

straighten out like a dying frog, give a gasp, and a galvanic quiver, then yield our souls to God the giver, and our bodies to grave-worms for dissection.

My friends—the autumn leaves that now fall around you warm you, with speechless eloquence, to prepare for death. They seem to say that every fair object of earth must fade and fall—that the wreath of beauty must be stripped of its blossoms—the Laurels that bind the brow of Fame must wither—and that the proud, noble, majestic form of man must soon be laid to moulder in the dark and dreary sepulchre. The glories of the year are passing away, and so also are the glories of the world. The day is not far distant when Time will bring an autumnal frost upon the whole boundless universe. The stars will cease to bloom in heaven's vast field; they will fall like leaves before the October wind; and, mingling with the common rubbish of chaos, they will doubtless look like broken bits of diamonds glittering among the worthless refuse of creation. The sun will appear like a rusty shield upon a field of blood and carnage, the moon will melt and drop into the ashes of annihilation, like a spaniel just emerged from the water, and scatter all its vermin upon the borders of eternity.

My hearers—this generation will have passed away ere that awful crisis shall occur, and you will all escape its attending terrors; nevertheless you are doomed to die—and the sooner you begin to think about it and make the necessary preparations, the better it will be for you. Now is the season of the year to be serious and thoughtful. You, whose hearts have grown harder in iniquity than a ball of putty in the sun, and you, in whose heads a couple of worldly and wicked ideas are continually rattling, like gravel in a gourd shell, may go on in your reckless career till you find yourself irrevocably lost in the labyrinth of destruction—and the devil may help you, for I can't. But to the wise, the prudent, and the virtuous, I would say, go walk in the woods, at this sweet Sabbath of the year, and worship in the sacred temple of Nature. All is solemn and silent. All there is calm and still. The birds have ceased their summer carollings—the chickadee shells his nut in quietness—no sound is heard, save when the light finger of the breeze are feeling about among the rustling leaves—and the warm light that sheds a golden lustre along the landscape has a religious hue as sunshine through the stained window of a church. Yes, go kneel at the death-bed of Flora, or sit at the sick couch of vegetation, and meditate like a hungry horse upon human frailty and the shortness and uncertainty of life. The flowers, all faded and gone, show how quickly youth casts its bloom never to blossom again, and the decaying verdure of the trees proclaims to man that the season of maturity must shortly give place to the autumn of age and decrepitude, and that the cold cheerless winter of existence is nigh at hand.

My worthy friends and fellow citizens!—when you see how each tender plant is drooping and the leaves are dropping one by one to the ground, you have a picture before you representing the constant egress of your friends and kindred from this world of wickedness and wo; and you ought, by all means, to put yourselves in readiness to depart when Death shall knock at the door of your hearts, and demand a release of the soul from its prison house of clay. What is man but a vegetable that springs from the dust, buds, blossoms, ripens and sows its seed, and then amalgamates with its original dust. In the spring time of youth he flourishes like a squash near a barn yard—in the summer of manhood he exhibits both fruit and flowers—in the autumn of age, he withers and decays, and then the winter of death hides him forever from the world.

My dear hearers—learn your destinies from the falling leaves! Young maiden! allowing you three score and ten years to enjoy yourself, painfully at best, upon the Almighty's footstool it will be but to-morrow ere your raven hair is as gray as a woodchuck. Ah! soon those sparkling eyes will lose their lustre in the dim evening twilight of existence. Time will kiss every particle of pain from your cheeks—the roses will fade in the wreath of loveliness, and you will be no more an object of attraction than a dried mullen stalk in a sheep pasture; decorate, then, the maid with the garlands of wisdom, in order that you may be thought beautiful, even when the perishable portion shall have become blighted and withered by the frosts of age. I have no doubt but the old and young of both sexes, are profited by the lessons they receive from the harmonious but wonderful operations of nature; but as for attempting to set them seriously thinking upon the precarious situations in which they are placed by the aid of my potent preaching, I suppose I might as well undertake to whitewash the sky in order to render the evenings light and pleasant in the absence of a moon.

