

The Politician,

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Weekly Dispatch.
THE ELECTORAL BODY.

You are the constituted organs of public opinion. To you the constitution appeals in every difficulty—upon the occasion of the appearance of "the cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which, like eccentric astral phenomena, "with fear of change perplexes monarchs" and threatens mighty kingdoms with "disastrous eclipse." Your fate is left in your own hands. If your representatives mis-represent you, call upon them to resign. If they truly do their duty they can enforce your will by stopping the supplies while your mandate is obeyed. If they neglect it, a memorial to the Crown will justify Ministers in handing them over to your tender mercies, and enable you to do "your horrible pleasure." If the Sovereign or her servants be doubtful of their course, or of the scope and tenor of the national judgment in reference to great national concerns, the means of clearing up their doubts at hand—appeal to the hustings—refer the issue to the electors. That appeal cannot be far off; it ought not to depend for its preferment on the question of a future "working majority." The present mob of vagabond adventurers who usurp the places of the proper "Commons of Great Britain" have sunk "beneath abhorring." Such an Old Bailey and Newgate crew never invested the perils of power. No penitent votes, no eating in of words, no "mutual explanations" or interpretation in "a Parliamentary sense," can obliterate from foreign nations the conviction that they, as representing you, are in their secret hearts opposed to the war—that your friends have nothing to hope from your firmness and your enemies nothing to fear from your resolution. A dissolution, a re-election, will alone place this State right before the world—will alone enable the world to know without mistake what is really your purpose—what your "absolute shall." Diplomacy has turned us round its little finger. Our statesmen (?) have been "as tenderly led by the nose as asses are."—After the low cunning of Prussia, the astute perfidy of Austria, and the absolute patronizing mastery of Russia over both, had been demonstrated to all men, not to say of acuteness or penetration, but of ordinary common sense—after meeting upon meeting of the larger communities of the country had protested against the occupation of the principalities by Austria, as tantamount to a permanent seizure in the interest of the common enemy—after all the warnings of experience and all the expostulations of the people had armed Lord John Russell with council and caution which all men had a right to expect to be inexorable to the acts and inexpugnable by the threats of the knaves and cheats to whom he was sent—why, even then, with inconceivable presumption and inconceivable presumption and unpardonable folly, he degraded and befooled us by pledging himself to recommend to our Ministers the acceptance of terms which it was known Russia would reject and which Austria dictated to us even while she refused to make their adoption a *sine qua non* with Russia. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Lord Aberdeen and his knaves, Lord Palmerston and his simpletons, had proved their weak-mindedness in sneaking after peace and courting the Austrian alliance. Lord John Russell, sinning against the clearest light, had repeated and aggravated their original offence—universal indignation had expelled him from office—and now, when the most irrefragable evidence of the treachery and Russian sympathies of the German Powers is proclaimed by Austria herself, there are many weeks enough to betray reaction in favor of our befooled Plenipotentiary, and thereby again to raise the hopes of the Peace party at home, and of those diplomatists abroad whom it ought to be our great object to assure of our unalterable determination to baffle and confound them.

Look at these plain facts, exposed with the permission, which means with the weight and authentication of the sanction of the French Government, by M. Silvestre de Sacy. When the Conferences at Vienna had broken up Count Buol instantly opened a communication with Russia. The latter officially expressed her unqualified approbation of whole conduct of the Austrian Minister. She declared her satisfaction at the occupation by Austria of the Danubian Principalities. She vowed that she never could have gone to war with Austria; and she then and there placed at her disposal the armies of the Czar for offence or defence. Prussia at the same time has moved Germany to increase its armies; and an *entente cordiale* between Russia, Austria and Prussia is on the eve of being consummated. It further appears that a correspondence between the Empress Mother of Russia and the German Courts has been ostentatiously proclaimed, in which she entreats them to adhere to the Buol propositions, and which leaves no room for reasonable doubt

that the Austrian and Prussian Powers are preparing their way for a transaction from the state of mediation between the belligerents to that of an active and armed adoption of the Russian cause. You saw all this clearly enough. Your second sight was not like that of most political prophets, after the event. You embodied your convictions in advertised resolutions. Statesmen set your vaticinations down to the debit of your democracy, and attributed to your antipathy to absolutism the sound convictions of that sterling wisdom and those unerring moral instincts which always, in the long run, lead the people of this country to a right and a safe conclusion. Now, friends, Britons, countrymen, you must put on your weather-gear. Look any where around you, the horizon is black and lowering. In truth all Europe is now against France and England. You saw this, you were prepared for it, will you stand to your guns, are you ready to go through with it? Are you willing to spend and be spent in the cause of humanity—in the interest of civilization?—Have you faith in this, that God will defend the right? Do you love the rugged ways of liberty better than the primrose path of creature comfort and the flesh-pots of ease? Our greatest countryman has said—

Let all the ends thou aim'st at by thy country's

And truth's and God's—then if thou fall'st
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

