

the city which perpetuates the name of Peter, or the force of will, the stubborn and stern character which could overcome the obstacles he encountered in the organization of his unwieldy dominions. When that strange compound of crime and virtue fell a victim to the excesses in which he sought a recreation from the toil of government, Russia did not cease to feel the impulse he had imparted to it, and scarce a year elapsed without additions to her moral and material strength. Under Catherine II., the plunder of Poland, and the acquisitions in the Black Sea, gave her an ascendancy equal to that which she possessed in the Baltic. In the present century the invasion of Russia by the French, and the vanity of dictating terms of peace in the ancient capital of the Czars, led to the overthrow of Napoleon's colossal power, and made Russia believe that she was invincible and irresistible. That idea was, to a great extent, shared by the other powers; and in the councils of Europe, Russia acquired a vast accession of influence. But in an empire where there are but slaves and one master, all, or nearly depends on the personal character of the Sovereign. Until lately, the Emperor Nicholas got credit for the possession of all the qualities necessary for the administration of his vast states. His good sense, moderation, courage, and decision, were remarkable; and in vigilance and energy he surpassed all his predecessors, excepting one. The spell is now broken, and his conduct for the last twelve months appears to have reduced him, in some respects, to the level of the princes of the Lower Empire. His proclamations and his acts prove that his mind is unsettled, and his moral powers deteriorated. His once powerful frame shows symptoms of decay. When the period comes from the government to pass into other hands, less able than his were, Russia may become, in turn, the theatre of violent change, of revolution, and of civil war, from which she has, since she became a great empire, been exempt.

One thousand years after the great Charlemagne foresaw the decay of his empire from the irruptions of the barbarians of the north, another mighty potentate, whose ambition was not less vast, and whose genius was not less lofty, predicted danger to civilized Europe from the hordes of Russia. He, too, was in the sunset of life, and had survived power. From the rock of St. Helena the Imperial captive beheld the cold shadow which preceded the march of the giant. When the fate of Europe was hanging in the balance during the conference of Tilsit, even at the moment Napoleon refused to accede to the prayer of Alexander, and he thought Constantinople far too precious a gift to be bestowed on the Czar. "I might have come to an understanding with Alexander," he afterwards said, "and shared all Europe with him, had I consented to give up Constantinople, but Constantinople I would not give up." It was in vain that the Czar repeated and increased his bribes.—In vain he offered his co-operations in a war which had for its object the ruin of England; nothing could tempt him, no argument could persuade him to abandon to Russia a position which would make her the first power on earth.

The idea of the aggrandizement of Russia, and the subjugation of the rest of Europe by the hordes of the North, haunted him to the last, and in the most cheerless days of his captivity he predicted much of what has since come to pass. Napoleon was right—the possession of Constantinople by a power so ambitious, so unscrupulous, so utterly regardless of good faith as Russia, would be followed by the subjugation of the Ottoman provinces in Asia, and would close up for ever the Black Sea. Russia would soon command the Archipelago, the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic, and cover it with its deadly shadow the whole of Europe. We confess that we have been slow to arrive at these convictions; we have been long unwilling to believe that the man who, on various and important occasions, rendered good service to the cause of order in Europe, would so wantonly and so recklessly disturb it. But whatever the high claims to be public admiration which the Emperor Nicholas was once supposed to possess, he has now entered on a career of spoliation which must be at once arrested and at any cost. The culpable weakness of our ministers—and particularly of one man, on whose head, we conscientiously believe, much of the responsibility of our present situation rests, has already produced incalculable evil. Yet it is not too late. The Emperor Nicholas must be placed under the ban of Europe; he must be excommunicated of nations. Those who have not entirely made up their minds to crouch before the Attila of modern days, must now stand forth, and manfully struggle for independence and existence. The fact should not be concealed.—The war we are now engaged in is a war of life or death, as between Russia and Western Europe, and our preparations for it must be commensurate with its magnitude.—We have already paid for the credulity or connivance of our Government. The Emperor Napoleon never believed that Spain or Russia, when these countries were invaded would offer serious resistance, and he paid dearly for his incredulity. Neither must we persuade ourselves that the Emperor Nicholas will submit. Submission after so much arrogance would be destruction. He is Czar and Autocrat, and to yield to the enemies he has so insolently provoked, would be to acknowledge himself as an erring mortal—his infallibility would be gone for

