The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 710.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1831.

Vol. IV. No. 23.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER,
PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.

OFFICE—In Mr. HATFIELD'S brick building, west side of the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.

TERMS—City Subscribers ... ... 15s. per annum;
Country do. (by mail) ... 17s. 6d. ditto;
Country do. (not by mail) 15s. ditto;
(half to be paid in advance.)

PRINTING, in its various branches, executed with neatness and despatch, on very moderate terms.

Weekly Almanack.

DECEMBER—1831.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
14 WEDNESDAY - -	7 43	4 17	1 38	6 22
15 THURSDAY - -	7 43	4 17	2 49	7 37
16 FRIDAY - -	7 43	4 17	4 3	8 44
17 SATURDAY - -	7 43	4 17	5 18	9 41
18 SUNDAY - -	7 44	4 16	6 33	10 32
19 MONDAY - -	7 44	4 16	rises.	11 19
20 TUESDAY - -	7 44	4 16	6 19	0 6

Full Moon 19th, 7h. 46m. morning.

THE GARLAND.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.
BY CAMPBELL.

God not in the *Whirlwind*—nor in the *Thunder*—nor in the *Flame*, but in the *still small voice.*

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood—
The Lord before him passed;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast;
The forest fell before its force;
The rocks were shivered in its course;
God was not in the blast.
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came muffling up the sun;
When, through the mountain, deep and loud,
An earthquake thundered on:
The frighted eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair:—
God was not in the storm.
'Twas but the rolling of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again—and nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame;
When swift from Heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came.
Down to the depth the ocean fled,—
The sickening sun look'd wan and dead,
Yet God filled not the flame.
'Twas but the terror of His eye
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear;
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,
And God himself was there.
For oh! it was a *father's* voice,
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
BY W. B. TAPPAN.

I saw an outcast—an abandoned boy,
Whom wretchedness, debased, might call its own;
His look was wan, and his sad sunken eye,
Mute pleader—told a bosom harrowing tale;
For he was one, unknown to fostering care,
Which should have shielded and protected him
In childhood's dang'rous hour. No father's prayer,
In midnight orison, had ris'n ever,
Before the viewless throne, to fall again
In blessings on the lad. No mother's tear
Had dropt in secret for the wand'rer. He,
Dejected, stood before me, and methought
Resembled much a flower, a ruined flower.
The morning sun
Shone gladly out—but all to him was dark,
His soul was in eclipse—the energies
Of mind lay dormant, with'ring in their prime.
I look'd—but he had pass'd me—He stole on
Despairing, irresolute his pace,
As on forbidden ground. The world seem'd not
For him, haply its frigid boon were much
To yield the suff'rer misery's sheltering grave.

I saw the out-cast—but to fancy's view
Methought a vision, fair and bright, appeared,
So changed, I mus'd—but the intelligence
Darting in lustre from his mild, full eye,
Assured my throbbing heart 'twas he indeed—
Gone was the sallow hue, the sombre cast
Of wretchedness, and in its stead the glow
Of cheerfulness shone out. His parting lip
Disclos'd the smile, content delights to wear,
When peace within sits revelling. His step erect,
Told of a heart at peace. He walk'd in the beauty
Of reckless boyhood. Wondering, then I asked
The cause. He pointed meekly to a dome
Whose hallow'd portals tell the passenger
That the Eternal deigns to call it his—
Known to all nations as the house of prayer:
Here, said the youth, while glist'ning drops be lew'd
His beauteous cheek—here Pity led my way,
And he that knew no father soon found one
Able and sure to save. And he whose tears
No mother's hand had kindly wip'd away,
Found one who said, "Come, thou forsaken, come,
Into my bosom—rest, poor wand'rer here!"
He ceased—My full heart as I went my way,
Call'd down God's benison on the Sunday School.

MISCELLANEA.

THE PASSIONS OF INFANCY.

