

vigorously, the wife, thoughtless of his hurt, cried out: 'O, mercy! have you broken the pitcher?'
 'No,' says he, in great wrath, 'but I will,' and gin-a-ling went the pitcher against the wall.

From Bell's Weekly Messenger.
LETTERS FROM AN EMI-GRANT.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
 SIR.—The ignorance displayed by the successive English governments with respect to their colonies on this continent is too notorious to require any additional proof, but if it were needed, this would be abundantly furnished by the treaty of Ryswick, which cedes rights to France over an enormous territory, and abandons many hundred of British settlers, with hardly any notice; while some half dozen German and Flemish fortresses and Duchies, the whole of which, to use the expressive words of the Hon. Joseph Howe in one of his letters to Lord Grey, 'if thrown into a North American Lake, would hardly swell the tide,' are stipulated for with the utmost precision. This treaty, too laid the foundation for the question between the United States and Great Britain as to the north-eastern boundary, by its vagueness of description, and the uncertainty as to the real position of the River St. Croix, which was the nominal boundary between the English and French possessions.

The French, however, were even at this time, better informed as to the real value of these countries, and more especially of the fisheries, than many English statesmen of the present day; and scarcely had the peace of Ryswick been proclaimed, when the Governor attempted to prevent the English from fishing and trading within the ceded line, and he immediately prepared to settle and fortify various points on the coast.

In 1701, war again broke out, when a provincial expedition was organized, and various attacks of a somewhat predatory nature were made on the coast. In 1710 an assurance was wrung from the English government, that Nova Scotia, if conquered, should not again be ceded to France; and thereupon a strong force was raised in New England, which together with one regiment of marines from home and a few armed vessels, succeeded in capturing Port Royal and reducing the country. The remonstrances of one of the French Governors prove the importance attached to this Province. In one of his despatches he says:—"I wish you were sufficiently sensible of the necessity of retaking Port Royal, before the English effect a permanent settlement. The preservation of North America, and the fisheries on its coast, equally require it." The English however, at this time began to have some views on Quebec, and the arrival of a fleet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence confirmed the conquest.

In 1713 the treaty of Utrecht assigned Nova Scotia and the French possessions in Newfoundland to the English. The name of Port Royal was changed to Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne; and a small garrison of New England troops were placed in it. A Governor was appointed, and some years after a council was held of the English inhabitants who were chosen for the management of the civil affairs of the Province. The Indians were still hostile to the British settlers; and the French inhabitants, though professedly neutral, were deeply attached to their former government; so that the English were exposed to attacks, which prevented the progress of settlement, and will account in some measure for the slow progress of the colony, compared with the others on this continent.

The whole attention of the French was now to the Island of Cape Breton, which they still possessed; and which forms with Newfoundland, the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Louisbourg was strongly fortified, and its excellent harbor and commanding position rendered it one of their most important fortresses.—A desultory warfare, on the part of the Indians, were encouraged by the French Governor, and a ready market for their plunder, as well as supplies of arms and ammunition, was afforded, them at that place.

Thus, notwithstanding the peace in Europe, hostilities on a small scale continued on these shores until 1774, when war was declared by France against England, and the French governor of Cape Breton attacked Nova Scotia, but was repulsed from before Annapolis; and thereupon the Governor of Massachusetts, without authority from England, determined to attack Louisbourg, which, next to Quebec, was the great seat of the French power in these seas. After a siege of 49 days the fortress capitulated to the Provincials, who consisted of raw and undisciplined troops, commanded by a lawyer.—It seems that the English Government were somewhat sensible of the services performed by Mr. Pepperal, the commander, as both he and Commodore Warren were created baronets, whereas an inferior honor, and in some cases none at all, was considered sufficient for those Colonists who so bravely defended Canada against the attacks of the rebels and sympathisers of 1777.

The Island of St. John, now called Prince Edward Island, fell into the English at the same time.

