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JACOTOT'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—No. 2.

IN last number we hazarded some remarks on this, comparatively new system of Education, and endeavoured to explain the numerous exercises which it prescribes to a student of the English language. We would now attempt, in a brief manner, to add few more general remarks, illustrative of the terms and practice of the system.

In the compendium of Jacotot's system which we have seen, interested benevolence seems a most prominent feature. The professor's words to his disciples frequently are, "instruct the poor, and teach them to instruct one another;" "emancipate the poor fathers of families particularly;" "stop not to argue, go on doing good, and tell your opponents to come and see;" "preach intellectual emancipation, and universal instruction, and far as ye can, relieve the world from the slavish thralldom of false notions and habits." The Professor has the enthusiasm so necessary to the founder of a new creed, and he has the amiability which recommends dogmas, which conciliates opposition, and rivets converts; but let us examine or explain the grounds on which he proceeds, that we may know whether they appear judicious or not.

Jacotot founds "Intellectual Emancipation" on the equality of human intellect; he says that all men are born with similar capabilities, and that what is called dullness, is but idleness or an unwillingness of the mind to apply itself to study. The doctrine of equal intelligence has been much debated heretofore, and many men, of the highest intellectual character, have taken opposite sides on the question. If, instead of attending to plausible theories and ingenious disquisitions, we refer to experience, and every-day facts, it appears that this question could be soon set at

rest ; and from whatever cause it has proceeded—whether from original design, or from a multitude of accidents through a series of ages—that the intellectual capabilities of individuals of the human race, differ naturally and radically, as do the symmetry or strength of their animal constitutions. If we consider closely, and look abroad on the diversity of individuals, taking education ever so fully into account, it seems that we must allow that there are various orders of intellect ; all naturally capable of a great degree of improvement, as the stone in the quarry may be chiselled into form and smoothness, but many as incapable of attaining to that which others possess, as the lime or free stone is incapable of bearing the high polish of the marble. Yet we fully agree with Jacotot, that a *teacher* should proclaim the doctrine of universal intelligence ; he must set out on this ground, and declining to argue the question, should take it for granted, and act accordingly. A teacher cannot know without long acquaintance ; and perhaps not then, the full and true value of the minds committed to his charge ; were he to commence with the doctrine of graduated intelligence, he at once should be inclined to form squads of dunces, and classes of clever boys in his school ; in making those divisions he might be most woefully mistaken, and might do much injustice to the majority of his pupils. Let him take for his motto, “ all are equally capable,” and all parties will be gainers ; the apt will not be flattered into melancholy precocity, and foolish confidence in a phantom called talent, but they will be grounded in their studies, and taught in what their best strength consists ; while the idler will not be excused by a plea of incapacity ; and the timid will be excited to the highest efforts : without adopting this rule of emulation, that great help to excellence, will be deprived of half its spirit, and will be rendered a very vague if not a very fallacious stimulant. We might strengthen our opinion of the propriety of Jacotot’s proclamation, by reference to many names, now splendid in history, which at school were supposed to belong to the class of inferior intellects, and were treated greatly to their prejudice as such : we waive this, to save time, for many such names will no doubt be at once recollected by our readers. However objectionable then in fact, in school practice, we see excellence in the dogma which holds all equally intelligent and capa-

ble ; as the law for full grown children considers all its subjects equally innocent and moral, until the contrary be proved by irrefragable testimony.

We now pass to the term, particularly applied to Jacotot's system---Universal Instruction. This according to the definition of Jacotot's commentators, implies, that what one has learned, another may learn, and so presents the whole circle of sciences to each pupil ; also, that each person may instruct himself, and that any man may be a teacher to his fellows, although he himself be uneducated. We may explain the latter clauses---according to Jacotot---by remarking, that when a person can read, he possesses the key to all human knowledge ; if he wish to learn a science, he has merely to procure an elementary book in that science, to acquire a close knowledge which cannot be removed from his mind of some certain portion of his new study ; to not only have this model part impressed indelibly on his memory, but to understand every word of it, its dogmas, its allusions, and the full intents of its author ; and then to proceed with his study in that science, bringing every future advance to the standard of his model, referring every thing to it for explanation and for proof. As regards the uneducated person teaching others, it has to be premised, that such teacher must be determined to learn himself, and must be patient and persevering in the examination of facts. Learning, according to Jacotot's system, consists of remembering, reflecting and referring. The uneducated man, of patient enquiring mind, who superintends the education of another, can surely examine his pupil as far as regards committing his model to memory, he can tell whether he thoroughly recollects it ; when difficulties are met with, he can direct his pupil to reflect, to think on his subject, and to patiently examine his model ; when solutions to difficulties are advanced, or as progress in education is made, he can cause reference to be made to the model for advice, for proofs of propriety, and for decision in all doubtful cases. Such a teacher will have patience with his pupil, for he also is a pupil ; he will oblige the pupil to think and to discover for himself, for he is unable to do so for him ; he will not be satisfied with mere rules, or assertions, for the propriety of things discovered, for he is un-

acquainted with such rules ; so that he and his pupil will be well grounded in their studies, and will for ever retain that which they have purchased with much labour, and which they have adopted because it was demonstrated to their unsophisticated unwarp'd minds. This part of universal instruction is calculated to do much good to those for whom it is intended ; it will set them learning something, and will impart confidence and enquiring habits ; it will also teach them the value of a knowledge of facts, however simple they may appear, and the method of arguing from things known so as to discover things unknown. But while it is calculated to do this good, and while Jacotot is loud in his praise of the efficacy of such uneducated schoolmasters, it is not contradicted, that persons of information, where they can be obtained, would make much more efficient teachers according to the same system.

In a former notice of Jacotot's system, objections were made to a pupil being taught to think for himself, being unassisted by his teacher, and being expected to demonstrate all he advances. The difficulties on this head vanished on enquiry. The pupil is taught to think for himself in the science which he is studying, but he has his epitome of that science—the number of pages which he has committed to memory—to assist him in all his enquiries ; he is not to think for himself beyond that, his model part has already thought for him, his business is to discover and understand the ideas of his author. The teacher in every case prefers referring to the model, rather than giving verbal instructions himself, except in a matter which is advanced for the first time, and which from the nature of things the pupil cannot understand without assistance beside his model. The pupil is taught to demonstrate all he advances, simply by proving all from his model—his terms, his ideas, must all be traceable either directly or remotely to the terms and thoughts of the author, whose pages he has committed to memory. The effect of this may be to produce habits of imitation, to the injury of original effort ; but it will also tend to abolish the mental slavery which exists, and by which a pupil seldom has confidence or freedom sufficient to enable him to imitate ; it will destroy many vague superficial methods, and will enable the pupil to give a reason for what he advances, and will im-

part the valuable habit of seeking just grounds for assertions and opinions.

We mentioned verification, or the continual reference to model, to prove the correctness of the pupil's various exercises: in putting this in practice, the pupil is questioned why he has used such and such terms? he answers by turning to his model and proving their propriety from thence. Why has he made use of peculiar ideas in his descriptions?—he refers to analogous thoughts applied to analogous subjects in his model. Why has he made certain reflections from certain facts?—he deduces their propriety from the effects which follow such facts, as set forth in his model. Why has he discriminated between words nearly alike?—his model applies them to different degrees of sense or feeling. In this manner all his exercises are proved from the model; and the possibility of full verification, is the proof that the exercise is correct, and according to the spirit of Jacotot's system.

We have an epitome of Jacotot's entire system in that part of it which relates to reading. In this the course of nature is followed, and instead of beginning by analysis, the child is taught to call words, as other matters, by their appearance and by the conventional sounds attached to them. In showing a child a vessel which floats on the water, composed of hull, masts, spars and ropes, we do not begin to name its individual timbers, and then come to the conclusion that it is a ship; if we did, our little pupil should be sadly confused and very slow in picking up his knowledge; but we tell him at once that a vessel of that appearance is called a ship—in due time he may become acquainted with its construction; meanwhile he proceeds acquiring names and knowledge, and so fitting himself for rational conversation. So Jacotot first acquaints his pupil in reading, with the sounds of words, he teaches him to attach arbitrarily certain sounds to words of certain appearance, and practises him well in this eye sight acquaintance until he can distinguish at once between dissimilar words and call each by its right name or sound. He thus reads, without having to undergo the stupid hocus-pocus of a, b, c—ab, eb, ib—and all the senseless jargon of letters and syllables. After the child has learnt to read a few sentences by the sight of

words, he is taught the syllables, and last the letters. This is just a reversing of the usual method, and the difference between the two is, that reading is accomplished in a tenth of the usual time by the latter, and with pleasure instead of disgust. Syllables and letters are taught, but it is when their value is indirectly understood, and the child is directed to descend from a matter which he knows and which addresses itself to his opening senses, to other matters which he does not know, but which form constituent parts of the knowledge already acquired; not, according to the usual system, taught to ascend from a matter not understood, to another matter not known. By the one he is taught the formation of words, as he teaches himself in toy-making, by examining the thing in a perfect state, then taking it to pieces and seeing the fitness and design of each part; by the other he is taught to fumble with materials of which he knows nothing, that he may produce a matter which he is unacquainted with, and therefore cannot in any degree appreciate. By a reference to the exercises in our last number, their analogy to this part of the system may be seen. According to other systems, Grammar is first taught the student in composition. The professors and authors in this science are greatly divided as regards many of its details; and it may with truth be said, that not one in fifty of its common expounders understand any more of it than its conventional terms and how to apply them, and not one in a thousand of its students understand as much correctly. In Jacotot's system we find that the jargon of this science is escaped by the young pupil, it is laid by altogether, the work, of which it is generally made the foundation, is done without it, and then the science is easily and pleasantly verified by the composition; by this all the necessary knowledge of Grammar is obtained, the dry elementary process is evaded, time and trouble are saved, and all as in reading, by following nature first, and afterwards resorting to science to analyse what is done. The first exercise of Jacotot is *imitation*; just the exercise by which nature first induces her pupils on the road of information, the child, the ignorant adult imitates, when it would be madness for them to attempt to define or analyse.—Jacotot follows nature, but assists his pupils by placing the best models in their hands. We thought of recapitulating the exer-

cises, for the purpose of showing their connection and concatenation with each other, but our brief preliminary remarks have occupied the available space of this number. In the mean time we would say—for the encouragement of those who may feel inclined to study the system, that it has been fully tested in many most respectable Academies in Europe; it is at present attracting attention in London, and meets with considerable support and countenance although in its infancy, and it has been tried with good effect even among ourselves. A gentleman in Halifax, who was a sceptic as to the merit of Jacotot's method of teaching to read and write, determined with a truly philosophic spirit to try its pretensions, he made experiment on adult pupils, and the result was highly satisfactory. Therefore while we are properly cautious of not espousing every new spirit of education, any more than every new spirit of religion, it were wise not to condemn on account of novelty, but to try the spirits and hold fast those which prove sterling when applied to the test of experience.

GOOD SOCIETY.

North,—Few words have been more perverted from their true meaning, by being narrowed, than the words one so frequently hears, now-a-days, from not unvulgar lips—"Good Society"—"The Best Society."

Tickler,—"The highest circles."

North,—In my opinion, James, a man may commit a worse mistake, in aspiring to association with persons above his own rank, than in descending somewhat, perhaps, below it, in the intercourse of private and domestic life.

Shepherd,—Many sumphs o' baith sexes do. There may be pride in ilka case; but the pride o' the first maun asten gnaw its thoomb. The pride o' the second astener wats its thoomb to join't to that o' a brither, though born in laigh degree, probably as gude or a better man than himsell; and whan that's foun' out, pride dees, and in its place there grows up a richtfu' affection.

North,—All men of sense know their natural position in society—whether it has been allotted to them by birth, by wealth, by profession, by virtue, by talent, by learning, or by genius.

Shepherd,—Happy he—and fortunate—to whom have been given all these gifts!

North,—Yet some, my dear James, to whom they all have been given, have abused them—aye, even genius and virtue, and their friends have been speechless of them ever after their funerals.

Tickler,—Some use the terms "good society," as if they thought all society but that which they have in their eye, bad; and they

superciliously shun all other, as not only *infra dig*, but in itself absolutely low, and such as they could not even casually enter without loss of honour—without degradation.

North,—Yet, when one asks himself, Tim, “who are *they*?” it is not, at least, of their pedigree they have to be proud, for, perhaps,

“ Their ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood ;”—

but by means of some shewy accomplishment, or some acquired elegance, perhaps of demeanour, or some *suave* subservience that sits so naturally upon them, that they—all unlike though it be—mistake it for the easy manner of the higher class to which they have been permitted to become an appendage—they believe, at last, that they belong to the privileged orders, and look down on people who would not have shaken hands with their father, had he given them half the gold his itching palm had purloined.

