

When I took my leave to-day, he accompanied me, as usual, down stairs, and led the way into the little parlour. He then shut the door, and told me in a low whisper, that he wished me to bring him "an honest lawyer," to make his will: for that he was going to settle £200,000 upon his daughter!--of course I put him off with promises to look out for what he asked. It is rather remarkable, I think, that he has never once, in my hearing, made any allusion to his deceased wife. As I shook his hand at parting, he stared suddenly at me, and said--"Doctor--Doctor! my daughter is *very* slow in getting well--is't she?"

Monday, July 23.--The suffering angel will soon leave us and all sorrows!--She is dying very fast: She is very much altered in appearance, and has not power enough to speak more than a whisper--and that but seldom. Her father sits gazing at her with a puzzled air, as if he did not know what to make of her unusual silence. He was a good deal vexed when she laid aside her "wedding-dress,"--and tried to tempt her to resume it, by showing her a shilling!--While I was sitting beside her, Miss Dudleigh, without opening her eyes, exclaimed, scarcely audible, "Oh! be kind to him! be kind to him! He won't be long here! He is very gentle!"

Evening.--Happening to be summoned to the neighbourhood, I called a second time during the day on Miss Dudleigh. All was quiet when I entered the room. The nurse was sitting at the window, reading; and Mr. Dudleigh occupied his usual place at the bedside, leaning over his daughter, whose arms were clasped together round his neck.

"Hush! hush!"--said Mr. Dudleigh, in a low whisper, as I approached,--"Don't make a noise--she's asleep!"--Yes, she was *asleep*--and to wake no more--Her snow-cold arms,--her features, which on parting the dishevelled hair that hid them, I perceived to be fallen--told me that she was dead!

She was buried in the same grave as her mother. Her wretched father, contrary to our apprehensions, made no disturbance whatever while she lay dead. They told him that she was no more--but he did not seem to comprehend what was meant. He would take hold of her passive hand, gently shake it, and let it fall again, with a melancholy wandering stare that was pitiable!--He sat at her coffin-side all day long, and laid fresh flowers upon her every morning--Dreading lest some sudden paroxysm might occur, if he was suffered to see the lid screwed down, and her remains removed, we gave him a tolerably strong opiate in some wine, on the morning of the funeral; and as soon as he was fast asleep, we proceeded with the last sad rites, and committed to the cold quiet grave another broken heart!

Mr. Dudleigh suffered himself to be conveyed soon after to a private asylum where he had every comfort and attention requisite to his circumstances. He had fallen into profound melancholy, and seldom or never spoke to any one. He would shake me by the hand languidly when I called to see him,--but hung down his head in silence, without answering any of my questions.

His favourite seat was a rustic bench, beneath an ample sycamore-tree, in the green behind the house. Here he would sit for hours together, gazing fixedly in one direction, towards a rustic church-steeple, and uttering deep sighs. No one interfered with him; and he took no notice of any one.--One afternoon a gentleman of foreign appearance called at the asylum, and in a hurried, faltering voice, asked if he could see Mr. Dudleigh. A servant but newly engaged in the establishment, imprudently answered--"Certainly, sir. Yonder he is, sitting under the sycamore. He never notices any one, sir." The stranger--young Dudleigh, who had but that morning arrived from America--rushed past the servant into the garden; and flinging down his hat, fell on one knee before his father, clasping his hands over his breast. Finding his father did not seem inclined to notice him, he gently touched him on the knee, and whispered--"FATHER!" Mr. Dudleigh started at the sound, turned suddenly towards his son, looked him full in the face--fell back in his seat, and instantly expired!

ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE BEE.]

Mr. Dawson, Sir,--Placed in a situation, in which I have frequent opportunities of observing the kind of books used in the common schools of this district, I find that the children of the present day are taught from the same books that puzzled their grandfathers.

It is truly melancholy to see children now-a-days poring over Dilworth's Spelling-book, and committing Murray's Grammar-book to memory. While this state of things continue, the education of the mass of the people will be limited and imperfect. If the communication between this colony, and the Mother Country were irregular, the conduct of parents and teachers in continuing old-fashioned school-books, would admit of some palliation; but when the proper books are brought by you, twice every year, to their very doors, how can they justify their conduct? As the greater number of our schoolmasters are from Britain, you would think that every fresh importation would bring along with them the latest books treating of the branches which they profess to teach; but in place of doing this, in place of recommending, the latest and most popular books on education in the country which they left, you find them sitting down quietly and contentedly, cramping the genius of their unfortunate pupils over antiquated school-books, which are now generally allowed to be greatly superseded by others of a more modern date. What would a teacher in Scotland say, if he saw a boy learning figures out of Dilworth's Arithmetic, or book-keeping from Hamilton or Hutton's method by double entry? In Scotland improvement in the system of education even in parochial schools, is keeping pace with the growing knowledge of the age. Men of sense and learning are devoting part of their time and talent to making improvement upon the old school-books, and enlightened and judicious teachers find it their interest to adopt the improved books; but here go into a school-house, and you will probably find one boy copying Murray's English Grammar, another engaged in copying from Dilworth's Arithmetic, and a third dozing over Gray's spelling book. How can boys trammelled with such stuff move along with any degree of speed or pleasure?

