

events (namely the reconquest of Afghanistan and the peace of Nanking) have proved these assertions were premature. The great designs of God, for which he has instituted the relation-ship between Britain and India, are not yet accomplished, and, until they are, no hostile powers can disunite them.—Weilbrecht's Mis-sions in Bengal.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine. THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS. Containing the Opinions and Adventures of Juniper Hedgehog, Cabman, London; and written to his relatives and acquaintance in various parts of the world. TO MRS. HEDGEHOG, NEW YORK.

Dear Grandmother,—As I don't think you have any liking for railroads,—being, like Colonel Siphorp, one of those folks loving the good old times, when travelling was as sober a thing as a waggon and four horses could make it—I really don't see how I'm to write you anything of a letter. There's nobody in town, and nothing in the papers but plans of railroads, that in a little time will cover all England like a spider's net; and, as in the net, there will be a good many flies caught and gobbled-up, by those who spin it. Nevertheless, though I know you don't agree with me any more than Colonel Siphorp does,—it is a fine sight to open the newspapers, and see the railway schemes. What mountains of money they bring to the mind! And then for the wonders they're big with, why, properly considered, ain't they a thousand times more wonderful than anything in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments? Then we have flying carriages to be brought to every man's door! All England made to shake hands with itself in a few hours! And when London can, in an hour or so, go to the Land's End for a gulp of sea air, and the Land's End in the same time come to see the shows of London,—shan't all of us the better understand one another; shan't we all be brought together, and made, as we ought to be, one family of? It's coming fast, grandmother. Now pigs can travel, I don't know how far, at a halfpenny a head; we don't hear the talk that used to be of 'the swinish multitude.' And isn't it a fine thing—I know you don't think so, but isn't it to know that all that's been done, and all that's to do, will be done, because Englishmen have left off cutting other men's throats? That peace has done it all? If they oughtn't to set up a dove with an olive branch at every rail-way terminus, I'm an impostor, and no true cabman.

Yes, grandmother, peace has done it all! Only think of the iron that had been melted into cannon and round shot, and chain shot, and all the other sorts of shot,—that the devils on a holiday play at bowls with!—if the war had gone on,—all the very same iron that's now peaceably laid upon sleepers! Think of the iron that had been fired into the sea, and banged through quiet people's houses, and set mashing squares and squares of men—God's likenesses in red, blue, and green coats, hired to be killed at so many pence a day—only think what would have been this wicked, I will say it, this blasphemous waste of metal, that, as it is, has been made into steam engines. Very fine, indeed, they say, is the roar of artillery; but what is it to the roar of steam? I never see an engine, with its red-hot coals and its clouds of steam and smoke, that it doesn't seem to me like a tremendous dragon that has been tamed by man to carry all the blessings of civilisation to his fellow creatures. I've read about knights going through the skies on fiery monsters—but what are they to engineers, at two pound five a-week? what is any squire among 'em all to the humblest stoker? And then, I've read about martial trumpets—why they haven't, to my ears, half the silver in their sound as the railway whistle!

Well, I should like the ghost of Buonaparte to get up some morning, and take the Times in his thin hands. If he wouldn't turn yellow-er than ever he was at St. Helena! There he'd see plans for railroads in France—belly France, as I believe they call it, to be carried out by Frenchmen and Englishmen. Yes; he wouldn't see 'em mixing bayonets, trying to poke 'em in one another's bowels, that a few tons of blood might, as they call it, water his laurels—(how any man can wear laurels at all, I can't tell, they must smell so of the slaughter-house!)—he wouldn't see 'em charging one another on the battle-field, but quietly ranged, cheek by jowl, in the list of directors! Not exchanging bullets, but clabbing together their hard cash.

Consider it, grandmother, isn't it droll! Here, in these very lists, you see English Captains and Colonels in company with French Viscounts and Barons, and I don't know what, planning to lay iron down in France—to civilise and add to the prosperity of Frenchmen! The very Captains and Colonels who—but for the peace, would be blowing French ships out of the water,—knocking down French houses,—and all the while swearing it, and believing it, too, that Frenchmen were only sent into this world to be killed by Englishmen, just as boys think frogs were spawned only to be pelted at! Oh, only give her time, and Peace—timid dove as she is—will coo down the trumpet. Now, grandmother, only do think of Lord Nelson as a railway director, on the Boulogne line to Paris! Well, I know you'll say it—the world is going to be turned upside down. Perhaps it is: and after all, it mightn't be the worse now and then for a little wholesome shaking. They do say there's to be a rail from Waterloo to Brussels, and the Duke of Wellington—the iron duke, with, I've no doubt, iron enough in him for the whole line—is to be chairman of the Directors.

