OUR NEXT WAR.

(*From the European Times.*)

Alexander the Great of Macedon, having overrun Persia, was driven back when he attempted to add India to his list of conquered nations. Is the same fate destined for Alexander the Little—Emperor of Russia? There are prophets who tell us so. While on our travels, in the course of the past week, we had the honour and pleasure of enjoying a couple of hours' interesting conversation with a general officer, who has not only achieved an European reputation as one of the bravest of the brave, but who has, during his long service, fought and bled in many a battle on the soil of our Eastern empire. As topic after topic came under discussion, we asked him, if the opinion in his circle was that we should have a long peace. "Decidedly not," was his short and emphatic reply. "With whom are we likely so soon to go to war?" we inquired in some degree of astonishment. "With Russia again," was the rejoinder. "On what field, and why?" "In the East, and for our own dominions." "Are you, then, one of those who believe that the Russians will attack us in India?" "No: we shall attack them. They are interfering and will interfere more in the affairs of Persia. Presently they will enter that country in force. We shall not allow it. We shall order them out, and, if they do not go, we shall drive them out." This was certainly a very sharp, short, and decisive view of the case. But we were assured, upon further conversation, that it was the accepted and assured opinion, not only of military circles, but of all circles in Indian society, and the consummation is regarded as about to take place at a very early period, and, moreover, is looked at without the smallest anxiety or alarm by all classes of our Eastern population, contempt for Russian prowess being the universal feeling. We must, therefore, be watchful and vigilant, that these suspicious Cossacks may gain no advantage over us nearer England. Our forefathers used to say that, however matters were arranged at home, there was no peace with the Spaniards beyond the line. But things are not so now. War in the East means war in the West also. There cannot be fighting on the Indus and peace in the Baltic. When the shouts of contending armies are heard beneath the walls of Ispahan or Shirauz, the echo will reach St. Petersburg itself. Our rulers must, therefore, keep a wakeful and wary eye upon the northern as well as the southern extremity of Russia. We may depend upon it, that we have an enemy there who will strike the very moment it is known that we are off our guard. But to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Whatever our Indian prophets may foretell, every Russian movement in that direction will be measured by our strength at home. Our safety there is to be settled here.

THE MAP OF EUROPE.

Considering that peace has just been made, and that sweet words and gingerbread phrases, and "sugar and spice and all that's nice," are just now the current coin of conventionalism and compliment between the high and mighty potentates of Europe, we are startled at the immense amount of the jarring elements of discord which may be discovered if we journey thoughtfully and observingly over its map. If we begin with Russia, she is apparently occupied in crowning her Emperor, but, inwardly, is doubtless dreaming of and intriguing for revenge. Even in the midst of all the oriental and barbaric show and pageantry of the display at Moscow, her most anxious wish seems to be to sow the seeds of discord between the representatives of France and England. Prussia is but the satellite of the Czar. Her monarch, more prone, it may be, to *champagning* than *campaigning*, must yet obey his northern master. But discontent is rife in Prussia as well as all the other lesser States of misgoverned and oppressed Germany. The sabre, the bayonet, and the stick are at present in the ascendent. But intellect is kicking against blind despotism in all directions, and, whenever an explosion breaks out in any quarter, a sympathetic spark will kindle a mighty conflagration in "Father-land." Spain is in another phase of her revolution *en permanence* But we do not take her into the account. She is more African than European still, in spite of her boasted expulsion of the Moors. The tranquillity of France hangs upon a single life, and Napoleon the Third is said and supposed not to be in the best of health. Besides, he has many enemies who would think no more of taking his life than of sweeping a beetle or a wasp from their path. He has been our ally against Russia, and we forget, having nothing to forgive, all else in that one act of friendship. But the French have not forgotten, and they will never forgive, the blood shed on the steps by which he mounted to the throne. At this moment that throne may be mined, the train laid, and the match ready to apply. Nothing beyond the present is ever certain in France. Aud is Poland satisfied? and is Hungary pacified and willing to be the oppressed vassal of, instead of the sister-kingdom with Austria, a province instead of a kingdom? And come we to Italy. And is not her own Vesuvius the type and representative of her disturbed state at this very time? And what will its next eruption produce? A mere puff of smoke, a passing shower of ashes and cinders, or a flood of burning lava which shall destroy and overwhelm all before it, as of old it swept over Herculaneum and Pompeii, and they were not? Who can tell? The experiments upon human patience must almost have reached their limits in Naples The cry against Austria, the secret assassin of unarmed travellers, is loud and fierce, from one extremity of the Peninsula to the other. The French soldiers keep the peace in unhappy Rome. The Croats are swarming on the confines of Piedmont, whose free institutions give offence and excite alarm among the blind statesmen of Vienna. The wolves are only restrained from attacking their prey by the wholesome fear of the sheep-dogs. War would be declared to-morrow by Austria against the King of Sardinia, if he had not the sympathies of France and England with him. If it were known that he would receive no active assistance from either of those countries, he would be attacked at once But in any circumstances the game of irritation and counter-irritation cannot be played much longer without producing its results. In the meanwhile, the Austrians are trying what may turn out a very dangerous policy for themselves, if they persevere in it; for, of course, we now conclude that what we called the Mazzini conspiracies, for all sorts of things impossible and impracticable are got up and done to order by their agents and emissaries. They explode so opportunely, and are so contrived to bring the democratic party into contempt, that they can only be framed in one quarter and for one purpose.

