

Count Casimir Bathany, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Hungary under my Government, and the Generals Messaros and Perczel (all present here,) would be surrendered unless we chose to abjure the faith of our forefathers in the religion of Christ, and become Mussulmans. And thus 5,000 Christians are placed in the terrible alternative either of facing the scaffold, or of purchasing their lives by abandoning their faith. So low has already fallen the once mighty Turkey, that she can devise no other means to answer or evade the demands of Russia. Words fail me to qualify these astonishing suggestions, such as never have been made yet to the fallen chief of a generous nation, and could hardly have been expected in the 19th century.

My answer does not admit of hesitation. Between death and shame the choice can be neither dubious or difficult. Governor of Hungary, and elected to that high office by the confidence of 15,300,000 of my countrymen, I know well what I owe to the honor of my country even in exile. Even as a private individual I have an honorable path to pursue. Once governor of a generous country, I leave no heritage to my children; they shall, at least, bear an unspotted name. God's will be done. I am prepared to die; but as I think this measure dishonorable and injurious to Turkey, whose interests I sincerely have at heart, and as I feel it a duty to save my companions in exile, if I can, from a degrading alternative, I have replied to the Grand Vizier in a conciliatory manner, and took also the liberty to apply to Sir Stratford Canning and General Appick for their generous aid against this tyrannic act. In full reliance on the noble sentiments and generous principles of your excellency, by which, as well as through your wisdom, you have secured the esteem of the civilized world, I trust to be excused in enclosing copies of my two letters to the Grand Vizier and Sir Stratford Canning.

I am informed that the whole matter is a cabal against the ministry of Redschid Pacha, whose enemies would wish to force him to our extradition, in order to lower it in public estimation, and render impossible its continuance in office. It is certain that in the grand council held on the 9th and 10th of September, after a tumultuous debate, the majority of the council declared in favor of our extradition, the majority of the ministry against it. No decision was come to in consequence of the alteration which took place; but, notwithstanding, the ministry thought fit to make us the revolting suggestion I have named. This mode of solving the difficulty would not, I am convinced, save the ministry, because a protection only given in contradiction of the Sultan's generous feeling, at the price of 5,000 Christians abandoning their faith, would be revolting to the whole Christian world, and prove hardly calculated to win sympathy for Turkey in the event of war with Russia, which, in the opinion of the most experienced Turkish statesmen is approaching fast. As to my native country, Turkey does, I believe, already feel the loss of the neglected opportunity of having given to Hungary at least some moral help, to enable it to check the advance of the common enemy. But it appears to me that it would be a very ill advised mode of gaining Hungarian sympathy, by sending me to an Austrian scaffold, and forcing my unhappy companions to abjure their religion, or accept the same alternative. No friends to the Turkish government would spring up from my blood, shed by her broken faith, but many deadly foes. My lord, your heart will, I am sure, excuse my having called your attention to our unhappy fate, since it has now assumed political importance. Abandoned in this unsocial land by the whole world, even the first duties of humanity give us no promise of protection, unless, my lord, you and your generous nation come forward to protect us.

What steps it may be expedient that you should take, what we have a right to expect, from the well known generosity of England, it would be hardly fitting for me to enter on. I place my own and my companions' fate in your hands, my lord, and in the name of humanity throw myself under the protection of England.

Time presses—our doom may in a few days be sealed. Allow me to make a humble personal request. I am a man, my lord, prepared to face the worst; and I can die with a free look at Heaven, as I have lived. But I am also, my lord, a husband, son, and father; my poor, true-hearted wife, my children, and my noble old mother, are wandering about Hungary. They will probably soon fall into the hands of those Austrians who delight in torturing even feeble women, and with whom the innocence of childhood is no protection against persecutions. I conjure your excellency, in the name of the Most High, to put a stop to these cruelties by your powerful mediation, and especially to accord to my wife and children an asylum on the soil of the generous English people.

As to my poor—my loved and noble country—must she, too, perish for ever? Shall she, unaided, abandoned to her fate, and unavenged, be doomed to annihilation by her tyrants? Will England, once her hope, not become her consolation?