Let not the reader be surprised at the expression, "the passions of infancy." Many of the passions, it is true, have at this early period no existence, while others may be said to be yet in the bud; nevertheless, even in the cradle, fear, anger, and resentment display themselves, oftentimes to a very great extent, producing present injury to the little beings by whom they are exhibited, and if not combated, promptly and judiciously, taking such deep root as to be with difficulty eradicated, or even controlled in after life. The proper moral education of infants is a subject not exactly within our province; we have merely introduced the subject, for the purpose of making a few observations on the influence which the indulgence of these passions has upon the health of young children. Crying, screaming, and various motions of the limbs and body, are the means by which the passions of fear and anger are expressed during infancy. Children, it is true, frequently cry from pain or uneasiness, while not unfrequently their cries would appear to be excited by a kind of instinctive impulse, there being no other cause to which apparently, they can be attributed. Many authors have indeed conceived it improper to prevent, in any case, the crying of infants, unless it proceed from absolute pain or sickness; they believe that, during this period of life, frequent fits of crying are useful, by expanding the chest, developing the lungs, and calling into exercise the muscles of respiration. That, to a certain extent, these effects are produced by the crying of infants, cannot be doubted. But it is not true that crying is very common in infants during health, and when properly nursed; nor that allowing them frequent indulgence in it has any salutary effect; on the contrary, it is a common observation, that fretful and peevish children seldom thrive well. When from any cause, whether improper food, or clothing, pain or passion, an infant is thrown into frequent fits of crying, particularly when these fits are violent and long continued, as is generally the case when they are excited by fear or anger, their effects are often very serious. The undue amount of blood which they determine to the brain, not unfrequently produces an injury of this organ, laying the foundation for dropsy of the head, or giving rise to convulsions of various kinds. Hence the importance of avoiding every cause capable of exciting these violent paroxysms of crying, or, when they have been excited, of endeavouring quickly to calm them, by walking the infant about, or attracting its attention by some object calculated to amuse it. Two means, however, which are frequently resorted to, to stop the cries of infants, are strongly to be reprobated. The first is, applying it immediately to the breast, or forcing into its stomach with the spoon a quantity of food. This may quiet the child, and even cause it to sleep, but it almost always has the effect of overloading the stomach, and of inducing sickness, colicky pains, or other mischief. The other means to which we have alluded, is the use of laudanum, paregoric, or other opiates; if frequently repeated, never fails to destroy the powers of the stomach, to retard the growth and development of the body, and to induce a general condition of the system altogether adverse to the health and life of the child. Quieting drops, as they are termed, carminatives, cordials, or anodynes, should never be given to an infant during a state of health. The only composing means which art may at any time be allowed to employ, are gentle motion, and the soft and soothing lullaby of the nurse. In children, even at an early period, a kind of cheerfulness of disposition may be excited by various innocent means, and this probably is the very best manner of avoiding those repeated and violent spells of crying, from which injury is to be anticipated. Infants when kept free from filth and every cause of uneasiness, when loosely clad, sheltered from cold, and allowed their proper amount of rest, are naturally inclined to cheerfulness—an inclination which is further promoted by gentle exercise in the arms of the nurse; by the cheerful countenance and tender cares of the mother; by the many objects which attract its attention in the open air during the warmer seasons of the year; as well as by the simple and cheerful songs of the nursery. The mother who is herself of an amiable and cheerful disposition, must perform but illy her duties as a nurse, or she would never have cause to complain that her time is wholly occupied during the day, and her rest disturbed at night, by the cries of a fretful infant.—*Journal of Health.*

WHOLESOME AND NUTRITOUS BREAD FROM SAW-DUST.

To be restricted to a diet of saw-dust, would, a short time since, and by many at the present day will still, be considered a sentence of death by starvation: but the investigations of the chemist have shown him, that even from this unpromising substance a wholesome, nutritive and palatable bread may be obtained. Famine is now rendered almost impossible, until at least our forests have been consumed, by which time we may trust a sufficient crop of wheat and corn will be raised, or the means of obtaining food from brick-dust will be discovered. But the production of a nutritive bread from saw-dust and chips is no joke—it is an actual fact. The experiments of M. Autenreith, of Tubinger, on the conversion of lignin, or the woody fibre, into food, are thus detailed by Dr. Prout, in his learned paper in the Philosophical Transactions, on the ultimate composition of elementary substances. M. Autenreith, takes a piece of wood, and by frequent soaking and boiling, separates from it every thing which is soluble in water. The wood thus purified, is then reduced to saw-dust, repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, and finally ground into flour. It requires the addition of leaven; after which, in the ordinary process, it makes a uniform spongy bread. The color is rather yellowish; but when well baked and crusty it is not only nutritious, but much superior in every respect to the brown bread, made of the bran and husks of corn-flour.

