

## Communications.

Mr. Pierce,

A late number of your paper contains a letter signed "Castigator," which, since the answer of the Secretary of St. Andrew's Church, may wear at least, the aspect of borrowed importance and significance. But why this "Tempest in a tea-pot?" If two Ladies undertake a praiseworthy collection for a Pall Cloth, so long and so much required, must they be exposed to the unfounded abuse and ill-natured insinuations of such a letter as Castigator's? But says he, they called upon me; and I subscribed, because they told me that two persons had paid fifteen shillings and ten shillings, respectively, for the St. Andrew's Church Pall. This statement he insinuates, he at the time believed; but because, says he, I have since heard (no matter how or from whom) that the Trustees had fixed 6s. as the tax upon the Pall—I have become suspicious that those ladies intended to mislead by a misstatement, and to circulate an accusation against the Trustees and Corporation of St. Andrew's—which I felt in duty bound to make known to them (not privately) but through the public print. I am sure the public will not envy Castigator that false feeling and morbid sensibility, which enabled him to conjure up this shadow without a substance—this spectre of his own dark thoughts,—and which does not at the same time prevent his throwing out the most groundless and ungallant insinuations against the veracity of two ladies—when he could at once have discovered the truth of the alleged statement, and the incorrectness of his own, by calling on the parties who had paid the money. The Secretary in his letter says he is requested by the accused party (the undertaker) to gainsay the overcharges. Now, who but Castigator made the slightest allusion to improper charges? Who but he ever sought to fix any accusation upon undertakers or others? for mark—in his 2nd question he asks, whether "the Church or the undertakers have pocketed the money?" In the 3rd he fixes the accusation by asking "who are the undertakers who have thus acted?" and immediately feeling the impropriety of having thus sat in judgment, he pathetically begs to be forgiven, upon the absurd plea of "the enormity of the charge." Now, says Mr Castigator, do you not think that the greater the alleged offence, the more cautious should be the accusation, and the proofs more certain? But this is a matter between you and the undertaker, and into his hands I commit you. He it appears has denied your charge, but who denies the simple facts out of which you have made such a fuss? Who denies that the parties named paid the 10s and 15s as alleged? Let the Secretary of St. Andrew's, if desirous of cleansing his Augean stable, apply to the proper sources for assistance; let him call at the office of William Carman, Jun., Esq, and see the receipts for similar sums, to those above stated, paid by Episcopalians under like circumstances; and which may perhaps be stronger, if less satisfactory proof, than the bare denial of the undertaker.

And now comes the questions—Who is this Castigator? and why does he manifest so much interest in the matter? Is he an Episcopalian, or merely wishing to appear so for unworthy purposes? Would an Episcopalian argue that we should be without a Pall Cloth, because one other church in the county had one? Would an Episcopalian write a letter which manifested the sole and yet double object of abusing members of his own, and eulogizing those of another Church, "each and all of whom [he tells you] are incapable of a selfish action?" But then did the ladies call upon any but Episcopalians? and how could Castigator have heard the conversation or subscribe as he mentions? Can he be a Knight of St. Andrew, heralding his own fame? Ah, no! that would be a "selfish action," of which they are one and all incapable; and then, would a Presbyterian accuse an undertaker, who is also one of that immaculate body? But perhaps, if we cannot raise the visor of this doughty knight of the goose-quill and sable tunic, we may glean something from his armorial bearings and devices,—we read, "Believing as I firmly do," "Convinced as I am," by the rood good mottoes for a church champion. Again—"Hereby hangs a tale." Reader, do you think you remember the animal now? The ears you never seen this incognito before, when he called himself "the man of Letters?" and do you not think his last appearance was as Secre-

tary of St. Andrew's? Do not wonder at this, but remember the man who [for want of better company] would drink the right hand against the left.

Yours, &amp;c.,

HAZELTWIG.

Miramichi, December 23, 1845.

## The British Press.

From the Glasgow Citizen.

