

cution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Mrs. Fey on her usual errand of benevolence. Though interested in Dickens's face, I forgot him naturally enough after we entered the prison, and I do not think I heard him speak during the two hours. I parted from him at the door of the prison, and continued my stroll into the city.

Not long after this, Macrone sent me the "Sheets of Sketches by Boz," with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it, and, in my note of reply, assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made as a publisher if he could monopolize the author.

Two or three years afterward I was in London, and present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready. Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him.—He was no more like the man I had seen than a tree in June is like the same in February.

He sat leaning his head on his hand while Bulwer was speaking, and with his very long hair, his very flash waistcoat, his chain and rings, and with a much paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognizable. The comparison was very interesting to me, and I looked at him a very long time. He was then in his culmination of popularity, and seemed jaded to stupefaction. Remembering the glorious works he had written since I had seen him, I longed to pay him my homage, but had no opportunity, and did not see him again till he came over to resp his harvest and upset his hay-cart in America. When all the ephemera of his impudencies and improvidences shall have passed away—twenty years hence—I should like to see him again, renowned as he will be for the most original and remarkable works of his time.

From the Dublin University Magazine for March.

NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—No. X.

"The world's my fibber, which with my crackers I will open."

Skylarks,

"Hard texts are nuts (I will not call them cheeses)

Whose shells to keep their kernels from their sisters

Down the shells, and you shall have the nuts,

They are brought for you to crack and eat."

John Bangs.

"The priests take the lawyers' chaff,

And the lawyers take the priests;

And the statesmen, because he's none."

Egger's Opera.

The Ophelia's have been dancing before majesty, flourishing clubs and tomahawks, brandishing scalping knives, and finally, terrifying the courtly escort of royalty by the awful consumption of eatables they accomplished in the wignam of their "great mother."

A strange sight must have been, doubtless, to behold these wild children of the forest and the prairies, the painted warriors of the Rocky Mountains, the swarthy corsairs of Windsor—to watch in their proud faces the struggle between astonishment and pride, at the various scenes of striking objects about them, and to contrast their savage ease and staleness, with the costly dress of the royal page. There were many things to interest—indeed to startle—them;—but nothing more remarkable in such a scene—none, perhaps, more remarkable than the fact that they accomplished in the wignam of their "great mother,"

A strange sight must have been, doubtless, to their native eyes to witness the audacity of these savages, who, in their ignorance, had no idea of the species of humanity which proclaims aloud—Go and drown yourself; stand exposed and condemned before your Creator; and if there be but a spark of vitality yet remaining, well, try it back to life again—a stirring subside! No, no, the hungry man might feel, and go his way unseen, untrampled—there would be no need of this species of pell-mell of humanity which proclaims aloud—Go and drown yourself; stand exposed and condemned before your Creator; and if there be but a spark of vitality yet remaining, well, try it back to life again—a stirring subside!

Indeed, the cost of such a self-sustained life, for a week or two, would be a poor puny doozy unconscious threat—the limbs that now, otherwise than straw, are wrapped in heated blankets, the hand stretched out in vain for alms, now rubbed by the jewelled fingers of a western physician.

Men, men, is this truly?—is the fellow-screwy

about them; their eyes wide, belligerent, their go'd faith, their manly endurance, their attachment to the haunts and haunts of their parents, and indomitable; while such have a jaded amongst all these, in asserting that they know not now, and some truly loathing qualities. Mr. Catlin, whose authority is beyond doubt, has presented a most fascinating picture of their childlike docility and manly daring, and most debauched by genealogical descent, they stand in the high and exalted position of the educated race of mankind. Formed and Coopered in them the virtues of which heroes are made, and have given an undying interest to all that concerns Indian life. All that we read of enterprise and daring, pale before the recitals of their warlike expeditions; the instinct of savagery seems with them to supply all the motives which, in civilized life, are suggested by the thousand paths of ambition ever operating; and as courage would appear the greatest quality of the red man, it does very the attributes of this virtue—now by deeds of prowess in the field, now by long endurance in the march, now by his superior pluck under torture.