To that class of extremely witty gentlemen who are in the habit of ridiculing every thing which is proposed as a means of preserving health, we beg leave to say, that the above is given to our readers merely as an article of curious information—we have not seen nor tasted saw-dust bread ourselves; and do not, therefore, let it be understood, recommend it in the place of good *wheaten* bread and butter. The mode of converting the process of bread baking into a means of poisonous distillation, has gone the round of the newspapers; we trust that editors will, at least, not pass over in silence, the new source of aliment in saw-dust to which attention is now directed.—*Jour. of Health.*

THE SENSES.—The following true and elegant paragraph, is from the pen of Mrs. SIGOURNEY, whose mind is the dwelling of light and beauty:

"Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle-work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless steps, around the chamber of the sick; and women might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in senates, or, to wade through fields of slaughter to a throne." Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this sense of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earth's felicity broke up. We arrive, then, at the conclusion—The sexes are intended for different spheres and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by Him, who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not necessarily imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, and are not unnoticed by the 'Great Taskmate's eye," and the endowments, through unaccounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the Kingdom of Heaven."

THE BERMUDAS.—These romantic emeralds on the Western Ocean, so far as climate is concerned, have a most Edenlike appearance. All is miniature beauty; far, very far from the wild and natural grandeur of America. The violet is not more unlike to the sturdy oak, nor the pink to a tall pine, nor a grain of sand to one of the huge Andes, than the Bermudas are to that gigantic continent, in its majestic and boundless forests.

Many of the houses in the Bermudas have a little garden, the avenues to which are fringed with jessamine and roses. The pride of China is often planted near the front, and with its green and umbrageous branches, forms both an ornament and a cooling shade. The buildings, which have neither taste nor symmetry, are perfectly white, and when seen at a distance, rising in the midst of green, have an agreeable and pleasant appearance. Within the enclosure around the mansion are figtrees, bananas, pomegranets, and in some cases, orange, shaddoc, and limes; but human art has done little; it is the beauty of the climate, that chiefly makes December as pleasant as May.

Beneath skies for ever blue, the figtree puts forth its lonely blossoms and the orange and pomegranate spread their swelling fruit. The balmy air is scented by groves of cedar, and in the fields and woods the aloe plant attains the full measure of its growth.—Tamarind trees and mulberry expand their dark foliage over the sunny scene; and the tall and slender palmetto shoots up in the valley, with its broad diverging leaf. But what is far nobler than all the tiny beauties of nature on these lonely isles, the fair light of Truth hath shone with a serene ray; many a negro's cottage has been made clad with the tale of the Cross; and the sweet little landscape, have been rendered still more lovely by the beauties of holiness.

PEER'S PROXIES.—As the nature of a Peer's proxy is not generally understood, we may be allowed to give the following explanation of it. The proxies of Peers are available on all questions, as if the peer was present, except when the house is in committee.—Then the lords present alone can vote. Thus, on the question of the first, second, or third readings of the Reform Bill, and on the question "that it do pass" proxies are admissible. But when the bill is in committee, all the points under consideration must be determined by those present.

Novel reading vitiates and palls the appetite for literary food of a nutritious kind; it leads the youthful mind to muse on improbabilities; and it excites the passions, by administering a sweet but subtle poison.

Mind and Body.—"A sound mind, (says an English writer), in a sound body, is the greatest blessing God can give to man."

Post offices were first established in Paris, 1462; in England, 1581; in Germany, 1641; in the Turkish dominions, 1740; regulated by Parliament, and made general in England, 1656; & in Scotland, 1685.

HOUSE OF LORDS—OCTOBER 7.

SPEECH OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR, ON REFORM.—*(Concluded.)*

