

Communications.

THE FISHERIES.

Tout homine est fou, et pour n'en pas voir, Il faudrait être seul et casser son miroir.

The above lines are we believe from the pen of Boileau, and, for the information and edification of all such as are unacquainted with the French language, we beg leave to translate them thus:

Madness proud man's thy universal fate, What e'er thy birth, thy talent or estate And he who would no living madman see Must break his mirror and a hermit be.

Our perusal in the Gleaner of the 30th ult., of an extract from the Gloucester (U S) Telegraph reminds us forcibly of the truthfulness of the above lines.

Capt. Demings's Report is doubtless perfectly correct so far as the scarcity of Mackerel is concerned outside of the limits, but we can assure the worthy skipper that thanks to our having as he says "quite a number of armed vessels" that valuable fish abounds in the, to him, forbidden waters of the Bay Chaleurs. Judging from the aforesaid report we should say that the name Demings is either a misprint or a misnomer for the French word démence, which means madness or folly—and the Editor of the Telegraph must certainly be very green to endorse such a tale of woe. He is possibly yet to know that some of his Country skippers are noted, not only for spinning long yarns, but also very tough ones.

"Captain Demings informs us, says the Editor that he did not attempt to go into the Bay Chaleurs." Prudence is the better part of valour, and Captain D. shows at least that he is a prudent man, for had he done so he might have brought his fishing voyage to a disastrous conclusion. He then goes on to state that "most if not all the people at St. John's Island, (Prince Edward) Cape Breton, and the Gut of Canso, thought as hard of the official vessels as the Americans do, notwithstanding they were among those who petitioned for them. They now see their error, and wish to have the restriction removed. Formerly, the Americans were the means of affording them considerable business, and were very sociable. Now they keep aloof and are quite cool towards them."

That a few individuals may express similar opinions, those for instance who were in the habit of shipping on board of American fishing craft, we have no doubt. But that such opinions are general, and gaining ground, we deny. The mass of the fishermen on those shores cannot be so blind to their own interest as to wish for foreigners to carry off the Lion's share of their best harvest. As to the "considerable business afforded," if the circulation of Kossuth Medals, stealing of fire wood, setting fire to property, and the commission of numerous other outrages be taken into consideration, we think the Colonists can very well dispense with such customers. We find that the Cruisers are far better customers than the Yankee fishermen. The Leader, during her short stay in Paspébiac Roads, caused more money to circulate in this quarter than has been circulated by all the American vessels that have ever visited the Bay Chaleur.

As to the Americans "keeping aloof and being quite cool," reminds us of the fable of the Fox and the Grapes.

But the most amusing part of the Report is the following:—

"By driving the Americans away they say, their own fisheries have been destroyed, and unless the restrictions are removed and former privileges enjoyed by the Americans renewed, that they, the provincials will soon be in a starving condition, and will be obliged to call on the government for pecuniary aid."

Credat Judeus Appella! It fully exemplifies the old proverb that "men readily believe what they wish to be true." We should like to know by what arithmetical rule the Editor and his venacious Reporter are prepared to prove that minus is plus—that taking two from four makes six. 'Tis true that we poor dwellers on the outskirts of the mighty forest, are somewhat ignorant and illiterate—some allowance must therefore be made for our primitive state, if we are yet to learn that the fertile genius of some free and enlightened citizen of the great Republic, whose destiny is to rule the world has discovered 'that subtraction' is multiplication! Perhaps Capt. Demings is a naturalist, and by close attention to the habits of the finny tribe, he has discovered that if Mackerel are allowed to increase in numbers they will devour each other. If so we hope the big fellows will keep aloof for a time, as a vast shoal of young ones are luxuriating in the Bay at the present moment. Try it by, to us, any known rule of Arithmetic, Algebra, or Logic, and nothing can be made of it—except we suppose our friend to be a regularly educated and licensed Sea Lawyer—who having undertaken a case, will, in accordance with the rules and practice of certain honorable gentlemen of the Bar—better known as the Black Legs of the profession, assert any thing, swear that black is white—and even produce affidavits which they know to be false as H—I to gain their point. We do not speak from hearsay having such a legal luminary in our minds eye as we write, and a would be Yankee to boot, he having the barefaced effrontery to suppose he would some day fill the Presidential Chair. After that comes another deluge.