The great Chief—so called—he who sits beside hangs most scalps, he before whom meat enemies have fallen in battle. The wise counselor, the deep and reflective reasoner, if he have not this virtue, is none;—as nothing; his place is among the no-same courage feature to Indians—nothing every great and noble; that he will succor his gods, and lay a curse on all who oppose him; his adherence to his principles is a rose to be seen at the root of his head; and so, if we disposed to pursue the theme, could I trace all, nearly all, the heroic worthy traits of the red men to this one source.

I have said already that I like this people, and now make another confession—that my enthusiasm in their favour has suffered a most tremendous shock. A few mornings since, on turning over the pages of a London Journal, I read the following paragraph:—

"The arrangement which we announced in our last, respecting Mr. Catlin's intended visit to Ireland, in company with the Ophelias, is now, in an end, having declined in proceed to that country while the present state of lawless outrage and crime continues."

I read and re-read the paragraph, actually stupefied by the announcement. What! I am told, is it the red man, the savage of Turk and the Tartar, of whom this is said? Is the Sioux afraid of the Robinsonian? Can the wielder of the tomahawk shrink back with terror from Tipperary? And Captain, too, who never felt fear in the wignam of the Pawnee or beside the war-fire of the Manhattans—by whom slept soundly in the hut of the Flathead, and a'ole at the war-hoop of the Delawares—whose stout heart never quailed at scenes, whose mimic raptures were as powerful as a tragedy—who, thousands of miles away, from all his race and kindred, knew not what it was to tremble!—I dare not!

The red man is a savage—a bold and often a relentless savage; but his cruelty is a debt incurred in blood and to be paid in the same; it is the heirloom of transmitted vengeance, and its fulfillment in the stern duty of a life; it has neither the recklessness of indiscriminate slaughter, nor is it the crime of a bold murderer. His moments of passion, terrible though they are brief; and, even then, the restraint on his boyishness, the premonition of his vengeance, for he smiles not while he strikes. Why then, as he not come here?—What lesson might he learn! What unknown sets of torture might he bring back to his home in the forest? But he durst not—the bloodiest massacres of his nation would sink into shame before "Pinace!"

Oh, ye red men, how deficient are ye in that spirit which should guide the traveller in foreign lands—how lacking is that energy of research by which lessons of wisdom are learned. Ye have seen the mighty capital of the world, it is true—have lived in her presence, whose will is like a written law—but how much more had ye gained by one dark night in Tipperary!

A NUT FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

If my reader will permit me to refer to my own library, I would wish to remind him of an old "Nut" of mine, in which I endeavored to demonstrate the defective quality and economy of our penal code—a system, by far the most analphabetical and ineffective, of some few penalties in the world. It is a theft of a loaf of bread, by the geometrical scale of proportionate punishment, gradually swelled into a most expensive process, in which policemen, station masters, inspectors, magistrates, sessions, assizes, juries, crown prosecutors, gents, turnkeys, and transports, all figure; and the nation is left to the cost of the terrible array, for the punishment of a crime, the punishment of which might, perhaps, have been done by two pens.

However, the question is not so much what is the best system of Colonial Government in theory, but what is Canada, at the present moment, best in practice. Even if we take the strongest view against the doctrine of Responsible Government, it must, we think, be admitted, that practically the choice lies between two evils—responsible government, or a suspension of the Constitution. If the Canadians shun their attachment to the principles advocated by the Lafontaine Ministry, by returning a majority favorable to them in the new House of Assembly, the result will clearly be better than making the text of a bad law, and trying to make the short work as well as we can with "responsible government," or suspending the Constitution and trying to govern Canada without a Representative one. Of the two courses, no reasonable man could hesitate to say that the latter is the more dangerous, indeed it would be obviously fatal to the maintenance of the connection between England and her North American Colonies, that any alteration would be preferable.

