

rat), a fair city and of good trade: it is situate on the side of the river, or rather great canal, called Chautrow, which is near two miles and a half broad, and rising from the Cassimirian mountains, is extended in length between two and three hundred miles, and and there it stops, having no river or channel into which to empty itself, which probably may be the reason of its spreading itself to such a breadth.

Fetty-abad is a pleasant town, as its name imports, lying south of Lahor, in the way towards Argessa or Gehanabad. It was anciently called Tsic Kerry which signifies a place of hunting, and was then remarkable for nothing else. But Sha Ellim having here obtained a great victory over his then rebellious son, Saltaun Cusseroo, in memory thereof erected a stately castle in the town, and called it Fetty-pore, or Fetty-abad which is the same, these two terminations being of the same importance, and signifying a place or city, and is observable through all the empire of Hindostan.

Not far from Fetty-abad, as I rather choose to call it, to distinguish it from the Fetty-pore near Agra, of which hereafter; on the same coast stands Sultaum Pore—formerly the seat of a Prince, as the very name testifies—now not very remarkable; indeed the whole kingdom since it has been deserted by the court is very much decayed, both the riches and ornaments thereof being translated to another province.

From Hogg's Instructor.

PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

MINISTERIAL SUBORDINATES.

A lately joined ally of the ministry is Mr Baines, the member for the town of Kingston-upon-Hull. This is his first parliament; but his good sense and business habits, and his pertinent speeches, have already raised him to a position where he occupies considerable weight. He is a tall, stout man, with a large head, of a grave, not to say severe, aspect, and the lines of his mouth indicate considerable firmness. The style of his speaking corresponds to the impressions formed from his exterior. When he addresses the house, which is seldom, he speaks directly to the point in hand; and, without attempting to illustrate his arguments by analogy, or to enliven it by humor, he brings to bear upon it the vigorous application of an acute and powerful mind; which, grasping the question in its broadest view, assigns well-weighed reasons for the course he adopts. In this respect he differs widely from the late lamented Charles Buller, whom he succeeded as Commissioner of the English poor-law; who was 'a fellow of infinite fancy,' and in whose hands the most abstract and subtle argument became plain and palpable under the playful illustrations of his wit and the widely discursive range of his fancy, which could discern analogies in the most improbable things. Mr Baines, on the contrary, sees things under what Bacon calls 'the day-light' of reason, with a mind equally capacious to take in all the bearings of a subject, and to forecast its remotest contingencies. He never substitutes analogy for argument, nor a joke for a reason. He has no taste for verbal criticism, nor will he ever be found suggesting minute difficulties or encountering them; but, laying hold of the principle which gives the key to the whole question, he addresses himself entirely to it, well knowing that if the principle be settled, the details are sure to fall of themselves into their right place. But it must not be supposed that therefore he is of little weight in debate. Let an adversary attempt to justify a position, or endeavor to advance a fallacy under cover of some plausible sophism, Mr Baines will detect it at once; and, with clear and weighty arguments, will show not only how far his opponent has departed from the true view of the case, but where was the point of divergence. Trusting to reason alone—which, in his hands, is indeed a formidable weapon—he crushes an opponent with the irresistible weight of his logic.

Mr Baines belongs to one of those families of whom there are many in the country—and of whom England may well be proud—where working men have passed by the force of their own energy and industry, rather than by any brilliant genius, into the ranks of the aristocracy, and mingled with the proudest of the land. His father, the late Mr Edward Baines of Leeds, was the son of a person in respectable though not in opulent circumstances, and was, in early life, bound apprentice to a printer in a small town in Yorkshire. Becoming dissatisfied with his employer, before his apprenticeship was expired, he left his employment; and, determining not to become a burden on his parents, he immediately set out for Leeds, which was even then the metropolis of the cloth districts, though it had not attained the importance it has since acquired. He applied for and obtained employment in the office of the 'Leeds Mercury,' then, like other provincial papers, little better than a handbill, containing a rescript of some of the more important London news, but with no leading article of its own, or anything to indicate that its proprietors had an opinion. Here Mr Baines continued for some years, recommending himself to his new master by his skill, his energy, his industry, and his courtesy, till he became foreman in the printing office. Meantime the popular spirit was gradually rising in that thriving town; and, as one among other indications, a club of young men, consisting of some of the leading manufacturers of the place (the Marshalls, the Horsfields, and others), was formed to discuss the politics of the day; and into this club the young printer contrived to find admission, where, by the fulness of his in-