Tickler,—Such aspirants generally sink as they had soared ; and after their dangling days are done, you may chance to meet them shabby-genteel, in streets not only unfashionable, but unfrequently, somewhat old-looking, and ready to return your unexpected nod with an obsequious bow.

Shepherd,---Puir chie!s !

North,—We a!l fall, if we be wise, of our own accord, and according to the operation of laws plain and unperplexing---into our proper place in the intercommunion of life. Thence we can look pleasantly, and cheerfully, and socially, around, above, and below us, unimpatient of peer, and unashamed of peasant, but most at home at firesides most like our own, a modest mansion, half-way, perchance, between hall and hut, that Golden Mean which all sages have prayed for, and which religion herself has called blest !

Shepherd,—A' doors alike are open to you, sir, and every heart loup's wi' welcomin' at the clank o' your crutch on the marble, the stane, the slate, the wooden, or the earthen stair.

North—I am no flatterer of the great, James ; but,

Shepherd,---The Freen' o' the sma'.

North,---Small ? Who is, or need sing small, who bears within his bosom an honest heart ?

Shepherd,---But why look sae fearsome in uttering sic a sentiment ?

North,---Because I thought of “ the proud man's contumely,” the oppressor's—

Shepherd,---There's less oppression in this land than in any ither that ever basked in sunshine, or was swept by storm ; sae lay by the crutch, sir, and let that face subside, for

“ Blackness comes across it like a squall
Darkening the sea ;”

aye, aye, thank ye, sir, thank ye, 'tis again like the sky in the mornin' licht.---*Noctes Ambrosianæ*, *Blackwood's Mag.*

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY ALLEN CUNNINGHAM.

' My Son ! my Son ! ' a husbandman
 Said to his youngest born,
 Look well upon the herbs and flowers,
 On grass and growing corn ;
 Muse on the clover's fragrant sward,
 Survey the ripen'd shock,
 Nor pass the lily of the lea,
 In beauty newly woke ;
 In grass and grain, in flowers and flocks,
 The wise and thoughtful see
 God's wonderous volume wrote for man—
 I'll read some words to thee.

" The sailor sails the sea for gold,
 The soldier fights for fame,
 The painter paints, the poet sings,
 Each for a fleeting name ;
 But he who ploughs the fragrant field,
 And bids the valley broad
 Wave rustling with the golden ears,
 Walks hand in hand with God ;
 The cherish'd grain yields sixty fold ;
 He lends his skill to nourish
 All living things, like dew and shower
 He bids the green earth flourish.

" My son, my son, be wise and yield
 The husbandman thy praise,
 For he has learned in nature's school
 Of nature's various ways,
 He knows the season when to cleave
 The green sward with his share,
 He knows what time to cast the grain
 In furrows broad and fair ;
 He stands amid the golden waves
 Of tall and glittering corn,
 And calls the shining sickles out
 With his loud harvest horn.

" The husbandman's a learned man,
 For who can plough and sow
 In ignorance, and read the signs
 Of sunshine, rain, and snow—
 Can look far in the night, and cry,
 Load till it groans the wain
 With ripe dry corn ; lo ! yon small cloud
 Is fill'd with wind and rain—
 Can look upon the eve, and say,
 To-morrow will be fair,
 Drive forth the flocks to feed, and see
 To bury deep the share.

To him all ways of beasts are known,
 All ways of birds, and he
 Knows every seed, and herb, and flower,
 To nourish brute and bee.
 Ways of wild fowl to him are plain
 And worms that wear the sting—
 The haunt, the food, aye, and the use
 Of every living thing.
 The moving heaven, the rolling earth,
 The deep and barren sea,
 Are things on which he settles oft,
 A learned man is he.

“ My son, my son, with reverence walk
 Along the glorious road,
 Of those who held in elder time
 High converse with their God,
 Revere the watcher of the flock,
 The holders of the plough ;
 Of virtue’s tree the husbandman
 He is the upper bough :
 And when it fades shall science fall,
 And poesey be mute ;
 The streams shall cease to run, and trees
 In summer cease to shoot.”

THE LAWYER’S STORY.

“ . . . Had I followed the example of my fathers, I should now be a farmer of thirty acres, on the banks of a little stream that runs into the Somersetshire Avon. My ancestors had vegetated there for the greater part of a couple of centuries ; few of them having ever exceeded, during their lives, the limit of twenty miles from the village church, and all of them having been born and buried there. Even I myself should probably have taken the same quiet and confined course, had not a solitary spark of ambition flamed up in my father’s heart, and fired him to add honour to the family name.

I was brought up somewhat roughly, and was suffered to run about wild and idle enough until I attained my tenth year, when I was committed to the management of the village schoolmistress. With my satchel and well-thumbed primer, my pockets half full of marbles, and a couple of formidable slices of bread, (with butter or bacon between) for my dinner, I used regularly every morning to take my way to the school. What progress I attained there has escaped my memory ; but I think that lessons in three syllables were the summit of my accomplishments. My father, who was dissatisfied at my progress wished anxiously to remove me to a better school ; and at last a legacy of 700*l.* enabled him to put his ambitious schemes into execution. I was removed without loss of time to the ‘ classical academy’ of Mr. —, and after remaining there three or four years, was pronounced to be ‘ fifth

ny thing.' But then came the question—the serious and too often discussed question—what course should I like to follow? 'What shall we make of you John?' asked my father, with an inquisitive, exulting look. He had evidently visions of bishops, and judges, and generals, floating before his eyes. All the splendid accidents of fortune had been repeatedly the subject of conversation between us. The stories of men who had risen from a low beginning,—from the most squalid servitude—from the poor-house and the prison,—and afterwards realised the wealth of Cræsus, were familiar to us. We lived in a dream of riches. We surmounted obstacles; we overtook rivals in the race to power. No opposition deterred us. Fame, and profit, and power, were at the end of every prospect. The only question was, which was the best road to pursue? That problem, however, it was difficult to solve.

“ ‘Will you study politics?—or law?—or physic?’ asked my father, with an earnest face, ‘or will you become a soldier or a sailor——?’ (He was stopped here by my mother, who pronounced a rapid negative on the two last professions:)—or will you turn your mind to divinity——?’—‘I will not be a parson,’ returned I, at once. ‘And why?’ was the question. ‘Because I do not want to be a curate, “passing *poor* with forty pounds a-year.” I like to speculate and think, even to the limits of orthodoxy. I cannot raise myself to a living by flattery; and could I do so, I should fear to encounter the hate of every inhabitant of my parish, by stripping them yearly for my tithes. Let it be something else.’ Thus it was that we discussed the hours away. Sometimes a red coat was most attractive to me; sometimes a blue one. Then the carriage and ruffles of the physician caught my fancy; and then the debates in Parliament, which the ‘County Chronicle’ regularly pared down to suit its columns, inflamed my wishes, till I was absolutely bewildered by the number of the avenues to fame. At last, however, my father and I (my mother concurring) determined upon—the *Law*! I remember the happy evening whereupon this resolution was formed. My father was in high spirits. ‘We will drink a glass of wine, for once in a way, to the future Judge,’ said he. ‘I hope you will never hang anybody, John?’ said my mother; ‘if I thought so I would call back my consent.’—‘Never fear,’ replied my father; ‘he will do what is right, I know. If his country should require such a painful act from him, he will not flinch from his duty.’—‘I will never hang a man for forgery, however,’ exclaimed I, doggedly: ‘Blood for blood, is the old law; but nothing farther for me.’—‘My dear John,’ interrupted my mother reprovingly, ‘do you not hear what your father says? If your duty should require it, &c. &c.’—It will scarcely be believed that we could go on quarrelling respecting so remote a contingency. But so it was. I tried—I am almost ashamed to tell it—I tried on my father’s wig that very evening, in order that I might see, before the mat-

ter was absolutely irrevocable, how a wig would become me, when I should be advanced to the bench! How near I arrived to that point of ambition will be seen hereafter.

"The Law being resolved upon, the only question that remained was, whether I should be sent to college, or pass through the refining process of an attorney's office. We were in considerable perplexity on this point, when a friend of my father's happened to step in, and determined the matter for us. He was a rough, eccentric man, but had withall his share of sense; and on the difficulty being stated to him, he replied with a loud continuous whistle, that argued any thing but an approval of our projects. 'College!' he exclaimed, looking askant at me, 'why he is half a fool already: if you send him to college, you'll make him a fool complete.' It must be owned, in extenuation of the old man's rudeness, that my deportment at this time somewhat justified his suspicions. I had so long been dreaming after the fashion of Alnaschar, that I bore myself now and then towards my old acquaintance and equals in a way that not even the elevation I reckoned on could have justified. In truth, I had become a considerable coxcomb. I was not, I think, naturally vain; but my poor father's hopes, and my mother's smiles and prophecies, brought out the germ of folly into sudden blossom. It was well for me that it was timely checked. Our friend's advice was taken. All notions of college were abandoned, and I was sent off for five years, to the office of an attorney in our county town.

At the expiration of that period, I had the choice before me—whether to pursue the humbler but safer course of an attorney, or to venture upon the dangerous but dazzling chances of the bar. I preferred the latter; and, after a short sojourn at home, I was at once let loose upon—London!

"The stride from the quiet of the country—from its sleep, stagnant current of existence, to the soil and centre of intellectual, busy, and ambitious life, is great and fearful. I think of it with a shudder even now. The sudden escape from all controul is of itself perilous enough. But when, in addition to this, one is thrown amongst the struggling and vicious crowds of London, into her noisy streets and abandoned haunts (arenas more dangerous than even the bloody circuses of Rome, where the wild bear and the gladiator fought and mangled each other, for—what?), the wonder is, that so many of the young and inexperienced survive to attain any thing like a moral maturity.

The death of my father and mother about this time, by an infectious fever, enabled me to see London to my heart's content. I was the sole heir of their little property, which I speedily disposed of; not, however, before I had given an honest plumper at the county election to a candidate who was hard beset, and made my maiden speech at the hustings, which, it was said, turned the contest in his favour. A new member is always grateful; and my vote obtained for me a world of thanks, and a pressing invitation to his metropolitan residence.

“ I was now pursuing my way professedly to the bar. I had kept several terms, and had entered myself as pupil of a special pleader, at whose chambers I duly read the newspapers, peeled an orange, drank a glass of soda-water, and now and then (but this was a rare event) attempted to scrawl a declaration in trover or assumpsit, in which my bad writing and legal incapacity were the only things conspicuous. ‘ You will never do for special pleading, nor the common law bar,’ said one of my co-pupils; ‘ you take the matter too leisurely. Suppose you were to try conveyancing?—or see what figure you can make in a court of equity?’ I caught at this suggestion. Six months of pleading had satisfied me that my ‘ genius’ lay another way. The rapid diminution of my funds, too, began to make me think; and after a few struggles with Fearne and Preston, Sugden and Sanders, a few sighs cast towards the distant theatres, and a month of severe but wholesome illness, I cast off the trammels of idleness, and sat down in a Conveyancer’s office to work in earnest.

“ I had not been here more than a quarter of a year, when I one day suddenly met in the street Sir Charles L—, our county member. He had not forgotten my election services, and hastened to reproach me for not having called upon him. I pleaded the usual number of excuses—protested that he was ‘ very kind’—that he ‘ overrated my trifling exertions,’ &c.—and concluded by accepting his invitation to dinner for the following Saturday. The interval was spent in ordering a new and fashionable dress, and in getting up, for conversation, some of the ordinary topics for discourse—the last poem or novel; but when the hour arrived, and I entered the member’s spacious mansion, and heard my name go sounding up the marble staircase, I forgot all my late conversational acquisitions, my new dress, and even the applause that followed my last speech at the club, and stumbled into the drawing-room with a dizzy head and almost trembling steps. The reception which Sir Charles gave me, however, speedily reassured me. He was a well-bred, polite man, and it may be, was a little pleased at the homage which I thus involuntarily paid to his station. He introduced me to his wife; to his son (an only child, whom nature seemed to have constructed for the sole purpose of hanging one of Stultz’s or Weston’s suits upon); and finally to a poor relation of the family, whom the death of both parents, and her own utter indigence, had cast upon the member’s charity. Mary S. was, when I first knew her, about nineteen years of age. I remember her as though it were but yesterday. She had not that beauty without fault, either in face or figure, nor that romantic melancholy expression, which novelists delight to expiate on; but she had a pleasing and intelligent countenance, a little dashed by sorrow, but not injured—an unaffected manner—and a voice more musical than any sound I have ever heard. It was to me

‘ More tuneable than lark to shepherd’s ear;’

'twas sweeter than 'the sweet South;' richer than Juliet's voice; softer than Ariel's song; and—I was never weary of listening to it!

