

but only there is the traditional phraseology still used: the courteous accent, the soft manner, erst so charming, exist no longer. I speak of a thing known and acknowledged by the French themselves. They want to be powerful; they believe money must obtain power; they wish to imitate the English, whose influence they attribute to their money-making propensities; but now and then they go a step beyond, and remind one of Mrs. Trollope's description of the Americans. Their phraseology, once so delicately, and even to us more straightforward people, amusingly deferential, (not to superiors only, but toward one another,) is become blunt, and almost rude. The French allege several causes for this change, which they date from the Revolution of 1830. Some say it arises from every citizen turning out as one of the National Guard in his turn, so that they all get a *tonde garnison*: others attribute it to their imitation of the English. Of course, in the times of the *ancien regime*, the courtly tone found an echo and reflection, from the royal ante-chambers down to the very ends of the kingdom. This had faded by degrees, till the Revolution of '30 gave it the *coup-de-grace*. I grieved very much. Perhaps more than any people, as I see them now, the French require the restraint of good manners. They are desirous of pleasing, it is true; but their *amour propre* is so sensitive, and their tempers so quick, that they are easily betrayed into anger and vehemence. I am more sorry on another score. The blessing which the world now needs is the steady progress of civilisation: freedom, by degrees, it will have, I believe. Meanwhile, as the fruits of liberty, we wish to perceive the tendency of the low to rise to the level of the high—not the high to be dragged down to the low. This, we are told by many, is the inevitable tendency of equality of means and privileges. I will hope not; for on that hope is built every endeavour to banish ignorance and hard labour and penury, from political society.

I was bound for Paris; and proceeded by the steamer, up the Seine, to Chalons. On board these long, narrow, river steamers I found the same defects—the air, most agreeable to a traveller, of neatness and civility, was absent. There is, however, no real fault to be found, and I should not mention this, were it not a change; and I sincerely wish the French would return pleasing manners, instead of imitating and exaggerating—a sort of fierceness when displeased, which is more startling than our sullenness. As I said, this has no reference to any act towards myself; but the winning tone and manner that had pleased me of old, no longer appeared, and it was in the phraseology used among each other that the change was most remarkable.

The London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.
Mrs. Caudle suggests that her Dear Mother should "come and live with them."

Is your cold better to-night, Caudle? Yes; I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow, I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if any thing was to happen to you—but I won't think of it; no, I can't bear to think of that. Still you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you are not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

Wasn't dear mother so happy with us, to-night? Now, you needn't go to sleep so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy? You don't know? How can you say you don't know? You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, if you'd been her own son ten times over, she couldn't be fonder of you. Don't you don't think so, Caudle? Eh, love? Now, do answer. How can you tell? Nonsense, Caudle, you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings. "Margaret," says she to me, "it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?" And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle; do listen to me, for five minutes; 'tisn't often I speak, goodness knows.

And then, what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers aren't put to the fire for you. She's very good? Yes—I know she is, Caudle. And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months, working a watch pocket for you! And with her eyes, dear soul—and at her time of life.

And then what a cook she is! I'm sure, the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her; but I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer up for you—and I can't do it; the children, you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love; and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep, Caudle; at least, not for five minutes. You must hear me.

I've been thinking, dearest—ha, that nasty cough, love!—I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible—you were coughing only this minute—yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then, Cau-

dle, you never need go to bed without something nice and hot. And you want it, Caudle. You don't want it? Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

I'm sure, the money she'd save us in house-keeping. Ha, what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken. I never could market like her: it's a gift—quite a gift.

And then you recollect her marrow puddings? You don't recollect 'em? Oh, fie! Caudle, how often have you flung her marrow puddings in my face, wanting to know why I could not make 'em? And I would not pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumptuous. Now, love, if she was only living with us—come, you're not asleep, Caudle—if she was only living with us, you could have marrow puddings every day. Now, don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow puddings; you know you like 'em, dear.

What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pre-crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? Why wasn't it born with me? Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you for the world. People can't be born as they like.

How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha, what ale dear mother makes. You never tasted it? No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home: father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. You dare say not? No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle. Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money we should save in beer. And then you might always have your own nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle; and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, Caudle.

And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you hav'n't always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! What's dogs-in-a-blanket? Oh, they're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

Now, you have tasted her Irish stew, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep—you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I never can have it to please you! Now, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind!

