the right hon. gentleman must, in making it, have ventured on some forgetfulness of the author. The House will remember that when the young gentleman alluded to was, with his companions, detected in having plundered the Rutulian Republic, he exclaimed—

"Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum!"

am quite surprised that the right hon. gentleman could resist, with the knowledge of the original, the infinite humour of the succeeding line, and not have quoted it. It is—

"O Rutuli, mea fraus omnis."

(great laughter.) I think that would be a good motto for the new Exchequer Bonds (renewed laughter.) Let us now consider whether we ought to assent to the proposition which the right hon. gentleman has placed before us. I have traced a series of financial errors, from the pains and penalties of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, finding that he cannot escape, at last has been obliged to propose this loan in masquerade (hear, hear.) It is impossible to add to the force of the objections which my hon. friend the member for Huntingdon has urged against the inconvenience and impolicy of raising money in this manner; it is usual to raise it in a cheaper and infinitely more convenient way than can be done by this fantastical expedient. It has been shown, although the right hon. gentleman urged objections against the process used by Mr. Pitt to raise loans, that such a process has been repeated by him in his financial career of last year (hear.) The committee should not allow any feeling but one of public interest to influence them with respect to his vote. It is perfectly idle to talk of this question being a question of confidence; it is mockery to contend that the vote we have to give is one of confidence to the minister. A question of confidence to the minister, indeed, who has asked us for £10,000,000 of taxes, and has virtually received them, and we are not to set our mark against the system of administration of finance, which we think not only inconvenient, but which may prove, as I have shown, most injurious and intolerable to the country (hear, hear.) I am sure that the committee will on this question vote according to that which they believe is for the advantage of the country. My opinion is, that the advantage of the country will be best suited as much as we possibly can at this moment the precedents we possess for raising the ways and means of the country. The system of the right honorable gentleman has this most anomalous feature—it is paying the amount of old debts while, at the same time, it is increasing taxation to carry on new wars. The right hon. gentleman in defraying the legacy of burden which old wars have left to this country, and at the same time he is raising taxes within the year entirely to carry on new wars. The right hon. gentleman laid down the other night a variety of principles on which he thinks the finances of the country ought to be managed in a time of war; and the Secretary to the Treasury has to-night to echoed the same opinions which the right hon. gentleman favoured the house with as to the expediency of raising the supplies for carrying on the war within the year, of not having recourse to loans, and other ideas of that kind, are reproductions of the financial reform of Sir Henry Parnell in language as well as in sentiment. But in considering war there is something to be considered besides the mere numerals of Sir Henry Parnell. You must look a little to the temper of the people—to their weakness and passions. You must conduct war with as much deference, no doubt, as possible, to scientific finance, but also with some regard to the spirit of the age and country (hear, hear.) Now, I think there is this difference between statesmen of the school whose work was quoted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of which he appears to be a disciple and ardent votary, and Mr. Pitt, that, tho' it is very possible they may carry to a successful conclusion little things, yet I should not like to see them trusted with the control and management of great enterprises (hear, hear.) The right hon. gentleman has favoured us with his opinion of Mr. Pitt; he has compared himself with Mr. Pitt, though not "a heaven-born minister" (cheers and laughter.) The right hon. gentleman has indulged in flippant criticisms of the career of Mr. Pitt, and has spoken of that statesman's conduct and example, in terms of reprehension, tho' he said that Mr. Pitt was called "a heaven-born" minister" (cheers.) It is well to be accurate even in trifles, and I do not think that title did come from the Stock Exchange. I believe it had more patrician origin; and I have heard that, applying the epithet of Chatham (Mr. Pitt's father) to Lord Clive, it was the Duke of Chandos, in the House of Lords, who called Mr. Pitt "the heaven-born minister." Therefore, the sneer of the right hon. gentleman was hardly accurate (hear, hear.) I trust that, without offending the friends of the right hon. gentleman, I may presume to give him this piece of advice—I would recommend him to give over these unworthy sneers against Mr. Pitt (opposition cheers.) If I were the right hon. gentleman I would confine myself in future to self-glorification, of which I admit the right hon. gentleman is a master (cheers and laughter.) Let him dilate a little on the astuteness with which he effects the conversion of South Sea Annuities—(laughter)—let him dwell on the intrepid courage with which, to slew his spleen against the party he is twitting, he can double the malt-tax; but let him refrain from those reflections on the memory of a statesman which I assure him is still dear to the people of England (cheers.) I bear in mind that Mr. Pitt, whatever may be his failings in the opinion of the right hon. gentleman, held with a steady hand the helm when every country but Great Britain was submerged in the storm (cheers)—and when the right hon. gentleman taunt Mr. Pitt with caressing the bankers and money lenders, he must also remember that Mr. Pitt owed to a grateful country an eleemosynary tomb (cheers.)

IN THE TIME OF WAR PRAY TO HIM.

