

The Weekly Observer.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE STAR.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, MAY 11, 1830.

Vol. II. No. 44.

Office in HATFIELD'S Brick Building,
Market-square.

THE GARLAND.

A CRY FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."—Mark, 1.
The following impassioned lines were written in aid of an appeal to British benevolence to buy and place in worship there for the slaves, of whom there are about forty thousand in the colony.

Africa, from her remotest strand,
Lifts to high Heaven an fettered hand;
And, to the utmost of her chain,
Stretches the other o'er the main;
Then, kneeling mid ten thousand slaves,
Utters a cry across the waves,
Of power to reach to either pole,
And pierce, like conscience, through the soul;
Through dreary, faint, and low the sound,
Like life-blood purging from a wound,
As if her heart, before it broke,
Had found a human tongue and spoke.

"Britain, not now ask of thee
Freedom, the right of bond and free;
Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
The bones and blood of living man;
Let tyrants scorn, while tyrants dare,
The shrieks and wailings of despair;
An end will come—it will not wait,
Bonds, yokes, and scourges have their date;
Slavery itself must pass away
And be a tale of yesterday.

But now I urge a dearest claim,
And urge it in a mightier name;
Of hope of the world! on thee I call,
By the great Father of us all,
By the Redeemer of our race,
And by the Spirit of all grace,
Turn not, I turn not from my plea,
—So help thee God, as thou hast met me.

"Mine outcast children, come to light
From darkness and go down in night—
A night of more mysterious gloom
Than that which wrapt them in the womb;
—Oh! that the womb had been the grave
Of every being that e'er was born;
Oh! that the grave itself might close
The slaves unnumbered woes!
But what beyond that gulf may be,
What portion in eternity,
For those who live and curse their birth,
And die without a hope in death,
I know not—and I dare not think;
Yet while I shudder o'er the brink
Of that unbottomable deep,
Where wraiths like chains and judgments sleep,
To those, thou paradise of Isles!
Where mercy in full glory smiles,
Eden of lands! o'er all the rest,
To those I lift my weeping eyes,
Send me the Gospel or I die;
The word of Christ's salvation give,
That I may hear his voice and live."

THE MISCELLANEOUS.

STATE OF IRELAND, &c.

Among the articles in the February number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, one of the best is that entitled, "The Last Night of the last Year; or, Ireland as it is," by Lady Morgan. It is written with the brilliant eloquence, by which all Lady Morgan's productions are characterized. The first part contains an account of a ball given by the Lord Lieutenant, on the last night of the year, and which families of all shades of politics, and who had never before met but for purpose of strife, were mingled together.—*Liverpool Times*.

"It was the reunion of the leading families, of all sects and all parties, under the auspices of him, who in fulfilling, to the letter, the paring injunctions of the monarch they represent, seem merely to obey their own benevolent tendencies, and to move from an innate impulse of peace and conciliation. The hour which preceded the close of the year, was passed in the midst of joyous faces and the sounds of joyous music, to which the gay bounding of youthful spirits beat time in unison. Parents long opposed to the ceremony of party, who had rarely met but in public contests, or in private animosity, now looked on upon the dance of jubilation, in which their children mingled promiscuously. Hands were given and clasped, that were no longer to be raised in hereditary hostility. Mutual graces, were mutually acknowledged, without pausing to inquire the creed they decorated, or the politics they embellished. The first in the land, for rank and for descent, found their faith no bar to the distinctions of their inheritance. They heard their historical names mingled with those of the descendants of another race, another sect, and another opinion, and exchanged with them their gentle courtesies, and small charities of life, which upon the stage of the ball-room, as in the more important theatres of the world, assist so powerfully to adorn and to ennoble it.—This was a glorious golden opportunity for seeing the best character in all its inherent stability and brilliant gaiety; when the acrimony of faction, by a process, worth all the experience of alchemy, was turned into the essential spirit of mirth and enjoyment; when all felt too happy to ask how others thought; and when, as where nature has blended them, in that parental plait which lingers immortality itself."