Again, for pickles! No; at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why, it's as crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts—and her all-sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know how you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff about 'em? Now if my dear mother was here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep, Caudle!—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love?

The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother in the house, I shouldn't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse she's such a treasure!

And at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle. Now with mother at my hand, there wouldn't be a stitch wanted in the house.

And then when you're out late sometimes; I can't expect you of course, to be always at home—why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you? Eh, Caudle? Now, you're not asleep darling; don't you think she'd better come? You say no? You say No again? You won't have her, you say; you won't, that's flat! Caudle—Cau Caudle—Can—die—

"Here, Mrs. Caudle," says Mr. C. in his MS, "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

The Politician.

The British Press.

From the Dublin Nation.
OUR FIRST TRIUMPH.

Ireland has had a signal victory. She has triumphed over the People, the Parties, and the Ministers of England—and she has triumphed by force. Fulfillment has attended our prophecies; success justified our designs. We said that our league would outlast the resolve of our oppressor; and that our foreign policy would prepare his submission. Graham has crouched for pardon—Peel has declared our confederacy invincible, and avows his desire to gain us by concessions into an alliance against America. He has since trembled at his own candour, and has tried to obscure it; but there it stands, more obvious from his repentance.

Never was there a more foul and contemptible sight than England during this Mayoath discussion. No bigotry has been too morose—no apostacy too sudden—no submission too mean—and no lie too extravagant for the Senate or the People.

Thank God! we are not English—thank God! we are "aliens" from the brutal populace and paltry rulers of that nation. With a shud-

der we enter the nauseous Bedlam of English politics; but it is our duty to examine it.

We shall consider this Bill in its nature, its origin, and its progress.

It is a Bill for permanently endowing the Education of the Catholic Clergy of Ireland—it is a Bill for raising up Teachers of Catholic doctrine and Ministers of Catholic discipline at the expense of the State. Instead of a small grant voted annually, and annually dismissed from the Commons with insult or apology—tolerated on the plea of compact, branded as infamous or temporary—we are getting a large endowment payable out of the treasury of the empire, enacted as for ever, emancipated from hostile supervision.

It is, therefore, a bill abandoning the doctrine of ascendancy, and embarking the State in the duty of assisting Catholicism, even as it assists Protestantism.

Yet, important as it seems, it is a petty fragment of our just claims, so enormous have been the wrongs done to Ireland.

The Bill was asked by the Catholic prelates when they were stigmatised in England as mitred rebels—it was demanded directly or implicitly by every statement of Irish rights, and the answer was then in Sir James Graham's words—"Concession has reached its limits." Some such measure was announced on the 19th of July, 1844 [the date is material], by Sir Robert Peel, in reply to a statement of Mr Wyse's. It was announced at a critical moment. The seven convicts were in prison, and the Peers of England doubting on the legality of their sentence—the revival of the Arbitration Courts was announced—the Irish Municipalities had put out that summary of rights and grievances which an accident might change into a National declaration, the creed of a revolt—the Association had proved that it was equal to the exigencies of the country, though its old leaders were gone—the People were in a state of governed frenzy, the Repeal rent varied from £1,500 to £2,000 a week, and De Joinville was in full sail for Tangiers.

Such was the moment of England's peril chosen for this first promise of concession. The promise was kept—the admirable Bill for violating all the principles of the revolution and substituting justice for ascendancy in one State institution, was faithfully introduced, and it was accompanied by events as notable as those which surrounded its origin. It was a bill just to Ireland—it was a bill utterly insulting to the hereditary opinions and conduct of the English, and it was introduced by a Minister who had risen from obscurity to the trust, power, and pre-eminence of Britain, by decrying its principles as idolatrous, and its friends as traitors. No wonder that British bigotry burst into eruption—half flame, half mud. The pulpit, the press, and the platform called to each other like mustering demons. Exeter Hall shouted to Liverpool, the Dissenters answered back the summons of the Whig, Radical, and Tory press; the Minister was called ISCARIOT; the Bill an endowment of Satan, the policy a forfeiture of Sovereignty.

Yet he and his Cabinet persevered; long and cruel experience had proved to him that Ireland could not be governed, prosecuted, nor wearied into surrender; the Association had shown itself a permanent Nation, within the Union, organized against it—our foreign policy had been recognised, and America had annexed Texas and planted its flag in Oregon. Another mail might announce war with America and her allies. These were reasons for braving the shame of desertion, the strong madness of Britain.