“Being both persons of small importance (for I was no longer a freeholder of —shire), Mary and I were generally left together to amuse ourselves whenever I visited Sir Charles's house. I had a general invitation there, for which I was, I believe, partly indebted to some musical talent that I possessed, but which I should have neglected, had not 'attractive metal' drawn me thither with a power that I could not resist. That being the case, I became a visitor; sometimes at the evening parties of Lady L——, and always in the mornings; for then the owners of the mansion were usually absent, and their *protegee* was left to the solitude of her thoughts. The consequences of this intimacy may easily be foreseen. I fell in love with the excellent Mary, who returned my affection, but at the same time resolutely refused to accept my hand, and entail poverty on us both. I proposed to ask the consent of Sir Charles. She dissuaded me, however, from this; assuring me that he would reject me,—professedly upon some plea of family pride, but in reality to save himself from the necessity of aiding our slender means, as well as to preserve for his wife a cheap and useful companion. For the condition of Mary was not that of a sinecurist. She was the chief secretary of the house; the writer of all Lady L——'s letters; the copyist, and often the corrector, of Sir Charles's speeches; the milliner and dress-maker of her lady cousin, sometimes on ordinary, and always on extraordinary occasions. She filled, in short one of those thankless, nameless offices, where the ties of blood are admitted solely for a sordid purpose,—where the victim has to endure, uncomplainingly, (or starve!) all that the proud will sometimes dare to inflict,—where all the labours and hardships of servitude are undergone, without even the wages of a menial. In these cases, there is but too often no mercy on the one hand, and no spirit of resistance on the other. The first act of reluctant charity justifies every species of after tyranny. The value of the original benevolence is exacted to the uttermost farthing,—no abatement, no relenting.—Do you remember *who it was* that took you in? and fed you? and—&c.—”

Oh! hither left soft Charity repair!”

Let her repair to such melancholy places, and soften the ungenerous heart, and sweeten, with her smiles, the bitter, bitter bread of dependence!

“We married. The consent of Mary's 'protectors' had been asked, and immediately refused; and upon this, I tried repeatedly to induce her to fly with me, but in vain. At last our situation made us desperate, and some prospect of professional success opening at the time, I wrung from her a slow consent to—elope. We fled, and were, as may be imagined, never pursued. The

consequences of this step, however, were, that my wife was cast off, and I discountenanced. But I nevertheless plodded steadily on my way; never relaxing, never forgetting that on my success, depended the comforts, nay the existence, of one who was dearer to me than myself. By the time I had arrived at the bar, and was qualified to practice 'in court,' we had one child born to us,—a girl. It was the only one we ever had, and we loved it in proportion. No one can tell how entire and unselfish our love was. Men may imagine and speculate on other things; but *this* is beyond all guess, all divining. It is, beyond comparison, the most painful, the most powerful, and mysterious sympathy that ever warmed the human heart. Let no man talk of it, who has not *felt* the care and anxiety which has beset a parent's mind:—

'He talks to me who—never had a child.'

(How wise is Shakespeare in this, as in all other things!) The single man knows no more of what we endure for the child we love, than the blind or deaf know of sound or colour: his idea is a guess altogether, unfounded or remote from reality.

"I forgot how long it was that we continued under the ban of Sir Charles and Lady L.—'s displeasure; but I recollect that the interdiction was taken off at the request of a good-natured visitor of their house, to whom I had once (for I used to carve occasionally there) accidentally given the prime slice from a haunch of venison. He recollected this with gratitude, and was not easy till we were restored to favour. After some discussion, some show of resentment, and an intimation that we were to 'expect nothing,' except the countenance of the family; Lady L.—signified that she should 'no longer object to receive Mr. and Mrs. —.' Her willingness to be reconciled was communicated to us; and we once more walked up the marble staircase of the L.—'s, heard our names thundered out by powdered lacqueys, and once more underwent

'The proud man's contumely.'

and all the ungracious and worthless favours which the poor but too frequently submit to receive from 'the great.' It would be of little use to recount, one after one, the numberless slights and stinging condescensions which were showered upon our 'bare unsheltered heads.' I myself would have fled into the forest, or the poor-house to avoid them: but we had—a child! and for her dear and tender sake, my poor Mary entreated that I would bear up against ill fortune a little longer.

"Accordingly a 'little longer,' and 'a little longer,' we went on: our situation never amending. Custom which reconciles us to all other things, never renders caprice or tyranny the less difficult to be borne. We endured—more than shall be told, and we felt that we were descending, with swift and certain steps, from one stage of discomfort to another, and with the prospect of inevitable poverty full in our view. First, trifling delicacies were

abandoned—then the finer clothing common to our condition ; then the solid comforts of life, meat, tea, firing, &c. passed out of our reach. Our child suffered last : for we were daily guilty of little pious frauds towards her, to conceal from her the absolute poverty of our lot.

“ During all this period, I was the visitor (on no intimate footing, however, for I could not return the substantial civilities offered me) at gentleman's tables. I dined off plate and china, spread with all the delicacies of the seasons, when I had not a meal at home.

“ But I am writing confusedly, and without order. I should have mentioned that my funds were, for some time, sufficient to furnish us with common comforts ; and even to appear suitably to our station. Our honeymoon did not wane and disappear so very rapidly in the chill atmosphere of poverty as to call for that commiseration which a sudden accident alone excites. We were exposed in the end, indeed, to the rigorous seasons. We had our fill of calamity. But it descended upon us, drop after drop, like the icy dew that falls ‘ upon the earth beneath.’ We retired from our places gradually, and left our acquaintances an opportunity (and perhaps an excuse,) for discovering and attaching themselves to other friends. The common intercourse and advantages of the world are not to be had for nothing : we must pay for them with other things. We must return favours for benefits, good humour for vivacity, nay, almost meal for meal ; otherwise, we shrink out of the circle of society and our place is supplied by fresh comers. We were willing to do all that could be done in this interchange, but we found that money failed us at last, and with money good spirits also vanished :—we were, therefore, fairly dismissed. I made, indeed, a few efforts to recover myself. A sudden influx of business gave a temporary colour to our fate, but it did not last long enough, nor was it of sufficient amount, to give our prosperity even the appearance of stability. We fell

‘ In many an airy wheel.’

deeper and deeper still, till we touched the lowest level of our destiny.

“ But let me return, for a short space, to our child. We had as I have said, one child—one only. To give her the appearance of respectability, to afford her the wholesome, and sometimes delicate food, which her youth and infirm health required, was the struggle of every day. We ourselves fared hardly, and were content. My own expenses were trival : those of my wife were less. But even rent and the coarsest clothing are fearful things for those whose income is utterly precarious. Sometimes we had nothing—not a shilling, not a solitary farthing ; and then we were driven to borrow trifling sums by depositing the few poor trinkets of my wife, some books that were seldom in use, or a portion of our clothes, with the pawnbroker. These sometimes remained unredeemed for months. At such times our distresses

have been great indeed. I have sought and petitioned for employment of *any* sort, and my wife has shed tears of joy at having the commonest labour offered to her. *It produced BREAD!* I should cause the visages of some of my bar acquaintance to grow doubly supercilious were I to enumerate the shifts and projects that I have been reduced to, to obtain a shilling or two for the next morning's meal. But what will not the father and the husband do! It may be well enough for the single man to go to his bed and sleep, careless of the next day's fortune: but he who has creatures whom he loves dependant on him, must be busy and anxious, and provident. I have (thank God!) never yet lain down at night without knowing that my wife and child would the next morning have bread before them—sometimes, indeed, scanty fare, but always something. What I have undergone, more than once, to procure this, shall remain locked in my own heart.

“In our sunny seasons we had one apparent luxury—music. It was, in truth, a great enjoyment; although the real object of its introduction among us (to whom luxury of any sort was necessarily a stranger,) was that our child, who inherited her mother's sweet voice, should find it a means of livelihood. When we grew much poorer than usual, our little borrowed piano-forte was dismissed; but, in other times, we struggled hard to keep it for our daughter's sake. I remember still our evening concerts, my flute or voice accompanying her instrument, and our sole dear auditor standing beside us with glistening eyes. We almost forgot our poverty, and turned aside from the dark face of futurity, to listen to gentle airs and solemn movements. We wandered with Handel, ‘by hedgerow elms on hillocks green,’—with Kent, and Boyce, and Purcel. Haydn and Beethoven were our friends; the learning of Sebastian Bach was familiar to us; the divine melodies of Mozart were our perpetual delight.

“Music, however, could afford no help, farther than to enable us occasionally to forget misfortune. It did not purchase for us bread or meat, nor revive my coat of rusty black, which the malice of several winters and of as many summers had conspired to injure. My wife's clothes faded, while she harkened to harmonies that were ever fresh. In a word our miserable wardrobe became so flagrantly bare, that our ‘friends’ at L—— house announced the fact to us in unmitigated terms, and desired that, unless it could be renewed, we might straight become better strangers. ‘We will leave them, my dear Mary,’ said I, ‘to their poor pride. They are lower than we are, after all:’ She sighed, and made no answer; for she saw, notwithstanding all her humility, that we could never return there again. We never did return!

“One of the most painful and irksome things to myself was the necessity of appearing ‘in Court’ during the period of our extreme poverty. It is supposed necessary, with what reason I know not, that the barrister should appear in Court at all events, whether allured there by business or not. In compliance with

this custom I have sate out many a weary morning, with my blue bag before me, (its sole ballast a quire or two of paper, or an old volume of reports..) sometimes listening to arguments on matters of no interest, but generally meditating on my own mournful prospects, and forming hundreds of projects to retrieve our fallen fortunes. How little the frequenters of the Court of Chancery imagined that, under the imposing though grotesque dress of 'the bar,' one man has sat there as poor and friendless as I have been. There is a sort of equality in the costume and in the rank which rejects the idea of any great diversity of condition. Yet have I sate there, more than once, utterly penniless, whilst Mr. Romily, or Mr. Bell, Mr. Hart or Mr. Leech, &c. have been 'winning golden opinions from all sorts of men.' At these times I have sometimes thought that, had I fair opportunities, I might have taken my stand by the side of those celebrated advocates; but, alas! when some casual opportunity came, I found that I was tongue-tied, and that all the faculties that I gave myself credit for were either not there, or were in a moment dispersed and put to flight.

" . . . A few more sentences and I have done. They comprehend (notwithstanding all I have already said,) the bitter sum of my existence. But I cannot linger over them. I cannot (like the beggar by the way-side,) exhibit and grow garrulous over my holier sorrows. Let it be sufficient to say that I have followed my wife and my only child to their graves; and that I am now utterly—*alone!* My misery needs no exaggeration, and it asks for no sympathy. I go on, as I have always done, struggling and toiling to-day for the food of to-morrow. But I no longer feel apprehensive of the future. It is even some alleviation when my own insignificant personal wants obtrude upon me, and call me away for a moment from substantial grief. It was with this view—with this hope, that I sate down to pen this story of my disappointments; and, in truth, the task has now and then beguiled me—not into forgetfulness, indeed—but it has mingled with the almost intolerable pain of the present, recollections of the comparatively trivial sorrows of the past. I have all my life been pursuing a phantom—professional success. I have been 'chasing the rainbow' for fifty years. I have failed in every undertaking. I have striven my best! have been honest, industrious, and constant to my calling; yet nothing has prospered with me. I do not seek to inquire into the reasons for all this; but it may be worth the while of another person to do so. The causes of success in life deserve a minute scrutiny. Whether they be owing to accident,—to impudence,—to genius,—to perseverance,—it will be well to know. It will then be seen why my learning has been useless, my honesty of no account, my daily, nightly, unceasing toil unavailing. Let me not be understood as being *now* querulous or indignant. The time for those feelings has passed away. I have no motives now to desire rank or professional success. I would not possess them if I could."

Such is the Counsellor's story. I have nothing to add to it; except that we heard he had thriven in his business somewhat better latterly. His health, however, (his clerk said,) became very indifferent; he did not attend Court so regularly as usual, and never walked out as formerly, except to visit a little church yard in the suburbs of London, where his wife and child lay buried. To this place he went regularly every Saturday evening, about sunset, and sometimes, when his spirits were more than usually depressed, he would wander there every afternoon for a week or a fortnight successively.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

BREVITY.

F.—Brevity, combined with clearness, is the best foundation for the *didactic* style, certainly.

N.—Ay, and for the *epistolary*, too. And the greatest master of that art I ever knew, was an old regimental servant of mine, Phil. Parker. You must remember Phil.?

F.—What Briefwit, as he was nicknamed by the regiment? To be sure I do. He was as stiff as a halberd, and his conversation was as stiff as himself. His questions and answers were always short and pointed, like the word of command.