Our Sea Lawyer's argument in this case, is just as tenable as would be that of a Nobleman's Steward, in England, who would attempt to convince his employer that, unless he tolerated poaching, the

entire genus of Pheasants, Partridges, Hares and Rabbits would be annihilated. Then we have the awful warning that starvation stares us in the face! In other words that we unfortunate colonists are miserable, beggarly dependents on the charity of a few American fishermen, whose kind hearted, philanthropic visits are to us as great a blessing as the twofold harvest in Egypt, when the Nile abundantly overflows. No wonder Brother Jonathan that we are so anxious for annexation, according to the oft repeated tales emanating from your Press. But if we are such a set of paupers what motive can induce you to covet our patrimony; sheer philanthropy we presume; or do you contemplate bringing us into bondage and making us the hewers of stone and drawers of water to the Sovereign people; variety is charming, and your freemen of the South could then have a few white cattle to add to their stock. Will you never learn to be honest and true.

As to petitions against protection, you may save yourselves that trouble, for we have no doubt if such be the case, that they are got up by Citizens of the United States, that free and enlightened country, as you are pleased to term it, whose freedom we opine consists in making free with other people's property, and whose enlightenment, if we may judge a people by their Press, savours more of bombast and bullying than of true enlightenment. Our claim for protection against your yearly increasing encroachments is no new doctrine or cunningly devised fable, to serve the ends of a few interested parties as you would make it appear. For years past we have endeavored to make the Home Government understand the true nature of the case, and thanks to the Earl of Derby, the long sought boon has been granted. John Bull is an easy, steady going old Gentleman, who is sometimes rather dull of comprehension, but the worthy Patriarch is now fully sensible of the importance, both to us and himself, of keeping you out of his preserves, and all your empty arguments and bombastical declarations are vain. The treaty—the whole treaty—and nothing but the treaty. We claim no more, and will be satisfied with nothing less. You are continually preaching about your destiny, which has insensibly led us to consider our own, part of which we are disposed to believe is to supply you with a share of our catch of Cod, Mackerel, and Herring, in lieu of allowing you to obtain it by picking and stealing.

Our next will favor you with a copy of an address now in course of signature, to be presented to Captain Campbell, the Commander of the Devastation, one of the "quite a number of armed Steamers," which will we think be a fair set off against those Petitions Captain Demings speaks of.

MERCATOR.

New Carlisle, August 13, 1853.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24, 1853.

TERMS.—New subscribers Fifteen Shillings per annum, in all cases in advance. Old subscribers 15s. in advance, or 20s. at the end of the year. We prefer the advance price, and as it effects a saving of 25 per cent., we hope soon to see all our subscribers avail themselves of it.

NEW CARLISLE.

Our Correspondent in this place, under date of August 17, writes to us as follows:

"The excessive heat we have had, and long continuance of dry weather, has caused our Hay crop to be far below the usual average; I should say one quarter if not a third less than last year. The same may be said of straw, which is generally short. The grain looks well and promises a fair yield, but I am credibly informed that the weevil is making sad havoc in the wheat about New Richmond. So far I see no symptoms of the disease among the potatoes."

UNITED STATES.