A powerful fleet was now fitted out from France, under the Duke D'Anville, with comprehensive instructions to retake Louisbourg, to capture Annapolis, destroy Boston, and then attack the British West Indies. Like the Spanish Armada of early times, this armament failed in all its magnificent anticipations.—Having been dispersed by a severe gale part only put into the harbour of Chebu-

(now Halifax,) where the Admiral died, and they suffered other severe losses. On their attempting to reach Annapolis they encountered a dreadful storm, and were obliged to return to Europe. A second fleet were defeated by Admirals Anson and Warren in 1747, but this did not prevent the French troops still in Nova Scotia, with the inhabitants and Indians, from harrassing the British settlers and capturing some small forts. In 1748, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle put an end to this war, leaving matters to their former position as regarding Nova Scotia, but ceding Cape Breton to France in exchange for some "imaginary advantage" in Flanders to the great mortification of the American Colonists, and no less to the delight of the French.

Up to this time, no progress had been made in the settlement of Nova Scotia. It was considered as a sort of debateable ground, principally peopled by the Acadian French and infested by hostile savages; but a plan was now formed for its colonisation by the veteran soldiers discharged at the peace. The Bay of Chebucto was selected for the Colony, and the name of Halifax was given to the town in honor of the nobleman then at the head of the Board of Trade and Plantations.

The French now aimed at confining the Province of Nova Scotia to the Peninsula which is now known by that name, while the English made it extend to the limits which the French themselves had marked out, when surrendered to them under the name of Acadia. Commissioners were pointed to settle these disputes; and the Indians, meantime, being in the French interests, seized every opportunity of attacking and plundering the British settlers being aided by the French inhabitants, who still formed a considerable majority. The Isthmus of Chignecto, between Bay Verte; and Beau Sasin, was the scene of many a bloody conflict, the French having constructed two forts Le Bon Sejour and Bay Verte; and the English fortifying a neighboring ridge, called from the name of their commander Fort Lawrence.

It seems that about this period, 1750 or 1751, hostilities had broken out between the two nations on the banks of the Ohio; and on the British Government obtaining information that a large armament bound for America was ready to sail from Brest and Rochfort, they determined to anticipate its operations. But I shall defer an account of the final struggle between the two nations on the battle field of North America to my next letter.

I am indebted for much of the foregoing summary to the History of Nova Scotia by the Hon. Thomas C. Haliburton, now one of the Judges of that Province, and probably better known to your readers as the author "of Sam Slick."

From the New York Times.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

Speech of Mr. C. W. Elliott, of New York, to the Workmen of the New Jersey Locomotive Works.

Mr Chairmen and fellow men: A short story will explain my position before you. You are aware that it is customary in ships of war, to read prayers to the men on Sunday mornings; and sometimes they—so insensible are they to their luxuries—choose to lie in bed or to shrink this duty. In such cases, it is the boatswain's business to hunt them out and bring them up. He was driving a boy before him, now and then giving him a touch of the cat, when the boy said, "Whip, whip, I'll go, but hang me if I'll pray!"

Your Secretary will assure you that I am here obedient to the lash, and that I did what I could to put him in the way of getting a speaker worthy of this occasion and of you. But I am proud to be here; and in my own name, and those for whom I have a right to speak, I thank you for the opportunity you have given me of meeting with a body of men whose conduct this day (and every day, I trust,) bears witness to their high character. I should be proud to be among you as a citizen of your growing town.

I may speak of the dignity of labor without being suspected—for I do not ask your votes; I am candidate for no public office, not even to Senatorship in Congress from New Jersey. I need only point, at the moment of time, to the steamships, the clippers, the Crystal Palace, which you have visited this day, the broad farms, the railroads, and the mighty locomotive to show the present position of labor in this world. But my friends, it has taken a long time for a laborer to begin to get his true position—a very long time. It is but a few years since all labor was a mark of degradation; was slavery, as black labor is now with us, and as white labor still is in Russia. But things are fast changing, ripening for a better time. Literature has nobly and effectively asserted the rights of man as man. Charles Dickens has spoken for the unfortunate and the outcast. Alton Locke, Mary Barton, Miss Sedgwick, Whittier, and last, but not least, the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, have touched the heart of man, and wakened many a one to life and hope. [Cheers.]