N.—Well, when the army of occupation was ordered home, I procured Phil.'s discharge, and kept him abroad with me— for he was an excellent servant. On my return to England, after some years' absence, I resolved to spend two or three weeks with my aunt, Lady R——, in Kent, before I proceeded to London. I sent Phil. forward; and, having reasons for pitching my tent in the immediate neighbourhood of Pall-Mall, I ordered him (forgetting, as I did, the changes and improvements which had taken place in the metropolis) to secure lodgings for me at the Orange Coffee-house, in Cockspur-street. The next post or two brought me a letter from Phil. in these very words: "*Your Honour.—Pulled down!—Honour's Humble Servant, Phil. Parker.*"—I then wrote to desire he would take apartments for me in Old Suffolk-street—the Scotch Barracks, as it was called—where I had formerly lived. Another letter came from Phil. "*Your Honour.—Pulled down!—Honour's Humble servant, Phil. Parker.*" My next instructions allowed him the exercise of some little discretion. He was to hire rooms for me *either* at the St. Alban's Hotel, or at some other place in the immediate neighbourhood of Carlton house. Again came a laconic from Phil. "*Your Honour.—Pulled down!—Honour's humble servant, Phil. Parker.—P. S. Carlton House pulled down too!*" I then wrote to him that, unless all London was pulled down, he should be in waiting for me, at a certain time at the Horse-Guards; and there, punctual to the moment, I found him.

R.—The present age might very well be named the Pull-downian, in contradistinction to the Golden, the Iron, or any other age ; its leading characteristic being its propensity to pull down

F.—Ay, every thing ; not only old houses, but old opinions, old prejudices, old institutions, old governments. Yet 'tis better, in all these cases, to pull down—but *cautiously*, mind me--than that we should wait till they are overtaken by decay, tumble about our ears, and crush us beneath their ruins.

R.—We must admit that our ancestors were fellows who had a fine notion of durability, at least. All their edifices, whether political, moral, or achitectural—absurd, unseemly, and inconvenient as many of them undoubtedly are, or were--seem as if they had intended them to endure for ever. There is scarcely even an old superstition, however absurd it may be, but is so firmly constructed as to require a lusty pomelling with reason's sledge-hammer to make it give way ; and for their buildings—! Watch the slow, laborious process of pulling to pieces an old house, with its ponderous beams and massive brick-work ! Why, in less time than they are pulling down *one* house of eighty or a hundred year's standing, they will build up *three* of our modern nutshells.

N.—They will not endure quite so long.

R.—So much the better for the Modernizer, or Improver, who shall arise to shed a lustre on the year 1850. They will spare him the trouble of pulling them down ; for, by that time, they will, complaisantly, have tumbled down ready to his hands.—*lb.*

TO THE STARS.

Ay ! there, ye shine, and there have shone,
 In one eternal ' hour of prime ;'
 Each rolling, burningly, alone,
 Through boundless space and countless time.
 Ay, there, ye shine, the golden dews
 That pave the realms by seraphs trod ;
 There, through yon echoing vault diffuse
 The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits ! bright as erst
 Young Eden's birthnight saw ye shine
 On all her flowers and fountains fies't,
 Yet sparkling from the hand divine :
 Yes ! bright as then, ye smiled to catch
 The music of a sphere so fair,
 Ye hold your high, immortal watch,
 And gird your God's pavillion there.

Gold frets to dust,—yet there ye are :
 Time rots the diamond,—there ye rei.
 In primal light, as if each star
 Enshrined an everlasting soul !—

And do they not? since yon bright throng—
 One all enlight'ning Spirit own,
 Praised there by pure sideral tongues,
 Eternal, glorious, blest, and lone.

Could man but see what ye have seen,
 Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
 From all that is, to what has been;
 The glance how rich, the range how vast!
 The birth of time; the rise, the fall
 Of empires; myriads, ages flown;
 Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships; all
 The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw red Zoroaster send
 His soul into your mystic reign,
 Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend,
 The living hills his mighty fane;
 Beneath his blue and beaming sky,
 He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
 And deemed, he saw, with gifted eye,
 The Godhead, in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
 The children of an earthly sire;
 The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
 The red volcano's cataract fire,
 Drought, famine, plague, and blood and flame,
 All nature's ills, and life's worse woes,
 Are nought to you: ye smile the same,
 And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay! there ye roll, emblems sublime
 Of Him whose spirit o'er us moves,
 Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
 Still shining on the world he loves.
 Nor is one scene to mortals giv'n,
 That more divides the soul and sod,
 Than yon proud heraldry of heav'n,
 Yon burning blazonry of God.

LITIGATION.

MR. DYMOND enters next upon the subject of litigation. Of the three possible modes by which that evil might be averted or diminished, he says, [and all must agree with him,] that private adjustment is the best; that unprofessional arbitration is good; and that law is good only when it is the sole alternative. He admits that so much of St. Paul's expostulation with the early christians for their litigiousness as was occasioned by the paganism of the courts' is not applicable at present, except among those 'who think it right to withdraw from other protestant churches, in order to maintain sounder doctrines or purer practice;' such persons casting a reproach upon their own community if they cannot settle

their disputes among themselves. But he insists, and with reason, that the apostle's language conveys a general disapprobation of appeals to the law; and that the state of that christian country must be bad indeed which does not contain, even in every little district, one who is able to judge between his brethren. Even in cases where neither party, though both are disposed to do what is lawful and right, can distinctly tell what justice requires of them till the law informs them, they may obtain 'opinions,' which is a much better mode of procedure than by prosecuting suits; for besides the grievous expense, the grievous delays, and the grievous uncertainty of litigation, 'the technicalities of the law,' he says, 'and the artifices of lawyers are almost innumerable.'

'Because their end, being merely avarice,
Winds up their wits to such a nimble strain
As helps to blind the judge, not give him eyes.
And when successively these come to reign,
Their old acquainted traffic makes them see
Wrong hath more clients than sincerity.'

Sometimes, when a party thinks he is on the eve of obtaining a just verdict, he is suddenly disappointed, and his cause lost by some technical defect, which in no degree effects the justice of his claim. Mr. Dymond insists, that if arbitration had no other advantage than its exemption from these evils, it would be a sufficient argument in its favour; it might be concluded, he says from plain reasoning, that two or three upright and disinterested persons would come to as equitable a decision as can be obtained by human means; and this conclusion is confirmed by experience the Quakers are not allowed, by the rules of their Society, to carry disagreements with one another before courts of law; they must submit to arbitration; and if they did not practically find that justice is administered, in this manner more satisfactorily than in the courts, the community would abandon the practice. They adhere to it because it is the most Christian way—and the best.

This introduces a searching chapter upon the Morality of Legal Practice, 'in the ordinary character of which public opinion pronounces that there is much which is not reconcileable with rectitude.'

It is related by Laud, in his Diary, that when he was standing one day, during dinner, near his unfortunate master, then Prince Charles, the prince, who was in cheerful spirits, talking of many things as occasion offered, said, that if necessity compelled him to choose any particular profession of life, he could not be a lawyer 'for,' said he, 'I can neither defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one.' '*Sic in majoribus succedas, in aeternum faustus?*' was the aspiration which his faithful servant and fellow victim breathed, when he recorded this trait of Christian character in his private notes, which beyond all doubt, were never intended to be seen by any eyes but his own. Even then, the practice had become so much an exercitation of subtlety, on the part of its pro-

sessors, to the utter disregard of its original end and object, that as Donne strongly expressed himself, the name of 'law' had been 'strumpeted.' Mr. Dymond asks, if this be the fault of the men or of the institutions—of the lawyers or of the law? and he maintains that the original fault is in the law: a conclusion more charitable than satisfactory; for, by whom has the law been made what it is, but by the lawyers?

The first cause of the evil, he thinks, is to be found in the uniform and literal application of the rules of law, and is not inevitable so long as numerous and fixed rules are adopted in the administration of justice.' The second is in the extreme complication of the law, the needless multiplicity of its forms, the inextricable intricacy of its whole structure; and, till it has been in this respect reformed, he affirms, there can be no efficient reform among lawyers.

'But whilst thus the original cause of the sacrifice of virtue amongst legal men is to be sought in legal institutions, it cannot be doubted that they are themselves chargeable with greatly adding to the evils which these institutions occasion. This is just what, in the present state of human virtue, we might expect. Lawyers familiarize to their minds the notion, that whatever is legally right is right; and when they have once habituated themselves to sacrifice the manifest dictates of equity to law, where shall they stop? If a material informality in an instrument is to them a sufficient justification of a sacrifice of these dictates, they will soon sacrifice them because a word has been misspelt by an attorney's clerk. When they have gone thus far, they will go further. The practice of disregarding rectitude in courts of justice will become habitual. They will go onward, from insisting upon legal technicalities to an endeavour to *pervert* the law, then to the giving a false colouring to facts, and then onward and still onward until witnesses are abashed and confounded, until juries are misled by impassioned appeals to their feelings, until deliberate untruths are solemnly averred, until, in a word, all the pitiable and degrading spectacles are exhibited which are now exhibited in legal practice.'

He then, like Arthegal's iron man, falls to work with his flail upon the arguments by which Paley, and Gisborne, and Johnson have excused the practice of our lawyers in defending any cause; of our lawyers, we say, because, though the same disregard of right and wrong may prevail in other countries, this is the first, if not the only country, where the practice has been justified. By the Roman laws, every advocate was required to swear that he would not undertake a cause which he knew to be unjust, and that he would abandon a defence which he should discover to be supported by falsehood or iniquity. This is continued in Holland at this day; and if an advocate brings forward a cause there, which appears to the court plainly iniquitous, he is condemned in the costs of the suit: the example will, of course, be very rare;

more than one however has occurred within the memory of persons who are now living. The possible inconvenience that a cause just in itself might not be able to find a defender, because of some strong and general prejudice concerning it, is obviated in that country by an easy provision; a party who can find no advocate, and is nevertheless persuaded of the validity of his cause, may apply to the court, which has, in such cases, the discretionary power of authorising or appointing one.

The consequences of our opposite practice are severely noticed by this uncompromising moralist. The same excuse, he says, whereby an advocate justifies himself for defeating a just cause by some verbal flaw, or technical objection, would justify a pirate or a troop of banditti; and yet it is the every day practice of the profession.

'An unhappy father seeks, in a court of justice, some redress for the misery which a seducer has inflicted upon his family; a redress which, if he were successful, is deplorably inadequate, both as a recompense to the sufferers and as a punishment to the criminal. The case is established, and it is manifest that equity and the public good require exemplary damages. What then does the pleader do? He stands up and employs every contrivance to prevent the jury from awarding these damages. He eloquently endeavours to persuade them that the act involved little guilt; casts undeserved imputations upon the immediate sufferer and upon her family; jests, and banters, and sneers, about all the evidence of the case; imputes bad motives (without truth or with it) to the prosecutor; expatiates upon the little property (whether it be little or much) which the seducer possesses: by those and by such means he labours to prevent this injured father from obtaining any redress, to secure the criminal from all punishment, and to encourage in other men the crime itself. Compassion, justice, morality, the public good, every thing is sacrificed -- to what? To that which, upon such a subject, it were a shame to mention.'

Belonging to a sect which considers the legal professions as essentially immoral, and, therefore, prohibits its members from engaging in it, Mr. Dymond has treated the subject without any of that reserve which is produced by personal considerations:—

'Upon such a subject,' he says, 'it is difficult to speak with that plainness which morality requires, without seeming to speak illiberally of men; but it is not a question of liberality, but of morals. When a barrister arrives at an assize town, on the circuit, and tacitly publishes that (abating a few, and only a few cases) he is willing to take the brief of any client; that he is ready to employ his abilities, his ingenuity, in proving that any given cause is good, or that it is bad; and when, having gone before a jury he urges the side on which he happens to have been employed with all the earnestness of seeming integrity and truth, and bends all the faculties God has given him, in promo-

tion of its success—when we see all this, and remember that it was the toss of a die whether he should have done exactly the contrary, I think that no expression characterises the procedure but that of *intellectual and moral prostitution.*'

He then proceeds to show, with great ability, that if a lawyer were to enter upon life with a steady determination that his professional conduct should be regulated by principles of strict integrity,—he would, supposing him to be a man of abilities, find in his own case, that the path of virtue is the path of interest; and his example, by inducing others to follow it might lead to the reform of what is now an iniquitous profession.

A sweeping remedy is proposed in the administration of justice; simply, that we should get rid of all fixed laws, establish courts of arbitration, and let these decide always upon the equity of the case, employing in every cause only one professional man, whose sole business should be to elicit the truth from the witnesses on both sides; '*pleading,*' he says, 'being a thing which, in the administration of justice, ought not to be so much as named.' He would have criminal debtors rigidly treated, because the whole amount of injury which is inflicted upon the people of this country by criminal insolvency is much greater than that which is inflicted by any other crime which is punished by the law.' Upon this subject his remarks are severe, but wholesome. Because he deems it impossible to frame any definition of libel which should not 'either on the one hand give license to injurious publications by its laxity, or on the other prohibit a just publication of the truth by its rigour,' he would allow all libels their free course; as if, because the law cannot be perfect, it were better to have none! On this score, they who are of his opinion have for some time, had little to desire. Blasphemy and treason enjoy among us the most unrestricted use of a free press; and, indeed, in all cases of public libel, law might be supposed to have been stricken with the dead palsy, if it had not been seized, not long since, with Scarlatina, and, under the influence of that disease, made some very violent exertions. 'Truth,' says Mr. Dymond, 'is an overmatch for falsehood.' Yes, when Ithuriel meets with Satan; but what is it when Satan deals with Adam and Eve? He would have all offences of this kind punished by public opinion alone; yet public opinion is so far from punishing or checking other crimes, (adultery, for example, seduction, duelling,) that he has himself in those instances called for the aid of law; and these are cases in which the direct tendency of the offence is to vitiate public opinion.

