

## Communications.

## PIC-NIC.

Mr Editor,

Pic-Nic excursions seem to be the order of the day. No sooner has one passed off, when we hear of another, and yet another, until they have followed each other in rapid succession for the last month. It would appear they are rather a favored institution; "who ever knew it to rain on a pic-nic day" is now a stereotyped expression, and judging from the past, there is some truth in the remark, for these excursions have always been favored with pleasant weather. One of the most pleasant of the season, came off recently, under the auspices of Nelson Division, Sons of Temperance. The day was as beautiful as could be desired, and from an early hour waggons could be seen coming from all points of the compass, until they formed a line in the vicinity of the Division-room exceeding half a mile in length. A number of beautiful colors were provided for the occasion, and truly it was an imposing sight when this large company started, with music playing, banners waving, and colors streaming. Pursuant to arrangement the party proceeded to Indian Town, and then returned to the grounds of Thomas C. Cliff, Esquire, to enjoy the afternoon in Pic-Nic festivities. In the many picturesque and romantic spots that abound along the banks of our beautiful river, perhaps it would be difficult to find one more suitable for Gypsying than "Butternut Vale." Sufficiently elevated above the bank of the river to form a high interval—fringed with a thick growth of hazel and choke cherry, interspersed with sumach and elm, it presents a picture to the eye that even "Shenstone might envy," whilst a large number of butternut trees of giant growth, extending their long arms towards each other, produced "a contiguity of shade" that would have soothed and satisfied a Cowper. To this inviting spot the pic-nic party wended their way, with an array of baskets, that gave pleasing indication of what was to follow.

Soon every shade tree was surrounded by a smiling circle, and as if some magician had waved his wand over the scene, a bountiful repast presented itself to the eye in an incredibly short space of time. Here, ham, sandwiches, mutton-pie, &c., came into a view—there, the pyramidal cake surrounded by the more unpretending forms of pastry in every variety, made a strong appeal to the feelings, and as to tongue, "suffice it to say" there was no lack of tongue on this occasion. The attack upon the viands was vigorous and well sustained, and at all points successful, and never did warfare present a more pleasing phase than the *sortie* in "Butternut Vale." The repast over, a general dispersion took place through the grounds, until the notes of the Violin called together those who chose to engage in "trepping it over the green," which they did to their hearts' content, as if

"—— they simply sought renown,  
"By holding out to tire each other down."

I do not know if pic-nics were an Institution in the days of Goldsmith, but it was certainly some such scene as this he has so beautifully portrayed in the "Deserted Village." As I looked upon the animated and merry groups that were enjoying themselves in every variety of way, I mentally repeated—

"How often have I blest the coming day,  
"When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
"And all the Village train, from labor free,  
"Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
"While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
"The young contending, as the old survey'd;  
"And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
"And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round;  
"And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
"Succeeding sports, the mirthful band inspired."

The longest day must have an end, and Time, that has ever been inexorable, will wait for no man, nor no pic-nic. The declining sun warned us it was time to return, all wondering how short an August day is when engaged in so pleasant an excursion. When all were ready, three cheers were proposed for Thomas C. Cliff, Esq., whose kind attention throughout the day was unremitting, and who did everything in his power to contribute to the amusement of the day, and make it pleasant for all. These were given with a will that made the welkin ring—the music struck up "the days that we went gypsying," and homewards moved as many happy faces as I have seen congregated together for some time.

Thus ended one of the most pleasant pic-nics I ever attended. The man who invented these excursions, deserves well of his species, and should have more than a passing notice in the world's history. To drive dull care away even for a day, is very desirable, but a real good pic-nic routes it so effectually, that it dare not return for a month. May these pleasant parties be often repeated, and may they all be as successful as the pic-nic in "Butternut Vale."

SYLVANIA.

Nelson, September 1, 1857.

