

The Politician.

The Colonial Press.

From the Saint John Courier.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

While so many of our Farmers, ruined by the failure of their lumbering speculations, and sadly wanting in the patient and intelligent industry requisite to make farming profitable, are looking to the prairies of the Far West as an Utopia, where not only an easy living, but money may be made without that active exertion and "sweat of the brow," which, by the Divine law, has been found as man's lot in every part of the earth: we are gratified in being able to give the opinion of an intelligent and practical American, at present in this city, who is intimately acquainted with the Western States, and has lately travelled through the greater part of this Province, on the relative advantages afforded by each. To quote his own words:—

I am surprised to find that even among the intelligent farmers of New Brunswick—men who should be able to see clearly, and use discreet judgment—that a feeling of despondency, and a desire for change of some kind, seems to have taken full possession of their minds. The majority of these unsettled, and perhaps, undisciplined minds, have seized fast hold of the idea that the Western portion of the United States is a real El Dorado, where produce springs spontaneously from the earth, and can be had for the asking, and where they may live a lazy, indolent life, doing nothing but smoke and eat from morning till night, while some good spirit is filling their granaries with grain, and their pockets with a little broken Bank paper occasionally, by way of variety.

Many have already been led away by this false view, which can only be considered a fearful hallucination of a strong, or the wretched emanation of a weak mind. And those who are dissatisfied with their location in this Province, and go West to better their condition, will simply "jump out of the frying pan into the fire," and so verify another old saying, that "Fools are not all dead yet." I have travelled much in the Western States, and cannot speak too highly of the active and persevering industry of their inhabitants. They have, and are still overcoming, almost superhuman obstacles to make that great wilderness "Blossom as the Rose"; and this is done, too, under tremendous disadvantages, disadvantages that never have been, nor never will be known in this Province. They are from 2000 to 3000 miles from the markets on the sea coast, from which they have to transport all their goods, and to which their produce must be sent to find a market. They have to endure from three to four years of ague and fever, and many other prevalent diseases arising from the malaria of the numerous marshes of stagnant water, and the chemical decomposition of the vast masses of dead vegetable substances with which they are filled.

But suppose a man thoroughly acclimated, and ready and willing to labor with that indomitable courage, zeal and activity, so necessary to a Western pioneer, and let us look and see how he is rewarded for his labor, in comparison to the reward obtained from an equally bountiful nature in this Province. Wheat, Oats, and Indian Corn are the principal products of the West. Indian Corn appears to be the most indigenous to the soil, almost invariably yielding a larger number of bushels per acre than any other grain. In what is called an excellent season, the average yield per acre will be about twenty bushels for Wheat, forty or forty five for Oats, and from fifty to sixty five for Corn; and to produce this greensward requires three ploughings, and fallow land two ploughings. In fact, the same amount of labor of man and team is required to produce good crops there as in New Brunswick, and other expenses are fully equal.—Before the recent demand for corn in Europe, the average price of Indian Corn in the interior of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c., was about 10 cents per bushel, and on the Lake shores from 12 1/2 to 13 cents, hardly ever reaching to 25 cents, except at places nearer market. Oats varied, according to location, from 8 to 18 cents, and wheat from 30 to 42 cents. The great staple for the New York market is Wheat, and farmers, to get the cash for that or any other produce, must cart it to some shipping port on the Lakes and Rivers, a distance of from fifty to sixty miles per day of 16 hours, hard travelling. During the wet weather of spring and fall, I have actually known three yoke of cattle to one wagon load of 50 bushels of wheat, which could not average 15 miles per day; and those loads drawn from 50 to 60 miles to get to a market at from 36 to 40 cents per bushel.

The expense of shipping grain to the New York market from Chicago, Michigan city, St. Joseph's, Milwaukee, and the other ports on Lake Michigan, is as follows:—

Storage and delivery in Vessel,	Cents 2
Freight to Buffalo,	12 1/2
Storage and re-shipment at Buffalo,	3
Erie Canal Freight and Tolls to Albany	25
Hudson River Freight,	5
Commissions, Insurance, &c.,	6 1/2
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These are the rates of charges during the middle of the season. Spring and fall, during the press of business, I have frequently known the charges for transportation to be as high as 20 cents on the Lakes to Buffalo, and 37 1/2 cents from Buffalo to Albany. I think a fair average cost, during the season of navigation, of trans-

porting wheat and corn from Chicago to New York, including commissions, re-shipments, storage charges and insurance, will be 60 cents per bushel; and all this expense only brings it in equal competition with the New Brunswick farmer, as, when this surplus wheat and corn has reached New York, it must then find a market beyond the sea at an equal expense of freight as from any seaport in New Brunswick.

