

of Switzerland. This measure cannot have reference to the decisions of the Diet of Frankfurt, for Constance is entirely separated from the Duchy of Baden. From Constance to Zurich and from Zurich to the frontier of France there are but a few days' march, and we have no army on that point—JULY 31.

LIVERPOOL COURIER.

The long-expected Budget has at length been partially brought forward by Lord Althorp, that is, the statement of the finances of the country without any fiscal proposal. There is a considerable excess of the expenditure above the receipts of the last year; but in the present an improvement is anticipated. There is nearly the substance, and in April next it is predicted that we shall not be more than about half a million on the wrong side. The reduction of taxes has diminished the receipts; and the expenditure has not been kept down to a proportionate level, added to which the effect of the cholera upon commerce; the unfavourable manner, too, in which it has been affected by political excitement, and the contraction of the currency, are given as reasons for the present state of the revenue, which, though not cheering, is said not to be discouraging. We see not, however, much to hope, except in a very altered state of public affairs. The great relief must be in the reduction of the expenses of the army and navy, and until Ireland wears a better aspect, and peace is better assured upon the Continent, it is impossible for us to be placed in a state of greater unpreparedness for civil convulsion, or for the exercise of foreign influence. The hopes which have been very mischievously circulated, and foolishly encouraged by many, as to the effect of the Reform Bill upon taxation, will, therefore, be disappointed. It will be seen that this bill has not the magical power of controlling events, and that no domestic changes can put fortune into our own hands. This disappointment will prove the harvest of agitators. They will endeavour to impel the new Parliament to acts of plunder upon the national creditor, and bring us into a condition in which we shall lose our influence in Europe. This will be their game. For this reason, therefore, among others, it behoves all who respect good faith and probity, all who are not willing to sacrifice the country's honour and influence to a miserable parsimony, to look well to their conduct at the approaching elections. The men of the mob, the mere delegates of self-constituted political associations, ought every where to be resisted, lest the character of our representation should be essentially changed, and a reckless democracy bow us down to the rank of the spiritless and dependent lesser states of the Continent.

Hard words, words indeed somewhat harder than blows, have been dealt forth from his place, in the House of Lords, by the Lord Chancellor, upon the rather eager and pugnacious Sir E. Sugden. The battles of lawyers are always fierce, but, if the speech of Lord Brougham has been reported with anything like accuracy, a more complete Stomacher, as the pugilists say, was never applied to an antagonist. The facts of the case are, that the Lord Chancellor, having announced it as his intention to abolish certain offices, puts his brother into one of them. This was naturally made the subject of remark and inquiry; and the answer is, that the bill for the purpose of completing this abolition cannot be for some time perfected, and, in the meanwhile, as the office must be filled up till a new arrangement is made, the Lord Chancellor has placed it in the hands of his brother, as a person whom he can at once remove. This answer is, no doubt, satisfactory; but the inquiry was by no means unparliamentary; and as the present Ministers, when in opposition, were not backward to scrutinize with severity the Ministry of the day on all such subjects, they ought not to betray too much sensitiveness when subjected to the same ordeal, nor more expert than other Ministers to have their personal honour implicitly credited. For ourselves, we think both parties in the wrong. Sir E. Sugden for betraying too much personal hostility in making his observations, and the Lord Chancellor for language, which, if truly reported, was too contemptuous and vulgar to accord with the dignity of his office and that of the House of Lords. To call an absent man a 'wisp' and a 'bug' is surely new phraseology in Parliament, and sets an example very easily followed by inferior men, but which does not intend to keep up the influence of either house over the country at large.—AVGUST 1.

THE LONDON NATIONAL OMNIBUS.

ST. SWITHIN.—These are terrible times. Every thing goes directly contrary to all established usage. Antiquity is no more respected than a litter of kittens, and ancient customs are as ill-used as a dead dog. Our ancestors, we in the strength of our modern wisdom have discovered to be great fools, and ourselves the Solomons of the present age. Oh the dust of ages! oh the rust of time!—we are no longer held sacred from the sweeping besom of innovation. Things get worse and worse. Our natures are changed; the moral world is altered; human nature is transfigured, and now to make the force of change more apparent, a reformation seems to be laying violent hands upon the elements. Dear St. Swithin, why do you allow this; for what reason have you set your face against the world, and refused your annual favours to your numerous believers. Why hath the sky thus dried up all its tears, or sealed them from human participation. This must be ominous of some approaching crisis. Such a wonder has never before been heard of.

