

The Gleaner

AND NORTHUMBERLAND SCHEDIASMA.

VOLUME V.]

Nec araneorum sane texus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

[No. 48.]

MIRAMICHI, TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1834.

At a General Session of the Peace, held at Newcastle, in and for the County of Northumberland, on the fourth Tuesday in March, A. D. 1834.

WHEREAS in consequence of the Parish and County, and other Accounts not being rendered in the early part of the Session, a sufficient examination and audit of the same cannot be made.

Therefore Ordered, That in future all Parish Accounts and also all Accounts with or against the County be rendered to the Clerk during the first week of General Sessions in each Term. And that no account rendered after the time aforesaid, shall in future be passed or ordered for payment.

And further Ordered, That the Clerk do give Notice of this order in the Gleaner.

Extract from the Minutes,
JAMES H. PETERS, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS.

Emigrants arriving and desirous of settling, will immediately receive Crown Lands upon the Terms prescribed by Government. Copies and Plans of Surveyed Lands from Shediac to Ristigouche, can be seen by applying to Mr. James Ingram, Bathurst, Mr. Ward McDonald, at Richibucto, and the Undersigned, to whom all application must be made. (If by letter post paid.)

HENRY CUNARD

Govt. Agent for Emigrants.

Chatham, Miramichi, 10th July, 1832

AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION AGENT.

The Subscriber begs to announce to his Friends and the Public here and elsewhere, that he has commenced the business of Auctioneer and General Commission Merchant, at Chatham, in the Store lately occupied by Hawbolt & Letson, and assures those who may favour him with Consignments, to be disposed of either by public or private Sale, that the strictest attention shall be paid to merit their confidence and support.

WILLIAM LETSON.

N. B. Regular Sale-day: at his Auction Room, every THURSDAY.

Chatham, Miramichi, 14th April, 1834.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the Public, that he has Removed to the opposite side of the River, nearly abreast of the town of Chatham, where he intends to carry on his Business as usual. He embraces this opportunity of returning thanks for the support he has heretofore received.

J. LACHEUR.

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Miramichi, April 8, 1834.

Northumberland Common Pleas,

JUNE TERM 4th, Wm. 4th.

JAMES WILSON, one of the Branch Pilots for the River and Harbour of Miramichi, having been at the last March Term accused of neglect of duty and improper conduct, in his capacity as a Pilot, by Joseph Russell, the owner of the Ship Milo; and the Court having on the application of the said James Wilson, allowed him until this Term to answer the said charges—and the said James Wilson now not appearing to answer the said charge, the Court adjudge him to be guilty of the charges alleged against him: and do therefore order him to be displaced as a Pilot for the River and Harbour of Miramichi; and do declare him from this period not entitled to receive pilotage for any Ships or Vessels within the said River and Harbour.

By Order of the Justices,

JAMES H. PETERS, Deputy Clerk.

A CARD.

DOCTOR CARTER, Member of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, London and Dublin, and practitioner in the Obstetric Arts, respectfully intimates to the inhabitants of Miramichi, his intention of practising in his profession from Thursday next, at Mr. Bois's, where he will be happy to receive any persons favouring him with a call. Should this country answer his expectations, he purposes remaining in the neighbourhood.

June 16, 1834.

STAGE.

The subscriber, grateful for the patronage he has obtained as a Courier on the road to Fredericton, returns his sincere thanks to the public for the support he has hitherto received, and begs to inform them, he intends in future to run a Stage during the summer as well as the winter months. Due attention will be paid to the comfort of passengers, and any orders entrusted to his care, will be promptly and faithfully executed. He will leave Newcastle every alternate Thursday, at 10 A. M. and Fredericton every alternate Tuesday, at 3 P. M. Fare—45s. June 16, 1834.

JACOB CARVELL.

THE GLEANER.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

From the New-York Evening Star.

NEW-YORK

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE are few places in the world not even London, Paris, or Rome, that possess as many attractions as our own city—some of them are such as no other town, perhaps, can boast of. Upon the scenic beauties of our bay, it is needless to descant, for they are unrivalled in all that is picturesque and admirable. It seems as if Providence and the taste of men had purposely so designed and arranged these objects, and thrown them together in such harmonious diversity and combination of hill, island, fortress, villa and mountain, that it were vain to attempt to improve them by any alteration, as much so as to hope

“To gild refined gold,

Or add another perfume to the violet.”