On the 1st instant, the Sons of the Pilgrims assembled in a great multitude, at "Forefather Rock," to commemorate the day, August 1, 1620, when their forefathers embarked from Delft Haven, to seek a home in the Western Wilderness. The papers furnish us with several speeches which were made on the occasion, from which we select one delivered by Mr Everett:

The discovery itself of the American Continent may, I think, fairly be considered the most extraordinary event in the history of the world. In this, as in other cases, familiarity blunts the edge of our perceptions; but much as I have meditated, and often as I have treated this theme, its magnitude grows upon me with each successive contemplation. That a Continent nearly as large as Europe and Africa united—spread out on both sides of the equator—lying between the western shores of Europe and Africa, and the eastern shore of Asia—with groups of islands in either ocean, as it were stopping places on the march of discovery—a Continent not inhabited indeed by civilized races, but still occupied by one of the families of rational man—that this great hemisphere I say, should have laid undiscovered for five thousand years upon the bosom of the deep—a mystery so vast—within so short a distance—and yet not found out, is in-

deed a marvel. Mute nature, if I may so express myself, had made the discovery to the philosopher, for the preponderance of land in the eastern hemisphere demanded a counterpoise in the west.

Dark-wooded trees had drifted over the sea, and told of the tropical forests where they grew. Stupendous ocean currents, driven westward by the ever-breathing trade-winds, had wheeled their mighty flexures along the American coast, and returned to Europe with tidings of the everlasting break-water which had stopped their way. But the fullness of time had not yet come. Egypt and Assyria, and Tyre and Carthage, and Greece and Rome, must flourish and fall, before the seals are broken. The ancient civilization must be weighed in balance and found wanting.—Yes, and more. Nature must unlock her rarest mysteries; the Astroble must climb the arch of heaven; science must demonstrate the superiority of earth, which the ancients suspected but could not prove; the Press must scatter the flying rear of mediæval darkness; the creative instincts of a new political, intellectual and social life, must begin to kindle into action; and then the great Discoverer may go forth.

He does go forth. The discovery is made; the balance of the globe is redressed. A continent, nearly equal in extent to one half the ancient hemisphere, is brought to light. What momentous questions present themselves. Another world? Is it a twin sister of the ancient world? It has mountains, and rivers, and lakes, and forests; but does it contain the homes of man—of cultivated races, who have pursued, independently of their eastern brethren—separate, perhaps—higher paths of civilization? In a word, has the great cause of humanity made an immediate gain by the wonderful event which has added so much to the Geography of the World as before known.

I need not say to this company, assembled on the shores of that haven for which so many noble hearts on that terrible voyage throbb'd with sickening expectancy—that quiet haven where the May Flower furled her tattered sails—that a greater a nobler work was never performed by man. Truly the opus magnum, the great work of humanity. You bid me speak on that portion of it which devolved on the Pilgrims. Would to Heaven that I could find words to do justice even to my own poor conceptions not far below the august reality. A mighty work of improvement, in which (not to speak of what has been done in other portions of the continent) the poor solitary May Flower, so to say, has multiplied herself into the thousand vessels that bear the flag of the Union to every sea; has scattered her progeny through the land to the number of nearly a quarter of a million for every individual in that drooping company of one hundred; and in place of that simple compact, which was signed in her cabin, has exhibited to the admiration of mankind a Constitution of Republican Government for all this growing family of prosperous States. But the work is in its infancy. It must extend throughout the length and breadth of the land; and what is not done directly by ourselves, must be done by other governments and other races, by the light of our example. The work—the work must go on. It must reach to the North, to the enchanted cave of the magnet, within never melting barriers of arctic ice—it must hew to the lord of day on the altar peak of Chimborazo; it must look up and worship the Southern cross. From the easternmost cliff on the Atlantic, that blushes in the kindling dawn, to the last promontory on the Pacific, which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun, it must make the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice in the gladness of light of morals, and letters, and arts. Emperors, and kings, and Parliaments,—the oldest and the strongest Governments in Europe,—must engage in this work in some part or other of the continent, but no part of it shall be so faithfully and successfully performed as that which was undertaken on the spot where we are now gathered by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

There are two Master Ideas, greatest of the spiritual images enshrined in the mind of man, the only ones, comparatively speaking, which deserve a name among men, springs of all the grand beneficent movements of the modern times, by whose influence the settlement of New England may be rationally explained.—You have anticipated me, descendants of the Pilgrims, these Great Ideas are God and Liberty. It was these that inspired our Fathers, by these that their weakness was clothed with power, and their simplicity was transmuted to wisdom; by these that the great miracle of their enterprise was wrought.

