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SPRING.

“ How charming is divine philosophy !  
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute.”

A LARGE portion of this best kind of philosophy, consists in fully enjoying the lawful good which is set before us. If men generally looked through the medium of true philosophy, on the wonders, the beauties, the conveniences and the comforts which surround them, the result would be, that most persons would feel more contented, thankful, pious and philanthropic than they do at present; not a few would be enraptured with the delighted vision; and the offscouring, the dregs alone of every rank and class of life, would be those who would continue careless of the charms of the voice, forgetting God, and despising his works. Why does the miser hide his wealth from the light, and starve himself in a noisome dungeon? Why does the ignorant idler mope through life like the blind mole? Certainly because neither know the art of enjoying themselves, nor see the good they give up, and the evil they accumulate. Did the miser look on himself and on society as true philosophy dictates, he would make his “ rascal counters” the means of exquisite pleasure to himself and others, instead of allowing them to corrode the very marrow of his bones, as if pestilence and famine were hidden in those representatives of health and plenty. Did the vulgar drone hear the philosophic strains of Apollo's lute,” or behold the angel's ladder which leads to the realms of nature and art, he would strive as if for his life that he might enjoy those new sources of wonder and delight.

Independent of the systems which teach men how they may handle, and converse with, the subtlest essences of the material universe; and how they may comprehend, define, and arrange the

workings of that mightiest of mysteries, the human soul; independent of those keys to such secret cabinets, there is much philosophic pleasure in the less reasoning—but not less delighted—glance which looks on the more outward parts of creation, and enthusiastically calls them all good. The painter who stands amid the mountains, exulting in soul to see the purple battlements support the snowy curtains of the sky; or who claps his hands as some mighty Nile winds far below him, the wealth of cities on its banks and the winged homes of the sailor on its breast—he has as much joy in his eagle vision, as the more minute philosopher has in analyzing the strata of the peaks, or in measuring the quantity and speed of the mighty waters. Influenced as he is, we would spend an hour on this eminence of life, in gazing at the scenery of the present season. Like him we would not attempt to be learned on the matter, we would not stop to enquire what kind of bird that is, which flying between us and the dense cloud, seems to dot its surface, like the first snow flakes of winter drifting past the embrowning wood; we would not ponder on the comparative mechanism of that vessel which shakes her white canvass to the sun, so distant, noiseless, yet distinct, that it seems like some fairy vision rather than a work of clumsy man; but like him, we would take a wide and desultory survey, refreshing our old imaginations, and gaining new pleasures from the free sketch.

Spring is the offspring of winter; nursed amid storms, the stripling rises from dissolving snow heaps and ice bergs; slender and wan at his first appearance, but with every line of beauty distinct on his animated countenance. His robe is of delicate green, and a few daisies are twined with his dark brown ringlets. All active and buoyant he paces earth with the west wind, and collects ornaments from hill and dale for his person. He takes the daffodil from beside the cool well, the crocus from the newly arranged garden, and the beloved primrose from the rural lanes, and exultingly displays them about his graceful figure. His triumph is short, just as his eye gathers a warmer lustre, as his chin no longer downy becomes serried, and his robe changing from its delicate green becomes of many colours; just as the sunbeams make the arbour inviting, and induce loitering walks by the sea

shore, and rests on the bank of the river ; as the stripling's charms become mature, a messenger called June whispers in his ear, he leaves the stage suddenly, and another performer fills the scene. Beautiful as all the graces this nymph appears ; her haunts are the cool streams, the groves of myrtle, and the green wood solitudes ; she lies on beds of roses, and the sweet berries woo her hand from every shrub around. She inspires as true beauty ever does ; in her presence, the chill mountain peak becomes a delicious wind-tower, and the briny marsh a rich and fragrant meadow. But amid her young fruit, and her labyrinth of flowers, she quickly declines ; and lo ! while the sun revels with the celestial Archer Summer has disappeared. Autumn, a rich, beautiful, and benevolent matron, is on the stage ; the sickles flash among the corn fields, songs come from the vineyard ; and at the bidding of the season, man rejoicing amid his goods, gathers the riches of earth into his strong garners. Autumn loiters amid the richest hues and perfumes and sounds of the year, until all begin to decline ; then, glorious in her labours, full of days, and leaving a noble legacy behind, she too vanishes : Winter again comes forward, and wrapping itself in its cloak of fogs and frosts and snows, it lies half torpid, brooding over the creation of another Spring.

All hail ! first and fairest of seasons. As a strong man waking from a trance, who first scarcely breathes almost unconscious of existence, then looks up faintly at the light, essays to move his arms, and at length gathering strength to raise himself, spreads his arms widely, bows the knee, and with a timid glance pours out grateful acknowledgments to heaven for the renewed vigour and the returning health ; so is the earth under the influence of re-vivifying Spring.

The streams unloosed from the spells of winter, run joyfully along their channels, as the vital fluid through the veins of a convalescent ; the blowing wild flowers, the sprouting seeds, and the budding forest trees, show symptoms of innate energy : and soon, the revived planet looks up gratefully confident to heaven, a seeming paradise of beauty, not unworthy the sweet guardianship of the moon, and the company of the starry host. It has been

argued that too much praise is given our first season, and that autumn, with its mellowed lustre, its matured beauty, should be the greater favourite; unfortunately for many theories, love is no logician, and sympathy is as arbitrary as the winds and tides. No doubt autumn is the most rich and steady and useful of seasons; and spring is full of caprices as a spoiled child; no doubt the silvered head is more venerable than the flaxen ringlets, and while the one demands patience and attendance, the other is a counsellor and a support; but you will in vain tell the multitude that their caresses are ill bestowed, and that they should blend fondling endearments with their respect for the useful and mature. Spring is the season of youth, and of youthful hopes and expectations; it has many beauties, and the imagination is anxious to anticipate others which are only promised. It is an engaging and friendly stranger, which comes in the place of a blustering enemy. It brings stronger contrasts than any other season,—from the dense city to the hill summit; from the frozen stream and the snow covered soil, to the sparkling water and the flowery turf; from the fire side to the sunny field,—such are some of the contrasts which captivate the fancy, and silence the more sober judgment. Autumn, with all its riches, has all the appearances of age and approaching decay; it has fulfilled its beneficent promises, and has no more to make; it is an acquaintance who forbids increased affection, by continually reminding us that it is about quitting our sphere; there is a great sameness in its scenes and tones; and during its sultry and laborious hours, men begin to imagine how many delights surround the story-telling hearth, and almost wish that the officious visitor were gone, that the resting circle might enjoy itself more placidly. The petted and beautiful and promising infant represents one season; the settled, prudent and comfortable house-keeper represents the other,—and considering the nature of man, and the springs of his sympathies, it is easy to tell which is the object of love, which of respect; the poets, who are the organs of speech to the passions and feelings, have long ago decided the question. Autumn at best, is the paying, the providing season, and then becomes like the departing benefactor and friend, around whose memory melancholy blends with veneration; while spring is as the meeting of friends in heaven,—thoughts,

objects, joys, long hidden in the grave of winter, and which to mere perception seemed annihilated, come joyously around, and the gazer is transported by the young feelings of his own immortality.

Leaving those general and rather abstract views, the season calls us nearer home, and induces us to glance at a few of the details of its scenery. If the vegetable creation bursts into life in all the variety of buds and blossoms, the animal creation also exhibits in a thousand forms the invigorating influence of spring. The delicate green of the forest arcades, is delightfully animated by the beautiful plumage, and the cheerful notes of the feathered tribes; the birds of passage have returned, and have chosen themselves mates, and their verdant halls resound with ten thousand happy bridals. The squirrel shrieks his delight amid the young branches; the lamb gambols on the level sward; and the fawn bounds amid the sunny glades, exquisitely graceful in figure and attitudes. Neither is man, chief of the tribes of earth, slow in welcoming the favourite season; from the hovel, the cottage, the court—from the alleys of the crowded town, and from the hamlets of the open country, he comes forth, preparing for the toils and pleasures of the year; and declaring by his eloquent glances at the opening buds of his garden, at the tender grass of his meadow, or at the revived industry of his store, that he rejoices because winter is past, and the singing of birds, and the cheerful voices of men, are again heard in the land.

To one class, and that a very numerous one, spring indeed comes as the harbinger of good news, as the messenger of life and health, as the smile of the pitying diety who wills not that any should perish. See that wretched hovel,—seldom was its threshold crossed during the howling winter; its ricketty door, if opened after long intervals, was quickly closed again to repel the searching blast, for but little store was inside to counteract the severities of the season. Did you glance within its walls? the light scarcely struggled through a dilapidated window; its air was foul, and rendered dense by the languid clouds of sooty smoke, which came belching in quick succession from the miserable chimney. A few coals were on the wretched hearth; and round them, a father,

and a mother, and a group of half naked children, were gathered ; the shivering family circle—a melancholy burlesque it is on the name and hallowed enjoyments of “family circle”—seems half torpid, and the coarse morsel is eaten in sullen silence.—The father sometimes looks out despairingly on the wide waste of snows ; the mother trembles as she recollects how quickly their measure of meal and cruise of oil are declining, tho’ she denies herself half sustenance that they may hold out a little longer ; the children shrink from their task of procuring water from the frozen-margin’d well, and all seem as if a little, a very little could disunite body and soul, and set each free from the galling privations and inflictions of their wretched lot. But spring arrives ! like a gleam of heaven to the dying sinner, the beautiful *beneficent season* arrives at last. The door of the hovel is flung open to the rays of the early sun, its damp floor becomes dry and warm, and its filthy nooks and corners are cleansed and exposed to the purifying air. The father has been out since dawn, his hearty laugh or cheerful song enlivens the athletic labourers among whom he toils as if in play ; his wife now shall have her humble wardrobe and store replenished, her innocent little ones shall be fed and clothed once more, the father, is indeed himself again. The mother sings a ditty which was learnt in her maiden days, and having hung the well washed garments in the sunbeams, she prepares the humble, but hearty meal, happy and contented as if a thousand barns bent under her goods and chattles. The little ones, where are they ? the hearth is vacant, except for the purring cat which sits on the three legged stool ; where are the late shivering occupants of the corners ? shouting and laughing in wild glee, their merry voices come from yonder sunny nook, where they appear sporting in a thousand fantastic gambols, happy as if they had never known any want, as if the name of care or grief had never resounded in their ears ; gathering health and vigour, they drink in the warm air like nectar, and rejoice riotously in all the luxury of expanding life. The hovel is wretched no longer, its inmates are very contented, absolutely happy, under the sweet influences of the season.

Were we to ascend higher in the scale of society, what a multitude of appearances we should find, delightfully animating, and

all produced by the first spring months. From the yard of the Cottage the sleigh with its fur appendages is removed, and the plough is seen in the neighbouring field; the first of those was one of the idle means by which winter was tricked, as it were, out of its gloom,—how vapid and wretchedly splendid it appears in the sunshine of spring! it is very wisely put out of the way, and well substituted by the precursor of fertility and riches. The rotten stalks of the woodbine, sunflower, and hollyhock are also removed; the little flower beds under the windows, are nicely arranged; order, neatness, industry, and comfort, are visible in every detail around, and the confusion of winter has gone with its idleness and languid enjoyments. The master is with his men in the sweet smelling field; the mistress and her daughters, are sowing seeds and planting flower roots in the garden; the boys assisted by the pony are drawing gravel for the yard and garden paths; and the cottage swept and garnished, is alone but not lonely:—its windows and doors stand open, and an æolian harp at one casement sends its full harmony on the passing breeze, vibrating as if domestic spirits were rejoicing in the liberty and life of the expanding year. The domain which surrounds the stately Court, and through which passes the fantastic May-day procession, exhibits larger and more splendid pictures of spring's doings: and the country generally, whether seen in unbroken solitude, or strewed with the domestic islets of civilization, warms, expands, and beautifies in the beneficent airs which at this time flow gladly from heaven to earth.