From this beautiful scene Lady Morgan turns to consider the causes of the discontent which still continues to exist in some quarters, and her observations in this point are as sensible as they are eloquent. She says:—

"If the peasantry are still disturbing the provinces by acts of violence, be it remembered that agricultural distress was never more appalling, or more deeply felt, than at the present moment. During the current year, prices have, beyond example, sunk under the diminished consumption of the English customers. But, independent of such temporary causes, there is something rotten in the state of the cultivator, that requires the mature consideration of the wisest and most dispassionate statesmen; something which cannot be removed by a *compensat*, but requires the combined intelligence and virtue of the whole nation to fashion and to rectify. In the mean while, it is a matter of infinite value, both to present peace and to future hope, that the deep-seated causes of agrarian disturbance are no longer complicated with religious discord; and that statistical discontents will not, for the future, be aggravated by political degradation. Upon the revival of agriculture, and the formation of a thriving body of yeomen, in the land, depends ultimately the revival of manufactures. The middle classes alone afford that steady and unvarying demand, which enables the manufacturer to conduct his operations with foresight and security. The want of this class has been felt, more particularly by the silk trade, from the first moment of its establishment in Dublin. At all times, that branch of industry has existed in a fluctuating and precarious condition. Now, however, that, in addition to all domestic obstacles, it has had to contend against the punishment of English speculation and English embargo, it has suddenly sunk into a state of palsy and stagnation, unprecedented even in the annals of Irish misery. With a mass of physical wretchedness thus appalling, combined with the saddest influx of political knowledge, as the people through the channels of a free press, (especially under the recent influence of the Catholic Association,) great and deep discontent must inevitably prevail. The causes of this deplorable condition may be summed up in the one fact of bad government; of which government Catholic slavery was an

efficient instrument, and, at the same time, an unequal yoke. Whether that slavery be taken as a disturbing cause in society, or as a test of the disposition of the government towards the governed, it is equally clear that Emancipation was a necessary prelude to the re-organization of the social condition of the country. So far, the conviction of the two is evident. But to suppose that the great preliminary act of national justice was in itself the 'be all and the end all,' of legislative exertion—that alone and unassisted, it would make two blades of grass grow where one only had hitherto been produced.—It is the education of the intellect, ignorance, of the gross misrepresentation. Every clear-sighted advocate of Emancipation expected that, after the first flush of joy at the carrying of that measure, some revulsion of feeling must ensue from the disappointed hopes of the peasantry, whose attention had been so long fixed on that one great and apparent cause of their long suffering, to the exclusion of all others; and considering the recent accession of distress from accidental causes, the only matter of rational surprise is, that this discontent is not louder and more universal."

The article concludes with the following excellent appeal to the Irish Absentees, who are now spending the wealth of their country in foreign lands:—

"In the mean time will the wealthiest gentry of the land, who can afford to run from the disorders their absence has so greatly increased,—will they stand aloof, and leave the people and the Parliament to struggle for the national existence and prosperity?—Will they, now that the great obstacle to peace and tranquillity is removed, continue to indulge an anti-national egotism, and perpetuate an absenteeism, which renders them as less ridiculous abroad than unpopular at home? The most considerable fortunes, Catholic no less than Protestant, are expended in almost every country in Europe but that from the soil and industry of which they are derived. Income which scarcely purchases a place in the second rate circles of London and Paris would, if spent at home, place their owners at the head of Irish consideration, while they feed the industry of the people, and improved the civilization of the land. When the account is properly cast up between the contemptible absenteeism and an honorable residence in Ireland, the sum of satisfaction will be found on the side of duty, and the Irish gentry should know, that it is in their power to make that their first best country, which the accident of their birth has designated as their especial home."