For these reasons, we cannot view the question, as most of our contemporaries appear to do, matter-of-fact, merely as a question of convenience, a poor, wretched, miserable creature, destitute and friendless, without a house, without a meal; his tattered clothing displaying through every rent, the shrunken form and wasted limbs to which hunger and want have reduced him. See him as night falls, plodding onwards through the crowded thoroughfares of the great city; his lack-luster eye glazed and fatigued; his pale face and blue lip actually corpse-like in their ghastliness. He gazes at the passers-by with the vacant stare of idiocy. Starvation has sapped the very intellect, and he is like one in some frightful vision; a vague, indistinct, shadowy being that has lost all sense;—lives in the shadow of Lafontaine and the Government of Canada, in which the latter has the best of it. Sir Charles Metcalfe may have the best of it; Sir George Simpson, in common with ourselves, influences, which it is unnecessary here to characterize, have been brought to bear heavily upon our Speaker. The Minister have directed the energies of their strength upon his head, and "rays of their wrath," so collected, have served only to illuminate, not to consume.—As if his views of economy were not altogether to the taste of his and our opponents—in a series of retaliatory retrenchments they have sought a strip of land of the properties of the crown, and by a series of acts from his wife, with a diabolical ratiocinal ferocity, to draw the scattered and wayward parts of the public, who are too sharpshinned for such a villain.

Yet, Mr. Chairman, some who have won the confidence of the people, and fear that they may have proved unworthy of their responsibility, are now seeking to make amends, to purchase an amnesty for the past, by pretences to economy. Though scarcely awhile, since, if a man deserved the censure of the Free Church, he would have called this ascription by this pleasing title, "Humane Society." Muttering the words, he staggers onwards; a feeling too faint for hope still survives; and he bends his wearied steps towards the building. It is indeed a gothic edifice; Puritan stone and granite, massive columns and a portico, are all these; and humanity itself is embodied in the figures which decorate it. This stately man stands, with a dying ember, smit one spark, and then—*bang!*—the spark dies. The members of the Association, that he has made a false move and that he is, as we said before, playing a desperate and unequal game, where the stake is a "Providence on the one side, and a little patronage and a reservation of theoretical prerogative on the other.

## NOVA-SCOTIA AFFAIRS.

Defeat of the Ministry on the Civil List Question.

The Ministry have received, during the past week, a series of mortifying defeats. On Monday they were unable to carry the Governor's own salary, solemnly pledged and guaranteed to him on his coming to the Colony—the Opposition hissed and laughed at them; Huntington moved a reduction of £300 which the minority were compelled to consent to, being afraid to divide. On Tuesday, they abandoned their own seal of salaries to present incumbents, and took whatever sums Huntington proposed. On Saturday George's salary they ventured to make a stand, and he hems his wearied steps towards the building. It is indeed a gothic edifice; Puritan stone and granite, massive columns and a portico, are all these; and humanity itself is embodied in the figures which decorate it. This stately man stands, with a dying ember, smit one spark, and then—*bang!*—the spark dies. The members of the Association, that he has made a false move and that he is, as we said before, playing a desperate and unequal game, where the stake is a "Providence on the one side, and a little patronage and a reservation of theoretical prerogative on the other.

SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH.

MINUTE OF JOINT MEETING OF ELDERS

AND TRUSTEES.

At a joint Meeting of the Elders and Trustees of Saint Andrew's Church, Kingston, held in the Vestry of said Church, on the 2d of April, 1844, the subject of the proposed visit to this place as well as other parts of the Province, by a deputation from the Free Church of Scotland, having been brought under consideration—after a full and deliberate expression of opinion by each member of the meeting in succession, it was unanimously resolved—express

by more circumspection in their dress; whether any such a period of provisional prudery is directing certain Legislators the voice of the public must at no distant time pronounce. Mr. Chairman, he who has been nailing to bring the citadel can never palliate their perfidy by a clamour against the wages of the garrison. It is vain that you may try to sew a new button on the purple pocket, when you were forewarned of the hole in it; and when the hole opens up the purse. Arnold, in America, could never tolerate it, and he betrays himself, as well as his poor brain will let him, that some benevolent people have called this ascription by this pleasing title, "Humane Society."