For whom? For the Soldiers or Sailors, dear to you, it may be, as your own soul—for the brave man who goes forth, not knowing when he may return—for the gallant defender of the "right," who looks upon the fading shores of England, and remembers he may never see his native land more! *Pray for Him.* The woman, whose love is often as strong, and enduring, as her physical strength is feeble, and inconsistent, what can she do in the bitterness of separation? What? A great, and marvellous work. *Pray.* "Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." Cry ardently, earnestly, believingly, constantly, to Him who is an Almighty Defender. Say, and faint not, "Cover Thou his head in the day of battle." Say it, because "Thus saith the Lord, For this will I be required of, to do it for them."—(Ezek. xxxvi. 37.)—Say it, because "He holdeth our soul in life; and suffereth not our feet to slip." (Ps. lxvi. 9.) Say it, because "There is no king saved by the multitude of an host; a mighty man is not delivered by much strength." (Psalm xxxiii. 16.) Say it, because "There is no restraint with the Lord, to save by many or by few." (1 Sam. xiv. 6.) Say it, because your human love can do nothing but this to help or succour your beloved one. Say it, because your human love can be comforted effectually by nothing short of this. Say it, above all, because deliverance from sudden—if not unprepared—death, in the hour of conflict, may be linked to the prayers of Faith which "moves the world." Teach your little ones—if you be a mother—*to pray with you*, "Cover Thou his head in the day of battle." There is no distant Throne of Grace to seek—no stern Sovereign to approach—no unwelcome petition to prefer; only regard the God of Salvation as your "very present help in the time of trouble." (Ps. xlvi. 1.) Only say from the depth of your soul, "In Thee do I trust." (Ps. cxliii. 8.) Only thus with your children prove the privilege of Prayer; and you shall do more to avert evil from that loved husband, and father, in the time of peril, than by sending a thousand faithful followers to be his body guard. Do you think this suggestion is a strange one? Do you say in your heart, It is a fanatical one? Look at David, the warrior king; he gloried in declaring, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." (Ps. cxl. 7.) Look again, to the beautiful words of our Church in her daily service; to "God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, what thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them." What is the record of national trust in God our Defender in the days of old? Read but the two following extracts, and say, Is it a new thing in Christian England, to trust in the Lord, and to call upon our God? He, cannot we now adopt the very words, "*Set forth by authority, to be used for the prosperity of Her Majesty's Forces and Navy. Imprinted by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, printer to the Queen's most excellent Majesty.* 1597."

I.

"O Lord most Mighty, O God of hosts, and Lord of Hosts, which reigneth over all the kingdoms of the world, which hath power, and none hand to save Thy children, but to judge the enemies. Be merciful, O Lord, to our present Forces; and, passing by their transgressions and ours, prosper them both by sea and land. Let Thine help from above, at this time, strengthen our Navy and Army. Let Thy mercy overshadow them. Thy power as a wall of fire environ them. Thy wisdom direct them. Thy providence secure them. Thine Holy Angels guard them. Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, stand up for them, and Thy justice confound and overwhelm all adverse power exalting itself against this land and Thy Gospel; that all the world may know that it is Thy favour that prospereth. Thy blessing that preserveth, and Thine arm that overcometh in the day of battle. So we that be Thy people and sheep of Thy fold, shall sing unto Thy glory the songs of praise and thanksgiving, and magnify Thy goodness in the midst of Thy holy temple for ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord, our only Saviour and Mediator.—Amen.

II.

"O eternal God, Lord of the world, and guide of sea and land! who by Thy mighty power sorrest to what effect Thou will the counsels and actions of all men. Graciously vouchsafe to bless and order unto happy issue the late begun work of our Gracious Sovereign in the hands of her nobles and men of war. As Guide and General of the journey, let it please Thee (mighty Lord of Hosts) to go in and out before them, with best forewinds and straightest course to speed and prosper them in the way; and when Thou hast brought them to the appointed place, in a pillar of fire give light to direct their steps, and in a pillar of cloud defend them. Put on them Thy Spirit of counsel and fortitude; and under the banner of Thy power and protection let the work be effected. Courage and embolden them in the day of conflict to stand undaunted and without fear. Make way and opportunity for them to attempt with advantage; and, for Thy name's sake, grant, glorious God! to their puissant attempts happy success in battle, to their battle a joyful victory, and to their victory a safe and triumphant return. So will we, the people of Thine inheritance, which now pray for the blessing of Thy grace upon, praise Thy name for ever; and together with them, ascribe both cause and glory not to our own strength, but unto Thy power, who alone giveth victory in the day of battle; and for Thy great mercies will give thanks unto Thee in the midst of the congregation. Hear us, O Father, even for Christ his sake.—Amen."

