

are reciprocal; and when principles are brought to a clashing strife, there is community in the results.

A gentleman told me here to-day: "We do not worship men—we worship principles." That is my hope, gentlemen. Principles and their influences are not to be confined by geographical lines. America cannot remain unaffected by the condition of Europe, with which you have a thousand-fold intercourse. A passing accident in Liverpool cannot fail to be felt in America. How could then the fire of despotic oppression, which threatens to consume all Europe, freedom civilization and prosperity, fail to affect in its results America? How can it be indifferent to you if Europe be free or enslaved? How can it be indifferent to you if there exists a thing styled "Law of Nations," or if no such thing exists, being replaced by the arbitrary whims of an arrogant mortal who is called Czar. (A voice: "Three groans for the Czar.") The groans, with right good will. When Kossuth said: Well, that is also good, but I hope the time draws near when we will give him something more hard than groans. No, either all the instruction of history is vanity, and its warnings but the pastime of a mocking-bird, or this indifference is impossible; therefore I may yet meet good Franklin's good luck.

Franklin wrote to his friend Charles Thompson, after having concluded the treaty of peace: "If we ever become ungrateful to those who have served and befriended us, our reputation, and all the strength it is capable of procuring, will be lost and new dangers ensue."

Perhaps I could say, poor Hungary has well served Christendom—has well served the cause of Liberty—has well served the cause of Humanity; but indeed, we are not so happy as to have served your country in particular. But you are generous enough that our unmerited misfortunes may as much recommend us to your affections as a good service might recommend us. It is beautiful to repay a received benefit, but to bestow benefit is Divine. It is your good fortune to be able to do good to humanity; let it be your glory that you are willing to do it.

Such and similar have been the thoughts that came to my mind while I passed over the classical soil of Massachusetts. There was consolation in that progress, and there was hope and encouragement in it; and now here I stand in the heart of this glorious Commonwealth. Oh! let me lay my hand upon the heart and mark the pulsation of it; the pulsation of my own heart much depends upon how the heart of your Commonwealth throbs. Yes gentlemen, anxious hopes and expectations of millions have accompanied me to your shores.

The grave Turk wept when I left his shores. "Allah, izmarladek," was his parting word; and the Dervish chief poured water upon my road, and raised his hands to the Eternal to bless my ways. The Italian sparkled with the recollection of ancient greatness, and with the hope of a better fortune in meeting me; the French raised the hymn of freedom, and a flash like lightning passed over his brow when he sung "Tremble, Tyrants!" and he looked like a prophet when he sung of "the perfidious, the opprobrious of his nation," and a Frenchman swam over the cold waters of the sea to touch the hand of the exile, whom the Star Spangled Banner restored to activity. England's gallant soldiers, watching on the rocks of Gibraltar, thundered their hurrahs to heaven when, in answer to their greeting, I brought them the toast, "England and America; may their banners unite in prosecuting the rights of humanity, and their swords be drawn in common for liberty and right," and when I stopped at Lisbon, that beautiful jewel on earth, the glowing Portuguese flamed with inspiration in welcoming me, and nodded with emotion in bidding me farewell. And the people of England—Oh! I cannot describe—there was a revelation of the people's majesty in what I met there, as seldom yet was seen in history; and when the people came to me, hailing America, and speaking the praise of your Washington, and charging me to bring its brotherly greetings to the younger brother, then so happy, and so free, (Cheers;) and to tell Brother Jonathan that the spirit of liberty is alive in old brother John Bull, (tremendous cheering and waving of hats;) then England's people looked indeed like the embodiment of those words which King George the Third spoke to your John Adams, the first of independent America's Ambassadors to England, "Let the family ties of language, religion and blood have their full and natural effect."—(Cheers.) Yes gentlemen, such were the manifestations with which I embarked for America. I, in embarking, saw the tricolor flag of Hungary hoisted above my head to the top of an English mast, and heard it saluted from Southampton's batteries with a royal salute of farewell—and on my arrival at New York, I heard it re-echoed with a full Republican salute from the batteries of the United States, welcoming, with the honors of the Union, the tricolor flag of Hungary, floating over my head from an American mast; and every manifestation was a ray of hope more; and every cannon shot an expectation more roused in the heart of Europe's millions.