My hearers—all that I wish is, that you may live in such a manner that your last days may be as mild and glorious as those of autumn; and that when you depart, you may bid adieu to the world with hope in your hearts and a smile upon your lips. So smote it be!

The London Punch.

GONE TO THE DOGS.

The papers have informed us of the death and burial of Yoes, a gray-hound to which her Majesty and Prince Albert were both "greatly attached." The death of the beast appears to have been so sudden, that the Queen suspected foul play, and Mr Brown, of Windsor, who is it seems, the royal dog doctor, was immediately sent for, that a post mortem examination

might take place immediately. Several of the servants gave evidence at the inquest. The following extracts will show how carefully the investigation was conducted.

"Sarah Scrub, the scullery maid, was now brought in, and cautioned by Mr Brown that her testimony would be taken down, and might be used elsewhere against her—Her examination then proceeded—Knew the dog Yoes. Saw her last alive poking her nose into a dish of sweet bread on the pantry dresser. The dog was allowed to go every where by Her Majesty's command, and was not to be thwarted in anything. The dog was a very great favourite with the Queen and Prince Albert. Was in the habit of feeding Yoes; gave her a *pate de foie* the day before her death. She seemed in good spirits, and ate it with appetite.

By Prince Albert.—Did you make him too

rishes by too much of de nasty salt buttare?

The witness replied distinctly that fresh buttare had been used.

Prince Albert.—Can you shware dat!

Witness.—I can. (*Great Sensation*)

Dr. Pratorious.—Who had been watching the case on the part of Prince Albert, thought it would be useless to carry the criminal part of the matter farther. He (Dr. Pratorious) would candidly admit he had no further evidence to offer.

Mr Brown.—Then I suppose, Doctor, you would withdraw from the inquiry?

Dr. Pratorious.—Certainly unless you think there is enough for a remand. In the case of the Marquise de Brievilliers, which much resembles the present, a remand was allowed. Or to come to later times, it we are guided by the rule in the prosecution of Madame Lafraige—

Mr Brown, (*interrupting*)—No, Doctor, I think we must not do that.

The surgeon, then assuming the office of coroner, proceeded to sum up as follows:—This affair was apparently involved in a good deal of doubt, until this inquisition was held. The deceased (*weeping*) might have been poisoned, or might not, and here the difficulty comes in to determine whether he was or wasn't. On a post mortem examination there was a good deal of vascular inflammation about the coats of the nose, and I have no doubt the affair of the sweet bread, which was very highly peppered, had something to do with these appearances. The pulse had, of course, stopped; but as far as I could judge from circumstances, I should say it had been pretty regular. The ears were perfectly healthy and they all appeared to have been recently, wagged, showing that there could be nothing very wrong in that quarter. The conclusion at which I arrive is that Yoes came to his death from old age, or rather by the lapse of time; and a dead end is therefore imposed on the kitchen clock, which was rather fast on the day of the dog's death, and might have accelerated his demise.

This verdict having been regularly entered, the inquest was broken up, and the scullery maid set at liberty.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION

Whereas, on each and every of our royal movements, it has been, and is the custom of sundry weakly disposed persons, known as 'Our own Correspondents,' 'Our private Correspondents,' and others, to write, and cause to be printed, absurd and foolish language, touching ourself, our Royal Consort, and beloved babies—it is a will and pleasure that such foolish practices (tending as they really do to bring loyalty in contempt) shall be discontinued; and that from henceforth all vain, silly, and sycophantic verbiage shall cease, and good, straightforward, simple English be used in all descriptions of all progresses made by ourself, our Royal Consort, and our dearly beloved children. And furthermore, it shall be permitted to our Royal self to wear a white shawl, or a black shawl, without any idle talk being passed upon the same. And further, our beloved Consort shall, whenever it shall so please him, "change his round hat for a naval cap with a gold band," without calling for the special notice of the newspapers; and further, that our beloved child, the Princess Royal, shall be permitted to walk "hand in hand" with her Royal Father, without exciting such marked demonstrations of wonderment at the familiarity, as have been made known to me by the public press. Be it known that the Queen of England is not the Grand Lama; and farther be it remembered, that Englishmen should not emulate the vain idolatry of speech familiar in the mouths of Eastern bondmen. VICTORIA REGINA. Given at Blair Athol, Sept. 16, 1844.

