

As a specimen of the running hints for improvements scattered throughout the work, we extract the following:—

"An object of paramount importance and convenience to the lower and upper colonies, would be to open a good carriage road from Nova Scotia to Fredericton, and thence to the river St. Lawrence. It should be made at the joint expense of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, as all would derive equal advantage from accomplishing an undertaking that would open a direct line through all the British Colonies.

"Another line of road, and certainly a most desirable one, was pointed out by Governor Sir Howard Douglas, as a great military road from Halifax to Quebec. This line would be a continuation of the road from Halifax to the bend of the River Petit Coudiac, thence to the gulf coast, to the river Miramichi, and thence, by the way of the river Restigouche to the St. Lawrence at Metis, about 200 miles below Quebec.

"The benefits of such roads would be great.—The Colonies would be connected so much closer in their interests by greater facility of communication; the military forces could easily and speedily move wherever required; the crown lands would be disposed of at a much better price; and, by throwing open the rich lands of the interior, they would be settled upon rapidly."

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

THE PASSING CROWD.

"The Passing Crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than "the passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves. Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by these beings, whom in passing we regard not. Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for an early compensation. Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they never forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to swell out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by himself. Perhaps many of these persons are loftier of aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order: but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity, the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and un instructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard

fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so: he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

UP TO TWENTY EIGHTH APRIL.

ABERDEEN CHRONICLE.

WE never were the advocates of the policy of constantly interfering in the internal concerns of the European continent, because we never could see that any useful end was attained by it to this country. We have nothing to do with the affairs of any other nation, except in so far as our own honour or safety are implicated; nor we never were convinced that the revolutions in the continent affected our safety, and we never therefore could see the policy of what was called the balancing system, according to which we were to watch with the most trembling anxiety every petty movement in the continental system, as if our own vital interests depended on it, and according to which the sapient politicians of this country were always giving the rein to their imaginations, and conjuring up from the darkness of futurity a thousand fancied evils which might never happen; but to guard against which they plunged the country into the visible, certain, immediate, and most tremendous of all calamities, namely, war. The natural fruit of the balancing system was war. It inculcated incurable hostility and distrust among the European states. This was its principle. Any friendly feeling was entirely discountenanced among the various nations who formed the great commonwealth of Christendom, and who are taught even in time of peace to be perpetually scowling at each other with an aspect of hatred and jealousy. With these sentiments, we entirely disapprove of the share which we have taken in the controversy between Belgium and Holland. We have nothing to do with the quarrels of these two powers. Neither our honour nor our interest were concerned in the matter; and if war had thence arisen between the other European states, we had only to stand neuter. Under any circumstances, therefore, our course was clear. We had a plain path marked out for us, which we have chosen to leave for the dangerous, intricate, and thorny path of interference in the quarrels, and eventually it may be in the wars of the continent. The affair of the Belgian treaty, so far from being settled, seems to lead every day into some new difficulty. We are told that the ratification of the treaty by Prussia and Austria took place at the foreign office on Wednesday night, but that the Russian plenipotentiary is not yet authorised to give the sanction of his signature. There are, however, some alterations to be made on the treaty, and especially as relates to the duchy of Luxemburg, which the German diet has not consented to give to Holland; and there are still more serious reserves. It is well known that the king of Holland rejects the treaty, and those powers who have ratified decline interfering to enforce the acceptance of its conditions. Now, the citadel of Antwerp, which town is to make part of Belgium, remains at present in possession of the Dutch; and Austria, Prussia, and still more, Russia, refuse to join in any measures for compelling restitution of this important place. What then is to be done? Here all the sagacious diplomacy of Europe has been for more than a twelvemonth occupied about this treaty, and having brought the great work to advanced perfection, it turns out to be a mere useless piece of parchment, duly signed and sealed to be sure, but without any provision for enforcing it. The king of Holland refuses:—Ye politic congregation of wisacres (he says,) why waste your time in long and perplexed deliberations, when I will have nothing to do with the treaty you proffer me. 'Oh! will you not,' say they, 'then we will not force you. You must just let it alone.' How like to this is Dogberry in the play, when he is counselling the watch to go to all the alehouses, and desire those that are drunk to go to bed; but, says one of his fellows, 'What if they will not?' Why, then, replies Dogberry, let them alone until they are sober. In like manner, the decrees of the great political guardians of the world seem to be about as efficient as those of Dogberry, when they make treaties just to be observed or not, as the several parties may choose. It will be said, however, that Great Britain and France will coerce the king of Holland into submission. Will any rational man really advise that Great Britain should go to war with Holland in this case, in order to wrest Antwerp from her, to give it to Belgium? And if France were to march an army into Holland on this account, how long do we suppose that the other parties, who have signed the treaty, declaring at the same time that they will be no parties to the use of force—how long, we say, will they stand neuter? How long will they stand quietly by and see the French armies ravaging the territories of the Dutch king? We greatly mistake the matter if a general war would not be the speedy consequence of such a commotion in Europe. Why should we concern ourselves, therefore, with those deep matters, that manifestly will involve us sooner or later in this vortex of universal war? Cannot we remain quiet, and occupy ourselves with our own concerns?—too happy while the storm rages around us that we are placed beyond its reach, and that in the midst of the political ferment which vexes other countries we enjoy security and peace.