Any fool may walk in Broadway, and admiring the shops, and the mustaches and the flounces; may believe that New York is a holiday place, and that all there is idleness and brilliancy; but a man with an eye sees through this. Sweep Broadway out of existence—wash it away as with a sponge, and New York remains. Shop after shop, story piled upon story, are filled with the hammers and tools of the workmen and it is their strong hands and honest hearts that make New York. Why Patterson, with its chimneys, its 2,000 locomotive builders, turning out

one mighty engine every two days, is greater than a hundred Broadways—truly faith has removed mountains—they have been dug up—brought here, and are winged by you to go over the world swifter than any bird. This is the true miracle, if any. Some time ago an accident had detained the cars on the New-Heaven Railroad and me, at one of the way stations in the night. The express train was to pass our station, and would try to make up for lost time. I had heard that no one could safely stand close to the track, when a train was rushing by, without danger; that his nerves could not resist and he would be dashed into the train. I thought to try it. I was on the platform, and I watched the great eyes of the locomotive as they came out of the darkness at sixty miles an hour—they increased and glared upon me: the scream, the noise, and the rush, went by like the whirlwind—my breast seemed suspended—I found myself clinging to the door post and the mighty power had vanished.

I have stood over, under, and on both sides of Niagara; have been at sea in sixty mile gales—alone at night in the forest—and none of these gave me such a sense of might and sublimity as this engine, (with its train) such as you build every day, and are conscious only of doing your work and your duty.

A witty writer of the last century, in one of his novels, after long wandering in deserts and forests, brings some of his characters to a hill where stands a gallows; "Thank Heaven," one of them exclaims, "we have got into a Christian country!"

But we, thank the gods, have discovered other evidences of a Christian country. We have learned that labor is the law of Heaven, and are learning that labor is a mark of manhood, and that the laborer is to be honored—not despised—provided always that he is honest and honorable—sober and clean, and tries to do the best he can in the battle of life.

But remember that yet there remains much to be done, and you must mainly do it for yourself. You stand where Archimedes wanted to, and you can move the world.

Why was it that at the opening of the Crystal Palace labor was not represented?—partly because the managers knew no better. Why has labor never furnished a President to these States—or a Governor—or almost any man to a place of honor? Are they not fit for it?

Labor is dumb!

A strong Sampson, it is not blind, but dumb. It cannot speak. If you yourselves disagree, can you tell your own story before a judge or arbitrator? No you must hire a speaker. Do you want a road granted, or a law made, can you say so, and get it done? No you must hire a lawyer. And what are they! Not always triumphs, like Mr Bossie, who has just spoken to you, but in nine cases out of ten, as he will say, charlatans or nincompoops, who say and do things which you would be ashamed of saying or doing.

What are you preachers?—you hire them, too. I have lately seen it stated that the average wages of this class in New England is four hundred dollars a year!—less than you earn. This is an evidence of their quality and of their public valuation. Why is it that the Methodist sect has gained such large members? It is not mainly because the people there have done their own preaching and praying, as they ought to do!—and as you ought to do; for you know what to say and must learn how to say it.

The other liberal profession, medicine, is not one of speech. A man asked an Irishman if there was not danger of the cars going too fast. "I guess not" he said; "we'll be kilt anyway!" Hydrophobia, homoeopathy, allopathy, Thompson, and Johnson, and what not may endanger us, but very few doctors will tell us our diseases are of our own making, and must be mainly of our own curing. I am not to be misunderstood. These professions have furnished, and do still, some of the noblest of men; but it is not right that these professions, which grow out of and are supported by the disease and wickedness (which are not the essence of manhood) of man, should monopolise all the honor of the world.

What are you to do? I will say what I would do. I would go to town, church and school meetings, and would speak there; I would buy some books for myself and my children. Here let me say, that I learn from the Mayor that you have it in hand to furnish yourselves with a library and reading-room. Nothing can be better, and I shall be glad to send twenty dollars worth of books, if you will accept them [Cheers.]

I would be a member of a debating society; I would educate my children; but not for the three liberal professions, which are as full as PUTNAM said the infernal regions were of Red-coats. "So that their tails stuck out of the windows." I would try to make my profession the first in name as it is in fact. I would stand by the system of public schools. Nothing is of more consequence. I would teach my religion at home and remember that an honest and sober father and mother, are the best guarantee for honest and manly citizens. No party and clique, political or priestly, should induce me to give up the schools, where poor and rich are sure of what they need. I would whenever the time came vote for no man unless he has been 2, 3, or 4 years at schools; and that he shall not be eligible to office at all unless he has been so prepared.

I would save money, for money is power as well as knowledge. The time is coming when the suffering labor of Europe and of this country will rise and will

need help—then they will want sympathy and money—and you will be proud to give both to the noble-hearted Kossuth, and the liberal movement.