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United States News.

The Great Race.—The New York papers are filled with accounts of the great race between Fashion and Peytona—or rather—the North and the South. A great many ludicrous incidents in connection with it are recorded—in one paper, the Brooklyn Advertiser, we find the following:

Two miniature casks of liquor walked overboard at the South Ferry in the afternoon, carrying each the body of a man with them.

They were fished out in *good spirits*. A couple of fiery horses, about six o'clock ran away with a carriage containing two ladies who had been at the races. The carriage came in contact with a dirt cart, tore away the hind wheel and deposited the ladies on the street. Six cents worth of smelling salts set the ladies all right.

A carriage containing a Southern lady (Creole) was shattered by coming in contact with another vehicle. "Never mind that," said the lady as she gathered herself up, "I have come from Mobile to be present at the race; I have won \$2000, and can afford to meet with an accident."

A posse of gentlemen on horseback came down Fulton street, having their pocket books tied to their whip stocks. A token they were empty.

Another posse followed with hands full of loose bank notes. They were winners.

A young man who had hired a horse to go to the Union Course yesterday, rode the animal so hard that he fell down in Pacific Street from pure exhaustion. After an hour's delay, he was barely in a condition to be led to the stable.

An apple woman on her way to the race course in a cart, Tuesday morning,

requested the driver to let her walk a short distance, as she was too much crowded. She had hardly reached the ground when she was delivered of a fine boy, and a few minutes afterwards of a hearty girl!

About every tenth man that returned from the races by the way of Fulton street, after four o'clock, was intoxicated, and half the remainder fuddled.

It is rumoured that one man in New York bet on Fashion to the amount of \$60,000.

A company of southerners came down Fulton Street, about 7 o'clock, performing cavalry exercise at the command of one of their number. They were winners, and of course appeared highly elated.

Any quantity of wrecks of carriages and led horses were seen coming down Fulton street during the afternoon and evening.

Communications.

Mr Pierce,

Sir,—At the last January Sessions, a Petition was got up and presented by the inhabitants of the middle district of the Parish of Newcastle, praying that their Worship would pass a law, to prohibit Sheep and Oxen from going at large during the ensuing season. The Magistrates were graciously pleased to grant the prayer of said Petition, and passed a law prohibiting Oxen over three years old, and all Sheep, from going at large from and after the first day of May.

Now, Sir, as the passing this law never was published in the Gleaner, I would take the liberty of enquiring through the medium of your paper, whether said law can be legally enforced without publication? or, if not, why was it not published? whose duty was it to do so? These fleecy inhabitants are very annoying; if we walk them out at one door, they will walk in at another, seemingly bidding us defiance in our united endeavours to put them in durance. Hoping these questions will be solved in your next, I remain your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE PETITIONERS.
Douglastown, 27th May, 1845.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:
CHATHAM, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1845.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—In the absence of more important matter, we have devoted a large space to miscellaneous items, selected from our British papers.

SALMON.—Fresh Salmon was brought to our market on Wednesday last.

UNITED STATES.—The Surveying Steamer Columbia, arrived at Boston on the 1st instant. The subject of her visit, it appears, is to run the meridian line between Boston and Halifax. The Times, printed in the first named city, fancies that there is another cause for her visit. He says—

"If any one thinks that its expedition is anything more than to get the bearings of our coast, and ascertain the peculiarities of our harbour, he is more credible on this subject than we are. A similar expedition was here last year. England is occasionally sounding the lark for some purpose best known to herself."

Some of the American journals still continue to breath defiance to England. The New York Herald recommends that public meetings be held in all the cities of the Union, to take into consideration the difficulties existing between the two countries. The same paper after declaring itself in favor of war and recommending the States to pay their debts to England, says:

"Then we can put ourselves to the work and give England the greatest drubbing she ever had since the time the Romans sacrificed the backs of their savage ancestors, from whom they stole their glorious island."

MIRAMICHI REPEALERS.—The Halifax Register of Monday last, contains a letter from Mr John Beggall, to J. C. Tobin, Esq., Secretary of the Colonial Association, containing £98, collected in this county, to be "remitted to the loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland." The sum of £6 16 4, has been also remitted to the same gentleman, from the County of Kent.