The Prince Joinville is now and then looking about our coasts to find out, it is said, which is the softest part of us, in the case of a war, to put his foot upon us. Poor fellow! he's got the disease of glory; only—as it some-times happens with the small-pox—it has struck inwards; it can't come out upon him. When we've railways laid down, as I say, like a spider's web all over the country, won't it be a little hard to catch us asleep? For you see, just like the spider's web, the electric telegraph (inquire what sort of a thing it is, for I hav'n't time to tell you), the electric telegraph will touch a line of the web, when down will come a tremendous spider in a red coat with all sorts of murder after him! Mind, grandmother, let us hope this never may happen: but when folks who'd molest us, know it can come about, won't they let us alone? Depend upon it, we're binding war over to keep the peace, and the bonds are made of railway iron!

You'd hardly think it—you who used to talk to me about the beauty of glory (I know you meant nothing but the red coats and the fine epaulets; for that so often is women's notion of glory, tho' bless 'em, they're among the first to make list, and cry over the sons of glory, with gashes spilling all their fine feathers)—you'd hardly think it, but they're going to put up a statue to the man who first made boiling-water to run upon a rail. It's quite true: I read it only a day or two ago. They're going to fix up a statue to George Stephenson, in Newcastle! How you will cast up your dear old eyes when you hear of this! You, who've only thought that statues should be put up to Queen Anne, and George the Third, and his nice son, George the Fourth, and such people! I should only like a good many of the statues here in London, to be made to take a cheap train down to Newcas-tle, to see it. If, dirty as they are—and dirty as they were—they wouldn't blush as red as a new copper half penny, why, those statues—especially when they've queens and kings in 'em—are the most unfeelingest of metal! What a lot of mangled bodies, and misery, and house-breaking and wickedness of all sorts, carried on and made quite lawful by a uni-form,—may we see—if we choose to see at all—about the statue of what is called a Conqueror! What firing of houses, what shame, that because you're a woman, I won't more particularly write about,—we might look upon under the statue, that is only so high because it has so much wickedness to stand upon! If the statue could feel at all, wouldn't it put up its hands, and hide its face, although it was made of the best bronze! But Mr. Stephenson will look kindly and sweetly about him—he will know that he has earned comfort, and knowledge, and happiness to the doors of millions—that he has brought men together, that they might know and love one another. This is something like having a statue! I'm sure of it—when George the Fourth is made to hear the news—(for kings are so very long before the truth comes to 'em)—he'd like to gallop off to the first melter's, and go at once into the nothing that men think him.

And besides all this, the railways have got a king! When you hear of a king in England, I know your old thoughts go down to Westminster Abbey,—and you think of nothing but bishops and all that sort of thing, kissing the king's cheeks,—and the holy oil put upon the royal head, that the crowd, I suppose may sit

the more comfortably upon it—but this is another sort of king. Mr. King Hudson the First! I have read it somewhere at a book-stall, that Napoleon was crowned with the Iron Crown of Italy. Well, King Hudson has been crowned with the Iron Crown of England! A crown, melted out of pig iron, and made in a railway furnace.

I've somewhere seen the picture of the River Nile; that with the lifting of his finger made the river flow over barren land, and leave there all sorts of blessings. Well, King Hudson is of this sort; he has made the molten iron flow over all sorts of places, and so bring forth good fruits wherever it went.

So no more, from your affectionate grand-son, JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

From Simmond's Colonial Magazine.

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

This is yet almost a terra incognita. We know Europe pretty thoroughly. Asia has been traversed in all its length by civilized travellers. With the geography of America we may call ourselves familiar. But how little do we know of this vast continent which lies almost wholly within the tropics, and of which the greater part seems shut up as effectually against the advance of civilization as if it were upon another planet. Indeed the 'mountains of the moon' would be subject to more accurate observation were they situated upon the satellite from which they derive their name. The efforts of civilized travellers have been for centuries directed to the recesses of this continent, yet four-fifths of it are blank upon our maps. Its whole centre is one broad unexplored region, and the information obtained by recent travellers is one of the most aggravating kind, showing us mines of wealth which it is impossible to work. Before giving the result of these discoveries, let us look upon Africa as the world has known it, and as it may be familiar to most of our readers—Egypt, an old worn out country, in its antiquities one of the most interesting places on the continent, occupies a small portion of its northwestern border. The river Nile has been explored to its source by Bruce, and other travellers, who have given us some curious facts. The Barbary states occupy the northern portion, bordering on the Mediterranean. South of this, and stretching from the Nile to the Atlantic, is the great desert of Sahara. Along the whole western coast are small establishments of factories for trade in slaves, gold dust, ivory, palm oil, and other vegetable productions. This trade has been nearly monopolized by the English until lately, but now American enterprise has taken a large portion of it out of their hands. On this coast are the settle-ments of Sierra Leone and Liberia, established as colonies for emancipated slaves; but both, we have reason to believe, are in a wretched condition. The English possessions are a number of independent sovereignties, which carry on a limited trade. The Imam of Muscat is a prince of considerable liberality and enterprise. Quite recently the English have made a settlement at Aden, near the Red Sea. Having once obtained a foot hold, they, English like, began to push about them-ank one of their first discoveries was a river where none was marked upon the chart, and up this they steamed three hundred miles without finding the least obstruction. Having now passed round the continent, let us look into the interior.