My lords, another noble lord, in urging his objection to the new bill has said that the members who will be sent to the House of Commons by it will be, not representatives, but delegates. Does that Noble Lord consider that a man may be a delegate who has only one delegator? The boroughowners have had delegates in abundance. A man may be as much a delegate when sent to Parliament by one proprietor of a borough, as when sent by four thousand inhabitants of a borough. A loan contractor, or a Jew jobber, or a Nabob, or a speculating attorney, may send as many delegates as there are nominators. My Lords, it is necessary that we should look our condition in the face. The tory, the high monarchy man, no romancers, no visionaries, all must acknowledge the great changes which the last 120 years have produced.—The able speech of my Noble Friend (Lansdown,) who addressed your Lordships the night before last, relieves me from the necessity of troubling your Lordships on this part of the subject. My Noble Friend read to your Lordships a lesson such as the great miracle of wisdom of the seventeenth century needed not to have disdained to acknowledge. There was not a single proposition, there was not a single epithet in that admirable speech, which Lord Bacon's philosophy and even his words do not justify and sanction. Well was it said that you are not changing, but restoring; that you are not pulling down, but building up. Can men be governed in the nineteenth century by the same rules as those by which they were governed in the fourteenth? No. The King's Ministers only propose what the state of things imperatively demands; they only propose what the most venerable prelate on the opposite Bench called on the King to do—on delivering to him the sword of justice in the late ceremonial. I serve a Monarch who has sworn that he will destroy the growth of iniquity, restore things gone to decay, and maintain things restored; and while I have breath in my body, and continue to have the honor of that service, I will aid the King in the performance of that oath. In the restoration of things gone to decay is to be interpreted in the words of Canute to the tide, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," the surge must dash over me, for I will stand fearlessly on the beach. I call on my Learned Lord, I call on any lay Lord to meet the argument which I have advanced on this part of the subject. Is it not notorious that in former time a seat in the House of Commons was a burden of which all men tried to get rid? It is possible that the same law can be now operative, when we find that a seat in the House of Commons is an object which all men long for? Can you return to the old law without making a great change in the present? I used, when speaking of the changes in the law, to refer as an illustration to the change which has taken place in property, and I always found that argument unanswerable. The old law said that a man's property should be taken in execution for his debts, but there was no property in the funds, no account at bankers, no paper money, and nine tenths of what now constitutes a man's property had not come into existence. Is there no change here? The law intended to make all a man's property answerable, what did I but restore the law to what it was originally intended to be? I am opposed to change, but I ask you to reform the law that it might not be in itself, by remaining stationary, a great change from its intention. The same thing is true of Parliamentary Reform. I submit to your lordships that there have been great changes in the community, demanding at our hands a corresponding change in the law. Many noble lords are captivated by some well turned phrases, opportunely, and not injudiciously used.—They say the system works well. Does it, my lords? How does the system work well? Does it work well for those boroughs of 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants who have no more to say in chusing their members than any of your lordships; indeed, a great deal less than a noble lord near me. If my noble friend (the Duke of Devonshire) were one of those who are anxious to carry his goods to the best market, he might have what he pleased. My noble friend might have had any thing, but he has used his influence for the more glorious purpose of doing good to the community. (Cheers.) I ask not how the system works for him. I ask how it works for the good of the 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants—how it works to them: I sat in Parliament for one of his boroughs for three or four weeks, at that period when my countrymen conferred on me the greatest honor they can confer on a subject—that of electing me to sit for the great county of York; but at that period I sat for Knaresborough, for three or four weeks, and I will shew you how the system works. The member who is returned for the town runs a risk of his life; he comes in contact with bricklayers, masons, and others, who return him to Parliament by means of those missiles, with which they continually assail him. (A laugh.) I arrived there, indeed, two days after the election, having been detained by business, and did not enjoy the honor of a chairing; but my friend who had filled my place, when I met him, was bandaged about the head with something as large as a sergeant's cord. I asked him if he had got a cold? No, was the answer; I got a blow as your representative. (Laughter.) At present the voters of this borough are three or four farmers who live ten or twelve miles off, who ride into town before dinner, have their burgage qualification handed over to them, give their vote, return their qualification, and the election is over. If the 4,000 inhabitants, of whom this election is a mockery, were not to feel indignation at such a scene—if they were so stupid as not to be indignant at this delusion, I will not say that I should despise them, but certainly I should not respect them if they did not feel indignant at this cruel mockery. Work well does it—for whom? For the country? No; nor yet for the members; but for the borough proprietors it works well. They dispose of the rights and interests of the voters—they dictate, by the votes they carry in their pockets, to the Government. And for them it works well. There are instances, my Lords, of patrons marshalling their dependents in Parliament for their own purposes. If some Noble Patrons, like my Noble Friend, use their power for good, others use it for ill. They have their Members under the word of command, disciplined like a regular body of troops, always ready to secure the victory to that side they were commanded to aid. They are more sure even of obtaining a victory, than was the Noble Duke; for the operations cannot be interrupted by any Grouchy, who I will not say might have prevented the Noble Duke from obtaining a victory, but might have rendered his task more difficult. This Parliamentary army, my Lords, of 12 or 14 votes, thrown at a critical time into the scale, always turned the balance and