INCIDENTS OF THE ROYAL TRIP.—The report of her Majesty's progress announces the important fact that during a heavy shower Prince Albert refused to go below, but took shelter about the paddle box. His Royal Highness must have sufficed himself in somewhere between the kitchen and the gunwale, but he evidently kept his weather eye disengaged, for the report adds that he was able to command a view of surrounding objects. A moment at the surrounding objects the Earls of Liverpool and Aberdeen are particularly mentioned.

From the New York Tribune.

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

"The Faithful Dog."

Died, at Victory, Caynge Co., New York, June 24th, 1844, Mrs. MARY GREGG, aged 82 years, 11 months, and 23 days. The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian Church for more than sixty years, and always adorned her profession by a life devoted to the commands of the Saviour. She was deprived of her natural sight for the last fifteen years of her life, which was a great affliction; yet it seemed to

make her more devoted, and her spiritual sight grew brighter and brighter, until she fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan.

Mary Gregg was the widow of Captain James Gregg, of the Revolution, of whom I will give a short account, taken from her own words. Being a professional man in the city of Albany, and having impaired his health by close attention to study, his physician advised him to join the Army, in order to regain his health. He accordingly took a Captain's commission, and, with a heart full of patriotism and love of his country, he served with honour to himself and usefulness to his country. In 1777, while at Fort Stanwick, on the Mohawk River, he was shot tomahawked and scalped, all of which he survived, and again resuming his sword fought for liberty until peace was proclaimed. A short account of his being scalped was published in the American Preceptor, under the title of "The Faithful Dog." The circumstances were as follows: Leaving the Fort one morning with his servant, (whose name was Madison,) they followed the Indian trail for some three-quarters of a mile, for the purpose of shooting pigeons, and, after securing the desired game, they started on their return. In an instant the report of a rifle and the fall of the servant announced an enemy. Casting his eye to the left, Gregg saw the savage start from behind a tree, with his unloaded rifle in one hand and an uplifted tomahawk in the other, bounding towards him with the agility and fierceness of a tiger.

Knowing that, if taken alive, he would be tortured, he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. Having his shot-gun in his hand, he waited until the Indian was near enough to have the shot take effect. When in the act of raising the piece to his face, the keen eye of the Indian anticipated him; the latter threw his tomahawk and struck the silver plate on Gregg's cap, glancing from that to the left side of his cap, where it entered and laid open the side of his head in a shocking manner. At the same instant that the tomahawk struck his head, a ball from another Indian's rifle passing through the centre of his body, (forward of his kidneys,) and took off the left hip bone. He fell to the ground, but was perfectly sensible while the bloody knife was passed around and taking his scalp from his head; after which, through loss of blood, he fainted, and, after some three hours, was revived by his dog licking his head. He then perceived he had the use of his hands, and crawled some three rods to his servant, found him entirely dead, and, again fainting, he lay with his head on his servant about three hours longer, his dog still licking his wounds till he revived. He then sent his dog for help. About half a mile from there the dog found three men fishing, and, with his piteous moans and entreaties, enticed them into the woods and hurried them to his master's relief as soon as possible. The men formed a litter of sticks, lifted the Captain on it, and carried him to the Fort; thence he was taken to the Hospital at Albany where, after long suffering from his wounds, which were distressing, he so far recovered in one year that he resumed his sword and took command of his company, and did not again lay down his arms until peace was secured.

United States News.

Wreck of the brig *Saratoga* of New York.—The 2nd mate of the brig *Saratoga* of New York, arrived at Boston on the 21st instant, and communicated the following information to the Merchants Exchange Room at that place.