**BLANKS OF ALL KINDS**  
For sale at the Gleaner Office.

## The Politician.

## BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Times.

## MURDERERS AND MARTYRS.

It is a wonder at first sight how assassination is not more successful than it is—yes, and horrible as the thought is, more frequent than it is, in the case of public men who happen to be objects of deep hatred to considerable numbers. There is, we know, a vast amount of malignant and horrible passion at work in these cases; this passion is thought by his possessors justice, and the tenet is distinctly held that one individual has a right in particular cases, to execute justice, and free society from the alleged tyranny of one man. Then, why is not this done? The truth is, the instrument for doing it is a very rare one. The proper instrument is not a conspiracy, which hobbles and hesitates, corresponds, and lets the cat out of the bag, but an individual. An individual can do it; not that even he is always successful, because happily, as in a recent instance, shots miss. An individual, however, is a formidable instrument for the purpose, because an individual can keep his own secret. But such an individual is not a common personage. He must be a passionate fanatic to make the attempt, he must be a cool fanatic in order to watch his opportunity and look like an ordinary man in the crowd till he has got it, and he must, of course, have made up his mind to be a martyr. These qualifications do not often meet in one man. You may find a murderer, but he will not be a martyr; you may find a martyr, but he will not be a murderer. There are natural causes, then to account for that "divinity which doth hedge a king." A common bravo will not do for the work because a common bravo contemplates escape, and escape implies distance from the intended victim, and distance has great obstacles in the shape of guards and surrounding courtiers to surmount. Your murderer-martyr is the only proper instrument—a Ravalliac, a Felton, a Charlotte Corday—one who is ready to sacrifice his own life either to his imaginary public zeal or to his private revenge. Verger had just enough of this to strengthen him for the murderous act, though it deserted him afterwards when he had to face the actual approach of death. This is the security, then, of rulers who happen to be objects of hatred to classes. Men have courage enough to conspire, because it is comparatively easy to be courageous in company. But then, conspiracies are feeble affairs, and betray themselves. The conspiracies against Louis Philippe all failed. Solitary courage is wanted for the work, and solitary courage is rare—such a courage as can face grim death with coolness, without any help from without, or any surrounding sympathy or stimulus.

From the London Daily News.

## THE NEW PUBLIC OFFICES.

We fully admit that a strong case is made out for the erection, as soon as the country can fairly be called on to bear the necessary expenditure, of a new war and foreign-office. The ruinous condition of the latter, and the dispersed state of the former, entail an amount of delay, inconvenience, and expense, both direct and indirect, from which it is eminently desirable, at the earliest feasible opportunity, to escape. But it would be a matter of deep regret if the substitution of new offices for old were to be undertaken at a period when a narrow and pinching economy might almost be regarded as a public duty. When we do build new offices let us do so on a scale worthy of the object of the country. Above all, let us clearly know beforehand precisely what it is that we want. This has been the great fault, as it appears to us, of the government competition.—There is great merit and beauty in the two selected designs, but they scarcely harmonise either with each other, with Sir Charles Barry's great palace of the legislature, or with the practical requirements of the administration.—There will, however, be abundant time to discuss these points hereafter, as government have wisely determined to let the estimates for the proposed new offices stand over altogether until next session. They have gone further. The bill under which powers were to be conferred for clearing the ground on which it is intended that one at least of the new offices is ultimately to be built involved a vote of some £360,000; the chancellor of the exchequer last night contented himself with taking an immediate vote for £80,000. This is a wise concession to what is obviously a very prevalent and very natural feeling under the existing emergency. When the cloud that now darkens over us shall have cleared away, we shall have more time and inclination to discuss the amenities of taste, and the splendours of architecture. Whenever this work is done, it ought to be done nobly and liberally, and that it may be so, it is right policy not to force it on at a time when the whole heart of the nation is absorbed in the stern realities of war, and the burning thirst for retribution.

From the London Morning Herald.  
THE INDIAN SALT MONOPOLY.