The Town also, shows its sensibility to the advantages of the season; and has its spring features as well as the country. The files of houses which seemed "standing at ease" all winter, are now "attention," brightened up, brushed, and pipe clay'd; and the lines between are levelled and arranged. The few trees which shade the church windows—like a rustic force around an old gothic warrior—put on their leaf; the migionette boxes neatly coloured are placed on the window sills, and the geraniums, which like staunch friends continued during all the rigours of winter, are now, conveniently placed to shade deficiencies and to embellish the deserted hearth. The shops put on their gayest costume, and

the air which strews the country with daises and butter cups, makes the haberdasher anticipate the warmer season, for he arrays his windows in all the hues of the tulip. Merchant's stores resound with lively gangs of labourers, and the wharves are a well ordered chaos of active industry. The ship owner feels the season as the swallow does, his bark is newly repaired and rigged, it is time for her to be out on the great highway of nations ; full of hopes, he sees her spread her canvass to the wooing breeze, and depart with her hardy crew, on a cunningly concocted voyage of honourable traffic. Even the poor recluse, shut in his narrow room, joys to see the green hill tops peer above the neighbouring roofs; he gazes out awhile on the variegated patches of the dimly seen fields, imagines his own rural rambles in the days of youth ; and then proceeds with his dull task, cheered by the sunny breezes which come through his open casement.

It is easy to wanton in the praise of this delightful season, to dwell on the pictures which it calls up amid the solitudes of nature, and amid the busy haunts of man ; it were delightful to continue, in a dreaming mood, gazing on the reviving earth, on the calming ocean, on the brightening skies, and on the happy tribes which animate each element ; but if our meditations were to halt here, and if spring brought no better thoughts, a hopeless melancholy should blend with our gayest vernal reflections. No second youth returns to man on this earth ! no spring remains for him, when the winter of age once strews snow on his declining head ! The balmy season is but another mark on his dial of life ; it is a sweet messenger with a sad tale, who whispers that his sear and yellow leaf is coming ; and that the buds and blossoms of the field, only prefigure the young generation, which rises around, to supply the places which he and his compeers shall soon leave empty ! Rapturous as is the music of the spring grove, it is a voice from the valley of the shadow of death to the discerning senior : reviving nature points him to the urn which holds its useless handful of sacred dust : the hum of the active city reminds him of that place where there is neither knowledge or device, and whither he knows he is hastening ! But happily he looks beyond and exclaims in ecstasy :

"Hail revived reviving Spring,  
Fair type of heaven's eternal year!"

Here indeed lies the chief glory of the season, the secret of its expanding influence on the heart of man: without these thoughts of another and a better world, spring would be a most miserable mockery to him; in connection with his immortal state, the year with its seasons is a lively and lovely type of his existence. Amid all the life and beauty of a May day, he can no more deem annihilation possible, than he can doubt the power and goodness of his Maker. The early winter months may bring days of blackness of darkness, which acting on the dregs of life, conveys undefined horrors, distaste of living and doubts of immortality to the labouring breast; the ills which flesh is heir to, are increased a thousand fold, when seen through a sickly atmosphere; and the victim of spleen is ready to crawl into the tomb, half fearing, half hoping that he may sleep forever. But such feelings are impossible to a spring morning; and the man who beholds a lower creation rising into second life and beauty, is as confidently, thankful that a rest remains for the people of God, as the labourer immersed in the weeks toil, is satisfied of the approaching sabbath. If we are sometimes induced to sigh when we behold

"The Spring  
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
And turn from all she bears to those she cannot bring:"

It is a narrow thro' a natural feeling, and soon turns into rejoicing; for though our friends cannot come again to bless the earth, like the "fresh green tree" which appears redolent of buds and blossoms after the death of winter, yet we recollect, that they are not where we laid them, that they are risen again; that they enjoy that never ending spring, which in our best moments we who yet tarry, religiously anticipate.

When our first parents beheld the fearful approaches of the first winter after the curse, perhaps they greatly dreaded that the fertility and beauty of the earth were gone for ever, and that it should never arise from the barrenness and silence which was closing it around: death is as that first winter to every individual; but the light of revelation and of nature writes in the colours of

the rainbow that it is a winter of short continuance ; that the immortal germs shall revive ; that life on earth is but the time for ploughing and sowing, and that the thorns or the flowers remain for a nobler state of existence. This thought removes recklessness from youth, and melancholy from age, and conveys to the good man, that holy serenity which no tempest can possibly disturb.

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### PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

“ WHO 'LL SERVE THE KING ? ”

*By Thomas Hood, Esq.*

WHAT little urchin is there never  
Hath had that early scarlet fever,  
Of martial trapping caught ?  
Trappings well called—because they trap  
And catch full many a country chap  
To go where fields are fought :

What little urchin with a rag  
Hath never made a little flag,  
(\*Our plate will shew the manner,)  
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,  
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,  
To come beneath the banner ?

Just like that ancient shape of mist  
In hamlet, crying “ List, O list ! ”  
Come, who will serve the king,  
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead  
And cut off Boneyparty's head ?—  
And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,  
To march with military toy,  
And ape the soldier-life ;  
And with a whistle or a hum,  
I thought myself a Duke of Drum  
At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,  
Oh ! how I walk'd in glory's path  
With regimental mates,

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“The plate referred to represents two boys under the sunny gable of a cottage, one is the recruiting officer alluded to in the stanza,—he affects a military strut, and displays his little flag ; a basket serves for a helmet, peacock's feather for plume, salt box for cartridge box, and his father's boots on his tiny legs complete his military costume. He looks with an alluring confident smile on his companion, who is seated admiring the trappings of the miniature hero.

By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs,  
To 'siege the washhouse—charge the tubs—  
Or storm the garden-gates!

Ah me! my retrospective soul!  
As over memory's muster-roll  
I cast my eyes anew,  
My former comrades all the while  
Rise up before me, rank and file,  
And form in dim review.

Aye, there they stand, and dress in line,  
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,  
And dark "Jamakey Forde!"  
And limping Wood, and "Cocky Hawes."  
Our captain always made,—because  
He had a real sword!

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,  
Who said he had a gun at home,  
But that was all a brag;  
Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham  
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb  
That would hold up the flag!

Tom Anderson, and "Dunny White,"  
Who never right-abouted right,  
For he was deaf and dumb;  
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray,  
And Dicky Bird, that wouldn't play  
Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp,  
A chap that never kept the step—  
No more did "Surlly Hugh;"  
Bob Harrington, and "Fighting Jim"—  
We often had to halt for him,  
To let him tie his shoe.

"Quarrelsome Scott," and Martin Dick,  
That killed the bantam cock, to stick  
The plumes within his hat;  
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout  
That got so thumped for calling out  
"Eyes right!" to "squinting Mat."

Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,  
Was always in the awkward squad,  
And those two greedy Blakes,  
That took our money to the fair  
To buy the corps a trumpet there,  
And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now?—an open war  
With open mouth declaring for?—  
Or fall'n in bloody fray?

Compell'd to tell the truth I am,  
 Their fights all ended in the show,—  
 Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,  
 And Martin sells the cock he plucks,  
 And Jepp now deals in wine;  
 Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,  
 And warlike Lamb retains his flag,  
 But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cocky Hawes's sword  
 Is seen upon a broker's board;  
 And as for "Fighting Jim,"  
 In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide,  
 His unresisting cheek I spied  
 Beneath a quaker brim!

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,  
 For Ryder now your eye must search  
 The marts of silk and lace—  
 Bird's drums are fill'd with figs and mite;  
 And I—I've got a substitute  
 To soldier in my place!

## INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

*"Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,  
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
 And pour in fresh instruction on the mind."*

In reviewing the state of the arts and sciences for a few centuries back, one would almost be inclined to think that a gradual progress has been making in the whole of them, excepting in one of the most important—the ART OF TEACHING. It is rather singular, that when galleys with two or three banks of oars, have given way to two or three deckers with lofty masts and swelling sails; and these again about to yield to steamers of two or three hundred horse power;—when the querns have resigned to the wind and water mills; and the distaff to the wheel and the factory; that the old system of education should have so long maintained its ground. The present century has already been more remarkable than any of the past, for political revolutions; and will probably be still more remarkable for a general reformation in

our system of education. The old system appears to have been founded upon the principle that man is an animal only a little more sensitive and instinctive than the inferior creation, and therefore that he requires a course of discipline only a little superior to theirs. The tyranny and cruelty, (for what else can it be called?) which many have witnessed, and some have experienced, in our common schools, will justify the above remark. Now however, it is very generally admitted, that knowledge is not easily whipt into the body, nor pounded into the head; and therefore, this method is yielding to the more noble and rational, called the intellectual system. This proceeds upon the principle, that man is a rational being, and, even from his infancy, treats him accordingly, as philosophers have not been able to discover any period of his existence when he may be called irrational; and, instead of considering him in youth as only a little higher than the inferior creation, it views him as only a little lower than the angels. A full and particular account of this system was published some time ago, by Mr. Wood a teacher in Edinburgh; and was most ably reviewed and strongly recommended in Blackwood's Magazine; but for the benefit of those who have not an opportunity of seeing these works, the following brief outline is presented.

The grand design of all instruction is to enable the young and rising generation to *think* and to *act* with propriety. To accomplish this, punctuality, order and attention, are absolutely necessary. With these therefore the daily exercises commence, proceed, and terminate. A punctual attendance at the hour of commencement is required, not only to save time but to instill the habit. Order in all the exercises and movements, is enforced for the same reasons; and without attention there will be no improvement. The peculiar characteristic of this system, however, is, that above all others it directs itself to the judgment, the most noble faculty of a rational being. But this will appear more evidently by the account of the exercises which commence at 10 o'clock; at which hour all must be found in their proper places to attend to prayer. Great care is taken to arrange the scholars properly into classes of about 10 or 12 in each, over which one of the most advanced is placed as monitor. Again the classes

are arranged into two divisions, one of which always occupies the floor, proceeding with the various exercises of the school. The first division occupies the floor till half past 10, each class in the form of a half moon, facing the master, with its monitor at its head. They march in order to their stations, and commence operations by some manœuvres, such as—*attention—stand at ease—recover books—slates, &c.* They then proceed with their proper exercises in reading, arithmetic, &c. till their half hour is expired; when, by a signal from the teacher, they again in order march to their seats, and the second division takes the floor and proceeds in the same manner. Thus they change situations every half hour till the time of separation arrives at noon; and in the evening, after repeating the Lord's prayer together, they march out in a double column. This then is the general order of proceeding, though of course it may be occasionally interrupted by casual circumstances. During the interval at noon, the teacher is employed in giving instructions to the monitors. At two o'clock, the books are grounded that the roll may be called, absentees marked, and the conduct and place of each in his class noted, for information in the distribution of prizes, which takes place as often as appears to be proper. The time of attendance (four hours) is short, because it is thought that they will reap more benefit from close application during that time, than by poring listlessly over a book from sunrise till dark. To keep up the attention, the teacher must be enthusiastic in the cause, that he may infuse a similar spirit throughout the whole school, and if at any time the attention of one of the classes begins to flag, it must immediately be "called to order," and put through some of the above mentioned exercises, which seldom fail to arrest the wandering imagination, and to enable them to proceed with renewed vigour. Great attention must be paid to the proper classification, that a spirit of emulation may be excited, by placing the highest prize within the reach of all.

When a desire of improvement can thus be excited, corporeal punishment will seldom be found necessary. The disgrace of losing a prize by falling in the class, or incurring the displeasure of the monitor and teacher, will generally be found a sufficiently powerful, and certainly a much more rational stimulant to good

behaviour. These means indeed have been found so effectual that some have adopted the theory and tried the practice of laying the ferula altogether aside; and tho' they found it impolitic in theory, yet in practice it has been nearly accomplished.

The principle object which they keep in view in every lesson, is to see that every word and sentence is perfectly understood. Storing the memory with words which convey no ideas to the mind, is like loading a vessel with empty chests; but the explanation of these words or sentences, conveys new ideas to the mind, and is as it were filling the chests with rich merchandise. The teacher therefore explains every difficult word and sentence to his respective class; and then satisfies himself that they understand them, by asking questions adapted to their several capacities. In the first class, for instance, suppose that a tree is mentioned in the lesson, he may ask—What is a tree? Where do they grow? How many kinds are you acquainted with? What do we make of them? &c. The second and third classes will of course be asked questions a little more difficult according to their several capacities.