The freight on pork and beef from the upper Lakes to New York will average \$1.60 to \$2 per barrel; and from Columbus, Cincinnati, and ports on the Ohio River, \$2.25 to 2.50 per barrel.—Pork is now selling in Cincinnati (the great pork market of the West) at \$3.25 per 100 lbs. for the first quality 300 to 400 lb. hogs.

From all the facts I can gather in travelling through New Brunswick, I am led to the almost certain conclusion that the proportion of good tillable land in New Brunswick is fully equal to that of an equal area in any portion of the United States, and that with the single exception of Indian Corn, it is fully equal to the average in productiveness; and the farmer, instead of obtaining from 30 to 50 cents per bushel for wheat, is warranted a quick market at from 120 to 140 cents; and instead of from 10 to 20 cents for oats, the ordinary market price is from 40 to 60 cents. Again: the price of wild land in the United States, under government sale, is \$1.25 per acre—while an equally good soil, requiring no more labor to place it in a good state of cultivation, can be had at 50 cents per acre, and from one-half to three-fourths of this is expended by government in making roads to accommodate the settler, while, in the United States, the settlers must make their own roads at their own expense. And when I compare the prospects and inducements held out to the settler in New Brunswick, the differences in the prices of lands, of produce, and of the goods necessary for the farmer's consumption, and of the health of the one in comparison with the other, I can only be astonished at the most supreme madness of persons, who will forego all the blessings offered them here to undergo all the hardships and sufferings which they must encounter in their removal to *they know not where*. The bare expense of this removal will purchase 200 acres of good soil, near their friends and acquaintances, in a healthy climate, where all the necessaries of life are abundant, and where, with economy, frugality, and persevering industry, they can obtain a competence in less than one half the time, with the same degree of labor that they could in any part of the Western States.

From the Saint John Observer.

ENGLISH IDEAS OF THE COLONIES.

In our paper of the 5th inst. we noticed the suggestion that a Deputation should be sent to England having for its object several important propositions relative to Colonial interests, and we are informed that the suggestion is favorably entertained by many, who are willing to contribute pecuniarily according to their respective abilities, for the accomplishment of it. The prevailing depression in the American Colonies calls imperatively upon the united intelligence and energies of the people to place the condition of the Colonies as they are, and as they might be under an improved system, unreservedly before the government and public of Great Britain, for it is a lamentable fact that our Colonies are little known in the official, and still less in the private departments of society in England. It is true that Despatches are forwarded from the Provincial to the Home Government, and it is equally true that these Despatches and their contents frequently find a sepulchral resting place in some undisturbed depository of "Filed Papers." If the North American Colonies would co-operate, and each send a Deputation to London to represent their interests and wishes at the Colonial Office, and to place their condition, and their importance as a part of the British Empire, before the people of Great Britain, through the medium of the English Press, by continued and correct statements, there is reason to believe that the result would be satisfactory, and we have entire confidence in the justice and fostering care of the Mother Country if she was once fully informed of the real state of things in our Province, and the bearing of them, if they are not relieved, for it must be confessed that a feeling of despondency, amounting with many to discontent, is inducing the Colonists to look Westward for employment and subsistence. All must acknowledge that the people of England have very incorrect knowledge respecting the geography, commerce, government, settlements, resources and importance of her American Colonies; and hence the wonder ceases that gentlemen in official capacities, when they come among us, meet more intelligence and determination than they anticipated. We are informed that a member of the Imperial Government recently visited this Province to obtain information respecting it, and from the tenor of his observations, it appeared that he required it. We subjoin an amusing extract from the Liverpool Mail of the 18th November, which will show some of the sources and extent of English information respecting us:—