I am aware that to ascribe such a result even in part, to the influence of religion, will sound like weakness and superstition, in this material age—an age at once supremely skeptical and supremely credulous, which is ready to believe in everything spiritual rather than God, and admits all marvels but the interpositions of His providence;—an age which supposes it a thing of every day's occurrence to evoke from their awful rest the spirits of the great and good, and believes that master intellects, which, while they lived—obscured with these organs of sense—ravished the ears with "the tongues of men," and have now cast off "this muddy vesture of decay," and gone where they speak with "the tongues of angels," can yet find no medium of communication from the eternal world but wretched inarticulate rappings and clatterings, which pot-house clowns would be ashamed to use in their intercourse with each other—as if our matchless CHATEL, for instance, who had just electrified the land with a burst of eloquence not easily paralleled in the line of time, if sent with a message from a higher stage of being, would come skulk-

ing and rapping behind the wainscott instead of coming in robes of light, with a voice like the music of the spheres;—an age, I say, that believes all this, and yet doubts and sneers at the wonder-working fervor of earnest man, swayed by all powerful influence of sincere faith.

The Chairman, who presided on the occasion, informed the meeting, that within a few weeks the inhabitants of Plymouth had subscribed \$6,000 towards the erection of a Monument on the rock on which Pilgrims first landed, and that the Hon. Mr Grinnell, of New York had promised to contribute \$1,000 to the same object.

COMET.

For some nights past our star gazers have been kept on the que vie looking at a very luminous body that has made its appearance in the heavens in a north-west direction, which some of them positively assert is a Comet. If this be the case, we shall soon be favored by some of the astronomers, with a detailed account of the stranger.

It is the current opinion that these erratic bodies are the precursors of some momentous event. We wonder what the present one foreshadows. The downfall of the Tartar dynasty in China—a Russian war—the commencement of the long-talked-of Railway in New Brunswick, or the dissolution of our worthy House of Representatives. Time, the unraveller of all secrets, will determine, and we presume we shall have to await its revelation.

MR HOWE.

A short time ago the Halifax Colonist took us to task for our favourable notice of Mr Howe's speech at Amherst, and appeared to be highly elated that only two papers in this Province—the Reporter and Gleaner—spoke in his favor. It gives us much satisfaction to be enabled to copy a very favorable notice of this gentleman's political career, from the last number of the Head Quarters, a paper which has said some very bitter things against Mr Howe, in reference to his Railway policy.

The Colonist may rail, and find fault with our remarks, but we can assure him, that notwithstanding the assiduity he has manifested to blacken the character of this gentleman, we have only expressed the unanimous sentiments of the people in this section of New Brunswick; and we still hold to the opinion, and hope we shall be wrong in our conjectures, that the inhabitants of Nova Scotia as well as those residing in the southern part of this Province, will speedily have cause to regret that the admirable arrangement which he entered into for the building of the Great Trunk Railway, was ever departed from.

MAMMOTH STEAMER.

We are indebted to a late paper published in Portland, in the State of Maine, for the following description of a monster steamer, which is now being built in Britain, to ply between the old and new world:

Mr Betts, the great Railway contractor, who has just left Portland for Montreal, is a Director in the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, who are constructing the Leviathan Steamship, for the purpose of facilitating ocean navigation. The other head of this company is the Earl of Yarborough and the names of Mr Peto and others of equal note, are also associated with Mr. Betts in the direction.

