

at the top of his voice, for God's sake to put him out.
—Perhaps his gable friend's eye did not gladden, and may be his ivory did not shine, as he charitably turned the current of that stream upon the unmentionable portion of the poor devil's netherments! The fire was extinguished without serious damage, as the papers say; and the lazier was thoroughly saturated; and, having exchanged his heavy inside wet for a skin drenching, he departed perfectly sober, amidst the jeers of the crowd who had witnessed the finale, most vociferously cursing all improvements in magnetism and combustibles.

The Politician.

The British Press.

From Willmer and Smith's European Times.
CONTINENTAL AFFAIRS.

We have watched with the most intense anxiety the progress of the contest between the Hungarians and the powerful allies confederated against them; and, as especially interested in the extension of the commerce of the globe, one of the surest and most permanent guarantees of peace amongst nations, we hoped the result would secure not only a free and independent government to a brave and gallant people, but that the Danube would be thrown open to the commerce of the world, and the port of Fiume, in the Adriatic, would give to all trading nations a ready access to a market of many millions of people. It would be as painful now as it would be useless to trace the causes which have led to the frustration of these hopes; but at length we have an authentic letter from the pen of Kossuth himself, who, like Brutus at Philippi, weary with life, says, 'I behold the fine edifice of my country's freedom, and with it the sanctuary of European liberty, destroyed—not by our enemies, but by our brethren.' The tone of despair which runs through the whole of Kossuth's valedictory letter plainly indicates that 'a complete want of supplies, the necessity to feed the army by requisition, a miserable means, which renders the people their enemies,' brought the war, which at one period promised a glorious success, to an abrupt, and we fear it will be found, a dishonorable termination. If any doubt has been cast upon the patriotism and honor of Kossuth, this noble letter will prove to the world that at the last he thought not so much of securing his own life as to shield the Polish and Italian legions from the danger of exile in Siberia. It is but too evident that Kossuth's noble feelings recoiled from co-operating, even passively, in measures of terrorism, of destruction, of pillage, of requisition towards the people, who were already suffering so deeply from the bloody struggles which were going on all around them. We shall not dwell upon the crowning act of humiliation, if not of degradation, perpetrated by Georgey. Dire necessity may have compelled him to take the last fatal step in order to save the lives of his troops, who were perishing, perhaps, for want of food; and we hesitate to join in a chorus of condemnation, which may be premature, of a man whose reputation for patriotism and bravery stood so conspicuous. In the amnesty granted by the conquerors to all the Hungarian army, from serjeants downwards, we perceive no exceptions, so that we trust the weight of vengeance will not fall upon the Polish and Italian legions. The case of the officers appears more doubtful. The Austrian officers, with that pride which has always distinguished their class, refuse to serve in the same ranks with their defeated comrades, and thus, instead of drawing a prudent veil over the past, the seeds are fresh sown for future divisions and antagonism. In fact, unless a liberal and independent constitution is accorded to the Hungarians, no permanent tranquillity can be maintained. Austria, with the fatal aid of Russia, has only conquered 'her right arm,' and the western extremity of her empire, Lombardy, which may be denominated 'her left arm,' is only kept in vital action by the counter-irritation of an enormous military force; but neither Hungary nor Lombardy is now of the slightest service in maintaining the power of Austria as a first-rate power of Europe. It is to the sequel of these recent great and important events that the attention of all Europe is directed. What will be the results to Germany? Will Austria, now she has subdued the internal disquietude within herself, re-assert her position in Germany, and resume the direction of German affairs; or, will the hereditary jealousy against Russia once more display itself either in open dispute or covert intrigue for supremacy in Germany; or, will Austria unite her power with Prussia, and, backed by Russia, confederate together for the purpose, as the Emperor Nicholas is reported to have said to General Lamortiere, 'to put down the spirit of revolution wherever it shall show itself?' These three powers, at the close of last century, partitioned Poland amongst themselves in defiance of all Europe, and only two years ago consummated the nefarious act by the absorption of Cracow into the Austrian empire. France and England were compelled to stand by with their arms folded, and the three despotic powers laughed Lord Palmerston's protest to scorn. Peace a tout prix was the cry. His lordship, in his noble endeavors to preserve peace during the last year, whilst he held out the hand of fellowship to every people who had the attainment of rational liberty for their object, has given fresh umbrage to the anti-liberal party. A trumpety story has been invented of his having received another rebuff through Lord Ponsonby at Vienna, in consequence of the levy with which