VIENNA.—Nobody walks in Vienna except the lower classes of society; indeed such are the evils of permeating the crowded, cold, dusty, windy streets, that they must be made who would walk, if they could possibly afford to ride. Vienna is not a cheerful-looking city. Many of the magicians have an odd kind of glazed pattern card stuck against their walls, instead of a regular shop. The mansions of the gens *comme il faut*, have the air of prisons, and the whole city, at a little distance, looks like a great sugar loaf, the spire of St. Stephen's Cathedral forming the top. The grand amusement of the nobles is to drive up and down the Prater; whilst the good citizens sit enjoying themselves among the trees; and the young noblemen ride along the side alleys, displaying their fine horses, and their spirits, if they chance to have any. Both male and female exhibitors delight in fine clothes, particularly the Hungarians and Bohemians; in short the Emperor was the only ill-dressed person I ever saw upon the Prater. The suburbs are separated from the citadel by a kind of park, planted with trees, which forms a verdant belt round the city. A number of people are generally sitting under these trees, the women knitting, and the men smoking, both being incessantly and indefatigably employed in their several vocations. It is said that the women go to bed knitting; and, however, be this as it may, they certainly never cease whilst they are up. I have seen an old print, purporting to represent woman's futility, which points them talking in all possible situations. Had the artist been a German, he would certainly have drawn his girls knitting. Not only stockings, but gloves, shawls, caps, gowns, and mantles, emanate from their ever-moving pins; they knit jackets for their husbands; trousers for their sons, and petticoats for themselves. "The force of knitting can no further go." The men smoke as industriously as the women knit; the pipe or cigar never leaves their mouths. The butcher, baker, linen-draper, and apothecary, all smoke; a piece of silver, pierced with holes, like part of a wine-strainer, is screwed on the end of the pipe, to prevent the ashes falling out, and *fac-simile* *incantation*, and then the good citizens resign themselves, *sans scrupule*, to their favourite amusement. In this age of wonders, indeed, I should not be at all surprised to hear of a German child being born with a pipe in its mouth, and I am sure that I have seen some which actually appear to have become fixtures. Notwithstanding this everlasting smoking, I used to like to see the people in the glades enjoying themselves. As I am generally happy myself, I like to see other people so; for, let philosophers say what they will, I am convinced nothing makes us so much disposed to view our fellow creatures in a favourable light, as being in perfect good humour with ourselves; whereas, when we are in trouble and distress we get cruel and ill-tempered, and are disposed to find fault with every thing, and cannot bear to see other people pleased, because we feel miserable. The Germans have all a comfortable, contented look. The women are reckoned handsome; but their beauties are on a large scale, and if a manufactory *la Frankenstein* were carried on, I verily believe one Austrian *belle* would make three Parisiennes. But to return to the glacies; it is pretty to see the people there on a summer's evening, whilst music floats in the air (for a German is never quite happy without harmony) and lights sparkle like flying diamonds among the trees. Several families live under the same roof at Vienna as in Paris; the houses, indeed, are so immensely large as to be like little towns; and one, I have been told, contains two thousand persons. The outer door of these garrisons is locked and barred every night, and the *haus-meister* or porter has a fee for opening the gates after eleven, at which time the streets are as silent as the grave, the good citizens being always accustomed to keep early hours. They are indeed seldom guilty of any of those frolics which keep restless spirits from their pillows. The Germans have no taste but for sensual pleasures, and their only enjoyments are to eat, to

drink, and to sleep. I have read somewhere of a country under the protection of a fairy, which became quite depopulated by a famine. The sprite was in despair to see his lands desolate, and having, luckily, a fine herd of swine, he turned them into men. I think this country must certainly have been Germany.—*Stories of a Bride*.

WEST, A SOLDIER.—When a very young man, West deviated into a course not at all professional—he became a soldier, and joining the troops of General Forbes, proceeded in search of the relics of that gallant army lost in the desert by the unfortunate General Bradlock. To West and his companions were added a select body of Indians; these again were accompanied by several officers of the Old Highland Watch—the well-known forty-second—commanded by the most anxious person of the whole detachment, Major Sir Peter Halket, who had lost his father and brother in that unhappy expedition. Though many months had elapsed since the battle, and though time, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and wild men more savage than they, had done their worst, Halket was not without hopes of finding the remains of his father and brother, as an Indian warrior assured him that he had seen an elderly officer drop dead beneath a large and remarkable tree, and a young subaltern, who hastened to his aid, fall mortally wounded across the body. After a long march through the woods they approached the fatal valley. They were affected at seeing the bones of a man, who, escaping wounded from invisible enemies, had sunk down and expired as they leaned against the trees; and they were shocked to see, in other places, the relics of their countrymen mingled with the ashes of savage bivouacs. When they reached the principal scene of destruction, the Indian guide looked anxiously round, darted into the wood, and in a few seconds raised a shrill cry. Halket and West hastened to the place—the Indian pointed out the tree—a circle of soldiers was drawn round it, whilst others removed the leaves of the forest which had fallen since the fight. They found two skeletons, one lying across the other; Halket looked at the skulls, said, faintly, "It is my father!" and dropt senseless into the arms of his companions. On recovering he said, "I know who it is by that artificial tooth." They dug a grave in the desert, covered the bones with a Highland plaid, and interred them reverently. This scene, at once picturesque and pious, made a lasting impression on the artist's mind. After he had painted the Death of Wolfe, he proposed the finding of the bones of the Halkets, as a historical subject; and, describing to Lord Grosvenor the gloomy wood, the wild Indians, the passionate grief of the son, and the sympathy of his companions, said he conceived it would form a picture full of dignity and sentiment.—*Family Library, No. X. Lives of the Artists*.