Here it may not be improper to embrace the opportunity of recommending the short histories of England, Scotland, Rome and Greece, lately published for the use of schools. They appear to be much more suitable, both for interesting and informing the young, than any of the common collections; which are incomprehensible to the ordinary capacities of schools. But in reading a plain historical narrative, their attention is engaged, because they feel interested in the fate of the heroes, and thus useful information is stored up in the memory. To further this desirable object, therefore, in the highest class not only the words and sentences, but all the collateral circumstances, must be explained. Nor is a simple definition of the difficult words all that is necessary, but the etymology of all derivative and compound words must be examined and analyzed: The prefixes and affixes separated, and original words pointed out. Respecting an unprecedented act, it is not sufficient merely to say something which no person has done before; but it must be separated into un-precedented. Each of these must be examined and ex-

plained by itself, and re-compounded with other words or syllables, so that its meaning and force may be clearly understood.

With regard to grammar, the old method of committing to memory a whole book, is entirely laid aside. They commence with it very early, and upon a very simple plan. At the end of every lesson their attention is directed to some one or other of the parts of speech; such as 'a noun is the name of any thing.' Then they are desired severally to point out a noun in the lesson. This practice is continued till all are able to distinguish them with ease. Then they are directed to ascertain the number; next the gender and case, and so on till they become thoroughly acquainted with all the minute distinctions. Then they commence with another part of speech, and proceed in the same manner. When thus they have got over the whole, they begin to apply the rules of construction in the most plain and simple form to which they can be reduced.

Arithmetic is performed in classes, for the purpose of exciting interest, and emulation. Simple questions are first given, and those who perform them first, are placed at the head of the class. In all classes they are allowed to perform them their own way. Mental arithmetic is a new exercise, exceedingly useful, and probably peculiar to this system. This is performed by the class without either slates or paper. The sums are given out by the teacher or monitor, to be calculated by the mind without any outward assistance; and the scholar who first accomplishes the task, is advanced to the head. They begin with the most simple sums in multiplication, division, &c. and gradually proceed to proportion, practice, interest, &c.; and here in particular will the spirit of emulation, eagerness, and activity appear. Mr. Wood says when he commenced this class, and for some time after, he could always calculate the sums given out in sufficient time to know when any of them answered correctly, but it was not long till the class became more expert than himself at the work, and out of pure necessity he was obliged to have recourse to the ready reckoner. The degree of perfection at which an aspiring class of active youths may arrive in this exercise, shall not here be mentioned; because it would appear incredible to any but an eye

witness. Those therefore who wish to know the activity of the youthful mind in this respect, must try the experiment ; and if it does not surpass their highest anticipations, the juvenile powers have been overrated.

Geography is taught without any other assistance than the school atlas; on which the great and minor subdivisions of the earth are pointed out, the situations of most remarkable cities, mountains, rivers, &c. are shown ; and when they have made some degree of proficiency, they are required to trace the outline of any country or kingdom on a blank board or slate, marking the situation of the principle places in each.

One of the greatest advantages of this system is, that the whole of the exercises of the school are rendered easy and interesting. The scholar therefore enters the school and commences his business, with cheerfulness stamped upon his countenance, as if he were only engaging in an amusement of a particular kind. *He does not view the school with dread, as a place of confinement, but with delight, as a place of recreation.* He fears not corporeal punishment ; but the disgrace of being more ignorant than his playmates. No aversion to his books is created, as is often the case under the old system ; but he acquires a zest for reading and for general improvement. *He finds himself so much wiser at the end of every lesson than at the beginning, that he rather feels sorry when the time is expired, and appears anxious for another opportunity of adding to his stock of knowledge.* He gradually acquires a command of language too, which he feels pleasant to practise ; so that his enjoyment and improvement are blended together.

This short and imperfect account and recommendation of a most excellent system of education would require an apology ; but it is hoped that the laudable design of being serviceable to the youth of this Province, as far as circumstances will permit, by introducing it to their teachers, will be generally accepted ; and if it only induce some of them to seek after further information on the subject, and to practice what appears to be commendable, my trouble will be fully compensated.

PHILANDER.

[Being sensible of the vast importance which should attach to education in every country, but more particularly in a young country, we readily give insertion to our correspondent's letter on the subject. Thoughts on such matters are well worthy the attention of all concerned; and altho' persons will not agree to every new idea advanced, they should enquire, is there no hint here worthy of putting to the test? Can I not glean any thing from these suggestions on so important a topic? With this view, we consider discussions on education calculated to be of eminent service: had as much attention been bestowed on the culture of the human mind, as has been bestowed on the training of animals and plants, glorious results might have been produced. Education, even at the present day, may be considered as comparatively a new and very imperfect science; it requires most acute enquirers, and furnishes a vast and rich field for judicious exertion.]

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[The following lively satire on fashionable life, written by a young lady of much genius, we select from Ackerman's *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.*]

### MEMOIRS OF A BUTTERFLY.

*By Miss Jewsbury.*

“ 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours.”

THE approach of autumn, and the conviction that I shall not survive the first sharp frost, would fill me with dismay did I not belong to the educated class of butterflies. I can submit to the laws of nature, and die; I cannot submit to die and leave no record of my existence: but I am not called to this trial; my friend, the gaddy, promises to take charge of these memoirs when completed, and to trumpet their praises throughout the insect world. That world is hastening to its end; but, doubtless, the next generation, and especially that of butterflies, will hold my name in estimation; I shall certainly be regarded as their standard author. Unquestionably I should like to live to hear my own praises; but one cannot have every thing, so I must be satisfied with deserving them, and commence my history.

Of my infancy I remember nothing, except, indeed, that it was said, I was a remarkably fine caterpillar; but my own recollections begin at the moment when I burrowed from my cone, and found myself a butterfly! I belong to that splendid tribe called the *Atalanta*, and, when in my prime, I was one of its chief ornaments, my wings being glossy black, edged with the richest carmine. How well do I remember the morning of my first flight! From being shut up in a dusky prison, suddenly I found myself at large, fluttering among

flowers that I continually mistook for brother butterflies—the glorious sun shining in the heavens without a cloud—and thousands of insects sporting, like myself, in his golden beams! How many friendships did I form on that happy day! How sweet were my slumbers, when at night I folded my wings in a rose that was sheltered from the dew by a laurel branch that hung over it! From that day it was evident that nature designed me for the poet of my tribe; doubtless, circumstances were highly favourable, but I think that I must, even in my caterpillar state, have possessed the organs of fancy and imagination.

I will now describe my way of life. In a few days, my rose-tree became the resort of a selection from the most approved species of butterfly. The swallow-tailed, the peacock, the buckthorn, and the atalanta kind, took the lead, on account of the splendour of their attire: the inferior orders were only bowed to at a distance, and of course every insect that was not a butterfly was regarded with the utmost horror. The gadfly, the wasp, and the bee, were exceptions; the first was necessary as a newsmonger, and as all three carried stings, it was not safe to despise them. Every day the coterie on the rose-tree formed a party of pleasure to visit a different spot of the garden, which, as belonging to a nobleman, and being extremely retired, was a most fitting residence for butterflies of fashion. Sometimes we danced quadrilles in the air, then rested on a woodbine, and returned home in the cool of the evening. Sometimes we formed a party for conversation beneath the shade of a myrtle-tree, at which times I was expected to furnish a song or a tale, invariably in honour of some one belonging to our own body. Occasionally, for the sake of the honey he contributed, we invited an old bee to join our pic-nics; but so much did we fear that he might presume upon the honour, and join us when it might be unpleasant to recognise him, that I do not think we invited him more than twice. This delightful kind of life lasted for about a month; towards the close of that period something like weariness stole over us; pleasure was the sole object of our search, and, having exhausted all we knew, the inquiry was, what should be done next? Labour was out of the question; our high birth and refined habits equally forbade us to enjoy vulgar excitements; we had, therefore, no resource but to quarrel amongst ourselves. We did so. Jealousies, rivalries, and bickerings, now disturbed the tranquil rose-tree. A swallow-tailed beau challenged a peacock dandy: they met; one got his beautiful coat (yellow, laced with black) covered with dust, and the other received a wound in one foot, which occasioned him to limp ever afterwards. The ladies of the respective combatants, of course, took part in the quarrel, and scandalised each other without mercy. For myself, I made satirical verses on all parties; but I was so really vexed at the disturbed state of our politics, that I contrived to make myself the head of a party, whom I drew off and established on a myrtle-tree before alluded to. Unalloyed

felicity is not, however, destined to be the fate of butterflies. Soon after our removal, two of the party met with an untimely death; one was crushed by a little ruffian of a schoolboy, and the other, a particular friend of my own, took cold from incautiously venturing into a damp lily. I honoured each with an elegy, and the occupation somewhat soothed my grief.

For the last fortnight my troubles have been of a personal nature. I feel the approaches of old age: I do not enjoy company as I once did, neither can I fly so briskly; grave thoughts will obtrude upon my mind; and on reviewing my past life, I almost suspect that the despised ant and bee have been more honourable insects than myself, because more useful. To be sure, I have enjoyed much pleasure; but then it is over, and the recollection of it is but cold comfort; and if I have been greatly admired, I am not sure that I was ever loved. I cannot help wishing I had a few good actions to remember—a few benevolent sentiments; but I cannot call any to mind. I certainly once felt ashamed of my party for scoffing at a poor black beetle—(it could not help its ugliness) but then I did not use my influence to protect it. I did certainly once wish to relieve the anguish of a dying moth, by lifting it from the gravel-walk to a rose leaf; but then I abstained for fear of soiling my wings. Well, if I might again emerge from my chrysalis, I would live a very different life; but as I cannot, I must hope that the posterity of butterflies, to whom I dedicate these memoirs, will profit by my experience and my regrets!

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### THE POET COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, one of the greatest restorers of English poetry to truth and nature, has been called a Calvinistic driveller, and the market-gardener of versifiers by Lord Byron: had the author of the 'Task' lived in these, our latter days, he would doubtless have numbered the noble bard with the graceless and the profane, and lamented loudly that he had bestowed immortality on scoundrels, cut-throats, and libertines. The estimate of the one would likely have been as erroneous as that of the other, for, in truth, they were both a little mad: but then the madness of Cowper was not allowed to flow into his verse, whereas the madness of Byron is not a little visible in both his poetry and conduct. With the exception of a puritanic touch or two—not more,—the religion of Cowper is that of God and nature—he labours anxiously in the service of virtue and truth—he is a warm lover of his country too, and has recorded his love of her worth and sorrow for her follies in poems, which are composed in the most manly and vigorous English. The mind of the noble Byron was

tainted deeply with much of the evil of his day. In his poetry he scorns everything—he loves nothing; his chief hero, Childe Harold; afterwards disguised into Childe Harold, is a decided impersonation of himself, with all his evil and not much of his good about him—he wanders over the earth crying out like the false spies in scripture, “The water is naught, and the ground barren,” and sings a hymn worthy of an angel of darkness, to make mankind unhappy. In ‘Don Juan,’ we have still the old man with his deeds—the clever young reprobate laughs at everything and believes in nothing, and exhibits the utter heartlessness of his noble author in a way which makes us fear and loathe him. No wonder, therefore, that he disliked Cowper, who had little in common with him, but genius and high descent. As they differed in their lives, so will they in their fame. Byron with all his loftiness of thought and burning vigour of language, has notwithstanding less sympathy with his fellow-mortals than Cowper, and must, we apprehend, be satisfied with fewer worshippers.

