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THE HERALD

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POETRY.

IT'S TIME;

OR THE LITTLE FACTORY GIRL.

Many of our readers will find it difficult to realise the scenes we have placed before them—scenes so abhorrent to the feelings as to find admission into the mind only with great difficulty. Verse will sometimes gain a way where dry prose is rejected. An affecting fact, stated by the witness, Gillett Sharpe, (p. 210 of *Evidence*) has been thrown into rhyme, and we give it, without consulting the writer. Let the reader observe that it conveys merely a simple statement of the fact which really took place, and which, we fear, we must add, is of no uncommon occurrence,—Actiole of Factory Question.—[Fraser's Mag.

'Twas on a winter's morning,
The weather wet and wild,
Three hours before the dawning
The father roused his child;
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried, 'The bell is ringing,
My hapless darling, haste!

'Father, I'm up, but weary,
I scarce can reach the door,
And long the way and dreary,—
O carry me once more!
To help us we've no mother,
And you have no employ;
They killed my little brother,—
Like him I'll work and die!'

Her wasted frame seemed nothing,
The load was at his heart;
The sufferer he kept soothing,
Till at the mill they part.
The overlooker met her,
As to her frame she crept,
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her as she wept.

Alas! what hours of horror
Made up her latest day;
In toil, and pain, and sorrow,
They slowly passed away:
It seemed, as she grew weaker,
The threads they oftener broke,
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,
But night brought no repose;
Her day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
At length a little neighbour
Her halfpenny she paid,
To take her last hour's labour,
While by her frame she laid.

At last, the engine ceasing,
The captives homeward rushed;
She thought her strength increasing—
'Twas hope her spirits flushed.
She left, but oft she tarried;
She fell, and rose no more,
Till, by her comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

All night, with tortured feeling,
He watched his speechless child,
While, close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the Factory's ringing,
Her last perceptions tried;
When, from her straw-bed springing,
'Tis time!' she shrieked—and died!

LOWER CANADA.

LOWER CANADA POLITICS.

This is a subject particularly suited to any one who may happen to have no dislike to the buzzing of wasps about his ears, and who possesses a charm against their sting.

The politics of a country usually mean its public concerns, and their management, which are generally entrusted to existing authorities; but it occasionally happens, from some cause or other, that they get into a state of discord, and then public concerns become everybody's business, which, according to the common saying, is nobody's business. Every one has then something to say on the common concerns; there is "great cry and little wool;" private business is even sometimes neglected. A whole country then offers, on a large scale, a representation of an ill-ordered family, where every thing is the business of everybody, and there is nothing but quarrelling and scolding and ill-humour from morning till night, and all things going to wreck and ruin.

Are we come to this state of things in Lower Canada? Not yet. We are five or six hundred thousand souls, occupying a part of the valley of the Great River of the north-eastern portion of North America,—a small Colony of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. They have left us pretty much our own way, and are contented to take, at the market price, such things as we can spare in the way of trade. They send us out a Governor now and then, just to keep the King's peace amongst us, see that the laws in being, and those to which we choose to consent, are fairly administered, with a small force to keep us within the pale of the Empire and protect us against any who may be disposed to molest us: the whole under such instructions as the Governor may, from time to time, receive from his superiors.

We choose representatives every four years at the longest, to tell what we want, and propose and consent to any changes in the existing laws which we may think are required for the common good, in concert with a Council chosen for life by the King. Sometimes we get on swimmingly, and empty the chest,—all agreeing to take a share of it for the public good. At other times there is a dead stop. One will have it that another has got more than his fair proportion of money or power, and does not make a right use of it; and then they range themselves into *classes* or parties, and want a division according to their numbers. At this stage, they usually speak very ill of one another, rip up old sores, and rail "in good set terms:" some talk French and some talk English, and the more they talk the less they understand one another; finally they get very angry at what they do not understand; and when the whole people are called upon to attend to everybody's business and nobody's business, if they seriously think of setting things to rights, some idea may be formed of what occurred at the building of the Tower of Babel.

Some have lately fallen upon a very simple remedy for the difficulty of not understanding one another: it is just to let their adversaries not talk at all,—leaving them nothing to say in everybody's business, but let it all be managed by their opponent; but the party interested does not seem disposed just now, to agree to it.

