Tight Binding

For the Woodstock Journal.

M——G OF C——L.

CHARLIE (*in an excited manner*).—Who would be a leader of Government with such a pack to deal with! I shall be driven wild amongst you. I—I—I shall be driven to resign if this sort of work goes on much longer.

WATTIE (*Sotto voice*).—No you won't old fellow.

CHARLIE.—I—I will be forced out of my position with its prospective advancement, out of shame of your infernal folly and besotted vanity. Stubbs, you are an——

STUBBS, (*angry*).—Eh! what? what am I?

CHARLIE.—Never mind; all the country knows what you are by this time. But I put it to you all, Was ever Government placed in a more ridiculous position by one of its own members than we are as a Government by him. The country is continually calling on us to inaugurate something new. It has got something novel with a vengeance now. I tell you what, somebody must resign; but it shan't be me.

ALL (with the exception of Stubbs).—Nor I.—Nor me.—I wunna resign.—I'll be hanged if I shall.—I told you, Charles, how it would be when you took *him* in; let *him* trot.

STUBBS.—Oh! I suppose you think I'll give in to this senseless clamor. Let me tell you that you are very much mistaken. You will find it a very difficult thing to force me out. What are you making a fuss about? You are all following the lead of these rascally, insolent papers, and trying to kill me with ridicule, merely because I fixed my head on the new postage stamp. What harm in that? When a man arrives at a high position he's a fool if he don't make the most of it, and glorify himself as much as possible. It is too bad, when I know that it is the principle upon which you all act, that you should snub me for being a little more bold and original than yourselves.

SAM.—But, man, have you not the sense to see that it was a piece of the most hideously obtuse and frightfully farcial conceit on your part, and that it will damage us fifty times more with the country than—than—

ABBIE.—Your last budget.

STEENIE.—Or the Railway!

WATTIE.—Or our whole conduct during the session.

SAM.—Thank ye.—Don't you know that it is a thousand times more safe to do a dishonest than a ridiculous act? Are you so ignorant of the rudiments of policy as not to understand this? But your whole conduct since you have been amongst us has been of a piece. Your perpetual shuffing and ruffling changes in your department have subjected us to more scorn and obloquy, and have weakened us more than anything we have done as a body; and now, to cap your conduct, you—you—bah! I haven't patience when I think of it. I had some intention of giving up politics and office before now, and this piece of outrageous absurdity will make me consider that I mention very seriously.

WATTIE, (*Sotto voice*).—No, it won't.

JAMIE.—I thocht the body had raelly more numble gumption; he's gleg enouch tae, whan his ain interests are concerned; but vanity's like whiskey—whan it gets into the head it turns common sense tapsalteerie. What do you say, Popgun; you're awfu quiet, mon.

POPGUN.—I have caught a very bad cold, which will prevent me speaking much tonight; but, between you and me, the fellow's a donkey.

ABBIE.—But how the mischief shall we rectify this most absurd blunder of the stamps?

WATTIE.—Call *them* in and turn *him* out. But, I say, Abbie; you have been at Court, and seen his Royal Highness Portraits, we know are not often very faithful. Has the head, taking into consideration the want of the moustache, any the least resemblance to the Prince?

ABBIE.—The wildest imagination in fancying the weakest perception could not see in it the most remote resemblance. 'Tis unmitigated and barefaced Stubbs.

STUBBS.—Ha! do you think I'll stand this? I'll thank you to let me hear no more of your insolence; it is bad enough to be a public target.—I shan't sit here and be the mark of your poisoned arrows. But if you think you're going to oust me you are a—a—a

JAMIE.—Eh?

STUBBS.—very much out of your reckoning. You may call them in, but you can't turn me out; I defy you. You are not strong enough. If you worry me with any more of your nonsense, I—I'll put you all out.

ALL.—Oh! oh! oh!! oh!!!

ABBIE.—Bear the *Head* of the Nation!

WATTIE.—The man of the *Stamp*!

STEENIE.—The Genius of New Brunswick!

SAM.—The Prince's Prototype!

POPGUN.—The Stubbs!

STUBBS.—You may laugh at me; you may scorn me; you may even cold shoulder me out of the Council; but let me tell you, you will rue it. If you rouse me to place my influence in the opposite scale, I—I—I'll——

ABBIE.—Hear to the King!

WATTIE.—The Czar!