Lord Palmerston is accused of having conducted our affairs with Austria. We recommend Schwarzenburg to be quiet, or Lord Palmerston, backed by the united liberals of Great Britain, will pull the whole fabric of the Austrian empire once more about his ears. The English, however, want peace, conscious, nevertheless, that peace is not to be preserved by oppression and tyranny. It is, therefore, with very great anxiety that we watch the present position of European affairs. It will require the very greatest forbearance on all sides to prevent a new conflagration amongst the people of Europe. The Germans are wholly dissatisfied with the present position of affairs. With France on one side, in an attitude neither friendly nor threatening, the German people scarcely know whether to regard her with suspicion or with sympathy. A confederation of the despots of Europe, without France, would be as dangerous to the peace of the world, as an Holy Alliance with Louis Napoleon at the head. The true cause of safety lies in the direction of constitutional freedom; but this great palladium is in idea connected with other and more delicate subjects of ambition of both princes and of peoples; and the prejudices of races, of nationalities, the aspirations of theorists, and the stern resolves of monarchs, at the head of mighty armies, have all to be reconciled and to be compassed, before the European world finally settles down in the enjoyment of political and commercial freedom.

The Colonial Press.

From the St. John Morning News.

"COLONIAL GRUMBLERS!"

The Halifax Chronicle of the 15th instant contains a few remarks under the above caption; and we purpose making a few more in answer, or rather in justification of the growing feeling of this particular locality. Our contemporary seems to think that the grumblers of this Province (and they embrace the whole, if not the whole, population) and those of Canada, are influenced altogether by pounds, shillings, and pence, and that our loyalty is moved according to the rise and fall of prices in England, for our staple articles; and that at one time we were so very devoted to the interests of England that we were ready to shed the last drop of our blood in her defence, and if need be raise a regiment to cross the Atratook and march upon the State of Maine. Just so! Then, our interests were identified with the interests of England. Are they so now? (The proper interpretation of loyalty may be found in Sydney Smith's writings, and that loyalty as he gives it belongs to the human heart in spite of professions.) If we have nothing more to be loyal for, why indulge in vapid sentiment? Will that afford us a living—will that open up for us the intercourse which we seek with the world, in order that we may exert our energies to some advantage? We have no objection to being dependent upon England, providing England treats her Colonies as integral portions of the Empire, by giving them a voice in her Councils, which is very much wanted when Colonial interests are brought upon the carpet! Does she do so? But then the Morning News grumbles because

'New Brunswick has no Navy, no Army, no Literature, no brotherhood of Science.'

The Chronicle tries to heal this wound by administering as follows—

'True, she has neither Army or Navy of her own, but both branches of the service are open to aspiring and ambitious Colonists, who, under that banner which for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze, may win honor and renown. Several Nova Scotians have distinguished themselves in the Navy—two or three of her sons have recently won laurels in the Indian army—are there no New Brunswickers?'