ever. He has allowed many occasions to slip by when a not dishonourable arrangement was possible. It was easy at Olmutz, but he, too, was in incredulous; he did not believe that the English or French seriously thought of war. Deceived by his ambassadors, and the spies who infested every court in Europe, and intoxicated adulation, he flung defiance in the face of Europe. Before submission take place, much remains to be done. The fleets of Russia must be burnt or sunk, her fortresses dismantled, her arsenals ruined; and even after this, we doubt whether she will sue for peace. But whatever the sacrifices we are called on to make, whatever the burdens we are destined to bear, whatever ever the effusion of blood and the waste of treasure we must submit to all in order to pull down that Colossus; we must face every difficulty; we must be deterred by no danger, discouraged or dismayed by no reverses, swayed from our purpose by no prayers or seduction, seduced by no treachery at home or abroad, until we shall have attained our object. All this we must make up our minds to do, for we have no choice. We must show the Emperor of Russia and the entire world that we have not degenerated, as he may have been led to believe by his old and respected friends; that we are ready to prove our title as the most powerful nation of the earth; that though England has arrived at full maturity, she is not yet rotten; that England is not as yet quite prepared to descend to the level of the Turkish Empire; and that it would be a grievous error on his part to form his notion of Englishmen from his "old friends" in the Cabinet. We must render our enemy powerless, or we must make up our minds to renew the contest again and again. Had we any other at the head of the Government than the man to whose hands are intrusted the destinies of our empire, we might cherish the hope of an honourable peace—a peace that would run no risk of being disturbed for a long time to come, and which would be the reward as well as the termination of the sacrifices we are making, and the struggle we have entered upon. At all events, we trust that the spirit of our country will revolt against dishonour, and that no peace will be imposed on us until it shall be put out of the power of Russia again to convulse Europe.

## Communications.

DEAR PIERCE,

I am sure you will agree with me when I assert, that of all cases of commiseration to be met with in this world of sorrow and suffering, there is not one which should claim our attention, or challenge our sympathy more imperatively than that of the Drunkard's Wife.

The nature and severity of her sufferings, none can describe, for to none are they known save herself. Like the *fond ivy* which continues to embrace the scathed oak, long after it has been tumbled in the dust; the faithful Wife too frequently clings to her once, perhaps, affectionate, respected and happy—but now icy hearted—despised and miserable husband, with a tenacity, which would seem to put death itself at defiance, and which nothing but her pale cheeks, sunken eye, and wasted form reveal.

What renders the case of such a woman the more deplorable, is the fact, that while the strong arm of the Law in other cases, casts its shield of protection around "all who do well," to the Drunkard's Wife, its appliances (it is said) do not extend, or if they do, they only aggravate the evil they should alleviate.

If it be true—and who will deny it—that the social condition of Woman, affords a correct index by which we may ascertain the civilization of any community, it says but little in favor of our progress, that a class of Women—certainly not less entitled to the protection and immunities of Law than others—should be overlooked, and left to drag out an existence, in many instances, as heathen as that of the wretch of old, doomed to die, by being chained to the fetid corpse.

During the days of Chivalry—long gone by—virtuous, lovely woman, thus injured, would soon have found "Champions" to espouse her cause, and have her wrongs redressed; but during the nineteenth century, in a country, boasting of its advanced civilization, no relief is afforded the "bond slave" of the drunkard, no Law is enacted, by which she may escape from her cruel captivity, or have her wrongs alleviated or redressed.

