

that follow a night of debauch. Uamelodious as their voices are, they differ not only with sex or age, but in every individual cat. This led some rascally courier or other to the outrageous idea of a cat organ. He confined a large number of cats with different voices in a large box, arranging them carefully according to musical notation. In front was a keyboard and as the hand touched a key, a pin entered the tail of the corresponding victim. The cats mewed and—for a shame—the world laughed.

Simpler in form but much higher in its character is the language of animals who live in regularly organized society. Both monkeys and elephants place sentinels upon eminences to guard them against surprise, whilst they are feeding or robbing. The outposts give a shrill cry of warning, which refers not to their own feeling of pain or fear, but is clearly intended to benefit others. This is a manner of communication by voice entirely different from a mere involuntary utterance of sound, and belonging, in fact, to the class of reasoning speech the highest of which is human language. Monkeys, especially, obey the voice of their leader with military precision. He calls and they leap upon trees; his voice is heard again and they arm themselves with clubs and sticks, they advance or retreat, flee or attack as he commands them. Prisoners cry piteously, and others, moved by sympathy, come to the rescue.

Even the less cunning chamois, when grazing in herds upon lofty mountains, have a keen-sighted sentinel posted on a high rock or jutting promontory. Whilst the others feed or play and gambol in simple delight, she stands alone on her lofty eminence, watchfully glancing around and scenting the air. At the least sign of danger, the distant echo of a footfall or the sight of an unknown object, she whistles shrill and clear through her front teeth, and taking the lead, she vanishes with the companions with almost magical swiftness.

Even these sounds, however, full of meaning and intelligence as they are, cannot compare with the eloquence of the dog. His sensibilities are highly developed; he can shed tears, and, of all animals probably the only one, he can even laugh. His ear is sharp and fastidious. Some we know, cannot bear music of any kind, others detest only wind-instruments; if they cannot escape what is torture to their nerves, they draw themselves up, raise their spines in simple curves, hide their tails and howl piteously. The violin, it is said, is their special torment, and this idiosyncrasy strengthens the theory of their relation to wolves. No animal, however, is so quick and so perfect in comprehending the human voice; the dog receives as it were, man's thoughts into his own mind; he obeys his commands, he recollects, he reasons, in fine, on his duty. What more striking proof of this can be given than the well known story of a dog's encounter with a raven? He was pursuing the bird over a meadow on the point of seizing his wing. Of a sudden, the raven turns round, assumes that air of sublime impudence which his race alone possesses, and bawls into the dog's face a furious; Thief! Thief! The dog stood aghast; he was frightened to death, and ran off in vile, cowardly fear. He had pursued a bird and had met with a human voice. It was magic to him it was witchcraft. He must have reasoned, to be thus amazed.

## The Politician.

### THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Spectator.

#### OUR SHARE IN THE WAR.

There is something unphilosophical, but very natural, in the tendency which shows itself here and there to isolate and contrast the services rendered by the Allies respectively in this war. We in England are apt to do this almost invariably to our own disadvantage; on the Continent it is done either by disaffected Englishmen or their confederates the Russian Sympathizers, whose wish it is to breed discord between the allies. As a nation we are inclined to lash our authorities but we are not inclined to permit foreigners a similar freedom. An Englishman who tells us, for instance, that our part has been inflated pretension and abortive performance, exercises one of his "rights"; but if a Belgian or an American uttered the atchesis he would be told to mind his own business. With us it is "freedom of speech." With him an impertinence. The extent to which the former is carried depends on taste, a quality not strongly developed in some men; as regards the latter, impertinence to the end of the chapter. But it may still be asked why an arithmetical impertinence from the pen of an Englishman should be allowed to take sanctuary under freedom of speech, any more than the same offensive thing from the pen of a foreigner. It is, in reality, less offensive supposing it to appear, say in the Leeds Mercury, rather than Le Nord?

Whence this propensity arises we shall not inquire; but one of its causes is imperfect information respecting what has been done—another, imperfect appreciation of what is understood to have been done. The conscientious condemnator, as well as the unscrupulous partisan, necessarily labours under this disadvantage, especially during the progress of a war.