It is intended by both parties to call in the assistance of the authorities on the other side of the Atlantic, and they are now signing addresses for that purpose, in which the misdoings of each other are, no doubt, *fully* pourtrayed by their adversaries. One party says, "Our opponents have been doing every thing they could to injure us, and intend much more mischief; indeed, they are making our condition quite miserable: yet we wish to remain just as we are." The other party says: "It is impossible to tell how much we suffer, and our adversaries are the cause of it: if you will only prevent them from having any voice in any changes which may be wanted in the country, unless we please, we think we could manage them: it is all we ask for the present, provided the Governor you send out will only consent to all that we may want him to do. We are five to their one, and therefore you may be sure that we will be always in the right; if you do not give us what we ask, you must be very unreasonable, and we will take it very ill of you to refuse; and there is no telling what we may do."

What the people on the other side of the water, who being more than a hundred to our one must surely be always right, will say to all this, we cannot pretend to say; perhaps they may have no time to attend to it, just now, and perhaps knowing that they must be right, they may fancy it is a good time to arrange matters so as to keep more power in their own hands. In the mean time we would recommend to all those who may be disposed to speak of peace to either party, to recollect the fate that befel the most valiant knight of la Mancha and his trusty squire, on account of their sage advice on the occasion of the incidents which arose out of the search for a lost ass. —[Neilson's Gazette.]

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

We have been furnished by Capt. Grant, of the *Lady of the Lake* of Aberdeen, from Belfast, 8th April, with 230 passengers and crew, with the following particulars of the wreck of that vessel:—[Neilson's Gaz.]

"On the 11th May, in Lat. 46° 50' N. and Lon. 47° 10' W., at 5 a. m. steering per compass W. S. W. with a strong wind at N. N. E. we fell in with several pieces of ice; at 8 a. m. the ice getting closer, I judged it prudent to haul the ship out to the eastward under easy sail to avoid it; while in endeavouring to pass between two large pieces, a tongue under water in the lee ice struck our starboard bow and stove it, entirely in. We immediately wore the ship round, expecting to get the leak out of the water, but did not succeed; the ship now filling fast, the mate, with seven or eight of the crew, got into the stern boat—after getting bread, beef, compass, &c. &c. they pulled away to the north-west—the scene that then took place is beyond description; after getting the long-boat out the passengers crowded into her with such mad desperation, that she was twice upset alongside, drowning about 80 of them. I now attempted to save my own life and succeeded in getting the boat clear of the ship, half full of water, with 33 souls in her, without oars, sails or a mouthful of provisions. The last time I saw the brig, (the ice coming between her and us) she was sunk up to the 'ops, and about 30 of the passengers in the maintopmast rigging. We then tried to pull after the other boat, with the bottom boards and thaufts, but got beset with the ice. We now expected a worse fate than those who were in the vessel, viz.; to perish with cold and hunger. Next morning the wind changed to the westward and we got clear of most of the ice. We then pulled to the eastward in the faint hope of some vessel picking us up, and at noon saw a brig laying too under her two topsails—at four got on board of her and found the crew just leaving her, she being in the same state as our own, sinking. We, however, got some provisions out of her, and there being a boat lying on her decks, I got part of the passengers out of our own boat into it. In the course of the night it came on to blow from the south-west and the other boat foundered. All that now remained alive, (to the best of my belief or knowledge) out of a crew and passengers of 230, is myself, one seaman, two boys, nine male passengers and two female, 15 in all. At noon, on the 14th, we fell in with the master and mate of the brig *Harvest Home*, of Newcastle, the vessel we had previously been on board of; and on the evening of the same day both got on board of a loaded brig bound to St. John's, Newfoundland, after we had been 75 hours in an open boat, half dressed, wet and frost bitten; next morning, I, with the remainder of the crew and passengers, left the brig and was kindly received on board the ship *Amazon*, of Hull, bound to Quebec, where we arrived on the evening of Saturday last."

THE TIGER.

From Fraser's Magazine, with a likeness.

Only two and sixpence!—Ladies and Gentlemen walk in! Here is the great Tiger of Saugur and Upper Canada!!—Only two-and-six-pence!

