

## The Politician.

## THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.  
HOW MUCH DIRT?

Granted, that we are to remain allies of the French Emperor (we may not speak of France, buttoned up in her master's pocket) it is well we should know how much dirt we are to eat with him. Is dirt to be as salt between us; and—how much? Old Sir John Mandeville tells us that the Prester John had commonly borne before him "a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his nobleness, and his might, and his flesh shall turn to earth." This was a fine, a solemn memento of the inevitable grave: a nate yet eloquent sermon on the fleeting vanities of worldly state. Now, when the majesty of England keep festival in Paris with the Emperor of the French, very different was the dish of dirt set upon the board among the sparkling wines and seasoned cakes. For it is not to be denied that the dish was there; a goldened, jewelled dish, no doubt; nevertheless a dish heaped with dirt; not with black; loamy earth, suggestive of the solemnity of the grave; but with the foulest dirt, the dirt, and dust, and cobwebs of cabinets, dirt from the shoes of the shuffling Austrian; dirt from the bespattered boots of the Tartar Menschikoff; the dirt of cobwebs "eviscerated" from the tarantula spider of Naples.—Such was the pretty dish set before the Queen. A dish, we grant it, not visible to the eye of flesh; but plain, damningly plain, to the spiritual sense, that beheld and pondered the necessity and the result of the alliance. And now, we think, even to the thickest sight, the dish stands forth revealed; and in it the dirt; and in the dirt a few, nay not a few fingermarks that show what pinches of dirt have been taken thence, to be mouthed and chewed with gritting teeth, and then, with a shrug and a shudder, swallowed.

At the beginning of the war, in deference to Louis Napoleon, we permitted ourselves to be juggled and tricked by Austria; as the graves of Varna bore open mouthed testimony. As the war continued, we still put our fingers in the dish of uncleanness, and still allowed ourselves to swallow the foul sophistries of Vienna, drenching them down with a draught of diplomatic moonshine; far inferior, it must be owned, to the Johannisberg of Metternich vintages. We concluded the war at the very time that France was all but exhausted, at the very time we had just taken breath to deal a long deadening blow. But no, France bound her brows with Malakhoff laurels, and for England to assert her supremacy in the Baltic, and to shake the Czar's state bedstead with her cannon on the Neva—that would have been an achievement ungracious to our dear ally; who, by means of his cautioned editors, told us, and still tells us, that we nobly bore the expenses of the war, and gloriously consented to do nothing. It would have been a personal affront to Marshal Pelissier, now parchment Duke of Malakhoff, to have started another Nelson; and the French army overshadowed with Crimean laurels, positive mauvais ton to have won another Trafalgar. The Malakhoff is taken, ergo, there shall be no new battle of the Baltic. "Bid the boatswain's mate pipe to dinner;" that is, let Britons go below and take another pinch of dirt.

Next come the Paris conferences; and there under the very nose of Lord Clarendon, and most contemptuous of that aristocratic organ, there stands the dish, the gold glittering about the contained foulness Count Orloff's diplomatic eye measures at a glance the pinches of dirt that Britannia, by mouth of her Minister, must be coaxed and juggled to swallow. And all innocently, it may be, the Ambassador takes down the required quantity, and with it bolts all the conditions of the Danubian boundary line as given in all the truthfulness of Russian maps for Russia's self-bumiliation! And consenting to this, and won by our dear ally to be forgetful and forgiving to Austria, we are overmatched by Viennese audacity and dexterity, and—at the present moment—how about the Danubian Principalities? Are we, for the sake of peace and quietness—most Christianlike sacrifice!—are we to eat more dirt there.

And now, with our dear ally, we have in the name of humanity, justice and mercy—(and our dear ally is all but touched into tears by the holiness of the conjuration!)—called upon Naples. What shall we do there? Shall we show a clear, bold, uncompromising front; or, after awhile, in deference to the most prudent of potentates, the most sagacious of emperors, shall we, even as the lazaroni lying on their bellies in the sun, eat more dirt? We cannot say that we are very hopeful of a dignified result from our alliance, and again begin to fear that poor humanity, justice, and mercy, that since Tubal Cain made the first iron crown (if he did make it) have been treated by kings far worse than

over beggars were bullied by bees,—we much fear, even should the allied fleets appear in Neapolitan waters, that, in the end, to lull the rising gale, humanity and her companions each, like Jonah, will be flung overboard.