## THE CAUDLE LECTURES.

That loquacious woman, Mrs Caudle, will be the death of us. Go where we will, the low murmur of her upraising follows us like a haunting voice. Coming from out the stillness of the night, it is heard, like a stream that never sleeps, amid all the roar and traffic of the waking world. Poor Caudle is not alone in his sufferings—the whole reading public seem wedded to Mrs Caudle. We confess that our bachelorhood is sorely puzzled in this matter. We had conceived a totally different idea of married life. But what a revelation is here! what a broad gaze behind the curtain! what a picture of patient suffering! what a type of domestic martyrdom! what a nightly massacre of sleep! Of all the unhappy breathers in this world, Caudle appears to us the most to be compassionated. His fate is beyond conception sad. From the impatience of needy creditors—from the petitionary plaints of the claimant poor—from wind-blown tiles—from vampire tax-gatherers—from the authoritative assaults of drunken policemen—from leaky boots and damp feet—from the affliction of departed buttons—from the patronizing nod of the rich, and the crawling servility of the mean—Man, whatever his other sorrows may be—has one escape—his bed. We have even heard of people flying to bed for shelter from a thunder-storm. How different from poor Caudle! There he finds the storm but begin. The torture that afflicts him is one from which night, and darkness, and crumpled coverlet, and duplex night-cap, afford no refuge. It preys on him like a night-mare—a clinging tooth-ache—a chronic rheumatism—a guilty conscience. And this is marriage! Gracious Heaven! did that same Caudle and his wife once walk by moonlight—speak languishingly of bliss to come—breathe sighs that were like the dying gasp of all worldliness—and utter words that faltered as if staggering under their load of affection? O brain! O heart! O memories of vernal life! Is all love a lie—all romance a fable—all hope a delusion? What a consummation is here! what a blasting of flowers! what a blotting out of lights! what a dispersion of golden vapours!

Whence, we ask, is the universal favour with which these Caudle lectures are received? Our own first impulse was to set a chivalrous heel upon them, in the belief that they were a preposterous and unmanly libel on the sex. With a Desdemona-like innocence—(if we may thus confound the genders)—we argued that there was "no such woman." Ours was a blissful ignorance like that which hallowed the first joys of Paradise. But the fruit of a bitter knowledge has been forced to our lips. The whole wedded world have cried out—"How truthful!" A candid and fearless correspondent of our own (only recently emerged from the fabled sweets of the honeymoon) has pronounced them "inimitable." We cannot resist such testimony. The secret which weakness winked at—which pity veiled—or which pride denied—is blazoned to the world. Not a cowed Benedict of them all had courage to proclaim the wounding truth; but they nevertheless applaud Caudle for making known their sufferings to mankind.

Yes! what everybody confesses, it would be presumption in us to gainsay. We have no alternative but belief. And what is the consequence? Without any laboured process of reasoning—almost, in fact, without knowing it—we find ourselves reading the world by the light of the Caudle lectures. In the countenances of our married acquaintance we cannot help often tracing a peculiarly Caudleized expression. We cannot even be present at a party of young ladies without selecting future Mrs Caudles for avoidance. We recognise them in the pride that scorns the smile—in the prudery that affects to sneer—in the superciliousness that attempts to rebuke. How thankful do we sometimes feel that the world stretches gloriously on every side of us! And all owing to this ramasking of the wedded state—this hebdomadal humbling of woman—this blackening with the dirty ink of satire the "angel" of the poets—this breaking into hollow and worthless fragments the sculptured Imogenes of romance

## A THRENODY ON THE APPROACHING DEMISE OF OLD MOTHER CORN LAW.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

I see, I see—it is coming fast,  
Our dear old Corn Law's doom is cast!  
That ancient lady, of high degree,  
Is as near her end as she well can be;  
And much will all vulgar eaters of bread  
Rejoice when they see her fairly dead:  
For never since ancient Medea down  
To the late Mrs. Brownrigg, of bad renown,  
Has any old dame been known, they aver,  
Who could starve and carve poor folks like her.

But, dear old damsels, they wrong her sadly,  
'Twas all by law she behaved so badly;  
And God forbid, whate'er the event,  
That free-born Britons should e'er repent  
Wrongs done by act of Parliament.

But is it, indeed, then come to this,  
After all our course of high-bread bliss?  
Poor, dear old Corn Law! prop of peers,  
And glory of squires through countless years,  
Must all thy structure of pounds and pence,  
Like another Babylon, vanish hence?  
Must towering prices and rents sublime  
Thus topple, like turrets, touched by time—  
And all for what? That each shirtless oaf  
May bolt, for breakfast, a larger loaf!  
For this one vulgar purpose alone  
Is all this inelegant mischief done.  
For this poor Knatchbull—hard privation—  
Must lower a peg, his 'social station!'  
For this even lords (distressing thought)  
Will soon to short commons all be brought;  
Will fall with their wheat so much per quarter,  
And get to look blue as Bucky's garter.  
And stars will look pale as prices fail,  
And fees in tale will be cut off for sale.  
And all will sink by a sliding scale,—  
As "slips o'er its slime the sleek slug-snail,"  
Nor leave one corn lord high and hale,  
Though they flourish now, to tell the tale!

## Miscellaneous News.

[The following miscellaneous items are taken from the Halifax Royal Gazette.]

Breaking the Ice.—Several vessels were cut out of the ice in Charlotte Town Harbour, on Monday, the 15th December.