Such is the state of pacified Europe at this very moment, but for how long? We may have bonfires and fireworks enough, and more than enough yet, without waiting for the Fifth of November to see them. At all events, it cannot be very long before retribution and despotism meet face to face to settle their account—and it is not a small one.

AUSTRALIA.

The Kent, Capt Coleman, from Melbourne, arrived off Dartmouth on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., with a heavy mail and 82,000 ounces of gold. She left on the 10th of June.

The yield of gold is greatly in excess of that of 1855. A party of three miners, working in the Black Creek at Tanandale, at a depth of 12 feet from the surface, came upon a lump of gold weighing *fifty-four pounds*, with about 80 ounces of smaller nuggets in close proximity. The total value taken from the claim was a little under £3000. From 30¾ tons of quartz, 443 ounces of gold had been obtained.

The colony of Victoria was in a healthy and satisfactory position. Nearly all the members of the Executive Council were actively engaged in the endeavour to secure seats in a new legislature. Mr. Duffy appears confident of a seat for Belfast, his admirers having raised a fund sufficient to qualify him to sit in the Lower House. His popularity had, however, greatly declined, owing to his inordinate vanity on several public occasions. The birthday of her most gracious Majesty was right royally celebrated by the Acting Governor on the 26th and 27th of May, when his Excellency held a levee, reviewing the troops, and gave a ball and supper to 1600 persons in a style that has never before been attained in the colony.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Haszard's Gazette.

Sir :—

An article in the *Examiner* of the 22d Sept. instant shows, that my little friend Whelan is still as anxious as ever to let his readers see how *very unconcerned* he is about my libel suit. Did you ever see a man, Mr. Editor, take so much *pains* to persuade people how very *easy* his mind is about the dangers in store for him? I have no doubt, that it is the public interest alone that he is seeking to protect, and not by any means to disguise his own innocent peccadilloes, or to divert public curiosity from being satisfied about the value given to the country for his £900 a-year. Now, without writing ironically, I wonder for my part, that he should have any fear at all. Looking at the estimation in which he holds the crime of perjury,—and the power he has of *nominating his own Jury;* why should he show any anxiety about the matter? Poor man! What a load of care his little body and mind have to endure for the public good! Poor soul! Should you fall in with him, Mr. Editor, please to say, that I duly appreciate his additional encomiums on my character, as published for the month of September, and hope he will have something a little more spicy for the October number. I am sorry I am not at liberty to disclose to him, all the particulars of my case until the day of trial, which I assure him will come round in due time, if he and I live. In the meantime, for the purpose of relieving his mind from the excess of philanthropy with which it is at present encumbered, I would suggest to him, the necessity of writing some weekly articles, such as these :—

"An Inquiry into the enormity of the crime of Perjury, and the dangerous consequences to Society when its punishment is evaded."

"The evil effects of Intemperance on the Human Mind,—particularly in drinking—are extensive to the gentler sex.—And the direful consequences of *delirium tremens* to an Editor of a paper especially."

"Female Virtue.—Its inestimable value to Society during the present age—as well as the "crying evils" abroad, for the want of some efficient Bastardy Laws."

I am, Sir,
Your obed't Servant,
PATRICK BEARNEY.

Union Road, Lot 33,
September 20th, 1856.

P. S.—My worthy and patriotic opponent forgot to inform his readers, that the fourpenny damages I obtained, was the value laid by the Court on a number of his paper (the *Examiner*), which he snatched out of my hands in a fit of terror, when I told him it was to be used as evidence against him in a Court of Justice.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Wednesday, October 1, 1856.

The city weighing machine was yesterday let at public auction to the highest bidder and the purchaser was Mr. Daniel Bethune, who had it knocked down to him at a rent of £11 for the ensuing year—In effect the lessee will pay only £6 for it for by being the city weigher he escapes the payment of the duty of £5; with care and attention he ought to make a very good thing of it and we hope he will.