This Company has laid the keel of a monster Steamer, whose dimensions are given as follows:

Length, 673 feet. Breadth, 80 " Out to out of wheel-houses, 120 " Depth of hold from combings " of main deck, 60 " Power of engines, 6000 horse. Her deck presents an area of over 1 1/2 acres of surface.

This ship is being built by Scott Russell, Esq., the greatest naval architect of England, and is constructed in separate compartments, made water-tight, so that in case of her bow or her stern breaking off, she would still be able to float in separate pieces.

We have seen notices of this ship before, but have not been able to ascertain her precise dimensions till now.

All experience has tended to show that speed and steadiness have been attained in proportion to the increase of the size of a ship. The better opinion now is, that 30 feet is the extreme depth of the highest ocean wave, and that a vessel drawing 32 feet of water, of a length of 600 feet or over, can ride the waves without being moved from a level. We have this opinion enforced upon our attention by several of the captains in the Cunard and the Collins lines.

It is doubtful if such a steamer could enter our harbour, and Halifax is therefore regarded as the most suitable port for this new move in ocean navigation.

This steamer is to sail from Milford Haven, where she is now building, or from Holyhead Harbour, which promises eventually to become the great steamship terminus of the British Isles.

FOR SALE. The Mercantile and Shipbuilding Establishment,

situate on the north side of Miramichi River, about 2 miles below the Town of Newcastle, and about the same distance above Douglastown, formerly owned and occupied by WILLIAM ABRAMS, Esq., deceased.

The premises embrace a frontage of upwards of 60 rods on the Miramichi River, with a Wharf at which ships can load and discharge.

A COMMODIOUS BRICK STORE, RE-TAIL SHOP, AND OFFICE, all covered with slate, a good store on the wharf with an Iron Shed attached. Roomage for timber or logs.

A FOREMAN'S DWELLING. A number of Houses for Workmen.

THE SHIP YARD has ample room to lay down 2 or 3 ships; has a good Moulding Loft and Saw Pits, and the front is convenient for hauling Timber into the yard.

A DWELLING HOUSE of Brick, covered with slate, with an excellent Cella, and a large range of Kitchen, a Garden, Barn, and convenient Outhouses.

THE FARM, contains about 100 acres of Land, 20 to 30 of which are under cultivation.

Altogether the Establishment has every accommodation for a respectable family, and possesses all the room and convenience necessary for the purpose of Ship Building, and Mercantile operations. Immediate possession will be given.

Also the

Two Story Dwelling House,

and Outhouses, situate in the Town of Chatham, now occupied by Dr. Thomson, with the Land attached, measuring 100 feet on Wellington Street, and 130 back. The Buildings are nearly new, substantially built, and are in excellent order affording every accommodation necessary for a respectable family.

Terms—one third the Purchase money down, the balance to remain on interest for two or three years.

For further particulars apply to Messrs Berton Brothers, St. John, or to Messrs Kerr & Thomson, Solicitors, Chatham.

If the property be not previously sold, it will be offered for sale by Public Auction in the Town of Chatham, on TUESDAY, the Twenty Fifth OCTOBER next, at noon. Chatham, 22d August, 1853.

CROWN LAND OFFICE,

August 10, 1853.

The right of License to cut Timber and Lumber until the first day of May, 1854, from Berths applied for by the following persons, in the under-mentioned situations, will be offered for sale by Public Auction at this Office, on Wednesday the 24th day of August instant. Sale to commence at noon.

(Not to interfere with any Lots of Land located, or which may have been applied for within one year previous to the date of entry of the applications for License.)

Table with columns: Name, Miles, Situation. Lists various land parcels and their owners, such as Richard Hutchison, Arthur Ritchie, Robinson Crocker, etc.

CARD.

The Subscriber, being about to leave the Province for a short time, his business will be conducted during his absence by Dr. Cassels, from Nova Scotia, who has kindly consented to take charge of the establishment until his return. WILLIAM FORBES.