

## Communications.

## ON THE REGIONS OF THE NORTH,

In connexion with the causes now in activity in destroying the Animal and Vegetable Kingdom, or Animals and Inanimate Nature, from all that is well authenticated.

BY WILLIAM SMITH,

Shoemaker, Miramichi, New Brunswick.  
TO MOSES H. GRINNELL, MERCHANT, NEW YORK.

"In what manner the colonial trade ought gradually to be opened? what are the restraints which ought first, and what are those which ought last to be taken away? or in what manner the natural system of perfect liberty and justice ought to be gradually restored, we must have the wisdom of future statesmen and legislators to determine."—*Wealth of Nations*.

It is said that coming events cast their shadows before them. If so, the time is not far distant, when the accommodations of time will spread themselves among all classes under a brilliant experience; when it will have the inappreciable advantage of securing the peace of the world, which is the greatest blessing of genuine humanity—the surest guarantee of liberty that can be given. It will furnish every one with the means of exercising his industrial faculties, according to his will, and to their full extent; of procuring every object at the lowest possible rate, and of selling the fruits of his labors in the market which offers the best price. From liberality and humanity, one is disposed to love Free Trade; on the other side, however, its favorites are those who value the protective system, and who have acquired fortunes by the advantages derived from it. It is needless to deny that great embarrassment and difficulty in many places, have, and still are taking place, until, in the progress of events, it settles down to that permanent condition required.

When one stands, as it were, on the gulf which is equidistant between the free and the protective systems, what a tremendous view occurs. It is there we can obtain a view of the materials the public world is composed of. What a hard task it is to persuade mankind to listen to truth and justice. The withdrawal of capital by the great monopolists from the colonial and foreign trade, and the employment of that capital in the home trade, is the primary cause of those disasters now befalling the animal and vegetable kingdom. We have spoken already of that vast quantity of azote which hangs over the City of Glasgow. What must hang over the other great cities of Europe and Asia? More than six times the quantity must envelope London, and other cities, in proportion to their population. It is this moving azote, from moving combustion, of which we are about to speak. Every time that moving azote takes its departure from fixed azote and fixed combustion, we remark there is a great difference between internal and external combustion. It is something new to the atmosphere to receive moving azote from moving combustion. The materials of external combustion are generally obtained from the surface of the earth, or not far underneath. The materials of internal combustion we are entirely ignorant of. How and in what manner vast volumes of flame become visible on the top of high mountain, is a question hard to answer. In order, then, to obtain a clear view, it is only necessary to witness any moving body taking its departure, by steam, from any of the large cities already mentioned. This moving azote from moving combustion again takes its departure, say by steam to Halifax. On its arrival about midway across the Atlantic, when the earth is trudging along in her old track at the rate of a million and a half of miles in the twenty-four hours, to the south, and turning round upon herself from west to east, of course this moving current must arrest another current, say from Fuego volcano on one of the Cape de Verde Islands, which burns continually: the two currents arrive at Halifax, or by the inversion of the same cause the earth is using her best endeavors to pass from underneath them, and is trapped by this ariel moving current, and a portion of azote from internal and external combustion enveloping the city of Halifax, until wrought into meteoric electricity, and then the earth, striking it in particular spots by her ecliptic motion, and causing those disorders that affect the two great divisions of the world. We are told by the chemists that a certain portion of electricity is contained in the potatoe, and that it is well destined to support the heat of the animal frame. No wonder, then, that this valuable root is in a great measure so deteriorated as to become useless as an article of food among the poorer classes.

## WESLEYAN TEA MEETING.

Mr. Pierce,

Sir,—Amongst the social and rational pastimes that the ingenuity of Christian benevolence has devised for the promotion of innocent and rational enjoyment of late years, may be enumerated Tea Meetings; which should be viewed as pleasing indications of the moral improvement and refinement in taste and manners, which tend to subdue those unnatural religious asperities which may be designated the plague-spots of christian communities.