But possibly an eye falls on the first few words we have written, and the reader's heart is not individually appealed to by them; neither father, husband, lover, brother, son, nor friend, is amongst those gallant men who have just quitted our shores. Is it so? Are you, indeed, one of the few apart from that thrilling law of sympathy which, moving the heart of the nation, spreads to its furthest extremity? Is no fear, no anxiety, no sense of bereavement, throwing its shadow over the bright stream of your domestic and social joy; and do you say, therefore, you have no interest in the duty inculcated? Have you no patriotic stirrings of heart over the departing footsteps of our mustering Soldiers? None over the booming guns of our noble fleets? None over the complicated interests of the great family of man, all, more or less, involved in the calamity of war? Do you not think the very personal exemption in your case from disquietude and separation, known to so many other hearts at this time, forms the strongest claim on your fellowship and prayer? Because you are spared, pray for those who suffer. Because you can gather the nearest and dearest to your embrace, and find no loved one absent, pray for those who may never again taste this full cup of human joy. Because, that on the blessing of God, and the bravery of our gallant Soldiers and Sailors, must depend our preservation from all the horrors of invasion; all the indescribable woes of a conquered country, when a war begins, of which no man can guess the extent, or duration; therefore pray!—What shall you pray? "Scatter the people, O Lord, that delight in war." For forty years we have enjoyed the blessings of peace; now the ear of Europe is waiting to hear its knell. God of His infinite mercy turn away from us, even yet, this great calamity! Meanwhile the words may be adopted; the petition preferred. War is God's "sore judgment upon a land;" those who *delight* in it must have hearts steeled against mercy and humanity; a nation delighting in it must be such a foe to all peace on earth, that the prayer to God, "Scatter them," would become an urgent duty—equally urgent with those national engagements and requirements to "maintain the truth," "help the oppressed," and "defend the right," which necessitate, sometimes,—as in the present instance—our involvement in a righteous war. But on this very ground we say to every one dwelling at home, and at ease, in this land of civil and religious liberty, this island, kept from the spoiler for centuries, pray God to "Scatter the people that delight in war." We have no sympathy with their ambition. We have no fellowship with their principle. We may nationally be used as the instrument of their punishment. We cannot participate in it whilst we stand apart from their sin.—*English Tract.*

PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN ITALY ON THE WAR.

(From the London Times.)

Letters from the frontiers of Italy, of recent date, mention that the intervention of Austria in the question of the East has produced a remarkable change in the state of the public mind in Italy. The Italians have flattered themselves that the first cannon shot fired by the Western Powers against Russia would be the signal for a general conflagration in Europe, and consequently the commencement of a war against Austria. The Bonapartist propaganda had made much progress throughout the Peninsula, and the hope of establishing an independent kingdom in Lombardy, and the Murat dynasty in Naples, was fondly cherished. In a word all men were preparing for a war of independence.

The attitude assumed by Austria against Russia has dashed to the ground all those hopes, inasmuch as that Power, by declaring herself unequivocally in favor of the Western Powers, has renewed her alliance with England, has so formed a sort of *entente cordiale* with France (for that with England has all the appearance of an *entente amoureuse,*) and her political influence in Europe. In place of being attacked in Italy, Austria has, we are assured, obtained a formal engagement on the part of the French Government that no movement in any part of the Peninsula will be promoted or countenanced by it, and that should the necessity arise France will employ force for the repression of any serious attempt at revolution set on foot by the Italian patriots, to whatever species or class they belong.

Such an engagement was more than sufficient to arrest the progress of the Muratist propaganda in Italy, and completely discourage those who were engaged in it. Yet even now may be found many Italians who express the conviction that Austria is not acting with good faith in the question of the East, and that she has a secret understanding with Russia. Absurd and unjust suppositions of the kind are carried much further, and there may be found a few who will actually attempt to persuade you that some day, when least expected, the Emperor Louis Napoleon will unmask Austria, and make an appeal to the population in favor of a war of "nationalities." These, however, are but delusions participated in by a very small minority of Italians.

The great majority of Italians believe, on the contrary, that until France, England, Austria, and Prussia are perfectly agreed among themselves there is nothing to hope for the cause of the people, and that to attempt anything like an insurrectionary movement would be only to occasion useless bloodshed, and make fresh victims without any advantage. The Mazzinian section of the liberal party is the only one that is disposed, or pretends it is disposed for action, in spite of the miserable issue of the Sarzana expedition it is ever ready to urge its dupes forward.

It is believed in quarters likely to be well informed, that the elements are already organized in Switzerland for another revolutionary attempt, but that they have been rendered dull in consequence of the influence exercised by the French Government in that country, and the re-establishment of friendly relations between the Canton of Ticino and the Lombard Government, owing to the intervention of General Dufour, had a good deal to do in the affair.

Such, at this moment, appears to be the state of the public mind in Italy. With reference to the Governments, it may be said that the King of Naples has always had a decided tendency towards Russia, and his sympathies for the Czar continue the same, and this notwithstanding the part taken by Austria in the question of the East, in favor of Turkey and the Western Powers. That *penchant* is shown, not directly, but indirectly, by such measures as those respecting the exportation of sulphur, and the prohibition of the exportation of cattle and other objects necessary for the Anglo-French troops in the East.

