



WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE!

Written by Glen. Music ("Johnny Faa") arranged by Mr. Dewar, a Gentleman to whose good taste the musical world is much indebted...

A wee bird cam to our ha' door, He warbled sweet and clearly; And aye the o'ercome o' his sang...

Quo' I, my bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird, Is that a tale ye borrow, Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote...

On hills that are by right his ain, He roams, a lonely stranger; On every side he's pressed by want— On every side by danger...

Dark night cam on, the tempest howled Out o'er the hills and valleys; And where was't that your Prince lay down, Whose name should be a palace?

From the Monthly Magazine. POLAND, PAST AND PRESENT. (Continued.)

At the Diet held in Buda, where the grant to the Empress was made, only fourteen Polish senators could be found to attend; and of those but one, the bishop of Wladislaw, had the manliness to protest against the decision...

The monarch, unacquainted with their seizure, was led to his seat in full solemnity. The Great General advanced, and in the name of the states of Poland sternly charged him with the whole catalogue of his offences against the constitution...

Her marriage commenced the second famous dynasty of Poland, the Jagellons. Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, was still unconverted to Christianity, but he had been distinguished for the intrepidity and justice which form the grand virtues in the eyes of early nations...

The princess selected him, and he soon distinguished himself among the princes of the north. With a magnanimity which seems almost incredible in his age, he refused the sovereignty of Bohemia, from which the people had deposed their profligate king, Wenceslas...

A striking and characteristic scene, worthy of the finest efforts of the pencil, preceded the battle. Jagellon drew the enemy off some strong ground, had feigned a retreat. The knights looked on him as already defeated, and the grand master, in the spirit of his Scythian ancestors, sent him as an emblem of his fate, two bloody swords with a message...

It was a morning at sea. The sun had risen in glory and was pouring his beams, a shower of golden light, in richness over the boundless expanse of waters. Not a cloud was visible; the winds were hushed, and the surface of the ocean was unbroken by a ripple...

conquerors: our enemies already surrender their sabres." Instantly rising he ordered the signal to be made for a general advance; the army rushed on with sudden enthusiasm; the boasted discipline of the knights was useless before this tide of fiery valour; their ranks were helplessly trodden down, and their whole chivalry destroyed upon the ground. The taunt had been proudly answered.

The affairs of Poland now became mingled, for the first time, with the politics of western Europe. In 1571 Sigismund Augustus died, the last of the race of Jagellon, an honoured name which had screened the follies of his successors during the long course of two hundred years. The vacancy of the throne was contested by a crowd of princes. But the dexterity and munificence of the celebrated Catharine de Medices carried the election in favour of her second son, Henry Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles the Ninth. The diet which established this prince's claim, was still more memorable for the formation of the "Pacta Conventa," or great written convention of the Kings of Poland, by which they bound themselves to the commonwealth. The previous bond had been a tacit, or verbal, agreement to observe the laws and customs. But experience had produced public caution, and by the final clause of the "Pacta Conventa," the king elected now declared, that "if he should violate any of his engagements to the nation the oath of allegiance was thenceforth to be void."

The hero of Poland, John Sobiski, the next king, fought his way to the throne by a long series of exploits of the most consummate intrepidity and skill. His defeat of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, in Podolia, finally extinguished all rivalry, and he was placed on the throne by acclamation. All his conceptions were magnificent; on the peace with the Porte, he sent his ambassador with a train of seven hundred; a number which offended the pride of the Turk, and gave rise to one of those pithy sarcasms, which enliven diplomacy. The Polish ambassador who had been detained for some days outside the walls of Constantinople, by his own haughty demand, that the vizier should come to meet him at the gates, required a supply of provisions for his attendants. "Tell the ambassador," answered the vizier, "that if he is come to take Constantinople, he has not men enough; but if he is only to represent his master, he has too many. But if he wants food, tell him that it is as easy for my master the Sultan to feed seven hundred Poles at the gates of the city, as it is to feed the seven thousand Poles who are now chained in his galleys."

The ambassador was at length admitted, and resolving to dazzle the Turks by a magnificence, unseen before, he ordered some of his horses to be shod with silver, so loosely fastened on, that the shoes were scattered through the streets. Some of them were immediately brought to the Vizier; who smiling at the contrivance, observed, "The infidel had shoes of silver for his horses, but a head of lead for himself. His republic is too poor for his waste. He might make a better use of his silver at home."