Four months have since passed; during these four months my breast was a foaming bed of continual ebb and tide of hope; now my task is nearly done; some few days yet, and in recrossing the Atlantic, I will sit like the laborer on his plow, wiping off the sweat of my brow, and musing over the strange episode never yet seen in mankind's history,

that a stranger, the unassumed offspring of an Asiatic race, transplanted to Europe, being a poor exile, had been borne on in triumph by popular sympathy, for his misfortunes' sake, as no crowned conqueror will ever be borne on for his successes' sake in Republican America; and summing up the present and future results of these unprecedented popular manifestations, and combining them with the vital power of true principles, will record the answer I will have to tell, on the part of the people of America, to the expectations and hopes of Europe's millions, and as I approach the East, I will look anxiously back toward the West, if the galaxy of American stars be rising from the new capital, with the lustre of a new sun, and if the young eagle of America be towering on his gigantic wings to watch from the height.

Gentlemen, I know not what weight is due Massachusetts in the councils of the nation. The history, the character, the intelligence, the consistent energy and the considerate perseverance of your country, give me the security that when the people of Massachusetts raises its voice and pronounces its will, that, oh! not like a girl's sigh, which melts in the breeze, it will carry its aim.

I have seen this people's will in the manifestation of him whom the people's well deserved confidence has raised to the helm of its executive government; I have seen it in the sanction of its Senators, I have seen it in the mighty outburst of popular sentiments, and in the generous testimonials of its sympathy, as I progressed on this hallowed soil. I hope soon to see it in the Legislature, Hall of your Representatives, and in the Cradle of American Liberty. I hope to see it so, as I see it now here, throbbing with warm, sincere, generous and powerful pulsation, in the very heart of your Commonwealth. I know that where the heart is sound, the blood is sound through all the veins. The warmth of the hearth of Massachusetts spreads with magnetic influence over my own sad heart; and thanking God that all these manifestations of Massachusetts have been reserved to me, for the later hours of my task, when the flush of excitement has passed, and calm reflection holds the ground, I thank God for it, because upon such a manifestation we can rely; there are principles in it like those of old, by which your fathers were inspired, when they took the lead in the struggle for freedom, never faltering though many others despaired. The answer which I will bear to Europe is pointed out to me by the manifestations of Massachusetts. Accept my heartfelt thanks in the name of the people for it. Being the heart of Massachusetts, oh, let me entreat you to be warm like the heart. Never believe to be right those who, bearing but a piece of metal in their chests, would persuade you that to be cold is to be wise. Warmth is the vivifying influence of the Universe—and the heart is the source of noble deeds. To consider calmly what you have to do is well; you have done it—you have done more—the thoughts of your mind pass through the warm tide of your heart, and that again is rightly done as the present day shows. But let me hope that the heart of Massachusetts will continue to throb warmly for the cause of liberty, till that which you judge to be right is done with that perseverant energy which you inherited from the Puritan Pilgrims of the Mayflower, is a principle with the people of Massachusetts. Remember the afflicted. Farewell. (Loud and repeated cheers.)

Communications.

Dear Pierce,

You will probably consider it unnecessary that I should reply to Mr Read's last letter, because it is a complete admission of all that 'Fides' had stated respecting his absence from his post without excuse. He says he will take no further notice of 'Fides' until he unmask himself, yet alleges he knows him. It can be of no importance to the public who 'Fides' is, 'tis enough that Mr Read has proved his letters to be equally true and cutting. The people of Gloucester will be sufficiently satisfied that a recreant Representative has been 'unmasked'; and that he who undertakes to castigate 'Fides' will receive a 'Rowland for an Oliver.'