The way to lessen the number of great offences is by checking the growth of little ones. And here let us observe—some recent cases call for the observation—that for acts of cruelty and brutal violence our laws are far too mild. Men are punished with imprisonment, and perhaps hard labour, for attempting offences, which if they had succeeded in the attempt, would deservedly

have been punished with death. The same inadequate penalty is inflicted for atrocious assaults, by which unoffending persons have been maimed or otherwise severely injured for life : in these cases, the criminal suffers less than the injured party ; but both for the sake of example and of justice, some infliction of bodily pain ought to form part of the sentence, as the appropriate punishment, and the likeliest means of determent. Alehouses are seminaries for jails ; and many a man might be deterred, by fear of the stocks or the cage, from entering upon a course of life which, if he once enter on it, nothing will deter him from pursuing, though the gallows should be full in his view. For more is to be done by preventive than by coercive measures. Schools are wanted—schools in which moral and religious instruction shall be considered as the first thing needful ; and where children, even in infancy, may be rescued from the contamination of the streets. It is not the individual alone who is responsible for those offences from which he might have been saved had he been duly instructed in his duties toward God and man : such sins are sins of the government and of the nation ; so are all those which, by a wholesome polity, might be prevented. But if a large proportion of the people are allowed to grow up in this ignorance—this state of moral and religious destitution, and if such offences as might be forefended by civil discipline are rife among us and continually on the increase, we stand in danger of some of those general and fearful visitations, which, soon or late, national offences always draw on, as their proper consequence and their appointed punishment. They who despise the ‘ Old Almanac ’ may learn this from the Bible ; unless, indeed, they have advanced so far in the march of intellect, that they look up on the Bible also as among those things the uses of which are gone by.—*Dymond on the Principles of Morality. Quarterly Re-*

A GAMBLING SCENE.

[THE following very effective sketch, is from “ The Young Duke,” a tale, by the Author of “ Vivian Grey.”]

The young Duke had accepted the invitation of the Baron de Berghem for to-morrow, and accordingly himself, Lords Castlefort and Dice, and Temple Grace, assembled in Brunswick Terrace at the usual hour. The dinner was studiously plain, and very little wine was drunk ; yet every thing was perfect. Tom Cogit stepped into carve, in his usual silent manner. He always came in and went out of a room without any one observing him. He winked familiarly to Temple Grace, but scarcely presumed to bow to the Duke. He was very busy about the wine, and dressed the wild-fowl in a manner quite unparalled. Tom Cogit was

he man for a sauce for a brown bird. What a mystery he made of it! Cayenne, and Burgundy, and limes were ingredients, but here was a magic in the incantation, with which alone he was acquainted. He took particular care to send a most perfect portion to the young Duke, and he did this, as he paid all attentions to influential strangers, with the most marked consciousness of the deference which permitted his presence: never addressing his Grace, but audibly whispering to the servant, "Take this to the Duke;" or asking the attendant, "whether his Grace would try the hermitage?"

After dinner, with the exception of Cogit, who was busied in compounding some wonderful liquid for the future refreshment, they sat down to *Ecarte*. Without having exchanged a word upon the subject, there seemed a general understanding among all the parties, that to night was to be a pitched battle, and they began at once, very briskly. Yet, in spite of their universal determination, midnight arrived without any thing very decisive. Another hour past over, and then Tom Cogit kept touching the Baron's elbow, and whispering in a voice which every body could understand. All this meant, that supper was ready. It was brought into the room.

Gaming has one advantage—it gives you an appetite; that is to say, as long as you have a chance remaining. The Duke had thousands—for the present, his resources were unimpaired, and he was exhausted by the constant attention and anxiety for five hours. He passed over the delicacies, and went to the side table, and began cutting himself some cold roast beef. Tom Cogit ran up, not to his Grace, but to the Baron, to announce the shocking fact, that the Duke of St. James was enduring great trouble; and then the Baron asked his Grace to permit Mr. Cogit to serve him. Our hero devoured—I use the word advisedly, as fools say in the House of Commons—he devoured the roast beef, and rejecting the hermitage with disgust, asked for porter.

They sat to again, fresh as eagles. At six o'clock, accounts were so complicated, that they stopped to make up their books. Each played with his memorandums and pencil at his side. Nothing fatal had yet happened. The Duke owed Lord Dice about five thousand pounds, and Temple Grace owed him as many hundreds; Lord Castlefort also was his debtor, to the tune of seven hundred and fifty, and the Baron was in his books, but slightly. Every half hour they had a new pack of cards, and threw the used one on the floor. At this time, Tom Cogit did nothing but snuff the candles, stir the fire, bring them a new pack, and occasionally make a tumbler for them.

At eight o'clock, the Duke's situation was worsened. The run was greatly against him, and perhaps his losses were doubled. He pulled up again the next hour or two; but nevertheless, at ten o'clock, owed every one something. No one offered to give over; and every one, perhaps, felt that his object was not obtained. They

made their toilettes, and went down stairs to breakfast. In the mean time, the shutters were opened, the room aired ; and in less than an hour they were at it again.

They played till dinner time without intermission ; and though the Duke made some desperate efforts, and some successful ones, his losses were, nevertheless, trebled. Yet he ate an excellent dinner, and was not at all depressed ; because the more he lost, the more his courage and resources seemed to expand. At first, he had limited himself to ten thousand ; after breakfast it was to have been twenty thousand ; then thirty thousand was the ultimatum ; and now he dismissed all thoughts of limits from his mind, and was determined to risk or gain every thing.

At midnight, he had lost forty-eight thousand pounds. Affairs now began to be serious. His supper was not so hearty. While the rest were eating, he walked about the room, and began to limit ambition to recovery, and not to gain. When you play to win back, the fun is over ; there is nothing to recompense you for your bodily tortures and your degraded feelings ; and the very best result that can happen, while it has no charms, seems to your cowed mind impossible.

On they played, and the Duke lost more. His mind was jaded. He floundered—he made desperate efforts, but plunged deeper in the slough. Feeling that, to regain his ground, each card must tell, he acted on each as if it must win, and the consequences of this insanity (for a gamester at such a crisis, is really insane,) were, that his losses were prodigious.

Another morning came, and there they sat, ankle deep in cards. No attempt at breakfast now—no affectation of making a toilette, or airing the room. The atmosphere was hot, to be sure, but it well became such a hell. There they sat, in total, in positive forgetfulness of every thing but the hot game they were hunting down. There was not a man in the room, except Tom Cogit, who could have told you the name of the town in which they were living. There they sat, almost breathless, watching every turn with the fell look in their cannibal eyes, which showed their total inability to sympathize with their fellow beings. All forms of society had been long forgotten. There was no snuff-box handed about now, for courtesy, admiration, or a pinch ; no affectation of occasionally making a remark upon any other topic but the all-engrossing one. Lord Castlefort rested with his arms on the table :—a false tooth had got unhinged. His Lordship, who at any other time would have been most annoyed, coolly put it in his pocket. His cheeks had fallen, and he looked twenty years older. Lord Dice had torn off his cravat, and his hair hung down over his callous, bloodless cheeks, straight as silk. Temple Grace looked as if he were blighted by lightning ; and his deep blue eyes gleamed like a hyæna. The Baron was least changed. Tom Cogit, who smelt that the crisis was at hand, was as quiet as a bribed rat.

On they played till six o'clock in the evening, and then they agreed to desist till after dinner. Lord Dice threw himself on a sofa. Lord Castlefort breathed with difficulty. The rest walked about. While they were resting on their cars, the young Duke roughly made up his accounts. He found that he was minus about one hundred thousand pounds.

Immense as this loss was, he was more struck,—more appalled, let me say,—at the strangeness of the surrounding scene, than even by his own ruin.—As he looked upon his fellow-gamblers, he seemed, for the first time in his life, to gaze upon some of these hideous demons of whom he had read. He looked in the mirror at himself. A blight seemed to have fallen over his beauty, and his presence seemed accursed. He had pursued a dissipated, even more than a dissipated career. Many were the nights that had been spent by him not on his couch; great had been the exhaustion that he had often experienced; haggard had sometimes even been the lustre of his youth. But when had been marked upon his brow this harrowing care? when had his features before been stamped with this anxiety, this anguish, this baffled desire, this strange, unearthly scowl, which made him even tremble? What! was it possible?—it could not be—that in time he was to be like those awful, those unearthly, those unhallowed things that were around him. He felt as if he had fallen from his state,—as if he had dishonoured his ancestry,—as if he had betrayed his trust. He felt a criminal. In the darkness of his meditations, a flash burst from his lurid mind,—a celestial light appeared to dissipate this thickening gloom, and his soul felt as it were bathed with the softening radiancy. He thought of May Dacre, he thought of every thing that was pure, and holy, and beautiful, and luminous, and calm. It was the innate virtue of the man that made this appeal to his corrupted nature. His losses seemed nothing; his dukedom would be too slight a ransom for freedom from these ghouls, and for the breath of the sweet air.

He advanced to the Baron, and expressed his desire to play no more. There was an immediate stir. All jumped up, and now the deed was done. Cant, in spite of their exhaustion, assumed her reign. They begged him to have his revenge,—were quite annoyed at the result,—had no doubt he would recover if he proceeded. Without noticing their remarks, he seated himself at the table, and wrote cheques for their respective amounts, Tom Cogit jumping up and bringing him the inkstand. Lord Castlefort, in the most affectionate manner, pocketed the draft; at the same time recommending the Duke not to be in a hurry, but to send it when he was cool. Lord Dice received his with a bow.—Temple Grace, with a sigh,—the Baron, with an avowal of his readiness always to give him his revenge.

The duke, though sick at heart, would not leave the room with any evidence of a broken spirit! and when Lord Castlefort again repeated, "Pay us when we meet again," he said: "I think it very

improbable that we shall meet again, my Lord. I wished to know what gaming was. I had heard a great deal about it. It is not so very disgusting ; but I am a young man and cannot play tricks with my complexion."

He reached his house. The Bird was out. He gave orders for himself not to be disturbed, and he went to bed ; but in vain he tried to sleep. What rack exceeds the torture of an excited brain, and an exhausted body? His hands and feet were like ice, his brow like fire ; his ears rung with supernatural roaring ; a nausea had seized upon him, and death he would have welcomed. In vain, in vain he courted repose ; in vain, in vain he had recourse to every expedient to wile himself to slumber. Each minute he started from his pillow with some phrase which reminded him of his late fearful society. Hour after hour moved on with its leader pace ; each hour he heard strike, and each hour seemed an age. Each hour was only a signal to cast off some covering, or shift his position. It was, at length, morning. With a feeling that he should go mad if he remained any longer in bed, he rose, and paced his chamber. The air refreshed him. He threw himself on the floor ; the cold crept over his senses, and he slept.

LETTER TO MY COUSIN.

By H. G. Bell.

I WOULD write you a dozen letters, coz—
 A dozen letters a day ;
 But I'm growing so old and so stupid, coz,
 That I don't know a thing to say :
 'Tis a long, long time since we met, dear coz,
 And I'm sadly changed since then ;
 I hardly think you would know me, coz,
 I'm so very like other men.

I mind when you used to tell me, coz,
 That I never would sober down ;
 And through my teens and my twenties, coz,
 I was wild enough I own ;
 But, like a regiment of men in red,
 They have all march'd by at last ;
 And the sound of their music and merry tread
 In the distance is dying fast.

It is very strange to consider, coz,
 What a few short years may do—
 They have made a respectable man of me,
 And a wife and mother of you.
 But, O ! that I were a boy again,
 And you a girl once more—
 When we wander'd together among the woods,
 Or pick'd up shells by the shore !

And do you remember the garden seat,
Where we read the Arabian Nights?
And do you remember the neat little room,
Where I made my paper kites?
I am sure you remember the big kite, coz,
That was higher a foot than me;
For you know you let go the string one day,
And it flew away over the sea.

I am sure you remember the pony, too,
That we used so to kiss and hug;
And the pup that we thought a Newfoundland pup,
Till it turn'd out a black-nosed pug?
I am sure you remember the dancing-school,
And my pumps always down in the heel,
That were constantly dancing off my feet
In the middle of every reel.

O! what would I not give now, dear coz,
For a single King's birth day!
I see there are squibs and crackers still,
But their magic is gone for aye!
Thus all the hopes of my boyhood, coz,
That rocket-like went forth,
Have blazed for a little, and then gone out,
And fallen unmark'd on the earth.

