

Russia in 1804, and Prussia in the following year, times of great interest in Germany. After the defeat of Austria in 1805, though but thirty three, he was appointed ambassador on the most difficult mission in Europe—that of Paris, with Napoleon on the throne, and Talleyrand for foreign minister. In 1809, he was appointed Chancellor of State, on the resignation of Count Stadion; and from that period until now, upwards of thirty years, has continued, under two emperors, the first minister of Austria, and the most renowned diplomatist of Europe—a duration and a distinction equally unexampled.

'No diplomatist,' says Mr Alison, 'even in that age of intellectual giants, excelled, perhaps hardly any equalled Metternich, in the calm and sagacious survey which he took of existing events, in the prophetic skill with which he divined their probable tendency, and the admirable tact with which, without exciting unnecessary jealousy, he contrived to render them conducive to the interests of the country.'

THE POLITICIAN.

COLONIAL JOURNALS.

From the Saint John Courier.

IMMIGRATION—MINES.

It appears by recent accounts from the Mother country, that an extensive measure of Immigration to these Colonies is at present engaging the attention of the Government. The view taken of the subject by the London Standard, from which we made an extract last week, is certainly the most judicious one that we have seen for some time. It is to the effect, that while Immigration from Britain would greatly relieve the country in the present commercial depression and inactive state of its manufactories; yet, to make the measure generally beneficial, money must go to the Colonies as well as men. This view of the matter could not be better elucidated so far as this Province is concerned, than by the present state of affairs in its commercial metropolis; where, at present, many are suffering from want of employment, who, were the means at hand to open the vast resources of Mineral wealth which abounds throughout the length and breadth of the land, would not only be reaping a good return for their own labour, but would also be lending their aid to develop the hidden riches with which our favoured land abounds, and which would be the means of reducing our imports of Coal and Ironware, and of paying in part, by the exportation of these articles to the United States, for the Bread stuffs with which our Western neighbours supply us.

The London Mining Journal of the 13th November, in noticing the discoveries of our Provincial Geologist this season, as detailed in letters to His Excellency Sir William Colebrooke, published in the Royal Gazette, and copied into many other public journals, both in this country and in Britain, after alluding to some Coal Mining company proceedings at home, remarks:

'It is not of the one or other of these sad doings that we propose making any remarks on the present occasion, but to direct attention more especially to the mineral resources of a district hitherto only partially proved, but which, from the reports before us, promises to be of aid to this country, on which it is dependent, in providing for itself by its own resources.'

'It is indeed, but a few years since that mining undertakings in New Brunswick would have been scouted, and looked upon as the act of a visionary; yet with the little enterprise which has been displayed (to take one instance of the progress made in an adjoining Province) we find that 400 chaldrons of coal per diem have been shipped from Pictou alone to the United States. The Government of New Brunswick have also, as we are informed, lately granted several mining leases, and a new spirit seems to have sprung up, aided no doubt, by the capital and enterprise which is ever to be found in the Mother country.'

After giving an extract from Dr. Gesner's letter, relative to the extensive deposits of Iron Ore on the farm of Colonel Ketchum at Woodstock, the Mining Journal further remarks—

'The importance to be attached to the discovery of so vast a body of hematite, situated, as it appears to be, in a dense forest, yielding the fuel for its reduction is such as will, doubtless, attract the attention of the capitalist; at the same time we may observe, that we are not aware, except under any patented process never yet put in practice, that hematite can be used otherwise than as a mixture, and that pig iron has not hitherto been produced from that ore alone. It is valuable when mixed with clay iron stone, and renders the poorer stone available, which otherwise would,

in many cases, be valueless; but we do not know of any practical operation having been carried out successfully. We have heard of many experiments, at home and abroad, and of many patents—perhaps some of our correspondents may on this point furnish information of which we are not in possession.'

We are pleased to find that the natural resources of New Brunswick are thus brought to the notice of the capitalists of Great Britain, by a leading scientific journal in the great metropolis; and we have no doubt, if the proposed measure of immigration to our shores be carried out with a due regard to the interests of this Province, that the result will be greatly conducive to the advancement of our prosperity.

At present, we think much good might be done in assisting parties, now idling about the towns, who are inclined to settle upon lands in the country, to do so; and as Sir William Colebrooke appears very favourably disposed towards furthering the views of such persons, we have no doubt that every facility would be given to them at head quarters. We have heard with much satisfaction that nearly thirty families from this city and the adjoining parish of Portland, contemplate forming a settlement forthwith in the vicinity of Eel River, where the land is known to be of excellent quality, and only six miles distant from settlements on the Saint John; in this desire they are assisted by a philanthropic gentleman of this city, and we trust their example will be a stimulant to many others to 'go and do likewise.'