To descend to *sermo pedestris*—the opposite print is a fac-smile of the outward man of Wull (*Anglice* William) Dunlop, M. D., author, among fifty greater and lesser productions, of the *Letters of a Backwoodsman*, published last year by Murray, and reviewed, *con amore* by Billy Maginn *apud nos*, and by John Wilson *apud Magan*.

"The Tiger,"—so called for his clearing two or three islands in the Ganges of a certain ferocious animal,—is by birth one of the Greenock folk, and now rising forty:—he received his education,—literary, medical and convivial,—in Glasgow;—and *served* from 1812 to 1822, partly in the peninsula (where he is understood to have occasionally exchanged the scalpel for the *bagnet*,) partly in North America, and partly in India. While in the East, he amused himself with the innocent diversion of tiger murder, &c., above alluded to: and, moreover, editing a Tory paper, in opposition to that poor animal, James Silk Buckingham, who, in the catalogue of his victims, can claim no higher rank than that of a cat.

Hodson's pale ale, iced punch, &c.—in short *the Liver*,—induced the doctor to revisit this island in 1822, and he established himself professionally in Edinburgh; where in the elegant society of Professors Cheape & Bell, Messrs. Peter Robertson, Sam. Anderson, Mandarin Menzies, &c. &c., he confirmed his constitutional principles, and by copious exhibitions of hot *horn*, repaired the ravages which patriotic exertions in distant climes had been able to make even upon the most adamantine of physical fabrics. Had he remained, there is no doubt he would by this time have reached the eminence of a second Gregory; but certain love passages of the most romantic interest interfered, and in 1825 Dunlop shook from his shoes the dust of Modern Athens, and made his first appearance at the Pig and Whistle.

Well strenuously assisted John Galt in the formation of the Canada Company in 1826; and in the following year, after being entertained by a distinguished party at a farewell dinner, in the Blue Posts, Cork Street, he departed along with the genial author of *Lawrie Todd* for the opening paradise of Ontario. There, or thereabouts, he has ever since sojourned; and his "Backwoodsman" may spare us the trouble of any detail either as to the bears he has slain, or cock-tail, flip, gin-sling, and other antifogmaticks, he has swallowed. As Commissioner of the C. C. C., established for the express purpose of increasing the population of a virgin soil, it is, we believe, universally conceded that his energies have been all along employed ont he most liberal scale, and with persevering steadiness.

This remarkable biped, who is now in London for a few weeks, to worry Goderich and Howick about some beastly proceedings of our degraded government, stands six feet three inches—and measures two feet eight across the shoulders: and in the graphic language of Rimini Unt—

"Lightsomely drops in his lordly back;"

the calf is just twenty inches in circumference—*ex pede Herculem*; the paw would have startled Ali Pacha; the fur is of the gennine Caladonia redness and roughness; and the hide, from long exposure to Eurus and Boreas, has acquired such a firmness of texture, that he shaves with a brickbat.—As he sails again for Galtopolis in the course of a few weeks, we earnestly recommend to Lord Egremont the propriety of placing the next cargo of "respectable female emigrants, from Sussex," under his protection.

Farewell, noble savage, wild as thy woods! When shall we again revel in the rich luxuriance of thy anecdote—or shake under the Titanic bay of thy laughter!—Sooner, perhaps, than thou expectest—for verily! in the day of the dispersion, we mean to beat thy jungle. "*Deus dabit vela!*" Though Toryism were expelled from all the rest of the globe, it would find shelter in the log-house of Dunlop. *Pour Victoria!*

Dr. Dunlop, of the Canada Company arrived in the Brittania, and will also proceed to York immediately. As an old friend and fellow student, and knowing how much he is esteemed throughout the Canadas, *little* York inclusive, we could not forego the pleasure of copying a brief, witty, and accurate memoir of "the tiger" from the April number of Fraser's Magazine.—The letter press illustrates an accurate sketch of the outward man of the *subject*, not with scalpel or *bagnet* in hand, but with that noble tipple, *whiskey punch*, steaming before him, a beverage which Jove and his noisy crew, being barbarians, never had the honor and happiness of tasting. Our friend reports that he found Lockart, Maginn, and the rest of the Immortals, except poor Galt, in a high state of preservation, and nobly buffetting the waves of reform.—We have heard it said that during the passage out, a political economist—some Joseph Hume in jacket and trowsers—proposed the formation of a *Temperance Society*. Our friend acceded to this patriotic measure, and agreed to depart from the table with the cloth and the ladies, upon condition of receiving a retired allowance of one bottle of mountain dew per diem! A condition which the reformers found it necessary to agree to.—[Albion.]