A Short Account of the British Dependencies open to Colonization,—condensed from the latest publication of the Society for the promotion of Colonization.—The chief cities in these settlements, (viz: Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland) are Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Halifax, Fredericton, St. John in New Brunswick, and another town of the same name in Newfoundland. Beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the cities, the whole country is covered with forests, only broken occasionally by small villages of log houses. In the interior there are few

roads, in our English sense of the word; such as there are, more resemble the lanes leading to farm houses in this country, only that the ruts are generally deeper,—there is fine water communication by the lakes and rivers,—the country is brought into cultivation, first by cutting down the trees, leaving stumps of two or three feet high in the ground—the trees are cut into lengths and pulled together, branches and all, with oxen, and then burnt to ashes,—the grain is then thrown in after a rough sort of ploughing among the stumps, and in many parts of North America the land is so rich with decayed vegetation, that it will yield from 25 to 30 bushels of grain an acre for 8 or 9 years in succession. The settlers build their houses with square logs, and roof them with bark, or bits of split wood called shingles." This historian observes, "The chief ailment in these, as in all wooded countries, is fever and ague, to which, however, the temperate seldom fall victims;" and he adds, "Idlers and Drunkards can earn nothing."

Verily this writer must have been some mesmerised cotemporary of 'Rip Van Winkle in Sleepy Hollow,' who has given his dreamy notion of things some sixty years gone by, and just awakening from his long and stupid nap, is confounding his confused ideas of the first settlement of the country with the improvements in 1848. His description of the process of clearing lands, shews that the writer knows nothing about it; and we have medical authority to state, that fever and ague is not a disease of New Brunswick and Novascotia—and our historian will no doubt open his eyes with wonder when we tell him that the shores of the Saint John and Miramichi rivers—the scenery of Saint Andrews—the country at Woodstock—along the shores of Bay Chaleur—at Sussex Vale and the Bend—in Dorchester, and various other parts of this Province, are unqualified contradictions to his assertion that the prevailing forest is 'only broken occasionally with small villages of log houses'—and he would be astonished at his own ignorance, if he were to travel along the valley of the Annapolis river, and over the extensive and cultivated fields of Horton, Corawallis, and Windsor. The statements of this writer are not calculated to induce immigration, and it is time that such libels were refuted.

There is a general expression of opinion that some effort should be made to improve the condition of the Province; and we think that a judiciously conducted Deputation would effect it. The union of the Provinces—Colonization—Railroads and Commerce, might be advocated—and when we bear in mind that Canada and New Brunswick have been made the depots of pauperism and disease by Emigrants from Ireland, we have a strong claim upon England for assistance, which might be managed so as to be mutually beneficial to each country. If the experiment of a Deputation should be considered worthy of trial, a public meeting should be convened and organized, and a committee appointed to address the Legislature upon the subject, and solicit its co-operation, and a correspondence should be immediately opened with the other Colonies to ascertain the prevailing feeling in them upon the subject. The Deputation, consisting of a Member of the House of Assembly, and one or two private gentlemen qualified to represent the commercial and general interests of the Province, should persevere with the Officials and the Press of London, until matters were definitively settled; and perhaps it would not be presuming to hope that the objects of the embassy would be supported by our esteemed and talented ex-Governors of the Provinces, Sir James Kempt and Sir Howard Douglas, who are now in England. The general interests of the country should be considered paramount, and all parties should unite, regardless of prejudice and particular feelings, which have too often militated against Colonial improvement. We therefore hope that the proposition may be duly considered and supported.

Communications.

[For the Gleaner.]

"We take no note of time, but from its loss, To give it then a tongue, is wise in man."

Ere another week shall be flitted away by mortal men, your expiring instructor will have been ushered into eternity—that vast unknown "from whose bourne no traveller returns." The boundless prospect even now shadows forth with all its stern realities, and bids me use well my few remaining moments. And as a dying man draws near his end, strains every nerve to take a last farewell of his friends and family, and give his children his dying advice and counsel, consigning them to the care of their Heavenly Father, that in after years, when his bones shall have crumbled into dust, his expiring words and commands may exert a salutary influence over their lives and conduct, so now would I gather my enfeebled strength to say a few brief words on the folly and vanity, vexation and misery, I have seen during my short career, and volunteer a few remarks on the mode of improving the condition of life. Would that I possessed my wonted pristine vigor, and were capable of greater strength, then would I imprint my words on your minds with a pen of iron. But what energy can you expect from a withering, superannuated old being, who has almost completed the number of his days. Let me assure you that when death is staring one in the face, and destruction and annihilation at hand, it is no time for a scrupulous nicety in the choice of words, and a punctilious care in rounding off sentences. Fame and ambition! what are they to a dying creature. They then, for the first time per-