Have the flowers as pleasant a smell, sweet coz,
As they used to have long ago?
When you wander out on a summer night,
Has the air as soft a glow?
Do you stand at the window to count the stars,
Before you lie down to sleep?
Do you pray for your father and mother now,
Then think they may die, and weep?

Ah! what have we got by experience, coz,
And what is a knowledge of life?
It has taught me that I am an author, coz,
And that you are another man's wife!
And what is the use of my authorship,
Though it gain'd me a short-lived eclat,
If I'm soon to become an old bachelor,
And you, coz, a grandmama?

But 'tis thus that time flies on, sweet coz,
One month after another:
And every month is as like the past,
As a brother is to a brother.
O! very little variety, coz,
Is strew'd upon manhood's path;
Truth sings its pebble at Fancy, coz,
And she falls like Goliath of Gath.

The skies wore a purple of summer, coz,
And the days were bright and long,
And the streams ran prattling merry things,
And the groves were alive with song—

When last I heard the music, coz,
 Of that golden voice of thine,
 Awaking feelings in my heart,
 Which died, and made no sign.

And now we have nothing but winter, coz,
 With its wind, and mud, and sleet ;
 And people with noses as blue as plums,
 And chilblains, and damp feet ;
 And hazy gas lamps glimmering, coz ;
 And dinners at half-past six ;
 And hackney coaches rattling, coz,
 Through a forest of stones and bricks.

And then there are evening parties, coz,
 Where the girls with curly hair
 Dance in a style that would make you smile,
 If it did not make you stare ;
 And very polite young gentlemen,
 In coats that are nicely cut,
 Simper a heartless compliment,
 And through the apartments strut.

And of course there are ices and negus, coz,
 And tongues and chickens to boot,
 And jellies and creams innumerable,
 And cheesecakes and dried fruit ;
 And, if you are very pressing, coz,
 And have an engaging way,
 Perchance some damsel will kindly squall
 The ballad of " Alice Grey."

Alas ! is this society, coz ?
 Are these the delights of life ?
 I wish from my heart I was buried, coz,
 Or married to some old wife—
 And living away on a far hill side,
 With a garden, a cow, and a pig,
 A happy and simple cottar, coz,
 With a bible and Sunday wig.

BURNS AND BLOOMFIELD.

SCOTLAND is abused by England for having starved Burns to death, or for having suffered him to drink himself to death, out of a cup filled to the brim with bitter disappointment and black despair. England " lies most foully in her throat ;" there is our gage-glove, let her take it up, and then for mortal combat with sword and spear—only not on horseback—for, for reasons on which it would be idle to be more explicit, we always fight now on foot, and have sent our high horse to graze all the rest of his life on the mountains of the moon. Well then, Scotland met

Burns, on his first sun-burst, with one exulting acclaim. Scotland bought and read his poetry, and Burns, for a poor man, became rich—rich to his heart's desire—and reached the summit of his ambition, in the way of this world's life, in a—Farm. Blithe Robin would have scorned “an awmous” from any hands but from those of nature; nor in those days, needed he help from woman-born. True, that times began by and by to go rather hard with him, and he with them; for his mode of life was not

“Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,”

and as we sow we must reap. His day of life began to darken ere meridian—and the darkness doubtless had brought disturbance before either had been perceived by any eyes but his own—for people are always looking to themselves and their own lot; and oh! how much mortal misery may for years be daily depicted in the face, figure, or manners even of a friend, without our seeing or suspecting it, till all at once he makes a confession, and we then know that he has been long numbered among the most wretched of the wretched—the slave of his own sins and sorrows—or thrall'd beneath those of another to whom fate may have given sovereign power over his whole life! Well, then—or rather ill then—Burns behaved as most men do in misery—and the farm going to ruin—that is crop and stock to pay the rent—he desired to be—and was made—an Exciseman. And for that—you ninny—you are whinnying scornfully at Scotland! Many a better man than yourself—beg your pardon—has been and is now an Exciseman. Nay, to be plain with you—we doubt if your education has been sufficiently intellectual for an Exciseman. We never heard said of you,

“And even the story ran that he could gauge.”

Burns then was made what he desired to be—what he was fit for—though you are not—and what was in itself respectable—an Exciseman. His salary was not so large certainly as that of the Bishop of Durham—or even of London—but it was certainly larger than that of many a curate at that time doing perhaps double or treble duty in those dioceses, without much audible complaint on their part, or outcry from Scotland against blind and brutal English bishops, or against beggarly England, for starving her pauper-curates, by whatever genius or erudition adorned. Burns died an Exciseman, it is true, at the age of thirty-seven; on the same day died an English curate we could name, a surpassing scholar, and of stainless virtue, blind, palsied, “old and miserably poor,”—without as much money as would bury him; and no wonder, for he never had the salary of a Scotch Exciseman.

Two blacks—nay twenty—won't make a white. True—but one black is as black as another—and the Southern Pot, brazen as it is, must not abuse with impunity the Northern Pan. But now to the right nail, and let us knock it on the head. What did England do for her own Bloomfield? He was not in genius equal to Burns

—but he was beyond all compare, and out of all sight, the best poet ever produced by England's lower orders. He was the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl. *The Farmer's Boy* is a wonderful poem—and will live in the poetry of England. Did England, then, keep Bloomfield in comfort, and scatter flowers along the smooth and sunny path that led him to the grave? No. He had given him, by some minister or other, we believe Lord Sidmouth, a paltry place in some office or other—most uncongenial with all his habits—of which the shabby salary was insufficient to purchase for his family even the bare necessities of life. He thus dragged out for many long obscure years a sickly existence, as miserable as the existence of a good man can be made by narrowest circumstances—and all the while Englishmen were scoffingly scorning, with haughty and bitter taunts, the patronage, that, at his own earnest desire, made Burns an Exciseman! Nay, when Southey, late in Bloomfield's life, and when it was drawing mournfully to a close, proposed a contribution for his behoof, and put down his own L.5, how many purse-strings were untied? How much fine gold was poured out for the indigent son of genius and virtue? Shame shuffles the sum out of sight—for it was not sufficient to have bought the manumission of an old negro slave!

With many noble virtues, Burns was at last a man of a troubled and distempered, a diseased moral mind—and even to know how to have done good to him—permanently—was most difficult; while in those disturbed and distracted times still more difficult was it to carry into execution any designs for his good—and much was there even to excuse his countrymen then in power for looking upon him with an evil eye. But Bloomfield led a pure, peaceable, and blameless life. Easy, indeed, would it have been to make him happy—but he was as much forgotten as if he had been dead—and when he died—did England mourn over him—or after having denied him bread, give him so much as a stone? No. He dropt into the grave with no other lament, we ever heard of, but a few copies of indifferent verses in some of the *Annuals*, and seldom or never now does one hear a whisper of his name. O fie! well may the white rose blush red—and the red rose turn pale! Let England then leave Scotland to her shame about Burns—and, thinking of her own treatment of Bloomfield, cover her own face with both her hands—and confess that it was most base. At least let her not impudently abuse us for the same sin—committed against greater genius, but less hallowed by virtue;—and if she will not hang down her head in humiliation for her own neglect of her own “poetic child,” let her not hold it high over Scotland for the neglect of her's—justified as that neglect was by many things—and since, in some measure, expiated by a whole nation's tears, shed over the laurels on her great poet's grave!—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE RECESS.

*“Here in this calm RECESS, I’d sit, and muse
On the wide world beyond, and as the show
Of actual life pass’d by, t’would mend my wit.”*

Halifax, June 29.

SCENE. A snug room, the walls decorated with sketches from nature, and with maps; on the mantle-piece vases stand filled with flowers; over a small book case a bust of Shakespear appears; and a table in the centre of the room, is strewd with newspapers and other periodicals. Two windows enjoy a full view of Citadel Hill, its fortifications, and signal platform; and two others which open to the Southward, look into a well stocked flower garden, while beyond, the cool blue harbour speckled with vessels, is seen. Persons present—Tickle—Meadows—Crank—Turgid, and Placid.

Crank. Well Meadows, I suppose the Country appeared to advantage during your late trip.

Meadows. Delightful—woodland, garden, or field; all and each, seemed rich and lovely under the influence of this most propitious spring.

Crank. Were you in a rhyming mood during your “western rambles”?

Meadows. I was beyond rhyme, I breathed poetry; but it evaporated as it came amid the sweet airs which seemed to move to pastoral music. I indulged myself in a delicious sleepy mood as I passed along, and made no more exertion, mental or bodily, than if I were a mussulman seated on my rug, with the glowing weed sending its fragrant smoke-wreaths around me. And my recollection of the scenes is almost as vague as a morning dream; I barely recollect the rich deeply-shaded well-wooded uplands; the clear mirror-like lakes, alternately bright or dark, as the heavens or the earth were reflected on the unbroken surface; I can just see the scattered trees in the ripening grass of the meadow, wading amid the verdant undulations, like tall fellows stepping across a summer ford; the distant white flowers streak the hillocks like a flooring of parian marble; and the near corn fields lift up their stalks, each, like a young warrior whose spear is all unsoiled by either good or bad fortune.

Turgid. O! ho! nothing at all about straw berries and cream, lamb and sallad, or young ducks and green peas! No wonder that you’r as thin as Shakespear’s starved Apothecary, if you could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and see only figures of poetry.

Crank. He’s a figure himself Toby, a note of admiration reversed!

Tickle. Any thing worth noting in the papers on the table?

Placid. With the leave of these gentlemen, we will turn them over and remark as we go. I often wonder and regret that so little use is made of the quiet, but ever moving, tide of information which floats by daily in one or other of the weekly papers.—Articles collected and concocted, no doubt with care, come before us, pass by, and are no more thought of; yet each one has a spirit whose language were worth attention, particularly to him who could find “sermons in stones, and good in every thing.” Let it be sometimes our task to extract the essences from those noiseless lectures, look on the native productions which are cast on the face of the waters and see what manner of things they be.

All, agreed, agreed.

Crank. Be in order gentlemen, and draw round the table.—
[*Placid* takes up the papers according to date.]

Placid. June 2.—We have here a communication, ridiculing the Halifax Bazaar; the Bazaar we know is a means of procuring money from the gayer classes, for the purpose of relieving some of the privations incident to the lowest walks of life. The writer of this communication—who is anything but a *saint*—applies low and gross satire to the Bazaar, because forsooth its proceedings were not *sanctimonious* enough! and because one lady of rank has renewed, what another had introduced. Is it wise or benevolent to think ye, to sneer at essential good done, merely because all the accidents of that good may not chime with our own views?

Tickle. Certainly not. There is too little of philanthropic enthusiasm in our nature; to damp what we have, and so to exalt the brute above the man, is as bad and, unfortunately, as easy as lying. The article which you allude to has been answered, but rather tamely—there is little use in lashing a donkey with a silk cord.

Placid. In the paper of June 2, there is also an article respecting the Commissioners of streets. It complains of an inhabitant having been obliged to remove his land mark, without sufficient data being shown for such removal; and also of the setting aside of a verdict given by one jury, because it was not according to the views of those in authority.

Turgid. The Commissioners have engraven their good deeds on the stones of the streets, every smooth path in town has a tongue in their behalf; but reform of *ways*, whether political, moral, or M^{Ad}am, is sure to occasion the opposition of those who have an interest in the old paths.

Crank. I can scarcely blame “One of the First Jury” for being dissatisfied with the second; at present it is one and one, “who shall” has yet to be played, for the game now should be ‘the best two out of three.’ The first jury if objectionable should have been challenged at the commencement; it is ungracious to set aside a verdict sanctioned by the oath of twelve men; the matter at present implies a want of good evidence in the case, and a want of steadiness in our public institutions. “One of the First Jury”

has not added much light to the subject, and it still is as dry and chaotic as a bushel of summer dust.

Tickle. The matter at issue between the Juries, until better explained, must be all doubtful to the public; the good done by the Commissioners is palpable as the ground we walk on; praise the pudding as it tastes, and if you wish to enjoy your table, seek not faults with the cookery. This is my view of the subject.

Meadows. Pass to the next, or I shall be forced to break the rules of the Temperance Society. "No verdure peers above this parched soil."

Placid. Just in time, then, here comes the new-found spring at Wilmot!

Turgid. The Bath or Saratoga that-is-to-be of Nova-Scotia!

Crank. *Springville*, shall be the name of the city in the wilderness.

Tickle. Its waters search the very joints and marrow, and its mud, like patience, is a plaster for all sores.

Placid. It appears that these mineral springs, and their sediment, have already proved very effective antidotes to several diseases. This is no small discovery in our young Province. Mineral combustibles of excellent quality to add to the external warmth, and mineral waters to temper internal heat, are already among our natural productions.

Crank. I perceive that one of the Medical faculty has been endeavouring to excite a spirit of combination among the regular professors of the healing art; I fear they may be putting down "Springville" as a Quack, the youngster has no diploma.