LAST WORDS OF MR. RANDOLPH.

A correspondent of the Village Record, has addressed a letter to the Editor of that paper, giving the following particulars of the last moments of the singular being whose recent demise has called forth such a variety of remark in the public journals:—

My Dear Sir:—I send you a few remarks on the death of John Randolph, whose death-chamber I have just left:—

The destroying angel has passed his wand over the boasted descendant of Pocahontas, and the wreck of mortality has sunk into its original elements. John Randolph is no more more!! He expired yesterday, in the City Hotel, at half past twelve o'clock. It was announced by his friends that the corpse might be seen this afternoon; with many others, I went to see it; the rush was great; when at length the object met the eye—what a sight for the moralist and the anatomist to gaze on!!! A wreck of organic matter; a second Calvin Edson! When I looked at the shrunken, the emaciated, Voltaire-like countenance; the small chin; the sunken eye; the sharp, small and slightly aquiline nose; the high cheek-bone, barely covered with skin; and the straight hair;—when I remember the brilliant corruscations of intellect which at times had shot from the now deadly ruin before me, it was with difficulty I could believe that mental vigor could so long outlive the destruction of physical organization—that an active mind could inhabit a tenement so frail and demolished as that before me. But a short period before his death he requested Dr. Parish, his physician, to read to him. The Doctor complied; in the course of the reading the word Omnipotent occurred; the Doctor pronounced it Omnip-O'-tent, giving the accent to the O. The dying man raised his head from the pillow and said Omnip'otent, Doctor, if you please. Dr. P. stated his reason for departing from the general usuage, to which Mr. Randolph made no reply. The word was again read Omnip-O'-tent.—Again raising his head he exclaimed Omnip-otent, Om-nip-otent, sir. He conversed freely with his friends, until within a short time before his departure, when suddenly raising his hand to his forhead, he said the sweat of death is on me, and shortly afterwards expired. Such was the end of this singular being: this once brilliant and eloquent man. He had his faults; let them now be forgotten: death destroys all but truth: it strips mankind of every thing but genius and virtue; under its power the king and the peasant are alike sacred: it is the common destroyer of the sterling ore of talent: at its touch the dross falls off to mingle with its kindred dust—while the fine and more ethereal part ascends with the departing spirit, to watch over the earthly remains: we consign the perishable qualities to oblivion and cherish those only worthy of remembrance.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.

By the author of the "Usurer's Daughter."

We have often had occasion to remark the various talent of this clever writer; and the volumes now before us are in quite a different style from any of his previous works. The *Puritan's Grave*, "is a history of Persecution and of patience—suffering made divine through faith;" a practical illustration of the motto in the title-page, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."—The following scene, teaching how "a Christian can die," will illustrate the spirit of this production.