The path of duty is as clear to a nation as to an individual. Many of our neighbours have offered up their lives—a holocaust to their convictions. This great State itself may peril its very being in the quarrel; yet if it be righteous and just, its issues must be left in the hands of Him "by whom kings reign and princes decree justice." Fling behind you the cant of those who tell you the aim of the war is to secure a peace. It is no such thing. It is to punish aggression, to protect the unoffending—"Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos." It is to prevent tyranny from presuming upon the insolence of unscrupulous aggrandisement; it is to maintain the ancient landmarks of Europe—to arrest barbarous absolutism in its career of invasion and its struggle for the mastery of and ascendancy over civilization; it is to redress wrong and vindicate the law of nations. Many of us will have to bleed for it—all to toil harder, to live more frugally, to pinch and contrive, that the sinews of war may not be wanting to the cause. But no nation ever was great, can ever endure in greatness, which does not think and feel this spirit—which, like a single hero or a solitary patriot, is not ready at all times to "set honour in one eye and death in the other"—to peril peace, creature comfort and life itself; whenever danger and duty "champions him to the utterance."

Virtue, for mere good nature is a fool!
Is sense and spirit, with humanity!

If you have "screwed you courage to this sticking place," be assured of this, that in times of such danger as even moved the Roman Republic, by free consent of the people, to abdicate its free institutions and popular functions, and to delegate the collective forces of the State to a dictator—so you will find that the deliberative and administrative functions of a Parliament are practically incompatible with your safety and the urgent exigencies of the public service. The nation, with its intuitive acuteness, saved itself from revolution, at the time of the Reform Bill, by converting their representatives in to delegates, for the registration of their unalterable decree that the House of Commons should no longer be the tool of the oligarchy.—You must set your faces to the storm. You must forget the nicknames of faction, and cast behind you the shibboleth of party. You must "purge the general weal" of all traitors, place-mongers, false friends, majority plotters. That scandalous, unprincipled, false-hearted cabal of Peelites, cotton doctrinaires and Tory "scelosophers," who, at the very moment when all Europe has arrayed itself against us, have been base enough and mad enough to do their best to destroy our alliance with, and cordial, mutual, faithful loyalty to, our only remaining friend, must be swept for ever—not only from power, but from the hustings and the poll; or else you had better at once make peace on any terms that will be safest for cowards and cheapest for State hucksters. Here we gibbet them. [The opponents of the government are here named.]

Whatever they may be as men, be assured they are the very worst citizens, the falsest and most dangerous tribunes that ever sold a great country to its enemies. Let their constituents read this list. Let them demand their resignation, repudiate their representation. We call upon the Minister to put them upon the country. No sophistry can reason away the enormity of their crime. For good or for evil, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, we are wedded to this war—these men tried to starve it—to cheat us into a rupture the only prop and stay left to us—the only friend who can enable us to meet the vast conspiracy of tyrants who have thrown off the mask, and stand arrayed against us, and the liberties of Europe. If you ever forget their deep-dyed treachery—

if you ever forgive their parricidal incivism— if you ever pardon those fellows who have been the first to hurry you into war—who have, by their vacillation and incompetency, misconducted it, and bungled everything, and have then, when they were turned out of office, plotted against their colleagues, and obstructed the administration of those who labour to retrieve their fearful errors—then, I say it in sorrow, as in anger, you are hastening to your ruin, and sapping the foundations of that great country which has been made what it is by the self-sacrifice, wisdom and heroism of your ancestors. This Parliament like a stolid jury, must be carted off Saint Stephen's, and tumbled out wherever there is license of police to deposit shotten rubbish. Another must be returned of men pledged but to this, that the war shall be vigorously prosecuted, and the ministers of the national will implicitly supported. By this solemn and majestic act, you will reassure France, encourage her to send forth her heroes—by this you will animate the hopes and stir the latent power of oppressed nationality, and continental patriotism, sighing for the hour which shall call it to strike a blow for freedom—by this you will make tyranny to tremble and intrigue to despair. "I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say." In returning the two ministers without opposition, you have done an act which does honour to your intelligence and sense of duty. Lord Palmerston must speak out as Cromwell did to the Long Parliament, and send the Commons back to you.

From the London Times.

OUR OWN WORST ENEMIES.