Tickle. I would be half inclined to like him the better for his lack of credentials: when I recollect how some diplomas are obtained! I am induced to believe that the "learned dog" which goes on four feet, could procure the passport to the sick chamber, if it were of any use to him among bipeds.

Turgid. Talking of Doctors, reminds one of the small-pox, the Quarantine, the Health Officer, and his antagonist "An Old Inhabitant." I would have the health officer inoculated for every disease which his carelessness admits into our community.

Tickle. You should first give that Health Officer good instructions, good pay, and good authority for keeping out infection.--While you have a troublesome situation subject to bad regulations, and to the chance of actual pecuniary loss, finding fault with the person in office, ill becomes the public. How is it? the Health Officer according to his instructions is only to hail and question suspected vessels, not to board them--can he detect disease in this manner, or should he be blamed for the duplicity of masters of vessels? When on actual active duty he is empowered to draw money from the Treasury--but the bulk of his services, those which include visits of inspection, and various preventive measures, the public very politely allow him to bear the expense of himself!

Crank. Well thanks to a good providence, who sent us a pure reviving atmosphere, the attempted panic has not taken ; and the Gentlemen of the pill and poultice have found little wool after the great cry. It is a wonder that tanners, old women and mischievous boys do not get up a hydrophobia alarm in Halifax, as they do in many large towns ; mad dogs, and frightful deaths would soon appear if the cry were first established.

Meadows. The absence of such alarms has more than once given me a high idea of the good feeling and good sense of Halifax.

Placid. Next we have the "North American Association."

Turgid. Or, Society for the procuring of information respecting the colonies.

Crank. Or, new agitation society for intimidating the government.

Tickle. Or, Association of Slave drivers and others—with "Ships, Colonies and Commerce" for an upper and outward current, but having an under-tow strongly setting in favour of anti-social interests ; a barrier—weak as muddy—against the advancing good spirit of the present generation. Merchants should be princes of the democracy ; but they should shun like perdition their besetting sin—that, of sacrificing public principles to private pecuniary interests. Shylock and Antonio were traders in Venice—one was a murderous usurer, the other a benevolent liberal-spirited proprietor of store houses, and argosies.

Placid. June 18. We have "Spectator" on the Halifax Common. He advises bye laws for its regulation, and improvement.

Turgid. I have read the communication, for I feel interested in the subject. I think but little of his proposed brands for cattle, fines, and fences ; but that some improvement is necessary, must be apparent to all except lovers of manure heaps, marshes, muddy pools, and blasted heaths.

Tickle. Give us a plan, Meadows, for a pictureque reformation of our Common.

Meadows. I have thought on the subject before now ; and have involuntarily contrasted the piece of ground called Halifax Common, with the beautiful commons attached to towns in England. Those who recollect the half wild, half cultivated appearance which the latter present ; their green wood vistas, glades, groves and sunny lawns ; their gypsy and pastoral groupes—will find a strong contrast indeed in our waste "back o' the hill." I would propose that Mr. Titus Smith be ordered to procure several thousand young ornamental trees ; and that, in proper season, he should be employed to plant them to the best advantage on the common. In this department I would particularly recommend that four parallel lines be planted along the hill and level from Walker's to Spring Gardens ; this might form a promenade midway between south and north-enders, where both might meet, and from whence each might enjoy the ocean's cool soothing expanse, the old eminence of Fort George, occasional displays on the exercising

ground, beside the usual friendly and fashionable intercourse : here too—a matter of no small moment during summer—it would be almost impossible to lack a refreshing breeze, wafted either from the hay and corn fields of the north west, or from the watery expanse to the southward and south-east. I would rail off the public roads which intersect or which bound the common ; and would excavate a course for a serpentine rivulet through the marsh which extends its length. The banks of this canal should be leveled as promenades, planted thinly with young poplars, and crossed by numerous rustic bridges. This would drain the neighbouring ground, which properly broken up and cultivated, would yield ten thousand fold more than it does at present, and would become luxuriantly beautiful and useful, instead of being unsightly and unwholesome as now. The sweeping away of the urchin garden settlements, and the formation of a branch mall or parade at that entrance of the town, with many other improvements, I would leave for a future opportunity ; a trifling exertion and expenditure of our magisterial body, might perform the other matters which I propose. Think of the present dead sea appearance of the Common, and then look at my expanse of fine meadow land, my canal, and shaded promenades—the advantage to be gained must be striking to any man of taste and public spirit ; I say public spirit, because many who have taste enough in embellishing their own demesnes, seem to care little about the innocent recreations of those who have no possessions to embellish.

[A waiter enters and places a card on the table, which is taken up by Placid.]

Placid.—[reading.] Monsieur Forioso, presents his respects and offers to exhibit his ORIENTAL PHANTASMAGORIA at public or private parties. The peculiarities of this exhibition are, that it does not require any *darkening* of the apartment to make it effective, every object appears vivid and true to nature, accompanied by appropriate motions and sounds. M. F. endeavours to take “the form and pressure of the times” as they pass, rather than refer to former or future generations for amusement.

Crank. A decided improvement on the old fashioned Phantasmagoria.

Tickle. What think ye gentlemen—shall we order an exhibition for some future evening ?

All. Agreed. Order the SHOWMAN to attend next monthly night. [*Tickle* writes a note and despatches it.]

Placid. Gentlemen “the Club” lies before me.

Crank. Play not with edge tools ; I would refer that also for a more convenient opportunity.

Tickle. Only the first two evenings of the season have appeared at present—allow the Club to stand over, we may soon expect the grosser materials to settle, and the more light and sparkling to be uppermost.

Turgid. The weaknesses and vices of humanity, if impossible to eradicate, should be veiled,—except morals require an exposure ; but to make a jest of either, vitiates or disgusts.

Crank. A truce with aphorisms---let us expect from "the Club," what it has already often bestowed, feasts of wit, pleasantry and satire, apart from licentiousness.

Placid. The evening gun thunders from the citadel. See how calmly its newly created smoke rises in the summer air.

Meadows. Like a youth just let loose to the world, moving softly and surrounded by pleasant scenes, all unconscious of the many tempests which await him.

Placid. How many look on our signal station, entirely forgetful of the miserable line of hovels which border its pickets. Forgetful that within sight of the church spires of Halifax, and within hearing of its sacred bells, dens of misery and wickedness are to be found, which are the cradles and the death beds of crime and disease.

Turgid. Yes ! and how many bewail this, forgetful of the smooth respectable delinquents who own such pest houses ! and who receive rent for the plague spots !! and who tolerate the pestilence that they may receive rent !!! and who lay heavy rent on the miserable cribs as a kind of license to the abominations for which they are made a shelter !!!!

Placid Tell Forioso to pass the *brothel proprietors* in review before us at next meeting.

Tickle Might it not be well before engaging Forioso's attendance to have a specimen of his abilities?---Let us devote the next half hour to his Phantasmagoria.

All. Agreed.

[Forioso is introduced--he unfolds a large sheet of Russia Duck saved from the Romulus, and well bleached, and tacks it against one of the side walls with two spikes taken from the old Centurion. His lantern appears a miniature representation of the light house on Major's Beach, he lights a wick twisted by Estano, which is well saturated with seal oil belonging to the cargo of the schooner Carlton. The exhibition commences.]

[The words GARRISON REGATTA appears in luminous characters on the sheet, and the scene opens. A beautiful expanse of water appears, bounded by a woody shore, and by finely undulated Islands. The eye is diverted from the beauty of the scenery, by the wharves in the foreground being loaded with human beings, and by the surface of the water appearing animated with a thousand vessels. The people in the vessels and on the wharves are dressed in their gayest costume, and numerous flags float in a steady balmy breeze. A ship moored at a near wharf has the word "Halifax" on her stern, and her decks, lofts, rigging and spars are crowded with a motly assemblage of soldiers, sailors and citizens. Out in the stream, opposite the Halifax, a brig appears profusely decorated with flags, her decks crowded by ladies, and beyond her

Another ship is seen with company also on board: on the first is observed the name "Chebucto," and on the last "Packet." A rope stretched from the Halifax to the Chebucto appears to be intended as the starting line.—Soft music is now heard coming from the King's wharf, it floats soothingly over the water, and the buzz of human beings is hushed—"silence was pleased." Attracted by the soft strains several gaily painted boats loiter about the wharf, their athletic crews lie on their oars, while coloured silk caps and ball flags declare them to be candidates for the prizes of the day. The music ceases, the human hum again revives, when lo! a flash, a volume of smoke, and the thunder of the signal gun is heard! All are now active, the spectators crowd to the shore, and the competitors fly to their place of starting. What a motley throng—fishermen from the coves and bays of the harbour, citizens from the streets and alleys, soldiers from the barracks, and sailors from their tall ships, have descended to view the Regatta; and they now animate every variety of boat and barge, from the juddling cobbler of Barney Shark to the beautiful yacht of Sir Rupert George;—the one bobbing up and down among the ripples like a duckling just from the egg, the other under easy sail bending to the breeze graceful as a water nymph.—Three WHALERS are now at the line, like greyhounds in the slips; Red, white and green—with small distinguishing flags at the stern of each. Another gun! and away the racers have flown, stimulated by acclamations from a thousand tongues. Well done *Red*, they already have the confidence of winners—bravo *White*, Ferguson's Cove may be beaten but not disgraced; the veteran steers-man springs forward at every stroke like a Jockey running his antagonist neck and neck; if energy and spirit always won, that fellow's little flag should be in the van to day. Away they stretch to Dartmouth, round a flag-boat moored there, toil back again along the opposite shore, double a boat off George's Island, and in for the prize! *Red* has it; *White*, brave as ever toiling in the victor's wake, and *Green* out of sight and out of mind. The winning post is reached, and another gun proclaims that the beautiful whaler, "Edward Cunard" is the conqueror: thanks to her builder, who was well backed by a cool determined crew.—Again music arises from the wharf, and is responded to from the Chebucto—and again a gun, starts three flats with a jolly fisher boy in each. The "Mayflower" soon touched the winning line, and bore the palm from her antagonists who allowed no bubbles to collect in her wake. Hot and hard comes on the sport now, and five gigs pulled by amateurs shoot forward. Beautiful and unsullied as the name she bears the *Pucelle* leads the others—the facings of the 52d are successful—and a straw hat waved from the stern of the buff boat, distinguishes the victorious pilot.—Again a sharp race run by seven flats, and the "Britannia" rules the waves and takes the prize; and then comes the remains of a noble tribe from the Indians' encampment. Seven canoes paddle to the

scratch softly as so many swans; the gun fans these sparks of ancient indian life into a flame, and the warriors are on their war-path; their eyes sparkling with animation, and their long black locks floating on the breeze. One by one they are seen gliding round the flag boat, and nobly contesting for the victory they come to the post almost in a cluster—five of them in close company, three still closer, but Gorham Paul still ahead, the indian chief of the day. The Bands again strike up, and the *finish* commences. Five of the gallant amateurs who got up and superintended the Regatta start for sweepstakes in a flat each. Mr. French—who handles a scull scientifically as a Thames Waterman, and who seems as fond of the water as Childe Harold was—won. The thunder of the last gun reverberates along the shores—the rowers bent to their oars, and separate for every point of the compass the sail boats shake out their reefs and sped swifter over the cutting stream; and the crowds on the wharves break up and begin to drop away, as the last notes of “*God Save the King*” come pealing from the bands of music.

[*Furioso* pauses, and the scene all fades from the canvass.]

The spectators rise—Bravo, Bravo—Bravissimo.

THE WAKENING.

By Mrs. Hemans.

“While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.”

How many thousands are waking now!
Some to the songs from the forest bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some far out on the deep mid sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh! well may their hearts rejoice—
To the gentle sound of the mother's voice:
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must e'er night be won.

And some in the gloomy convict cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts to the languishing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
 And some to the sounds from the city borne,
 And some to the rolling of torrent floods,
 Far 'midst old mountains, and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
 Each unto light hath a daily birth,
 Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
 Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But ONE must the sound be, and ONE the call,
 Which from the dust shall awake us all !
 ONE, though the severed and distant dooms—
 How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs ?

MONTHLY REVIEW.

GREAT BRITAIN.—London dates have been brought by arrivals *via Boston*, to May 18.