THE FUNERAL AT SEA. "No flowers can ever bloom upon his grave—no tear of affection fall upon the briny surge which rolls over him."

It was a morning at sea. The sun had risen in glory and was pouring his beams, a shower of golden light, in richness over the boundless expanse of waters. Not a cloud was visible; the winds were hushed, and the surface of the ocean was unbroken by a ripple. A solitary ship was the only object in all the magnificent scene which spoke the existence of man. Her sails were hanging sluggishly from the yards. The light motionless flag, suspended at half-mast, seemed to portend that misfortune, perhaps death, had been there. And such was indeed the case. Among the party who composed the passengers on leaving port, was one whose health had been declining in the coolness of our northern winter, and who, as the last hope of regaining it, had determined to visit the "sunny vine-hills of France," and inhale the pure air of Italy. His friends, as they bade him adieu, believed it was their last farewell, and he himself, as his native shores faded from his sight, felt the dark dreary consciousness come over him, that he was going to die among strangers. He was young; and before disease had fastened itself upon him, had moved the beloved and admired of all. He could ill bear the thought of dying, for his hopes were high and animating—just such as an ardent, experienced mind delights to indulge; and he had looked forward with impatience to the time when he should become an actor in the busy world. He had talents and education fitted for any employment, and his friends confidently anticipated the period when he should share in the councils of his country, or stand pre-eminently distinguished at the bar. He had ties too of a different nature, which had given a fairy charm to existence, and bound him still closer to life—ties which were too fondly cherished—intertwined, as they were, with the very fibres of his heart—to be severed by any thing save death. No wonder that he felt it hard to die! But the victims which the grave selects, are not always those whom we value most highly, nor who most readily sink into its shadows. How often is youth cut down when just opening into manhood, and glorying in all its bright anticipations! Such was the case with the one before us. Consumption had been silently but gradually performing its task, and the unnatural flush upon his cheek, and the glazing eye told too faithfully that he was rapidly passing to another world. He died at last—and his death was calm and peaceful as the sleep of an infant folded in its mother's arms. And now his body lay stretched on the deck; about to be committed to the world of waters—a feeble thing—but oh! the hope and happiness of how many hearts may go with it to old ocean's silent chasms! The ship's company were collected and stood around, gazing upon the cold, placid countenance which they were about to consign with all its beauty to the deep. No word was uttered, but memory recalled the gentle voice and sweet smile of the deceased, and fancy pictured the sorrow which his death would cast over the circle he had left. An appropriate prayer, and a few remarks suggested by the occasion, were the only religious ceremonies performed; then the body was lifted carefully, as if it could know, in its unconsciousness, that tears were in the eyes of the strangers, and tenderness in their bosoms. Then a single heavy plunge broke strangely the wide stillness of the ocean, and sent the long and circling ripples over its glassy breast. We gazed with strained eyes after the slowly sinking corse, till it grew dim and vaguely shaped in the deep green water, and then gradually disappeared. A gloomy silence succeeded. The desolation of a desert pervaded the ship.

From the New York Mirror.

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Beneath the ocean wave, High soul! thy rest must be; We ask for thee no prouder grave Than a deep eternal sea!

Light be the wind that blows Above thy gentle head! And noiseless be the waves that close Around thy sea-washed bed!

No costly stone we rear— No marble-sculptured bust; Deep in the ocean caverns here, "Dust shall return to dust."

Over the heaving wave, No mother's tears may fall— No sister's hand shall deck thy grave, Thou loved and mourned of all!

The breeze is rising now, Our sails full proudly swell! The white foam curls around the prow, Farewell! a last farewell!

THE BRIGHTON COACH. BY THEODORE HOOK.

A friend, on whose veracity I can perfectly rely, told me the following story; whether a repetition of it may interest a reader, I cannot say; but I will hazard the experiment.

I was once (said my friend) placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the event made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression, indeed which has lasted ever since.