The patient, laborious, keen-sighted, and large minded historian, alone, who from a distance surveys an accurately drawn chart, will be able to estimate their relative importance, and to see them, not as they appear to us, some unduly exaggerated, others unduly diminished, but as they really were, neither more nor less. Yet the progress of reflection should and does perpetually go on; and, in the spirit of the impartial historian, it may not be out of place to rectify this popular delusion respecting the share of England in the success of the Eastern war.

In looking upon special actions, we are bound not to take them separately, as it is too much the fashion to do; on the contrary, we are bound to view them in their relation to the whole. Thus, the question resolves itself into this—what have we done in furtherance of the war? not in this—what did we do towards the success of this or that special victory? Indeed there is something that underlies victory—the supply and organization of the means which rendered victory possible. The glory of military renown is undoubtedly won in the battle field. It is a sign unmistakable of skill and prowess. But how we should err if we mistook the sign for the thing, and estimated, say the talents of a general, solely by the share he personally took in a battle! His chief share in the matter, indeed, had gone before the fighting—he had been the organizer of the victory won by the instruments who executed his design; and the splendour that rests on his name is far different from the glory that encircles the standard of his troops.

England and France determined to encounter Russia in arms. What was the character of the forces each could bring into the field? We could not muster so many soldiers trained and inured to war—such a finely organized, nay, almost perfect army—as France. But we could equip more war-ships, assemble a larger fleet of transports, collect a greater number of guns and mortars, and afford to spend a larger sum of money. In other words, we had an ampler supply of the sinews of war at our command; France had an ampler supply of trained men. We could furnish the material wheels that set the machine in motion, as well as no mean portions of the machine itself.

One element of success in war with Russia was unquestionable supremacy at sea. The presence of that element of success was secured by the junction of the fleets of England and France, in what relative proportions we need not call to mind. France has made a noble figure on the ocean but it could not be expected that there she could surpass England. At the onset of the war, by virtue of possessing a larger marine, we were enabled to land a larger number of troops by some thousands on the shores of the Crimea, besides providing a war fleet to protect the transports. When the Allies sat down before Sebastopol, and the want first of men and then of guns was felt, our magnificent transports were placed at the disposal of the French war department, and France was enabled to swell her army from tens to scores of thousands; at a subsequent stage, the contents of our arsenals being placed at their disposal, the French engineers were enabled to complete the armament of their batteries and make their fire irresistible. When Sardinia joined the Western Alliance, it was England who guaranteed her loan: England who found her transports to carry the Sardinian contingent to the Crimea. When the Turks were moved from Varna to Eupatoria, from Eupatoria to Sebastopol, from Sebastopol to Turkey in Asia, it was mainly British Ships that conveyed them. Thus we have in turn furnished transports to four armies, and given that mobility to the Allied troops, so essential to a littoral war. When rapid communication between the camp and the war departments of London and Paris became more than ever vital to the conduct of the war, English skill laid down the telegraphic wire under the Black Sea. Thus we have supplied those golden and iron themes and sinews of warfare, without which the war could not march. This is our merit; and such as it is, does it not balance the number of men supplied so freely by our ally?

And how stands it in the trenches and the battle-field? Has England won no glory there? Has it all been inflated pretensions and abortive performance? Not exactly. If it were the lot of our ally to carry the Malakoff, it was ours to maintain the heights of Inkermann with 8000 men, against seven times that number of foes—an action unparalleled in this war. It was ours to hold, through the deadly winter, our extensive position, exposed to attack in front, flank, and rear. But there is something invidious in this paltry apportionment of glory.

Throughout the war, French and British troops have shared in every action, except, perhaps, the cavalry combat at Koughill. They fought in line at the Alma; they charged side by side at Inkermann; French chasseurs rode down a Russian battery at Balaklava; British and French soldiers and seamen captured Kerch and Kinburn; and the allied gunboats swept the Sea of Azoff, even at the battle of the Tchernaya, Captain Mowbray's heavy guns hurled their shot through the flanks of the enemy, General Scarlett's horse was close at hand in battle array; when Sebastopol fell, it was before combined attacks; our loss bears testimony to the tenacity of our troops, and that tenacity, not our failure, is the measure of the value of our co-operation in the capture of Sebastopol.

