

was detected. The presence of the nitrates in the London water prevents the formation of any vegetable matter; no vegetation can be detected even by a microscope, after a long period. The Thames water has been examined from water near its source to the metropolis, and an increasing amount of impurity detected. All the matter of great towns contains organic matter; water purifies itself from organic matter in various ways, but particularly by converting it into nitrates: water can never stand long with advantage, unless on a large scale, and should be used when collected, or as soon as filtered.

## The Politician.

### The Colonial Press.

St. John Morning News, January 9.

#### STATE OF THE PROVINCE.

It is all very fine and very sentimental, in reviewing the condition of the country, to say that peace reigns within our midst, and that better days are drawing near. It we can lull ourselves into repose by the glimmer of a little light, which loses its effulgence amidst surrounding darkness, we are then no better than moths, easily caught by glare. It is at best but a false security. We are reminded of the bountiful harvest of 1849. The new channels of business being opened up to our merchants, the expedition to California, and so on. These things are encouraging so far as they go. But are they what they ought to be? Are they sufficient in themselves to raise this fine Province into an attitude unequalled in its past history, for commerce, wealth and progress? Are they adequate to the necessities of the Province, to the industry of a large population, to the requirements and spirit of the age? Certainly not—neither can any one imbued with an enterprising spirit, admit for one moment, that New Brunswick is destined to thrive upon her present prospects, if she take a single step in the right direction! If we thought that our merchants, and business people generally, were satisfied with toiling for a miserable pittance, when we all know that under other auspices they might flourish equal to the merchants of London or New York, we should certainly keep our remarks to ourselves. But we believe it to be a libel, not only upon them, but upon the whole Province, to say that contentment prevails, and that we want nothing more, because times are mending, and because our prospects are a little more cheering than they were at the beginning of 1849. We are reminded by some that the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and reciprocity on the part of the Americans, are going to allow us two voyages instead of only one. That attention is being turned to the California trade. That our Fisheries will prove valuable if developed. That our Farms are capable of bountiful returns if cultivated. Well enough, but after all, even at the best, they are but the mere semblance, and not the substance, of commercial progress. If the State of Massachusetts were dependent upon nothing better these—were shut out as we are, from the commercial advantages which she enjoys with the rest of the Union, the merchants of Boston would not be conducting their business in palaces, the marts and magazines of merchant princes; but they would be grouping along as our people are—cribbed, confined, and confined. Narrowed down, as it were, to a mere provincial boundary. We ask any one of common sense, and ordinary observation, whether this Province is destined to flourish under its present prospects? The very pulsation of our trade has been destroyed in the English markets. While that trade continued the people were contented—although the protection we enjoyed was operating upon us like a narcotic drug; we slept soundly upon it; and only came to our waking senses when the effects wore off. Still, this trade made the country what it is. It was the bone and marrow of our existence. It is gone, and with it every prospect of raising the Province upon the foundation already laid. True, we may continue to live, and live comfortably, without this trade; opportunities, no doubt, will—nay, they naturally must—turn up to our assistance. But, our progress will be like that of the fat man in gaining flesh—it is not a healthy contraction, neither are strength and energy natural to the obesity. Suppose we all turned farmers and fishermen, what then? Professor Johnston tells us that the Province is capable of maintaining a population of 4,000,000 souls. Suppose we had one million of souls, and no markets for the energy of this multitude, would the people be satisfied with bartering among themselves, contented with living in a great magazine, or store house, of plenty? Certainly not. But we are premature. It is just as impossible for a country to progress in population, no matter what the character of the soil, without commerce, as for a person to exist without food.

From the St. John New Brunswick.

#### THE COMING ELECTION.

Our readers are aware that the ensuing session of the Legislature will be the last for the present House of Assembly, and we observe that some of our contemporaries are employed in showing up the evils of the present system. The editor of the Charlotte Gazette speaks out strongly on the subject, and we subjoin some of his remarks, which are of a very caustic nature. We intend shortly to expose some of the evils which our present mode of legislation entails upon the country, with a view to obtain the adoption of a better system, and we trust

that the honest members in the Assembly will aid in the good work. The Gazette thus denounces the whole system:—

"In the dislodgement of such a band as now occupy the seats in the popular branch of the Legislature, the people will have opponents to deal with, with whom they must expect to have pretty sharp work. Willy and unprincipled in their political shifts, and having the next Session to purchase, with public grants of all denominations, the votes of the venal and dishonest portion of the constituency, nothing short of united action, and strong resolve, will be required to oppose them with any degree of success. With such means, however, the Freeholders will be sure to succeed—without them they will be as certain to fail.

"And here we would take the liberty of advising the Freeholders to keep a sharp look out upon the movements of all interested parties—all recipients of public monies through public grants,—it matters not under what head,—and where these are seen to act the parasite in influencing votes, immediately to unmask them, and afford the Press the means of exposing them in their true colors before a deceived and injured public. This advice we hope will not be thrown away. We will most assuredly be, in such an event, a faithful medium for fairly placing such beggarly cases before the people.