This is certainly rich coming from the quarter it does! Very strange that a certain member of the present Executive Government did not think of these things a few years ago, when he addressed his letters to Lord John Russell! There was no grumbling then, because Nova Scotia had no Army—no Navy—and because her young men had great disadvantages to cope with alongside of the influential families of England!! O No—the field was not big enough then for colonial enterprise and ambition. It is different now, however; and why? Simply because the Liberals are in place and power, and have nothing more to grumble about. Let the 'pounds, shillings and pence' platform be knocked from under them, and tell us whether there would be no more grumbling? Perhaps our friend Mr Anand has not read Mr Howe's letters to Lord John Russell? We will thank him to do so, and favor us with his impressions. Our friend seems to think that a Colonist may write a book and be well patronized in Nova Scotia and elsewhere. Indeed! how long, pray, was it before T. C. Haliburton was discovered as an author after he wrote his history of Nova Scotia? Nearly twenty years. His own native Province gave him a beggarly pittance for his labor—and probably he would not have been known out of Nova Scotia until this day, had he never gone to England and printed his 'Sam Slick.' It is not every native author who can afford to go so far upon such a speculation. In the United States, the people know and understand their smart men. Judge Haliburton, even now, has to send his manuscript to England and the United States for a market. Would it be so if the Colonies were united, prosperous, and populous—in a word, bore a distinct nationality?

It is all very fine advice to tell the Farmer to till his soil, the Fisherman to spread his net, the Hunter to hunt, the Merchant to ply his trade, &c. &c. It is like Parson trying to compel the Israel-

ites to make bricks without allowing them straw. We may as Colonists 'ply' until our backs break; but unless a proper field be opened for the absorption of our capital and labor, the only things we shall gain will be empty bread baskets, although they are pretty empty now.

Has our friend read Lord Durham's Report, especially that part of it that contrasts the British with the American sides of the Saint Lawrence—how on one side everything wears an aspect of prosperity, while on the other 'the world appears to be going backward?' Has he also read Mr Thomas Atkins' historical account of Halifax—wherein he shows that Halifax has rose and fell again half a dozen times, in point of population, &c., since the first settlement? How is this—has there not been something radically wrong in our Colonial system to account for these things? Take Halifax even now, and compare it with Boston, and can you do so without feeling a degree of chagrin at the contrast? Halifax is over 100 years of age—and her population is about 20,000. Boston is not so very much older, and her population is about 160,000. But Quebec is as old as Boston, and what is there to recommend Quebec but her Citadel? The age of Boston, however, properly dates from the time of American Independence. Until then she was a scrubby little town, and would still be among the scrubs, if Massachusetts were still a Colony. What factories have you got in Nova Scotia—what public works—what great enterprise bearing upon the valuable resources of a rich country? None worthy of mention—and simply because you have no object to labor for—the natural markets of the world are closed against you, or the next thing to it; and you might as well be in the Moon, or in the planet Jupiter, as at the head of Cheticou Bay, shut out from all the rest of the world.

The movement at which the Chronicle appears to take umbrage, is progressive as far as this Province is concerned, and is gathering strength daily. There were just such persons as the Editor of the Chronicle, busy with the pen, when the old Colonies commenced to talk about Independence. But Payne's 'Rights of Man' scattered their opinions to the wind as fast as they were propagated. Then, as now, the Colonies were 'well enough off' under the 'paternal' and loving care of the 'mother country,' and 'it was toly to ask for independence.' The opposition of 1776 could not stem public opinion—neither will the opposition of the present day have one feather's weight in the scale. The people of New Brunswick are just as loyal as the people of Nova Scotia. They intend to ask for nothing more than what they are in hopes of getting. There is just this difference, however, between the two Provinces. The one has 'gained glory enough for one day,' by its party successes, the Liberals being the victors. The majority are perfectly contented for the first time in half a century, not because the times are good, but because they have not yet got over their phrenzy; whilst the 'Army' and 'Navy'—without which Halifax would be a perfect vacuum—keep the people in ready change. Remove these ligaments, and Halifax would sink the next day. In New Brunswick the people are more commercial than political. We have never been in the habit of drawing our supplies from the Commissariat chest. Commerce has been our study, our aim, our ambition; we are all of one party as regards this; and it is because our commerce has been disturbed, and not because we dislike England, that we now find cause, aye, ample cause, for 'grumbling.'

We hope the Editor of the Chronicle will read the speeches that are to appear in our paper, on the side of Independence; and if he is not altogether lost in the party victories of the hour, he will allow that New Brunswickers understand what they are about as well as the Nova Scotians did when they contended so valiantly for Responsible Government.