secured the victory. (Hear, hear.) The Noble Proprietor of those boroughs allowed some of his people to go a lark shooting, and others a partridge shooting, when perhaps it was wished they should be present; but he always took care to have them back early enough to decide any doubtful questions. And what, my lords, was the consequence of this? Why, the Members of that family, who were then only Baronets, got possession of seats in this House, and here they are amongst your Lordships. (Hear.) But it is said the House is influenced by public opinion; it is so, but public opinion was twenty years in having any weight with the House on the Slave Trade Question. The Noble Earl has said that wars will exist with a Reformed Parliament, and so they will; but they will not, I hope, be of such long duration. Not to go further back than the American war, which I allow was natural, for it began gradually, yet was it not continued longer than the people wished. The French war also, I allow, was natural, for my Lords, I myself was not averse from that war; and in my boyish days feeling or sharing the general alarm, I thought that was justified, but the use of my soberer and more advanced reason, combined with the declaration of my Noble Friend at the head of the Government, have long ago effected a change in my opinion. I thought the French war justified, and perhaps it was; but I am positively certain, whatever might have been the justice of that war in its origin, that it would have terminated in peace, and ought to have terminated with the receipt of the letter written by Bonaparte, if the Parliament had been reformed. I am as certain as that I stand here, my Lords, that that war would not have been continued. But still it is said the system works well. How does it work on the people? Are they satisfied and contented? Whence, then, those numerous meetings throughout the country? Whence those political unions? (Cheers.) Whence those petitions under which your table groans? If it works so well, why was it that at the last general election there was one unanimous Parliament elected to carry Reform into effect? My Lords, I am one of the last men to have recourse to intimidation, and one of the last to suffer it; but I confess, my Lords, that I can not regard, without great anxiety, the great meetings to which your attention has been called. I am bound to say, out of respect to the multitude there assembled—bound to say, as an honest man, as a Minister of the Crown, and above all, bound to say as a magistrate, and placed at the head of the magistracy, that all combinations to refuse to pay the King's taxes are certainly unlawful. But such meetings, if they are not general, and have not leaders, are a mere *brutum fulmen*; and the way to deprive them of leaders, and to put an end to such combinations, is to give them a place in Parliament; but if that combination continue—if the large and small towns all meet in this way—the Government will be resolved into its primitive elements. The Noble and Learned Lord then referred to what the Noble Earl (Winchelsea) had said of the press, which that Noble Earl had described as the most tyrannical that any country had ever groaned under, and then went on—My Lords, that the press has great influence over the public opinion, I do not deny; it is most certain that the influence depends on its going along with public opinion. The press has chosen to make itself the organ of public opinion because that opinion wants an authorised organ. When you ask where is its title—on what is it based? I answer on the ruin of all public confidence in what is called the representation of the people. On that is erected that other representative system—the representation of the daily and weekly journals. Those journals had set themselves up as the rivals of the House of Commons. So long as the House of Commons had no standing to rest on in the affections of the people, just so long would the papers be the representatives of the public opinion. In the passing of this Bill, or of one of equal efficiency, the press will not lose its influence—not be annihilated; for, God forbid, that in this free country it should be either, so as to prevent its pointing out the errors of the people—the mistakes of the Executive Government, or the neglect of the representatives of the people. But my opinion is, that it will enjoy a moderate, a constitutional, a safe, an innocuous, an inoffensive influence over the public—all that is salutary and useful remaining, and all upon all that is noxious and hurtful being swept away. (Cheers.) I looked upon all these growths, whether in the press, or in unions, in associations, or leagues against the Exchequer, or secret societies, as monstrous things bred out of the corruption of the present representation of the people.—When it has been asked what has given birth to them, the answer is at hand. Trust me, it is no other power than that which called together the volunteers of Ireland in 1782. Trust me, it is no other than that which engendered the Catholic Association. Trust me, it is justice withheld, rights refused, (Cheers,) wrongs perpetrated, (Hear,) the folly of believing that men can be governed against their will. (Cheers.) the idiotcy of supposing that the inhabitants of England are to be treated like the savages of the South Sea Islands, the frenzy of assuming that you can govern them like children or like savages. These it is which have peopled the country with these noxious growths; that have made the rank soil shoot up all these prodigious things, which scare and fright us from our propriety. We have been going on like those before us in doing wrong, and our unholy husbandry it is that has in fused us to sow injustice, and thence to reap disaffection. (Cheers.) My Lords, I use no language of intimidation, but there is no meaner, baser, more despicable kind of fear than for men of a frame of mind that allows the weight of reflection and the power of reason to be afraid of being accused of fear. (Cheers.) My Lords, I am now speaking in the same Hall where your Lordships sat in 1828; and in that Hall heard the argument intimidation urged, for the purpose of preventing your Lordships from liberating the Catholics. Wisely, patriotically, firmly, you saved your country; (Loud cheers.) you refused any longer to listen to the senseless cuckoo note of those who said "Do not emancipate them;—for if you do, it will be through intimidation" (Cheers.) But at the same time, I am bound to say, that if you had not listened to these reasons year after year for about the 20 preceding years, that measure would have been attended with a tenfold more beneficial effect than then, when blessed be God! it did pass, through the instrumentality of the noble Duke, of whom I will say, that, however highly I hold his military achievements, still more highly do I think of his achievements in favour of the Catholics. (Hear, hear, hear.) And now my lords, to apply this branch of history—for history it has become—to the present