"The present embarrassed state of all descriptions of business throughout the Province, and the poverty-stricken condition of the inhabitants generally, call loudly for retrenchment; but, for this, while the present representation occupies the floor of the House of Assembly, it would be absurd to look. To send the present house, therefore, to the right about, should be the general determination. At all events we trust it will be so in Charlotte."

## Communications.

#### THE NEW COUNTY BUILDING.

Mr. Pierce.—The Public, Sir, will perhaps be gratified to learn that the new County Building has at last opened her doors, and received into her snug embrace, the long expected tenants. For a full year since its completion, the building has been undergoing a process of ventilation and cleansing. All that the elements could do—all that air, fire and water could contribute to that end, have been industriously employed to render it a fit receptacle for—a couple of lawyers! Let our united prayer be, that as the portals have now been officially entered, and all within found clean and spotless, so may the same be transmitted unsoiled down to the latest generations.

With respect to the gentlemen of the long robe in general, it would perhaps seem out of place to employ towards them, the language of eulogy. The task would indeed be a thankless one, and besides, our sincerity might be distrusted. On the other hand it is not fair to put those gentlemen all under bans, seeing that history affords several well attested examples of honest lawyers—lawyers who have performed many good actions, and deserved well of their country. In this category we are happy in being enabled to place the names of the present occupants of the aforesaid building, to wit, Edward Williston, Esq., (Deputy) Clerk of the Peace, and Allan A. Davidson, Esq., Register of Deeds and Wills. Taking it for granted that these offices must be filled by lawyers, perhaps a better selection could not be made. Blandness of manner, a willingness to oblige, assiduity in business, and an average share at least of common honesty, all conspire to fit those gentlemen for their respective offices.

And thus, with her crew all on board, the good County ship is again under weigh, and a prosperous voyage may she have. And here we wish our story were ended. But, alas! the ship is not paid for. With the weight of a thousand millions, hangs this pile of stones and mortar upon the county's neck. The day of reckoning has indeed been put off, but it must come and will come at last. Ere long the cry will be as in the days of yore, "The Paulinees be upon thee!" and would that we could as easily burst the cords that bind us, as did Manoch's redoubtable son. A few days, and the whole COUNTY AUTOCRACY will be down upon us. Then woe to that hapless wight, who shall not have a few idle pounds in his wallet, a few loose shillings in his till, or a few straggling coppers in his pocket.

In this emergency, to whom shall we look, Mr. Pierce, for a chart to guide us past the quicksands in this new voyage? To whom shall we look for help to shake off this ponderous necklace? Have you, Sir, an encouraging word for us? If so, speak out and oblige

THE PEOPLE.

Chatham, January 9, 1850.

#### THE DYING GOOD OLD YEAR.

'Tis the solemn hour of deep midnight,  
The gloomy sky is dark and overcast,  
No wandering star to cheer the weary sight;  
Loud roars the wild and chilling winter's blast:  
The clock has just tolled upon yonder wall,  
And its last faint echoes fall on my ear,  
Fading away down the gloomy hall,  
In its last farewell to the dying year.

'Tis midnight—all is as still as the grave,  
Save the moaning sigh of the sweeping blast,  
And the hollow roar of the distant wave  
On yon stormy shore by the tempest cast;  
With deafening din, in measured swell,  
Wafted from distant realms afar,  
To join in the solemn last farewell  
O'er the dying bed of the good old year.

'Tis midnight—all is dark around—  
Dark as this breast, sad and forlorn;  
But hark! what means that solemn sound,  
Blending its sighs with the howling storm?  
That sends such sad emotions to the heart,  
And falls in solemn cadence on the ear—  
'Tis *Æolus* who has tuned his mournful harp  
In his last farewell to the dying good old year.

'Tis midnight—and the stormy winds are high  
O'er ocean, river, forest, vale and dell,  
Tossing the pine-tree branches to the sky;  
But hark to the toll of that solemn distant bell!  
Borne on the wings of the hoarse and chilling blast,  
Like angel music melting on the ear  
At this dreary hour, tolling its mournful last  
Farewell, o'er the bed of the dying good old year.

'Tis midnight—but I'll take my harp once more  
And I'll sit me down beside the flickering flame  
Of the good old year, its choicest strains to pour—  
And I'll tune its notes and praise thy good old name;  
And I'll fill my glass for the night is dark and drear;  
And o'er thy memory shed one silent tear:  
'Twill cheer this heart, oppressed with grief and care,  
And I'll sing a song to the dying good old year.

#### SONG.

O give me wings that I may fly  
Away from this groveling earth on high,  
To some bright star in yon azure sky  
Mid burning suns to stray,  
O'er this cold, cold earth so black and drear,  
Free—free from all its troubles and cares,  
To roam at large with the good old year,  
Through the broad bright milky way.

To some distant orb in space away,  
On angel-wings let me wing my way,  
To realms of bright eternal day,  
And join in the seraph's strain:—  
Or range at large on the welkin's brow,  
Or ride on the bright symbolic bow,  
O'er the cold, cold earth and its cares below—  
To never return again.