Editor's Department.

MIRA MICHI:

CHATHAM, MONDAY, SEPT. 24, 1849.

The Subscriber having been compelled to consume a large amount of time, and incur considerable expense, in his too often fruitless endeavours to collect his far-spread Outstanding Debts, hereby notifies all persons to whom he is not indebted, and with whom he has not a running account, that orders for advertising in the Gleaner, and for Printing in future, must be accompanied with the CASH otherwise they will not meet with attention,

JAMES A. PIERCE.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

British papers to the 8th instant, brought by the steamer Cambria, came to hand by the mail on Friday last. This vessel arrived at Halifax on Wednesday last, in 11 days passage. Our extracts will be found under the proper head.

THE SALMON FISHERY.

We are informed that Moses H. Perley, Esq., now employed in collecting information on the subject of our valuable but shamefully neglected Sea and River Fisheries, on visiting the Basin just be-

low the Great Falls of the Nepisiguit, the grand spawning ground for the salmon of that river, discovered that wholesale slaughter of the spawning-fish had been very recently perpetrated. Mr Perley immediately communicated the fact to the authorities at Bathurst, and a posse was at once despatched to the spot. It was found that the breeding pools had been plundered, contrary to law, as well by sweep-nets as by spears; and it is calculated that not less than 800 breeding fish have been taken by the poachers within the last three weeks. The posse captured 144 salmon from one squatter, named Welsh. When it is considered that such fish are of little value for the purpose of food, and how destructive this slaughter must be to the Fisheries, it is to be hoped that some severe enactments may be made at the next session of the Legislature, by which this item in the miserable catalogue of our Colonial resources may be saved from destruction. We consider the preservation of the Salmon Fisheries an object of great Provincial importance, and should have no objection to see poachers of this description, as well as those who purchase from them, subjected to the legal penalties of a misdemeanour, and punished by fine and imprisonment.

THE VONDY TESTIMONIAL.

The Committee appointed to carry into effect the views of the subscribers to the Vondy Testimonial, have now fully completed the task with which they were entrusted.

The death of poor Vondy, and the story of his melancholy fate, are still fresh in the public mind. It must therefore be gratifying, not only to his relatives and immediate friends, but to the community at large, to know, that a substantial Stone Monument, and Marble Tablet, now perpetuate his name, and record his fate.

The Monument—executed in England, and conveyed to its destination in portable sections—has been erected at the grave of the deceased, in the Burial Ground of St. Paul's Church, Chatham; and the Tablet in the inner North wall of the Porch, or Vestibule, of that Church.

The Monument is constructed of Freestone, and consists of three distinct sections, which may be designated the Plinth, or base, the Pilaster, and Entablature. Upon the base, from which it is separated a few inches by stone Transims—rests the main column, or Pilaster, near to the base of which is the figure of the good Samaritan, bending over the sick bed, and administering medicine to a diseased or dying man. Immediately over this, appears the following inscription:

"This Monument was erected as a Public Testimonial of Respect to the Memory of
JOHN VONDY, Esq., Surgeon,
Who, in the faithful discharge of his professional duty, fell a victim to malignant Fever, which prevailed on Middle Island, among the Passengers of the Ship *Looshtauk*. His remains were interred in this Burial Ground, July 2, 1847."

The Entablature, or upper section, is a design of the Gothic order. At first sight it appears somewhat heavy or over-massy, but is, nevertheless, exceedingly handsome and ornamental. Above the inscription is the figure of a Pelican nurturing her brood, by admitting them to suck blood from her proffered breast.

The Marble Tablet is surrounded by a richly ornamented Frame, of stucco, and bears the following inscription:—

"In Memory of JOHN VONDY, Esq., Surgeon, of this place, who, in the faithful discharge of his professional duty, fell a victim to malignant Fever, which prevailed on Middle Island, among the Passengers of the Ship *Looshtauk*."

We are of opinion that the Monument, and the Tablet, reflect credit alike on the taste of the Committee, and talent of the artist.—Communicated.