STEENIE.—The Autocrat!

SAM.—The Emperor!

POPGUN.—The Head Royal!

ALL.—Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(*Stubbs attempts to speak, then makes his exit suddenly.*)

CHARLIE.—I'm afraid, gentlemen, this is somewhat unwise, Even the weakest in creation, you know, is very dangerous when excited.

ABBIE.—Pooh, pooh!

CHARLIE.—But his presumptuous folly fairly put me out of temper. After all, the thing's more fit for laughter than serious consideration. It won't do us so much harm in the long end, d'ye think?

ABBIE.—Perhaps not. But a tornado of laughter is as bad as a storm of indignation; and both have power to sweep us out of place.

WATTIE.—Keep your minds easy. The public have a happy knack of expending all their indignation at a burst. They have also a propensity to forget. Something new will start up, and all this stamp business will be forgotten within three months.

JAMIE.—But how much wull his bonny face cost the kintry? Wha's to pay for it? Are you gaun to make folk fork out for his impudence?

STEENIE.—Stop the amount of the job out of his salary.

WATTIE.—No; give out that you are going to do so; that will do as well.

JAMIE.—Oh, aye; that's the way to keep freens wi' parties.

SAM.—How do you think that I am to account for the outlay in the next year's Estimates, at that rate?

ABBIE.—Everything's easy to a clever financier.

SAM.—That's true, I owe you one.

ABBIE.—Now let us restore harmony. I never heard you sing, Sam; tip us a stave.

JAMIE.—Hech! he might have asked me.

SAM.—I mustn't say I won't sing; I shan't say I can't sing; but I may say you'll repent having asked me to sing.

(Sam Sings.)

Let other realms and other men
Take pride in King or hero:
Exalt the greatest of the land,
A patriot or a seer, oh;
And cut their image, on their coins
Or stamp it on their labels;—
On such time honored customs, we
Have fairly turned the tables.

(takes a postage stamp out of his pocket.)

Look here upon this little thing
You stick upon your letters—
Think you, our gracious Queen would cry
If those grim features met hers;
"'Tis very neat; they've done it well,
A likeness, I declare,
'Tis Albert's very self; but, strange,
They have forgot the hair."

Not so: a look of high disdain
Would curl her sweet lips royal;
"This stamp is from New Brunswick. Ah,
I know the place—'tis loyal,
And this is but another proof
It holds our honor lightly,
When thus it gives our right of place
To features so unsightly."

(Left Singing.)

BY TELEGRAPH.

Disastrous fire at Presque Isle. Twenty buildings burned. Loss twenty thousand dollars. Fires burning in the woods for some days came down on the village, (wind, N. W.) with irresistible force on Sunday. Six families turned out of doors. All the north part of the village in ashes. [Academy, Tannery, Blacksmith & carriage shop destroyed. Only wonder is that the whole village was not burned.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

By Telegraph.

Europa from Liverpool on the 5th arrived at Halifax 11 P.M., 16th.

Lord John Russell stated in the House of Commons that England had made a proposition to America relative to the settlement of the San Juan question, which has been rejected; when another been sent, the reply to which was looked for shortly.

The Reform Bill passed the second reading without a division.

Operations against China were to be pressed forward.

Thouvenel issued a dispatch showing that annexation neutralises districts Savoy will not change the situation of Switzerland.

The King of Sardinia was at Bologna, and had met with an enthusiastic reception.

John and Antheny Blake, Sawyers, Aberdeen, failed. Senior partner absconded; their liabilities were estimated at four hundred thousand pounds. It is said that many families will suffer severely.

Earl Dundonald was seriously ill. The Archbishop of York is dead.

Pullinger, the defaulting Cashier of the Minor Bank, pleaded guilty. His accomplice, Littlejohn, was acquitted.

Gazabaldi has not gone to Sicily.

Prince Alexander of Hesse has been nominated Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army.

Belgium has offered Turkey forty millions france for the Island of Cyprus.

English and French have sent an energetic note to the Porte demanding three of francs indemnity for the massacre.

Boonbery mails of April 11th, Calcutta after 7th, and Melbourne of March 17th, were forwarded by the way of Queenstowe by the Europa.

Young Bahadoor has been executed

Muzzini has issued a proclemation to the Sicilians, urging them to unite with Victor Emmanuel.

Patigonian Missionary Schooner, Allen Tandur captured by natives. All hands killed but one.

