

said, "Oh, then, but it's a beautiful baby!" and he turned up a look of the tenderest pity at the three gentlemen.

"Pull it out here!" said Mr. Daw, imperatively; and O'Brien with the utmost gentleness, lifting the lifeless body from the basket, produced—A DROWNED CAT!

"Oh, then, isn't it a darling?" said O'Brien, with the most provoking affectation of pathos in his voice, while sarcasm was playing on his lip and humour gleaming from his eye as he witnessed, with enjoyment, the vacant stare of the discomfited Daw and Beau Peep, and exchanged looks with the worthy squire, who had set up a horse laugh the instant that poor pussy had made her appearance; and, the moment he could recover his breath, exclaimed, "Why, by the L—d, it's a dead cat!" and, hereupon, the sound of smothered laughter reached them from outside the half-closed door, where the ladies, dear creatures! had stolen to listen, having been told that something not proper to hear was going forward.

The two grand inquisitors were so utterly confounded, that neither had a word to say; and, as soon as the squire had recovered from his immoderate fit of laughing, he said, "Well, gentlemen, this is a most important discovery you have made. I think I must despatch an express to government on the strength of it."

"Oh, wait a bit, your honor," said O'Brien, there's more o' them yit," and he took from out of the basket a handful of dead kittens.

Now, it happened that a cat had kitted in the convent that day, and, as it not unfrequently happens, the ferocious animal had destroyed some of her offspring, which so disgusted the nuns, that they bundled cat and kittens into an old basket, and threw them all into the river; and the 'faint cry,' and the words of the sisters, 'the nasty creature, to do such a horrid thing,' are at once explained.

"Why, this is worse than you anticipated, gentlemen," said the squire, laughing; "for here, not only one, but several lives have been sacrificed."

Mr. Sturdy said Mr. Daw very solemnly, "let me tell you that if—"

"But! but! my dear sir, said the good-humoured squire, interrupting him, 'the wisest in the world may be deceived now and then; and no wonder your sympathies should have been awakened by the piercing cries of the helpless little sufferers.'

Throth, the squire's an it, said O'Brien; it's aisy to see that the gentlemen has no childer of their own; for, if they had, by ray sowl it's long before they'd mistake the cry of a dirty cat for a Christian child."

This was a bitter hit of O'Brien's; for neither Mrs. Daw nor Mrs. Terrier had ever been 'as ladies wish to be who love their lords.'

I think, said the squire, we may now dismiss this affair; and, after you have changed your clothes, Mr. Terrier, a glass of good wine will do you no harm, for I see no use of letting the decanters be idle any longer, since this MYSTERIOUS affair has been elucidated.

Throth, then, myself was thinking it a queer thing all along, for, though sometimes a girl comes before your worship to swear a child agin a man, by the powers, I never heard av a gintleman comin' to swear a child agin a woman yit!"

Come, gentlemen, said the squire, 'the wine waits for us, and O'Brien and his son shall each have a glass of whisky, to drink repose to the souls of the cats.'

Good luck to your honour, said O'Brien; and the mistress too—ah, by dad, it's SHE that knows the differ betune a cat and a child; and more power to your honour's elbow!"

Thank you, Paddy, said the squire.

But no entreaties on the part of Squire Sturdy could induce the discomfited Daw and Terrier to accept the squire's proffered hospitality. The truth was, they were both utterly crest-fallen, and, as the ladies had heard the whole affair, they were both anxious to get out of the house as fast as they could; so the squire bowed them out of the hall door,—they wishing him a very civil good night, and apologizing for the trouble they had given him.

"Oh, don't mention it, said the laughing squire, really I have been very much amused; for, of all the strange cases that ever come within my knowledge, I have never met one with so curious a CAT-astrophe."

ORIGINAL.

MR EDITOR,

THE pleasure I should derive from seeing a well-supported and well conducted Press in this country, giving ample expression to the public voice, on all the great points of general policy, and ably directing the minds of the uninformed, would only be equalled by the want of any necessity to refer to papers published in the United States.

The versatile Editor of the Albion has since the establishment of his journal, ever pointed his vane in the direction of the gale which wafted the news of a new administration; but it seems that, although a mixture of Whigs and Tories, when united under a Canning could be made palatable, yet a pure Whig Administration was altogether too nauseous a food for his digestive powers. Not long ago, he informed us, that 'The Times' and 'Morning Chronicle' went the infamous length of not publishing the speeches of members in either house of parliament, who opposed the reform question, yet the Editor of the Albion never hesitated to give us garbled accounts of the outrages committed at the illumination of the metropolis, reflecting severely on the conduct of the Lord Mayor, and the falsehood of which statements have been proved in the Court of King's Bench. He has been equally unfortunate in

stating that the omission of any allusion to divine Providence in the King's Speech, is 'almost unprecedented in the annals of history since the introduction of Christianity into the British Isles'. (!) I extract from an English paper of the 26th June, a sufficient reply: 'When Sir Robert Inglis the other evening, groaned over the King's speech, because it contained no allusion to the Providence of God, he had the hardihood to assert that he had looked at seven consecutive speeches from the throne, and in every one of them he had found a direct reference to the Divinity. Now, not only have the volumes of Parliamentary debates been searched in vain for the sacred series referred to by good Sir Robert, but it is actually a fact, that, during the last ten years, that no less than nine royal speeches to Parliament have been marked by the same omission that has given so much offence to the Boroughmongers on this occasion. And what is more curious still, Sir Robert Inglis and his pious friends were present when they were delivered, but never did they discover that such omission was a fault till it was made by a Reforming Administration. Admirable consistency!"