King Ferdinand seems to give himself airs, and affects to brave the wrath of the Powers, because he is aware that menaces against his Government mean only revolution, and that there is no constitutional Government which has not a wholesome fear of revolution. Nor does it appear that Tuscany is wholly exempt from reproach on this head, and her Government is accused of permitting Russian ships to assume the Tuscan flag, and thus disguised, victual in the Mediterranean.

As to the Court of Rome, a distinction ought to be made between Pius IX. and his government. The Pope is not favourable to Russia for the simple reason, that he considers him the most formidable enemy to Catholicism, but Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State, and a majority of the Sacred College, are decidedly in favor of the Czar. A few Cardinals only are to be found who share the Pope's opinions, and among these was Cardinal Fornari, who died recently at Rome. Cardinal Fornari, a man distinguished for his scientific acquirements, was formerly professor of the Ecclesiastical Academy at Rome, and afterwards Apostolic Nuncio at Brussels and at Paris. His leaning was decidedly French. The question of naming him Secretary of State, in place of Antonelli, was often mooted, but the anti-French influence of the Sacred College resisted successfully, and Monsignor Fornari, died without having attained the object of his ambition. He filled nevertheless, some important offices, among others that of President of the Congregation of Studie, which is nearly identical with the duties of Minister of Public Instruction.

The Piedmontese Government is the only Government which shows itself frankly and loyally friendly to France and England, at the same time maintaining that political equilibrium which does honor to the loyalty of the King, the ability of the Government, and representatives at foreign Courts, as also the prudence of the Chambers and the good sense of the people. By that judicious and honorable conduct, Piedmont has won the esteem of foreign Governments, has maintained its institutions and the honor of its flag, has overcome the difficulties which encompassed it, and has formed in its favor a numerous party, which is gradually extending throughout all Italy.

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., August 11, 1854.

Arrival of the "Atlantic."

BOSTON, August 7.

The "Atlantic" arrived on Saturday. Very little news from the seat of war. Action apparently deferred, waiting decision of Austria.

Prussia continues to hold aloof from Western Powers, and favours Russia.

Gortschakoff announces determination to hold Principalities with 200,000 if necessary.

Parliament has voted war credit 3,000,000.

Neither English or French troops have yet seen a battle in the East.

Fleets still cruising; no action.

Spanish Insurrection completely successful Palace of Queen Christina and houses of her favourites have been sacked. Queen has fled to Grenada.

MARKETS.—Breadstuffs continue to decline. Western flour, 28s. 6d. to 29s. Baltimore and Canada 29s. 6d. to 30s. Indian Corn 29s. to 30s. Crops in England are very promising.

Arrival of the "Arabia."

THREE DAYS LATER.

NEW YORK, August 9.

The steamship "Arabia" at New York at 8 o'clock on Tuesday, with three days later news.

There is a scarcity of war news. It is evident the Czar will not abate his pretensions. His reply to Austria's final summons is known to be haughty and unfavorable. Austria has given notice that she will not disappoint the hopes of Europe.

Another report say that the Czar has asked for an armistice.

Prussia leans decidedly towards the Czar.

Russia has decided on offensive operations in the Principalities, and large bodies of troops are concentrating. No fighting is announced.

The Russian fleet has escaped from Sebastopol, and all the allies are in pursuit.

The Spanish insurrection remains triumphant, and the position of affairs remained unchanged.

MARKETS.—Breadstuffs active; no change in Flour. Wheat declined 6d. to 8d. per 70lbs.—Corn slightly declined. Other markets unchanged.

"A RAMBLE IN THE COUNTRY."

Under the above caption two very interesting leading articles appeared in the *Morning News* of dates 2nd and 4th instant. As this "ramble" was avowedly taken for the purpose of ascertaining what progress the Railway folks were making, and as many of our readers may not have seen the papers in question, we shall take the liberty of culling the "pith and marrow" of the same for our columns. It is true we have another motive—we consider the descriptive powers displayed by our worthy Editor, Traveller, and *Engineer* too—s—too *distingue* (that's the word) to be hid under a bushel.

Mr. Fenety left the City as an unfortunate man married a wife—*in a fog.* When he reached Hammond River Bridge he looked behind him, unmindful of the fate of Lot's wife, and says, "we could observe *our friend* still hanging over the City, like a great black pall, *as if* to keep the rays of the sun out." Why the fog is here called "our friend" we are at a loss to conjecture, unless it was for its tardy pursuit of the Dorchester coach, because it is very soon called "this abomination, this plague of St. John," and described as a "heavy fog in this City, *on and off*; during pretty much the whole week!" This "on and off" is rather a vague term; but then, gentle reader, our traveller is very conscientious, and will not by any means, risk telling a falsehood. We must now solicit the reader's attention to Mr. F.'s description of

HAMMOND RIVER BRIDGE.