We have said that Cowper was a little mad: he was only so for a season, and that, chiefly, when he was stung and goaded by his friends to undertakings above his strength; or had his sensitive mind plagued and pestered with captious queries and scruples in religion. Of those who pressed sorest in these latter matters, the most tenacious and troublesome was a reverend divine; in the eyes of that over-righteous person, a ride in a coach was a thing in itself sinful—keeping of social company, was a denying of Christ—and the harmless or necessary indulgence in easy chairs at home, and cushions in the church, was a backsliding, meriting wholesome admonition and spiritual stripes. In addition to that ghostly monitor, his weakness had admitted a couple of ladies into his household—between whom disunion, as might have been foreseen, broke out; and the remotest rafter in his habitation rung with their shrill clamour and unremitting hostility. One of these—a woman whose fine taste, and originality of mind suggested ‘the Task,’ as well as ‘John Gilpin’—had acquired an importance in the eyes of the poet displeasing to her companion, whose humbler talents were powerful in the kitchen, and in all household things. Discord cannot dwell with poetry, any more than it did in Eden: the grosser spirit prevailed in this contest; and the consequence was, that the cleverest, if not the kindest one, was expelled. When this broil was over and order restored, demands of another kind came upon the stage, and invaded the repose of the unfortunate bard. If we can rely upon a letter, published in the correspondence of Pinkerton, which professes to derive its information from one of the relatives of the poet, Cowper imagined that evil spirits in the shape of women, haunted his house, and forced their way into his chamber: nay, that such was their malice, that they actually appeared in the person and dress of the worthy lady who ruled in his household. We do not marvel greatly at the mistake which the poet made, but we can-

not but smile to think that he declared it needed no little scrutiny to convince him sometimes of the earthly origin of the worthy dame. We have not been informed if the shape ever came in the likeness of a priest.

The demon who appeared next, we think, was the darkest of all—he came in the shape of a critic.

Abhorred by man and dreadful even to gods.

When Cowper had written his glorious 'Task,' and other poems of great and singular merit, he supposed he had nearly said all he had to say, and looked round for some employment to keep the fiends, who came in the semblance of ladies, at bay. An accomplished scholar—a ripe and mature one, he doubtless was—more conversant with the divine father of song in his own tongue than any poet who had tried to translate him, and moreover little disposed to admire the glittering version of Pope—once and still so popular,—he therefore conceived the idea of translating Homer into the vigorous language of 'The Task,' and as he was an ardent man, he made rapid progress. Now, when the translation began to pass through the press, Fuseli, the painter, who abounded as much in vanity as he did in Greek, began to take its accuracy to task. This man spent a long life endeavouring to paint like Michael Angelo, and say witty things worthy of Butler; and imagined himself at once the best scholar and genius and wit of the age. Without question he alarmed Cowper at first; but the poet rallied in time, and soon perceived that the Swiss was one of those dreamers, who looked for things unequalled yet in prose or rhyme, and whose admiration of Greek was so boundless, that he believed the English of Shakespeare and Milton to be utterly unworthy of being named beside it. He adopted some of his emendations—dismissed others to empty air, and give the world his 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' in English.

We hold that the melodious and sparkling version of Pope has so much charmed our ears and dazzled our eyes, that we are in a manner become incapable of relishing the nobler translation of Cowper. His Homer is nervous and moving, and everywhere written in the most sinewy English, and, moreover, gives us an idea of a truly original poet, in which the labours of Pope utterly fail. It is true, that Cowper is sometimes flat and unelevated—often harsh and literal—makes frequent use of common words, and expresses himself in the simplicity of the old bard, over some of whose images his courtly brother threw a veil, as resplendent and invulnerable as that with which Venus covered Æneas. But then he never withdraws or dilutes—he generally gives line for line—disdains to hide a homely simile under general expressions; and, in short, differs so much in matter and in manner, that the Homer of Cowper and the Homer of Pope are two distinct poems. Nor is it in passages of masculine vigour alone that he excels.

His description of the Cestus of Venus for instance, transcends that of all other translators :—

It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete  
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,  
And music of resistless whispered sounds,  
Which from the wisest win their best resolves.

The version of Pope, much as it has been praised, fades away before it ; it is neither so simple, so poetic, nor so like Homer :

In this was every art and every charm,  
To win the wisest and the coldest warm :  
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,  
Persuasive speech and more persuasive sighs,  
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

We shall transcribe one brief passage in another style. Achilles, having obtained armour from Vulcan, arms himself in the midst of his myrmidons, to revenge the fall of Patroclus :—

He gnashed his teeth, fire glimmered in his eyes,  
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart,  
And fury against Troy, whilst he put on  
Those glorious arms, the labour of a god.

Cowper has less of the fire and impetuosity of Homer than could be wished ; but it will be difficult to surpass him in accuracy and graphic simplicity. Agamemnon throws his spear at an enemy, whom he could not otherwise reach—we see it as it flies and strikes :

The Pelian ash  
Started right through the buckler, and it rang.

Let this short specimen suffice of the vigour and homeliness of his style.—*Athenæum*.

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## EARLY RISING.

I HAD the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays, very agreeably, with a family, at Bristol. I am aware that those who have heard nothing of the Bristollians, save through George Frederick Cooke's satire on them,\* will be amazed at any one's venturing to bring together, in the same sentence, three such words as "agreeably," "Bristol," and "pleasure ;" but I declare it, on my own knowledge, that there is in that city, one family ;

\* "There are not two bricks in your accursed town," said the tragedian, "but are cemented with the blood of an African."

which for good sense, good humour, pleasantry and kindness, is not to be out-done by any in Great Britain. "The blood of an African," indeed! There is not one amongst them, not excepting the ladies, no, nor even excepting Miss Adelaide herself (albeit she sweetens her coffee after the French fashion,) who would not relinquish the use of sugar for ever, rather than connive at the suffering of one poor negro. The family I allude to are the Norringtons. As a rigid recorder, I speak only to what I positively know: there may be others of equal value.

Having an appointment of some importance, for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth-night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when, walking along Broad Street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach-advertisements which were posted on the walls. The "Highflyer" announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the "Magnet" at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the "Wonder" was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!!—a glaring impossibility. We know, that in our enterprising country, adventures are sometimes undertaken, in the spirit of competition, which are entirely out of the common course of things: thus, one man will sell a bottle of blacking for nine-pence, with the charitable intention of *ruining* his neighbour (so think the worthy public) who has the audacity to charge his at a shilling—the intrinsic value of the commodity being, in either case, a fraction less than five farthings. Such a manœuvre, however, is tolerable; but the attempt to ruin a respectable vehicle, professing to set out on its journey at the reputable hour of three in the afternoon, by pretending to start a coach at five o'clock in the morning, was an imposition "tolerable" only in Dogberry's sense of the word—it was "not to be endured." And then, the downright absurdity of the undertaking!—for admitting that the proprietors might prevail on some poor idiot to act as coachman, where were they to entrap a dozen mad people for passengers? We often experience an irresistible impulse to interfere, in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of our's; and the case in question being, clearly, no affair of mine, I resolved to enquire into it. I went into the coach office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

"So, Sir," said I, to the book-keeper, "you start a coach, to London, at five in the morning?"

"Yes, Sir," replied he,—and with the most perfect *nonchalance!*

"You understand me? At five?—in the morning?" rejoined I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

"Yes, Sir; five to a minute—two minutes later you'll lose your place."

This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was

evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work, so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

"And would you, now, venture to *book* a place for me?"

"Let you know directly, Sir. (Hand down the Wonder Lunnon book, there.) When for, Sir?"

I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness.—"To-morrow."

"Full outside, sir; just one place vacant *in*."

The very word, "outside," bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark, dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January, confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called, a 'take in.'

"So you will venture then to *book* a place for me?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare?"

"If you please, sir,—one-pound-two."

"Well, you are an extraordinary person! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole?"

"If you please, sir,—two-pound-four."

I paid him the money; observing, at the same time, and in a tone calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge and jury,—"You shall hear from me again."

"If you please, sir; to-morrow morning, at five *punctual*—start to a minute, sir—thank'ee, sir—good morning, sir." And this he uttered without a blush.

"To what expedients," thought I, as I left the office, "will men resort, for the purpose of injuring their neighbours. Here is one who exposes himself to the consequences of an action at law, or, at least, to the expense of sending me to town, in a chaise and four, at a reasonable hour of the day; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor,—and on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning!"

The first person I met was my friend Mark Norrington, and —

Even now, though months have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered, when assured by him of the frightful fact, that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach, which, really and truly, did start at five in the morning. But as the novel-writers of the good old Minerva school used, in similar cases, to say—"in pity to my sympathising reader's feelings, I must draw the mysterious veil of concealment over my, oh! too acute sufferings!" These, I must own, were, in no little degree, aggravated by the manner of my friend. Mark, as a sort of foil to his many excellent qualities, has one terrible failing: it is a knack of laughing at one's misfortunes; or, to use his own palliating phrase, he has a habit

of looking at the ridiculous side of things. Ridiculous! Heavens! as if any one possessing a spark of humanity could perceive any thing to excite his mirth in the circumstance of a fellow-creature's being forced out of his bed at such an hour! After exhibiting many contortions of the mouth, produced by a decent desire to maintain a gravity suitable to the occasion, he, at length, burst into a loud laugh: and exclaiming (with a want of feeling I shall never entirely forget), "Well, I wish you joy of your journey; *you must be up at four!*" away he went. It may be asked why I did not forfeit my forty-four shillings, and thus escape the calamity. No; the laugh would have been too much against me: so, resolving to put a bold face on the matter, I—I will not say I walked—I positively *swaggered* about the streets of Bristol, for an hour or two, with all the self-importance of one who has already performed some extraordinary exploit, and is conscious that the wondering gaze of the multitude is directed towards him. Being condemned to the miseries, it was but fair I should enjoy the honours of the undertaking. To every person I met, with whom I had the slightest acquaintance, I said aloud, "I start at five to-morrow morning!" at the same time adjusting my cravat and pulling up my collar; and I went into three or four shops and purchased trifles, for which I had no earthly occasion, for the pure gratification of my vain-glory, in saying, "Be sure you send them to night, for I start at five in the morning!" But beneath all this show of gallantry, my heart, like that of many another hero on equally desperate occasions—my heart was ill at ease. I have often thought that my feelings, for the whole of that distressing afternoon, must have been very much like those of a person about to go, for the first time, up in a balloon. I returned to Reeves' hotel, College green, where I was lodging. "I'll pack up my portmanteau" (the contents of which were scattered about in the drawers, on the tables, and on the chairs)—"that will be so much gained on the enemy," thought I; but on looking at my watch, I found I had barely time to dress for dinner; the Norringtons, with whom I was engaged, being punctual people. "No matter; I'll pack it to-night." 'Twas well I came to that determination; for the instant I entered the drawing room, Mrs. Norrington rang the bell, and just said to the servant who appeared at its summons, "Dinner:" a dissyllable which, when so uttered, timed, and accompanied, is a polite hint that the dinner has not been improved by your late arrival.

My story, however, had arrived there before me; and I must do my friends the justice to say, that all that kindness could do for me, under the circumstances, was done. Two or three times, indeed, Mark looked at me full in the face, and laughed outright, without any apparent cause for such a manifestation of mirth; and once when, after a few glasses of wine, I had almost ceased to think of the fate that awaited me, Miss Adelaide suddenly inquired, "Do you *really* start at five? isn't that rather early?"—"Rather," replied I, with all the composure I could assume. But

for a smile, and a sly look at her papa, I might have attributed the distressing question to thoughtlessness, rather than a deliberate desire to inflict pain. To parody a well-known line, I may say that, upon the whole—

“To me, this Twelfth-night was no night of mirth.”

Before twelve o'clock, I left a pleasant circle, revelling in all the delights of Twelfth-cake, pam-loo, king-and-queen, and forfeits, to pack my portmanteau,

“And intly rumiaate the morning's danger.”

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of “Boots,” at the hotel, was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman, who was to go by one of the morning coaches, and who, thereby, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

“Boots,” said I, in a mournful tone, “you must call me at four o'clock.”

“Do'ee want to get up, zur?” inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

“Want it, indeed! no; but I must.”

“Well, zur, I'll *carl* 'ee; but will 'ee get up when I *do carl*?”

