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"How great and glorious is the Union of all True Patriots against those who would sell their Country."—Curran.

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OUR PRINCIPLES.

Believing, at this crisis in our history, that it is imperative upon all True Patriots to go to work heart and hand to prevent our Province from being sacrificed, to gratify the ambition of a few selfish men, who, having made a business of politics, find New Brunswick too small for their grasping desires and inordinate ambition, we nail our colors to the mast, and come out in uncompromising opposition to that scheme by which it is designed that we are to be handed over "like a bundle of faggots," (apt illustration!) to the will of Canada, and for the aggrandizement of a few of the false sons of New Brunswick.

This Province is prospering in a steady, healthy manner. Year after year, additions are made to our wealth, population, and to the interval improvements of our country. With a comparatively moderate tariff, we are enabled to meet our liabilities, and, at the same time, to contribute liberally towards objects of a strictly local nature. Education is liberally assisted—our internal navigation is being improved—and all this is effected out of our general revenue with a tariff that is not by any means oppressive.

With our comparatively light tariff we have effected such improvements that a traveller can start from the Canadian boundary at Restigouche; and, notwithstanding the immense number of large rivers along the route, he can make a complete circuit of New Brunswick, passing through every county excepting one in the Province and yet he will have to cross but one solitary ferry.

How different is the case with that Province—Canada—to which those ambitious politicians of ours propose to sell us! Canada has a tariff from thirty-five to one hundred per cent higher than ours—so high, in fact, that they have reached that point, at which it has ceased, in many instances, to be productive, and they are now driven to levy heavy Excise duties in addition to their enormous Import duties and yet for what different purposes is their Revenue expended from what ours is with us! The mass of their Revenue has to be taken to pay the interest on their enormous debt, which year after year is becoming still more enormous, despite their heavy taxes—and to defray their general expenses, while, for local expenditure, such as sustaining roads and building bridges, they contribute literally nothing, the localities being subject to heavy additional direct taxation for any local improvements they may wish to effect.

Take the same starting point as before—the boundary at Restigouche—and pass through the Canadian counties adjoining, and what do you find? Rivers unbridged at every few miles—roads in such a horrid state—there being no government expenditure whatever upon them—that it is almost impossible to travel over them with an ordinary waggon or carriage, a kind of vehicle there almost totally unknown, the substitute being what in their patois is called "a cabberwhet"—a kind of cart, in which one suffers misery, slow and sure, at the rate of one and a half miles per hour!

Go to any other part of Canada, where they have just such improvements as have been effected by us by means of our ordinary revenue, and you will find that they are in a complete state of bankruptcy, and that their property is subject to such fearful taxes, that its value for any other purpose than taxation is merely nominal.

And that's the country to which Mr. Tilley—in order that his well-known cravings after a governorship may be gratified—proposes to sell us as serfs! Shame on him! Shame on any person, be he whom he may, who, to gratify his contemptible aspirations, and his infamous ambition, would sink New Brunswick into the nothingness to which Mr. Tilley and his self-constituted colleagues design to force us!

"WHO WOULD BE FREE INDEED, THEMSELVES MUST STRIKE THE BLOW!" Up, brave sons of New Brunswick, and teach those ingrates a lesson which they will carry to their graves! For the mere promise of a railway, the prospect of obtaining which is worthless, and based on no better guarantee than the faithless pledges of men, who, on that very question, have already played you false, you are to be sold into slavery. The very men who assured you that Great Britain would see the promise fulfilled, are now compelled to eat their words, and to hold out no other hope—no stronger guarantee, than that by looking out sharply, you may, unless you get that worthless railroad, secure for yourselves the great, the glorious privilege of secession!

New Brunswickers! Countrymen! Fellow citizens! are you such dupes? Can you again, for the hundredth time, be deceived by a man, who, knowing that the Southern route for the railway had been condemned, kept back the facts, and in a most unfair manner, if you deceived, to effect his own purpose for the time?—purpose then, as now, pointing to that coveted governorship. Don't let him deceive you again! Resist manfully any man that would make you mere dependants of Canada! Cast them forth from you, and let them go down—

"To the vile depths from whence they sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Is Union necessarily Strength?

Among those in this community, who, themselves deceived, would wish to mislead others into the support of that iniquitous scheme of Confederation—concocted amidst rioting and revelry, and signed on the Sabbath!—we hear a constant repetition of that hackneyed phrase—Union is strength!

The excitable pantomymist in the Institute, who made such strenuous efforts to force himself into notice, wished to illustrate this idea with his "bundle of faggots." Had he had brains enough to have understood the thing, he would have known that comparing these Provinces to a bundle of sticks in any sense of union, is an utter absurdity. As Mr. Amund has so well put it,—"They are not a bundle of sticks, they barely touch each other at extreme points, and therefore cannot be compactly bound together."

But Union is not necessarily strength. It depends altogether upon the nature of the articles united.

If you attempt to unite opposing elements, you get not strength but destruction. Attempt to unite fire and water, and those elements speedily manifest their antagonism. So with Canada and these maritime Provinces. The interests of the whole of Canada, excepting to a limited extent, the counties of Gaspe and Bonaventure, (and those counties only return, in gross, two members to the Canadian Parliament,) are concentrated in the River St. Lawrence and its tributaries. As regards the Maritime Provinces, the very reverse of this is the fact.—Supposing it become a question of expending the \$42,000,000 to make a deep water passage from the interior of Canada, by the St. Lawrence, to the sea, what would be the amount of the feeble resistance of these Provinces to the power of all Canada? Supposing it were as to whether there should be subsidized as they now are, from Montreal and Quebec to England, or from Halifax?—as to St. John's, of course the question is too ridiculous. Can any one question what would be the result? The Maritime Provinces, under the glorious Union, ("all for the glory of the thing!") would have the privilege of paying for the canals and for subsidizing the Canadian steamers; and, in return, for the glory of the thing, would have the great Mr. Tupper, and the greater Mr. Tilley to govern over Nova Scotia and New Brunswick!!!

A Union between Canada and the Provinces on such terms as have been proposed; A Union between the lion and the sheep, is a very proper inquiry—Johnson's kind? we would not consent to it! The lion would still have the lion's share, and the sheep might esteem themselves happy if they escaped total destruction!

"Union is strength," forsooth! They bring to our notice, continually, the Union of the neighboring States. Mr. Gray points to those as to something for our imitation. Where could we find a more forcible lesson? The institutions, the interests, the feelings of the South are in direct antagonism with those of the North, and what is the result?—The glorious prospect Mr. Tilley even now holds out as our only hope—disseveration! secession!! rebellion!!!

The Union of the North with the South is not in greater antagonism than a Union between us and Canada. Let us learn the lesson in time, and not wait until we are sold like sheep in the shambles, ere we find how very comfortable it is to have our only hope in rebellion! If we must have a proverb to govern us, let us abandon that false one,—"Union is strength," and accept one of our own,—"It is better to go alone than with aught in led company." Canada, we will be none of you! Your temptations and the corruption of your creatures here are exerted, but—vain!

AN AXIAL TRIP.—Mr. Turnbull has been making a social trip, lately, it seems, for Mr. Rowan announces that Mr. Turnbull has "alighted on the right side of the fence." We wonder if, while on his flight, he, by any means or in any quarter, saw anything of Messrs. Watters and Skinner on a similar little voyage of discovery.