For—we must again ask it—how can we expect that Louis Napoleon, who condescends to act as understrapper tyrant in his own dominions to the emperor of Austria affronted in his own dungeon kingdom; how can we hope that he is in earnest indignation at Ferdinand of Naples, the friend of Francis Joseph of Austria, and each as like to each, as tiger is like to tiger? True it is, that tiger Ferdinand is the smaller beast; but then are there not the same teeth, the same murderous eyes; the like claws; the same stealthiness of pace, the same treachery of purpose? What says Felice Orsini in his letter to the Times on the complicity to Louis Napoleon, or dear ally, with Francis Joseph; on his friendly gaoler offices to his very dear brother, the hope of Austria? Many young men, escaping from the Austrian tyranny in the Romagna, have arrived at Marseilles.—Well, how have they been welcomed by our dear brother of France? Let Orsini tell us how:—

"Without any motives, without even any suspicions against them they were arrested by the gendarmes, imprisoned, and when there was a certain number were conducted under escort, like felons, par correspondence, to the French coast, to be shipped to England. This journey lasts from four to five months, and these unfortunate men reach Dover half-starved, penniless, exhausted by fatigue and hardship, and without knowing how to beg for a piece of bread. The only crime all these sufferers are guilty of is a great love of their country. In this manner, then, are treated the pope's subjects by the Emperors of Austria and France, and this is what is tolerated by government who are supposed to represent civilised nations."

There is no doubt that, were it worth his condescensions, Louis Napoleon would order the Monitor to blow all the above to the winds as so many meshes of words spun from the demagogue brains of a rebel, who dared wotonly to destroy the Emperor of Austria's property, by sawing through the dugeon bars of Mantua. The editor of the Monitor had orders to confound Louis Blanc, and if necessary, to write Cayenne from the map of the world or to destroy it by a deluge from an ink bottle; and we have seen how the editor acquitted himself of the facile labour.

But Louis Napoleon not denied, cannot deny his practical sympathy with papal and with Austrian despotism; how, then, can he become the avenger of years of wrong committed by Neapolitan tyranny? How long have the people of Naples been promised the presence of the allied fleets, charged with threatening thunder against the system of a miscreant king? How long has outraged humanity cast its looks across the sea for the "meteor flag" that once in Naples bay fluttered above the meteoric Nelson?—And now that flag is to fly harmoniously as twin dove with the tricolour—flying in the cause of righteousness, in the vindication of the common rights of man, in threatening and denunciation of the blood-guiltiness of crowned oppression. Ha! and then we are told that Austria also will be present. What for? To encourage and protect the King of Naples, or to witness his chastisement and degradation? For neither; but doubtless to act as moderator—to be ready at the ear of France, that France satisfied, her dear ally England may cease to swagger and vapour—may, in fact, listen to reason, assent to the Neapolitan idea, and eat a little more dirt.

We now hear that France has sent her ultimatum to Naples; and also hear that the thing is so mild, so moderate, that the King of Naples, with never a wry face, may swallow it like a macaroni. To this ultimatum we are, of course, a party; bound thereto by the alliance. A part to that sickness of the heart, that desolation and despair of spirit that falls upon a people, elated by hopes most treacherously, and we must add even to blushing, most treacherously betrayed.

Further, we learn that the French fleet, should it appear at all, will cruise so far off Naples as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye. Even hope must look at the squadron through a telescope. For, with the fleet close in the bay, the discontented with chains and bastinado might be tempted to revolt; and Louis Napoleon will supply no temptation to the disaffected!

And will the British fleet keep the self same respectful distance from the dungeons of Poerio and his fellow victims? Shall the meteor flag be only visible through glasses of longest range? Shall even Liberty strain her vision till her eye-strings crack—only to blush and weep? If this be so, then, with our dear ally, shall we eat more and more dirt. Well, how much will the stomach of the nation carry? Again we must ask it—How much dirt?