Unfortunately, vulgar minds are struck by numbers and display, by what is outward and visible, by success in special actions, and are incapable of looking at a campaign as a whole. So far as we can judge, our achievements in furtherance of the war has been as solid as those

of our allies have often been brilliant; each has contributed most of that which each possessed in abundance; France, men, and latterly, perhaps, generalship; England, ships of all kinds, money, and guns. Thus the allied forces have been one army; and their work—the campaign—is a whole, to form which each has contributed according to his peculiar ability.

## Communications.

### ANOTHER VICTIM OF INTEMPERANCE.

A Coroner's Inquest was held on the 26th Ult., by J. G. LeBel, Esq., Coroner, for the County, on the body of a man, a resident of Paspebiac, who was found frozen to death. The unfortunate man left Paspebiac Beach late on the previous evening, in a state of intoxication, to return to his residence. But instead of following the beaten track, along the beach, he appeared to have crossed the marsh and succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, where his body was found on the following morning. A sad lesson to all who are addicted to intemperance.

War, pestilence, and famine, each in their turn, decimate the human race. But we question if these three scourges united, have sent so many victims to an untimely grave as intemperance alone, during the last half century.

We remember some years since reading the statistical returns of mortality in Sweden, by which it appeared that the excessive use of ardent spirits was the direct or indirect cause of more deaths than old age, and all the diseases human nature is subject to, united.

The shortening of human life is not, unfortunately the only evil consequent upon intemperance, for it may be truly termed the source of all evil; 'tis Satan's strong hold, his deadliest mode of warfare; 'tis the greatest of all social evils, and no scheme of social reform has done more to benefit the human race than teetotalism.

No words are adequate to convey a true and faithful picture—aye even an outline—of the heinous mass of moral as well as physical evils connected with this hydra-headed monster. A learned English Judge lately stated, when presiding at the Assizes of a County Circuit, that his experience proved, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that the majority of criminals who were tried throughout the United Kingdom, owed their degradation to the excessive use of intoxicating beverages.

None but those who have been eye witnesses of such scenes, can imagine the condition of some drunken families. Let the reader picture to himself the squalid wretchedness, the hunger and nakedness of a drunkard's family, the utter absence of affection and domestic peace, the endless brawls and discords. Let him think of the drunkard's mind, besotted, degraded, in fact little above the level of mere brute instinct. Children growing up to man and womanhood, beneath the baneful influence of such contaminating and withering depravity. Their worst passions unsubdued, their tempers soured, their hearts steeled by an early association with misery, going forth into the world, to be, in their turn the curse of society, another generation of drunkards. Mark the fearful and untimely death by which the drunkard's brutal career is cut short, and his immortal soul ushered into the presence of Him by whom he was created in his own image. Imagine all this, multiply it by thousands and tens of thousands, and then consider the overwhelming flood of misery and crime caused by this great human scourge. In a pecuniary point of view intoxication preys more deeply on the resources of a Nation than war or famine. It gnaws away very vital, it prostrates the strong man, it desolates the peace of families—of entire communities. It paralyses every attempt at social improvement, stifles every religious feeling, silences the voice of conscience, destroys the strongest constitution, as well as the finest intellectual powers—and deprives its degraded and unfortunate victims, even of the natural feelings and affections of humanity. In short wherever it exists, the social blessings, with which a munificent Providence has surrounded us, are changed into a curse.

We never call to mind a death bed scene, we once witnessed, but we shudder at the very thought. The dreadful shrieks of the once strong and fearless man, calling on those by whom he was surrounded, to save him from the deadly fangs of the Prince of Darkness! His description of the Bottomless Pit, which he saw yawning to receive him! That was indeed a fearful and never to be forgotten scene, and having witnessed it in early life it has acted like a talisman to keep us from falling.

