a "favourite and popular air" played in this national style.

Let us observe, that ours is not a solitary taste for this particular species of instrumentation. It is our fortune now and then to breathe the perfumed air of Belgravia, and enjoy the society of certain juvenile hot house plants, who have at their command golden strings and ivory keys, with the fascinating services of Bochsa and Moscheles; but we have been present when, by chance, the vulgar "Row-de-dow," and Pandean treble of uncertain cadence, ventured in that *elite* neighbourhood. We only wish we could convey to our readers the actual scene that ever ensues. Noble mammas may chide with dignified astonishment, governesses may endeavour to exert the authority of place, and aristocratic indifference to such "low noise" be insisted on—but in vain! We have seen the Hon. Master Adolphus in a state of quivering trepidation and nervous flutter from top to toe, and the Hon. Miss Emily, a degree worse. We have seen them rush to the plate-glass windows with such rude "physical force" power, that we have trembled for the consequences, and there they have stood pressing their round cheeks, and snubbing their pretty little noses against the barrier panes with feverish anxiety and expectation, praying that the "music" may come before the house; and if it really and positively does approach with all the magic thereunto belonging, the jumping and clapping of hands in hysterical delight are rather without the pale of "gentility." So we have discovered, to our great satisfaction, that the drum and mouth organ hold the same primitive influence over the darlings of a duke as over the plagues of a pauper.—Thus, we flatter ourselves, that ours is an orthodox taste and experience, nor blush in confessing our partiality for the simple melodies of our country, illustrated by our wandering minstrels.

We again declare that we love music dearly; from the "tum, tum" of the Ojibbeway Indians to the "Lydian measure," poured forth by the gifted Lind; yet we have a lurking affection for a peculiar order of harmony that clings to us with religious strength, and despite our general Appollonian free-thinking, we do homage to a certain style of melody with a fervour exceeding all that we render up to others. There is a character of music which has an indisputable power to lead us by our long ears into the very Charybdis of Enthusiasm; and what think ye, gentle readers may this character of music be? Why, it is our grandmother's jig tunes and our grandmother's fireside ditties. Yes, we instinctively worship the blithe triplets of "Sir Roger de Coverley," and venerate the silvery sadness about "Crazy Jane."

There is something in the spirit of "old tunes" that haunts our hearts with sacred witchery. Be it in mirth, or be it in melancholy, there is nothing operates so intensely on our nature as the melodies long familiar to us. Our feet never suffer so much from imposed restraint when a modern waltz or fashionable polka is played, as when "the Campbells are Comin'," or "Haste to the Wedding," is struck up with tantalizing brilliancy. We feel no thickness in the throat over the sentiment of "Casta Diva," as we do while the simple pathos of "John Anderson my Jo," or "Poor Mary Anne," arrests our bosom. Yes, Goth like as it may appear, we confess our passion for all the vulgar, common-place tunes extant, be they English, Irish, Scotch.

We believe we could dance with the gout to "St. Patrick's Day," and sing with the toothache if "We won't go home till morning" were chorused around us. As for "Roy's Wife," despite of her celebrity for jilting, we are ever ready to be off with her on her slightest whisper; and "We're a' Noddin" has kept us out of our bed many an extra ten minutes, when some "little" or big "warbler" has volunteered it just as the chamber candles were lighted.

When we tripped so joyously through the "festive maze," as in the free and easy time of "Christmas jollity" after supper, when young and old, grave and gay, are enlisted "*nolens volens*" into "hands across, down the middle, and up again," while "Katy O'Lynch," "The Young May Moon," or "Speed the Plough," was inspiring our ecstatic antics; and then, shall we reveal our foolish emotions of plaintive sympathy awakened by the "Robin's Petition," or "Savourneen Dheelish," when a dreamy dimness has gathered before our eyes, until the very blaze of the cheerful fire has lost its distinctive form, and we have seen nothing but the poor starving little bird shivering in the snow storm, and the exiled wanderer in his mournful solitude. Oh! we do love these old tunes and ditties, and hope we ever shall love them; and how many more are there in this hard grinding world who snatch glimpses of happiness from these antiquated sources. How bland children of the poor will cluster round who some ragged servitor of Apollo, with scrapes away at one of these "vulgar tunes," and how they involuntarily assume attitudes and steps of most animated though grotesque arrangement. These steps always appear to us the identical ones mentioned so often by philosophers, as being between the sublime and the ridiculous, yet we scarcely dare to smile at the approach of ignorance to the altar of Spiritual Beauty, uncouth as the advance may be. Let them shuffle and twist, and sidle and jump in their own uncivilized way, it is an opportunity for their getting higher to God through the medium of an "old tune."