haps, appear in their true character, as the merest baubles and emptiest of insubstantial things. Then regard not the last words of an expiring existence, as merely intended to please you with their novelty, or gratify a vitiated taste, and then to pass from your memories as the decaying sounds occasioned by the charmed song of the lovely maiden. Short, indeed, has been my existence; when my days shall have reached their full number, they cannot much exceed 365. Hence, learn the shortness of life, and brevity of all earthly things. How many thousands of little children have begun and finished their course since I commenced mine. Yea, even in this small community, how many have thus appeared for a few short summer months, whose happy spirits have taken their flight to the eternal mansions of light, to the great God who gave them. Thrice happy they, who have thus, almost before life's dawn, been removed from a false, evil world a world full of envy, strife, contention, sickness, disease and pain, the sad and deplorable consequences of man's transgression. It may be, they have escaped the pains of a lingering, a more fearful and torturing death. They have been preserved unspotted from the ensnaring wiles of the devil, uncontaminated by the inordinate desires and corruption of a deceitful heart. Nor have they been bewildered by the giddy dance, nor beguiled by the false, glittering trappings and maxims of an evil world. When we reflect, what folly it is to mourn their loss!—loss! nay, rather eternal gain and happiness.

It is not only these sweet infants that have, in so short a space, been called from earth, but the young, the beautiful, the gay; those possessing the buoyancy and activity of life, the flower and loveliness of youth, and those in the full pride and vigor, and maturity of manhood—all have been among the number. "Young men and maidens, old men and children," have sunk into the grave together.

No matter what their particular stations, circumstances, or dispositions, the poor as well as sick, the learned as well as unlearned, the joyous and happy ones, as well as the wretched and miserable, for Death respects not the persons or stations of men. And oh! fearful to relate, I have seen the wilfully wicked and profane cut off, as well as those who have endeavored to "lead a new life, following the commandments of God." Some, indeed, have had full warning; others have been taken away suddenly, by rebellion, treason, civil insurrection, and the treacherous hand of the assassin. Others by famine, hydrophobia, lingering sickness, the so called accidents of life, and the various other means by which death visits mortals. Look at France, that ill-fated and infidel country! During my short life she has been revolutionized. See the direful effects of her restlessness and iniquity! Now turn your eyes to Ireland. Here sedition, treason, and treacherous murder flourish; but punishment usually attends or follows vice. It has been sorely chastened, by her land refusing to give its wanted supply, and scourged by famine and pestilence. Survey the whole Continent of Europe. She is inwardly convulsed; all is uproar and confusion. Trade is stagnated, and nothing flourishes but rebellion. Every man doth what seemeth good to himself, and all sort of subjection to governors and superiors is unblushingly and openly laid aside as unbecoming the enlightened freedom of the present day. To talk to a man of submission to "governors, spiritual pastors and masters," is looked upon as antiquated nonsense, and as now conveying no meaning. The last in the train of evils I shall mention, is the Cholera. That scourge of man, which, at its former visitation, carried off its millions, has again appeared in your father-land, and it is said, on the American continent. Nor is it very unlikely that it will visit these shores at no very distant period. It has fallen upon the earth at an unreasonable time, for all your attention and affections are engrossed by trade, traffic, and the overturning of governments and society. The rich are engrossed with their gains, and how they may increase them, forgetting their duty to the poor and wretched, and shutting up all the avenues of humanity and compassion. The poor, in their turn, possess a restless and insubordinate spirit, a spurious notion of liberty, equality, and fraternity; frequently showing what temper they are of, by insolence and pointed disrespect. They forget the situation a benign providence has appointed them to fill; their conduct says down with all power and subjection to rulers. And let me tell you, if this disposition be not shortly checked, it will completely demoralize and overturn the now tottering basis of society. It has been my misfortune to be thrown, in this untoward age, in the midst of all this confusion and misery. The cause of this undesirable state of things is too apparent to a reflecting mind; rather let us inquire what is the core. How can you mitigate or avert the evils you suffer, or those which are impending? how can you check the tide of abuse and corruption which is daily gaining strength? Each man may do something. Let not the rich hoard up their riches without remembering the poor, regardless of the pining calls of humanity and benevolence. But at this season especially, when the rich, and those in easy circumstances, are joyfully and anxiously looking for my departure, (as they were to name me 'the new year') that they may enjoy to the full the beneficent gifts of providence, and make this to them a gay and pleasant time. But let them not forget the calls of humanity—remembering that to the aged, poor, and hungry, it is cold, dreary, desolate, serving only to remind them more forcibly of their sad and miserable condition, and final dissolution.

[Conclusion next week.]