BARRY, THE ARTIST.—Barry's character and whole system of in-door economy were exhibited in a dinner he gave Mr. Burke. No one was better acquainted with the singular manners of this very singular man than the great statesman; he wished however, to have ocular demonstration how he managed his household concerns in the absence of wife or servant, and requested to be asked to dinner. "Sir," said Barry, with much cheerfulness, "you know I live alone; but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot, and from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford." The day and the hour came, and Burke arriving at No. 36, Castle-street, found Barry ready to receive him; he was conducted into the painting-room, which had undergone no change since it was a carpenter's shop. On one of the walls hung his large picture of Pandora, and round it were placed the studies of the six pictures of the *Adelphi*. There were likewise old staining frames—old sketches—a printing press, in which he printed his plates with his own hand—the labours, too, of the spider abounded and rivalled in extent and colour pieces of old tapestry. Burke saw all this, yet wisely seemed to see it not. He observed, too, that most of the windows were broken or cracked, that the roof, which had no ceiling, admitting the light through many crevices in the filling, and that two old chairs and a deal table composed the whole of the furniture. The fire was burning brightly; the steaks were put on to broil, and Barry, having spread a clean cloth on the table, put a pair of tongs in the hands of Burke, saying, "Be useful my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter." Burke did as he was desired; the painter soon returned, with the porter in his hand, exclaiming, "What a misfortune! the wind carried away the fine flaming top as I crossed Titchfield-street;" they sat down together—the steak was tender, and done to a moment—the artist was full of anecdote, and Burke often declared, that he never spent a happier evening in his life.—*Family Library, Lives of the Artists*.

GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.—The learned Gibbon was a curious counter-balance to the learned (may I not say less learned) Johnson. Their manners and taste, both in writing and conversation, were as different as their habits. On the day I first sat down with Johnson, in his rusty brown and black worsteds, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel between Dryden and Pope might be loosely parodied in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys; Johnson leveled passages through the Alps; while Gibbon levelled

walks through parks and gardens. Mauded as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises, by condescending, once or twice, in the course of the evening, to talk with me; the great historian was light and playful, soothing his matter to the capacity of the boy;—but it was done *more sub*—still his mannerism prevailed;—still he tapped his snuff-box;—still he smirked and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding as if he were conversing with men. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, nearly in the centre of his visage.—*Colman's Random Records*.

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM IN THE 15TH CENTURY.—Sir Malcolm Drummond, brother to the late Queen of Scotland, had married Isabella, Countess of Mar, in her own right, whose estates and vassalage were among the most powerful in Scotland. When resident in his own castle, this baron was attacked by a band of armed ruffians, overpowered, and cast into a dungeon, where the barbarous treatment he experienced ended in his speedy death. The suspicion of this lawless act rested on Alexander Stewart, a natural son of the Earl of Buchan, brother to the king, who emulated the ferocity of his father, and became notorious for his wild and unlicensed life. This chief, soon after the death of Drummond, appeared before the strong castle of Kildrummie, the residence of the widowed countess, with an army of ketharians, stormed it in the face of every resistance, and, whether by persuasion or by violence is not certain, obtained her in marriage. Stewart presented himself at the outer gate of the castle, and there in presence of the Bishop of Ross and the assembled tenantry and vassals, was met by the Countess of Mar, upon which, with much feudal pomp and solemnity, he surrendered the keys of the castle into her hands, declaring that he did so freely and with a good heart, to be disposed of as she pleased. The lady then, who seems to have forgotten the rugged nature of the courtship, holding the keys in her hands, declared that she freely chose Alexander Stewart for her lord and husband, and that she gave him in marriage the earldom of Mar, the castle of Kildrummie, and all other lands which she inherited. The whole proceedings were closed by solemn instruments or charters being taken on the spot; and this remarkable transaction, exhibiting in its commencement and termination so singular a mixture of the ferocity of feudal manners and the formality of feudal law, was actually legalized and confirmed by a charter of the king, which ratified the concession of the countess, and permitted Stewart to assume the titles of Earl of Mar, and Lord of Garryach.—*Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. iii.*