Remember that you are not all body—but have also minds and souls. These you must cultivate to make yourselves what you wish to be.

FRIDAY'S MAIL.

UNITED STATES.

SNOW STORM IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—We record the fact, for future reference, that on Monday, the 24th day of October, 1853, after a fortnight of delightful weather, a snow storm, with the wind from the north-west, set in at eleven o'clock, A. M. and continued until about midnight of the same day. At least eight inches of snow fell; but, except in favored localities, it melted nearly as fast as it fell. It is not often we are favored thus early with a taste of winter.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

STEAMER HENRY CLAY.—The proceedings in the case of the United States against Mr Collyer, part owner, and the captain, engineer, and other officers, of the Henry Clay steambot, on an indictment for manslaughter, for having by negligence caused the death of eighty four passengers, terminated yesterday in an acquittal of the accused, after a trial which occupied fourteen days. The excitement which existed at the time of the unparalleled calamity has in a great measure calmed down, and the court did not present on any day during the trial an unusual number of spectators. We make no comment at present on this transaction and the result of the protracted trial. Eminent counsel were engaged on both sides; the fact was conceded that eighty four human beings were precipitated at one fell swoop either into a watery grave or to a more agonising death by fire; the officers of the vessels were indicted for causing that calamity by negligence, carelessness, or inattention; witnesses were produced to prove the racing on the river; others deposed that she did not exceed her ordinary speed, counsel argued and summed up the case; the judge charged the jury; the jury acquitted the accused, and the accused left the court to receive the congratulations of their friends, but with a wholesome lesson, we hope, and a never to be forgotten one, on the dangers of employing an undue amount of steam in the contest for speed where life may be immolated on the hollow altar of supremacy.—*New York Herald.*

The owners and officers of the steambot Henry Clay have been acquitted in the U. S. Circuit Court of New York. The result might have been expected. Steamboat explosions are, it seems, in the opinion of our courts, necessary evils.—*Boston Atlas.*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The President and Directors of the Crystal Palace Association have issued a circular, addressed to the Exhibitors, giving them permission to withdraw the articles they now have on exhibition, after the first of December next, should such be their desire.

They announced at the same time, that, in consequence of the delay in the opening of the exhibition, and the general desire expressed by the public that it should not close at so early a period, they have determined to prolong it during the winter and into the next season.—*N. Y. paper.*

AUDACIOUS BANK ROBBERY.—The Bank of the State of New York, now situated in the basement room of the merchants' exchange, was robbed on Monday afternoon, about two o'clock, of thirty-seven thousand dollars in Bank Bills of the Bank of the State of New York. The bills were seventeen \$1,000 notes, marked A in red; and the balance (\$12,000) in \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, and \$100 in notes. The small notes were marked L. The porter of the bank, prior to two o'clock, had deposited nearly in the middle of the bank area, a bag of bills with \$37,000 in it, when about that hour some audacious thief walked in, on one side, and probably took out on the other, the bag of bills, unobserved by any of the clerks in the circle, whose backs generally are to the centre. The room is lighted with gas, and otherwise dark, which probably facilitated his escape without observation.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Letters have been received from England, announcing the arrival of the Grinnel expedition at Navick, in Greenland, and its subsequent departure for Smith's Sound. All well.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Albany, Nov. 1.—The express train from New York, last evening, when near Tarrytown, was stopped by the breakage of one of the forward wheels of the locomotive, which threw the forward driving wheel off the track and bent the connecting rod like a hoop, and did considerable other damage. The train, at the time, was in a causeway, crossing over one of the indentations of the river, and it was a miracle that the whole train was not thrown over the embankment, when a fearful loss of life would have ensued. As it was, no life was lost or bones broken.

NEW YORK OCTOBER 30.—DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The extensive Clothing establishment of R. L. Rodgers & Co., known as Union Hall, on the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, was burnt down this morning. Union Hall occupied the corner store of the six-story block known as Fowler's buildings, which extend from Fulton to Ann streets. There are over fifty tenants in the block, and the destruction of property has, consequently, been very extensive.