In the Tea Meeting which occurred on Thursday evening last, in the store lately occupied by Messrs. John Fraser & Co., we were favored with a pleasing and liberal demonstration of this; the object of which was the obtaining of pecuniary aid for the Trus-

tees of the Wesleyan Chapel, in Chatham, when it was thought that more than 150 persons sat down to an unostentatious but bountiful repast, of all that could be desired for such an occasion, and which, both in quantity and quality, was highly creditable to the taste and generosity of the Ladies who presided at the different tables; two of whom, to their christian liberality be it said, although not associated with Methodism, very generously came forward and furnished tables, which displayed the warm interest they felt in the objects of the meeting. To their sympathy and active kindness we are much indebted for the large amount realized upon that occasion, which, we are happy to inform our friends, exceeds the sum of £16, an amount far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. We should consider ourselves wanting in Christian courtesy, did we not embrace the present opportunity to present our thanks to all who took an interest in the sale of tickets, and in the proceedings of the evening. Nor would we overlook the kindness of our friends who undertook to fit up the room with all the conveniences the place required. We would also congratulate them on the taste displayed in the arrangement of the pictorial decorations, and the profusion of nature's ever-greens, which contributed much to improve the internal appearance of the apartment, and transformed its naked walls into a place that bore some resemblance to a green-wood bower.

The friends of Methodism would consider themselves as not acting in accordance with their duty, did they not acknowledge the kindness of Mr. John Mackie, to whose generosity they are indebted for the privilege of occupying the room, free of all expense. We regretted the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Messrs. Henderson and Stewart, who were prevented from attending by unexpected calls on ministerial duties. From both these gentlemen we expected interesting and intellectual addresses, expressive of those liberal views and sentiments they are known to possess, on every subject connected with the moral and religious prosperity of this community. However, we hope that the disappointment was partially supplied in the addresses delivered by the Rev. Mr. Lockhart, and our youthful friend, Mr. Robert Temple, the Missionary on the Richibucto Station, who kindly favored us with the assistance of his promising talents. We should not omit remarking the pleasure we derived from the spirit and harmony which appeared to pervade the meeting.

A. WESLEYAN.

Chatham, 27th September, 1850.

[For the Gleaner.]

## LIFE IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

Reader,—When you cast your eyes over this long epistle, you will naturally come to the conclusion that some extraordinary circumstance must have taken place, that induces me to write so long a letter. The detection of some foul conspiracy against the existing order of British rule; the explosion of some infernal machine; the discovery of some gunpowder plot, or perhaps the coronation of a King by our Republican neighbors over the border, in place of the late President, must have occurred, which causes me thus to trespass upon your attention. But have patience; for in coming to any of these conclusions, you will not only be wrong, but will involve yourself deeper in mystery, like the bewildered traveller, seeking in vain to disengage himself from the winding passages of the labyrinths of Egypt. My object is not to write about foul conspiracies, gunpowder plots, the explosion of infernal machines, or republican stripes and stars, but rather to give you a few chapters on fashionable life in Charlottetown; a subject, in my humble estimation, of much more importance to the general reader, than the worn out, threadbare tales of fiction, and the fanciful dreams of Quixotic romance; for however lowly the language in which I will address you, and humble the subject upon which I occupy your attention, yet when you come to take into consideration that I write of realities, and of scenes that are every day taking place around you, and not stale old stories about supernatural agency, giants with seven heads and ten horns, flying dragons, sleeping beauties, seven-mile boots and enchanted palaces which, like Dante's ghost, everybody has heard of but nobody has seen, you will, I think, acknowledge the balance to be decidedly in my favor; and still it may be as well on my part to offer some explanation as to what I intend writing, what you may reasonably expect, and what you will be wrong in expecting, so that when you cast your eye over this portion of my first letter, you will have an opportunity of reading on or letting it alone just as you please. And yet I cannot really see what you can reasonably complain of, for when you fancy yourself sitting in your easy chair, carefully perusing this production of my lonely lucubrations, and I standing at my desk in my dreary little domicile, at the hour of midnight when all is still around, taxing my brain for original ideas to contribute towards your amusement. I think that in this you will admit that the balance is fearfully against me; still I will bear all this with pleasure if I can only succeed in contributing in the slightest degree to your amusement.