“Why, to be sure I will.”

“That be very well to zay overnight, zur; but it bean't at all the zame thing when *marnen do come*. I knoa that of old, zur. *Gemmen* don't like it, zur, when the time do come, that I tell 'ee.”

“Like it! who imagines they should?”

“Well, zur, if you be as sure to get up as I be to *carl* 'ee, you'll not knoa what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I'll have 'ee out, dang'd if I don't! Good night, zur;” and exit, Boots.

“And now I'll pack my portmanteau.”

It was a bitter cold night, and my bed-room fire had gone out. Except the rush-candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment,—the walls of which, (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rush light, as they struggled through the holes of the box,) were of dark brown wainscot,—but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trousers, linen, books, papers, dressing materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair I sat down at the foot of the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau; so, resolving to defer the packing till the morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches, each pointing to the hour of four, passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces—dials, of a larger size,—

and, at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to FOUR, FOU, FOUR. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and endless procession of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dining in my ears, "Past four o'clock." At length I was attacked by night mare. Methought I was an hour-glass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed upon me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did he wave his scythe above my head—he grinned at me, struck three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe, on my breast, stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear—

"Vore o'clock, zur ; I zay it be vore o'clock."

"Well, I hear you."

"But I doan't hear you. Vore o'clock, zur."

"Very well, very well, that 'll do."

"Beggin' your pardon, but it woan't do, zur. 'Ee must get up—past vore, zur."

"The devil take you, will you——"

"If you please, zur ; but 'ee must get up. It be a good deal past vore—no use for 'ee to grumble, zur ; nobody do like gettin' up at vore o'clock, as can help it ; but 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and it bean't my duty to go till I hear 'ee stirrin' about the room. Good deal past vore, 'tis I assure 'ee ; zur."—And here he thundered away at the door ; nor did he cease knocking, till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him in order to satisfy him of the fact. "That 'll do zur ; 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and I hope I ha' carld 'ee properly."

I lit my taper at the rush-light. On opening a window shutter I was regaled with the sight of a fog, which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have excelled. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling. My heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do ! The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the port-manteau *must* be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured : at that villainous hour not a human being in the house (nor, do I firmly believe, in the universe entire,) had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen ; but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might almost as easily have bent. The tooth-brushes were rivetted to the glass, of which (in my haste to disengage them from their strong hold,) they carried away a fragment ; the soap was cemented to the dish ; my shaving-brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had

all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.—“Who’s there?”

“Now, if ’ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-five minutes to vive.”

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that morning* did not unsettle my mind!

There was no time for the performance of any thing like a comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. “I’ll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done.” In went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of mine host’s frozen towels. Every thing must come out again.—“Who’s there?”

“Now, zur; ’ee’ll be too late, zur!”

“Coming!”—Every thing was now gathered together—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it *must* be content to travel to town in a *deshabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was every thing to be undone.

“Now, zur, coach be going.”

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit, of the exact length of time he has yet to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders. “I’m coming,” groaned I: “I have only to pull on my boots.” They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

“What in the name of the —— do you want now?”

“Coach be gone, please, zur.”

“Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?”

“Bless ’ee! noa, zur; not as Jem Robbins do droive. He be vive mile off by now.”

“You are certain of that?”

“I warrant ’ee, zur.”

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past. “Boots,” said I, “you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me——

“At what o’clock zur?”

“This day three months at the earliest.”—*New Monthly Mag.*

## POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The political economists, who some few years since by a dint of perseverance, paradox, and effrontery, contrived to write themselves and their system into some sort of consideration, who were moreover petted and made much of by the coxcomb politicians of the day, and divided the suffrages of fashion with Almack's, the opera, and the dignified science of gastronomy, are now beginning, slowly indeed, but surely, to find their proper level. It is scarcely five years since political economy was in all its glory. Aspiring tyros in Parliament and literature, affected an acquaintance with its more than Eleusinian mysteries: not a few among the fair sex, quitting Scott, Byron, and Moore with fair disdain, coquetted with it; as though it were—as expounded by our modern professors—an intelligible system; and even dandies and exquisites, the most forlorn and imbecile of created beings, sported with it with just as much self-complacency as they would have toyed

“with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Næara's hair.”

Such, five years ago, was the fashionable notoriety which political economy had secured to itself. Where is the science now? In the last stage of decrepitude, voted a bore by the dandies, unintelligible by the Blues, and a quackery by the wise and the sound headed. But when we speak of the political economists with distrust, we do not intend our observations to apply to Adam Smith—the Alpha and Omega of the system. He was in every respect a philosopher, clear and comprehensive in his views, a sound thinker, an expert logician, and one who brought his speculations to square with practice. Since his time little or no progress has been made in the science. There has been, indeed a prodigious noise and shuffling of feet, but no onward movement—a march, like what the soldiers call “mark time,” but no advance. Our modern professors are full of subtle theories, and daring paradoxes, and—nothing else. They write of political economy as playwrights manufacture a pantomime, which is perfect in proportion to the ingenious shifts and devices, and changes and paradoxes, introduced into it. If they can only invent a theory, dress up an old truism in the disguise of a new discovery, build up an old definition and pull down another, they think they have done all that possibly can be done for the science.

Though all our modern political economists have agreed that the science is that ‘of the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth,’ not one of them has been able to define what he means by wealth, and that consequently he is undertaking to explain a system, the very ground work of which he is wholly unable to comprehend.

## FAMILY PRIDE.

*(Continued from page 447.)*

[FOR THE H. M. N.]

As the time of the water-guards' visit approached, Henry remarked that he would withdraw from the outside room previous to their admittance, so that Martin might have a better opportunity of gaining the desired information. Shortly after the arrangement, voices were heard, and a rap at the door announced the expected party—Henry stepped into a small room off the outer one—and the next moment the water-guards were in the house. The party consisted of four men, they had on a profusion of coarse clothing to enable them to withstand the various rigours of their night watch, a short sword was suspended at each man's side, a pair of pistols bristled from each waist belt, and a carbine was carried in the hand. Dressed like seamen, and thus armed, their appearance was not unpicturesque; amid the loneliness of midnight and the dreary scene of the coast, they might excite terror, were it not recollected that they were servants of the king, and conservators of the laws of the country.

'Well Mr. Welch'—said the leader of the party—we did not expect to get you sitting up so late, has there been any noise up this way to-night?' 'No'—said Martin—'except the waves rattling among the beach stones, what noise would you expect sir? I was sittin up myself thinken of ould times, and taken a drop now an then for company.' 'You may as well then'—was answered—'give us an opportunity of doing the same.' 'Will you have a glass apiece gentlemen, or only billys?' said Martin. 'Don't be humbugging us you ould smuggler'—said another of the party—'havent we purty mouths to swallow billys? is it potteen or Cork you have in that decanter?' 'Potteen indeed!' said Martin 'do you think I'd offer the king's men potteen? twould spile your stomachs for a week if ye tasted it. But wheres the Lestennent to night, I didn't think that the ould cat trusted the kittens by themselves so far?' 'Make haste, make haste'—said the chief of the party—'he's a little behind us, and we wan't to be out of his way before he comes up.' The glasses were soon filled, and emptied; and by the time that the party were twenty yards from the door, the Lieutenant accompanied by an-

other man appeared. 'Well Welch what news to-night?' said the officer as he came into the little room, and beckoned that a glass should be filled out for his companion. 'No news your honour, sorrow a word o news I have—said Martin—but sir I wanted to make bould to ax some news from you?' 'what about?' 'why sir I'm toulk that Mr. Cummins is wounded in a duel, and maybe your honour can tell me how he is, and how Miss Mary takes the misfortune?' 'O, aye,' said the Officer—'I recollect that you know the families of Cummins and Burrows, Mr. Cummins is very ill, but he is out of danger, so that the rascal who shot him can only be tried for cutting and maiming, not for murder.' As these words were uttered, Henry kicked open the little door which concealed him, his countenance was distorted with sudden rage, and rushing into the outer room, he exclaimed, 'you slandering ruffian if you dont eat these words of yours, I'll chastise you on the spot.' Perkins stept back, and coolly drew a pistol from his pocket, and cocked it. 'I did not know that I was so near the outlaw'—said he—'nor did I think that the bullying Burrows had been debased to an eaves dropper.' 'That I might avoid the imputation'—said Henry—'I quitted my concealment the moment that I heard a scoundrel make free with my name; I only sought a hiding-place that Welch might have the freedom of his own house; and that I might receive some wished for information without intruding on the privacy of any one.'

'I have seen a little thing like this,' said Perkins; looking at his pistol—'bring as mean and as blustering a runaway as yourself to an explanation before now.' As the last words were uttered, Henry sprang forward with the rapidity of a tiger, and throwing his antagonist's pistol hand on one side, grasped him forcibly by the neck. The pistol was discharged harmlessly in the struggle, the family of Welsh, aroused by the noise, came terrified to the door of the room, but Welsh telling them to be silent, made them return and locked their door upon them. The Lieutenant's attendant had already struck Henry a blow with the but end of his carbine, and was about repeating it, when Martin catching up a bill hook, vociferated, 'down wid your bull-dog Brien, another blow you cowardly rascal, an till cut you up like I would a furze

bush. Thunamun deel do ye want to make a slaughter house ov a poor man's cabin? another shot or blow, an be me hopes ov heaven 'ill let out some ov your hot blood while you'd be sayen boo." Brien, the water guard, was intimidated by Welsh, who with his athletic frame braced, and the glittering billhook in his hand, seemed powerful enough to defeat the entire of his visitors, and to kill or maim them by the exertion of his energies for one moment. "Fair play," said Welsh, "if the two gentlemen will have a bout, well an good, but no two-to-one here." "Let me go Sir," exclaimed Perkins—"such conduct is brutally vulgar." Henry loosed his hold, and shoved his rival violently from him. "A pretty sweetheart for Mary Cummins truly! are you not?" said he,— "tell her how you begged your life from me next time you see her." "In the morning," said Perkins, "she shall hear this further proof of your character." The other pistol was presented, and Brien levelled his carbine towards Welsh. "Be warned"—continued the officer—"any second attempt at an attack, and we will fire at all hazards. Mr. Burrows, I would proceed to arrest you for the assault on young Cummins, did I not pledge myself to his sister not to meddle with such a wild beast as you are,— i have her commands, tho' to tell you, that if you are seen near William's-town you will be punished in a very summary manner; as a proof that I have authority direct, I am also commissioned to deliver to you, or your father, first opportunity, this last token which Miss Cummins had of the man who insulted herself and shed her brother's blood." So saying he laid a small case on the table; Henry knew it to contain a trinket given to Mary Cummins under particular promises, its return to him, by the hand of Perkins, was a death blow to his long cherished hopes; it renewed in an instant all the tender emotions of his life, to crush them, as an avalanche overwhelms the fire side of an alpine cottage. He brushed the case off the table, and stamped on it fiercely—"Be gone"—said he—"or the blood of either of us shall obliterate this further affront." "Open the door Brien"—said the officer—"Welsh you will have to answer for this night's row." "Nonsense your honour"—said Welsh smiling and putting the billhook carelessly in its place—"you: not in earnest surely, I was only keepin

the peace when the king's men forgot their duty, there 'll be two words, bedad, to drawn me over the coals."