From the Yarmouth Herald.  
THE PAST YEAR.

The globe has again swiftly performed its annual circuit, and another year has passed away—'time flies, man dies,' the wheels of time roll rapidly on; a few more rolling years and time is no more. Where now are the countless millions and all who have slumbered for six thousand years in this domain of the king of terrors? They have all crossed 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns.' How few are the living when compared with the dead. Time is unceasingly rolling on; all here on earth is change, and rarely for the better. Time brings sorrow and weeping, joy and gladness. All must pass away; and if we but get safely through this ephemeral life, we may not regret its departure. Here is the post of watchfulness and probation—here is an enemy's country—it is a charmed ground; here is danger—danger within and without, and all around. How many wander in error—how many stumble only, and how many fall. The safest path for the pilgrim is the vale of humility; when we walk therein how little are we inclined to magnify the faults of our neighbors; then we have a disposition to bear 'one another's burdens,' and when we feel weak we are strong. And happy those who have set their faces Zion-ward if their strength is from their Redeemer—the arrows of death fly thickly around us, and we imagine that 'all men are mortal but ourselves.'

The all surrounding heaven, the vital air, Is big with death.

Many during the past year have drank deeply of the cup of affliction; but let them remember that it is the survivors who die, not their departed dear ones, they have parted from death to life—from earth to paradise. It is mysterious why the sweet infant who just began to prattle and steel away insensibly our affections, should be called away so soon; perhaps the lovely bud was not permitted to expand in this blasting, withering region; it was early transplanted to its gentle soil and clime to bloom and flourish throughout the countless ages of eternity.

How typical is the past year of our mortal life. The four seasons remind us of the four stages of human life, and human life itself is but a type or shadow of our existence beyond the grave. Death only breaks the frail shell of our embryonic existence here, and we soar away to brighter skies—to life immortal.

During the past year, notwithstanding the consternation throughout the world from the fury of the elements—notwithstanding the devastations of storm and conflagration—notwithstanding the groans of the whole creation, and the enormous mass of woe incident to degenerate humanity, and which sickens the heart of the christian and philanthropist—some of the admirers of their goddess whom they style Reason, who of all reasonable are the most unreasonable of human beings, would banish from this vale of tears the only cordial that sweetens life. Where, they scoffingly enquire, are there any indications of the long

talked of millennial elysium, and the world's dissolution? Does not the material world, the sun, moon, and planets, appear as unchangeable as they did to the ancients? St. Peter speaks of those scoffers who shall come in the 'last days, walking after their own lusts,' and saying, 'Where is the promise of his coming? For since the Fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.' But how weak is philosophy, especially without divine light! how is it possible that a creature so ephemeral as man, whose longest existence here is only the twilight of his existence hereafter, can scan the designs of Him who inhabiteth eternity, and with whom a thousand years are as one day. The voice of Revelation has proclaimed a beginning and an end to everything earthly, and the voice of nature confirms it. Revelation has stood invulnerable for thousands of years, and notwithstanding the innumerable boasts of infidels and sceptics of all ages, the light of divine truth will shortly spread from 'pole to pole.'

The closing year is emblematic of the close of life and the end of time, and how consolatory to the Christian is the thought that he is not to sleep for thousands of years in the dust—but what mind can conceive, and what language describe the awful grandeur of the approaching general dissolution of the world and the end of time.

At the destined hour  
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,  
See all the formidable sons of fire,  
Eruptions, Earthquakes, Comets, Lightning's play  
Their various Engines; all at once discharge  
Their blazing Magazines, and take by storm,  
This poor, terrestrial citadel of man.'

I have condensed this production as much as possible, and hope that none will consider it already too protracted; and if I have in some degree usurped the pulpit, I hope my clerical friends will pardon me.

The close of the year confirms our northern winter and all without is dreary, cheerless and comfortless; but there may be much within to animate us. May we be truly grateful for past manifold blessings, and may the departed year leave us actuated by genuine benevolence and cheerfulness.

THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

EMIGRATION.

Brighton Guardian.—It is reported that the Peel ministry mean to try emigration on a large scale as the means of relieving the public distress. They are to borrow a large sum of money to convey emigrants to our several colonies. Such a plan will find great favour with the capitalists and merchants of the empire, with the shipowners to whom it will give employment, and to all who are connected with the colonies, to whose property it will give much additional value. The landlords will like it, as it will secure their ascendancy at home, and enlarge the patronage of the government of which they reap all the advantages. It will satisfy the priests, for they will get abroad new endowments, and will get rid of those who might be likely to interfere with their possessions at home. Such a scheme will therefore meet with very extensive support. That it is just or will on the whole be beneficial, that it is what the people ought to expect, are questions which we may perhaps hereafter examine.