time. My lords, you are now placed in this dilemma. If you refuse reform now, under the foolish notion of being afraid, you may live to see something of which wise men will really be afraid. (Cheers.) You may have to live among the hearts of an alienated people—you may have to live among tens of thousands who hate you—you may have to live when all men shall be leagued against you; for it is you alone that stand between them and their wishes. (Continued Cheers.) But some one has said that none but the Aristocracy are opposed to the Bill—Good God, I deny! and that none but the rabble, the House of Commons, and the people—(the people—a pretty good force that)—are for it! Then the people are for it! The people for whom the Aristocracy has been constituted—for whom the crown has been constituted—(loud cheering)—for whom the laws have been enacted—for whom the Government has been contrived—by whom the Government is supported—(Cheers)—whom it is bound to serve—without whom it cannot exist an instant. (Cheers.) But then, says some one, no one but the Aristocracy is opposed to it. I beg to deny that proposition with the utmost indignation.—(Cheers.)—Gracious God! who dares to say that the Aristocracy are so enlisted?—(Cheers.) Men have gone on talking about this being a measure only brought forward by the democrats: and that no man of property can bear the idea of it.—Let me by the way remark, that the present Ministers have twice as much property as was possessed by the Cabinet, that refused Reform. (Hear.) I do not apply this to myself, for God knows that I have nothing; but, at all events, what little I have depends on the stability of the constitution. (Hear, hear.)—My Sovereign has been pleased to take me from a situation of very great wealth and perfectly independent, besides being unaccompanied with any expense. By my change of position I have lost a large income; and I will therefore trouble your lordships not to take away the little that I have left. (A laugh.) I look upon myself as in greater jeopardy than my Noble colleagues and friends; for do not let any one suppose that the Aristocracy will be at an end, even if the House of Lords should be injured. But I shall be at an end; worse off than any of my colleagues. (Hear.) Well then, I am just as friendly as any one can be to the Constitution, just as much bound up as any one can be in the stability of the national institutions.—(Hear, hear.) But, my Lords, are the ministers the only persons that are in favor of the bill? (Cheers.) Is not the Earl Marshal in favor of the bill, and have we not Aristocracy in him? Is not the Duke of Bedford for the bill? the Duke of Devonshire. (Hear, hear, and order, order.) Well, I know it is disorderly; but it does not seem so for others, on that side, to name their friends by the Christian name. (Laughter and loud cheers.) We have heard of John Russell and William Cavendish. (A laugh, and hear, hear.) But what say you to all these? My lords are they not aristocrats? Have they no property in the country? no distinctions? no titles? no Norman blood? (A laugh) or whatever it is of which you are so proud? (Laughter and cheers.) After this, I think I may say that the idea of stating that this bill is only supported by the democracy, and opposed by the aristocracy is one of the wildest delusions that could be found in any of the cells of the Bethlehem Hospital. (Cheers.) But I shall not only stand upon the point of wealth and rank, I shall also ask your Lordships to look at that of numbers; and for that purpose will mention a calculation that has been made relative to the Peers created before the accession of Geo. III. My Noble and Learned Friend (Lord Wynford) has blamed us for creating Peers lately—But what would he have? Persons on his side of the House forced us into a Coronation, whether we would or no; and then, when we create Peers—and observe, too, just to a unit, the same number as those created at the Coronation of George the Third there is an outcry raised against. But it was said, why not make our enemies Peers? Why not?—(A laugh.) Why, my Lords, twenty Peers were made at a batch formerly, and not one of them ever voted against Mr. Pitt. (Hear, hear.) But I was about to request your Lordships to look a little towards the ancient Aristocracy of this House. There are 54 old Peers, ranking before the accession of George III. who will vote for this Bill, according to their expressed opinion, and 25 who will vote against it; and yet we are told that the old English Nobility have all, with one voice sworn open war against the measure. (A laugh and cheers.) Your Lordships may pass this bill, and then we shall have peace and contentment; but I much rather dread another alternative. I dread that it may be refused, and that you may afterwards be induced, under other Ministers, in less suspicious times, to grant a far more extensive measure than that which is now proposed. (Loud cries of hear.) The old classic story will apply here. Oh, my Lords, let the old illustration of the Sybil never, never be forgotten by you. The price that you are called upon by that prophetic Sybil to pay is, to restore under restriction—under modification—under great modifications—the old fabric of the Representative Constitution. You not take this volume: you will not pay that price—that moderate price; The Sybil darkens your doors no longer. You repent—you call her back—she returns; the leaves of peace are half torn out, and it is no longer the volume that first was offered, but she demands a still larger price, and you must now pay for it with Parliaments by the year, elections by millions, and voting by Ballot—you will not pay that price, and again you send her away. What the next price may be that she will demand, and that you *must* pay, is more than I will say. This I know, as sure as man is man, and human error leads to human disappointment, justice delayed, wisdom postponed, must enhance the price of peace. (Loud cheers.) My Lords, there is yet an awful consideration connected with this subject. You are judges in the highest court in the last resort; and it is the first office of a judge never to decide even the most trifling case without hearing every thing—But in this case you are going to decide without a hearing—without a trial. (Continued cheers.) My Lords, beware of standing out on this sacred subject. You may obstruct—you may put off the day—you may give a temporary life to the borough-jobber, and postpone the elective franchise to the greatest towns of the realm; but, my lords, that delay will have no effect in raising the respect of this House, and in conciliating the affections of the people of this country.—(Hear, hear.) I call on every one, except those who think no reform necessary, and they alone can give a consistent, vote against the Bill—(Hear, hear.)—I call on you by this solemn appeal, and remember, my Lords, I am in the same vessel as yourselves—I call on you—I entreat you—and on my bended knees I implore you not to reject this Bill. (Loud Cheers.)