The political interests of civilized Europe, so many weighty considerations respecting England herself, and chiefly the maintenance of the Ottoman empire, are too intimately bound up with the existence of Hungary, for me to lose all hope. My lord, may God the Almighty for many years shield you, that you may long protect the unfortunate, and live to be the guardian of the rights of freedom and humanity. I subscribe myself, with the most perfect respect and esteem,

(Signed)

L. Kossuth.

Communications.

THE ROCKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

You talk to me of India's fairy plains,
Of grotesque caverns, rocks, and thousand scenes;
Of cloud-clad peaks, of dark and frowning chains,
Of Alpine rocks, of groves and leafy greens.
You talk of landscapes, meads, and mountain cones;
Of Egypt's plains, and Africa's burning sand;
But give to me the dark and frowning domes
Of the cloud-clad peaks of the rocks of Newfoundland.

There silvery vales and mountain heights are seen;
Crag piled on crag, clad with the creeping vine,
And rocks that hang in middle-air between
The hollow darkness of each deep ravine.
Here, on some deep, and wide expansive bay,
A host of ships along its bosom sail;
Far in the azure distance fade away
With wings expanded to the freshening gale.

Here mountains clad with pinnacles and domes,
Pyramids of rocks, white as the driven snow;
And the mountain torrent falls in sheets of foam,
O'er the flower-enamelled lawn that spreads below.

Here giant rocks, divested of shrub or flower,
Rear up their hoary heads from out the sea,
With yawning cliffs and battlemented tower,
Bursts earth and sky, and mountains, rocks, and streams!

Around you spreads each wide, expansive bay,
With their giant hills, steep, frowning, dark, and bold;
And the boundless waste, the wide and open sea,
With its swelling waves that shine like molten gold.

Here cloud-clad mountains rear their hoary heads—
Here thundering torrents pour their eddying tide,
Thrown by some freak of nature from their beds,
And madly dashing down the mountain side.

Or here some gentler stream in measured swell,
In winding passage wends its destined way,
Through verdant lawns, around each desert dell,
To the broad and level pavement of the sea.

Above thy head, heaven's bright ethereal face,
Beneath thy feet, earth's wild, majestic scenes,
Around—beneath—on high in airy space,
Spreads earth and sky, and mountains, rocks, and streams!

Oh! magic land, how often have I strayed
Till evening's close, devoid of grief and care,
Among thy winding vales and streams, o'er-swayed
By rocks that seemed to hang in middle air!

Till the sombre shades of gloomy evening fell,
And spread its mantle o'er the magic scene—
Till the sinking sun flung back his last farewell,
O'er woodland, cottage, mountain, rock and stream.

Oit have I roamed along thy rock-bound shore,
Among thy winding vales and caverns steep;
While above raged heaven's fierce elemental war,
And the hoarse Atlantic tumbling at my feet.

Or on some rock hung high in middle-air,
When the shades of eve in sombre masses fell,
Like angel music melting on my ear
Came the measured toll of some distant vesper bell.

I've roamed upon thy wild, romantic hills,
When gathering clouds of dark and awful form,
With the hollow moan of the distant thunder peals
On the rustling wind came ushering on the storm:

When the silvery light of the cloudless, cold,
pale moon,
Poured down its streams upon each fairy dell;
I've lingered on thy rocks till night's high noon,
But now, fair land, a long and last farewell!

Farewell! yon verdant lawns, yon winding vales,
Yon frowning rocks, yon wild, majestic scenes;
Yon cloud-clad peaks, yon hills and rising vales;
Yon thundering floods, yon gentle murmuring streams.

O'er stormy seas, where angry tempests roar,
The care-worn Stranger steers his trackless way.
Back to New Brunswick's cold, ungrateful shore,
Unblest by friends, uncheer'd by fortune's ray.