As the lieutenant and Brien retired from the door, Henry remarked to Martin that he was extremely sorry to have done any thing in his house which might occasion him trouble. "Nawho-lish"—said Martin—dickens a trouble I'll be put too, I wouldn't turn informer against the devil himself, but Perkins knows that I can tell a thing or two that wouldn't sarve his promotion; if you could as easily get out of a scrape as Martin Welch can, you wouldn't be in such a one as you are to night." "I'm glad that you have the weather guage of the rascal!"—said Henry—"can you give me a corner to rest myself in until daylight, for Martin I'm exhausted both soul and body." "Sit awhile here sir"—said Martin—"and I'll regulate the childer, an if you've no objection to stretch on the one wad with meself, we'll soon settle the matter." "Objection! Martin, none, none, I'll wait here till all is ready." Martin retired, and Henry sitting on one of the vacant chairs, fixed his eyes involuntarily on the fragments of the trinket which Mary had returned by the hand of Perkins. There, crushed under foot, on the floor of an obscure cottage, was a pledge once sanctified by the purest and strongest affections, by the richest beams of innocent hope, by the holiest and most heart stirring love which his bosom had ever known: its wreck, was the destruction of the feelings of which it was the token, and his breast now seemed a fearful void, a cage fit for the reception of every unclean bird. "Tis a Parent, a Father that I have to blame for all my misfortunes"—said he, lowly whispering to himself—"for empty, paltry, family pride, for a phantom which he cannot describe, he has bartered my existence; to the notions of the most rapid part of creation, the *fashionable* world, he has sacrificed his only son; and has murdered his own peace. The blow is given and cannot be recalled; would to heaven my Mother! that thy faintest spirit could have pleaded from the grave in behalf of thy beloved but unworthy offspring." "Come turn in, turn in Mr. Henry," said Martin, "obtruding his head from a little side door, you must be almost dead for want of rest." Henry rose silently, and entering the room, laid himself down without undressing, like a tired child, and was asleep in an instant.

As the morning sun gleamed strongly through the little casement beneath which Henry and Martin reposed, Henry raised himself on his arm, and gazed out on the beautiful scene. The sea was calm, and the ripple which rolled playfully along the strand, coloured by the hues of heaven, was as graceful as the flower wreaths of dancing girls. Beyond, the bay stretched across from head-land to head-land, in placid splendor; and the gorgeous clouds at the horizon, seemed to rest on an element, as pure and unearthly as that to which they belonged. "Martin," said Henry stirring his still sleeping companion. Martin awoke and sat up, rubbing his eyes and wishing his guest a good morning. "Martin, what vessel is that which is beating off the land?" Martin looked out awhile and answered, "It's no easy matter to tell us from this distance, but I believe its one of the Merikan ships from Waterford, there was six or seven ov em waiten for a wind, and the breeze last night was purty fair." "Could we get on board her Martin?" said Henry eagerly. "Haith we could do drother things nor that"—replied Martin—"if we had the mind, but what in the name o fortune id we do aboard her, out there?" "Don't she look very beautiful?"—said Henry—"gliding over the calm deep like a bird with outstretched wings? and the meeting of the sky and sea yonder, invites one to sail into them. Looking out there, it is difficult to imagine that any such paltry world as this lies beyond such unearthly beauty." "Oh! masha"—ejaculated Martin—"I thought you woke too soon, your not done dreamin yet; turn on to'ther side, an try will another nap bring you to your senses." "Get up Martin"—said Henry rising—"and assist me to get a fishing boat, that may put me on board that vessel whatever she is; I'm resolved to leave the country, it seems my only hope from distraction or worse; and the Almighty, in pity to me, has put this opportunity in my way. Give me your assistance this once Martin, and Heaven bless you for your loyalty and love to an unfortunate friend." Martin in vain endeavoured to shake his young guest's resolution, and after some consideration he no longer looked on his hurried departure as either preposterous or foolish. He was on very ill terms with his father, had, been sorely disappointed in love, had some violent enemies, and was possessed of ardent passions which might hurry him to vent his

indignant feelings in a manner disgraceful to himself. His heart had no home. What then could he lose by travel? He had sufficient means under his controul--and surely the open sea is better than the rocky coast, for the tempest-driven bark. They proceeded hastily, ere the tired family had risen, to a fishing station where a boat might be procured. They soon reached the romantic Cove, which scooped out by a running stream from the interior, and by the clamorous waves from the coast, appeared most romantically sheltered, and was richly ornamented by little shrubberies and garden patches. The boats were hauled on the beach; one of them being quickly hired by our travellers, was launched; Henry after a moment's conversation with Martin, pressed his hand affectionately, and depositing a small purse within it, bade him a long farewell, and stepped on board. The sail was spread, and they made out rapidly, going rather close to a steady breeze. Martin stood awhile gazing on the lessening boat; the occurrences of the last few hours seemed, in the pure air of the morning, as the vagaries of a dream; and instead of that boat appearing as the vehicle of his broken-hearted friend's banishment, it danced over the shining swells like a fairy bark, which was freighted only with the beautiful and the happy. It was evident that she would soon overtake the vessel, which made but little progress beating against a head wind, and cramped in her exertions by proximity to the land.

Martin now proceeded to fulfil the last request of the Exile, which was, that he would inform his father of his departure, that his absence might not occasion any improper suspicions. Henry was to write respecting remittances when his place of rest was arrived at. An hour's walk brought Martin to the vicinity of Mount Burrows: his road to which, passed by the comfortable farm of Williams-town. As he arrived at the gate which opened to an old avenue, at the extremity of which the house was situated, he paused. Signs of sickness and care were visible about the dwelling, the windows were closed and curtained, and the usual activity and life were banished from its out-offices and yard; but the sheep grazed as happily as ever on the lawn before the door, and the birds sent up a full anthem from the verdant labyrinth around. Martin recollected the wanderer of the deep, who so

lately was the hope and pride of the farm-house ; he thought of the conflicting feelings of its fairest inmate, and sighing, he ejaculated "Heaven be with you Mr. Henry, an its a thousand pities that Perkins should ever fill your place." Martin philosophized without knowing it, and had eloquent thoughts of the folly of men of the world, who mar the beauty of creation, and make themselves miserable, that pride and fashion may be conciliated. He passed on, and arrived at "the Mount." Seated on a swelling hill, with a small lake in front, and surrounded by grounds beautifully diversified, this was evidently the dwelling of those who neither sow nor spin, and who are arrayed every day delicately as the flowers of the field. Martin was known at the house, and on stating that he had an urgent message, he easily got admittance to the old gentleman's presence. Mr. Burrows was seated in a breakfast parlour, which was perfumed by a thousand early flowers, and the open casement of which admitted views of all that was most pleasing outside. A little paradise—thought Martin as he entered—but its chief ornament is wanted. "Well Welch"—said the old man—"what is your message?" "Its from Mr. Henry sir"—said Martin. The old gentleman rose with apparent anger. "I'll hear nothing from him, let the rebellious fool come himself, if he wishes to obtain my forgiveness." "Heaven send that you may ever see him again"—answered Martin. The old man's countenance lost its angry expression, he became very pale, and half fell into the chair which he had just quitted. "Tell me the worst"—said he, almost inaudibly. "Mr. Henry"—said Martin—"is left Ireland, he's gone to some part of Merika ; but I don't know where, an he desired me to let you know, and to tell you that you would never in the world be troubled with him any more." The old man shook violently, and changed colour so much that Martin became alarmed ; seeing him totter in his chair, he sprang forward to support him, and rung the bell for assistance. A servant was soon by his side, the old gentlman was insensible, the wreck of his pride and hope and love was too much for exhausted nature, and a fainting fit of long continuance, gave him a debilitating respite from the mind's fierce passions. "Family pride"—muttered Martin—"is sure enough a mean paltry thing, as poor Mr. Henry often said to me last night." Martin left the parlour as other do-

metics came in, and sauntered up and down the great hall waiting for the recovery of the now forlorn Master of the mansion. "Erin, Erin"—sighed the warm hearted peasant—"your children leave your pleasant fields with but little grief for parting; they forget the trees and the meadows of their innocent days, and gladly turn their backs on the homes where they were tenderly reared. Wrong and want drive some away from your green shores, and pride, no love, no madness make others willingly banish themselves to foreign lands. Many a burnin-hearted exile is now on the salt deep, glad to see their sails filled with the wind which blows over their forsaken country; some, some few may return once more; but the most of them will never again bless the Court or the Cottage where their young feet learned to walk, and their innocent prattle delighted their parent's hearts." The old gentleman being partially recovered, again sent for Martin. The servants retired with noiseless steps and with melancholy glances; and the once gay house was soon silent as a tomb; the voice which could best animate it was far away, amid the tumult of a "passenger ship" and the loud murmurs of the tossing ocean.

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### SCENE AT WARSAW.

[FOR THE H. M. H.]

[SCENE—The Fortifications, a great number of persons of every trade and profession working at the entrenchments.]

*An Engineer.*—Patience and perseverance my friends! our work prospers as did the building of Jerusalem; a few days more, and if the Tyrant pierces to our Capital, he must fight against disadvantages.

*A Workman, (a stage player).*—Yes, he must first surmount those bulwarks, and then these bodies, before he may pollute our hearth stones.

*2d Workman, (a military invalid).*—Eternal confusion on the soul hearted boar; I am unable to go out to meet him, but I long for his appearance before Warsaw, that I may have an opportunity to die while striking at him. My old sword has ere now tasted the rank blood of the Russ, and ever in the most righteous cause, in defence of the liberties of my unfortunate country. But talk not of hearth stones! he cannot pollute them! if Warsaw falls before the fiend, our wives and little ones will die at the

breach with their fathers, husbands and lovers ! and our hearth-stones then, will be lonely as the tomb through which, the oppressor goes down to hell.

*3d Workman.* (a priest)—There is an arm above, which, if we deserve not chastisement, will shiver the despotic power into atoms before us ; as the mountain wave is broken by the small rock. Let that arm be our chief trust. The warmest aspirations of the most enthusiastic child of liberty, cannot imagine half the indignation with which that power beholds the blood-sprinkled Tyrant. In the mean time let us do our duty diligently, and look forward with a hope founded on the justness of our cause, and with courage which nothing can depress.—But see ! what approaches this way ?

*Workman.*—A long line, rank and file of our Magistrates !

*Priest.*—It is our noble deputies coming in procession to encourage us in our work.

[Enter the Deputies who form the representative Chamber, in regular order, they halt when they arrive at the fortifications.]

*President of the Chamber.*—Citizens, the assembled Deputies from every part of Poland, come to bear witness to your noble exertions ; to add more enthusiasm, if possible, to your patriotism ; and to assist in your work, that each deputy may bear a part in this act of hostility towards the tyrant, and of love to Polish liberty. We are here in the heart of the kingdom, representatives, who have come east, west, north and south, from the towns and provinces : Here we will abide the shock ! the defenders of Warsaw are as the lion in his den, and the perfidious hunters may dread the encounter. Deputies you will now proceed to perform that, for which you came to the ramparts.

[The Deputies take up the necessary implements, and assist in the various manual labours of repairing and building the fortifications.]

*Workmen.*—Eternal honour to the fearless and patriotic representatives of Poland.

[The Deputies cease working, form into procession, and prepare to depart.]

*Priest.*—Oh ! Great Father of the human family, protector of commonwealths and towns, preserver and provider of individuals as of systems of worlds—bless Poland, and assist her children in regaining that liberty which is thy free gift to all men. Discomfort her oppressors, O Lord ! and may divided hearts, and weak hands ever attend the Tyrant's path. The People of Poland are before thee, great leader of hosts, as one man risen, all armed, in defence of eternal justice ! The rulers and the ruled, the soldier and the citizen, are brothers in this cause, bless them thou lover of harmony ; give our Councils a portion of thy unerring wisdom, and may our defenders wield the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

*All.*—Amen, Amen.

[Shouts heard from a neighbouring street ]

*President.*—What tumult is this which approaches?

*Engineer.*—It is a regiment about setting out for the frontiers :  
[Enter an Infantry Regiment at a quick march: they halt, and an officer advances.]

*Commanding Officer.*—Citizens, Magistrates, we come to take our leave of Warsaw, and to pledge our best services to our beloved Country.

*The Multitude.*—Success attend the brave soldiers of honour!

[All join in an enthusiastic cheer.]

*C. Officer.*—Citizens, I address you in the name of my gallant comrades, whose looks speak more eloquently than words. We will endeavour to deserve these rapturous expressions of your regard, beneath the influence of which, the soul seems imbued with immortal vigour. In the name of our common country we thank you for your exertions on the defences of Warsaw; it shall be in the last extremity—if Poland be driven to extremity—the glorious funeral pile of our lives and liberties.—Soldiers—Enclosed by the walls of your beloved city, surrounded by fathers, brothers, wives and children, kneel, kneel down warriors, and give the pledge which shall be redeemed amid the din of battle. [The soldiers kneel.] We swear to meet the Intruder with the bayonet's point, to devote every energy of our nature to the delivery of Poland, and on the frontier of our beloved Country, to present our breasts as an unflinching rampart against the Tyrant's approach.