For half a century the English government have been expending lives and treasure in partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold, and all sorts of tropical vegetation. There are hun-dreds of woods, invaluable for dyeing and ar-chitectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it for thousands of miles sweeps a river, from three to six miles broad, with clear water, and of unsurpassed depth, flowing on at the rate of two or three miles an hour, without rock, shoal or snag, to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pour into this, tributary waters of such volume as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting perhaps of a hundred mouths, extending probably five hundred miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep, and navi-gable for steam boats. Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population

Far in the interior, in the very heart of this continent, is a nation in an advanced state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of por-tions of the country through which the Niger makes its sweeping circuit, are indescribable. In many places its banks rise boldly a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegeta-tion of modern climes. But all this vast and sublime country, this scene of rich fertility and romantic beauty is apparently shut out for ever from the rest of the world. It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursions of the white man there; for over this whole lovely country broods one dread malaria, and to the white man it is the "val-ley of the shadow of death." In expedition after expedition, sent out from the English ports on the island of Ascension, not one white man in ten has returned alive; all have fallen vic-tims to this seemingly beautiful, but awful climate. It seems impossible for any English-man to breathe that air. So dreadful is it, so small the chance of life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon, on condition of volunteering in this service, more terrible than that of gathering the poison from the fa-bled Upas. This country, tempting as it can only be penetrated at the risk of life; and it is melancholy to think, that those who have given us even the meagre information that we have, did so at the sacrifice of their lives.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI: CHATHAM, SATURDAY DEC. 6, 1846.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT FOR THE ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF THE SEVERAL MAILS, AT THE POST OFFICE, CHATHAM.

- TIME OF ARRIVAL.—Monday.—Nova Scotia, St John, Fredericton, Dorchester, United States, (via St. Andrews,) Petticoctiac, Richibucto, 6. A. M. Tuesday.—Newcastle and Douglastown, 5. A. M. Thursday.—Nova Scotia, Dorchester, Pet-ticoctiac, Richibucto, 6. A. M. Friday.—St. John, Fredericton, Canada, United States, (via Woodstock,) Newcastle, South West, 6. A. M. Bathurst, Dalhousie, Campbellton, 8. A. M. Saturday.—Newcastle, Douglastown, 5. A. M. Shippigan, Pokemouche, Tracadie, Tabisintac, 3. P. M., every fortnight. TIME OF CLOSING.—Monday, Canada, United States, (via Woodstock,) Fredericton, Newcastle, South West, Douglastown, Bath-urst, Dalhousie, Campbellton, 8. A. M. Ship-pigan, Pokemouche, Tracadie, Tabisintac, every fortnight, 5. A. M. Nova Scotia, Saint John, Dorchester, Richibucto, Petticoctiac, 9. P. M. Thursday.—Newcastle and Douglastown, 5. A. M. Friday.—Nova Scotia, Dorchester, St. John, United States, (via St. Andrews,) Richibucto, Petticoctiac, 9. P. M. N. B.—Letters will be forwarded upon the payment of a Fee of "six pence," and New-papers "one penny" each, if posted within thirty minutes after the time appointed for the closing of the respective mails at this Office.

COUNTY OF WESTMORELAND.—A Cor-respondent has furnished us with the fol-lowing items of intelligence:—

LAUNCHED.—At the Bend of Petticoctiac, from the shipyard of Stephen Binney, Esq., on Friday, the 14th ultimo, the new bark Larch, 725 tons, new measurement. This splendid ship has been very opportunely named, as she is composed entirely of that material. The soli-dity of her construction, and superior work-manship, reflects the highest credit on the builder, Mr. Duncan Robertson. Immediately after entering her destined element, she was taken in tow by the steamer North America, which came up expressly for that purpose, and conveyed to Saint John. On the 18th ult. at the same place, from the ship-yard of Alexander Wright, Esq. the new bark Macdonald, 500 tons new measurement. This vessel, like the one above-named, is en-tirely composed of Larch, and is reckoned by competent judges, to be equal to any one here-tofore built in these Provinces.

NEW YORK ALBION.—The Editor of this most admirably conducted Literary and Political Journal, in the No. of the 22nd November, makes the following announcement:—

"OUR NEW PLATE.—We are happy to announce that the Albion Plate of Sir WALTER SCOTT is at last completed, and in the hands of the engraver. It is executed in a style fully equal to our promises; and Mr. Saff has acquit-ted himself in a manner worthy of his reputa-tion. The plate is 20 inches by 16, and is ex-ceedingly rich and brilliant. It is our present to the subscribers for 1846, and we shall com-mence the issue of it with the opening of the New Year."