Muttering the words, he staggers onwards; a feeling too faint for hope still survives; and he bends his wearied steps towards the building. It is indeed a gothic edifice; Puritan stone and granite, massive columns and a portico, are all these; and humanity itself is embodied in the figures which decorate it. This stately man stands, with a dying ember, smit one spark, and then—*bang!*—the spark dies. The members of the Association, that he has made a false move and that he is, as we said before, playing a desperate and unequal game, where the stake is a "Providence on the one side, and a little patronage and a reservation of theoretical prerogative on the other.

Lecture.—The Lecture advertised to be delivered on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institution has been postponed till Friday evening.

The Rev'd Mr. Ritchie has selected a highly interesting and appropriate subject for his lecture, to

which he will, we have no doubt, do ample justice.

The Corporation have advertised the Kingston Market Tollis for sale for one year from the 1st of May next. The rent to be paid monthly in advance. Tenders are to be delivered at the Office of the Common Council on or before Monday the 22d Inst.

The Butchers Stalls in the new Market House are also to be leased at Auction for one year from the 1st May next, on Monday the 22d Inst. at 12 o'clock noon.

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The principal intelligence is, that hostilities had broken out in Gwadar between the British and the natives (Maharatas). Three battles had been fought which were vigorously contested by the Maharatas, and in which, though they were defeated, they inflicted severe loss on the British.

The Maharatas are said to have between 4000 and 5000 men wounded.

The following English officers were killed or died of their wounds:—General Churchill, Col. Sanders, Major Crommelin, Captains Stewart, Magrath and Cobban, Lieutenants Newland and Lester, and Engineer Bray. Forty officers were wounded.

The fort of Gwadar surrendered to the British, after the defeat of the Maharatas, and several of the native chiefs made their submission.

The Governor General had declared that the country would not be occupied by the British, and that the regulations of the Anglo-Indian Government would be limited to the establishment of a subsidiary force, to be officered solely by the English, but maintained by the Gwadar Government. The British troops were to retire immediately from the country.

There was nothing new from Scinde, or the Punjab.

The Montreal new Market Hall.—We are happy

to learn that the Designs of our talented fellow Townsman, GEORGE BROWNE, Esquire, Architect, for the new edifice, have been accepted by the Building Committee.

Mr. Browne has received instructions to proceed forthwith with the necessary details and specifications preparatory to the commencement of the work. Considering that the competition was very great, it is highly creditable to this gentleman that his designs should have received the preference over those of many, no doubt, able competitors. The Building is to cost £20,000.

It is believed that, in common with every

Institution of God's appointment worked by erring

men, the Church of Scotland has in times past had,

and may still have about its outward framework several things which, in the Parent Country, interfere with the full development of her admirable Scriptural doctrine and discipline, yet there is a mode of effecting the removal of those things, which is regard for the very highest interests alike of religion and social order would lead us to desire—a mode, concerning which it may be justly questioned whether the cure or the disease worse to bear: and such a mode, we cannot but think the Free Church has adopted in her recent struggles—however sincerely engrossed in—increased purity in the administration of government; more especially, from these encroachments of the evil powers, against which our Brethren in Scotland are in the dith. And further, with respect to his reported dismissal, he has not been dismissed. Some sharp letters passed between the Corporation and him, and they passed some resolutions requiring his personal adherence on pain of dismissal; but his disagreement with the Corporation, arising out of his desire to be appointed to the command of a vessel, and his being unable to get a vessel, was the cause of his removal. The Corporation, however, did not consider him fit for the command of a vessel, and he was accordingly dismissed.

On the 2d of April, 1844, the Corporation, in accordance with the terms of his contract, dismissed him.

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