It is becoming, and very properly, the custom to purchase every thing by weight in preference to measure and we trust to see the custom increase. There is no reason why we should not purchase wheat, oats and all sorts of grain as well as potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and all sorts of roots by weight, and there is every reason why it should be so. Go into the market and see one man measure potatoes, he will heap his measure honestly, look at another and he will use every artifice to give as little as possible; the sinking of the scales prevents all this, the most ignorant cannot be deceived, and to lessen the possibility a sworn weigher who can have no interest either way interposes for the protection of both parties. Ask any shipper of produce and he will tell you that the cargo never turns out equal to what it was taken in for—look also at the time saved, the cart loaded with potatoes or turnips is driven on the weigh-bridge, and in a minute or two the ticket of the weight is handed to the truckman who delivers it to the mate or broker of the vessel, the article is put on board and there can be neither dispute or mistake. At leisure in the evening they are taken of the file and added up, and the number of tons quarters hundred weights and pounds are at once ascertained, and so in the same way it would be when delivered into the cellar or roothouse, whereas the measuring by half bushels as we are in the habit of doing is a very tedious job independantly of the facilities it affords to the dishonest. There would be no more difficulty in the course of a little while in ascertaining the relative value of a bushel of potatoes and a half hundred or hundred weight than there is now between a ton and a chaldron of coals. The great advantage would be that a man would know how many pounds of food he paid for.

BUSINESS MAN'S NOTE BOOK.

This is truly the age of Books. There is neither science, art nor trade but has its particular hand-book, as the Germans term it. If books alone could teach, there would be no need of serving apprenticeships. Theory, without practice, is we all know, of little worth, but both combined, aid and assist each other. Every day produces one or other of those aids to men of business, which greatly facilitate his commercial or other transactions. The little book on our table is one of them, and one of the most surprising, it contains more varied and useful information within its covers, than most books three, four or five times its size. There are maps of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, showing the extent of each county, in square miles, acres and population,—a map of Europe with all the lines of telegraph,—a map of the United States of America, and a chart of the route of the Steamers from England to China.—Tables of all kinds and descriptions, from a ready-reckoner, which gives the price of a pound or a ton at from a farthing to a shilling, with the intermediate fractional parts. It is the same with the interest and compound interest tables. To show the amount of information given a page of 5 inches by 3, we take at random page 32, here we have first "Estimated power of man or horse as applied to machinery," by which we learn, that the power of a man carrying, is estimated at 27,273 lbs. avoirdupois, while that of a horse is 150 lbs. "Weight of a square foot of sheet iron." "Table for changing French weights and measures into English," and *vice versa*. Weight of a "Square foot of Millboard." It is deserving of examination, and as it will, most probably, be continued from year to year, it will be well worth the attention of our men of business here. We must not omit to add, that there is a small blank diary attached to it, and a universal calendar, by which the day of the month may be had in a moment. There is one thing which we are sorry to remark. Under the head of "commerce of the British Colonies," we naturally looked for Prince Edward Island, opposite to which we find, "Report for 1855 not received." Are we to be for ever behind hand?

QUEEN'S COUNTY CATTLE SHOW.

The above Show was held on Wednesday last the 24th instant, in front of the Royal Agricultural Society's premises, Queen Square, Charlottetown. The early part of the day being fine, an immense number of people congregated from all parts of the country, many of them bringing Stock for exhibition, of a very superior description, evidently showing, that there is a spirit of emulation springing up among country farmers, who now begin to see the advantage of breeding improved Stock, not only as a means of putting money into their pockets, but of enabling them to compete with amateur farmers. I would wish to impress upon all unsuccessful competitors, the necessity of renewed efforts, and the folly of becoming discouraged by one defeat, rather let that defeat be a stimulus to renewed exertion. Well bred animals of all kinds are now readily obtained, and what matters it, should a farmer be obliged to give three or five pounds for a Bull Calf, when, in all probability, the Stock of that Bull may be worth 50 per cent. more than the unimproved. The same with Sheep; many farmers grumble at the hardship of having to give Three pounds for a Leicester Ram! Why, the extra weight of wool from his Stock the first year, will, even with a farmer who has a small flock, repay him. I am aware, that even £3 is a large sum in the eyes of a poor man, struggling to pay five pounds a year of rent, but I would say to those men, who have only a few Ewes each, or a few Milch Cows,—let a number of you join together, and buy good male animals, even should they be obliged to give twice three pounds. In breeding, one thing, however, must be remembered, for, let the Stock be ever so good, unless they are *well fed, and kept warm when young*, the result will be disappointment. Establish a good constitution by putting the young animals well over the first year, and the improved Stock will be as easily wintered as the common run of country cattle. As evidence of this, I need only mention, that the two large, short-horn, white Cows exhibited by the Agricultural Society on Wednesday last, had nothing during the winter and spring until the month of June, but ¼ of a bushel of turnips each per day, and soft upland hay, and they were fit for the butcher during the whole period.

The Show of Stock last Wednesday of all kinds, was considered greatly superior, both as regards number and quality, to any previous Exhibition; and the Judges in giving in their award, stated that they had the greatest