"Days indeed are soon gone, they surprise us that they come so soon, and depart so quickly. But how wearily do they come, and how painfully do they depart, when the spirit is in suspense; when hope and fear lave their conflict in the mind, each alternately and in rapid movement presentingits pictures to the imagination! Mary Faithful grew more and more feeble, she descended more and more rapidly as she approached the last steps which lead into the valley of the shadow of death. Recently, days had done the work of months; and nowhours were doing the work of days—for there was a change every hour.—When the day dawned, it was doubtful whetheshe should see its close; and when the shadows of evening fell upon them, they feaed for her, that her eyes would not open on the light of another day. Why should they dread the placid parting of a pure spirit from the feeble prison of an exhausted frame? How is it, that when a family is in affliction, and when hope itself grows dim among them, they should grieve to part with any of their number? It is that sorrow grows more intense by solitude? Painful as it is to say 'Farewell' to a dying friend, it is yet more painful that the separation should have taken place without it. So exhausted was the sufferer, and so slender was the thread on which the remains of her life were suspended, that the family feared to be long away from her bedside, lest in the interval she should depart. And now, when the conflict was nearly over, if conflict it might be called, with her who struggled not against death's approaches, and dreaded not its day of darkness, she said to those around her, faintly yet distinctly, "Dear, dear friends,—father—mother—sister—[illegible] over, and now that it is vanishing, I feel it indeed to have been but a dream. I have a faint recollection of smiles and tears, of a passionate interest in life, of hopes and fears, of a sad revulsion of spirit, in which the heart seemed to break when we were taken from our own old home. But now that all is past, I look upon joy and sorrow as one; and I hope I speak it not presumptuously or profanely, when I say that the darkness and the light are both alike to me; for in the past I see a beautiful picture drawn by the Eternal artist.—Oh, how beautiful and good has life been to me! I thought not of its blessings as they passed, I stood too near the work to see its beauty; I beheld it unfinished, therefore I saw it imperfectly. It is now finished, and I now see how good it is. It is past—it is gone as to its joys and sorrows and selfish feelings; but evanescent as have been its outward and visible forms, its spirit and its invisible substance are in my heart a spring of everlasting gratitude and praise.' She rested awhile, and there was no reply, for the hearts of those around her were too full to speak, but she knew by the gentle and alternate pressure of their hands on her's that they heard and heeded what she said, and though her sight was growing dim, so that she could but imperfectly discern their countenances, she could just distinguish that their eyes were glittering with unshed tears. She resumed. "Why sho'd you weep? unless it be that tears are a holier and deeper manifestation of gratitude than smiles and placid looks. We are not forsaken—why should we be cast down?—The world has forsaken us to shew that God has not. The world is a veil which hideth the Creator from his creatures.—From our eyes that veil hath been withdrawn, and we see our Maker's goodness and his presence too.' Then Ferdinand Faithful found strength to speak, and he said, 'My dear child, it is indeed a joy to our hearts, to see you thus cheerfully resigned, yet even in our joy on your behalf we have sorrow on our own. I could have wished that you should have watched my departing breath, and closed my weary eyes.' 'I leave behind me,' she replied, 'those who will perform that duty for you. In death I feel that it is not the dying who is to be pitied.' There was silence again, which none dared or wished to break.—They looked at the patient and at one another, and almost suspended their own breathing, that they might listen to hers. Life parted so gradually and so quietly, that they who sat watching by, knew not that it was gone. The sufferer was at rest, and they who had loved her through life wept abundantly. The very injunction, 'Weep not for me,' is the surest prompter of human tears."—[Lit. Gaz.]

"Life in the Wilds."—The following is an extract from one of Miss Harriet Martineau's "Illustrations of political Economy," several of which, besides the one with the above title, have been republished in this country. Miss M. has brought this hitherto abstract subject down to the comprehension of the most ordinary capacities. She is the young lady of whom Chancellor Brougham recently remarked, "There is a deaf girl in Norwhich, who is doing more good than any man in the Kingdom."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Stone, "of what I was wishing to ask you. I see clearly, and I suppose the most ignorant person in the village sees, how useful machinery is in a case like ours, where the great object is to *save labor*. But are those in the wrong who dislike the extensive use of machinery in countries, such as England, at the present day, where the great object is to find employment for labor?"

"Clearly in the wrong," replied her husband: "because, till the human race reaches its highest point of attainment, there must be always something more to do; and the more power is set at liberty to do it the better. Till all the arts and sciences are exhausted, till nature has furnished the last of her resources, and man formed the limit of his means in making use of them, the greatest possible supply of human labor is wanted, and it is our duty to make the utmost possibility of saving it."

"I remember," said his wife, "what the governor said about labor being a power of which man is the machine; and I see how it must be for man's advantage to economize this power to the utmost. But I cannot reconcile this with the introduction of machinery where labor is abundant."

"I do not deny the evil," replied her husband: "but I see the distress is temporary and partial, while the advantage is lasting and universal. You have heard of the dismay of those who got their living by copying manuscripts, when the art of printing was introduced."

"Yes; and that many thousands now are maintained by printing, to one who used to copy for bread. The case is the same with cotton-spinning. Where one was employed to spin by hand, hundreds are now maintained by spinning with machinery; and thousands of times as much work is done."