The untimely end of this unfortunate man is another powerful argument in favour of the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. An attempt has been made to pass a law for that purpose in Canada—but the majority of our Legislature were against it. In New Brunswick the friends of temperance have been more successful, but we fear the result will not equal their expectations. No legal enactments in our humble judgment, however stringent or cunningly devised will suffice to suppress intemperance. Something more than the strong arm of the law is required to do away with Grog Shops. Forbid the importation and every creek along the sea-board becomes the haunt of smugglers. Close the distilleries, and private stills will be worked despite all your vigilance. The profits will be proportionate to the risk.—Anglehart and unprincipled men exist in all communities, who will go any length for the sake of gain. In no countries can the Revenue Laws be more rigidly enforced than in England

or France. Still every description of fraud has been, and is still practiced whenever the profit is commensurate with the risk, and in many cases these frauds are perpetrated by persons whose position in society would lead one to suppose them incapable of such conduct.

(To be continued.)

MERCATOR.

New Carlisle, 10th December, 1855.

### COUNTY NORTHUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Sir,—The very flattering manner in which you were pleased to notice me, in two former communications, and the countenance it received from every body who loves my name, and desires to promote the welfare of the County they live in, emboldens me to come once more before the Ship Builders through the columns of your valuable paper.

In my first communication I advocated the praise for two firms in Chatham, and on behalf of some of my fellow workmen, but neither undeservedly, Mr Editor. In my second communication I advocated the beauties of the ships then building, and I still advocate the same. In perusing your paper of the 8th ult., I see that some of the Miramichi Ships made great progress in their homeward bound passages, which was very interesting to poor Juniper, and must also be interesting to their proprietors.—It appears there is a mistake in the statement, for I think it was the last named ship made the best run according to circumstances. No doubt the first named ship has good sailing qualities. The second named ship is a smart ship, and has proved herself so by making the run in sixteen days, in light winds, in mid summer. Mr Editor there was another ship left here about the same time, which I would like to see on record, but it appears that fortune has not favoured her. Perhaps the Captain has been experimenting with her and put the wrong end of her first, but no doubt, Mr Editor, when she gets to Liverpool, she will take the market as quick as any of the fast sailers, and bear examination too. There have been other ships built on this river, which have made better passages than any I see on record yet, but not reported for some reason best known to the proprietors, or on account of not having been classed. Mr Editor, I see there are six vessels in the different yards going on at present in Chatham, three on Beaubear's Island, and two at Newcastle, which makes eleven in all. I think there might be one of that number able to make a run equal to any of the steamers, if not, the day is not far distant when it can be accomplished by some of our enterprising towmen, and may every success attend them and the young men entrusted with this branch of business, I will conclude at present and if time permits, you shall hear from me again.

JUNIPER.

Miramichi, December 12, 1855.

## Editor's Department.

### MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

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.

### CENTRAL BANK AGENCY, CHATHAM.

Discount days TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, Hours for business from 10 to 3 o'clock. Notes for Discount to be lodged at the Bank before 3 o'clock, on the day immediately preceding the discount day.

This paper is filed, and may be seen free of charge, at Holloway's Pills and Ointment Establishment, 244 Strand, London, where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical.

### COUNTY BONAVENTURE.

A Correspondent writing to us from New Carlisle, under date of 13th December, communicates the following items of local intelligence:

"We have had remarkable weather in this quarter, fine and mild down to the middle of November, which has enabled our farmers to do a great deal of fall ploughing. From the middle to the end of the month we had pretty severe frost and a little snow, which soon disappeared, wheels being still the only practicable mode of travelling. No better proof can be adduced of the mildness of the season, than the fact of large quantities of cod fish being caught at Paspebiac as late as the 7th inst.

"On the night of Sunday last, we had a severe heavy snow storm, and on the following day it rained in torrents. Since then we have sharp frost, which has rendered the roads very dangerous for man and beast.

"The last Ships left Paspebiac Roadstead on the 22nd ult. These were the Oliver Blanchard and Homely, both belonging to Messrs. Charles Robin & Co. The former with Cargo and Passengers for Jersey—the latter for Brazil.

"The Oliver Blanchard is a handsome barque of 350 tons, launched on the 27th October.—She is a beautiful model, and like all the vessels built by Mr. LeBrun, reflects great credit on him as the draughtsman and master shipwright."