There is another want of co-operation still more fatal to success than the etiquettes and imaginary lines that divide allied armies. We are still several armies in ourselves. There is still the Horse-guards, still the ordnance, still the admiralty, which pull together even less than armies of different tongues. We want men in our approaches; we get on slowly with our sap and our batteries, and expose ourselves to the censure of the French engineers by being as they say, behindhand. To meet the want we have employed sailors and marines, a thousand or two; but we are assured that the fleet could easily all this time have lent us 6,000 without interfering with any naval operation. If this aid has been required and refused, than it cannot be said that we are one army even among ourselves. Up to the very last we have been assured that the ordnance has been utterly deficient, and that the Russians dominate over us from mere superiority of metal. We have to encounter 68-pounders, and, to all appearance, an inexhaustible supply of them. All our own guns, it is said, are worn out, while the Russian guns seem ever new, and at every point larger than ours. It is in vain that we construct batteries of small guns in face of such pieces, well served, as they have always been. Frequently we have been obliged to give up our batteries almost as soon as we have put them to the proof; or we have lost many days in the attempt to strengthen them, or change them from gun to mortar batteries, when they would answer one purpose as little as the other. Yet surely there can be no lack of the largest guns in the fleet, which could soon recruit its metal from our stores at home. Any how, by this time there ought to be no lack of material of all kinds at the camp. If we have not as many British soldiers as we could desire, we have iron, we have machinery, and we have men enough ready to work hard at home. One great maxim in war, as in other affairs, is to make up with what we have for what we have not. It is not, indeed, to be expected that all nations should have everything, and all they can do is to apply their peculiar resources so as to command all they want. Have we have everything we want for the siege? If we have it, and it is withheld by the jealousy of departments or the forms of officer, if our artillery is too proud to complain and ask assistance, and if the other services will not come forward till they are invited, and scarcely then, then, in fact, there is a war of departments as well as of nations, and we are our own worst enemies.

Communications.

SAW DUST IN THE RIVER.

Mr. Editor,

Some time since the Sessions published sundry Regulations forbidding the throwing of Saw Dust, Rubbish, &c., into the River, and imposing penalties for any trespass on these Regulations. This was done, no doubt, for the purpose of preserving our valuable Fisheries, and protecting the Navigation of our River; both having been sadly injured by this practice. How is it, that the Mill-Owners are allowed to trespass on these Regulations with impunity? How is it, that the Harbour Master and Fishery Warden do not enter complaints? It cannot proceed from ignorance, as the work is performed in broad daylight. How can we expect the common people, and strangers in the place, to respect the Laws, while Mill Owners, the greater portion of whom are Magistrates, do

not regard them, more especially the very Regulations they themselves have thought it necessary in Session, to frame and promulgate. I would call the attention of the Sessions to this matter. If the Harbour Master and Warden cannot, or will not, attend to their duties better, and cause the fines to be levied on the delinquents, I would recommend that other persons be appointed who will pay better attention to this subject, as it militates sadly against our Salmon Fishery, and has already injured the navigation, as may be seen by any person who will take the trouble to examine the water at our wharves. It is also seriously affecting the anchorage.

A FISHERMAN.

Miramichi, September, 4, 1855.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 9 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.

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EUROPEAN NEWS.

The following paragraphs we take from Her Majesty's Speech on proroguing Parliament:—

"Her Majesty commands us to say that she has been deeply gratified by the zeal for the success of her Majesty's arms, and by the sympathy for her soldiers and sailors, manifested throughout her Indian and Colonial empire; and her Majesty acknowledges with great satisfaction the generous contributions which her subjects in India and the Legislature and inhabitants of the Colonies, have sent for the relief of the sufferers by the casualties of war.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—Her Majesty has commanded us to say, that she has seen with sincere regret that the endeavours which, in conjunction with her ally, the Emperor of the French, she made at the recent conferences at Vienna to bring the war to a conclusion on conditions consistent with the honour of the allies, and with the future security of Europe, have proved ineffectual. But, those endeavours have failed, no other course is left to her Majesty but to prosecute the war with all possible vigour; and her Majesty, relying upon the support of her Parliament, upon the manly spirit and patriotism of her people, upon the never-failing courage of her army and navy, whose patience under suffering, and whose power of endurance her Majesty has witnessed with admiration, upon the steadfast fidelity of her allies, and above all upon the justice of her cause, humbly puts her trust in the Almighty disposer of events for such an issue of the great contest in which she is engaged, as may secure to Europe the blessings of a firm and lasting peace."

Our readers will be enabled to form an opinion of the spirit which animates the British Press, and the fearlessness with which it is conducted, by reading the articles under the Political head. It is immaterial what side of politics the paper advocates, all demand a strenuous and hearty prosecution of the war, and agree in denouncing the lukewarmness of our Statesmen, and the little capacity the heads of departments have shown in carrying out their respective duties. Matters are rapidly mending, and Ministers are compelled to act with more decision and promptness in all matters connected with the war, knowing full well the feeling that actuates nine tenths of the population of the nation.

The despatch from New York puts us in possession of but little news. It is gratifying to hear, however, that the fortifications at Swaborg, were totally destroyed as there existed some doubts on the subject. The loss of the Russians at the Tchernaya is confirmed, which amounts to 4,000 killed and wounded. The previous intelligence informed us that the bombardment of Sebastopol was to be renewed, but as no mention is made of the circumstance we are inclined to think that some delay has occurred.

POST OFFICE.

We have not been so fortunate as some of our neighbours, in procuring our missing British papers.

We are gratified to learn by the annexed