formation, and the precision of language in which he conveyed it, he speedily acquired an influence among his comrades. Gradually their views expanded, and their speculations took a more ambitious turn, till at last some among them were heard to mutter that they wished they had a local newspaper to advocate those liberal opinions which most of the club entertained. The idea was warmly caught up; and Mr Marshall, the head of the first firm in Leeds, encouraged them by saying, 'If you will find the money to start a newspaper, I will undertake to find the editor.' 'And whom have you in view?' said his companions. 'Why, who but Neddy Baines?' was the reply. The suggestion was warmly responded to, and a handsome sum of money was subscribed to start a newspaper, which should be the organ of the aspiring young democrats; but Mr Baines, with characteristic caution, took another mode of carrying out the project. From his position as foreman of the 'Mercury,' he knew that it had acquired a certain standing in the district, and that, under good management, it might be made to have much more; he knew, too, that the present proprietors were getting tired of their concern, and would be willing to dispose of it for a reasonable sum. He went to them, therefore, and, cautiously sounding them, he at last succeeded in having the uncontrolled proprietorship of the 'Leeds Mercury' transferred into his hands for considerably less than the sum that had been subscribed. How he prospered in his new undertaking—how the paper, from a mere rag, came to be the most influential organ of opinion out of the metropolis—how he organized and held together the great Whig party in the West Riding—how he battled for Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform—how he nominated in succession, in his newspaper, Lord Milton, Mr Marshall, Lord Morpeth, and Mr Macaulay, for the representation of the West Riding or for the new burgh of Leeds—and how all these recommendations were warmly taken up and enthusiastically carried out by the electors—is not for us to tell here. One circumstance, however, deserves to be dwelt upon. Soon after Mr Macaulay's election for Leeds, he was nominated by Earl Grey to a lucrative post in India, and the Leeds representation was in consequence left vacant. A public meeting of the Liberal electors was held to consider of his successor. Various names were suggested, and some fault or other was found with each of them; the meeting was becoming fatigued, and they were likely to separate without coming to any result, when some one in the body of the room cried out, 'Why not Mr Baines?' 'Why not Mr Baines?' was echoed through the meeting. It was universally felt that he united in himself all the separate qualifications that were wanted in the others; and a requisition, got up in the course of that and the next day, comprised about three-fourths of the registered voters of Leeds. And thus was the printer boy, who, some forty years before, had wandered friendless into that town, elevated by the almost unanimous voice of his fellow-citizens to the highest honor it was in their power to bestow—the honor of representing them in the great council of the nation—which he held without reproach till the increasing infirmities of age warned him of his duty to render back the trust he could no longer efficiently fulfil to the constituency who had reposed it in his hands.

The 'Leeds Mercury' is still efficiently conducted, as most of our readers will be aware, by Mr Edward Baines, Jun., familiarly known in Leeds as 'Young Neddy,' and well known throughout the kingdom as the able and uncompromising opponent of the government system of education. The subject of the present sketch takes a different view of that and some other questions from his brother; but the family integrity and sternness of principle was strikingly illustrated on a recent occasion. Mr Baines, as an independent member of parliament, had struck out from the great body of his party by voting against the repeal of the navigation laws. That was in 1848, when the measure was postponed till the present year. Meantime the commissionership of the poor-law became vacant through the death of Mr Charles Buller, and was offered by Lord John Russell to Mr Baines. Mr Baines immediately stated, as an objection to his taking office under government, his opposition to them on the subject of the navigation laws. That was admitted; but such was the premier's conviction of his ability, as well as the hopelessness of inducing him to recant his formerly expressed opinions, that he still pressed upon him the office, allowing him at the same time the liberty of taking his own course on the question under discussion.