## Communications.

## THE NORTH WEST STREAM.

Let Theron boast of the "Main South West,"  
And with rapture unbounded reveal all its charms;  
Yet I'd fain have him know that more to the West,  
Lies a Stream which his genius has scarcely alarmed.

North West! I love thee—thou Stream of my birth;  
Thy pine-wooded forests, now barren and drear;  
The red man of nature lies there in his mirth,  
And hunts from its covert the fleet-footed Deer.

North West! thy green waves are curling;  
The sons of the forest sweep over thy stream;  
At eve, from the toils of the hunter—returning  
They lie in their wigwams to wander in dreams.

I've mused o'er Erin's shamrock green,  
So dear to every Irish heart;  
But never have I ever seen,  
A Stream so glorious as thou art.

Stream of my childhood! thou to me  
Hast been my first and latest home;  
I ne'er would know how dear thou'dst be,  
If I had ne'er commenced to roam.

Thy rival stream doth beauties possess,  
But brighter far do shine thine own.  
On thy banks would I dwell in my bear-skin  
dress,  
When I'd shun a South West home.

Let Theron boast of his native stream;  
But this will none confess,—  
That the "Main South West" in its verdure  
dressed,  
Can compare with the "North West Stream."  
HUMPHERY HOY.

South West, November 4, 1856.

MR. PIERCE,

A good deal of boasting is going on just now relative to large Cabbages, Pumpkins, Turnips, &c. But Sir, whenever you want to find any thing in this way a little larger than grows anywhere else, just let us know up this way and the article shall be forthcoming.

I suppose Sir, you have long been aware that the South West is the garden of Miramichi, it is therefore nothing wonderful that we have the "Turnip of the Season;" "a turnip as is a turnip," as Captain Cuttle would say. This veritable turnip grew in Mr George Arbo's field, and weighs and measures as follows, viz.:

Weight	28 lbs.
Circumference	37 1-2 inches.

We can also come out large in Cabbages, Carrots, Beets, and I think you will admit that we are also "some pumpkins."

Yours truly,

J. O. N.

## COUNTY KENT.

To the Editor of the Gleaner, Sir—The dredging operations carried on during the past summer, on the Bar of the Richibucto River, by Messrs. Holderness & McLeod, and under the superintendence of John Grant, Esq., C. E., have been productive of the most satisfactory results, as will be seen from the following letter from Messrs. J. & T. Jardine, and the certificate from Mr George Irving, Branch Pilot at this Port, which I will feel obliged by your inserting in your next issue. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

G. McLEOD.

Messrs. Holderness & McLeod, Kingston,

Gentlemen—We, the undersigned, owners of the barque "John," do hereby certify, that our vessel went over the bar last spring tides, drawing 15 feet water; and we are of the opinion that the vessel would have, with ease and safety gone over, drawing sixteen feet, as there was at least that depth of water on the bar at the time. The dredging operations this summer have caused this great improvement to our Port, as it is as much as seventeen years since any vessel went over drawing as much as sixteen feet; the last having been one of our own vessels, the "Henry Duncan," and of late years none have gone over at over 12 1-2 feet water.

If this certificate will be of any service to you, you are at liberty to use it. We are, Gentlemen, yours &c. &.,

(Signed) JOHN & THOMAS JARDINE.

Richibucto, Nov. 5, 1856.

I, George Irving, Branch Pilot, of the Port of Richibucto, do hereby certify, that I was Pilot of the barque "John," owned by Messrs J. and T. Jardine of this place; that said vessel went over the Bar last spring tides, drawing fifteen feet water. I have been a Branch Pilot of this Port for the last ten years, during which time I never took a vessel over the Bar drawing fifteen feet water, and of late years the usual depths for vessels to go over, have been from twelve to twelve and a-half feet. This very great improvement to our Bar, has been effected by the dredging operations this summer.

(Signed) GEORGE IRVING, Branch Pilot,  
Richibucto, Nov. 6, 1856.

## News of the Week.

From English Papers to the 26th October.  
EUROPE.