It is now too late for Mr Read to treat 'Fides' with silent contempt. He has admitted that an explanation was due to his constituents, and to excuse himself, falsely accuses 'Fides' of mis-statements. Having put his defence on this footing, he is bound to show where the mis-statements are. He has been told where he was—that he received notice—that his vote was important, and that on the second occasion he left the house to avoid voting. The matter is plain that not only 'may he that runs read,' but in this instance, 'he who read did run.' He gave the challenge, and when disarmed should rather acknowledge himself beaten than assert that he had consented to fight with, and suffered defeat from, an obscure foe. 'Tis the people of Gloucester who have been injured by his conduct, and who require Mr Read's explanation; 'tis they and not 'Fides' who will feel the insult of his silence. The Deputy Treasurer dare not risk his office by voting for, nor would the Representative endanger his seat by voting against the Bill. When the Quebec and Halifax Railway Bills were before the House, the Go-

vernment had a large majority, and could afford that Mr R. might vote to please, because he could not serve his constituents. But when the amendment to the European Bill came up, the Government were weak. The Northern Counties might be saved, but the Government would be ruined by his vote, therefore, Mr Read must be 'out of the way,' yet sufficiently near that in case of need the Government could send for him.

Had Mr R. followed the dictates of common prudence, he would have passed over in silence what he could not answer in truth; what would once have been caution now becomes cowardice. He assumed the air of a bully at the outset, but shuns the contest too late to escape defeat. Folly led him to the combat, and lest he might have the semblance of forbearance to justify his retreat, he must needs manifest all the venom of the viper, though the fangs be wanting. The beast is not the less loathsome because innocuous.

A certain animal once clothed himself in the skin of a lion; the flocks fled and left him master of the pasture ground. Elated with the success of deception, he must needs alarm the country with his roaring, but no sooner did the sounds escape him than all men knew the creature as an ass. At the beginning of his political existence, true to his nature, Mr Read sustained himself by the 'destruction of thistles.' He too has got possession of the rich pasture of office; let him beware of the sequel. 'Fides' is not the only person whom he has accused falsely, nor is this the only case where his courage has been unequal to his malice. He would appear to possess just head enough to conceive an accusation without wit to prove it or heart enough to feel for its consequences, and reminds us of the man who,

Wondrous wise,
Jumped into a bramble bush and scratched
out both his eyes.

Instead of his jumping into a quick-set hedge to cure his wounds, 'Fides' would recommend him to apply the more soothing and suitable remedy of a little 'palm oil.' 'Tis the sovereign'st thing on earth for an inward bruise.' FIDES.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, MONDAY, MAY 24, 1852.

HINTS WORTH ATTENDING TO.

To the kindness of James Johnson, Esq., we are indebted for a copy of Blackwood's Magazine for May. It contains an article headed "Gold: its Natural and Civil History," from which we take the following extracts. The hints thrown out by the writer are worthy of consideration; and who knows ere a few years roll over, but Annapolis may be reckoned among the gold regions of the world.

"Gold is one of the few metals which occur, for the most part, in the native or metallic and malleable state. But in this state it is not volatile, and could not have been driven up in vapour by ancient subterranean heat. But as in the case of many other metals, the prevailing belief is, that it has been so volatilised—not in the metallic state, however, but in some form of chemical combination, in which it is capable of being volatilized. No such combinations are yet known, though their existence is not inconsistent with—may in fact be inferred from—our actual knowledge.

"It is further supposed that, at the period when the primary rocks were disturbed by intrusions of granites, porphyries, serpentine, greenstones, &c., which we have spoken of as volcanic like phenomena, the elementary bodies, which by their union with the gold, are capable of rendering it volatile, happened to exist more abundantly than at the period of any of those other disturbances by which the secondary and tertiary rocks were affected; and that this is the reason why signs of gold-bearing exhalations, and consequently gold-bearing veins, are rare in the rocks of the newer epochs.

"According to this view of the introduction of gold into the fissures and veins of the earliest rocks, its presence is due to what we may call the fortuitous and concurrent presence in the under crust of other elementary substances, along with the gold, which by uniting with it could make it volatile, rather than to the action or influence of any widely-operating chemical or physical law. The explanation itself, however, it will be remembered, is merely conjectural, and we may add, neither satisfactory nor free from grave objections.

"But from the geological facts we have above stated, several very interesting consequences follow, such as—

"First—That wherever the rocks we have mentioned occur, and altered as we have described, the existence and discovery of gold are rendered probable. Physical conditions may not be equally propitious everywhere. Broad valleys and favorable river channels may not always coexist with primary rocks traversed by old volcanic disturbances; or

the ancient sands and shingles with which the particles of abraded gold were originally mixed, may, by equally ancient currents, have been scoured out of existing valleys, and swept far away. But these are matters of only secondary consideration, to be ascertained by that personal exploration which a previous knowledge of the geological structure will justify and encourage.