The soldiers cry “we swear, we swear, we swear.”

*C. Officer.*—To the Frontiers then! death to the Russ! liberty for Poland!

[All cheer—the regiment displays its banners, and departs, amid the blessings, tears, and applauses of the citizens.]

*A Workman.*—Make way, make way there, here comes the brave 1st regiment of Lancers.

[A Cavalry regiment comes in, the men mounted on jet black chargers.]

*Workmen.*—Huzza! huzza! the chivalry of Poland!

*Priest.*—Terrible and lovely are the warriors of truth and liberty!

*Officer of Cavalry.*—Farewell Citizens, farewell Warsaw, we go to combat in your cause on the extreme plains of our country; and in your presence we swear, to conquer if we may, or to die if we may not conquer: except we return victorious, we return no more.

[The cavalry raise their spears on high, and answer, “we swear, we swear.”]

[Workmen, women, and children, join in singing a popular lay.]

Polanders fare ye well!  
Speed to the war;  
The sound of the battle's swell  
Rolleth afar.

Go, for before you  
 His banner is seen,  
 Who gives to the Freeman  
 Such terrible sheen.  
 Go, fight for your Country !  
 For Mother and Child,  
 For Altars unshackled,  
 And hearths undefil'd.  
 Speed ye, o'erpowering  
 Like Ocean's proud swell ;  
 The battle shout calls you forth :  
 Warriors farewell !

[The Lancers raise their spears again, and answer, singing]—

Lovers of Poland,  
 Our lives are her own ;  
 Then forth to the conflict !  
 The trumpet hath blown.  
 The Russian Boar's banner  
 Is spread to the wind ;  
 A prey ! will the young eagles  
 Tarry behind ?  
 The tri-colour beckons  
 Its hosts to the plain :  
 Hurrah ! to our gallant steeds  
 Loosen the rein.  
 The young Sun of liberty  
 Gleams on each crest ;  
 Pluck the sword from the scabbard,  
 The lance from its rest.  
 To the war, to the war !  
 Let our glad trumpet's breath  
 Give voice to our signal-word,  
 " Freedom or Death."  
 Citizens, fathers,  
 And maidens adieu,  
 We'll think in the combat  
 Of Poland and you !

[The Regiment retires, flags flying and trumpets sounding.]

*Priest.*—May the Lord of Hosts bless the patriot warriors.

*People.*—May our brothers be as fortunate as they are brave.  
 Farewell, farewell, Pride of Poland !

[A rapturous cheer drowns the martial music, the rear guard disappears ; and the workmen proceed in their employ with redoubled ardour.]

THADDEUS.

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FOR THE YEAR 1830.

(Concluded from page 462.)

### MAY.

4. By a return from the Cashier of the Bank of England, it appears that the charge for managing the debt for the preceding year is £257,238 12s. 4d.

— The French Funds undergo a great decline during this and some preceding days; the Polignac Ministry very unpopular.

6. From a return made to the House of Commons, it appears that the stamp duties on newspapers published in England had increased between 1811 and 1830, from £328,413 to £438,667; and in Scotland the duty had been doubled. In Ireland there had been a considerable increase, but a falling off in advertisements.

10. The Archbishop of Canterbury introduces a Bill into the House of Lords for the composition of tithes in England.

11. A motion for the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is lost in the House of Commons, by a majority of 229 to 115.

12. Mr. Hume withdraws his name from the list of the Council of the London University, on account of the expences of the establishment.

13. Sir James Mackintosh presents a petition in the House of Commons, from 700 of the most respectable bankers, citizens, &c. of Edinburgh, against the punishment of death for forgery.

18. Charles the X. dissolves the Chamber of Deputies, and convokes the New Chamber for the 3d of August.

— The Rev. Dr. Somerville, author of the "History of Queen Anne's Wars," dies at Jedburgh, in the 90th year of his age.

17. The Bill for the Emancipation of the Jews is lost in the House of Commons, by a majority of 220 to 165.

By returns made from the Home office, it appears that in 1820, twenty persons had been executed for forgery in England; sixteen in 1821; six in 1822, and three, at an average, for each year afterwards, up to 1830.

18. The first division of the French Fleet sails from Toulon for Algiers.

19. A change takes place in the French Ministry. The Funds decline in consequence, and great dissatisfaction is expressed by the liberal party.

21. The will of the late Sir Robert Peel is proved in Doctors' Commons and sworn to exceed one million sterling, which bears the highest probate duty of £15,000.

22. A fall of full 3 per cent, takes place in the French Funds within a few days.

— After a long discussion on the Press, in the Assembly of the States-General at the Hague, a division takes place, when there are 52 for, and 52 against, further restrictions. The King in con-

sequence, withdraws the objectionable clause, and the Bill is agreed to by a majority of 93 to 12.

24. The Earl of Aberdeen announces in the Lords that Prince Leopold had declined the sovereignty of Greece.

— Mr. Brougham presents a petition, signed by bankers only from 214 cities and towns of the United Kingdom, against the punishment of death for forgery.

— From returns made to the House of Commons it appears that, in 1814, not more than 11 steam-boats were employed in the United Kingdom, while in 1829 the number had increased to 342. The number in North America is 320.

25. A Bill is introduced into the House of Lords to enable his Majesty, in consequence of his indisposition, to dispense with the Sign Manual.

— The whole of the French fleet, after being detained several days by contrary winds, sails from Toulon for Algiers.

— Both Houses of Parliament agree to an Address to the Crown, for the removal of Sir Jonah Barrington from the office of Judge of the Court of Admiralty, Ireland.

27. The Lords of Council direct the Archbishop of Canterbury to prepare a form of prayer for the recovery of his Majesty.

28. A motion for radical reform is made in the House of Commons by Mr. O'Connell, and negatived by a majority of 319 to 13. A motion for a Committee on the state of the representation is then made by Lord John Russell, and is lost by a majority of 213 to 117.

29. The Paris papers announce that the Queen of Naples, on a shooting excursion at Compeigne, shot 13 roe-bucks in one day, and her Royal husband nine times that number.

#### JUNE.

15. From Official returns, it appears that Russian Poland contains a population of more than four millions, of whom 385,000 are Jews, 3,472,000 Catholics. The number of convents is 156, 1363 monks, nunneries 29, 354 nuns.

17. A motion is made by Sir James Mackintosh in the House of Commons for the abolition of the punishment of death for forgery, carried by a majority of 13.

— Very alarming accounts are received from Windsor of the state of the King's health.

18. Charles X. issues a proclamation blaming the Chambers for their opposition, and calling on the electors to do their duty.

14. The French troops composing the Algerine army land in the Bay of Sidi Feruch, without encountering much resistance. The news causes a depression in the French Funds.

15. Returns are made of the stamp duty paid in 1829 for all the London newspapers—the amount above £300,000 independent of duty on advertisements.

19. Disturbances take place at Lyons, and violent feelings are expressed against the Government.

20. The Sacrament is administered by the Bishop of Chichester to the King, who continues to suffer great distress.

— The King of the Netherlands removes the High Court of Justice from Brussels to the Hague, to the great dissatisfaction of the Belgians.

26. His Majesty George IV. expires at Windsor Castle, at a quarter past three in the morning, in the 68th year of his age, and the 11th of his reign.

— The Privy Council assemble and give orders for proclaiming the Duke of Clarence, Sovereign of these realms, under the title of William the Fourth.

— The body of the late King is opened, when it appears that, some of the valves of the heart were ossified. The bursting of a blood-vessel was the immediate cause of death.

— Both Houses of Parliament assemble; and a great number of Members take the oaths to the new King.

28. King William IV. is proclaimed at St. James's Palace.

— The Duke of Norfolk, a Catholic Peer, is made a Privy Councillor.

30. Returns are made during this month, from which it appears that, during the year 1829, 11,866,000 newspapers had been despatched to the country and abroad, through the London Post Office.

#### JULY.

4. Mrs. Penn, widow of John Penn, formerly Governor of Pennsylvania, dies in London, in the 84th year of her age.

7. Another great flood commits ravages in the north of Scotland.

9. Algiers surrenders to the French army; 1,500 brass gun, 12 ships of war, with an immense treasure, are the prize of the victors. The news causes a depression of the French Funds.

— Great floods in the north of Scotland, which cause much damage.

14. The remains of his late Majesty lie in state at Windsor Castle.

15. George IV. is interred at Windsor.

18. Great anxiety is evinced at Paris, on account of the obstinate conduct of the King and his Ministers.

22. The King restores Sir R. Wilson to his rank in the army.

24. The King dissolves Parliament, and orders the issue of writs for calling a new Parliament on the 14th September.

— Returns published at Paris of the new Members of the Chamber of Deputies; it appears that 270 opposition members are returned, 145 ministerial, and 13 of the neutral party.

25. The French Ministry present a report to the King, inveighing in the bitterest terms against the Press and the conduct of the electors. They at the same time recommend an alteration of the Charter.

26. The French King issues three ordinances, dated St. Cloud, July 25, by which he dissolves the Chambers, destroys the liberty of the press, and alters the law of elections.

— The French papers inveigh in the strongest terms against the ordinances, and declare the "Body Politic dissolved."

— The Editors of the *National* and the *Temps* resist the officers who come to break their presses.

27. Paris is in a complete state of insurrection, and the population evince their determination to resist the ordinances. Fighting commences between the gendarmes and the people. Prince Polignac and the other Ministers make their escape from Paris.

28. Paris still continues in a state of insurrection. The Royal arms are every where pulled down and burnt in the streets. The troops in several places are disarmed by the people. Marmont, at the head of the Royal Guard and other troops, attacks the city, and Paris is declared in a state of siege.

— The Duke of Orleans is invited to assume the function of Lieutenant General of the kingdom.

— The National Guard is reorganized, and join the people.

29. A ne fighting is general throughout Paris, and, at a moderate computation, 150,000 men are engaged in mortal combat. The people in every quarter are victorious. Several Englishmen fight on the side of the people.

30. General Lafayette takes the command of the National Guards.

31. The Duke of Orleans accepts the office of Lieutenant General of the Kingdom.

— The Municipal Commission of Paris publishes an address, commencing with these words, "Charles X. has ceased to reign over France."

— The Royal Family of France quit St. Cloud for Rambouillet, between two and three in the morning.

— Accounts from many parts of France announce hostility to the ordinances, and general feeling in favour of liberty.

## AUGUST.

1. The Duke of Orleans subscribes 100,000 francs (£4,000) for the relief of the wounded citizens of Paris. The nation resumes the tri-coloured flag.

2. The ex-Minister Peyronnet is arrested at Tours.

3. The French Chambers meet, and the Session is opened with a speech from the Duke of Orleans, as the Lieut-General of the Kingdom, in which he announces that Charles, and his son had renounced their rights to the throne of France.

7. The French Chambers offer the Crown to the Duke of Orleans, who accepts it, under the title of the King of the French.

— The Catholic religion abolished as the State religion.

9. The Duke of Orleans takes the oaths as King of the French in the Chamber of Peers.

— Great fermentation begins to display itself in the Netherlands, relative to the French revolution.

13. Salverte, in the Chamber of Deputies, prefers a charge of high treason against the ex-Ministers.

15. Prince Polignac is arrested at Granville, in the disguise of a domestic.

16. Charles X. arrives at Cherbourg.

— Charles X. and suite arrive at Spithead.

— A numerous meeting is held at the London Tavern to celebrate the French revolution.

20 A grand meeting is held at Edinburgh to congratulate the French on the late revolution.

24. Charles X. takes up his residence at Lutworth Castle.

— The King of the Netherlands prohibits the celebration of his birthday at Brussels.