The brig *Saratoga*, Capt. Bedell, from N. York for Apalachicola, struck on a ledge of rocks to the leeward of Orange Key, at 7 A. M., on the 2nd inst. during a heavy gale, and immediately went over.—On sounding the pumps, it was found she had sprung leak—immediately wore round when she struck again. Fearing she would go off again and sink in deep water, let go both anchors. After pumps going all day, at 7 A. M. she went down—the top of the poop drifting off.

The 2nd mate (Mr. Simmoton) was washed overboard, but succeeded in reaching the poop, on which was Mr. Smith. They remained eight days on the poop and were picked up in lat. 25. 40. lon. 79. 45.

The following persons were on board, and all, no doubt, perished; *Passengers*, Mr. Hewins; Capt. E. C. Wood; Capt. John Perkins; Donald Cornell; Mrs. Larkin and two children; Mrs. Fitzgerald; Mr. Markham; Charles McKenny, wife and child; and two German strange passengers.

Captain Bedell, six coloured seamen, steward and boy, the latter white.

The last seen of these passengers by a Mr Simmoton, four or five of them were clinging to the stump of the mainmast.

Loss of the U. S. Cutter *Vigilant*, and Twelve of her Crew.—We learn from Captain Churchill, of the ship Nathaniel Hooper, arrived at this port yesterday morning, from Boston, that he spoke on 24th inst, ship *Ilzaid*, of Newburyport, from New Orleans; sailed 4th inst for London, and received on board three wrecked seamen, two of them, Michael Driscoll and Henry Hoyt, believed to be the only survivors of a crew of fourteen persons, belonging to the United States Revenue Cutter *Vigilant*, Capt. W. B. G. Taylor, of New Orleans, which vessel was blown from her anchors out of the harbour of Key West, on the 5th instant, during a gale, and capsized.—*American Paper.*

Communications.

ANSWER

to the Original Enigma in the Gleaner of the 26th of October.

HELL is the place that sinners should fear,
OSTRICH is a bird that runs fleet as the deer,
WISDOM is a thing that fools ne'er can learn,
EDUCATION is a thing of the deepest concern;
The initials of these when combined, you will see,

Spell HOWE, the name of a Genius in Miramichi.

B. S. H.

Chatham, Oct. 29, 1844.

Answer to M.'s Enigma.

HELL is the place where the ungodly shall go,
OSTRICH is the bird that runs swift as the Roe,
WISDOM is the thing which fools cannot know,
ETERNITY is the ocean into which time dath flow;

If the initials of these together be join'd,
To Mitchell's Enigma, an answer we find.
If my solution be wrong, one favor I ask,
HOWE, will you solve it, and save me the task.

TYRO.

Chatham, Oct. 29, 1844.

Answer to Alexander Mitchell's Enigma.

THE MISERY OF INDIGENCE, we sinners should fear;

TIME like the *Ostrich*, runs fleet as the deer;
CAUTION and HYPOCRISY, fools cannot learn;
EASE with base LUXURY seems man's great concern.

The initials of these when joined, as you see,
Spell MITCHELL, the *Genius* of Miramichi.

H.

Napan, November 1, 1844.

AN ORIGINAL ENIGMA.

Take the name of Britannia's Prime Minister,
And the name of Britannia's sister Isle;

Take the name of that strange person who rules a Turk's harem,

And the name of a city for learning famed;

Take the name of a thing that gives light by night,

And the name of the land where Pharaoh reign'd;

The initials of these, when put together you will see,

Give the name of a public man in Miramichi.

P. K.

Chatham, Nov. 1, 1844.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 2.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The Southern Mail did not arrive until three o'clock yesterday afternoon. The delay was occasioned by the heavy state of the roads, and the impossibility of crossing the Richibucto river on Thursday evening, as a heavy gale was blowing at the time. The papers received by it furnish but little news. Our sheet to day contains a numerous selection of miscellaneous articles from our English papers.

LARGE POTATOES.—We have been presented with six potatoes, which weigh seven pounds. They were raised by Mr. Douglas, in the rear of Chatham. W.