EMIGRATION.—The public attention has, of late, been much called to the subject of emigration; and the region of Ohio, in the western territory of the United States of America, has been pointed out as holding forth many special advantages to those who are disposed, in the present exigencies of the times, to leave the shores of their native land. Under these feelings, seven respectable individuals lately arrived in Liverpool, from the neighbourhood of Salisbury, with a view of proceeding to that fine and fertile region. They sailed on the 4th inst. in the ship Hamilton, for New-York, intending to proceed from thence up the Hudson River, to Albany, and by the Erie Canal and Lake, to pursue their way to Sandusky, and then over land to Mount Vernon, in the central part of the State of Ohio. The party consisted of five males and two females; among the former were three who had been brought up in the management and cultivation of land—one an architect, and the fifth a schoolmaster. One of the females had been educated in the National Central School, Baldwin's gardens London, and is well acquainted with the Madras System of Education, on the well-known plan of Dr. Bell. They all promise, from their character and habits of life, to be most useful and efficient settlers; and are furnished with adequate pecuniary means to meet every exigency on their arrival in Ohio. Having been well recommended to the Rev. G. M. West, they have been accredited by him to the Protestant Episcopal authorities in that diocese.—*Liverpool Courier*.

THE FAR WEST.—Where is the West, and what are its bounds? But a few short years have passed since our thriving town, (then a rude hamlet), stood upon the further confines of the rising west. Still beyond there did, indeed, exist an ideal realm of future greatness—a matted and mighty forest, but "clouds and thick darkness rested on it." Here and there it was dotted with a settlement of whites, clustered together for mutual assistance and mutual defence. These were a few and far between; and still beyond, and deeper sunk in the murky shadows of lawless and outlawed whites—a race of men found only upon the line of frontier territory, between savage and civilized life, to neither of which they have any affinity, and whose anomalous character, rejecting the virtues of either, embodies, in one, the vices of both.

But the solitude has been penetrated, the forest has been overwhelmed by the towering wave of emigration. That wave but recently spent its utmost fury ere it reached over here, and its last and dying ripple was wont to fall gently at our feet; but not so now—it has risen above—it has swept over us, and in one unmitigated deluge is yet rushing past, in one undiminished current, the roar of its swelling surge, repeated by each babbling echo, is still backed to us upon every western breeze. Ours is no longer a western settlement; our children are surrounded by the comforts, the blessings and the elegance of life, where their fathers found only hardship, privation and want. The westward is onward, still on-

ward—but where! Even the place that was known as such but yesterday, to-morrow shall be known so no more. The tall forest, the prowling beast, and

"The stork of the woods—the man without a tear," are alike borne down, trampled and destroyed by this everlasting scramble for the west. This course of empire may, must be stayed, when the shore of the Pacific has been reached, and the intermediate distance reclaimed and populated. But before these are effected, how mighty must be the growth of our Republic! Already the annual tourist, who was wont to exhaust all his rambling desires in reaching the "Falls," disdain so slight an excursion—he must visit the west—and Green Bay or Fort Winnebago is now his resting place. Another year, and even these will be left behind, and the ever receding west must be pursued over succeeding rivers, and mountains, and plains, until the "western tour" shall terminate by necessity, at the mouth of the Oregon.—*Buffalo (New-York) Paper*.

A TIRE SOME GUEST.

Sedit, stercorose sedit. Virgil.
He sits, and will forever sit.
There is, belonging to the race of human breeds, a sort of troublesome being, who, acting no value on their own time, care very little how much they trespass on that of their more industrious neighbours. They are a sort of stay-forever persons, who having talked over the whole world at one sitting, commence again and talk it over anew, from beginning to end, before they are ready to take their leave. In a word, they sit, and sit, and sit, long enough to fully justify the motto we have just quoted. Besides their disposition to hang on, there is generally about these persons a wonderful hesitancy, a slowness at taking a hint, unparalled with the rest of the human race.