"The Hammond River Bridge is destined to be a murdering machine for some body. It is certainly an 'Infernal Machine' now. It is as much as a person's life is worth to cross it. The passengers in the stage had all to get out and walk over, and this done every time. * * * * * To look at the Bridge on approaching it, a person can almost imagine that he sees it falling; it is supported, we may say, by a *miracle*; and the only thing that *prevents* a person risking his life upon it, is the idea that as it has stood so long in its present state, it will stand for a while longer—at all events until I get across. * * * * * The Hammond River Bridge is a nuisance, and should not be allowed to stand for another day, even if travellers are obliged to cross the river in scows."

The only interpretation we can find for this passage is Rory O'More's rule for interpreting dreams—by *contraries*. Walking over the bridge lengthwise is called *crossing* it, while travellers are *prevented* risking their lives upon it because (it having stood so long) they imagine it will stand a little longer! The concluding piece of advice also savours strongly of the *Taurus Hibernicus*,—pull down the bridge that travellers may be *enabled* to cross the river in scows!

SUSSEX VALE.

"A ride at this season of the year thro' Sussex Vale is well worth the money it costs."

This must be felt by the farmers of Sussex Vale as highly complimentary, certainly, to be told, "Gentlemen, your country is so beautiful—haw—that it is really worth paying—haw—six or eight dollars for the sake of a ride through it!" But then the journey is described as "like riding thro' a garden," it is so *level!*—"level as a bowling green," excellent soil, with "smiling farms" on the right hand and on the left, "*enough* to make one wish that he had *something* to do with a farmer's life, and that his house was in the Valley."

But then comes the converse:—

"There is, however, very little ornamental taste displayed by the people *themselves* along this route, whether we speak of it in regard to the style of their houses, or the *rural beauties* which bedeck the homesteads of *other* countries, not a bit more favoured than our own."

This passage is enigmatical. Does the writer mean that the "rural beauties" of Sussex Vale have been lured, or spirited away to grace the homesteads of other countries, and does he mean to convert the taste of the Valley Swains for leaving them go? If so, why does he say these homesteads are "not a bit more favoured than our own?"

"BEAUTIES OF ARCADIE" EXPLAINED.

"Either of these places (Dr. Vail's or Mrs. Morrison's) could be rendered equal, to anything we have presented to us by the painter, in his 'Dreams of Arcadia.' That is to say, the dwellings require to be *modernized at very little expense*, and nature will have done the rest towards furnishing a picture equal to any we have seen in the States, where there is so much *land little cultivated.*"

So, then, what "WE have seen in the States" is to be taken as a specimen of the Arcadian painter's highest dreams—the *ne plus ultra*; and it is not only necessary to modernize the houses and homes of Sussex Vale, but it must be done "at very little expense!" Whether the reader can understand this or not, he will most assuredly be gratified to learn that in the United States taste is *cultivated*——as much so as water melons and squashes!

AN "OASIS" IN THE WILDERNESS.

"There is a district of country in the parish of Studholm, said to be two miles in length, on the main road, the property of the Hon. J. S. Saunders. * * * * * To our surprise we learned that this property, owned by one of our richest men, is kept under lock and key, he not being willing to dispose of any of it. There it lies, one of the best gifts that the Almighty could bestow upon a people—beautiful rich soil, and well watered—a perfect waste, *an oasis in the wilderness*, upon which no man dare set his foot. We justify the conduct of our forefathers for driving the Aborigines from their native soil, because it is right to civilize and improve the earth. The same excuse would hold good in New Brunswick if we treated the Aborigines of the present day to a little of the same *sauce.*"

Well, we always thought that an "oasis in the wilderness" meant some spot, blessed with herbage, and water, and life, and song, surrounded by a desert; but we must have been wrong—Mr. Fenety's "oasis" is a wilderness surrounded by a garden! And now a word or two to that naughty Mr. Saunders. By the bye, however, Mr. Saunders owns some 1,000 acres of land in Studholm, but not altogether unimproved. He has made a large clearing, and put up a good farm house, which, unfortunately, was consumed by fire. He is again building, but his greatest crime is this—he did not clear and build on the road side, but chose to make his improvements to suit his own taste; he did not think it necessary to consult the "cultivated taste" of the scribe of Rocky Hill, therefore, that worthy thinks that it would be right to *civilize (!)* Mr. Saunders' property *à la Carter!*

After stating that he saw "several of the Railroad Surveyors busy with their instruments about three quarters of a mile at this side of the Petitcodiac head, *our* traveller proceeds to describe a farm that Mr. Alexander Wright has out of the wilderness. It is fifteen miles "*short* of the Bend," and, "by the expenditure of a good deal of money and taste," brought to "a state of perfection that would be creditable to any country. His crops from year to year have been immense and remunerative."