Ungrateful land! I've roamed thy solitudes
For fifteen years, 'gainst fortune's frown to toil;
I've met with the basest, cold ingratitude,
But I never have had one friend upon thy soil;
Like fruits that grow along by the Dead Sea,
That turn to dust and poison at the touch,
False land, thy gifts have always been to me,
And thy faithless hearts to me have e'er been such.

Go, Stranger, track the wide and boundless deep;
Climb up the 'chalky belt' of Albion's shore;
O'er Persia's verdant lawns and mountains steep,
Or from the Ganges hear the tiger's roar.

Go wander through the Tiber's sacred shade,
In its winding passage through the classic land;
O'er Egypt's plains, by the Pyramids o'er-swayed;

Or on Sicily's thundering burning *Ætna* stand
Go roam through Asia's deep and silent shades,
Where Ararat high his lofty summit rears;
Where 'Beauty's Goddess' sprung from out the waves,
Or climb the heights of the towering Cordeliers;

Or where Vesuvius rears his mighty form,
Clad with the orange, olive-groves and vine,
And the smoky columns from his bowels up-borne,
Like the plume of a warrior waving in the wind.

Go roam by Andes' yawning caverns deep,
O'er Quito's varying clime, from heat to cold,
And say that tempests raged beneath your feet,
That the lightning flashed and the hollow thunder rolled,

But after you have roamed this earth all round,
Through's India's plains and Africa's burning strand,
'Mong all these scenes not eae can e'er be found
Like the cloud-clad peaks of the Rocks of Newfoundland.

THE STRANGER.

Buctouche, October 15, 1849.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH.

MR PIERCE,—I beg to trouble you once more with a few lines, as I have been so highly flattered by your jocular correspondent of last week, who subscribes himself 'A Disappointed Ploughman,' passing such high encomiums on my last, particularly as he can quote so largely from that celebrated author 'Shakespeare;' but more than that—he criticises so beautifully on 'A Member'—enquiring whether 'a Member of the Provincial Parliament, a member of Conciliation Hall, or a Member of the Highland Society of New Brunswick, at Miramichi.' I beg to inform his Eminence, that I do not aspire to be a member in any of these august Societies, as I am only an humble member of the Northumberland Agricultural Society, yet one anxious to see that Society rapidly progressing onward, and I would suppose any person reading my communication would have understood the same, excepting your correspondent, whose whole thoughts must have been absorbed in Shakespeare and other sublime theories, that he cannot descend from those lofty heights to take notice of plain simple language.

I would think, Sir, that your correspondent would have made his elaborately written epistle less ambiguous had he been more explicit in letting us know wherein he has been 'disappointed;' for I cannot conceive why he calls himself a 'Disappointed Ploughman,' when he is satisfied with the decision of the Judges. Did he think, from his great influence with the Board, that he should have received a prize, whether awarded to him by the Judges or not? or perhaps as he understood (as he says) there was no gage to go by, he would get a prize from the owner of the field by ploughing 12 inches by 3.

I am happy to see that your correspondent acknowledges his ignorance of the prescribed rules of the Society, when he says he 'did not understand there was any gage for the furrow.' I would also inform him that both himself and his informant lie under a mistake, if they think the Judges did not find out their error in awarding Galloway's prize to Fenton, and acquaint the Board of the same for a week or two after the Ploughing Match. Whether the Judges officially acquainted the Board or not, I am not certain; but this I know, that the Board knew of the mistake on the second day after the Ploughing Match, the day of their meeting.

From the reports I heard, I was under the impression that Galloway was not quite satisfied with the conduct of the Board towards him, nor did I think many others were satisfied either, but if so, I have no desire to have my head broken between him and them.

I should be very happy to see your correspondent make a regular reformation in the Society, and have all things done for the future to the satisfaction of every one; but I doubt not but he will find himself sadly 'disappointed' again, especially as he expects me to pull with him in all his absurd movements, for I cannot conceive how any Society can be properly conducted without a Secretary at least; but this I will promise—to give him all the assistance in my power to get him into that office, as I think him very well qualified for it; and also at the next General Election I shall use all my endeavors to have him made a member of the Provincial Parliament, for he appears very able, and apparently no less willing, to advocate for this County. Indeed, I had no idea that we had a ploughman among us so very well adapted, in every respect, to fill the

high and onerous office of representing the farming class in this Province; but how true is it that

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

But if we should unfortunately fail in these projects, and he be obliged to resume the plough once more, I would caution him, if he should be disappointed again, not to grumble, or I fear he would be the first that would be 'tired to the horses' tails,' and then woe! woe! woe! be to him, for I fear there would be no mercy shewn him.