From Hogg's Instructor.

ONWARD! ONWARD!

'Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Onward! onward! ever onward!
Pressing till the goal be won,
Workmen all in life's great seed-field,
Laboring till set of sun:
Digging, delving, weed uprooting,
Planting in the good and true,
Making fertile barren places—
Such the work we have to do;
Darkness comes, when no man worketh;

Lo, the shadows steal space
O'er the landscape! Up, my brothers!
We must win or lose the race!
Lag not, faint not, though before ye
All is sterile, dark, and drear;
'Tis to cultivate such regions
God has form'd and placed us here.

Onward! onward! ever onward,
Pressing with a joyful hope,
And a faith as firm and steadfast
As o'erhead the azure cope;
And an energy untiring,
And a love that hath no bound,
But embraceth all God's creatures,
In what guise soever found;
With an earnestness of purpose,
And a heartiness of will,
That will surely lead to conquest,
If not exercised for ill.
Conquest without blood-stain'd laurels,
Widows' cries, and orphans' tears,
And the memories that embitter
All life's springs in after years.

Onward! onward! ever onward
Flow the rivers, sweep the tides
All is change, and all is motion,
Nothing steadfast here abides.
It was never meant for slumber,
This great moving world of ours—
Never meant for lying dormant,
All man's high and holy powers.
Listen to the greatest Teacher
Ever mortal ears have heard—
To the voice that to all ages
Speaketh aye the living Word—
What, in the dread hour of judgement,
Will the inquisition be?
'Where's the loan, and where the talent
Wherewith God hath trusteth thee?

Onward! onward! ever onward,
Circles still this mighty sphere,
Move the planets, fly the comets,
Steppeth Time from year to year;
All for some great end and purpose,
Parts of one harmonious plan,
Infinitely wise, and hidden
From the ken of finite man;
There is not a living creature
But against inertia wars—
Not an object in creation
But obey's progression's laws;
And shall man—so form'd so gifted
With such great and varied powers—
He alone be idle—sleeping
Through life's allotted hours?

Onward! onward! ever onward!
Sluggard, is there nought to do?
Is this world of wo ye look on
Such an Eden to the view?
Is there nought that wants improving—
Nothing ye would like to change?
Is all beautiful and blooming,
Over which the eye can range?
Shame! the towers of superstition
Cast their gloom athwart the way;
Level them, and let truth's daylight
In the dens of error play!
Prejudices must be vanquish'd
Tyrannies must be cast down—
Slavery, and all oppressions,
Yield the sceptre and the crown.

Onward! onward! ever onward!
List the song the angels sing—
'Work ye out your own salvation,
Labor for God's glorying!
Tarry not amid the darkness,
Seek no rest upon the way;
Climb the hill, and stem the torrent,
Helping all whom help you may!
Honor to the sturdy smiters—
Honor to the stout of heart
Not in warfare with his fellows—
This is not the Christian's part—
But against the powers of evil,
Ignorance and wretchedness,
They should ever fight and struggle,
As they, toiling, onward press!

From the Canada Farmer and Mechanic.
ENERGY.

We never can accomplish anything, or 'be anything,' in the world, without energy. I mean, physical and intellectual energy combined, or what Col. Crockett styled, 'go-ahead-ness.' If we will but examine the characters of all the great men who have raised themselves by their own exertions, we shall find that the very main-spring of all their greatness was energy. It was energy that raised Napoleon from obscurity, and placed him on the throne of the Bourbons. It was energy that urged him on through all his path of glory from the time he was a lieutenant until the 'man of destiny' had filled the world with his name, the bare mention of which, made the old crowned heads to tremble!

As an Emperor, no nation could produce an equal; as a soldier, no army could withstand his thunder-bolt charges! All this was accomplished by energy. By the power thus attained he had the means of doing much good, and because he misused his power in some instances, that is no reason why we should condemn all his actions; perhaps no man, in his situation would have done better. Some of his actions show that he was a friend of humanity; he freed the slaves, abolished flogging in the army and navy, and established the liberty of the press—thus showing himself to be in advance even of the proud republic of America.