Reform is still the engrossing topic, and a large majority of the elections were in favour of the King's Bill. The squadron under the Command of Sir Edward Codrington, arrived off Lisbon, and made certain demands in behalf of the British Government : Although these demands involved pecuniary remuneration, and punishment of Portuguese officers, they were promptly acceded to by Don Miguel. The deaths of the following distinguished individuals had occurred since our news of last Month, the widow of Lord Nelson, the Duchess of Wellington, Mr. Abernethy, Sir Joseph York, and Lord and Lady Walsingham.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.—The fifth annual Report of the Directors has been published, dated March 28, 1831. The Railway has been now in partial operation for six months, and the experience of this trial justifies the favourable sentiments first entertained of the work. About one month from the day of its opening the passengers conveyed by the Railway amounted to 200 per day. The journey of 30 miles is now performed under an hour and a half, only two accidents have occurred to passengers since the opening. Besides passengers taken at intermediate places 130,000 have been booked at the company's offices. The transit of merchandise has regularly increased, in the month of March up to the 26th, the weight of goods passed along the line amounts to 5104 tons. The directors are preparing vehicles for the conveyance of live stock. They are prepared to carry 3000 passengers per day, and will soon be able to convey all the Goods which can be offered them ; the transit of 4000 tons of Goods

per day, would not occupy any one portion of the railway above 15 minutes. The cost of conveying cotton has been reduced from 15s. to 10s. per ton, and the charge for passengers from 10s. to 5s. each. The branches leading into the coal districts are regularly advancing towards completion. During the last severe winter on no one day were the number of trips diminished. The original capital and sums borrowed amount to £865,000, a further extension is contemplated. From the amount of profit up to 31st of December the Directors feel happy in recommending a dividend to the Proprietors of £2 per share; and they consider this as an earnest of future permanent and substantial prosperity.

LIVERPOOL.—Thirty-eight years ago, Liverpool contained only 8865 houses, and 55,732 inhabitants. It has since increased to 30,600 houses, and 176,000 inhabitants. The receipts of the post-office in 1803, amounted to £32,168 13s. 6d., and in 1829 to £68,878 2s. 8d. The number of ships in 1792, amounted to 4483, but in 1829, they are enumerated at 11,383! Signs of improvement are still abroad; whole streets rise around, the thoroughfares are crowded with a busy population, and the docks are filled with shipping.

Net produce of the Revenue of Great Britain at the accession of successive Sovereigns from James the 1st to his present Majesty William the 4th.

James I. in 1603, £600,000; Charles I. 1625, 896,819; The Commonwealth 1648, 1,517,247; Charles II. 1660, 1,800,000; James II. 1685, 200,000; Wm. and Mary 1688, 2,001,855; Anne 1701, 3,895,905; George I. 1714, 5,691,813; George II. 1727, 6,762,643; George III. 1760, 8,523,540; George IV. 1820, 46,132,635; William IV. 1830, 47,139,873; Population of Great Britain in 1710, 7,800,000; Ditto 1830, 17,000,000.

Summary of the number of persons who have received sentence of death, and of those whose sentences have been carried into execution, during the last seven years. It shows the impolicy of loading the statute book with capital punishments, since it proves that the chances of escape are in favour of the great majority of criminals:—

Years.	Convicted.	Executed.	Years.	Convicted.	Executed.
1824	1066	49	1828	1165	58
1825	1036	50	1829	1385	74
1826	1203	57	1830	1327	46
1827	1529	73			

FOREIGN.—*Poland.* The news is doubtful, no general engagement had occurred: The Russians were retreating from Warsaw, pursued by the Patriots; but a division of the Polish army, had to retire into Austrian territory before a division of the Russians.

Synopsis of the Political History of Poland.—This country first took its name and rose into existence as a Dukedom, about the year 550 of the Christian era. The name of its first Legislator was Lechus. About the year 1000 it was erected into a kingdom. The first King's name was Boleslaus. In 1067 Boleslaus 2d conquered Russia. After the death of Boleslaus 2d, Poland became a county, but was erected into a kingdom towards the close of the 12th century. In 1772 the first partition of Poland took place between Russia, Prussia and Austria. In 1791 a new constitution was formed, and the crown which had hitherto been elective, was made hereditary. The following year Poland was invaded by Russia and Prussia and was reduced to a state of anarchy, and another slice taken from her territory. In 1794 Kosciusko rose against the Russians, and after several heroic battles, was taken prisoner. In 1795, the final partition of Poland took place between Russia and Austria. The King, Stanislaus Ponia-towski, resigned his crown to the Russian Minister, and was permitted to retire into Russia, where he died in 1798. In 1831, Poland again rose against her oppressors, and whether she is yet to stand or fall remains to be determined.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Carthegena surrendered to General Luque on April 1823, a deputation has been despatched to invite the former President Mosquera, who resides at New-York, to resume his office. The Commander of H. B. M. Frigate *Blanche*, desired information of the new Governor, as to the security of British property and persons; the answer was satisfactory.—The war in the “United Provinces” sets in favour of the Shore powers.

Brazil.—A revolution occurred in March last, Don Pedro abdicated in favour of his infant son, and retired on board a British Frigate.

UNITED STATES.—By a late *census* it appears that the entire population amounts to 12,317,000 persons. The *Navy* consists of 12 sail of the line, rating 74 guns, but some of which carry 120—seventeen frigates and a number of smaller vessels.—*Antiquities.* In Missouri, a human skeleton nearly 10 feet in length has been discovered.—*Fire.* Fayetteville was destroyed on May 29, loss about a million of Dollars; above a thousand persons have been deprived of shelter by the casualty. *Steam.* The boilers of the *General Jackson*, and of the *Coosa* exploded lately, by which about 70 persons have been killed or wounded. *Vegetable Poison.* A child lost its life in consequence of eating yellow Jessmine flowers.

COLONIAL.—*To Navigators.*—Captain Swinton of the barque *Mariner*, reports, that while lying too, in a heavy gale of wind,

in his passage from London to Miramichi, in lat. 46, long. 29. 37. he observed a rock, exposing at times a surface of about 40 feet. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning that Captain S. discovered it, visible only in the furrow of the sea.

North American Association.—A Society for the purpose of procuring information respecting the B. N. America and West India Colonies, and for procuring Funds for Colonial purposes, has been established in London: First Public Meeting May 2, Presidents of Chambers of Commerce in the Colonies have become *ex-officio* Subscribers to the Association.

OFFICIAL.—A document issued from the Secretary's office, and published in the Gazettes, is an intimation from Viscount Goderich, respecting Colonial correspondence. By this it appears, that communications to the Colonial office should be transmitted by the Governor, he having a knowledge of their contents, or in cases of private transmission, that his Excellency should be furnished with copies of such memorials or letters. A departure from this rule, will occasion the delay of sending such communications back again for the perusal and opinion of the Governor.

A second document published, extends the duration of Patents of governors after the demise of the crown, to the period when new patents shall be issued.

A third document is, An act regulating the trade of the British possessions abroad. By this, after April 15, 1831, Acts, imposing duty in the British American possessions upon the importation of Corn or Grain, Meal or Flour not made of Wheat, Bread, Biscuit, Rice, or Live Stock, are repealed. So much of said acts as imposes duty in Upper and Lower Canada, on the importation of Wheat, Flour, Beef, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Wood or Lumber, is also repealed. The repeal regarding Wood or Lumber also applies to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Duty is also removed from the before mentioned articles when imported from the British American Provinces into the West Indies, Bahama or Bermuda Islands. On Foreign importations, into the West Indies, or British possessions in South America, the following additional duties are laid; Staves or Heading until Jan. 1, 1834—11s. 3d. per 1000. From Jan. 1, 834, to Jan. 1, 1836—7s. 6d. per 1000. White or Yellow pine Lumber until Jan. 1, 1834—7s. 6d. per 1000 feet, 1 inch thick. From Jan. 1834 to Jan. 1, 1836—5s. per do. do.

QUEBEC.—Liberal institutions seem steadily and rapidly advancing in the capital of Lower Canada. The Literary and Historical Society offers 32 prizes, for a variety of essays—for the present year.—About 30,000 emigrants have arrived this season, and many more are expected; many distressing scenes have occurred by the poor and destitute condition of a portion of the strangers.

Halifax and Quebec Steamer.—A meeting of Shareholders was

held April 19: The cost of the boat and her appurtenances is £15,607. She was expected to leave Quebec for Halifax on August 15.—Upwards of 250,000 bushels of wheat had been cleared at this port on May 25.

MONTREAL.—A meeting was held, Mr. Chief Justice Reid in the chair, to raise a subscription, to erect a monument to the late Hon. J. Richardson.

Prince Edward Island.—The first cargo of grain ever shipped for Great Britain departed this month.

New Brunswick.—The *Eleanor* of 520 tons was launched from the yard of Mr. J. Owen.—A Company is about to be established to work the Coal Mines at Newcastle.—Emigrants arrived up to 20th of May, 5,726.

Wesleyan District Meeting.—On the 20th May, the Wesleyan Missionaries in this district, fifteen in number, commenced their Annual District Meeting. They report that the prospects of a religious nature in their respective circuits, are very favourable. The number of members belonging to the Wesleyan Societies in this district as now reported is 1,481, being an increase in the past year of 130, after filling up vacancies occasioned by deaths, removals, &c. The number of Missionaries in the district has increased in five years, from five to fifteen, and many earnest requests have been made from different parts of the Province for an additional supply. On Monday evening the business of the district meeting was closed in a very satisfactory manner, and the missionaries have proceeded to their several scenes of labour. The stations for the ensuing year are:—St. John and Portland, J. B. Strong, A. Desbrisay, G. Johnson. Fredericton and Sheffield—S. Bushy, R. Douglas. St. Stephen—R. Williams, chairman. Westmorland—W. Smithson, A. W. M'Leod. Petitcodiac—W. Murray. Annapolis and Digby—M. Pickles, S. Joll. Sussex Vale—J. F. Bent. Miramichi—E. Wood, A. M'Nutt. St. Andrews—H. Daniel.

NOVA SCOTIA.—*Wilmot Mineral Spring.*—Some water from the Spring has been analyzed by Dr. M'Culloch. It is found to contain lime, and the sulphate of Magnesia, or epsom Salts.

The weather continues delightfully fine. The greatest vegetable luxuriance prevails, and high promises are given of the future. A wild strawberry plucked at Spryfield, June 1, measured over three inches in circumference.

HALIFAX.—Small Pox was introduced this month by an emigrant vessel. Precautionary measures were promptly adopted, and the disease has been got under without any serious consequences.

Launch.—June 9, a brig was launched at Dartmouth, burthen 130 tons. She was built by Mr. Lyle, and is owned by Messrs. George & Andrew Mitchell. Name, the *Eliza & Ann*.

June 27. A Regatta given by the officers of the garrison was held this day : there were six well contested races—viz. whalers—flats, single pair oars—gigs—flats, two pair oars—canoes, three Indians in each—and flats rowed by amateurs.

Since the commencement of 1830—136 new buildings have been erected.

Spontaneous Ignition.—Oakum which had been pressed round a jar of linseed oil as packing, was discovered partly consumed as if by fire, on account of becoming saturated with the oil by leakage of the jar.

The last of the Sealers, the Jane, arrived on May 27, with 1100 Seals.

MARRIAGES.

At Halifax—june 6, Mr. Samuel Rudolph, to Miss Ann Guyon. 9, Mr. Joseph Purcell, to Miss Margaret Smith. Mr. John A. Sneden, to Miss Ann Knox. 11, Capt. James Morris, to Miss Esther Smith. 13, Mr. Charles P. Allen, to Miss Catharine Rudolph.

At Windsor—june 2, Rev. Joseph Hart Clinch, A. B. of Bridgetown, to Griselda Eastwicke, third daughter of the late Richard Cunningham, Esq. of Windsor.

At Newport—May 30, Mr. Jedediah Shaw, aged 71.

At Annapolis Royal—the Rev. John Moore Campbell, of Cornwallis, to Mary E. second daughter of the late Lawrence Sneden, of former place.

At Cornwallis—june 20, Mr. Alpheus M. Heustis, to Charlotte, third daughter of Dr. Baxter.

At Merigomish—the Rev. Douglas M'Kichan, to Miss Isabella M'Phee.

At Sydney—May 26, Mr. Joshua Wingate Weeks, to Miss Anna Susan Leaner.

At Liverpool—june 8, Charles Bolman, Esq. to Miss Clara Collins.

At Lunenburg—june 16, Edward H. Harrington, Esq. to Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Pinnel, of that place.

DEATHS.

At Halifax, May 31, Miss Elizabeth Susannah Schmidt. Mrs. Sarah Street, aged 39. Mr. John Bayer, aged 47. june 5, Elizabeth Blackden, aged 89. 15, Mr. Francis Pendergrass, aged 20. 16, Mr. Thomas M'Kenzie, aged 82. 20, Mrs. Elizabeth Mewburn, aged 39. Mrs. Mary M'Donald, aged 67. 30, v. r. William Crawford, aged 23.

At Newport—May 30, Mr. Jedediah Shaw, aged 71.

At River Philip, Cumberland—june 19, Mrs. Barbara, relict of the late John Black, Esq. of that place, aged 64.

At Pictou—june 21, Mr. Thomas Proudfoot, aged 28.

At Sydney, C. B.—june 14, Archibald Charles Dodd, Esq. aged 91.

At Liverpool—june 3, Hallet Collins, Esq. aged 84. 11, Mrs. Rebecca de Waul, aged 50.