"Such a result in any one case shows that the principle is a good one; and if, in any other case, it appears not to be good, we may be pretty sure of finding that the blame lies—not with the principle—but with some check or other which interferes with it. Such checks are imposed by the bad policy of some governments, and by the want of union between the different parts of society. While the race at large has still so many wants and wishes ungratified, it ought to be an easy thing for any quantity of labor, which is turned away from one kind of work, to find employment in another. That is *not* easy, is the fault of the constitution of society, and we should be far from remedying the evil by repressing the principle and restricting the powers of labor."

"Do you think that if labor had its free course all over the world, machinery might be extended to the utmost perfection, without doing any thing but good to the whole of the race?"

"I do.—And I see yet further evil in restricting the use of machinery in any one country;—that it invariably increases the amount of distress on the very spot. Since no power on earth can stop the improvement of machinery in the world, at once, it does nothing but mischief to stop it in any one place. Wherever it is done that place is *thrown back* in the race of competition and will soon suffer under a failure of demand for its productions and manufactures; because by the aid of machinery they can be furnished more cheaply elsewhere."

"Then the only thing to be done is to open as many channels to industry as possible, and to allow the stream to take its free course." "Just so."

ENGLISH MISCELLANY.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN THE WEST INDIES.

Mr. Stanley, the newly appointed Secretary for the Colonies, in an address to his constituents on his re-election to the House of Commons from the Northern Division of Lancashire, after taking office, held the following language—which from his official station, will be looked to with much interest:—

But there was one question connected with the colonial system, one of such paramount importance—that he could not avoid reverting to it. If he felt upon a late occasion that, as a Minister of the Crown, it was impossible he could enter distictly into the views of Government upon the question of slavery, that impossibility was now stronger and more urgent when he was himself the Minister upon whom the task would devolve of proposing to Parliament, in a very short space of time, the measures which his Majesty's Government had in contemplation on this most critical and all-important subject. There was no question which involved so many interests of such magnitude—no question in which those whose interests were affected were in a state of such great fear and difficulty. And on the other hand there was no question in which the interests of humanity, the enthusiasm of religious feeling, and all the generous and manly feelings of Englishmen were more earnestly and anxiously embarked for the purpose of bringing it to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. (Loud cheers.) Between these fears on the one hand, and these trembling interests on the other—these alarms on the score of property, and these fears of men who have been long in a state of difficulty, and who, therefore, dread any thing that may add to the pressure under which they suffer, and who have such an alarm at any attempt to arrange this great question; between all these numerous difficulties it will be admitted that it was hard for Government to steer a satisfactory course. But he thought that notwithstanding these difficulties, by applying themselves earnestly to the consideration of this question, with an anxious desire to do justice, and to promote the interests of humanity, he would soon be enabled to propose a measure to Parliament which would be, in the words of his Noble Friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, safe and satisfactory. (Loud and continued cheering.) He said safe and satisfactory; and he would add, that in his opinion no measure could be safe and satisfactory which was not founded upon principles of equity and justice—which did not carry with it something of a decisive and positive character, which would be acceptable and lasting, and which would enable him to say that it would not be a matter of probability, but of *certainty* to the people of England, that in a short time sooner or later, they would see a termination given to the disgrace of negro slavery. (Loud cheers.) In so speaking, he only expressed what had been the object so long and fondly cherished by the people of these countries—what Parliament had been pledged to accomplish by resolutions for many years; although he was free to say that he did not think these resolutions had been carried into effect so rapidly, and, he would add also, so safely as they might have been, had determined measures been earlier resolved upon and adopted. While the Governmen, therefore, was bound to look with vigilant care to the interests of parties deeply concerned, they were also called upon to be most anxious in their desire to accomplish the earnest wishes and feelings of the people of this country—feelings which were not more reconcilable to the interests of England than to the dictates of humanity. (Great cheering.)