25. A revolution breaks out at Brussels, when the population and City-Guard overpower the military. Many houses are burnt down: and a number of persons, calculated at about 2,500 are killed.

27. The ex-Ministers are committed to the Castle of Vincennes.

31. The announcement in the French papers of the recognition of Louis-Phillippe by the Court of St. James's causes great satisfaction at Paris.

#### SEPTEMBER.

3. The Prince of Orange issues a proclamation, announcing that the special commission appointed by him had agreed to the separation of Belgium from Holland, but that the Southern States were faithful to the house of Nassau.

7. An insurrection breaks out at Brunswick. Part of the Ducal Palace is burnt down, the military, after some slight resistance, join the people, and the Duke escapes in disguise.

14. The Duke of Brunswick arrives in England.

15. The Liverpool and Manchester Rail-road is opened. The wheels of one of the steam-carriages pass over the knee of Mr. Huskisson, who, after lingering in great pain, expires at Eocles, about 9 in the evening, in the 61st year of his age.

— Mr. O'Connell, about this time commences a series of letters for the purpose of exciting agitation in Ireland, and repealing the Union.

27. The Dutch troops, after many unsuccessful attempts for four days to subdue Brussels, retreat from the city.

— The States-general recommend the separation of Belgium and Holland.

#### OCTOBER.

2. The Provisional Government declare Belgium independent.

6. Disturbances begin to be general in the county of Kent.

8. The French Chamber of Deputies adopts the proposition of M. de Tracy for the abolition of capital punishment.

16. Charles X. leaves Lutworth Castle for Edinburgh.

18. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland issues a Proclamation for the suppression of the Anti-Union Association.

24. The burnings in Kent become very frequent.

26. Parliament meets.

29. The "Volunteer Association" is suppressed by another Proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

31. After six days hard fighting between the Dutch and Belgian troops in Antwerp, an Armistice is agreed to.

## NOVEMBER.

2. The King opens Parliament in person with a Speech from the throne, in which he announces the revolution in France, the revolt of the Belgians against the enlightened administration of the King, his intentions respecting the civil list, and his determination to put down any efforts made to excite discontent and dissatisfaction. The Speech gives general dissatisfaction.

— The Duke of Wellington, in the course of the debate on the address, declares himself against Parliamentary Reform.

7. Sir Robert Peel addresses a letter to the Lord Mayor, in which he announces that Ministers had advised his Majesty to postpone his visit to the city, because advantage might be taken on the occasion to create tumult and confusion.

8. The King of the Two Sicilies dies at Naples, in the 54th year of his age.

9. The National Congress assemble at Brussels.

15. The debate on the Civil List is resumed in the commons, when Sir Henry Parrell moves as an amendment, that in place of a committee of the whole house, a select committee be appointed to inquire into the expenses of the civil list; after some discussion the House divides when there are for the original motion 204, and for the amendment 233, being a majority of 29 against ministers.

16. The Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and Sir R. Peel in the Commons, announce the resignation of Ministers.

18. The National Congress proclaim the independence of Belgium.

19. Mr. Brougham presents a petition from the City of London for the abolition of capital punishment in all cases unaccompanied by violence.

22. The new Ministry are appointed, and Earl Grey, the Premier, announces in the House of Lords the three great principles on which they intended to act—viz. reform, economy, and peace.

24. The Belgian Congress exclude the House of Nassau from the throne, by a majority of 161 to 28.

— Returns are published of the killed and wounded at Paris during the "three days" of the people, exclusive of the military, 4,162 were killed, and 3,000 wounded.

25. Lord Brougham, the new Lord Chancellor, takes his seat in the Court of Chancery.

29. An insurrection breaks out at Warsaw, when, after some hard fighting, the Russian troops are overpowered by the people, assisted by the military students and some Polish regiments, and are obliged to pass the Vistula.

\* \* During this month great alarm prevails throughout the country on account of the riotous assemblages of agricultural la-

hourers, in the South of England. The destruction of machinery becomes very general, and many stack-yards and barns are burnt down. Many arrests take place in consequence.

## DECEMBER.

4. The French Chamber of Deputies pass a law, by which the Ministers of the Jewish religion are to be paid by the State.

— About 8,000 of the Trades' Society present an Address to his Majesty at St. James's Palace.

8. M. Benjamin Constant dies at his house in Paris, in the 65th year of his age.

10. Accounts are received of the death of Pope Pius VIII. in the 68th of his age.

15. The trial of the French ex-Ministers commences at the Palace of the Luxembourg with great pomp and ceremony.

21. The trial of the French ex-Ministers, which had lasted six days, closes. They are all found guilty of treason, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment.

22. Great numbers of the Hampshire rioters are convicted, and sentenced to banishment for life.

24. Mr. Hunt is returned to the House of Commons for Preston.

25. The Marquis of Anglesey issues a proclamation prohibiting the meeting of a body called "The Tradesmen of Dublin;" considerable commotion in Dublin.

26. General Lafayette resigns his office of Commandant-General of the National Guards of France; and Count Lobau succeeds him.

27. Returns are published of the amount paid to the Royal Family of France since 1824, The sum is nearly two millions sterling a year being £27,000,000 in 15 years.

This year has been more fertile of great events than any since the reign of Bonaparte. Several of the European Sovereigns have died, others have been deposed, and political changes of vital importance have taken place in France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and some of the smaller States of Germany. In the United Kingdom the cry for reform and retrenchment have become universal; and commotions, insurrection, and a spirit of change have prevailed in almost every country in Europe. Most of the public securities have in consequence been greatly depreciated towards the close of the year, as compared with the commencement. The following are the most remarkable alterations as made up to the latest date of 1830.

	January.	December.
Three per cent consols	- 94 1-2	- 82 1-2
Greek Bonds	- 31	- 24
Russian Bonds	- 109 1-2	- 89
Spanish Bonds	- 11	- 15 1-2
French Three per Cents	- 83 1-2	- 60 1-2

# MONTHLY SUMMARY.

## ENGLAND.

March 23.—The Reform Bill passed a second reading, by a majority of 1. As a proof of the necessity of some Reform in **WHAT IS CALLED** "the People's House," we subjoin the following analysis of the House of Commons; abridged from the London Spectator:—

Total number of members, 653. As to the ranks and professions of members, there are—Peers, and persons connected with peerage, 255; place-men and pensioners [of these one third are connected with the peerage] 63; officers of the army, 65; officers of the navy, 24; bankers, or connected with banks, 35; merchants, or connected with merchandize, 92; lawyers, 62.—204 English Boroughs return 406 members to the House of Commons; 76 of these boroughs (returning 152 members) have a smaller number of voters than 100 each, and 44 of them (returning 86 members) have a smaller number of voters than 50 each.

12 Welsh boroughs return 12 members; 34 Irish boroughs, 26 members; 15 Scotch boroughs, 15 members; 40 English Counties, 50 members; 12 Welsh counties, 12 members; 32 Irish counties, 64 members; 30 Scotch counties return 30 members.

122 English members are returned by themselves or their kindred; 140 English members are returned by other patrons; 89 Peers are patrons of 123 boroughs returning 175 members; 65 Commoners, are patrons of 70, returning 99 members; Government has 6 boroughs, returning 9 members.

Thus it appears that 293 members are returned, not by the people, but by the patronage of peers, commoners, and the government—to say nothing of the Scotch representation, which is thoroughly rotten, and of the commanding influence of peers and great commoners in the county representation of England, Ireland, and Wales. When these are taken into account, we shall not greatly err in saying, that the absolute majority of the House (330) is returned directly or indirectly by less than two hundred individuals! Which, calculating the population of Great Britain and Ireland at 21 millions, places the choice of the majority of the popular branch of the legislature in the hands of about the ten-thousandth part of the people? It will further be seen that of the 204 English boroughs, 76 of them are so insignificant either in their total population or in their number of voters, as to have fewer than 100 electors each, and 44 of these boroughs have even fewer than 50 electors each. This is a striking proof of the decay in the representative system—the effect of "the great innovator," Time. The 45 Scotch members are returned by between 3 and 4,000 voters in the whole.

When to the glaring defects in the representative system indicated by the above statements, are added the bribery and corruption practised in consequence of the mode in which the votes are taken,—the prolonged continuance of elections, with all their riot and debauchery,—difficulties of voting in counties,—and the nuisance of non-resident voters,—we may well exclaim—How vast a space is there for reformation! We may add—How vast are the obstacles which a reforming administration has to overcome!

There is one remark which will press itself at the first glance on every one that consults these tables. Britain is the greatest naval power, and immeasurably the greatest commercial power in the world; as an agricultural country, it is inferior to many; its military force is less than some of the third-rate states on the continent of Europe. It might have been expected that the prominent features of British society would have been in some measure impressed on its legislature; but how stands the fact? The whole naval influence of the country is represented by 24 men; the whole commerce and manufacture send to Parliament 80 individuals; while the army gives 80, and the landed interest 400!!

The Colonial Trade Bill was lost by a majority of 46. This news excited much joy in British America.

The Legislatures of Lower Canada, Upper Canada, and New Brunswick, were prorogued this month.

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

Major Gen. Sir A. Campbell, has been appointed Governor, in room of Sir Howard Douglas.

## NOVA SCOTIA.

*Halifax. Spring.*—Colts-foot in full bloom has been plucked by Mr. Titus Smith, Dutch Village, April 2.

*Pictures.*—An exhibition at Mr. Jones' painting rooms continued open for one week. We are forced to defer further notice of this exhibition until next month.

The committee of the first *Halifax Bazaar* have published a statement of their accounts, by which it appears that a sum of £341, 18s. has been received and expended.

*The barque Romulus* lost, 70 miles east of Halifax, crew and passengers saved.---*The Billow*, from Bermuda for Halifax was lost on Ragged Islands; crew and 98 passengers, consisting of soldiers and their wives and children, perished.

*Prince Edward Island.*—London. March 14. Capt. Sir Murray Maxwell, is appointed Governor of P. E. Island, in the room of Colonel Ready.

[First line Family Fride, p. 439, read April for February.]

## MARRIAGES.

At Halifax—March 26, Mr. Thomas Brewer, to Miss Catharine Rogers. 31, Capt. Matthew Selig, to Miss Margaret Frederick. April 14, Mr. Thomas Shey, to Miss Eleanor Ann Robinson. 17, Mr. J. O'Brien, to Miss Eliza Murphy. Mr. Edward Keefe, to Miss Sarah Coburn. 24, Mr. Thos. Woodaman, to Miss Sarah Sutherland.

At New Glasgow—April 6. Capt. George McKenzie, to Sarah, daughter of the late Dr. McGregor. At Fisher's Grant—Mr. William Bruce, to Miss Eleanor McKay.

At Antigonish—March 17, Mr. A. N. Irish, to Miss Mary Irish. April 5, Mr. John D. Cunningham, to Miss Harriot Phillips.

## DEATHS.

At Halifax—An infant son of his Excellency. March 30, Mrs. Ann Mary Goreham, aged 92. April 2, Steven Smith, aged 10. 3, Mr. Ro-

bert Reynolds, aged 29. 4, Mrs. Elizabeth Grant, aged 20. 7, Mrs. Elizabeth Solomon, aged 74. 10, Mrs. Helen Campbell. 14, Mrs. Jane Skimmings, aged 47. 22, Mrs. Mary Patterson, aged 51. 24, Mr. J. E. White, aged 33. 29, Mr. Andrew Lentrier, aged 97. 29, Mrs. Mary Donaldson. 30, Mrs. Grace O'Brien, aged 34.

At Onslow—March 29, Mrs. Ruth Weatherby, aged 99.

At Antigonish Harbour—April 8. Timothy W. Hierlihy, Esq. aged 76

At Amherst—April 16, William White, Esq. aged 68.

At Newport—April 12, Mrs. Sarah Ann Nelson, aged 19. 23, Mrs. Sarah Sanford, aged 36.

At his residence in Londonderry, April 22d, Robert McElhenney, Esq. aged 85.

At Jamaica—in October last, Mr. John Milnes, aged 18; formerly of Halifax.

END OF VOLUME I.