Benjamin Franklin, 'the printer boy,' had nothing but energy to begin with, yet we see him rising higher and higher upon the ladder of fame, until he reaches the very firmament of science, where he can direct the lightning of heaven, and teach philosophy to the world. What but energy could transform the poor stammering boy of Athens into an immortal orator, whose words would thrill through the nation like a shock of electricity. 'One speech of his would raise an army, and one more, would make him fight, who never fought before.'

What excuse then, can we who live in America, make for being discouraged? Let us rather determine to do some good in the world; and if we have a just object in view, with energy to sustain it, we shall not fail.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

HOW TO GET A WIFE

Many are the methods which persons ambitious of committing matrimony adopt to secure a partner. Some conquer by the power of gold, some by the force of intellect, some captivate the fair sex by their beauty and accomplishments, and others succeed by stratagem and skill. Getting a wife is a very serious business, and one which sometimes requires the exercise of no little judgment and discretion, particularly when the chosen one happens to prefer some other suitor. The adage that 'faint heart never won fair lady,' is generally true, and we were forcibly struck with its application to a case which occurred not long since within our own knowledge. Passing down Camp street the other day, we met a friend who had just returned from the North. After the usual civilities, he informed us that during his absence he had imitated the example of Benedict, by taking to himself a better half. 'What! married,' said we. 'Why, how in the world did that happen to you, who had vowed that 'love should transfer you into an oyster,' before you would submit to its power.'

'Even so,' replied he. 'But listen, and I will relate the circumstances of the case. You know when I left here last spring, a bachelor, little expecting that the summer would bring me a change of condition. After rambling about the country for some time, rusticating at Harrodsburg, hunting in Illinois, fishing at Mackinaw, and gazing with wonder at Niagara, I found myself one day at the United States Hotel, at Saratoga. I had been there a few days, drinking the mineral waters, sailing on the lake, walking and flirting with the belles, and playing billiards with the gentlemen, when one evening the company at the United States was thrown into commotion by the arrival of a beautiful heiress from Boston. Who she was, I knew not; but suffice it is to say, that a single glance captivated me. I never did believe in love at first sight till that moment, but then I was decidedly enamoured; in fact, over head ears in love. I strove to resist the passion, but it was no use; so I thought the best way was to yield to its influence with a good grace, and consequently I determined to marry the heiress. But the next question was, how to gain the object of my wishes. True, I had been introduced to her, and I always flattered myself that I was rather good looking, and had a tolerably insinuating address, but I had a rival, and worse than that, a favored one. I made use of all the means that I thought could make an impression on the female heart. I made presents—I flattered—but it would not do. I only made my rival look on me with a jealous eye, and, seemingly, it had no effect on the lady. For some time I was in despair. What to do I knew not; but I was satisfied there was no time to be lost, and that if the victory was to be gained it must be won soon. Direct attacks having failed, I resolved to bring strategy to my aid. The lady was remarkably accomplished; and, in fact, enjoyed the reputation of being something of a blue-stocking, while her favored admirer, I was convinced, was considerably more of an Adonis than an Apollo. I shaped my plans accordingly. From having been cold and distant towards him I suddenly became his most attached friend, and in a short time he made me the recipient of his confidence, even rallying me several times on my previous attentions towards the lady in question. I soon discovered that although he was anxious for an immediate union, she was averse to it, and was desirous to delay the affair for some time. One day he informed me that he had been unsuccessful in endeavoring to persuade his inamorata to fix the day. 'What shall I do?' said he. 'I know she is a great coquette, and if I don't get her now, I know I never shall. And there's her hundred thousand, too, I should not like to lose that.' 'Well, my friend,' replied I, 'I would advise you to address some poetry to her; take my word for it, that will bring her to terms.' 'But my dear fellow, I never made a rhyme in my life, I would not attempt such a thing; but perhaps you are a poet, have you ever written any?'

'Oh; volumes of it; some of my pieces were copied into Blackwood with very flattering remarks; I think of publishing a volume soon.'