Flour very dull. Breadstiffs declining tendency. Tea firm, full prices Provisions dull. Consols 95 1 8 to 95 1 4

PRIZE ESSAY ON NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Mechanic's Institute of Saint John having offered prizes for the best essays on "New Brunswick as a field for the Emigrant: with the best means of promoting Immigration, & developing the resources of the Province." Some eighteen essays were sent in. The award was recently given. We take from the Globe the following notice of the essay which took the first prize, the successful essayist being Mr. Ellis, who is, we believe, connected with the *Morning News*.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Ellis (the author) read the above Essay in the Hall of the Mechanic's Institute, after which the prize was presented by Mr. Lawrence. This Essay abounds in Provincial, Geographical, and statistical information; and upon its publication every farmer, and all others interested in the future prosperity of the Province, should possess himself of a copy; and it should also be largely circulated throughout Great Britain, for the information of intending emigrants, as it gives a pleasing and truthful description of the nature of our climate, the natural resources of the country, the navigable rivers and their various tributaries—besides a comparative statement of the productions of our soil with the United States, Canada, and other countries—proving many advantages in favor of our province. It bears the evidence of labor and research in its production.

We listened with great attention to the reader, as did the audience generally, and we took notes occasionally from which we make the following extracts:—

In showing the progress made since 1783, the writer introduces the following statistics:—

"The population of New Brunswick in 1783, after the Loyalists landed, is estimated to have been 11 457. In 1824 it had increased to 74,176, just 57.7 per cent. In the ten following years it had increased to 119,457. In 1840 the population was 154,000: in 1851 it was 193,800. The Census of 1861 will bring it up to 240,000. The increase of the population of the United Kingdom between 1841 and 1851 was at the rate of 13.20 per cent.; in New Brunswick it was 23.24 per cent."

Assuming the Census of 1861 to give the number of inhabitants as 240,000 it will be found that in 78 years the population has increased twenty-one hundred per cent.

In treating of the value of property in the Province it says. It is almost impossible to arrive at any correct idea of the value of property owned in New Brunswick; it is probably over £25,000,000.—The Provincial Secretary estimates that each individual inhabitant, provided the wealth were equally distributed, would possess real and personal property to the extent of $440. In 1851 the wealth of the United States, if equally distributed would give about $350 to every free inhabitant.

In treating of postal affairs, we understood the reader to say that—

The Postal arrangements in this Province are in an efficient state. The Post Office Department is under the control of the Postmaster General, who is by virtue of his office a member of the Colonial Government. In 1852 there were 30 Post Offices and 165 Way Offices; the total length of mail routes was 2160 miles; the number of miles travelled was 474,471. In 1858 there were 39 Post Offices and 241 Way offices; the length of the mail routes was 3000 miles, and the number of miles travelled 571,263.

This increase of mail routes it a very satisfactory evidence of the onward progress of the Province.

In relation to agricultural interests it says—that agriculture is deserving of more attention at the hands of the Government than any other branch of industry, and hence a liberal policy should be pursued towards it. A sum of money should be annually appropriated for the dissemination of facts connected with the capability and productions of the soil, the best kind of manure, the most prolific crops, the influence of the climate upon vegetation, and also for the encouragement of practical agriculture.

The writer is of opinion that no particular plan of emigration is likely to result in the introduction of a large quantity of emigrants at once, but by the pursuing of a correct general policy—keeping always in view the actual settlement of the province, much land will be cleared, and many of the inhabitants who are now almost useless can be induced to become farmers; and by spreading correct information regarding ourselves and the Province, we are likely to receive a fair share of all the favors falling to the Colonies in this way.

The writer seem to be of the opinion that the press has not done its duty as far as the aiding of emigration and the dissemination of correct information is concerned; and is of opinion that the development of the resources of the Province would be materially aided if the press could be enlisted in the work, the greater zeal than it at present evinces.

In reviewing the subject, he, truly stated that New Brunswick has much to rejoice at, and nothing to mourn over in respect to her progress; and if in the future she advances proportionately to her increase in the past, the people of the Province will, twenty years hence, occupy a proud position, and New Brunswick will possess that influence and weight among the united colonies to which her wealth, position, resources and intelligence entitle her.