And would the mother do without these "old tunes" to hush her infant to rest, or arouse it into chuckling joy? Who ever heard a mother or nurse attempt to soothe her young one with a scientific bravura, or a ballad from the latest opera? Why, the thing is not to be imagined! No, it is the "old tunes," the quaint and ancient morsels of common melody, that are naturally uppermost on the nursery tongue, and pass from generation to generation with undiminished charms.

We once tried to get a refractory infant to sleep under the influence of the polacca in *I puritani*. We laboured unceasingly for one long hour, and seemed as nigh gaining our point as ever. The imp was still grizzling and cooing, and stretching and kicking with most unequivocal evidence of being "wide awake," and we found we were rolling the stone of Sisyphus. We betook ourselves to "Auld Lang Syne;" the kicking subsided, the grizzling died away into a confused murmur between a faint snore and a deep sigh, and in ten minutes the young rebel was as fast as the pyramids. The "old tune" had done the work, and we never intended to experimentalize any more with new fangled lullabies.

There are few hearts but what have a grey stone or two erected in them to the memory of some departed loved ones. These consecrated tablets are mercifully shadowed by Time into a soft oblivion, and we are spared the pang of continually tracing their mournful inscription, until a ray of light is thrown by some thought-star, and we con over the sad words with renewed devotion. All poets and philosophers have discovered how slight a cause will bring back our warmest recollections, and perhaps among the strongest links which hold us to the dead, there is none stronger than the "old tune" which they liked to listen to or used to sing. What a gush of gentle sorrow will spring in the father's breast, when by chance he hears the self-same air that his fair girl learnt years ago, to please him. The child is missing in his home—her place is vacant—she is gone from his warm hearth stone to the cold sepulchre, but the "old tune" lives on, and has the power to thrust the world back and its allurements from his mind, to take him back to scenes of byegone happiness and lead him onward to the future in hope and faith. The son never forgets the melody that his mother used to sing to him in his early years, simply and imperfectly as it might be rendered by her; yet he was gladdened and excited by it, and he will recognise it when his own hair is white, and his limbs tottering, with a tender respect, as the "old tune" which he loved when he was a boy. Oh! "old tunes" are blessed things; and come where and when they may, the one who is akin to heaven as well as earth will bow to their influence. Never let us be ashamed of finding ourselves laid hold of by "Tom Bowling" or "Black eyed Susan." Let us not deem it a weakness to detect our feet in an incipient vertigo, at the bidding of "Mrs. M'Leod" or "Nancy Dawson;" for we have little reverence for the man or woman who is never to be warped from the frigid proprieties of artificial existence by the vulgar interference of "old tunes."
—*From Eliza Cook's Journal.*

(From the London Sunday Times.)

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE COLONIES.

Among the few sources of satisfaction which political writers for the press enjoy is that of seeing the notions they have long advanced pass into the sphere of public opinion. We have now this pleasure in regard to colonial affairs. More frequently than we can enumerate have we endeavoured to impress upon our readers the necessity of looking into the operations of the Colonial office, in order to check that tendency towards throwing off the yoke of the mother country, in order to escape the pressure of intolerable misgovernment, which it was impossible not to observe in nearly all our great colonies. At the same time, we endeavoured to show that the persons selected to be governors of colonies were almost invariably incompetent, but preferred on account of their aristocratic connections or parliamentary influence. Another point on which we insisted was the necessity of incorporating the colonies in our political system, either by giving them representative governments in the colonies, or, which we think much better, by conferring on them the right of sending their representatives direct to the Imperial Parliament.

But there is no teaching like the teaching of events. Its only inconvenience is that it is apt to come too late. However, events are now beginning to enforce upon us the necessity of checking the misgovernment of our colonies, which, it is now clear, we must otherwise lose. A daily contemporary quotes MR. WAKEFIELD on the subject, and calls him a great authority. In one sense he may be so, for it is his doctrine and notions which the government had the misfortune to adopt, and which may be said to have shipwrecked, in a measure, the prospects of Australasia. His idea of raising an emigration fund by fixing an arbitrary price on the land has practically proved most disastrous. The complaint that no labourers will proceed voluntarily to that part of the world originates in his scheme, which renders squatting impracticable, and in every way interferes mischievously with the development of the population. MR. WAKEFIELD has done evil enough already. Let him, therefore, and his opinions, be set aside for ever, and overwhelmed beneath the load of contempt they deserve.

Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH—wrong very frequently—is quite right when he says that no gentlemen has any temptation to emigrate to our colonies. To an educated man they are a Slough of Despond. Governed by some military or naval jackanapes, who is only called a gentleman because of his position, society in such colonies can have nothing civilised or gentlemanly about it. Government House is usually a scene of military fanfarronade and empty pomposity. The governor and his staff strut about like SANCHO PANZA in Barataria, and profoundly despise all around them, which is quite sufficient to prevent any gentleman from voluntarily placing himself under their sway. Such narrow-minded, ignorant, swaggering upstarts, as little acquainted with politics as with refined manners, put an extinguisher on all liberal ambition in colonists, and induce them to locate themselves as far as possible from the scene of impertinent bureaucratic vanity, and attend to anything rather than to the public concerns of the colony.

People, of course, are very loath to be convinced of the real source of all this mismanagement, which is likely to prove so disastrous. The *Morning Chronicle*, while inviting attention to the subject, would be the first to shut its ears to the suggestion of the true remedy. Whether its correspondent, MR. ADDERLEY, be likewise in the same predicament is more than we can say, though we suppose not. At any rate, the sole remedy is, to get rid of the aristocratic principle of government. There is no other means of preserving the colonies. Canada, in the neighbourhood of a great democratic republic, will not, of course, submit indefinitely to be taxed twice as much in proportion as the states of that republic for the benefit of the bureaucracy. Neither will New South Wales submit indefinitely to be taxed twelve or thirteen times as much in proportion to America. People may laugh at the cheapness of democracy, but, after all, cheapness is a great thing. There can be no pleasure in reality in paying five or six times as much for inferior government as other people pay for a government much superior. Men don't at all benefit by seeing a set of men placed over their heads, dreadfully mismanaging their concerns, paralysing their industry at home, cramping their trade abroad, irritating and impoverishing their colonies, and, in short, doing everything that can be done towards rendering them poor and unhappy.

The example of the United States is always before us to prove that nations can be governed cheaply and well; and the respect, we may say fear, in which those states are held by all the rest of the world show that Englishmen may govern themselves without the intervention of an aristocracy, and yet command the respect and admiration of all around, while they husband their resources, public and private, and are guilty of no folly or extravagance. As Goldsmith expresses it, they

> "See no contiguous palace rear its head,
> To shame the shelter of the humble shed."

This offers a satisfactory explanation of the startling fact, that out of two hundred and fifty-eight thousand emigrants, one hundred and eighty thousand—a number equal to the whole population of Australia, emigrated from this country to the United States in the course of last year. Now, it is quite certain, that if our colonies were governed on proper principles; if government were there made cheap and economical; and if men could there escape being snubbed and domineered over by military or naval governors, whose sole recommendation lies on their epauletts, this mighty tide of population would set towards our own possessions, rather than towards those of our neighbours. But everybody attaches the idea of something petty, paltry, and pettifogging, to an English colony, ridden to death by Earl GREY and the Colonial-office, while there is something magnificent in the mighty democracy of the United States, which dazzles their imagination, and invites them to partake of it. The "grand simplicity of Republican manners," sometimes sneered at on this side of the Atlantic, proves in practice no drawback, but the reverse. No ridiculous exclusives no worshippers of caste, no effeminate drawing-room coxcombs there standing between you and your rights, as they do in every British colony. MR. ADDERLEY is quite right: the system must be changed, or it will quickly come to an end. People do not love misgovernment, least of all when it is found very expensive—do not court being trodden by the jack-boots of military officials. But no doubt can be entertained that if our colonies were well governed every Englishman would prefer them before the United States, simply because they are our own. When parliament opens, let it reflect on this before it is too late.

FIRESIDE JOKES.

TO FIND THE TIME OF SUNRISE.—The time of sunrise depends upon the latitude, and if you allow yourself too much latitude in lying in bed in the morning, you will never find the time of sunrise at all. A visit to a ball, where the dancing is kept up with the utmost latitude, will be most likely to introduce you to the exact hour of sunrise.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO COMMENCE HOUSEKEEPING.—Of all Housekeepers there is not one that will keep a house longer than the Court of Chancery. It will keep it for a hundred years, and at the end of that period the house will be so thoroughly cleaned out, and swept from top to bottom, that no one shall know it to be the same.

THE MOST PROMINENT NATION.—What Nation was most prominent in the continental troubles? Hallucination.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A NOBLEMAN.—The elegance of his carriage, and the loftiness of his gate.

THE TRIUMPH OF GOOD HUMOUR.—Waiting whilst a stuttering man gets through the word "p-p-p-p pre p-p-p-p-pos-s-s-s-s-s-t-t-t-t-t t-terous."

MAKING A POINT.—A puffing schoolmaster asked poor Tam, a kind of natural of his village, "how long a man might live without brains?" Tam, laying hold of the Dominie's button, and gazing for a few moments in his face, asked, "How long hae *ye* lived, Dominie?"

