

## OUR TABLE.

### THE FRENCH TENURE OF "FRANC ALEU ROTURIER."\*

WE have received a pamphlet on the above subject, written by Robert Abraham, Esq., formerly editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, and now a member of the Bar in this city. Into the legal merits of the work we cannot be expected to enter; but even those who are no lawyers will find in it much interesting detail relative to the tenure of land in Lower Canada. Mr. Abraham's principal object is "to explain the nature of the tenure of Freehold or *Franc Aleu*, for the information of the British inhabitants of the Province;" and the conclusion at which he arrives may be gathered from the following paragraph:—

"I know that it is a great evil, particularly in countries where the feudal system prevails in a rude and oppressive form, to have all the land monopolized by great proprietors. But the reverse of wrong is not always right; and I think it almost as great an evil to have no landed gentry at all, and nothing whatever to stimulate the people by example, and elevate their views above the dead level of their own condition. Chantillys and Chataworths would be misplaced here; but I do not think it is at all a matter of congratulation, or of benefit to any body, that one may travel twenty miles, in any direction, among the Canadian concessions, without seeing what in England would be called a 'gentleman's house,' that is, a house in which a person could live comfortably who was spending five hundred pounds a year. 'A bold peasantry' may be as effectually destroyed by reducing them to pauperism and depriving them of all the benefits of the example and instruction of a better class as by making them tenant farmers; and 'adding acre to acre' is not more mischievous than the indefinite division of acres, without reference to the productiveness of the land, and the entire torpor of the faculties of its inhabitants.

"While, therefore, I venture to assure my countrymen of British birth or descent, that *franc aleu roturier* is a very good tenure, a freehold of the best kind, and that I think the French mode of burthening and conveying land is better and simpler than ours, I exhort them, after careful observation of the working of the principle of partition in this country, to adhere rigidly to their own laws and customs as relates to dower and inheritance, and to resist every attempt, should any be made, to invade them."

We have to congratulate Mr. Abraham on the talent and ability displayed in this more strictly professional exhibition of that legal acumen, which had so often been remarked during the course of his editorial career.

\* Some remarks upon the French Tenure of "Franc Aleu Roturier," and its relation to the Feudal and other Tenures.—By Robert Abraham.

### THE PERSONAL HISTORY AND EXPERIENCE OF DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE YOUNGER.\*

ANOTHER of the serial works of 'Boz' is sure to be received with pleasure by all who have made themselves familiar with his pleasant writings. The first number only has reached us, and it would therefore be premature to speak largely of it, or to give an opinion on its merits. We cannot, however, pass it over without notice, if it were only to draw attention to the fact that it has been received by the booksellers here, and is now for sale. A short extract, descriptive of "Our Pew at Church," with the reflections of the young hero, will give an idea of the character it is intended that he shall bear:—

"Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen—and is seen many times during the morning's service by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of him wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what can I do? It's a dreadful thing to gaze, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church, I feel that if I looked at him much longer I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tables on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when afflicted sore, long time, Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain, and if so how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit, and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up, and from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty."

We observe by late English papers, that another number is on the eve of publication, which may be expected here in the course of a few days.

\* The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield, the Younger, by Charles Dickens—Illustrated by H. K. Browne—Sold by R. & C. Chalmers, Montreal.