We sincerely recommend the inhabitants of the Province to secure a copy of this Essay when printed; farmers' sons can gather more information concerning the nature of, and the capabilities and resources of the Province, from this little work, than they could by years of observation.—*Globe.*

THE WOLF FEARS THE LAMB?—(*Times.*) What has now made Sardinia dangerous to France is Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna. It is this sudden gathering of famous fighting men that frightens France from her propriety. Sardinia is now twelve millions, so France must look to herself. She has, it is true, forty millions; but what are these forty millions compared with the twelve of Sardinia? What are a thousand sheep to a single wolf? Fear is proverbially selfish and one sided. We must therefore set it down to the absorbing influence of the panic, which does not allow of right reasoning, and actually blinds the judgement, that France has forgotten the converse of her own argument—viz., that if forty millions of men want the possession of Savoy to protect themselves against twelve millions, what must these twelve millions want to protect themselves against forte millions? At this moment it is difficult to imagine a more defenceless population than Victor Emmanuel's. Except their own Appennines, where they can be hunted down like rabbits, they have not a stick or stone to stand behind. As it has been justly said, they are the oyster without its shell. But there is one point of view in which France's estimate of the material means necessary to her safety assumes a colossal importance. What if Venetia should really throw off the yoke that lately become so lone, and, together with the Romans, Neapolitans, and Sicilians, flock round the Sardinian standard? What if there should be a kingdom of Italy?—France, we must conclude from her own acts and arguments, would give herself up for lost. In mere dispair, and as the last chance of holding her own, she would run a muck into Italy, resolved at least to sell her life dear. As any day another Cæsar might issue from the Capitol, and flesh his legions upon Frenchmen, they would be obliged perforce to repeat the enterprise of Brennus. But, in fact, they have done so, and, no doubt, it is to prevent Lutetia from being captured by the Romans that France is beforehand with them. But Italy now has fair warning. It sees the securities which France demands for her good behaviour even in the assemblage of twelve million Italians under one banner. They may guess what France would require to re assure herself if the dream of Italian unity should ever be wholly realised.

A SALEM VESSEL SEIZED AS A SLAVER—By the brig Wm. M. Dodge, Capt. Thompson, which arrived at this Port on Wednesday, from the west coast of Africa, information was received that the brig George W. Jones, of Salem, Capt. Sparks, was seized Feb. 15, at the entrance of the Rio Pongo, Africa, by an officer from the British frigate Arrogant, on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade. The brig was taken possession of by the second lieutenant of the Arrogant, who took her ten miles out to the frigate ten miles at sea. The brig was half loaded at the time with hides and ground nuts. The hatches were off and men to work in the hold. Her papers were shown to the lieutenant, who declared them to be fraudulent, and who against the remonstrance of the mate, who had charge at the time, the captain being ashore, got underway, and beat out to the frigate. The British Commodore, when he saw her papers sent her back to her berth in the river.

Captain Sparks who commanded the G. W. Jones, is an old trader on the coast of Africa, and is well known and highly respected in Salem. His vessel was detained ten days in the river by the interference of the British. The Commodore appeared much annoyed by the proceedings of his subordinates, and proceeded to Fernando Po, to explain the circumstances to the American Commodore, and to effect such compensation to the brig as might be required.

Capt. Thompson's vessel was closely watched while taking in Palm Oil, and a boat was sent alongside to keep a sharp lookout after the casks taken on board, the officer in charge being apprehensive that they contained water instead of oil. —*Boston Courier.*

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—About three years ago, the Messrs. Magee, of this city, commenced the erection of mills at Granville, N. S., (on the Annapolis River,) and continued to add one improvement to another until at the opening of the present season they had in two large buildings, a saw mill, planing machine, grist mill, &c., all the best description, and perfect models in their way. The engines and machinery were said to be of the most beautiful and carefully finished ever made in St. John. The whole cost over £5,000. On the morning of Saturday last, (April 28th,) about four o'clock, short time both buildings, with all the machinery, were completely destroyed, only the chimnies and boilers remaining. So much was the fire that the wharf adjoining was burned to the water's edge. Fortunately the granery stood at some distance from the mills, and the wind veering soon after the fire broke out, this, with its contents—a thousand bags of flour, add about three thousand bushels of grain were by great exertions saved, and although the pitch on the flat roof was melted and streamed down the sides of the building.—There was only £1,500 insurance, so that the loss incurred by the Messrs. Magee is heavy. —[Freeman.