ADVICE TO SPONGES.—The uninvited guest, who "drops in" the thirteenth to dinner, may make up his mind to the following catastrophe; that either the mistress of the house, or himself, is sure to be *put out*, and perhaps both.

MUSICAL ENTHUSIASM.—"Ah! you don't know what muthical enthuthiathm ith," said a music-mad Miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, madam," replied the wit, "but I do. Musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup; for every quart of real, there are ninety nine gallons of mock and calves head in proportion."

A GREAT COMMERCIAL FACT.—"Time is money," said a debtor to his creditor, "and therefore, if you will give me time, it is just the same thing as if I gave you money."

THE YANKEE COMIC MUSE.—What can be more beautiful than the following outbreak of passion, addressed to the fascinating Miss Howe, of Saratoga Springs:—

> "When weary I are,
> I smokes my cigar;
> And as the smoke rises,
> And gets into my eyeses,
> I think of thee, dearest,
> And feel queer of the queerest!"

THE SILENT SYSTEM.—The silent system is at all times most difficult to enforce with ladies, but in many places it would be downright madness to suppose that it can ever be carried out; for instance, in Scotland, how could you possibly prevent there the *dears talking?*

NEVER BETTER—NEVER WORSE.—"How are you, Trepid? How do you feel to-day, Mr. Trepid?"—"A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee: most dead, I am obliged to you: I am always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I am going off some of those days, right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes our folks."

"Father," said a four year old child, "I think you aint wise."

"Why child?"

"Because you have brought the BABY here when mother is sick, and you have to get a woman to take care of it!"

"Go rock the cradle, Lucy, and let us hear no more of your jabber."

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

THE first step to Responsible Government is achieved—a decided majority in favor of the measure has been returned. This of itself is a great deal, but it is not every thing; the battle is still to be fought, and it must be entered upon with great care and caution. Notwithstanding the superiority in numbers in one part of the field, in the other, if the Legislative Council do not absolutely oppose, they will render no aid, and the Executive Council, which ought to be neutral, is decidedly hostile; and what is worse, the effects of that hostility will not be felt on this so much as on the other side of the Atlantic, where hitherto its power has been far greater than it ought ever to have been. I say, hitherto, for they must have looked at the signs of the times, and read the English papers to very little purpose, who do not perceive that the power of the Colonial Office is, or will, before the end of the present Session of Parliament, if not entirely annihilated, be reduced within such well-defined constitutional bounds as will do away with that undue secret influence which has hitherto been the bane of the Colonies. The right to dispose of our own money, as we shall judge most expedient for our own interests, will not in these days be denied. No man, whatever his rank or station, would dare to make an assertion to the contrary; but it will, in all probability, be asserted on the opposite side of the House, either as a caution or as a threat, that the Crown has an equal right to the disposal of monies already granted, and not specifically appropriated, or if appropriated, yet in such a loose manner as to give the Crown the power of making such use of them as it pleases, without any one being responsible.

A careful perusal of the two Acts 25 G. 3, cap. 4, and 35 G. 3, cap. 10, will serve to dispel the illusion that has been produced by the concluding clause in both, to-wit: "That the monies arising by virtue of this Act, shall be accounted for to His Majesty in the Kingdom of Great Britain," &c. Whether the requisites of this clause were at any time complied with may be matter of doubt; but most certain it is, that for the last quarter of the century it has not, and would be matter of impossibility now, I should think, as there is no such Officer as the Auditor General of Her Majesty's Plantations to audit them, at the least we have not heard much of him lately. But they are mistaken who suppose that the monies arising from these Acts have not been specifically appropriated. By the 32nd clause of the 28 G. 3, cap. 4, the proceeds arising by virtue of the Act, are specifically appropriated to "making and repairing public roads, and the further establishing Ferries within this Island." It does also go on to say, "and such other uses" as the Government, with the advice of the Council, "may order and direct." It can never, however, be for an instant contended, that by the words "such other uses" were meant the payment of the salaries of the Officers of Government, for they were then paid as they were, until last year, by a parliamentary grant, and all the other uses being now provided for by the General Appropriation Bill, the monies arising under the Act must be held to be appropriated specifically to Roads and Ferries, and to them alone; and the Treasurer would be liable to the penalties inflicted by the law for paying them for any other service. The Act 35 G. 3, cap. 10, is not so explicit, but its true meaning may be gathered from the context. It ought to have been intituled, *An Act in addition to an Act*, reciting the title of the 25 G. 3, for it alludes to and is governed by the provisions of that Act. I mention this thus early, that those on the side of Responsible Government may be prepared with an answer. The Quit Rents are as much out of the power of the Crown as the People, until the Land Assessment