We presume this remunerative crop is *taste*, which the writer speaks of elsewhere as being *cultivated* to advantage in the United States. This farm, it appears, is now occupied by Mr. Giles, Railway Manager, who "has half a dozen large field tents pitched *upon the ground* near the dwelling!" What a strange character this Mr. Giles must be, to pitch his tents *upon the ground!* Why did he not suspend them in the air, like the *Flying Islanders* in the old play of "Peter Wilkins?" The land on the Petitcodiac is described as being cleared, cultivated, and productive, and yet Mr. F. fairly puzzles us by saying, "We are glad to see Mr. Giles pitching his tent in the wilderness." Mr. Wright's cleared farm, in a cultivated district, is a *wilderness*, and Mr. Saunders' uncultivated land in Studholm is "*an oasis!*"

THE MOUTH OF PETITCODIAC.

"This nameless place has become quite a town. Ten years ago there was not fifty houses in it; now there are over five hundred * * * * * There is a fine broad street called 'Front-street'—from this the principal streets, some six or eight, branch, and each is at least a mile in length."

This town must rank as one of the curiosities of art. In the first place the "fine broad Front Street" is not the *principal* street, but the principal streets lead from it! Then every one knows that a street a mile in length, regularly built, each house averaging forty feet in length, will contain 264 houses, and yet, in this modern town five hundred houses are stretched six or eight principal streets, (four or five miles are nothing!) besides the fine front street. The philanthropic Editor and Engineer recommends the inhabitants of these *unbuilt* streets to form themselves into "tree societies," "with a view of *dragging* some of the forest into the settlement." Should the writer take a trip that way in the winter we have no doubt but he will find the people engaged "dragging some of the forest into the settlement" without being incited thereto by an association, and the timely and wholesome warmth arising therefrom may induce him to make another "dreamy remark."

"OFF SHE GOES TO MIRAMICHI!"

There is an old riddle that runs thus:—"As I was going to St. Ives, I met seven wives; every wife had seven sacks; every sack had seven cats; every cat had seven kittens; kittens, cats, sacks, and wives, *how many was going to St. Ives?*" Our wonderful traveller fully understands the riddle, and imitates the style, thus:—

"The mail stage, on its way to Miramichi, passes to and fro six times a week;

"The stage passes *to and fro* six times a week, *on its way* to Miramichi! Will the erudite Editor be kind enough to inform us how many times it passes *to and fro* on its way from Miramichi to St. John?

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Anglo American Magazine for August has been received, and fully sustains the high character of its predecessors. It contains a portrait of the late Baron Metcalf, Governor General of British North America, portraits of several of the European Sovereigns, and Fashion Plates. The history of the last war, continued from number to number, is worth the whole cost.

Godey's Lady's Book for August is before us. This number is highly embellished, and fully sustains the high character of the work. Every lady should have it in her boudoir.

NEW YORK JOURNAL.—The August number of this very cheap and useful periodical has been sent to us by Mr. B. O'Brien, at whose store it will be found on sale. As usual it contains a large amount of original and well selected matter, and is well worth double the price for which the work is sold.

MORE FILTH.

On the South East side of the Breakwater may be seen piles of stinking cow horns, bones, offals of hides, &c., sending up into the air a stench sufficient to feed the Cholera for ten Cities. Numerous deaths are now occurring in that vicinity in consequence; some of them unpitied, unknown, and unattended by a medical man (in time to afford any relief) or neighbour. The people, dreading the malady desert the neighbourhood the moment they hear of a *case*. Can our Board of Health spare a little time, and a little Police regulation to remedy this evil? How is it that the military have allowed this abomination to increase in extent so near their quarters?

SCHANTL'S BELIEF IN HIS INVINCIBILITY.—His appearance and his habits confirm the mountaineers in their confidence in their leader. He speaks with the dignity and the elevation of one filled with divine inspiration. "His has lightning in his eyes, and flowers on his lips," says a poet of Daghestan. He has a perfect storm of all obstacles. "Do not believe," he says in one of his addresses, "that God favors the greater number. God is on the side of the good, and these are always less numerous than the goodness. Look around, and you will see every where the proof of what I tell you. Are not the roses less in number than the tares? Is not gold more plentiful than pearls? Are there not more insects than useful animals? Is not gold scarcer than base metals? And are we not far more noble than gold and roses, than pearls and horses, and all useful animals taken together? For all the riches of the earth are transitory, but we have the promise of eternal life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROTECTION.

