

follow the Right Honourable Baronet, the Member for Tamworth, or any other Gentleman. If the Right Hon. Baronet had pledged himself for him, he (Sir Charles) denied his right to make any such engagement. He was quite capable of thinking and acting for himself, independently of the opinion of any other individual, and he would continue so to do. He persisted in his motion for an adjournment. This motion was defeated by a large majority.

The Attorney-General attempted subsequently to convince the Opposition that their conduct could not be mistaken. They might persevere in moving adjournments day after day; but their object would be at once apparent. They sought only for delay. The country would well understand what was meant, and would appreciate the motives of both parties.

SCOTCH TIMES.—On Tuesday evening the house of Commons resumed in Committee the consideration of the Bill: but their discussion was devoid of much interest. It will be seen from the brief report which we annex, that upon the presentation of a petition from Great Bedwin, in Wiltshire, stating that by the census of 1821, the inhabitants were only 1,928, while by that of 1831, they were numbered at 2,191. Mr. Macninch moved 'That it be an instruction of the committee that the boroughs in schedule A. and B. should be considered in reference to the last census of 1821.' Lord John Russell, answered, that when the bill was introduced the ministry could only proceed on the census of 1821, and were they to take the census of 1831 they would be proceeding on a new basis, since it was not the precise number of 2,000 inhabitants to which they addressed their intention, but the great principle which they wished to establish. The debate itself was trifling—the division however, indicated a falling off in the ministers majority:

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This was another night spent. We have no wish to repeat the remark we made last week—we prefer the following pithy quotation from the Sun of Wednesday.—'We have again to complain—and the country we perceive is beginning to grumble also, of the slow progress that the Reform Bill makes in the House of Commons. If Ministers do not take up a bolder position, assume a more peremptory tone, and backed by the support of the people, press the bill more vigorously through the Committee—aware, as they must be, that delay, which in itself is half a triumph to the opposition—is a serious injury to them—Christmas will have past and gone, before the bill has left the House of Commons. We intreat them then to consider the urgency of the case. They stand on vantage ground, why do they not make use of their position? They may rely on it, that the more they conciliate the more the opposition will harass them—by a show of courtesy, they will gain no credit, for it will be styled a consciousness of weakness, and be treated accordingly. Let but one more night of delay, such as those the country has already witnessed with disgust, take place, and ministers will be fully justified in carrying the honorable member for Westminster's suggestion into effect. Indeed, some such determination will be expected from them, for Englishmen are men of business, and do not like to see matters to them of the very last importance, frittered away, night after night, in idle, unmeaning discussions. It is perfectly intolerable to think, that a pert chatterer like Mr Croker—a pensioner, without the slightest stake in the country—should have it in his power to delay the progress of the Reform Bill! Yet such is the case, and so will it be until the end of the chapter, unless Ministers rouse themselves at once, and put an end to all superfluous small talk. Of one thing they may be certain. Trade will languish until the Reform question is settled. People's minds are at present in such a serious state, they are so apprehensive, so distrustful, that they will embark in no new commercial speculations, nor even prosecute those on hand, but sullenly rest on their oars, until they find the country in a fair way of settling down into something like a lasting tranquility. But not only to the Ministers do we address ourselves—the Reformers also merit a word of remonstrance. Why do they absent themselves on divisions? Why keep to the letter while they neglect

the spirit of their pledges? They solemnly promised their constituents to do their utmost to support Reform. Are they doing so, when night after night, they are absent from the house, each man striving to shuffle off his load of responsibility on the shoulders of his neighbour? In assiduity, if in nothing else, they may take a valuable hint from the opposition. These men are constantly at their posts. They neither flinch or sink into apathy, but strive heart and soul, to promote the purposes of their faction, with a spirit worthy of a better cause. If the Reformers be not in earnest, the country at least is so, and at no distant period—for the people are all eye and ear—will insist either on being well served, or on serving themselves. To revert once again to Ministers. We would ask them one plain question. By the passing of the second reading of the Reform bill was not the necessity of the disfranchisement of the rotten boroughs, virtually acknowledged; and if so, is it not a perfect farce—a scandalous waste of time to debate the question over again in committee? The country, we know, is of this opinion, and cannot endure to think that the accomplishment of its dearest wishes should be from day to day withheld, because Mr Croker chooses to affect the satirist, and thinks he is rivaling Junius.'

We trust that we shall not have occasion to make or to write farther remarks of a similar tendency; for, on Wednesday, before the House went into Committee on the Bill, Lord Althorp took occasion to intimate, that in consequence of the protracted manner in which the bill was carried on, he should move that it took precedence of all other public business, and petitions on those days which had been fixed for its discussion. This determination will most probably bring honorable members to their senses—at least after a little more vituperative nonsense has been sported by the Wetherells, Bankes, and Crokers, of Anti Reform.

ORIGINAL.

No 2.

FOREST TREES OF NEW-BRUNSWICK

Before I enter upon a particular description of the Timber of New-Brunswick, it may be considered advisable to give a brief description of the Forests generally; for it is to be borne in mind, that this is an attempt to give some interest in the mother country to the Provincial Press, and to furnish the people of England with information respecting the real situation of this Province. I shall therefore mention several particulars which to a New-Brunswicker will appear superfluous and even ridiculous; not so to a European;—and it is for Europeans I now write.

