

call a bricklayer's labourer, I suppose?" "I never heard myself say he was that same," returned the poor woman, a little wounded by what she considered to be so harsh an appellation. "He just mixes up the marther an' dem things for de working men, an' does any odd job that 'ud be for helpin' 'em, an' de likes o' that an'—" "Carries a hod for his amusement, I suppose?" said Mr. Stapleton, smiling. "Is it a hod o' morthar? In coorse he'll do that same in de way o' his 'bis'ness, an' de niver a worse man is he for it, any way," continued the still more offended dame. "Do not imagine I intended any offence to his or your feelings, but carelessly mentioning an old subject of jocularity with us in England. A man's usefulness ought to be the truest source of his pride; and neither yourself, nor your husband, I am sure, need blush to own the means of support that have enabled you to bring up this fine family of well-grown girls, and their still more sturdy brothers." "Yer honor's words are like honey, shoorely," replied Mrs. Mahoney, completely mollified by this saving speech.—*Crofton Croker.*

Reminiscence of the late John Townsend, the Bow-Street Officer.—Few men in whatever station of life, have been more prominent than John Townsend; and few in his station have gone through life with so much credit.

Townsend was a true disciple of the old school. Speaking of George the Fourth, he would say, "God rest him, he was a King: only two or three people could get at him; but this new king (William the Fourth), why, bless you sir, is not half a king; he makes himself too cheap. Anybody may get at him."—Townsend had a great respect for the aristocracy, and appeared shocked whenever he saw a wealthy man, who had not high birth to boast of, vying with the nobility in magnificence. Alluding to the upstarts, as he called them, whilst speaking of the Opera, he said to a friend, "Bless you sir I knew the Opera fifty years ago, and then it was worthy of being called a King's Theatre, for only the nobility had boxes; but now you may see a duchess on one side, and a wholesale cheesemonger's wife on the other. I remember the time when there were masquerades, too, and the King—God bless him! (he was only Prince of Wales then) used to have nice freaks on such occasions. Many a time have I taken him by the skirt of the coat when he was going in, and said to him, I would advise your Royal Highness, if you have got any money about you, to leave it with me for safety; and then he would pull out a purse with fifty or sixty guineas in it; and say, 'Well, but Townsend you must allow me something to spend, you know;' and upon that I used to hand him over about five guineas, keeping the rest and his watch in my own pocket, where few people would have thought of looking for them."

Many years ago Townsend met in St. James's Park the present King when Duke of Clarence. "Holloa, Townsend, where do you come from?" "I am just come from your royal brother of York, and he gave me one of the best glasses of wine that ever I tasted." "Well, Townsend," said the Duke, "come and see me, and I promise to give you as good a glass of wine as my brother York can give." "Ah!" says Townsend, "that's not all, for when I admired the wine, your royal brother of York calls for his butler, and desires him to bring two bottles for Mr. Townsend; and here," says Townsend, "here they are," pulling one of each pocket and showing them to the Duke.

About five days before his death, Townsend called upon a friend, and some allusion being made to the peculiar cut of his hat, said, "That hat, sir, was given to me by George the Fourth; God rest his soul." "Well but, Townsend," said the gentleman, "I thought it had been your own cut."—"God bless your soul, and so it was; the King took his cut from mine, and many times used to say, that till that time he had never looked like a gentleman."

REFLECTIONS ON MODERN EDUCATION.—Even as a child I was struck by the absurdity of modern education. The duty of education is to give ideas. When our limited intelligence was confined to the literature of two dead languages, it was necessary to acquire those languages in order to obtain the knowledge which they embalmed. But now each nation has its literature, each nation possesses, written in its own tongue, a record of all knowledge, and specimens of every modification of invention. Let education, then, be confined to that national literature, and we should soon perceive the beneficial effects of this revolution upon the mind of the student. Study would then be of profitable delight. I pity the poor Gothic victim of the Grammar and the Lexicon. The Greeks, who were masters of composition, were ignorant of all languages but their own. They concentrated their study of the genius of expression upon our tongue. To this they owe that

splendid simplicity and strength of style, which the imitative Romans, with all their splendour, never obtained. To the few, however, who have leisure or inclination to study foreign literatures, I will not recommend them the English, the Italian, the German, since they may rightly answer, that all these have been in great part found upon the classic tongues, and, therefore, it is wise to ascend to the fountain head; but I will ask them, for what reason would they limit their experience to the immortal languages of Greece and Rome? Why not study the oriental? Surely, in the pages of the Persians and the Arabs, we might discover new sources of emotion, new modes of expression, new strains of ideas, new principles of invention, and new bursts of fancy.—*D'Israeli, jun.*