Were I one of the commissioners for schools, I would take care not to grant licence to any teacher without previously knowing the kind of books he intended to use in his school: and were I a parent I would take care not to send my children to a teacher who would use those ancient books; for I would consider him not fit to be a teacher, because he must either be so ignorant as not to know, that there are better books--or knowing that there are better, his morals are so lax, that, provided he is paid, he cares not whether or not, his pupils improve or his employers receive value for their money.

Parents should never grudge to furnish their children with books; they should not only give them such books as their masters order, but also other books treating of the subject in hand; if this were attended to, boys would need but little assistance from masters. It is generally admitted that one of the means by which the mist of ignorance may be dispelled, is the adoption of new and improved plans of education, and how can we expect that the children in this District will be enlightened? How can we expect that they will know even the first rudiments, the elementary part of education, so long as they are confined to that nonsensical trash to which I have alluded? Some late Grammarians maintain that Mur-

ray's English Grammar is obscure, that it is unintelligible, nay that some parts of it are little short of sheer nonsense; then how inconsistent, how absurd to continue such a book when better are to be had! besides, it is of importance to communicate instruction to children in as agreeable a manner as possible, for if they be forced to study, it is ten to one, they will contract an aversion to books and study for the rest of their lives, and what they may learn at school will be of little benefit to them, unless it be afterwards improved by reading. Now I ask, how can any boy with pleasure begin to study books which are so far behind the present advanced state of knowledge, as those books I have mentioned? P.

By the Editor.--Astounding announcement! What!! banish good old Dilworth, Gray, Hamilton, and the whole host of antiquarians from our schools!!! and condemn us to burn some hundreds of their books or make some more unworthy use of them; aye more, to set our wits and types to work to produce something better in their place, which in their turn, will ere long be superseded by something more excellent; this to us, who are but moderate Reformers, appears to be the march of improvement with a vengeance. We confess when we first glanced over P.'s communication we felt not a little feverish at the idea of revolutionising our literary establishment, we recollected with what ideas of pleasure we used to view the queer physiognomy of Thomas Dilworth, and his no less facetious companion Fenning, and, dashing the unworthy paper from us in wrath, exclaimed, that these worthies had done more good to the booksellers than all the P's & Q's that ever existed. To strengthen us in our cogitations, startling facts came to our aid; all men seem to think as we do;--school Commissioners and Trustees are nearly all to a man advocates for the olden system--teachers will use nothing but what they have been accustomed to, and heads of families will purchase nothing but what is cheap; hence, any new fashioned books which we have been foolish enough to import, such as the following, have lain on our shelves till they were partly converted into food for insects, viz: McCulloch's Manual of English Grammar,--Lessons, and Course of Reading; Lennie's Grammar, and four elementary books; Ewing's Learner, and Works on Geography and Elocution; Morrison's, Ingram's and Walkington's Arithmetic improved by Crosby; Simpson's Histories of Scotland, England, Rome and Greece, with Exercises &c. &c. This list we might extend to much greater length, could we believe it would cancel the forfeit we are like to pay for our temerity, in making innovations on established customs.

Having schooled ourselves into sober reflection on this subject, we are of opinion after all, that every minor consideration ought to give way to the public good; and that neither booksellers, publishers nor teachers, ought to oppose their monopolizing scheme to the march of improvement. Our whole system of education is rotten to the core,--the laws relating to education ought to be permanent and provide a standing Provincial Committee, to make order relating to matters of importance connected with education. These ought to have full authority to order what books should be introduced into schools, and prohibit the use of all others. The salaries of teachers ought to be higher and more permanent, and the qualifications of teachers themselves, ought to be raised, so as to exclude at least nine tenths of those who are now employed. Until these changes are effected we despair of seeing any material improvement in the education of the Province.

ON CONSIGNMENT.

6 CASKS Herbert's Liquid and Paste SHOE BLACKING--cheap for Cash. Apply to the Subscriber. JAS. DAWSON. Picton, 18th September, 1835.