In plugging myself to give you a few short chapters on Charlottetown, its fashionable circles, its variegated scenery, and enameled lawns, it is not my intention to enter minutely into details, for in doing so, I would have to write a volume as large as Baker's History of Oxford, or Alison's History of Europe; and if you have formed any such expectation, I have only to say that you will be sadly disappointed. If you indulge in the hope that

I am going to perform prodigies, and compress whole volumes into chapters, I have only to say that you are very moderate in your expectations; and if you fancy that I am going to captivate you with such flights of fancy, bursts of eloquence, touches of tenderness, and visions of philosophy, as characterise the productions of the various more favored writers who have addressed you from time to time through the columns of this valuable Journal, I am sorry to say that there is little chance of such fanciful expectations being realised. If you think that I can write volumes, with no materials to write from, and no time to think much less to write, you give me credit for abilities which I do not possess; and if you imagine that I am going to relate such wonders as are contained in the adventures of Gulliver, the five voyages of "Sinbad the Sailor," or the "Arabian Nights," I have only to remind you, in the absence of any such wonders, of that sublime passage of Scripture, "bear not false witness against thy neighbour." I will confine myself strictly within due bounds; and if I appear from time to time to wander from my theme, it will be only to lead you by a pleasanter way, among fairy lawns and flowery meads, back to the beaten track of my subject. There is something pleasant, too, in thus following the dreamy windings of a wandering imagination, through smiling lawns and sylvan shades, instead of dashing precipitately and recklessly forward over the more rugged and stormy briar-strewn path of life: and in the present instance had I, when I commenced writing, went boldly to work without consideration, and without carefully reconnoitering the position I was going to take up, my theme would now be nearly exhausted, and I would soon be obliged to lay down my pen; whereas by following the dreamy ramblings of a wandering imagination wherever it chose to lead, I have yet the subject upon which I intended writing, before me, and have written nearly two pages out of nothing.

I am well aware of the impropriety of thus trespassing upon your patience, with such unpardonable digressions, but what would you have me to do? You cannot expect that I am able, like Walter Scott's Last Minstrel, to "pour" an "unpremeditated lay," neither are you to expect that I can clothe my humble essay with such a variety of imagery as adorn the pages of a James, or the touches of tenderness, and visions of philosophy, that characterise the writings of a Lever; for he who must toil and struggle with the cares and troubles of life till ten at night, and then sit up till twelve to tax and force an already exhausted and weary mind, for intellectual wreaths and flowers, will soon number his passion for literary laurels among the faded flowers of early youth. And there is little doubt that if a BYRON or a MOORE had to contend and struggle against the same difficulties, that the former would never have been celebrated for the magic inspiration of Childe Harold or Don Juan, or the latter immortalized for pouring his wild song along the rocky borders of the Emerald Isle. Well, be it so. We cannot all be favorites of fortune; neither can our path be always among flowers. Life is but a sort of stormy dream, and whether we spend our time in revelling with the smiles of favoring fortune, or struggling against its cold and chilling frowns, matters little, but amounts to the same thing in the end. "But what, in the name of the holy prophet's board," you will naturally exclaim, "has all this to do with your promised letters about Charlottetown?" Well, that is the very thing I would like to know myself; for in looking over what I have written, I find that, like Mynheer von Woodenblock's miraculous cork leg, composed of a compound of clock-work and steam, so my letter is made up of a mixture of humbug and nonsense; but as I have exhausted the space prescribed for the limits of this letter, I will merely make my bow and bid you good night.

I remain, my dear Reader, your very obedient servant,

THE STRANGER.

Buctouche, September 9, 1850.

Mr. Pierce,

Sir,—Having read these few lines, and experiencing a funny kind of a feeling, which afterwards settled down into a disposition to let others have the benefit of them, I should desire you to be influenced by the same generous motive, providing you think there is no danger of your suffering a prosecution for Libel in consequence of publishing it.

Chatham, Sept. 5, 1850.

## FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I stole my arm—  
It felt as soft as a cake;  
"O dear!" says she, "what liberty  
You printer-men do take!"  
Why yes, my sal, my charming gal;  
(I squeezed her some, I guess)  
Can you say aught, my chick, against  
"The Freedom of the Press!"

I kissed her some—I did, by gum—  
She colored like a beet;  
Upon my living soul, she looked  
Almost too good to eat!  
I gave another buss, and then,  
Says she, "I do confess  
I rather sorter kinder like  
"The freedom of the Press!"

To Preserve Butter.—Sink it in the Mississippi River. Lately some kegs of butter were brought up by diving bells from the wreck of the steamer Neptune, sunk 20 years ago, and it was as good and sweet as ever.

## Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1850.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

By the Mail, which did not reach here until Saturday morning, we obtained our files of papers to the 21st September. We have made a few extracts.

As the Halifax papers of Wednesday make no mention of the arrival of the steamer, we presume she came in after the mail left on Saturday afternoon, and being telegraphed to Sackville, the Postmaster very properly detained the courier until the express came up. This will account for the delay.

NOVASCOTIA.—The Novascotian reports that Whitehaven Harbour, as "a Terminus for the European and North American Railway," has been pronounced by Earl Donnell, the Admiral on the station, a "Humbug."

A meeting was to be held in Halifax for the purpose of "taking into consideration the feasibility of an engagement with Jenny Lind to visit that city."

CANADA.—The Quebec Gazette of September 23d, says that a numerous party from Boston was expected to visit that city and Montreal.

Recent arrivals at Quebec report the loss of several vessels, as well as damage sustained in the recent gales.

UNITED STATES.—The papers state that steamer Pacific left New York for Liverpool on Saturday week, but had to return to port the same day, as she had been in contact with some vessel. It was expected she would be able to proceed to sea the following day.

Late papers furnish the following important intelligence from Washington:

"Washington, Sept. 24.—In the House, the Bill authorising the Secretary of the Treasury to permit vessels from the British North American Provinces, to land and unload in all parts of the United States, provided similar privileges shall be extended to vessels of this country in those provinces, were passed."

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Our exchange papers from this island report that a gale of wind, scarcely less violent than the destructive one of 1846, occurred there on Monday, the 9th September, which continued with unabated violence till daybreak on Tuesday, when it gradually died away; the rain during the whole time, poured down in torrents. Considerable damage had been done to the fruit trees and gardens in the island. It was feared that the stages, flakes, and other property along the shores would be more or less damaged. The packet boat Victoria, plying between St. John's and Carbonnear, was lost with all on board, and it was feared that she was not the only craft that had similarly suffered.

The St. John's Patriot of September 21, contains the following paragraph:

"We understand that a gentleman recently arrived from England, a geologist by profession, has made an examination of the shores of St. George's Bay, and he reports that coal and iron abound there in most prolific abundance. We hope this gentleman will make such a report as shall induce the Imperial Government to assist us to open up these valuable resources."

MONSTER SQUASHES.—We take the following paragraphs from late papers:

"Great Squash.—A gentleman from westward informs us that he saw a Squash a day or two ago, growing in the garden of the Hon. C. Prescott, Cornwallis, which measured 5 feet 7 inches. Beat that if you can.—Novascotian.

"Nothing easier, neighbour. We saw yesterday a Great Squash, in the garden occupied by Mr. Decantelon, which, on being carefully measured by rival gardeners, was found to be six feet one inch in circumference. Another in Mr. Watts's garden, measured 6 feet 10 inches. Another in the garden of the Hon. Attorney General, measures 5 feet 10 inches; and yet another, in the garden of the Hon. Judge Carter, measures 5 feet 8 inches. How many more Great Squashes there may be in this neighbourhood which can beat the Cornwallis monster, we are unable to say, but the above are enough to show our contemporary that he has hallooed before he is out of the wood.—Head Quarters.

"If we are allowed a voice in the matter, we would say that the Head Quarters too has opened his mouth before he was well clear of the bushes. The Big Squash has been raised in Woodstock this season. One grown in the garden of Charles Connell, Esq., measures six feet nine inches, and what is more, three others, very large ones, grew on the same vine.—Carlton Sentinel.