In the *Courier* of Saturday last, the EDITOR *refreshes* his readers with his *ideas*, which he terms a *commentary*. This may truly be called an age of progress, when the *Courier* aspires to an *opinion*. It is quite true that the *Courier* from time immemorial has been the Echo of the most popular opinions prevailing, but that it should actually come out with an *opinion* of its own, proves directly the fallacy of one of Solomon's "oldest saws, "That there is nothing new under the sun." It is much to be regretted that the Editor of that *popular paper*, should, during a long life of "Journalizing," have refrained from illuminating the peoples' mind on any one subject, until he has arrived at what Shakspear terms "*life's fond* afternoon," and when ill-natured people may attribute his new fledged *opinion* rather to drivelling, than to energy. The editor commences his *commentary* by the most convenient of all arguments, the wholesale assertion that the arguments in favor of protection have been a thousand times refuted, and that he need not go at any length into the subject. This certainly was for that functionary a very wise resolve, and had he stopped there, he might have passed, "as is his wont," without remark from his contemporaries; but, from some unlucky whim, which happened to possess him at the time, he writes a "*commentary*," which commentary we purpose to Review. His first position is to deny that it is the duty of Government, By Legislative enactments, to look to the labor of the country, and to insure its greatest productiveness. Having assumed that position, it leaves us in doubt as to whether our brother of the broad sheet is a free trader or a protectionist, in-as-much as the most ultra free traders, even in England, insist upon Legislative Acts to protect every iota of the products of the British FOREST and LOOM, altho' they selfishly oppose protection to the FARMER. The plain fact is, that all Legislatures form for their respective countries A TARRIFF. That Tarriff is always protective either to *home* labor, or to *foreign* labor. When the Tarriff is high it protects *native* industry. When low *foreign* industry, and consequently constitute a monopoly to the greatest capitalist—his money enabling him to defy competition—and to crush at pleasure the business of smaller states, whose means are limited. Again, our doughty editor condemns that Legislature, that by its enactments says, "you shall either undertake this branch of business which we consider most beneficial to the country, or we will prevent you from using your money at all." Does he really condemn such a policy? Why, this is precisely our notion. Then why does he support a system that has, and always will prevent this country from becoming a manufacturing country. That of Free Trade? As it follows that if *our* mechanics are driven by Legislative enactments to reside in the neighbouring Republic, and the labor of this Province is all to concentre into the narrow circle of ships and timber, that failing, what have we to fall back on? Like the celebrated Paganine who played upon "de von string." When that string snapped where was his music! This Province, like the State of Main, is admirably adapted for a manufacturing country, and when we get rid of those antiquated notions that *we as a* people can do nothing for ourselves, then, and not till then, will the march of progress begin. We have, in common with the adjoining State, timber, water powers, minerals, fish, and an unlimited breadth of land suited for agriculture. Indeed we are blessed with natural resources far above that of our American neighbours, but what find we? Why that Main has protected her mechanics, her manufactures, and her fishermen, until she has turned a comparatively sterile State into a land of Goshen. While we, under the supineness of the Legislature, and in the plenitude of our listlessness, and want of self reliance, have arrived at the lazy conclusion, that "there is no room for hope." Hence our market is supplied with the trash manufactured by the FELLOWS of the "Almighty Nation," instead of the honest productions of our own artizans. The silly body goes further—he says, to accomplish the favorite Theory of Protection, our mechanics must pay an enhanced price for his *bread, clothing, furniture*, and *tools*. And here I would put the question, and it is a very pertinent one. What mechanics? For it follows in any logical mind, (although not perhaps in that of the *Courier* editor), that if we import our *bread, clothing*, and *furniture*, there will be nothing left for mechanics to do in this Province. Those who work for us will both live and pay their Sot and Cot in a Foreign State, and enrich that State with the money they will already from those only who will find employment in the denuding of this country of its primitive wealth, so long as the timber may last. Can the editor point to a country on the whole face of the Globe where his theory is or can be carried out? All work at one business—the Legislating business of the country? Preposterous!!! It does not occur in any country if we except the most barbarous of the South Sea Islands, where the sole business of the savage is to procure cocoa nuts. Another fallacy, equally prominent, put forth by the sage of the *Courier*, is, "that it is the duty of Government to provide security for the person and property of all under its rule, in order that they may be at liberty to earn their living in any way that may seem to them good." Very true, Sir, it is the duty of Government to do so.—But, Sir, how does that square with your theory, that of preventing them from earning a living in any way that may seem good, by permitting foreigners to fill our market with the refuse of their own, and to the utter destruction of all mechanical enterprize in the Provinces? Two examples will elucidate this. Our Christal Palace—when it was shewn beyond the possibility of doubt that our mechanics *could do something*. And the Exodus that took place from this City in 1840, '41 and '42. Ships and Timber had then failed, and what was the result? Why all had failed.—Paganini's "von string" was broken, and our City became all but a desert—nothing was left to fall back on—the ship had been riding, *as she now is*, at single anchor, the others being *safely* stowed away in the hold: the cable parted, and a floating wreck strewed the strand. Speaking of *coin* the editor denies that it is the tool of commerce. His definition being as follows:—"Coin *is a commodity occasionally employed to settle balances.*" This is really the funnyest definition of the word we ever remember to have met with, and sets criticism at defiance. A paragraph which we extract from this luminous "*commentary*" of the *Courier*, we give beneath, with the candid avowal that its brilliance transcends our conceptions. Here it is—

"If our exports remained the same and the imports were only half, not a sixpence of coin would be imported in return for the exchange which would be on hand, for the plain reason *that it would not pay.*"