An Englishman must be informed that the face of this country, except those parts which are under culture, is entirely covered with a growth of trees and under-wood, so tangled and interwoven, that in many places it is attended with no small inconvenience to force a passage. It is not level, as he would imagine from a comparison with objects which have been from his cradle presented to view in his own beautiful Island, but extremely rough and broken, covered with a spongy turf of moss, intermingled with dead sticks, rotten wood, and decayed vegetable substances. The splendid pictures presented by the adventurous and enthusiastic Chateaubriand, of the woods of Ohio and Mississippi, may possibly be true, for I never was there; but I am too well acquainted with the forests of this country, not to be able unequivocally to state, that they are altogether false when applied to New-Brunswick. The 'mossy fountains,' and the 'sylvan shades,' of our own British Poets, we have, it is certain, in sufficient abundance to cloy a Spencer, or a Shenstone, a Goldsmith, or a Bloomfield, but they are united with associations which were never conjured by romance, and which would strike with astonishment and disappointment an imagination prepossessed by the coloured descriptions and fanciful images of the bards. An enthusiastic Briton, when he visits our shores, must shake off all the romantic and refined ideas of beauty, engendered by classic lore; and prepare to encounter the view of nature in her sternest and most savage garb,—and the picture, I can promise him, will not be destitute of great hirsute beauty. No verdant carpets, and daisied lawns, attract the feet, and soothe the eye;

—no warbling birds of gorgeous plumage, charm the ear, and exhilarate the mind;—no shady bowers, and flowered alcoves, invite repose amid the forest glades. The gurgling of the brooks and waterfalls is heard from beneath a covering of roots and branches of trees, matted with moss, decayed leaves and wood, fast returning to their native elements:—the meanderings of the rivulets are hidden from view by the impenetrable shade of an overhanging forest, extending to the very edge of the water:—the ground is illumined with broken and scattered rays through the thick umbrageous shelter of the trees:—and the land on which the adventurer stands, has nearly the appearance which an extensive lake, agitated by a violent storm, would have if suddenly congealed. The pleasurable sensations and romantic ideas excited in the bosom of the traveller are few;—rather the feelings suggested by the sense of universal desolation and by the surrounding solemn and startling stillness, take full possession of his heart. The twittering of the squirrel,—the sound of the woodpecker's bill on the hollow sides of the decayed trees,—and the chirruping cackle of the blue jay, are almost the only noises which beguile him from his manly, and convince him that animated objects are still around;—save, indeed the incessant hum of myriads of hostile insects which infest the air during the summer months under the primeval shelter, and extend to their victim, man, no armistice,—not even the shades of night,—no rest, nor peace. The incessant labour and consequent fatigue of travelling on foot the inconveniences arising from the venomous attacks of millions of insects; the trouble of carrying provisions, axes, and blankets for the journey, the solitary feelings engendered by the constant sameness and by the view being always circumscribed within one hundred yards; and difficulties and hardships too many to be enumerated, having to be encountered by the traveller of these wilds in the spring and summer months are found amply sufficient to deter any whose avocations or business do not require them to leave the open, pleasant and cultivated parts of the country.

Although few persons travel far in our wilderness in pursuit of pleasure, yet a lover of nature will here see her in her wildest moods, and enjoy the romantic prospects incidental to such a situation. I have embarked in the frail canoe on beautiful and extensive lakes, altogether inaccessible to those whose habits preclude the labour of the journey. I have floated on a piece of timber down the spring-swollen torrent, between frowning precipices crowned with over-hanging spruces and towering pines. I have avoided the cataract and the fall, and have stemmed the whirling rapid. I have swum the deep river, and forded the shallow stream. I have carried canoes and skiffs through portages from lake to lake and river to river. I have climbed the lofty mountain whose bare granite summit at a distance appears like a fleecy cloud, and from one of which fifty lakes may be discerned. I have slept alone in the woods, sometimes without fire and often without food, having the earth for my pillow, and the starry vault of heaven for my roof; or have partaking with the Indian his wigwam, and with him have hunted for a meal:—in fine, I have seen nature in all her grandeur and sublimity,—and well have I paid for my enterprise.

During all my expeditions in the wilderness, whether alone or in company, I have never encountered any difficulties or dangers other than those incidental to the natural state of the soil. Bears indeed have followed me, and have sometimes disputed the way; but I have always acted on these emergencies upon the principle that the victor is invariably a loser, and consequently it is more wise to concede the point of glory, and leave the field to my opponent. But on these occasions much discretion and great presence of mind should be exerted; and in the want of effectual weapons of offence, it is I am persuaded generally advisable to assume an appearance of fearless indifference.

In my next letter I shall treat on the disposition adopted by nature in the wilderness, and the accidents which are common to forest lands; describing the changes and qualities of the soil as manifested by the ever-varying appearance of the growth, and shewing the consequences of those awful visitations to which a woody country is so peculiarly exposed. But I beg to observe that in the course of my labours I shall aim only at truth and perspicuity,—aspiring to no ambitious