His *Majesty's Royal Maunday* was distributed on Thursday, to 68 aged and infirm men, and the same number of destitute woman. At twelve o'clock the Officers of the Almonry entered the temporary building at the back of Whitehall Chapel, where the distribution took place. The Maunday people being arranged round tables, the Sub-Almoner, after repeating a prayer, proceeded to distribute the apparel. A Yeoman of the Guard afterwards advanced, bearing a large gold dish, covered with purses, each containing a sovereign and sixty-eight silver penny pieces, and a purse was given to each person. The officers of the wine-cellar then presented the Sub-Almoner and attendants with a cup of wine to drink the King's health, and the men and women were afterwards served, and were permitted to retain the cup; a loaf of bread, and a suitable quantity of meat were also supplied to each person. The cloths having been removed from the tables, a large bowl filled with salt fish and four loaves were placed before each of the Maunday people, who were also plentifully supplied with ale. Officers of the Almonry attending were the Dean of Carlisle, the Sub-Almoner Mr. Hanby, Secretary and Yeoman of the Almonry, and Mr. Jones, groom of the Almonry. The officers of the Lord Chamberlain's Office and the Yeoman Guard were in attendance as usual. The King's minor alms were distributed on Monday and Tuesday, to upwards of 800 old and destitute persons—(*Ap. 6th.*)

The alterations which were contemplated a *Marlborough House*, in order to render it a fit place of residence for the Princess Victoria, have not yet been sommenced and we hear that the idea is likely to be abandoned, Government being unwilling to apply to Parliament for the means of repairing and fitting it up as it ought to be. The estimate for repairs was indeed an alarming one; but probably not beyond what would be required, considering the dilapidated state of the building. In order to make Marlborough House a residence for the Queen presumptive, it would be necessary to rebuild nearly the whole of the interior, and to expend a large sum in external rapairs.

Our Ladye Poets.—Mrs. Hemans still residing in Dublin, occupied in the education of her sons; she will shortly publish a volume of sacred poetry. Hannah Moore is still alive, but in a state that would render death a blessing; a Memoir by a "constant friend," is already prepared. Miss Landon has been staying at Oxford on a visit to her Uncle, the Head of Worcester College; a new novel from her pen is nearly finished. Miss Mitford sojourns at Three-mile-Cross; her tragedies laid by until a more fitting season. Mrs. Howitt, a member of the Society of Friends, who resides at Nottingham, has prepared a series of tragic dramas, with the highest moral tone. Of Mrs. Joanna Bailic the world hears nothing; she resides at Highgate, in comparative solitude, but enjoying daily intercourse with a few chosen friends. Miss Bowles is unhappily not in good health; she lives in Leamington, in Hampshire. Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher,) is on the wide sea, with her husband, voyaging to India. Mrs. Norton is deserting the muses, for the *Court Magazine*, and a novel which we believe will appear shortly.—Mrs. Opie lately disposed of her house in Norwich, and is now residing in Cornwall. It is worthy of remark by the way, that in the list we have given, there is no lady either Irish or Scotch, and but one Welch—Mrs. Hemans.

Sinecures.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to be generally at business by 9 o'clock in the morning, and on an average attends 17 hours out of the 24. Lord Palmerston commences later in the day, but frequently continues till 4 o'clock in the morning.

The Tories say Lord Goderich has bargained with Earl Grey for an Earldom, and the first vacant Garter. We do not know what truth there may be in this statement, but it is well known that Lord Grey had great difficulty in inducing Lord Goderich to quit the colonial office.—[Sun.]

On Mr. Ellice's appointment to the Secretaryship at War we have elsewhere congratulated every body connected with the office. All we advise him to do is to be *his own* Secretary at War, which we suspect, was not the case with his Right Hon. predecessor.—[John Bull.]

Leopold, in order to solace Lord Durham for the loss of his seat in the British Cabinet, has forwarded to him the grand cross of the Order of Leopold. Lord William Russell has been decorated as Commander, and Colonel Cradock his Companion.

There is an immense stir now making about the emancipation *of* the Jews. We know a great many Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen who would be exceedingly glad to be emancipated *from* the Jews. [Whig.]

Popular Errors.—It is a favorite paradox of some, that the greatest dandies make the bravest soldiers; as many take pleasure in repeating, that great men have usually had small persons. These opinions spring from that love of finding or making a wonder, which is one of the most tenacious principles in human nature, and is the cause of half the error that exists in the world.—The fact seemed to be, that brave men have been in general neither dandies or slovens, but simply neatly and cleanly, though, of course there are exception of both kinds.—Great men, also, have been in general neither little nor big, though there have been many of both classes. Size has nothing to do with the matter; and the middle class has produced the greatest number of geniuses, simply because it is the most numerous; just as those who purchase ten tickets in a lottery have a greater chance of winning than those who possess only one.—[Monthly Magazine.]

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