We remember well, in the glorious days of old, before a thought of change had ever entered the empty heads of those who are now so fond of pulling down the fabrics of our ancestors—when every person blessed with the advantages of a religious education, would as soon have thought of doubting his own identity, as the regular annual forty days and forty nights visitation of St. Swithin's—when splendid reviews (not literary) used to be held in the classic vicinity of Wormwood Scrubs—euphonious appellation! where the brightest side of a military life (the outside) was seen to the best advantage; we remember full well, that just as things were going on in the usual pleasant hum-drum style, and our mouths, nostrils, and eyes, were filled with the choicest dust, all of a sudden down came a deluge, and over a sea of human heads rose instantaneously a forest of umbrellas, but of as little service as coverings of tissue paper to afford shelter from the pelting of the pitiless storm. Every mother's son got a soaking, for the shower-bath invariably claimed affinity with the skin, within a few minutes after its introduction; and there the poor devils, equestrian and pedestrian, used annually to be seen wading their devious way from the review, wringing their hands and their garments in the mute unutterableness of despair. The soldiers, who a few minutes before had stood and rode in all the conscious pride of their scarlet livery, now looked like so many regiments of pickled cabbage, while here and there appeared some officer rapt in his mi-

litary cloak, galloping along like a lobster hastening after the tide.

We are now in as great distress as Hindoos deprived of their customary ablutions. On us the water-spouts refuse to discharge their torrents,—puddles look guiltless of mud—the eaves of the houses, as we approach them, afford not now their usual liquid salutations—the clouds of Heaven conspire against us, and our habiliments are deprived of their usual washing. Nothing is going forward but an accumulation of 'dust to dust,' the rough winds make a monopoly in street-sweeping, and blind us with their boisterous welcomes. We are really in a horrid state—no one thinks now of talking of the Raining vice, and the Temperance Society are obliged in self-defence to wet their own whistles on such Dry days as these. This is the reason why so many people have lately attempted drowning—they have been deprived of their annual ducking, and fly to the Thames in despair. Even the very swine look blank upon the Heavens, and eye the dusty handiworks of Macadam with an unsatisfied grunt. We may walk from Regent-street to Puddle Dock, without getting a splash—we meet with no obliging scavengers who are ready to deposit their soft, slimy shovelfuls upon our unsold person. Miserable wretches! what can we have done to have brought down upon us such a visitation of Providence.

We remember, too, that it was during the reign of St. Swithin that we always saw MORE of the ladies than at any other time. Oh! the beautiful legs, whose fair proportions we have seen unperturbed in showery weather. Then the sex became liberal in their ideas, and exposed to the eyes of admiring mankind, the fine-turned ankle, and the swelling calf, while their endeavours to save their garments from pollution by the dirty soil. We are deprived of all our gratifications, and the Ladies of conferring them, which we have no doubt pains them equally with ourselves. But we will turn to a better subject—Here's a bowl of punch, and capital stuff it is, and though we are thus ludly dealt with by the elements, we have yet within our power the gratification of supplying the deficiency of wet without, by a proportionate quantity within.—JULY 27.

LONDON TIMES.

The death of young Napoleon, the heir of so many hopes and disappointments, should not be passed over without a word. When the infant was born, the cannon was to fire so many shots if a female, and so many if a male: between the number due to the girl, and that which commenced the share of the boy, what a moment of suspense agitated all Paris!—the capital was but one ear, and hung upon the vapour's breath. Vain capital! vain people!—'pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,'—they glory in the blessing they have, and let it go when wearied of it, cativated by some new bauble. What concern had the Parisians with the sex of the child? He lived to adolescence, and died at Schenbrun, the country palace of the Monarch from whom his father had taken and to whom he gave empire. Yes, the King of the Romans is dead! His very title makes one laugh—and weep to, if in the mood. To think how much this boy was born to, and yet how little he died in—the space he owned a chamber or two in Schenbrun, scarcely larger than he now occupies! If ever child was born to point a moral and no more, it was the poor lad just dead. The last weakness of great men seems to be a belief in their offspring, in spite of all history. Napoleon had faith in his son; nay more, he ruined himself for offspring. He was as a ship in full sail, and threw out his ballast. His separation from Josephine was fatal; his seeking after an alliance with the old prejudices of Europe, drew down upon him the new temple he reared to Military Aristocracy. The results of this fatal mistake are to be found at St. Helena, and the new vault of the poor Duke de Reichstadt.

LONDON MORNING CHRONICLE.

