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on a small business in a neighbouring town, a widower, and a Wesleyan, knocked at the door. He was then a perfect stranger. The man-servant opened it.

'I want,' said the stranger, 'to speak with one of Mr. —'s female servants.'

'Which?'

'Oh, it doesn't signify much.'

The announcement was made in the kitchen. 'I'm sure I won't go,' says one.

'Nor I,' says another.

'Then I will,' said the nurse—and straightway she went to the door. 'Do you wish to speak with me, sir?'

'Yes, I do,' said the stranger; 'I am a widower, and I hear a very good character of Mr. —'s servants. I want a wife, and you will do very well.'

'Please walk in, sir,' said the nurse.

In he walked, and it was this odd circumstance that caused the general titter. But the man was really in earnest. In due time he married the woman; and I often saw them very comfortable and happy in the town of —, and I verily believe that neither of them had any reason to repent the choice thus singularly made. She fell into his ways—had a good voice and joined him in many a hymn—thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks.

THE RED DEER.—There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him in full view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible: he then watches him most acutely, endeavours to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motion; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one: a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous, and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired.—*Scrope's art of Deerstalking.*

ZOOPLYTES.—Zooplytes, in natural history, includes *polypus*, *coral*, and *sponge*. They are fixed to a certain spot, and seem to have no motion or travel from it; and they grow like vegetables, yet evidently have some properties of animals. The *polypus* is the most remarkable of these; and some are found in fresh water and some in salt. It has a capacity or power of reproducing the part destroyed; and if cut into pieces in any direction, every part becomes a perfect *polypus*. The coral is considered by some naturalists as a plant or vegetable, and by others as an animal. The roots of the coral are covered with bark. Efflorescing like vegetables, the coral is an animal in the form of a plant, with a stony stem jointed, united by spongy or horny junctures, covered by a soft porous cellular flesh or bark, and has mouths beset with oviparous *polypes*. They are said to consist of carbonate of lime and animal matter in equal proportions. Captain Cooke discovered immense and dangerous rocks or fields of coral in the Southern Ocean, when he sailed over it sixty years ago. Many islands in the Pacific are composed wholly of coral. This article has been of some value in Europe and America for beads and other toys, but we believe is no longer used as a medicine. The places for fishing for coral are the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, and the coasts of Africa. *Sponge* may be described as fixed, flexible, torpid, elastic, of various forms, composed of fibres or masses of small spines interwoven together, and clothed with