To give a single instance of this sitting propensity, we will introduce the story of a plain spoken old lady from the land of steady habits. "I never heard the best of that old Capt. Spintout," said she; "would you believe it, he called at our house last evening just as I had done milking, and wanted to borrow my brass kettle for his wife to make apple-sauce in. O yes, says I, she may have it in welcome, Captain Spintout; and I went directly and fetched it out of the backroom, and set it down beside him. Well, presently our tea was ready, and I could not do no less than as him to take tea with us. O no, he could not stay a minute; but however, he concluded he'd take a drink of cider with my husband, and so he did. Well, after we'd done tea, I took my knitting and worked till I thought it high time honest people should be a-bed. But Captain Spintout had forgot his hurry, and there he was still sitting and talking with my husband, as fast as ever. I hate above all things to be rude, but I couldn't help hinting to the Captain, that it was growing late, and may be his wife was waiting for the kettle. But he didn't seem to take the hint at all—there he sat, and sat, and sat.

"Finding that words would have no effect, I next rolled up my knitting work, set back the chairs, and told the girls 'twas time to go to bed. But the Captain didn't mind the hint no more than if it had been the bite of a flea—but there he sat, and sat, and sat." "Well, next I pulled off my shoes and roosted my feet as I commonly do just before going to bed; but the Captain didn't mind it no more than nothing at all—there he sat, and sat, and sat.

"I then kicked up the fire, and thought he couldn't help taking the hint; but he sat, he didn't take no notice on't at all, not the least grain in the world—but there he sat, and sat, and sat.

"Think says I, you're pretty slow at taking a hint, Captain Spintout; so I said plainly that I thought I was bed time—speaking always to my husband, but so as I thought the Captain couldn't help taking it to himself—but, la, it didn't do no good at all—for there he sat, and sat, and sat.

"So, seeing there was no likelihood of his going home, I asked him if he would stay all night. O no, he said, he could not possibly stay a minute; and so, seeing there was no use in saying any thing, I went to bed. But, la, would you think it, when I got up in the morning, as true as I'm alive, there was Captain Spintout, sitting just where I had left him the night before—and there," concluded the old lady, lifting up her hands in a despairing attitude, "and there he sat, and sat, and sat."—*[New York Constellation]*.

From the *Calcutta John Bull*—Dec. 23.
We are sorry to hear, that there is likely to be any opposition among the natives of Calcutta, to the truly benevolent design of Government to abolish the *Suttee*. We had hoped, that all classes would have hailed the event with the highest satisfaction; but it will be seen from an extract in another part of our paper from the *Chandrika* that some among the *Indoos* are disposed to complain of the measure, as an infringement on their religious rites, and a breach of the pledged faith of the Company to regard them. The remarks of another native paper the *Somnath Darpan*—which takes the truly good and just view of the subject, we have read with pleasure; and we would yet hope, that few will be found among the natives of Calcutta, to encumber in any measure tending to intercept so truly kind an act, as we have reason to believe will soon issue from the Council Chambers. We are not ourselves, disposed to withhold from Ram Mohun Roy, the praise to which he is entitled, as having labored to establish the indifference, if not the renunciation of the *Suttees* to this cruel and barbarous custom. But considering the hindrance in which he is with his countrymen, as an apostate from the Faith of his fathers, and the very natural inclination to shift odium due to the advocates, upon the cause itself, we do wish, that Ram Mohun's name had not been brought so prominently forward, as it is in the *Bangal Hurkaru*.

MR. COKE'S PROPERTY.—In the year 1776, Mr. Coke came into possession of the Holkham estate. At that period not a grain of wheat had ever been grown between Holkham and Lynn, under the impression that the soil was incapable of producing it; and ten thousand quarters were annually imported at the port of Wells, for the consumption of the surrounding country, where little else but rye was then cultivated. In 1828, the exportation of wheat amounted to 60,000 quarters, whilst the home consumption was greatly increased by a richer and more numerous population—that of the parish of Holkham alone having risen between the two periods from 176 inhabitants to 1100, which number is found scarcely sufficient to perform the labour required. The land in Mr. Coke's own hands consists of 4000 acres. When he entered upon it, he maintained only 800 sheep, with other stock. Half the land now feeds 3500 sheep, with the same proportion of other stock; the other half has been planted, and is paying well. In the beginning there were three farm yards on the 4000 acres; there are now twenty on the 2000, and more are required.—*London Atlas*.

The principal secrets of health are early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and leaving the table unoppressed.

Mr. J. M. Morgan