ENGLAND.—*Corn Exchange.*—Mark-Lane, Friday, October 24.—The past week may be said to have brought the northern harvest to a close. At the beginning of August, with the finest and most forcing weather possible the harvest commenced in the early districts of England and considerable progress was made towards the end of the month, when a change from scorching sunshine to heavy rains—which have continued more or less up to within the last ten days—gave a check to that progress, and upset the calculations that the harvest of 1856 would be the most bountiful on record. The surest evidence we have of the effect of this untoward calamity is the wretched condition of the wheat that has been brought from week to week to the various markets throughout the provinces, as well as at Mark-lane, where up to the present time much difficulty has been experienced in procuring fine dry samples for seed. Scotland is the greatest sufferer, for it is many a year since her ingathering was attended with such unfortunate and disastrous consequences. Ireland has fared the best; for, with the exception of a little bad weather in the more northern parts, she has been able, with but little interruption, to secure her crops in excellent order. Under these circumstances, it is thought that prices will not vary much during the winter; but, should the foreign arrivals continue upon the same liberal scale as heretofore, it will, on the other hand, be difficult to maintain them.

The dulness in the London trade has influenced to some extent, the country corn markets held during the week, no doubt had there been a better assortment, millers would have extended their operations; as it was, however, sales on the whole have proceeded slowly, with here and there a decline of 1s to 2s per qr.

*Money and Commerce.*—City, Friday.—A daily increasing confidence with regard to the future, and renewed firmness in the funds, have been the features of the week. Money although very active in demand, has not been subjected to any increased pressure. The extreme rates, however, remain unchanged in Lombard street; not, it would appear, from any apprehensions that the Bank will make a further advance, but simply to make as much profit as possible out of the still existing demand and scarcity of supply. In Consols there has been every day a steady demand for investment; and many persons, tempted by the prices and knowledge that no new stock is to be created, have withdrawn money which they had upon call at the various joint-stock banks, for that purpose. The result of this has been a considerable recovery in securities generally but most especially in Consols. Foreign securities are heavy, but still recovering.

The market for joint-stock bank and miscellaneous shares is very dull, but prices firmer. The Railway market is more buoyant, and prices tending upwards.

In mercantile matters a somewhat improving tone exists, but still things are very quiet.—Prices are daily getting firmer, and future prospects are very promising.

SCOTLAND.—*The Stranger Guest.*—At the Lochabar Agricultural society's dinner an incident occurred which formed a very interesting finale to the day's proceedings. A gentleman apparently a tourist, arrived at the hotel just as the party were to sit down to dinner; he asked, and was immediately granted permission to join. Throughout the evening he made himself particularly agreeable, and his health was proposed as "The Stranger," and very cordially drunk. On rising to return thanks he said, "In the course of my life I have seen some rough days and many pleasant ones, I have lived ten months in a snow-house without once warming myself at a fire, I have had my moccasins cut off my legs with a hatchet, I have had to kill my own food with my own gun, and I have been reduced to the necessity of living on bones; but all these things are easily forgotten when I meet such a pleasant party as is now around me. As I am an entire stranger to you all, as I have received so much kindness from you, it is but fair that you should know who I am. My name is Rae, and you may have heard it associated with the Franklin expedition." At this announcement the astonished party started to their feet and gave Dr Rae a most enthusiastic reception.—The cheering lasted several minutes, after which Dr Rae showed some of the articles which had indicated the probable fate of Sir John Franklin and his party. These consisted of a piece of gold and two silver watches, a small anchor, several coins, a spoon with a crest engraved on it, &c. Dr. Rae has been on a visit to Mr Edward Ellice, M. P., at Glenquoich and was on his way to Castle Menzies.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

IRELAND.—*The Flax Crop.*—The falling-off of the cultivation of the flax crop of the south this year, as compared with the previous is accounted for in a report of the committee of the Royal Society for the promotion and improvement of Flax in Ireland, by the practical instructors, who attribute the decrease to several causes:—The chief reasons given by them for this falling-off were an insufficient supply of seed for sowing in the spring of the present year, the failure of many crops from the use of bad kinds of seed in the previous year, and the fact that a larger quantity had