O let me fly to yon ether space,  
Where I'll never again behold man's face—  
Away from the earth's deceitful race,  
Thou good old year with thee.  
But if from this earth you cannot stray  
To the broad bright path of the milky way,  
At least from here let us wing our way  
To some Isle beyond the sea.

There, there we'd roam 'mid fairy scenes,  
In that magic land 'mid leafy greens;  
Free, free from care in that land of dreams  
We'll pour our joyous strain;  
While rising dales and mountains steep,  
In that magic Isle in the azure deep  
Where storms never rave, nor tempests sweep,  
Would echo it back again.

When thou good old year, now fading fast,  
From this world of care to the tomb has pass'd,  
And thy spirit has flown on the fleeting blast  
And given thy earthly chain:—  
When the rose of summer lies blighted and torn,  
And the forest drear of its verdure shorn;  
By the chilling blast of the winter storm,  
Oh, why should I remain!

#### THE STRANGER.

Buctouche, 31st December, 1849.

#### REPLY TO 'A SUBALTERN.'

FREDERICTON, January 3, 1850.

Mr. Pierce,—Among the various characters daily pressing towards your desk for aid and counsel, or to prefer their complaints, a military personage occasionally presents himself. Of this class, the public had a specimen a few days since, under the style and title of "A Subaltern," with a load of poultry!

Some of the ancient schoolmen speak, in their systems of philosophy, of an *error loci*—by which they meant, that when the peccant humors or any thing else gets into the wrong place the whole machine goes wrong. Now, the protest of your military correspondent against paying for his commission, and before he is asked to do so, is eminently suggestive of this *error loci*. Subalterns are evidently in the wrong place—he has got into company to which he does not belong, for which he is not fitted; and this remark might with great propriety be

extended to others of his class. For, it is unfortunately too true, that many of our yeomanry, instead of performing each his appropriate function, that of raising poultry, hatching eggs, or pursuing some other useful employment, are seized, like Subalterns, with a rabid desire to show off in the military line.

Hence it comes to pass that the painful spectacle is so often witnessed, of sundry persons like 'Subaltern,' very good men in their way, decking themselves out in regimentals, and begirt with a 'sword and belt,' if such articles can be borrowed, strutting about in 'all the pomp and circumstance' of a real soldier. The fact is, Mr. Pierce, we have been so accustomed to associate a certain nobleness of soul with a true soldier, that we are disgusted when we meet with a man like 'Subaltern' (if a man he can be called) protesting publicly against forking over a trifle for making out his commission—an honorable commission, conferred upon him at his own instance, and through his own inportunity.

There is no 'hardship' in the case. Every person who voluntarily places himself in a position above his fellow men, must expect, according to the usages of society, to encounter some little expense. But, as I said before, there are too many persons like 'Subaltern,' who, instead of striving to confer dignity on our militia, would cover it with disgrace. Has it not been the case repeatedly in your county, Mr. Pierce, that companies have appeared on the field at the General Muster, without their commanding officers? And has not the absence of those officers been caused by their fear of incurring some little expense in the way of providing refreshment for their men? And have not those men, after doing good service, been sent away dinnerless and brandless, about their business. Now, that is a 'hardship' that is 'an outrageous tax on the people.' However—something shall be done to meet 'Subaltern's' case.

I am, &c.

P.

## Editor's Department.

### MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1850.

IF The Subscriber having been compelled to consume a large amount of time, and inconsiderable 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.

**BOUNTIES ON FISH.**—The Portland Umpire reports that the Collector of that port will pay out on the 1st of next month, between \$82,000 and \$84,000 for Bounties to Fishermen. This is the way our neighbors build up a trade; but the Colonial Secretary puts his veto on all bills sent home, authorising bounties to be given for the encouragement of new branches of trade or manufactures in the Colonies.

**GRAND JURY OF ST. JOHN.**—The following is an extract from the Presentment of the Grand Jury in St. John:—

"The attention of the Grand Jury having been directed to the Licence Law about to expire, they have anxiously investigated the subject. They consider, that while as a general rule, it may be proper to leave the eradication of many bad habits to moral enation, yet, when the Judges of the land, the Ministers of religion, and our own daily observation occur in shewing that to the use of strong drink, may be attributed three-fourths of the crime, pauperism and misery which exist, reason and common prudence would suggest that the enemy which does all this should be excluded by force of arms. Against the argument that one portion of the community have no right to interfere with the other in that which may be esteemed a matter of opinion and is not evil in itself, it is sufficient to urge, that those who do not use strong drink have to bear their share of the cost entailed upon the community by the crime and poverty produced by its use. The Grand Jury therefore present, as their opinion that the importation of distilled and fermented Liquor be prohibited, and that none be allowed to be manufactured in the Province—that the Licence Law be abolished, and that Smuggling be made Felony."

**COLONIAL PRESS.**—Our exchanges furnish us with but little that is new, important or interesting.