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THE BALLOT.

Extract from a letter written by a well-known Whig Baronet in Kent, (Sir John M. Fylen,) to the Editor of the *Maidstone Gazette*.

My opinions may be wrong; but not having yet met with any argument sufficiently strong to change them, I must still continue to oppose the Ballot, although, in doing so, I am aware that I differ from many stirring Reformers, for whose opinion I have great respect; but I think that, in their anxiety to obtain relief from the evils we all complain of, they too eagerly take up a plan which shews so fair and plausible without duly reflecting on its ulterior consequences, or, indeed, without any certainty that it will answer the hopes and expectations anticipated from it. I now proceed to the Ballot question; the object supposed attainable by it is 'perfect freedom of voting.' If it fails in this material point, I conclude its strongest friends would not adhere to it. That it will fail, as it has done in America, I am quite confident, and on that account, and for many others, I object to it. My reasons are the following:—

1.—Because the Ballot will necessarily reduce the general scale of morality, by making the vice of hypocrisy a seeming virtue.

2.—Because it must widen the distinction between rich and poor, as the rich man can have no occasion to disguise his political opinions, while the poor elector must do so, or be subject to the same persecution as under the present system.

3.—Because it inevitably must lead to wholesale bribery, without the possibility of detection.

4.—Because it will not put an end to banquets, feasting, or treating.

5.—Because its tendency is to lower an individual in his own opinion; for if there is one thing a Briton ought to be more proud of than another, it is his power of openly expressing his political opinions, and the power ought to be secured to him without fear of injury or expectation of benefit.

6.—Because in a short time it will cease, as in America, to ensure secrecy.

7.—Because it will be no safeguard against intimidation, for few will then be able to conceal their political opinions, that they will not be known by their employers or landlords; and if they are base enough (as now) to punish a man for a conscientious vote, they will be equally base—perhaps more so—and punish a person for entertaining opinions contrary to their own.

8.—Because, as in America, the ballot will have a tendency to form electors into clubs, or parties, governed by a few clever individuals; and all who belong to such a club—or, to use the American phrase, a caucus—must vote as they are directed.

It may be said that, as the ballot is secret, this cannot be; but so strong is the spirit of partizanship and the bond of union among them, that, although the ballot box is supposed to conceal their votes, the result of an election can be known before it commenced. Thus the great object of 'freedom of opinion' will be as completely set at naught under the ballot as it is at present. I concede, that it is possible many of my objections, particularly the last, may not be fully developed or felt for some years; but it behoves us to reflect and consider what may be the consequence to our posterity of a measure which may so vitally affect all our social and moral habits, before we resort to it; and we should be careful, least in the endeavour to relieve ourselves we should entail upon them worse evils than we now suffer. My second objection may require a few words of explanation. I affirm that 'it would lead to wholesale bribery; and it will be effected in this way:—An agent (the Tories may have many, perfectly ready for the

work) may say to a certain number of electors, 'If my friend is returned, you shall receive a certain sum, on a certain day after the election.' The agent is safe as no money is to be paid till the work is done; and detection is impossible; because, granting that the offer becomes public, what proof can be adduced that the man has voted? And surely, any one has a right to offer money to another when the intention is so completely concealed."

COST OF NEUTRALITY.—One of the New York papers advertising to the cost incurred by the United States in maintaining neutrality on the Canada frontiers, states it to be as follows:—137,000 dollars to pay the three thousand militia called into service on the northern frontier for three months; 80,000 dollars for travelling from and returning to their homes; 300,000 dollars for various objects of supply; 15,000 dollars for accoutrements; 7,500 dollars for surgeon's department; 16,000 dollars for arms and equipage; 60,000 for provisions.—"Thus," says the *Commercial Advertiser*, the journal quoted from, "675,000 dollars must be paid by the people of the United States, in order that Mr. McKenzie may flourish awhile as an important personage, and Mr. Van Rensselaer make a fool of himself."

ST. DOMINGO.—Advices from St. Domingo, to the 11th of January, have been received via Havre. At that period the French had not arrived at Port au Prince. The commissioners were anxiously expected, but the French residents were not without fears as to the effects which the appearance of the squadron might produce on the native population. It is added that President Boyer has desired the journals not to make use of the word "squadron," but employ only "French commissioners" in noticing the expected expedition.