Who after this will say that the wisemen came from the East? "New Brunswick against the field!" Here follows a paragraph or two on a subject not mooted by "A NATIVE," the person on whose opinions he is commenting. The ground assumed by the editor is that a stock of the precious metals is the most unremunerative that can be held. Now, if Friend Curtis was a sporting character, we should not hesitate to bet him the "long odds" that the persons who have dealt the most extensively in the precious metals in this City, are now, and have been, not only exorbitantly remunerated for their outlay, but have become the Golden Calves, to which public opinion bows down: and if our memory serves us, in the instance of the Railroad Contract, the *Courier* was not content with the price per mile; but, said he, "we have no alternative, we must have the money at any price." The editor appears to be very solicitous for the welfare of the Farmer, and particularly careful that the Mechanic does not overcharge him—or in other words, that if our honest Mechanic cannot compete with State's prison manufactures, why let him and his family go where he will be protected. But he does not tell you how much cheaper the Farmer must sell his produce when the Mechanic is driven out, and half the people of the Province have, in order to sustain themselves and families, gone to a land where they will be protected. One word only in elucidation. In 1840 potatoes were sold at 1s. per bushel, (dull sale). In 1853 they are 3s.! and who buys them from the farmer? The Mechanic. Yes, but who would buy them when the Mechanics were gone? We pause for a reply.

There are many more *cogent* reasons given in the Editor's Commentary, but as they have really no connection with the question at issue, we will forbear to inflict them on our readers—suffice it to say that the whole question is a question of population, or no population. If the nearly City and Country prices be an indication of wealth, then is Price Creek a treasure. But if a full City, with a full and happy Country community of Artizans, and thereby the consumers for Agricultural produce to maintain in prosperity, here is Price Creek such in our boasting eyes would have it.—A

REPUTATION, WEALTHING, AND AN UNHOLY CURSE!

LAND, SIR, YOURS,

NOT A NATIVE.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

Mr. Durant,—I was much pleased with your remarks in the last *Chronicle*, on the Flour monopoly. If you meant however what you said as an appeal to the consciences of the flour merchants and bakers, you missed your mark. The experience of the last ten months shows that they have none. If they were actuated by right principles, or even if they were influenced by a sense of shame, they would not now be preying upon the misery of dying parents and famishing orphans, as is the case, at a time when the pestilence is making such fearful ravages among us, and hundreds if not thousands are falling victims to the cholera, bread is forced up to a famine price, although there is abundance of flour on hand, merely because the regular traders, for the present, are rather shy in approaching our shores. And this is done too in the face of a fall of *more than a dollar* in the English market, by the prices in which our flour dealers themselves declared, some time ago, that they would henceforth be guided. Thus, the very kind of food, which might be the means of saving many lives, is placed beyond the reach of the suffering poor. By such means, men that but yesterday were glad to earn a precarious livelihood by shingle weaving and such like occupations, can now spend their thousands in levelling rocks and removing mountains, to make way for splendid mansions. Every right thinking man must cry shame upon such grasping cupidity. Surely the cause of heaven must rest upon such unfeeling selfishness.

But it appears it is not merely while they are alive that the victims of cholera are made to suffer from grinding extortion, even after the spirit has quitted its earthly tenement, the ruthless monster still cries Give! Give! When I first read the extract from the *Constitution* which you gave in your last, I doubted the correctness of the statement, I could not think it possible that the very persons who have been making such a good thing of it lately by confessions, novenas, anointings, &c. would refuse to bury the poor creatures, from whom they had previously forced the last shilling. But the fact, is I believe, is beyond doubt. And how do you think the Board of Health have got over this difficulty? I have been told that they have agreed to pay some eight or nine dollars each for burying the Roman Catholic poor in their own Cemetry. This seems to me both a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of the Board of Health, and a most exorbitant price for the privilege granted. But where is the money to come from? Why Protestants, you are to be the victims of this nefarious agreement! The money is to come out of your pockets! If any of your own poor die, their remains are consigned to mother earth free of all charge; but if a Romanist die, you must pay eight or nine dollars to get admission for his remains within the hallowed precincts of the Roman Catholic Cemetery. How do you like that, fellow Protestants? Are you not inclined to say,—If these poor creatures are unwilling that the ashes of their relatives should be laid side by side with Protestants, and if their Bishop will not give their bodies a resting place in the Roman Catholic Cemetery, unless he is well paid for it, then let their mortal remains be committed to the deep, where at least they will not be placed in unhallowed contact with the sleeping dust of heretics! I have no wish whatever to do violence to the conscientious scruples of the Roman Catholic poor, but, as a Protestant, I have very strong objections to be taxed in order to satisfy priestly rapacity.

A RATEPAYER.

THE BRITISH MINISTRY.—The following list of the members of the Cabinet is published in consequence of the recent changes:—

Earl of Aberdeen, Lord of the Treasury; Marquis of Lansdowne, without office; Lord Cranworth,