Those who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I have known, that once muddy, shabby, dirty, fishing-town, on the Sussex coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of our late beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, will be aware that there was to it added from it, divers and sundry most admirable public conveniences in the shape of stage coaches; that the rapid improvements of that sort of travelling have, during late years, interfered with, and greatly injured the trade of posting; and that people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing-cross exactly five hours after they have stepped into it, in Castle-square.

The gallant gay Stevenson, with his prancing greys under perfect command, used to attract a crowd to see him start;

and now, although he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller returns, Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still flourishes; in that, is the principal scene of my embarrassment laid; and to that admirable, neat, and expeditious equipage, I must endeavour to attract your attention for some ten minutes.

It was one day in the autumn of 1829, just as the Pavilion clock was striking three, that I stepped into Mr. Goodman's coach. In it I found already a thin strippling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of mustachio on his upper lip. He wore a travelling cap on his head, with a golden band, and eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself.

That other fellow-traveller I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab great coat, which matched his round, fat face in colour; his hair, too, was drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a young pig; and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, to which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat, white paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female, old or young, handsome or ugly, when my speculations were speedily terminated by the arrival of an extremely delicate, pretty woman, attended by her maid. The lady was dressed in the extreme of plainness, and yielded the palm of gaiety to her *soubrette*, who mounted by the side of Mr. Goodman, at the moment that her mistress placed herself next my pig-faced friend and opposite to me.

It does not require half a second of time to see and know and understand what sort of woman it is who is thus brought in juxtaposition with one. The turn of her mind may be ascertained by the way she seats herself in her corner; her dispositions, by the look she gives to her companions; and her character—but perhaps that may require a minute or two more.

The lady in question cast a hasty glance around her, merely, as it should seem, to ascertain if she were personally acquainted with any of her companions. She evidently was not; and her eyes sank from the enquiring gaze around the party upon a black silk bag which lay on her lap. She was about four or five-and-twenty; her eyes were blue and her hair fair; it hung carelessly over her forehead, and the whole of her costume gave evidence of a want of attention to what is called "setting one's self off to the best advantage." She was tall—thin—pale; and there was a sweet expression in her countenance which shall never forget; it was mild and gentle, and seemed to be formed to its plaintive cast by suffering—and yet why should one so lovely be unhappy?

As the clock struck, we started. The sudden turn of the team round the corner of North street and Church-street brought a flush of colour into her cheeks; she was conscious of the glow which I was watching; she seemed ashamed of her own timidity. She looked up to see if she was observed; she saw she was, and looked down again.

All this happened in the first hundred and seventy yards of a journey of fifty-two miles and a half.

My pig-faced friend, who snaked his barley-sugar sonorously, paid little attention to any body, or any thing, except himself; and, in pursuance of that amiable tenderness, pulled up the window at his side. The lady, like the bear in the fur coat, laid her delicate head back in the corner of the coach, and slept, or seemed to sleep.

The horror I felt lest my pig-faced friend should consider it necessary to join in any conversation which I might venture to originate with my unknown beauty opposite, kept me quiet; and I "ever and anon" looked anxiously towards his vacant features, in hopes to see the two grey unmeaning things which served him for eyes, closed in a sweet and satisfactory slumber. But no; although he spoke not, and, if one may judge by countenances, thought not, still he kept awake, and ready, as it should seem, to join in a conversation which he had not courage to begin.

And so we travelled on, and not one syllable was exchanged until we reached Crawley. There my heart was a much relieved. At Hands-cross we had dropped the cornet with the tufts; horses were ready to convey him to some man's house to dinner; and when we were quitting Crawley, I saw my excellent demolisher of barley-sugar mount a regular Sussex buggy, and export himself to some town or village out of the line of our road.

I here made a small effort at ice-breaking with my delicate companion, who consorted with her maid at one of the rooms while I, with one or two more seasonalists from the outside, was refreshing myself with some cold fowl and salad. I ventured to ask her whether she would allow me to offer her some wine and water.—Hang it, thought I, if we stand upon gentility in a stage coach journey, smart as the things are, we shall never part sociably.—She seemed somewhat of the same opinion, for she smiled. I shall never forget it; it seemed on her placid countenance like sunshine amidst showers—she accepted my proffered draught.