In the midst of the rejoicings at Paris, an event has been announced which was well calculated to render grave the least thoughtful of those who mingled in them. The brief and painful existence of the son of Napoleon, has at length terminated. He died at Schenbrun. His disease was consumption. Well and truly has it been said, 'We know not what a day or an hour may bring forth.' Of all improbable things, the most improbable, at the time when the birth of the King of Rome was hailed by the rejoicings of France, and the exultation of his victorious father, would have been the announcement, that Napoleon should find a grave at St. Helena, and his son at Vienna, both of them outcasts from the land which then so fondly cherished them. Maria Louisa is said to have been so deeply affected by the death of her son, that her life was despaired of. The amiable manners of the young prince had we believe greatly endeared him to the Court; and of his grandfather he was said to be an especial favourite. Some of our neighbours would have us believe he was taken off by slow poison. *Cui bono?* Whom did his living injure.

COMMUNICATION.

"Oh what a falling off was there." Shakspeare.
MR EDITOR—Allow me through the medium of your paper, to call the attention of the young gentlemen of Chatham, now officiating as Hog-reeves, to a sense of the duty incumbent upon them, and which they are bound to fulfill by the nature of their oaths. The assiduity and promptness they displayed at their debut, gave the public sanguine hopes that they would be the

most zealous, active, and efficient Hog-reeves we have been favoured with for a number of years. But I must observe, that of late they are guilty of inexcusable neglect; my neighbours and myself deplore with unfeigned regret the contrast their present inactivity affords with the former alacrity displayed in performing the duties of their office. We have been much annoyed by the encroachment of pigs and cattle on our premises, and can state several instances where property to some amount has been destroyed. We have repeatedly requested these young gentlemen to remove nuisances, but like most persons in official situations, they have treated our applications with contempt. Trusting this friendly hint will cause them to drop the pen, relinquish that exquisite nicety of dress for which they are remarkable, devote the time in ridding us of our grievances, which they at present waste in adorning their persons; resume the ropes, and bear off all offending pigs and cattle in triumph to the pound.

I remain, yours,
Chatham, 29th Aug. 1832 AGRICOLA.

SCHEDIASMA.

MIRAMICHI.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1832

In the early part of the week we were favoured by Captain Gardener, of the Cumberland, with a Liverpool paper of the 31st July, and on Sunday morning we received from Mr Robert Henderson, of Newcastle, passenger in the George Canning, a paper from the same place, a day later. The arrival at Halifax, of H. M. Packet Pigeon, has put us in possession of London dates four days later. From these sources we have gleaned a variety of matter, and although they furnish nothing of moment, the extracts will be found interesting.

SINCE writing our observations last week on the Resolutions of the inhabitants of Gaspe, we have considered more attentively the purport of this important document; and the more our thoughts have been devoted to the subject, the greater have been our sensations of regret and sympathy on the injustice which has been extended towards our neglected neighbours. A deficiency in providing and instituting competent Courts for the due administration of justice, and for the security of trade, property, and person, is a grave accusation to be preferred against any Legislature—destructive at the very origin of the social compact, militating against the bonds of civilized human society, and peculiarly offensive to a people so essentially commercial and distinctively enterprising as England's sons. In a country where brute force reigns paramount, and where law is not known or much regarded, industry receives a check, and the best feelings of our nature are blighted in the bud. The social sympathies are lost in the all absorbing care for self; the inability to maintain our acquisitions, engenders the foulest and most malignant passions; and the insecurity of life calls into being the original ferocity which sinks man into a brute. Such a want would alone furnish sufficient reasons for depriving Lower Canada of her jurisdiction over a large and fair, but neglected portion of her territories; but the arguments furnished by so prolific a source, are fortified and multiplied by other grievances of an interest nearly as intolerable. The want of a nationality of feeling between the people of Gaspe and the Canadians, creates a cold and selfish course of legislative policy, highly injurious to the interests of those whose legal rights and moral and political feelings demand respect from the Legislature, and receiving none, the neglect naturally excites a spirit of revolt. A people so mercantile in their pursuits, and so active in their energies, as all of British descent unquestionably are, can never brook the difficulties and obstacles occasioned by mal-governement; and so long as the spirit which actuates the government be opposed to the feelings, associations, and prejudices of the people, so long must the prosperity of that people be retarded and oppressed, and the feeling of opposition and hatred, fostered and defended. On the other hand, proximity of situation presents to the view of the people of Gaspe, only on the opposite side of their beautiful bay and bay,—beneficial laws cheerfully obeyed; strict justice impartially administered; the rights of property and person, closely guarded; the interests of trade vigilantly superintended; a mild and beloved government not too remote to be sensible in its vivifying influence. A community of interests begets a community of feeling; national prejudices engender among people of the same original extraction, mutual friendship; and contiguity of situation, renders the bond of union still firmer. New-Brunswick and Gaspe, were not intended by nature to be divided, and the similarity of pursuits, inclinations and habits among the respective populations, create a greater dissonance in the separation.