CASHMERE.—The little kingdom of Cashmere, beyond any other spot on earth, seems to merit the appellation of a terrestrial paradise. Numerous rivulets flowing down the mountain-sides, diffuse verdure and beauty over the hills and vales, and in the plains expand into an extensive lake, profusely adorned with all the pomp of art and nature. The Mogul sovereigns had erected on the banks of this sheet of water, gay palaces and pavilions, to which they were wont to repair as their most pleasing retreat from the toils of empire. The poets vie with each other in celebrating the delights of this enchanting valley. They extol particularly the rose of Cashmere as possession beauty without a rival, the opening of whose buds is held by their countrymen as a national festival. Lastly, the fair maidens of the district are represented as surpassing those of all the other countries of the East.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. VI, History of British India*

FROM THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

HYMN OF THE BRITISH PEASANT.

For the pride of our fields, for our garden-decked land,
For our valleys and rivers, the works of thy hand,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!

For the fragrance of morn, for the lark's early song,
That bids us from slumber awake and be strong;
For the dew, for the clouds, for the days varied sight,
We praise thee, we bless thee, the Fountain of Light.

For the sweets of our toil, for the oak's covert shade,
'Neath whose breathings at noontide our banquet is laid,
For the strength of our limbs, for our cheek's joyous glow,
We praise thee, who crownest the sweat of our brow.

For evening's calm hour, when our labour is done,
For the food little crowds, from each cottage that run,
For their greetings of love, when around us they come,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who giv'st us our home.

For our Sabbaths and Churches, thy Spirit's abode,
Where the old and the young swell the chorus to God,
For each holy transport that kindles us there,
We praise thee, we bless thee, the quickener of prayer.

For the promise of Spring, for the Summer's proud state,
For the glories of harvest, from Autumn's rich weight;
For the wood-fires of winter, so gladdening and clear,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who rulest the year.

For the kind British hearts, ever joying to give,
For the friends of the poor, and whom we live,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God.

Sal WALKER was a widow left,
Her husband suited not her;
She chose to go a merrier pace,
So married—Mr TROTTER.

POLITICAL EXTRACTS.

The following *Speech* was delivered by Mr. CHARLES LARKIN, at the Northern Political Union Reform Dinner, held in the Spital, at Newcastle, on the 11th August, in proposing as a toast 'The Liberty of the Press.'

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I rise to propose, in consonance with the sentiments that have been so eloquently expressed by the gentleman who has just sat down, the liberty of the press.—The political right of giving free expression to thought, whether by tongue or pen, is one of those things that peculiarly distinguish the freeman from the slave. To be injured and not dare to complain, to be oppressed and not be allowed to give utterance to those natural sentiments of indignation and resentment which oppression is calculated to engender—this is slavery indeed. (Cheers.) The man thus circumstanced may walk about unfettered; the clank of his chains may not be heard, the brand may not be seen upon his forehead; he may not wear the livery of a slave—but, I repeat, he that is forced to endure injury without complaint, and to submit to oppression without resentment, that man is a slave. (Cheers.) The brand, if not upon his forehead, is upon his soul, he wears the chains of a mental degradation and captivity; his body, upon whose shape erect, and front sublime, nature has stamped and impressed the very image of dignity and