Later from Saint Domingo.—Captain Baker, of the brig *Huntress*, arrived at New York on the 9th ult., from Port-au-Platt, which place he left on the 24th October, states that a Dominican fleet, consisting of five schooners, left that place on the 19th, destination said to be an attack on Cape Haytien. It was also rumoured that an army of 4000 Dominican soldiers were on the frontiers, to co-operate with the fleet.

From South America.—Dates from Rio Grande to the 10th October, state that great preparations were making for the reception of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil. The English and French fleets had left Montevideo.

United States Finances and Tariff.—The Report of the United States secretary of the Treasury, shows a very considerable decline of Revenue, which is said to be growing out of a diminished importation of the HIGHLY PROTECTED articles, and progressive substitution of their domestic rivals. The present Tariff is denounced as 'unjust and illegal, as well in its details as in the principles upon which it is founded.' A modification of the existing Revenue Laws, so as to lower the duty on Coal, will be good news for this colony.

Cheap Postage.—The cheap postage system has not worked well in the United States, the

West Indies.—The Militia of the West India Islands, lately embodied, by direction of the Secretary of state for the Colonies, numbers, in the aggregate 27,000 effective men—the different corps are mustered for monthly drill, and are supplied with arms and accoutrements from the Ordnance store of the Government. A deal of activity, too, is said to be observable in placing the various Fortifications on the sea-board, in a state of preparation for any emergency.

Good Navigation.—The sun did not show his countenance to the Passengers of the *Acadia* during her whole passage out; and yet the Captain told his sounding before heaving the lead on Tuesday, and the first land made was Sambre light.

Experiments have been made in France with rifles that project balls more than a quarter of a league.

## Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:  
CHATHAM, SATURDAY JAN. 3, 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,) Peticodiac, Richibucto, 6, A. M.

Tuesday.—Newcastle and Douglstown, 5, A. M.

Thursday.—Nova Scotia, Dorchester, Peticodiac, 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, Douglstown, 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, Douglstown, Bathurst, Dalhousie, Campbellton, 8, A. M. Shippigan, Pokemouche, Tracadie, Tabisintac, every fortnight, 8, A. M. Nova Scotia, Saint John, Dorchester, Richibucto, Peticodiac, 9, P. M.

Thursday.—Newcastle and Douglstown, 8, A. M.

Friday.—Nova Scotia, Dorchester, St. John, United States, (via St. Andrews,) Richibucto, Peticodiac, 9, P. M.

N. B.—Letters will be forwarded upon the payment of a Fee of "six pence," and Newspaper "one penny" each, if posted within thirty minutes after the time appointed for the closing of the respective mails at this Office.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The papers which have come to hand during the week, add but little of moment to our previous stock of news. We have to day gleaned from our British journals some further extracts, and from the Colonial papers a few paragraphs.

UNITED STATES.—Under this head will be found the proceedings of Congress. If we are to judge by the spirit manifested by members on the different questions which have come before that body, in connection with Oregon, we think there is but little prospect of any amicable arrangement being entered into; but on the contrary, they seem disposed to push things to the extreme. The following are the remarks of a Mr Sevier. They reflect but little credit on the man, and still less on the body to which he belongs:

"Mr Sevier said we could never bring up anything here in relation to Oregon, but we should disturb the business interests of the country. If we spoke at all, we must speak with padlocks on our lips. He, Mr S., believed that war would come. Great Britain was never known to recede from her pretensions. She was the bully of Europe, and if she once gave way she would, like the bullies in the Western country, be licked by every one all over the continent. No one could talk to the people of the West about the danger of war. The subject was said to be a small one. Some thought the tea tax a small subject.

"Mr Sevier would both act and talk too, and he would not speak to Great Britain in a whisper. There was a time when he would have submitted this question to arbitration. He thought, at one time, that an honest monarch could be found to decide it. But since he had seen the late billing and cooing between France and Great Britain, he could not trust Louis Philippe; and as to Russia, its autocrat would not like to have for neighbours live Yankees, reading from Paine's Age of Reason, and whistling Yankee Doodle."

A Whig member of Congress thus writes to a friend in New York:—

"My belief is, that Congress will with unanimity support President Polk in a peremptory claim to the 49th parallel, however imminent may be the hazards of war."

A Correspondent at Washington, under date of December 18, thus writes to the Editor of the New York Herald, conveying the pleasing intelligence that Mr Pakenham had re-opened his negotiations with the American Secretary:

"I have the important and pleasing intelligence to communicate to you, that Mr Pakenham re-opened the negotiations on the Oregon question with Mr Buchanan yesterday. The question with Mr Buchanan yesterday, is rejecting the proposition of this Government to run the line of separation between the British and American possessions in that region at the 49th parallel; and whether it was this conviction, or fresh instructions upon the subject from his government that have induced him to renew friendly relations with us, it is certain that he has adopted the wisest course in the business, if it be not now too late."