One of the greatest evils we have tolerated in British India is the monopoly of salt. Among the poorer classes this condiment is essential to a healthy state of the blood, their food principally consisting of boiled rice. When salt is adulterated and rendered impure by being deprived of its antiseptic qualities, it produces among the Hindoos that loathsome disease known as elephantiasis. The East India Company make salt a principal article of revenue, and while it can be produced with us and sold to the consumer for about 30s. per ton, the poor natives are charged £21 per ton. The salt costs the company one farthing per pound; to this they add a profit of three farthings per pound, and after passing through the hands of the dealers the consumers are charged 2½d. per pound; and this be it noted, for a prime necessary of life. The tax on salt is three rupees per maund, or 6s. on every measure of 82lb.; and Mr Alywin states that while the average annual quantity manufactured by the company is only 165,000 tons, it ought, estimating the consumption at 15lb. per head, which is essential to health, to be not less than 970,287 tons. The difference is of course made up by adulteration, and the blood of the poor ryot, or agricultural labourer, is poisoned. Among these labourers who are best paid, the wages are three rupees per month, or £3 12s. a year; but in less favoured districts, which form a very large majority, the annual wages do not exceed eighteen rupees, or £1 16s. Assume that each family consists of five persons, and that the average bazaar price of salt was eight rupees per maund, and the consumption only 12lb. per head, then it follows that the best paid labourer must work six weeks in the year to buy the requisite amount of salt for his family, whilst the worst paid would have to labour for three months.—Such a cruel system of taxation is indefensible. We are also bound in justice to revise the land assessment, and also to rescue the poor cultivators of the soil from the iron grasp of the native usurers, whose exactions are of a most cruel character.

From the London Times.

## OUR ONLY WEAK POINT.

Sir De Lacy Evans has too much reason to remark on what appears to us the weakest point—the only weak point—of our operations at home. When the resolution has been taken, the regiment or the battery selected, and orders given, and when the public mind is somewhat relieved at the promptitude shown, there certainly is a longer delay before the actual embarkation than people are prepared for. The general says he kept his eye on the naval intelligence, and could not make out that more than six hundred men left for India in the month of June. They are now going fast; but we should be glad to be sure that the whole thirty thousand will be off by the end of this month, as that will be necessary for their employment, to any good purpose, in the ensuing season for military operations. But, we repeat, transport is the weak point of our naval system, or rather, it falls to the ground, between the army and the navy, and is wanting altogether. We have lately been much more in want of steam-transports or clippers, ready equipped and furnished for the conveyance of whole regiments, than of three-deckers. But every year we shall see that the keels of half-a-dozen three-deckers, or men of war of nearly equal dimensions have been laid down at the rival dockyards, and not a word about transports.—These are left to the emergency, when they do not present themselves with uniform celerity, and some time is always lost in getting them and preparing them for the service. If quick transports can be obtained in sufficient number at two or three days' notice, well and good; if not, there is as much reason in keeping a stock of steam transports or fast sailing ones as in multiplying ships of the line, that will not be used once in a century. A nation that chooses, from one small group of islands, to hold an empire all over the world, must overcome the difficulties of distance and dispersion by speed, just as a man with a wide acquaintance in a thin country must keep a horse. It is too evident that we have not yet completed this part of our national establishment, and it ought to be done without any more delay.

## PROPOSITION.

It has been suggested to us frequently of late to publish the GLEANER TWICE A-WEEK. We tried the experiment in 1853, and after having incurred considerable loss, had to resume the publication of the paper once a week, in its present shape.

If the inhabitants of Newcastle, Chatham, and Douglastown, who are the parties that will reap the advantage of a more frequent issue of our sheet, will subscribe such an additional number of names as to indemnify us for the extra outlay it must incur, we shall have no objection to meet the wishes of the public.

To ascertain what success the undertaking will receive, subscription lists will be left in several places in the respective towns on the river, and on the amount of patronage obtained will depend the prosecution of this undertaking. It will be the same size and form as it was when we formerly printed semi-weekly. Price 12s 6d in advance.

## News of the Week.

## UNITED STATES.

*The Cunningham Case.*—The "Evening Post" says of the decision of the Surrogate in the Cunningham-Burdell question:—The judgment of the Surrogate's court does not affect the criminal charges against Mrs Cunningham. The District Attorney will carry the charge of felony before the Grand Jury, and if indicted by that body she will undergo a trial. Should she be acquitted on that charge, she will be liable, together with her daughter Augusta, to an indictment for perjury.