The Albion is equally uncandid in asserting that the ministers received a 'severe drubbing' in the House of Lords on the discussion of the Address, an assertion not justified by the fact, even by his own shewing. That there was much growling and ill-feeling displayed by the party so much lauded, by the Albion, under the designation of 'conservative,' cannot be denied: the same conduct was pursued precisely by that faction in all their attacks upon poor Canning. If the fact of two junior members of the Royal House of Brunswick yawning during the delivery of the speeches of the two first ministers of the crown, be a certain sign of those officers having received a *drubbing*, I must concede the point; but I only wish that the present government may meet with foes of a nobler cast, a victory over whom may be attended with some degree of glory.

That the Lord Chancellor failed in giving satisfactory reasons for his assertion respecting the withholding of the supplies by the Commons; is another assertion equally untenable, for any candid man must allow that the answer given by his Lordship was completely satisfactory. Respecting the Timber Question, the Albion is equally prejudiced, but more cunning. He well knows that this question is of vital importance to us, and consequently that in this respect we are tremblingly alive to the proceedings of the Government. But let us tell the Editor of the Albion, that we rest fully satisfied on the good feeling of the people of England, when they may attain the full possession of their rights. It is our primary duty to render this country and its resources known and appreciated by our father land, before we can expect any favorable reaction in our favour; and when that task be accomplished, provided the people have their full influence in the legislature, we never need fear any vacillation in Colonial policy. An entire dependence on the Government, or on the aristocracy, alone, ensures no permanence, and our interests are therefore intimately bound up with the liberty and welfare of our fellow subjects in the United Kingdom. We are under no apprehension from a Reformed Parliament, (as the Albion anticipates the one next year will be) but we glory in the prospect which our fathers, and our brethren at home enjoy, of regaining their lost rights and influence in the Legislature of our common country. Let us not be wanting in the duty which we owe to ourselves, to cultivate a better acquaintance with the illustrious people to whom we are indebted for our origin; and while we are endeavouring to ingratiate ourselves with that most important branch of the nation, let us also preserve our loyalty and faith, to the most liberal, beneficent, and popular of Sovereigns

ALEXIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLEANER,

SIR—Some time since, having been led to address you in consequence of some observations appearing in your paper on the subject of the policy now pursued by the mother country towards the Colonies; much as I admired the ability and research manifested by the writer, I yet deplored that those talents, and that information should be misapplied by his endeavouring to give a bent to public opinion on grounds unfounded in fact, and false in principle. Having been compelled to relinquish

the intention I had then formed, in consequence of the increasing infirmities of a very advanced age, of undeceiving the public mind, by exposing the ultra ideas, and distorted views entertained by your correspondent; I have been led to cherish the less disappointment from the improvement in chastity and design manifested in the latter of his writings. I agree with that writer in his statement of facts, but I differ from him in his conclusions: our interests and wishes are doubtless identical, but we arrive at different deductions from the same principles. However, as my time may be better employed than in controversy, and with an author too, whose talents I admire, and whose political principles I do not condemn, I shall forthwith proceed to do that which I strongly recommend to every well-wisher of the Colonies—to endeavour to enlighten the British public in regard to our real situation, and the extent of our resources; to convince them of the utility of preserving us as an integral part of the empire, and of our own wish to preserve the same parental and filial relations entire;—and if my means be confined, and my talents circumscribed, I can only regret that in the accomplishing of so important an end, I can serve the public less. The mountain is compounded of grains of sand.—I contribute my mite to the general weal—let others contribute theirs.

Having spent a long—and I hope not useless—life, in rural habits and sylvan pursuits, I feel a small degree of competence to give some information respecting the FORESTS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK; and in the course of a few weekly letters, I propose to lay before the public a short account of the genera and qualities of the Timber which is the growth of the soil. Being incompetent to follow the Llynæan classification, I shall omit all attempt at a botanical arrangement, excepting so much as may furnish strangers with a more accurate idea than the sole use of names, many of which are arbitrarily assumed by the provincialists. In the course of my descriptions, I may frequently fall into gross errors; and make assertions unwarranted by facts and realities; but I beg to propitiate practical men, by impressing upon their minds, that my object is only a patriotic undertaking, and that any attempts to enlighten my ignorance, shall be always received with respect and good feeling. If a public discussion on the qualities of our wood be provoked among men of mechanical information, my object will be obtained, for truth cannot thereby fail from being elicited. The great article of our exports has been depreciated in England, and is valued in the estimation of many as similar to the substance of a cabbage stump: let us now prove the contrary;—let us shew the world that we have been abused, and our timber undervalued. Gratifying in a very high degree would it be to me, if my time would allow, and my resources permit, a variety of experiments on the comparative strength of our native timber; but in the absence of information precluded by circumstances, let us not be deterred from collecting that which is always within our reach, and contributing that which is always in our power.

As the most valuable portion of the information which I propose to give, was collected originally by the gentleman who has long filled the highest Official Department in connection with my subject in this Province, and who is now on his voyage to his native climes, in order to exert his powerful endeavours to promote the interests and prosperity of this, the land of his adoption, should my labours promote the object I have in view, and be likely to receive the meed of public approbation, common justice will require at the hands of that distinguished individual, that they shall be ushered into the British world under his protection, and receive from him the fostering care of power.

As I am only on the point of entering on my subject, I shall decline saying more on this head for the present, and next week I shall proceed with my hazardous undertaking

Miramichi, 27th August, 1831.

SCHEDIASMA.

MIRAMICHI:
TUESDAY MORNING AUGUST 30 1831.

The Courier arrived with the Southern Mail Saturday at 6 o'clock, P. M.