With the geographical position of New York, in respect to internavigable communications and its extraordinary facilities and advantages for commerce, all the world are familiar. Nor are there but few towns where the stranger may find more resources for his pleasure and instruction, as well as for business, than a residence in this city. The variety is so great, that it is difficult to choose. The gourmand, the bon vivant, and the epicure, may find in our spacious hotels and markets all that the most fastidious gastronome can desire, from the turtle and pine apple of the tropics, to the sheep's head, the canvass back, the trout and venison of our own streams and forests. The man of taste, and letters, and science, may not unprofitably pass his leisure hours in our various museums, theatres and operas, from the boa constrictor at Peale's, and the necromancy of Professor Saubert, to the Widow Wadman of Hughes, the cartoons of Raffaele, or the lecture rooms of our colleges and institutes. The pious worshiper of the religion of God has here also nearly two hundred temples, of every denomination, some of them almost daily opened to his devotions. The poet and the sentimentalist may find exhaustless food for contemplation upon our unrivalled Battery, the terrace of Castle Garden, and even in the Park, which, though within the city, is now tastily ornamented, and become a most beautiful lounge. Or, if his desires are not so bounded as those of a London cockney, he can extend his excursions to the numerous lovely retreats in our immediate neighbourhood. A few minutes' walk carries him to the admired heights of Brooklyn, and the rural scenery on the retired and picturesque shore of Long Island, in the direction of Guanus and Utrecht, which, though seldom visited, are among the most agreeable rambles upon the circuit of our bay.—Or, if he choose a more romantic stroll, the bosques of Hoboken, and the classic precipices of Weehawken, which, indeed, of a Sabbath, judging by thousands who resort there, are the most favored of all. Perhaps he would prefer to sniff up the sea breezes, and obtain a coup d'œil view of the entire scenery of our harbor and city. The elevated summits of the Pavilion and Howard Place, on Staten Island, furnish him with the most sublime prospect that can be imagined, and there, while he beholds the stately and “rich argoies” of our merchants wafted in from sea, he can, if mineralogically inclined, study, as at Hoboken also, the peculiar geology of those regions, abounding in steatite, serpentine, hematite, and basalt, and also, what is more curious, offering in some places specimens of native magnesia. If his imagination is fired with a still warmer enthusiasm, what can more abundantly gratify it than a trip to the Highlands, the military school of West Point, or the Mountain House on the snow-clad peaks of the Catskill—all of which he may reach in a few hours, on board of one of our floating palaces. And when the summer heats make a jaunt to the country still more coveted, he may extend his journey a half day farther, and join the gay throng at the watering places of Saratoga, Lebanon, and Ballston—where, like other travellers, as ‘increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on,’ his ambition may carry him in the wake of our enterprising tourists, in a few days' pleasant travelling on the canal and lakes, to the frowning battlements of Quebec, the shores of Ontario, and Niagara's wondrous cataract; and a few hundred

miles still further, and without fatigue, to the pictured rocks of Lake Huron, the Indian tribes at our outposts of Michilimackinack and Prairie du Chien, or even to Capt. Back's arctic solitary hut on the banks of the frozen Coppermine. But our sober old citizens, who do not like to ramble quite so far, and who are not much given to these exploring expeditions, however, delightful and easy in accomplishing, prefer shorter trips nearer by. Among them we need scarcely mention the attractions of the scenery upon our own island, now almost forgotten, and among them Aarlaem and Yorkville. Than the passage through Hell Gate, and the quiet, quaker-town of Flushing, with Prince's superb Botanical Garden, worth travelling 100 miles to see. Then, perchance, he is among the number of our sportsmen. There is all Long Island for him—its snipe-shooting, and plover and grouse, and the deer, that noble game of the forests of Suffolk, and the thousand nooks, and creeks, and brooks, which the lover of bass and trout is wont to frequent. Add, also, the trotting matches in Queen's—the Marine Pavilion at Rockaway—the cities and towns upon the Sound—New Haven, and its college—beautiful Newport—Montang—Nantucket,—and so on to Boston, Nahant, &c.

From the Buffalo Bulletin.

BUFFALO.

THERE is no place of similar size in the Union which presents to the eye of the observer such a variety of human beings, and such a constant change of language, habits and employments, as may be enjoyed in an hour's lounge, about the Canal basins and steamboat wharves of our splendid little city. With upwards of a score of steamboats navigating the lake from our harbor regularly, besides some two hundred schooners—with canal boats constantly arriving from ‘below,’ laden with the produce of all the world—with the rush of emigration, and the hum of industry and enterprise, the scene is delightful, enlivening, and bespeaks the happiness and satisfaction of a prosperous commercial community. Nothing is more pleasing than to station one's self, just before the departure of our daily boats for Upper Lakes, in some convenient nook, where he can escape the elbowing of the crowd, and take their sayings and doings to account, as they march to and fro, each pursuing his own particular object, regardless of the tumult and confusion around him. The dock is crowded with men, women and children of all colors, languages, countries and conditions. Here is the patient Dutchman, with an enormous pipe clenched fast in his teeth, marching on board with more than Mahometan gravity, followed by his wife, with her household goods, crokey, &c. neatly poised in a wash-tub upon her head, there the sprightly Frenchman, smiling pleasant things through his moustachios, on your left is the sedate and thoughtful Englishman, forgetting the beef and beer of his native land, in the prospect of finding a home for his little ones in the wilds of the ‘far west.’ The dignified Scotchman, the laughing Irishman, the stolid Russian, the Dane, and the Swede; and all the tribes and clans from over the sea, rush along to add, each another to this moving Babel, until you fancy yourself in an assembly of the ancients, all represented in their peculiar languages and costumes. Enough of these trans-Atlantics for the present, for here comes a group that perchance will please thy fancy better, and make thy heart feel its wonted sympathy. A family from the land of pilgrims—Yankees of the true patriarch race, who have forsaken their own sweet homes in New England, for the prairies and the forests, the fancied fair lands of the West. Mark the little company. That old man has bidden adieu forever, to his ancient habitation; and with renewed vigour and cheerful eye, goes forward to the land of promise rejoicing. She, who from her youth hath shared his fortunes, made glad the sunshine of his prosperity, and cheered the darker hours of pilgrimage, is by his side now; but her step betokeneth not lightness of heart, and her eye is not undimmed with a tear for the images of past years, of the sweet and purer associations of childhood, of the parents she has buried there, come unbidden along the waste of memory, and call forth these purer and deep affections which none but the heart of a MOTHER can feel! Then comes the little throng, with gay hearts, and joyous expectations, far removed in fancy from thesein and sorrow of coming years. Pleas-