The present decision affects directly the right only to administer on the personal property of Dr. Burdell, although indirectly it affects the administration of the entire estate. The decision does not positively deprive Mrs. Cunningham of a right to contest the question of dower. She has a right to appeal to the Supreme Court, General Term, when it devolves on the three Judges to review the evidence in the case, and affirm or reverse the decision of the Surrogate.

Mrs Cunningham has transferred, we understand, to her present counsel, Mr Stafford, all her property, including a very considerable piece of real estate in Bergen county, New Jersey. If this fact be true, she will be prevented from appealing from the Surrogate's decision by want of funds, as no lawyer can be rationally expected to work for her without compensation.

*A Special Messenger for Utah.*—We hear from the best authority that the Secretary of War will dispatch a special messenger to the army for Utah. We have good reason to believe that this messenger is sent thither to see that the mails for the officers and men are regularly delivered, as it is well known that Brigham Young and his confederates are in the habit of interfering and tampering with the United States mails, and making postal arrangements to suit themselves.

*From the Plains.*—The following letter describes the progress of the Utah battalion:

Fort Kearny, N. T., August 7, 1857.—This is becoming decidedly a most lively place. The other day the Cheyenne Indians dropped down upon the beef cattle intended for the Utah army, and made a pretty clean sweep, driving off all the cattle, killing and scalping one of the herders, and dangerously wounding another. All this occurred within a few miles of this post, but the Indians could not be pursued, as there is but a single company of infantry here, the authorities having very wisely withdrawn all the mounted force. Colonel Sumner is out after the Cheyennes, but his expedition is also broken up, and his troops turned over to that all-absorbing Utah command, which appears to swallow up everything in its way. The western prairies are now turned over to the Indians, and murders and robberies will be the order of the day.

The Tenth Infantry and Phelps' Battery of the Utah army reached here to-day. The other regiment of Infantry, the Fifth, I believe, is expected in a few days. These troops do not appear to be very much delighted with the service on which they are ordered. The season is so late that they anticipate a great deal of suffering the approaching winter, in the Rocky Mountains, as they will have only their canvas to protect them from its rigors. The consequence is that the number of deserters has been unparalleled. The Fifth and Tenth Infantry have lost nearly five hundred men since they first received orders for Utah.

The road is lined between here and the mountains with contractors' trains, loaded with stores from Salt Lake.

The Mormon emigration this year is truly formidable. It is confined almost exclusively to the road along the north of the Platte. Some of the trains contain very nearly a thousand people.

P. S. August 9.—Our mail does not leave until the morning; so I add a postscript to inform you that the fifth Infantry will be here tomorrow. Capt. Van Vliet, of the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., arrived here yesterday, with a small escort, on his way to Salt Lake. He travels rapidly, and expects, I understand, to reach Utah in twenty-five days. He goes in advance on some important business, the nature of which I cannot ascertain, and will reach Utah some time before the troops.

It is to be hoped that Brigham will not make him a prisoner and hold him as a hostage.

*Great Battle with Indians.*—Washington, August 27.—The Herald correspondent says:—The Secretary of War to-day received intelligence that a desperate engagement had recently taken place between the U.S. troops, commanded by Col. Sumner, and a large band of Cheyenne Indians, in which two officers and one or two privates were killed. The slaughter among the Indians was terrible. Full particulars are expected in a few days. Col. Sumner was sent out on this expedition to chastise the Indians for depredations committed last year.

New York, Aug. 28.—The following Banks are reported in the streets as having failed:

Rhode Island Central Bank, East Greenwich.  
Tiverton Bank, Tiverton, R. I.  
Farmers' Bank, Wickford.  
Warren Bank, Pennsylvania.  
Bank of Kanawha, Virginia.  
Hancock Bank, Maine.  
The reported failure of a Hartford Bank is untrue.