From the United Service Journal.

A WINTER MARCH FROM NEW-BRUNSWICK TO CANADA, In 1813.

The encouragement given in one of the late numbers of this Journal, to all officers who may have been placed in unusual situations, or in such as may tend to convey any novel intelligence, emboldens me to offer a few observations from my Journal during the march of the 104th Regiment, from Fredericton, in New-Brunswick, to Quebec, and from thence to Kingston, in Upper Canada. I do not flatter myself that the reader will find any thing highly instructive in this relation, but as our Regiment was the first British corps that ever performed such a march during the height of a northern winter, a great part of it upon snow-shoes, it may, perhaps, be deemed not unworthy of insertion in this truly national Journal.

It cannot be denied, that at the breaking out of the war with the United States, in the month of June, 1812, Sir George Prevost found himself very inadequately provided with troops to defend the extensive line of frontier under his command, being upwards of eleven hundred miles from Quebec to Michilimackinack; assailable at many points, particularly all along the river St. Lawrence, from Cornwall up to Kingston, and along the Niagara frontier, from Fort George to Fort Erie. His disposable force of regular troops did not much exceed 3000 men to guard all the important points of this very prolonged base; indeed, it was currently reported at the commencement of the war, that the highest authorities of the country were of opinion that Upper Canada would not be maintained with this inadequate force. However, the judicious and firm measures of the gallant General Brock, assisted by the then formidable auxiliary Indian force, which the General well knew how to humour and to wield, saved the Upper Province from being occupied by the enemy in 1812.

The imposing preparations made by the United States for the campaign of 1813, induced Sir George Prevost to run the chance of weakening his force in New Brunswick, which was considered less assailable than Upper Canada. Sir George Prevost therefore determined that the 104th Regiment should perform a winter march from New Brunswick to Canada, which was effected as follows. Major-General Smyth, who commanded in New Brunswick, had received private intimation that the regiment was to march for Canada, which he kept secret, though, from the frequent drills and marches it performed by companies, or as a corps on snow shoes, it was evidently being pre-