A MEMBER.

November 9, 1849.

The Politician.

The Colonial Press.

From the Newfoundland Patriot.

FREE TRADE.

It is a matter for regret, that the Executive did not meet the desires of the sister colonies, to discuss the subject of free trade with the United States, by sending two of our public men to the recent meeting at Halifax of the delegates from Canada and New Brunswick. We are sorry that the invitation had not been made through the Assembly when in Session, when the subject itself might have had some discussion, and some light thrown upon it. The admittance of the Americans to unrestricted trade and fishery with and in Newfoundland, is a question of great magnitude; and viewing it without any reference to individual interests, but as presenting prospects of present and future general benefit, it occurs to us that no more potent remedy for the monster evils by which the fishermen of this colony are now pressed down, could be afforded than granting the Americans free and unrestricted participation in our fisheries.

The great want in this colony is cheap and wholesome food, and cheap supplies of fishing necessaries. Will any one question for a moment the American ability to furnish supplies at a rate within the means of our fishermen, and leaving them at the end of the voyage a sufficient portion of the summer's labor to keep them from the winter-famine they now undergo. We think that Free Trade with America would accomplish this serious desideratum, and if it did not wholly do so—if it only went to make the necessities of life abundant—it would be worth any individual injury which might grow out of the concession of the privilege.

There can be but little doubt that American capitalists would be anxious to take up their abode with us—would employ our fishermen at remunerating wages, and would purchase our fish as readily as the Spaniards or others, without the drawback of being middlemen, as the Spaniards now are—but would have the facility of making their own bargains, which the Spaniards have not; and becoming competitors one with the other, which would always ensure to the fisherman the highest price for his produce. Besides we dare to say that our other resources—our neglected deep sea fishery—our sealing voyages—our whaling riches—our minerals, coal, lime, slate, gypsum, and building stone, all would be called into life and vigor by allowing the Americans free and unrestricted trade with, and fishery, in Newfoundland.

We observe that the Newfoundlander takes a different view of this question. He views Free Trade with the United States, as ruinous to the interests of the Colony. We cannot agree with him. We are convinced that Free Trade would destroy mercantile monopoly—that it would raise the fisherman to his proper scale in the body-politic—that he would be courted where he is now flouted—that in fact he would live where he now only breathes!—This is a grand fisherman's question. Whatever others may say to the contrary, we sincerely believe that Free Trade with America would be a panacea for all the ills the fisherman is now subjected to. We cannot be much worse off than we are. Our fishermen have been in a state of starvation for the last five years, compelled to live on the worst and coarsest of diet—their whole year's produce sacrificed for six months' supplies—on account of that grinding monopoly of the necessities of life, which compels a man to take them at any price, or refuse and starve! Would it not be a glorious thing to break down and correct this state of things! In some districts in the colony, during the very last season, we understand that the supply merchants refused a barrel of flour, unless the fishermen would give in exchange a whole ton of fish!! The fishermen had no alternative—he was compelled to give the ton of fish or perish from famine!! Free Trade with America would put an extinguisher upon this infamous traffic with the heart's blood of the poor unfortunate fisherman and his unfortunate children.

We go, then, for Free Trade with America! Let the fishermen and all who depend upon the fisheries take up the subject—petition the council and assembly to grant this brilliant privilege to the Americans, and when that is effected, we may safely calculate that there is a good time coming yet for our laborious boatmen and shoremen, a time when the fisheries will be prosperous, and when the hazardous toil of those engaged in them will enable them to procure the necessities of life in abundance, and besides to lay up some support for the decline of life.