Leeds Intelligencer.—\* \* \* But when the avowed object of emigration is to relieve the superabundant population of Great Britain, we cannot avoid putting in our strong protest against the assumption that our population is superabundant, until the monstrous and wicked policy of preventing our people from importing food to maintain themselves at home shall have been abandoned, and we have tried whether Britain may not support its present or even a much larger population in comfort and prosperity. Why should we send the flower of our industrious workmen and tradesmen to the Antipodes, to raise their food from the wilderness, when, if allowed to obtain it from neighbouring countries, they might employ their energies amidst all the comforts of their native home, and, by increasing the population and wealth of our own island, augment its power and its influence in the world? Is it not a perfect burlesque on statesmanship to banish your people across the globe, because you won't let them eat European corn at home? Whilst bread is sixty per centum cheaper on the south of the Straits of Dover than it is on the north, and whilst it is made permanently so by law, what pretence is there for

talking of emigration? Open your ports,—receive all the food that the world can send you,—and then, if it should prove too little, go in search of it to the islands of Polynesia or Australasia. But a man might as well complain of hunger who refuses to open his mouth to receive food, as a nation complain of excessive numbers. If a grant of public money should be proposed in aid of emigration, we hope it will be proposed as an amendment that the money be raised exclusively by a land tax, and payable only by the friends of the corn law.

Colonial.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Halifax Times, Dec. 25.

The Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, on behalf of the City, presented an address to the 37th Regt. on their departure, highly complimentary to that corps. A suitable reply was returned. The 37th embarked this morning at 10 o'clock, on board the Abercrombie, Robinson, transport, at the Dock yard wharf.

CANADA.

Toronto Patriot, December 10.

The Great Agricultural Petition.—Beneath these remarks will be found the draft of the petition intended to be laid at the foot of the throne by the inhabitants of her Majesty's Canadian Provinces.

It is designed to send copies of this document into every Township to give the inhabitants of the whole country an opportunity of recording their earnest prayer that the sovereign beneath whose happy rule it is equally their pride and their advantage to live, will graciously listen to this, the unanimous supplication of our entire community.

Not a day would be lost in having this important Petition despatched—we might wait for a century without ever finding so auspicious a period for making such an application. Everything is in our favor, and 'now or never' should be our cry.

We ask, as an integral portion of the Empire, to be allowed to stand on the same footing as the Hampshire and Sussex farmers. We desire to have Canada looked on as much a part and parcel of Great Britain, as any English, Irish, or Scotch county.

Our forests have been felled—our fields filled—our towns and cities built by British hands—the manufactories of England supply our daily wants—the name of the Sovereign of England is an unfailing watchword to command our love and obedience. We ask in return to be regarded as brothers or children, and not as foreigners or strangers. We have no interests to serve hostile, or even different, to those of our Fatherland. If we ask to have a tax taken off our agricultural produce—we offer to repay it tenfold by our consumption of English Manufactures. Give our grain a free admission to British ports, and our population will increase in a ratio marvellous even in this rising continent.

Suppose the duties levied on Canadian Wheat at 5s. to amount in the year to two or three hundred thousand pounds (and this is an immensely exaggerated estimate)—well—abolish that duty—and such an impetus will be instantly communicated to Canadian prosperity that in the next year, that amount or perhaps treble, of British Manufacture will be called for to supply its increasing wants.

Abolish the duty on our grain and the next year you may withdraw every soldier now quartered in the Canadas. You will need no military display to command or overawe a country bound to you by the indissoluble bonds of common interest.

Abolish that duty and thirteen thousand British soldiers may be released from the task of guarding our Queen's supremacy in these her fairest possessions.

Abolish the tax on our grain, and you will deal a death blow to grievance mongers and itinerant spouters of sedition.

Abolish the tax on our grain and the cars of Downing street will be annually plagued with some hundreds less of complaints, petitions, and remonstrances.

Abolish the tax on our grain and you will hear no more of Correlation Bills,—Lord High Commissioners,—Proclamations of Martial Law,—Stoppage of Supplies, and all the host of woes that Colonial 'fish' is heir to.

In short, abolish that duty, and Canada will for ages spontaneously cling to the protection of Great Britain and nestle in her maternal bosom with the instinctive love of a favorite child.

Buffalo Commercial, Dec. 4.

Awful Accident.—We learn that a boat with three men went over the falls of Niagara on the night of Monday last! They