"Whenever the geology of a new country becomes known, therefore, it becomes possible to predict the presence or absence of native gold, in available quantities, with such a degree of probability as to make public research a national, if not an individual duty. This led Sir Roderick Murchison to foretell the discovery of gold in Australia, as we have already explained; and similar knowledge places similar predictions within the power of other geologists.

"We happen to have before us, at this present moment, a geological map of Nova Scotia. Two such maps have been published, one by Messrs. Alger and Jackson, of Boston, and another by Dr. Gesner, late colonial geologist for the Province of New Brunswick. In these maps the North Western part of the Province is skirted by a fringe of old primary rocks, partly metamorphic, and sometimes fossiliferous, and resting on a back ground of igneous rocks, which cover, according to Gesner, the largest portion of this end of the Province. Were we inclined to try our hand at a geological prediction, we should counsel our friends in the Vale of Annapolis to look out for yellow particles along the course of the Annapolis River, and especially at the mouths and up the beds of the cross streams that descend into the valley from the southern highlands.

"Nature, indeed, has given the Nova Scotians in this Annapolis Valley a miniature of the more famed Valley of the Sacramento. Their north and south mountains represent respectively the coast range and the Sierra Nevada of the Sacramento Basin. The tributaries in both valleys descend chiefly from the hills on the left of the main rivers. The Sacramento and the Annapolis rivers both terminate in a lake or basin, and each finally escapes through a narrow chasm in the coast ridge by which its terminating basin communicates with the open sea. The Gut of Digby is, in the small, what the opening into the harbor of San Francisco, now called the Golden Gate and the Narrows, is in the large; and if the Sacramento has its plains of drifted sand and gravel, barren and unpropitious to the husbandman, the Annapolis river, besides its other poor lands, on which only the sweet fern luxuriates, has its celebrated Aylsford sand plain, or devil's goose's pasture—a broad flat 'given up to the geese, who are so wretched that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad.' Then the south mountains, as we have said, consists of old primary rocks, such as may carry gold—disturbed, traversed by dykes, and changed or metamorphosed as gold-bearing rocks usually are. Whether quartz veins abound in them we cannot tell; but the idle boys of Clare, Digby, Annapolis, Clements, Aylsford and Horton may as well keep their eyes about them, and the woodmen, as they hew and float down the pine logs for the supply of the Boston market. A few days spent with a 'long Californian Tom,' in rocking the Aylsford and other sand and gravel drifts of their beautiful valley, may not prove labor in vain. What if the rich alluvials of Horton and Cornwallis should hide more glittering riches, and more suddenly enriching, than the famed crops of which they so justly boast? Geological considerations also suggest that the streams which descend from the northern slopes of the Cobequid Mountains should not be overlooked. It may well be that the name given to Cap d'Or by the early French settlers two hundred years ago, may have had its origin in the real, and not in the imaginary presence of glittering gold."

THE EUROPEAN RAILWAY.—The Morning News furnishes the following interesting piece of news respecting the action of the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts, in reference to this important work.

"The Legislature of Massachusetts has granted assistance, in the sum of \$500,000, towards the construction of the European and North American Railway, the distance to be built in Maine is one hundred and forty eight miles. The assistance now obtained is for the express purpose of building from Bangor to Calais—and we learn that the work will be commenced immediately. The Boston Atlas, in speaking of this Railway, says—'A matter of more importance to Massachusetts has never, in our estimation, been presented to the Legislature.'"

THE FRENCH NATION.—The following paragraph is going the rounds of the American papers:

"It is said that when Mr Sartige, the new French Minister from France, asked Mr Webster whether the United States would recognise the new government of France, Mr Webster assumed a very solemn voice and attitude saying:

"Why not? The United States has recognised the Bourbons, the Republic, the Director, the Council of Five Hundred, the First Consul, the Emperor, Louis XVIII, Charles X, Louis Philippe, the—

"Enough, enough!" cried the French Minister; "these are enough to justify your acts."