freedom, is made a bastille to his mind; his soul is dungeoned, degraded, enslaved. (Loud Cheers.) Oh it is a revolting tyranny, which subjects to penal inflictions the exercise of the noblest attribute of mind, reason—which puts the free spirit of man into chains and bondage!—(Cheers.) Yet how large a portion of the earth is made a vast prison of mind! Even here in England, boastful as we are of our freedom, the liberty of the press is restricted and confined by duties on paper, by stamps, and various other political fetters. Yes, gentlemen, in this enlightened England the exercise of reason is subjected to the controul of the exciseman.—(Cheers.) The effusions of the intellect are gauged, meted, and measured like the contents of a beer barrel. (Laughter and Cheers.) You cannot put forth your thoughts in print without the stamp and sanction of the government. While these duties upon paper, while these stamps, and all the other various restrictions upon the press remain—while these taxes upon knowledge continue to exist—it is nonsense to talk of the freedom of the press. The diffusion of knowledge is almost as effectually hindered by these means as by the establishment of a censorship. Taxed, however, restricted, and fettered as the press is, still it is achieved in this country mighty public benefits, since it has not been completely degraded here into an engine and instrument in the hands of despotism and tyranny. (Cheers.) Too, too long has it been the servile and mercenary ally of power—it is now more than ever necessary that it should be made the redresser of public wrongs, the decier of public abuses, the vindicator of freedom, and the assertor of the rights of the people. (Loud Cheers.) At this period, when by the bravery and virtue of the British nation, we have narrowly escaped the establishment of a military despotism, when a great European confederacy, which includes among its supporters the King of Hanover, (vehement cheering,) has been formed to crush the rights of the people and prohibit free discussion,—it peculiarly behoves Englishmen, when they see the edict of Frankfort sanctioned by the King of England and of Hanover, to cherish, to watch over, and guard the freedom of the press as the palladium not only of our own rights, but of the rights of the whole human race. (Cheers.) Without the liberty of free declaration against the edict of tyranny, slavery would be of universal prevalence; with this sacred right preserved and cherished here in England, not only will this edict of the Germanic confederation be in a short time stripped of its influence and power, and be reduced from a potent deed to a mere bit of dirtied parchment, but the voice of freedom, borne on the wings of a free British press, must be made to resound throughout the shores of the Baltic, and of every sea that washes the continent of Europe; it will be carried with its tide of waters along the Danube; the Vistula will bear it on its mighty stream; it will be propagated along the Don, the Dnieper, and the Neva—it will echo in the palace of the Austrian despot—it will make the rugged Barbarian of the North tremble on his throne, with its awful and reverberated denunciation of his cruelty—it will carry vengeance and consolation to the exiles of Siberia, and lift, as I trust, the hope of every lover of heroism and freedom, from its present state of prostration and degradation, to the dignity and independence of a nation (Great cheering.) Yes, gentlemen, I participate in the enthusiasm of your feelings, in the ardency of your hopes for the regeneration of that country. Yes heroes, and widows, and orphans of Poland, your blood shall not have been shed in vain, in vain shall not your tears have fallen to the ground, nor in vain shall your shrieks and groans, and prayers have ascended and pierced the very heavens, and demanded vengeance on the head of your ruthless oppressor. A free press shall make your heroism and your sufferings the theme of every tongue, and engage for you the sympathy of every heart. It will make your woes plead in your behalf, with a voice and earnestness which neither heaven nor earth can much longer resist. (Loud Cheering.) But I must withdraw your eyes from the continent of Europe to your own country, and bid you contemplate the mighty benefits which a press, that enjoys a freedom so imperfect as ours, has been capable of achieving. It can boast religious liberty among its victories and achievements. It was a free press that abolished the test and corporation acts. It was a free press that tore to fragments, to very rags and tatters, the accursed penal code, and rescued religion, which is the communion of the heart of man with his Maker, and which should be left as free as are the secret thoughts and aspirations of the heart, from the tyranny of human interference. [Cheers.] It has placed the catholic and the dissentor on the same political level with the protestant of the Church of England. In Ireland it has abashed the haughtiness of a proud imperious ascendancy, and lifted up a whole people from civil debasement and religious degradation. [Cheers.] In England, by the obtainment of the reform bill, it has destroyed the infamous traffic in the rights and liberties of the people of England—it has restored them to freedom—it has purged the house of commons, the temple of English freedom, from the buyers and sellers of seats, and utterly destroyed the power of boroughmongery, a power, which seemed as strong and impregnable as the gates of hell. [Loud Cheers.] But strong as were those gates, constructed as they were of triple brass, they have fallen before the light of truth, they have been broken to pieces by the force of free discussion, they have disappeared before the unanimous determination of a whole people to be free. [Cheers.] These are victories which the press has achieved. There are others which it is achieving. In Ireland, the tyranny of the tithes system—[Loud Cheers]—has received a blow from which it can never more recover. The Lord Chancellor of England has dared—aye—has dared, from his place in parliament, to denounce the confederation of a whole people against the iniquitous oppression of the tithes as a rebellion, and to threaten them with a suspension of that great safeguard of individual liberty, the habeas corpus act. [Cheers.] The love of the Irish people for justice is proverbial. An oppressed nation appeals to the legislature for mercy and protection, and the Lord Chancellor of England points to a dungeon as his answer to that appeal [Cheers.] Yes, Henry Brougham, the eloquent denouncer of oppression, and the patron of the negro slave, abandons the mercy of a dungeon, and the tithes proctor, his Irish fellow-subject, and dares to characterise the legal and constitutional resistance of a nation to a system of the most monstrous oppression to which a subjugated people were ever constrained to succumb, as a rebellion. This he has dared to do. But where are his denunciations of the confederacy of continental despots against the liberties of the people? [Loud Cheers.] They have not been heard. No, Lord Brougham reserves his denunciations, and launches his anathemas against a people struggling nobly and bravely with oppression and panting to be free. But vain are his denunciations: