

LECTURE
DELIVERED AT NEW RICHMOND,

CANADA EAST.

AT A SOIREE, GIVEN IN BEHALF
OF
THE PATRIOTIC FUND,

BY PHILIP WIEBERT.

ALSO

A SONG,
WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

MIRAMICHI:

PRINTED BY JAMES A. PIERCE,
AT THE GLEANER OFFICE, CHATHAM.

LECTURE.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Permit me, in the first place, to return you my most sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments, for the high honor conferred upon me on this occasion, an honor, which, I can assure you, I could not have anticipated, and of which I have just reason to be proud. But Ladies and Gentlemen, highly as I appreciate this mark of your kind feeling towards me—warmly and deeply as I feel interested in the noble cause which has called you together this evening—I fear, lest my humble endeavours to advocate the claims of the Widow and the Orphan, should fall far short of your anticipations—lest I should be unequal to the task—and thus cause you to regret that an abler advocate had not been selected, one more gifted, one whose language and powers of oratory could not only please and edify for the moment, but cause you one and all to be, if possible, more and more deeply impressed with the importance of this great work of charity. Permit me then to claim your kind indulgence, and humbly to request that my short comings may be lost sight of—may be wholly eclipsed

—by the now to us all engrossing subject—the proving to the world at large—to the great and glorious Father-Land—and more especially to the heroes who are fighting our battles—that even we, in the almost unknown District of Gaspe, can feel—aye! deeply feel for them, that though we are denizens of the wild forests of North America, our every pulse still throbs in unison with the heart of brave old England, when her glorious flag is unfurled in a great and righteous cause—and surely the Standard of St George now floats aloft in such a cause—that of freedom—of God-like-liberty, if I may be permitted so to express myself.

But there is still a nobler, a deeper feeling which prevades us all—a feeling which we have met together this evening to prove and express by something more tangible, something more lasting and convincing, than mere empty words. We have met to prove to our gallant countrymen who have gone forth to fight our battles, that we deeply and sincerely commiserate the sad, the heartrending bereavement of the Widows and Orphans of those who have, or may yet fall, in this deadly struggle. And if we cannot pour into their bosoms some balm of comfort, if we cannot visit the house of mourning, we will endeavour to the best of our several abilities, to contribute our mite towards the alleviation of their distress, by providing in some measure, for their creature comforts.

How many thousands at the present hour in the United Kingdom, are clad in the sable

garments which denote the loss of some one dear to them—that one, perhaps the Father of a numerous family, who leaves a Widow surrounded by helpless children, not only to mourn his loss, but wholly unprovided for; in a word, beggars! Or a Son, the pride, the only stay of a widowed Mother. Alas my friends

“ Had we no sorrow of our own,
The frequent instances of others woe
Must give a generous heart a world of pain,”

Woe! deep-rooted and never to be forgotten woe, has wrung, and is still wringing, the hearts of thousands of both sexes throughout the three Kingdoms. From the proud Baronial Castle, the Princely habitation of a long line of noble ancestry, to the lowly Cot, the humble residence of the hard working peasant. In the dwellings of rich and poor alike, has been and is still heard, the deep and piercing wail of wives, mothers, sisters, fathers, brothers and children, mourning the loss of some beloved one who has fallen on the gory battle field. Can we think of all this, can we dwell upon the dark and gloomy picture, which it requires no very vivid imagination to portray, without feeling a deep and lasting sense of pity for such scenes of distress? We cannot, we do not, else you had not met here this evening, and have done me the honour to call upon me to address you.

“ No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
No gem which twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,

Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks,
For others' woe down virtue's manly cheeks."

Permit me now, Ladies and Gentlemen to enter into some details connected with the Patriotic Fund and the deadly struggle which has unfortunately caused this appeal to our sympathy.

You are all aware that our Gracious and beloved Queen, whom God preserve, has by Royal Proclamation, called upon all her loyal subjects to unite in forming a fund to provide for the Widows and Orphans of such of our fellow countrymen, as have or may hereafter be slain in the war we are now waging. Subscriptions were set on foot by various philanthropic individuals, and that giant of the Press, the London Times, took an active part therein in the first instance, This gave rise to the present general movement, and commissioners have been appointed by the Crown to receive and distribute the funds so raised. A large sum has already been invested in Public Securities, the interest of which alone will alleviate the wants of many sufferers. We have therefore an undoubted guarantee that the fund will not be injudiciously squandered or misapplied. A mistaken notion prevails in the minds of some persons with whom I have conversed, that no such appeal need have been made, as the Widows would be in the receipt of pensions. This argument stands good so far as the Widows and Orphans of Officers in the Army and Navy are concerned, but no provision is made for those of the common

Sailors or Soldiers. When they die, either from natural causes or in battle, their families have no claim on the Government for support. Hence then the origin of the Patriotic Fund but for which, thousands of women and children would now be in the greatest possible distress. For, it is not reasonable to suppose, that a soldier, who has a wife and children to maintain, can make any provision for them out of a shilling a day. Such being the case, surely those who have gone forth manfully to defend the rights, both civil and religious of the world, have a claim to our sympathy, and an equal right to expect, that in the event of their falling, the Union or Workhouse is not to be the heritage of their wives and children.

There is no great public movement, whatever its nature or its end, but is subject to objections, and some persons minds are unfortunately so constituted that they must always be croaking. From such we must expect opposition, and there are a few in this District, I am sorry to say, who have, and do still object to this great work of charity. Happily they are but few.

Some say 'tis an unholy war. Others are opposed to war in any shape, or under any circumstances, the Society of Friends; or as they are commonly called Quakers, for instance, among whom first originated the Peace Society. Others object to the appeal to the public on the grounds that the Government ought to provide for the families of those who are killed in war. Others again have

gone so far as to object to the subscription on the grounds that the Widows of the Soldiers are unworthy objects of charity, because statements have appeared in some of the London Journals reflecting on the moral conduct of some of those who had accompanied their husbands to the seat of war. And lastly, some persons object to this appeal so far as Canada is concerned, because our Government has contributed £25,000.

Many other objections might be raised, but these being the chief I have heard discussed, I shall briefly dwell upon each under its respective head.

First then as an unholy War.

Our opponents in this case, ground their arguments on the fact that we are supporting Turkey—a Nation professing Mahometanism, against Christian Russia—War having been declared by the Czar, because the Sultan would not agree to his having the protectorate of the Greek population within his dominions, which strange to say outnumbers the followers of Mahomet. Now if any thing in the shape of persecution had been going on in Turkey, against the Greek or any other church, then might such arguments be maintained with at least a colouring of justice. But such is not the case, all creeds are tolerated by the Turkish Government at the present day—Protestant, Romanist or Greek, can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, none daring to make him afraid. That serious conflicts have take place on various occasions be-

tween the Christian and Mahometan population I admit, but these can by no means be construed into religious persecution, they are popular outbreaks which are neither supported nor countenanced by the Law. Have not murderous riots taken place the past year in various parts of the United States, arising from religious differences? Do the laws of that Republic countenance or abet such acts?— Would the Roman Catholic population be justified in calling upon the Emperor of the French to take them under his especial protection? The cases are parallel. But let us come nearer home, look at the Gavazzi riots in Quebec, and other equally disgraceful affrays which have taken place in Montreal. Might not the Roman Catholics of this Province with equal justice, call upon the French Emperor to come to their assistance? Admit this principle and no nation would be secure.

Would the religious opponents of Turkey wish to annihilate the followers of Mahomet by persecution? If so, we envy not the feelings or principles of such men! Religious fanaticism has caused more bloodshed than all other united causes of dispute between the human race, from the creation of the world to the present day, and we shudder at the very thought of a renewal of even a tithe of the horrid atrocities, of the fiendish and damnable cruelties which we read of in history, as having been practiced by man upon his fellow-man, in the sacred name of religion. My motto has ever been "civil and religious liberty.

throughout the world." Religion is a question between man and his Maker. No man then, I maintain, has any right to persecute or in any way injure his fellow, because he differs with him in his mode of faith. No persecution ever created proselytes—on the contrary, 'twill only add fuel to the fire—for

"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Let those who wish to see the downfall of Islamism, exert themselves to cause the dark veil of error to be raised, not by persecution, but by means of that all convincing christian weapon—Charity! How beautifully, how faithfully is that great christian precept described by the chief of the Apostles, in the 13th Chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, from the 4th to the 13th verse. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind," &c. The present unfortunate crisis will do more to christianize Turkey, than all the Ukases of the grim Russian Bear, or the terror of the knout and Siberia.

Second—The opponents of War from principle.

This I consider the strongest argument we have to combat. War is the greatest of all human scourges. We find in the 24th Chap. of the 2nd Book of Samuel—that David having offended God by the numbering of his people, the Prophet Gad was sent unto him to offer him his choice of the three great destroyers of the human race—war, pestilence or famine—and he chose the second, saying—"let us fall now into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies

are great; and let me not fall into the hands of man." No man can be more averse to war, none can depreciate it more than myself, and most anxiously did I watch the aspect of the times, ere the glorious Father-Land threw down the gauntlet. From the first, I felt satisfied that it could not be avoided. I knew too well the temper of the Russian tyrant to suppose that he would retract even the slightest portion of his pretensions. These, England could not assent to, with honor to herself, or in justice to her ancient ally Turkey. It was a question of right against might—of justice against injustice—of common honesty against unprincipled robbery and spoliation. The past history of Russia tells us, that from the reign of Peter the Great, down to the present time, her policy has been aggrandizement and soliation, and all her acts prove that she not only coveted, but would in all probability ultimately attempt the final conquest of Turkey. This the various Sovereigns and Diplomats of that vast empire during the two last centuries have considered a mere question of time. Like our neighbours the Americans, *they believe that such is their destiny*, and would fain not only subjugate Turkey but the whole of Europe. The question then with England was simply this—Shall we ignominiously allow the downfall of Turkey in order to escape the horrors of war for the moment, and thus allow Russia to strengthen and aggrandize herself, or shall we now boldly confront a foe with whom we shall sooner or later have to contend, not only for

the mastery of continental Europe, but for our own existence as a Nation.—This was, this is the point at issue. If the standard of Russia once waved upon the walls of Stamboul, if her cannon bristled on either side of the Bosphorous, she becomes from that hour undisputed mistress of the Black Sea. And the same policy, this *would be spoliating destiny*, would lead her on in like manner to usurp the sovereignty of the Mediterranean.

The Peace Society to which I have alluded, was established for the purpose of inducing all civilized nations to settle their disputes by arbitration instead of an appeal to arms. This Society numbers among its members some of the greatest men, the brightest ornaments of society in England, France, and other European Nations, as well as the United States, and greatly as they are to be admired and commended for their philanthropy and noble mindedness—still I fear all their efforts are vain—for, even supposing all the principal Nations to agree to such an equitable mode of avoiding war, what guarantee have they that all would adhere to it, even for twelve brief months: as well might you attempt to bridle the fierce storm as the unruly passions of the carnal man. The golden age must truly have arrived ere a state of society so much to be desired can become universal. Take that imperious, dogged tyrant of Russia, as an example. He alone is the cause of all the present turmoil and bloodshed, could they bind such a man? could any pledge he might give be

relied on? I fear not. A deputation from the Peace Society went to St. Petersburg for the express purpose of conciliating this monster in human shape, but in vain. His last peace offering is an Imperial Ukase, or proclamation, calling the entire population of his colossal empire to arms.

The members of the Society of Friends have always been opposed to war from conscientious motives, and went so far during our wars, that such of them as were ship-owners, would not allow guns on board of their ships; hence the term Quakers given by sailors to wooden guns, which were used as a deception. A somewhat amusing anecdote is related of a Quaker who being a passenger on board of an armed vessel which was attacked by the enemy, refused to fight; but when they attempted to board, he thought it no sin to remove the hands of a man who was clinging to the rail, and thus precipitated him in the sea, with this cool but pertinent observation—“Friend thou hast no business here!” This is not fighting I admit, but next akin to it.

“Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God,” are the words of the Redeemer in his sermon on the mount. But unfortunately this Divine precept is too often overlooked, alike in private, between man and man, as between nation and nation.

Third—The third and next objection is that Government ought to provide for the families of those who are killed in war.

This may at first sight appear to some a strong and feasible argument. But if such a provision were made, how and in what manner are the necessary funds to be raised. The people of the Mother Country are already sufficiently burthened with taxation, without imposing any additional burthen upon them, and where the Widows or Orphans are unable to eke out a subsistence for themselves, the Parish is bound to provide for them. In a word, they become paupers. This we all know is considered a degrading position, repugnant to our better feelings, and tending to lower such as are not lost to every sense of shame, even in their own estimation. Hence then this appeal to a liberal public. We have no more right to expect the Government of England, or any other Nation, to make such a provision, than the widows and orphans of servants or labourers would have to call upon the employers of their deceased husbands for a maintenance.

Fourth.—That the widows of soldiers are unworthy objects of charity, because statements have appeared in the papers, reflecting on the conduct of some of those who have accompanied their husbands to the seat of war.

A sorry objection this, and scarce worthy of consideration—but having heard it made, and strongly maintained—I feel called upon to advert to it. Are all, we would ask, to suffer for the faults of a few? Does the misconduct of one individual stigmatise a whole community? Suppose on my arrival among you this morn-

ing; I had met a man in a state of intoxication—does it follow that all the Inhabitants of New Richmond are intemperate. The assumption is too fallacious to need further comment or illustration.

Fifth.—And now for the fifth and last objection. That our Government having contributed £25,000, no public subscription ought to be raised in Canada.

£25,000 is, I admit, a noble, a Princely gift, worthy of that vast and splendid colony which has so often been described as “the brightest jewel in the British Diadem.” But that I consider has nothing whatever to do with us. The money so subscribed has, I admit, come out of our pockets by means of indirect taxation, —but we do not feel it—and even supposing it were now proposed to raise such a sum by direct taxation, it would amount to only three pence each, on the whole population. View it in what light you please, 'tis no loss to us, for the monies paid by us in the shape of duties having once reached the Canadian Treasury, we, the neglected of Gaspé, are not likely ever to receive one penny back, so long as matters continue on their present footing. Suppose a direct tax to be imposed upon us, for the purpose which calls us together this evening, what would that be compared to the sacrifices made by our brethren at home; they are at all times heavily, grievously burthened—the income tax has been doubled, but there is no grumbling, all pay readily, and yet, see with what alacrity all classes have contributed

to the Patriotic Fund, I verily believe, that the working classes have been by far the most liberal, in proportion to their means.

This war, then, I maintain, is a just and righteous one. One which England has done all in her power to avert, but in vain. Is it not then, the bounden duty of every loyal subject throughout our mighty Empire—an Empire upon which—from its vast extent, the sun never sets. Of every well-thinking and right-minded man, to strengthen the hands of the Home Government, by uniting heart and soul to prove, not only to that Government, but to the whole world, that we approve of its declaration, however greatly we may deprecate its necessity and continuance. Nay, more, that we are one and all prepared not only to contribute of our subsistence, but, if needs be, to draw the sword in support of the cause of freedom, of the rights and privileges of our childrens' children—aye! of the whole civilized world.

'Tis vain my friends, to halt between two opinions; the dark banner of despotism is unfurled; a deadly crusade is being waged by the Russian despot against freedom, and we must either muzzle the grisly bear, or submit to become his serfs. The knout may then be the heritage of our wives and daughters, and Siberia our last resting place.

If then, this war be such as I have described it, and if thousands of our fellow countrymen have, and may yet drain their dearest veins in our common defence; have not their

Widows and Orphans a right to claim our sympathy. Not in mere empty words, or hollow professions, but by the loosening of our purse strings to save them from penury and want.

The following lines by Beattie, beautifully illustrate this sentiment.

“ And from the prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
 Oh never, never turn thine ear!
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Oh! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
 To others do, (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.”

But why should I appeal to your sympathy? The very fact of your appearance here this evening, is the best proof you can give of your earnestness in the cause; still you can do more—you can enlist the sympathies of others—of your friends or neighbours who are not among us, and have not enlisted under our banner. To the Ladies, I would more particularly appeal—“one glance from their approving eye” may cause many a tough heart to yield. Let them remember that this is the cause of their own sex, one affording them a glorious opportunity of asserting and maintaining the rights of women! Their persuasive eloquence will be far more effective than all the arguments of the most gifted of my own sex.

I have directed your attention to the claims which our brave countrymen have on our

sympathy, so far as mere fighting is concerned, but apart from that, consider the hardships they have endured—the immense amount of manual labour they have performed—their sleepless nights—their exposure in the trenches, on guard or on piquet, to the inclemency of the weather—with only a tent to protect them when off duty. In short, I doubt if any besieging army ever had its courage, and powers of endurance more severely put to the test.

War, even under the most favorable circumstances is anything but a pleasant or agreeable pastime. Even on a small scale it is one continued series of mishaps and hair-breadth escapes, as appears by the following quaint letter which was published in Harper's Magazine for February.

"My Dear Sir—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these bloodthirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God!) killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other.

"I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present are such goings-on, that every thing is at a stand still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago; but I did not receive it until this morning. Indeed scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town.—The bags had been judiciously left behind, for fear of accident; and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes.

"Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little: we were too near to think of retreating. Death was

in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed, we began to be all alive again. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns, except pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time, nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filed with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

“P.S. If you do not receive this, it must have miscarried, therefore I beg you will write to let me know!”

[The above piece of composition may be backed against any thing ever produced. It was written half a century ago by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament, in the ‘Troublous Times of Ninety-Eight,’ when a handful of men from the County of Wexford, struck terror into the hearts of many a gallant son of Mars, as well as the worthy writer himself.]

Having briefly, and, I own, but very imperfectly explained to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, the nature of the deadly struggle in which we are engaged, and the claims of the Widows and Orphans to our benevolence, permit me in conclusion to call your attention to a most important subject connected therewith. This War is no ordinary War. ’Tis the Battle Field of the whole civilized world for liberty or slavery—not only civil but religious—we must not therefore flag in our patriotism, our enthusiasm, or our benevolence. “We know not what a day may bring forth.” We may yet be called upon to make greater sacrifices, the call to arms may yet resound in our borders. But so long as we are true to ourselves, so long as we are all of one mind, and stand firm in our allegiance to our Sovereign

and the Flag which "for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze," we have little to fear as to the ultimate result. I am not one of those who like to meet trouble half way—"sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." But I must candidly confess I augur no good from the Russian sympathies of our Republican neighbours. This coupled with their wild and visionary dreams of Destiny, may lead them to commit some act of aggression upon us—and the arming of the Militia as contemplated at the present hour by the Canadian Government, proves that I am not singular in these my opinions. I hope, aye, sincerely hope and pray, my fears may be groundless. But should we be called upon to fight for our rights and liberties—for our homes—for our wives and children, let us go forth manfully, united as one man, shoulder to shoulder, and we can do what has been done before—we will send the spoiler back, howling across the border! This shall be no land of slavery. To the honor of our Country be it said, no slave can tread the soil of England, let him but stand beneath the shadow of St. George, and his chains fall as if by magic! He is free! England is, and long has been, a land of freedom, the avenger of wrong, the champion of civil and religious liberty, the patroness of the arts and sciences, the great mart of manufactures and commerce, by means of which she has bestowed the blessings of civilization, throughout the remotest regions of the earth. And what is more than

all these—she has made and is still making the most gigantic efforts, the greatest pecuniary sacrifices—to make known the Glad tidings of the Gospel, throughout the four quarters of the Globe. Have we not then, I would ask, good reasons to be proud that we are Englishmen, to glory in the name. Is there one who hears me at this moment, that would not, if called upon, stand forth to fight the good fight? Not one I feel assured.

Never has England had greater reason to be proud of her sons than at the present moment, for the fields of Alma and Inkerman, will stand the test of comparison with the noblest deeds of chivalry her history can boast. Think of 7,000 men keeping 60,000 at bay for the space of three hours, and when joined by our brave Allies, 15,000 English and French sent the elite of the Russian army flying before them like chaff before the wind! Read of that chivalrous feat of our cavalry, when Grey and Eniskillin charged and cut their way through a host ten times their own number! Read of that desperate, but unfortunate charge of the Light Cavalry, led on by Lord Cardigan—mark the hitherto unheard of prodigies of valor performed by that doomed band, riding to certain destruction, with all the courage and enthusiasm of men conscious they were being led to victory, and then tell me if you do not feel proud to know that you belong to such a race of heroes!

For my own part, from my boyhood to the present hour, I have ever felt proud of my

country. But now, at fifty years of age, I feel prouder that I am a Briton. For the chivalrous deeds of my brave countrymen shied a bright halo around me, and tell me, that far from having lost anything of our ancient prestige, we stand before the world unrivalled as a nation by sea or land.

You are doubtless aware that the unfortunate charge I have alluded to, arose from a misunderstanding; but the order being given, Lord Cardigan had no alternative but to obey. This reminds me of an anecdote which I have read, I believe in our naval annals. The Commodore of a Squadron on the W. India Station, was directed by the Admiralty to reduce one of the French Colonies; but the place being strongly fortified he had his doubts as to the practicability of such an undertaking with the small force under his command. A council of war was therefore summoned; the members of which, with one exception, agreed that it would be madness to attempt it. An old Scotch Lieutenant had been a silent listener, and when appealed to, he told the Commodore that his brother officers being unanimous he had not a word to say; but the Commodore persisting in his appeal, the veteran observed, that since he must give an opinion—his was, that the order of the admiralty must be obeyed; for if their Lordships ordered them to storm the d—l at the gates of h—l, he considered they were bound to try it. Consequently, he was for storming the French stronghold, be the result what it might. This

was delivered with such emphasis, by the brave son of Neptune, that it acted like an electric shock on his hearers, who gave him three hearty cheers and unanimously agreed to abide by his opinion; and our hero had the satisfaction of seeing the British flag hoisted on the fort.

There is one interesting, and to me thrilling scene—one, which I would have given anything to witness, to which I must call your attention ere I conclude; the departure of the Baltic fleet last summer from Spithead. That fleet, the most splendid England ever sent afloat, was, on the day of sailing, visited by Her Majesty. The gallant Charley, as he is familiarly called—Admiral Napier, and other officers of the Fleet, had an interview with their Sovereign on board of the Royal Yacht. The fleet then weighed and stood to sea, Her Majesty leading the van; who, as she had passed each ship was greeted with three tremendous British cheers. What a glorious sight—what a proud day for our gracious Queen; was not that a never-to-be-forgotten scene? worthy and emblematic of that Nation to whom belongs the sovereignty of the sea.

And now in conclusion I must, in justice to our brave allies the French, pay them my humble tribute of praise. They have ever been renowned for their valour and prowess in arms, and in no past period of their history have they distinguished themselves more, than during the present contest. 'Tis a grand and glorious spectacle, to behold two mighty Na-

tions—heretofore deadly foes—united in the bonds of friendship, and magnanimously standing forth as the champions of a weaker power—the avengers of wrong—the uncompromising supporters and defenders of freedom.

Nobly has the Emperor Louis Napoleon earned for himself the respect and admiration, not only of all right-minded men of the present day, but of posterity. For the present epoch will stand forth as one of the brightest pages in La Belle France.

God save the Queen!

SONG composed for the Soiree, given by
the Inhabitants of New Richmond, County
of Bonaventure, District of Gaspe, on behalf
of the Patriotic Fund.

AIR — *Scotts wha hae.*

Scots who were by Campbell led,
Scots who ne'er the foeman fled,
Welcome to your gory bed,
And to victory.

Well may Scotia vaunt that hour,
When the Czar's o'erwhelming pow'r,
Like a storm was seen to lour,
But ye did not flee.

Well ye stood the deadly fray,
Man and horse in proud array,
Dearly did the foeman pay
His temerity.

Inkerman, thy battle field
Taught the Czar's proud host to yield,
When the Scots-men—whom God shield,
Bid them turn and flee.

Honour then to all who fought,
All who deeds of valour wrought,
On that glorious, but dear dought
Field of victory.

Here's to Saxon, Celt and Scot,
Alma's deeds are not forgot,
Widows, Orphans, ye shall not
Pine in penury.

Here's to England's Queen and Laws,
Here's to who in freedom's cause
From its sheath the bright steel draws—
Death or liberty.

TO THE READER.

Many will doubtless be surprised at the brevity of the Lecture, and consider that the Lecturer might have taken a far wider range.— But the managers of the Soiree, fearing the patience of the younger portion of the subscribers might be exhausted; limited him to three quarters of an hour. This necessary restriction prevented the Lecturer (who has visited Russia several times) from dwelling at some length on the character and customs of the Russians, and showing that no reliance can be placed in the promises or protestations of the Diplomats of a Nation whose natural characteristics are *Deceit, Dishonesty, and a total disregard of truth.*

Our answer to critics is embodied in the following lines of Pope :

“ 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense,
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
T'ea censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.”

New Carlisle, 1st May, 1855.