This is no ideal representation of the condition of many a deserving woman, here as elsewhere! wherever Rum drinking is licensed, and the Drunkard tolerated—may respected—there, Drunkard's Wives, and Drunkard's Children, suffer more than tongue can tell, or pen describe.

In our midst, at this moment, there lives a man, who years ago—it is said—was a decent, industrious, and sober Tradesman, but who is now a monster in human form—a besotted Drunkard!—this wretch has long been in the habit of beating his wife, and turning her and his children out of doors at night. This inhuman treatment, the poor woman endured many a long year, and strove to se-

cret from the knowledge of others, but "hope's last ray" having at length vanished, and having no home for her children, she was induced to expose her case to a Magistrate. With a heavy heart and reluctant step, she sought the ear of a kind hearted Justice of the Peace; but alas! what were her feelings when told, that he could do nothing for her, unless she would swear her life against her husband! (as it is called.) What an alternative! Swear her life against the man, who with all his faults, she still loved and pitied! Ah, no! Come cold—come disgrace—come death—she will not entertain the thought of doing this. Hope—that star of the distressed soul—suddenly shines forth in her breast. After all, she feels—he may yet come to himself, arise, and return to usefulness. Before long the cursed poison he is so fond of may be banished from the land, and if no such drink be vended, he cannot get drunk as he does. For this he prays himself when sober! Hail, happy day! say I, O! glorious consummation! What a host of hell hastening victims would then be arrested in their mad career, and directed heavenwards. How fiends in hell would shriek with shagrin, while Heaven's arches would ring with gladdest hallelujahs. The Lord hasten the happy time when Rum drinking shall be known only as a thing of the past.

My object for making these hasty remarks, which I trust are not calculated to wound the feelings of any, is merely to invite public attention to the consideration of a subject, which has long appeared to me, as one in which every right-thinking person should feel a deep interest. If there be no Law on the Statute Book which directly applies to the heart rending circumstances in which the family of the Drunkard are too frequently plunged, such a Law should be enacted as speedily as circumstances will permit. Save one, our Representatives are not what may be termed Temperance Advocates, yet of this I am quite sure, that among the assembled Forty odd, there will not be found four from one County, more willing—for dear Woman's sake—or more able to devise and prepare such a Law—than the gentlemen who are to represent this County in the Provincial Legislature.

Of all men Sir, I have the most insuperable aversion to any thing like Lynch Law, but I would be for freely pardoning—nay I would applaud the spirited fellow, who would administer a sound drubbing to the monster who could maltreat—even when drunk—the wife of his bosom, and cast her or his helpless offspring into the street.

This reminds me of a story I heard many years ago, of a little tipping Tailor, who was in the habit of beating his wife, and disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood.—One night a noble hearted young man, who stood some six feet two inches high, together with half a dozen of kindred spirits, who deeply sympathized with the tailor's family, rolled a loaded cannon to the window of the little Taylor, and at the moment when he had completed his usual volley of abuse, and his wife had escaped to another apartment, off went the cannon; the concussion sent the window, a table, and the tailor, smash against the opposite side of the room, the former was picked up in pieces, the latter in a furious rage. The instant he recovered his senses, the "Knight of the Needle" flew to the street, where, with arms a kimbo, he found the tall gent standing alone, and surveying very coolly and indifferently, the scene of the late disaster. Who are you? demanded the indignant tailor. Quite well, I thank you, replied the tall one. Who are you? again demanded the little man. What's the matter with you my little Hero? said six feet odd, and what are you? What am I sir? why I'm a gentleman. Seizing the little tailor by the back of the neck, with the left hand, and holding him up over his head, at full arms length, the tall one sung out—Hillo boys—come see a Gentleman that beats his wife and kicks his children! A goodly number of spectators, having assembled—among whom were the tailor's family—the tall one slapped the hinder parts of the little man so soundly, with his right hand, that he swore solemnly, he would never again lift his hand to beat his wife or family; and faith, the little tailor—afraid of a repetition of the dose—kept his word.