Messrs. Rogers estimated their loss at \$160,000 to 170,000; Mr Fowler's loss on buildings is \$80,000. Three firemen were killed and three

others were badly wounded, by the falling of a wall, which buried them in its ruins.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN NEW YORK.—Eight Thousand Bushels of Grain Destroyed.—The grain storehouse at the Atlantic Docks, occupied by T. Shortland & Sons, were burnt Sunday afternoon, together with 70,000 or 80,000 bushels of wheat and corn. The total loss is about \$90,000. The grain was principally insured in the New York Corn Exchange, and the buildings and fixtures for \$25,000 in the Aina and Protection Companies of Hartford, and one office in New York.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE LATE MURDER IN BARRACK STREET.—All mystery about the late murder of Allan, the sailor, on the night of the 27th, September last, is removed—Sarah Myres and Matilda Ballard having voluntarily disclosed that Murphy and Gordon committed the bloody deed. Last week Andrew McKinlay, Esq., J. P. was required by the Government to take their depositions, and the account of the murder and circumstances connected with it which they solemnly gave, is reported to have been too positive and clear to leave the perpetrators any chance of acquittal.—However, it must not be forgotten that these witnesses also solemnly denied, on the inquest, having any knowledge of the means by which the deceased lost his life, except, that he must have fallen from the window of Murphy's house.—*Halifax Recorder.*

OCEAN STEAMERS.—The Halifax Recorder is trying to urge upon the people of Halifax the importance of having a line of steamers of their own to ply between England and that City. St. John certainly stands in much greater need of such vessels. The Editor remarks—

"Already St. John, New Brunswick, is moving in this direction, and unless our own people take the initiative, we shall not be surprised if some spirited firm of that city attempt to supply for our community a desideratum of which every body admits the necessity.

"But it will be said we have now fortnightly steamers. So we have, but it is well known that they do not, perhaps they cannot supply the necessities of which we speak. The rates of freight charged by the Cunard Line can only be borne by the finest qualities of goods. They are on another errand altogether. What we want in this respect is, not perhaps the fleetest class of steamers, but safe, capacious, and convenient boats, plying regularly, and commanding the confidence of the entire community. This is a project well worthy the serious consideration of our people; for while rapid transit by land, so much agitated, is a thing to be desired, rapid, safe, and sure transit by sea is a subject of not less importance."

The arrival of the ship Fingal, after a passage of 50 days, from Liverpool, appears to have thrown the folk at Quebec into perfect consternation. The ship, it seems, came to anchor with her flags at half mast, and the report at once spread that she had the cholera on board. True ground, however, for alarm there appears to have been none. The passengers in the Fingal were the unfortunate passengers of the Joseph Howe, a vessel which had been wrecked, and consequently especially liable to be attacked by diseases of a typhoid character.

Their sea stores had been either consumed or lost in the Joseph Howe; they had remained for some days in the damp lodging houses of Liverpool previous to embarkment in the Fingal; and thus enfeebled, and without means of nourishment, 200 persons were huddled together on ship board, in foggy or rainy weather.—Disease was to be expected, and in five days after the ship had left Liverpool, and the people were without other food than that which the charity of the master of the vessel could bestow, it broke out. As the eagle pounces upon his prey from the clouds, so did the pestilence fall upon the devoted ship. The most feeble fell a sacrifice, one after another, until 34 had perished, and the ship had passed through the poisoned to a purer atmosphere.—*Halifax Sun.*

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Capt. Thompson, late of the ship Cygnet, arrived here on Saturday evening, from Australia, by the way of the Ithmus, and has furnished us with the Melbourne Argus of the 26th July, not so late, however, as previous advices. Capt. T. reports favourably of the prospects of a number of young men who went from St. John to Australia.

EMIGRATION.—The ship "Jennie Johnston, Atridge, master, from Tralee, bound to Quebec, with 195 passengers, arrived at St. Andrews last week, and there landed the passengers, the vessel having been delayed by storms and bad weather until it became too late in the season to proceed up the Gulf.

About fifty of the passengers (young men) have accepted employment from the contractors of the St. Andrews and Quebec railway, and commenced work yesterday. The rest of the passengers, chiefly old men, women, and children, are to be forwarded this morning, by the Assistant Emigration Officer at St. Andrews, to Montreal by way of Eastport and Portland. They will thus reach their various places of destination in Canada much sooner than if the vessel had gone on to Quebec.—*New Brunswicker.*

COLD WEATHER.—On Monday night or rather yesterday morning, the thermometer indicated 12 above the cipher in this city. In Fredericton it stood 8. Some floating ice was reported to be in the river yesterday morning. We look on this, however, as only a cold snap. We shall