

in the book. The sonnets are with but two or three exceptions rather good. "To a Sleeping Infant" is above the average, and we transcribe it in full.

"Smile on! thou tiny mystery, nor ope
 Those tear-fed eyes now curtained down by sleep.
 Wake not nor start, thou mother's tender hope!
 A mother's fond eye doth a vigil keep.
 Now bends she o'er thee, and recalls the kiss
 And throes which gave thee being on a time,
 And made thee doubly dear. Be hers the bliss
 Of building summer castles for thy prime.
 'Tis left for me to sigh; yea I could weep
 To think how care and grief may come and flood
 Thy cheeks with tears—rough-visaged pards which creep
 Into men's hearts and steal their vigorous blood.
 Then wilt thou pray release from mortal pain,
 And wish thou wert a sleeping child again."

We are happy to claim "Dreamland" as another creditable volume to our rapidly increasing library of home authors, and hope Mr. Mair will succeed with his work in a pecuniary point of view. The volume is handsomely bound, contains 150 pages, and is neatly printed. Our booksellers should order a supply. It is time we had a literature of our own, and these attempts to found one should be encouraged by every Canadian who has the interests of the country at heart. Without a national literature what is a nation?

POLITICAL NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.*

The "oldest inhabitant" has a vivid remembrance of the year 1842. Then it was that New Brunswick was in a perfect furor of depression. Trade in every part of the Province languished, politics were at a low ebb, the public purse rejoiced in a "beggary account" of emptiness, the public credit was *nil* and the demands upon the exchequer were largely on the increase. The city of St. John was almost prostrate from the effects of large fires and many of the "poor of the land" were reduced to a state of abject poverty. Sir Wm. Colebrooke had, at this unfortunate time, just entered on his career as Lieutenant Governor.

The form of government, at this period of provincial history, was called "Constitutional." The high offices and emoluments descended from father to son or the nearest of kin. The old aristocratic families reigned supreme and the talented but poor "plebian" remained "out in the cold," forced by the established *regime* to calmly submit to the inevitable. No matter how badly the department was managed, the appointment was made for life. Year after year rolled away, the reckless mismanagement was made apparent and in 1842 we find the result—everything swallowed up in the lavish and extravagant expenditure of the existing government. But though this was hard to bear, the sore was inflamed when the people found that no redress could be obtained. 'Tis true, an appeal could be made to the Colonial office; but

* "Political Notes and Observations" by George E. Fenety, (Queen's Printer.) Fred-
 ericton, S. R. Miller; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.