Now in the meantime, till a law be passed, to "hawl sic rogues in order," a few lessons such as the tailor received, might if judiciously administered, have a salutary influence in checking the fiendish practise of Wife thrashing, to which I have referred.

PROGRESS.

### BOOTS AND SHOES.

Eight Hundred Pairs of Ladies' and Gentlemen's BOOTS AND SHOES, of all kinds in great variety for Sale by FORBES & Co.

### PILOT AND NAVY BREAD

Landing from schooner "Mary Martha," from Quebec.

20 Barrels PILOT BREAD  
12 Barrels NAVY BREAD.

For Sale by the Subscriber—  
BURKE & NOONAN  
Chatham, 9th August, 1854.

## Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1854.

TERMS.—New subscribers Twelve Shillings and Six Pence, per annum, in all cases in advance. Old subscribers 12s 6d in advance, or 17s 6d at the end of the year. We prefer the advance price, and as it effects a large saving, we hope soon to see all our subscribers avail themselves of it.

V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent is the only authorized Agent for this paper, in the Cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His Office are:—

BOSTON.—Scollay's Building.  
NEW YORK.—Tribune Building.  
PHILADELPHIA.—N. W. Cor. Third & Chestnut Streets.

### TOKEN OF RESPECT.

We have much satisfaction in transferring to our columns the annexed Address presented to the Rev. Mr Henderson, by the congregation of St. James's Church, in Newcastle, with the Rev. Gentleman's reply thereto. The handsome and substantial token of respect which accompanied this address, (Sixty Pounds) is highly creditable to the members of his Church, and displays a harmony of feeling existing between the Pastor and his flock, worthy of imitation. We feel persuaded the prayer of the address will be responded to by all classes of our community, who are acquainted with Mr. Henderson, irrespective of creeds or sects:—

MIRAMICHI, 27th August, 1854.

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Ten years have elapsed since you accepted of the pastoral charge of St. James's Church, and we are gratified to acknowledge that the hopes then entertained of your fitness as a Christian Pastor, have been fully realized.

Believe us—we are not insensible of your unwearied efforts to disseminate Gospel Truth among us, and that you have ever held in remembrance that sublime command of your Great Antecedent and Head of the Church Militant on Earth,—“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,” has our fullest concurrence and admiration.

Your assistance in diffusing scientific information, and your persevering endeavours to promote the moral and intellectual culture of the community, we trust, will in due time bear fruit, and that the name of “William Henderson” will become familiar in our transatlantic Homesteads as a household word.

Whilst we urge on you the necessity of some relaxation from your onerous vocation, we beg to be allowed to express the regret that we unavoidably feel at the temporary separation now anticipated.

That the Christ of Nazareth may journey with you, may stand by your side on the Temple, and that the risen Redeemer may strengthen and protect you is—Reverend and Dear Sir, the united and fervent prayers of your attached Friends.

On behalf of the Congregation.

Richard Hutchison,  
William Henderson,  
Donald McKay,  
John Brander,

Elders.

Thomas C. Allan,  
William Murray,  
George Kerr,  
Peter Mitchell,  
Robinson Crocker,  
Richard Hutchison,  
Donald McKay,  
A. A. Davidson,  
William Loch,  
David Johnstone,  
John Wyse,  
Roderick McKenzie,

Trustees.

MIRAMICHI, 27th August, 1854.

Christian Friends,

To receive such a testimony of your satisfaction with my feeble efforts to serve you in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is indeed truly gratifying. I am not insensible of my own deficiencies. When I think of the responsibility of the office which I hold, as an ambassador for Christ, and the numerous and arduous duties which the fulfillment of it requires, I often feel the force of the Apostle's question, “Who is sufficient for these things?” and my chief encouragement has arisen from the declaration of God's word—that “God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound things which are mighty,” and from the promise which the Great Head of the Church has given to those whom he sent to preach the Gospel—“Lo I am with you always even to the end of the world.”

Encouraged by these declarations of God's word, I have endeavoured in much weakness, to make known among you, the unsearchable riches