Every feeling of humanity is revolted by the treatment of the unhappy Poles, who are now suffering all the indignities and tyranny of a foreign yoke. The attention of the House of Commons was called to this subject by Cutlar Ferguson; and all parties concurred in a deep impression of sympathy for Poland, now laying prostrate under the feet of a cruel tyrant. Lord Althorpe said, that the proclamation of the Russian Emperor had not been officially communicated to government; and he was reserved, as was to be expected, in divulging the views of Ministers. We are not for rashly intermeddling; but a case of such sanguinary oppression, without the slightest plea to justify it, in the view also and in the

heart of Europe, cannot long be borne. The wrongs of Poland must, and ere long will be redressed.

LONDON MORNING HERALD.

The various pretexts upon which the three despotic powers of the 'London Conference' repeatedly evaded their solemn engagements to ratify the Belgic treaty, which they had concurred with England and France in framing, we treated all along as false pretences used to gain time for some unavowed and ulterior purpose. That purpose is now manifest to every person who can reason at all upon public occurrences. It was the expectation that the second reading of the Reform Bill could not be carried, which led to so much shuffling and evasion; for, with the expectation that the bill would be rejected, the despotic powers on the Continent entertained the sanguine hope that the Duke of Wellington's party would be recalled to office, and, of course, all the 'bad examples' which had been of late years given to Europe by the reaction of tyranny against oppression, would be put down; and, of course, revolutionized Belgium, and perhaps revolutionized France, would be brought under legitimate discipline by measures as strong and as effective as had been employed to reduce to 'order and tranquillity' the refractory spirit of Poland. No sooner, however, was the second reading of the Reform Bill carried, and, of course, the hope of a return of Tory misrule in England rendered hopeless, than the Governments of Austria and Prussia gave in their reluctant adhesion to that treaty, which, if they had a particle of political honesty they would have ratified, as originally agreed upon, the 15th November last, instead of avoiding the fulfilment of their contract for four long months, upon the most flimsy excuses, while they awaited the occurrence of an expected political change in England, which would have enabled them to get rid of the Babel of protocols, which they had helped to construct, as easily as the Autocrat of Russia has annihilated the treaty of Vienna, without deigning to ask, or care, for the consent of the other parties of the compact. But, after all, the ratifications of Austria and Prussia—if the foreign journals, which are the organs of the despotic, can be believed—are by no means of that complete and satisfactory nature which, even if the ratification of Russia were also exchanged, would bring the Belgic question to a settlement. As the Allgemeine Zeitung, in particular, explains the affair, it is to be taken as a ratification that RATIFIES NOTHING, but only marks the opening of a new chapter of negotiations. For instance, that journal, speaking of the negotiations, which were commenced with a view to effecting some modification of the Belgic treaty, says—'These modifications are not given up, and, so far as they are founded on indisputable claims, will certainly be brought about; the only difference is, that they were before considered as preceding the ratification, and will now be subsequently discussed, but without losing any thing of their weight.' Thus, upon the showing of the organ of the Holy Alliance, the treaty is only ratified by Austria and Prussia with a view to ALTERING it, which is, in fact, confirming one thing with a view of presently substituting something else for it. This is as bad as taking an oath with a mental reservation. As to modifications, founded on INDISPUTABLE claims, why were they not put forward before? the articles of the treaty were more than once altered before it was drawn up as final and conclusive in the names of all the Five Powers; and now, after the shuffling and evasion of many months, the ratification is only to be provisional. The more we see of this matter, the more strongly do we adhere to our original opinion, that our Government ought to have abstained from their foolish intervention in the affairs of Belgium and Holland, by which we have entangled ourselves in very useless and embarrassing obligations.

FROM THE LONDON ATLAS.

We have reason to believe that Ministers calculate upon carrying the bill through the Committee, without a creation of Peers, by making a compromise with the anti-reformers: that compromise, it is supposed, will be the metropolitan clause; and it is obvious, that the £10 franchise clause is also in peril. Lord Grey's disinclination to create Peers, notwithstanding his declaration on Saturday morning, is now apparent; and his policy now assumes a more distinct, and perhaps we should add, firm aspect. It is true, that without resorting to the extreme privilege—inlegantly termed 'swamping the house'—he carried the second reading, but the victory was on the verge of defeat. With similar success he may carry the bill through the committee; but we apprehend his success will be similarly allied to danger. The bill, as it is, cannot pass, unless new Peers be introduced to sustain it. Lord Grey is pledged to the bill as it is—not to say anything of the old cry of "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill;" how then are we to reconcile his hesitation in the only course left with his pledges? He must either expand his 'order,' or forego his declaration. But the resistance to the measure, while it will be sufficient