"I rather think," said I, "we shall travel alone for the rest of the journey—our communicative friends have left us." She made no answer; but from the sort of expression which passed over her features, I was very sorry I had made the remark. I was in the greatest possible a-

larm lest she should require the presence of her maid to play propriety; but no, she had no such notion.

A summons from Mr. Goodman soon put the party in motion, and in a few minutes we were again on our journey—the dear creature and myself *tele-a-tete*.

"Have you been long at Brighton?" said I.

"Some time," replied the lady—"some months, indeed." Here come a pause.

"You reside in London, I presume?" said I.

"In the neighbourhood," replied the lady; at the same time drawing off the glove of her left hand (which, by the way, was as white as snow,) to smooth one of her eyebrows, as it appeared by what she actually did with it, but, as I thought, to exhibit to my sight the golden badge of union which encircled its third finger.

"And," said I, "have you been living alone at Brighton so long?"

"Oh, no! said the stranger; "my husband has only left me during the last few weeks, and has now summoned me home, being unable to rejoin me on the coast."

"Happy man!" said I, "to expect such a wife."

Now there did not seem much in this common-place bit of folly, for I meant it for little else than jest, to summon up a thousand feelings, and excite a thousand passions—to raise a storm, and cause a flood of tears. But so it was—my companion held down her head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes.

"Good God!" said I, "have I said any thing to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally, I—" "Don't speak to me," said the sufferer—"it is not your fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the cord which vibrates to its very centre sadly affects me—pray, pray, let go my hand—and believe me I am not angry with you—I am to blame."

"But," said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand—because what harm can holding a hand do?—"you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot control, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which—" "Pray, pray ask me nothing," said my agitated companion; I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure," added she—and I do think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—"that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed."

"You may rely upon me," said I, "that so far as you may choose to trust me, you are as safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of circumstances which (whatever they are) so deeply affect you, arises from an interest which you had excited even before you spoke."

"What would you think of a woman," said she, "who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrow excite, which might be told by her after an hour's acquaintance? No, no; let me remain unknown to you, as I am—let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again."

To be Continued.

DOMESTIC.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

REPORT.

The Committee appointed to enquire whether this House has a right to appoint its own Officers beg leave to report:

As your Committee are not aware of any express law upon the subject their attention was directed to ascertain what had been the usage of former Parliaments; but the records of this House are so imperfect that little satisfaction could be obtained from them. Your Committee were therefore obliged to resort to different individuals and to the Officers of this House for information. Your Committee having referred to the Report made by a "Select Committee of this House on the subject in the Session of 1828, find the information it contains confirmed, and therefore deem it unnecessary to repeat it here. Since the date of that report two appointments have been made by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor. Your Committee searched the Office of the Registrar of the Province but could not discover any Record of Letters Patent to the present Chaplain; but found on a search made at the Government Office an abstract or Memorandum of a Commission under the Privy Seal to the Rev. Thomas Phillips, D. D. as Chaplain of this House, dated the 23d October 1820. In the office of the Registrar of the Province are recorded Letters Patent to David Archibald McNab as Sergeant at Arms in the place of Allan McNab resigned, dated 15th October, 1828. Your Committee have been unable to ascertain any authority by which the Rev. Robert Addison was appointed Chaplain to this House. The Act of the British Parliament which gave a Legislature to this Province necessarily conferred all the rights and powers necessary to support its dignities and privileges. Your Committee are therefore of opinion that this House has an original and inherent right to appoint and control its own Officers whenever it may be thought expedient to exercise it, which no usage or practice heretofore admitted has or can take away. A contrary doctrine is highly dangerous to the privileges of this House. Your Committee are well aware that the officers of the British House of Commons

are appointed by the Crown; but the principal Officers of that House hold their Offices by Patent for life.

In this Province, however, the case is very different.—All the Officers of this House hold their offices under a precarious tenure, viz: during pleasure.

The Chaplain of the British House of Commons, the Committee believes, holds his office for life. But Your Committee cannot recommend that the practice should be followed in this Province. In England there is a Church Established by law, which the King at his Coronation is solemnly sworn to maintain; and therefore, the appointment of Chaplain is part of His Prerogative; but he has it not in his power to appoint any other than a Clergyman of the Established Church. Your Committee do not admit that the Church of England is the Established Church of this Province, and are therefore of opinion that the Executive if possessed of the right might appoint a Minister of any Sect of Christians to officiate as Chaplain of this House. Constituted as the House of Assembly of this Province now is and must always continue to be, of persons of various Religious denominations, the appointment of any Chaplain will in all probability, be unsatisfactory to a majority of the House.

The selection if left to this House, Your Committee are convinced would at the beginning of every Session produce a canvass and discussion, and rouse feelings of animosity extremely prejudicial to the business of the country—and to invite Clergymen of all denominations is in the opinion of Your Committee derogatory to the dignity of this House.

The solemn service of Prayer with which the business of the House is commenced should not be a matter of mere form, for it was instituted to implore the divine Wisdom and assistance in our deliberations; but Your Committee are apprehensive that however much to be desired, the practice cannot be continued without exciting feelings, and it may be prejudices little allied to the Spirit of Devotion.

Your Committee, therefore, beg leave to submit to the consideration of this House the propriety of dispensing with the services of a Chaplain, and the resuming the Rule which requires that the business of the day shall commence with prayer.

If this House should be of opinion that it is expedient to continue the present mode of appointment, Your Committee earnestly recommend that all Offices of this House should be held during good behaviour.

(Signed) J. H. SAMSON, Chairman.

Committee Room } 14th Feb'y, 1831.

Members, Messrs. John Willson, Morris, Thomson, McNab and Samson.

The above Report was adopted on the 4th of March by a Majority of 9

YEAS.—Messrs. Beardsley, Bidwell, Buell, Campbell, Cook, W. Crooks, Duncomb, A. Fraser, Howard, Ingersol, Ketchum, Lyons, McCall, A. McDonald, D. McDonald, Mackenzie, McMartin, Mount, Perry, Randal, Roblin, Samson, Shaver, Thomson, White, W. Wilson—26.

NAYS.—Messrs. Atty General, Bercy, Boulton, Brown, Burwell, Chisholm, Clark, Elliott, R. Fraser, Jarvis, Jessup, McNab, Magcon, Robinson, Sol'r General, VanKoughnet, J. Willson—17.

NOTE.—Mr. Chisholm was in favor of the Report, but wished the vote to be delayed.

YEAS and NAYS on the question for granting £3,500 to improve Kettle Creek harbor. YEAS.—Messrs. Solicitor General, Atty General, W. B. Robinson, Sheriff Jarvis, Judge Bercy, Chisholm, J. & W. Crooks, Clark, McCall, Magcon, Duncomb, Elliott, A. Fraser, Ingersol, Jessup, Ketchum, J. Willson, Randal, D. McDonald, Mount, Warren, W. Wilson, 24.

NAYS.—Messrs. Beardsley, Bidwell, Buell, Campbell, Cook, Howard, Jones, Lewis, Lyons, Mackenzie, McMartin, G. Boulton, Brown, Burwell, Chisholm, John Willson, McNab, Ketchum, Randal, Clark, Duncombe, Elliott, R. Fraser, Ingersol, Jessup, Jones, Magcon, Mount Samson, Warren, W. Wilson—25.

NAYS.—Messrs. Beardsley, Bidwell, Buell, Campbell, Cook, W. Crooks, A. Fraser, Howard, Lewis, McCall, A. & D. McDonald, Mackenzie, McMartin, Perry, Roblin, Shaver, Thomson, VanKoughnet, White—21.

MARRIAGE BILL

WHEREAS doubts have arisen respecting the legality of certain marriages heretofore contracted and solemnized in this Province; and whereas the parties thereto and their issue may be subject to disabilities unless such marriages be confirmed by law; in order, therefore, to afford relief to such persons, and establish the legitimacy of their issue.

1. Be it &c. that the marriage or marriages of all persons, not being under any canonical disqualification to contract matrimony, that have been publicly contracted in this Province, before any Justice of the Peace, Magistrate, Commanding Officer of a post, or before any Minister or Clergyman, before the passing of this act, shall be and hereby are confirmed, and shall be considered good and valid in law; and the parties to such marriages, and the issue thereof, shall be entitled to all the rights and subject to all the obligations, resulting from consanguinity, and law, usage or custom to the contrary, in any wise notwithstanding.