GENERAL SIR JOHN COLBORNE.—At the storming of the heights of Beira, on the 8th of October, 1813, Colonel (now Sir John) Colborne, who commanded the second brigade of the Rifles, addressed his men, before leading them up to the enemy's redoubt, with, "Now, my lads, we'll just charge up to the edge to the ditch, and if we can't get in, we'll stand there and fire in their faces." They charged accordingly; the enemy fled from their works, and in following them up the mountains Sir John, in rounding a hill, accompanied only by his brigade major and a few riflemen, found that he had headed a retiring body of about 300 of the French, and whispering to his brigade major to get as many men together as he could, he without hesitation boldly rode up to the enemy's commander and demanded his sword. The Frenchman surrendered it with the usual grace of his countrymen, requesting that the other would bear witness that he had conducted himself like "a good and gallant soldier." Sir John answered with an approving nod, for it was no time to refuse bearing witness to the valour of 300 men in the act of surrendering to half a dozen.

The Alphabet of Requisites for a Wife (By an elderly Bachelor).

A wife should be amiable, affectionate, artless affable, accomplished; beautiful, benign, benevolent; chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, charitable, civil, constant; dutiful dignified; elegant, easy, engaging, entertaining; faithful, fond, faultless, free; good, graceful, generous, governable, good-humoured; handsome, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded; intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenious; just; kind; lively, liberal, lovely; modest, merciful, mannerly; neat, notable; obedient, obliging; pretty, pleasing, peaceable, pure; righteous; sociable, submissive, sensible; temperate, true; virtuous, well-formed; and young. When I meet with a woman possessed of all these requisites *I will marry!*

BILL QUIDS JOURNEY.

Having seen a great many of the sights of London, and perhaps leaving as many more to be seen I mounted the coach for my own native village in Hampshire. What a pleasant thing it is to be on the top of a coach, looking calmly on as you see the ostler leading out the horses for the journey, the waiter bustling about with a napkin under his arm, and the bar-maid calling to him every minute. "Breakfast for no. 2 the gentleman in no. 5 wants his boots Person in no. 8 must have dinner an hour sooner," &c., &c., all of which sayings are as unintelligible as the dead languages to any one but the aforesaid boots and bar-maid. Then the coachman comes from the Inn (a jolly old fellow with a jolly red nose), calling to every one as he goes along, merely to show his own importance; he mounts the box, and a good-natured friend gives him a cigar, which he in the height of his good nature accept, calls to the ostler for a light, a smack from the whip and away we rattle towards Hyde Park. The conversation now begins in broken sentences gradually expanding into familiarity. A friend of mine once travelled with me the same journey, and he wagered a bottle of wine that before we arrived at the Swan Inn (where we stopped), he would be able to tell me the whole of the history of an old man who set next him; for two reasons I accepted the wager, firstly because it would serve to pass away the time, and secondly, more than once doubted his ability to do so. Well after the wager had been laid, my friend began operations upon the old gentleman:—

Fine weather!

Yes.

I suppose you travel this way pretty often?

Hum—yes.

Oh! so I thought—you travel

for pleasure, I presume?

Eh—no.

For business then?

I do.

Ah! so I thought.

The devil you did—you seem to think about me very much.

no, really I do not, only I have seen you this road before?

Ah! very likely.

I believe you travel regular?

Eh—yes.

Ah! it must be regular business then—money for the Bank?

Do you wish to know particularly?

I—oh no—not at all, not at all, I assure you.

Humph," and he blew his nose I believe I am right in saying you take money to the bank?

You are.

Pardon me—you are a commercial traveller?

Yes.

Ah! so I thought." I now thought all was over, for the old man looked disdainfully in my friend's face as he muttered to himself, "He's in a damned thinkey humour, I think." My friend was evidently preparing for a fresh sally; he began—

Business pretty good?

Middling.

My friend now seemed at a loss for a few moments; at last summoning up all the impudence imaginable, he said in a bold tone

How's your wife?

Sir!

How is your wife?

My wife sir!—I beg to tell you I have not got one yet.

Oh! I beg pardon—looking out, eh?

Why, to confess the truth, I am but why do you ask?

Oh! merely to satisfy my thoughts, nothing else I assure you.

The conversation now ended, and when we alighted at the Swan Inn I cheerfully forfeited my bottle of wine observing that he never earned one better. All these and a variety of other things occur to render a journey delightful, and I think that a man who does not like travelling can have no soul for the beauties of nature, or even common civilization, not to mention disagreeing with his old friend

BILL QUID.

UNION OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.—Letters just received from Guatemala, in New Spain, say that the works of the long-proposed canals for uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are still actively proceeding; and that this vast enterprise which is calculated to create a commercial revolution throughout the world will be completed towards the end of next year. The line of route for the communication extends from the mouth of the river St. Jean de Nicaragua, following its course to the great lake of the same name, a distance of 130 miles; the line proceeds across the lake to the coast and town Nicaragua, 97 miles; from this latter town it extends to Borraite, in the