

# THE GLEANER.

And Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester, and Restigouche Schediasma.

Volume XII.]

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

Number 30.

Miramichi, Tuesday Morning, April 6, 1841.

## ORIGINAL.

MR. PIERCE,

In looking over a Pictou paper, I observed the following notice—"A Literary and Commercial Reading Room will be opened this day in Pictou Town. The room will be well supplied with British, American, and Colonial papers, Reviews, Market Prices Current, &c." I candidly confess I felt a degree of mortification and regret that we should be out done in this particular by Pictou; will not some of our leading mercantile men experience similar feelings when they perceive we are surpassed in commercial and literary institutions by every town in the two provinces? We had at one time a reading room in Chatham, on a limited scale I admit; but if there could have been found five persons to take an interest in it, it might long ere this have become an extensive and useful institution, and reflected credit on this community—but alas! the five could not be found. Renewed attempts have since been made to establish another, but there appears to be such a want of unanimity on all subjects, and apathy as to literary acquirements that I fear they will prove unsuccessful. We appear to be wholly dead to our own interests, at least when we cannot see an immediate return of pounds, shillings, and pence. You, Sir, have repeatedly called the attention of the public to the advantages to be derived from the formation of a Mechanic's Institute; you may save yourself further trouble, for should you succeed in your laudable endeavours, you would not after one month find twenty persons to attend the lectures; unless indeed you could find one that would lecture upon "the art of making money." It may be said I am too severe, but I will answer that by pointing out the commercial and literary institutions that have ceased to exist. Out of compliment to the Merchants, I will place first on the list the Chamber of Commerce that was. It was composed of men of respectability and influence, and possessing an intimate knowledge of mercantile affairs; and if continued, would in all probability have been of great benefit not only to this County, but to this section of the Province; but where is it? echo answers "where?" Next comes the reading room to which I have alluded which was closed for want of that support and encouragement which it was the bounden duty, as well as the interest of this community to afford. We are certainly not advancing with all around us in the arts and sciences, whatever we may be doing in wealth, and without them we cannot attain any great degree of influence. I regret to say that I very much fear we are retrograding. As far back as 1820 a meeting was called for the purpose of forming a library, at which 30 persons became subscribers; most of them men who knew and felt the value of knowledge, and were desirous that the rising generation should have an opportunity of acquiring what they so justly prized, but unfortunately most of these men are dead or left the place. In 1830 the library consisted of four hundred volumes and most of them standard works. At this time the demon of reform spread its blighting effects and this useful institution began to droop. Attempts were made to revive it, and a meeting was called for that purpose—what was the result? The liberals wished to have the doors thrown open and to enjoy all the privileges without contributing to the original stock; this of course was rejected. It was open to all to become stockholders, at three pounds in advance, and twenty shillings per annum. This was not sufficiently liberal, they must have it on a more liberal footing—all the world was undergoing reform, and why not reform the Miramichi Subscription Library; they would not join such an old tory institution, not they indeed. They therefore resolved that another Library should be formed in the Town of Chatham, under the pacific and imposing name of the "Northumberland Union Library;" the word Union was, I presume, inserted not only to shew the feeling against the old Library, but also the strength of the re-

form bantling—wherein did it differ from the other? Was it to be a public library and become the property of the Town, and open to all that might hereafter subscribe to it? No. It was also a Joint Stock Company, and the only difference was that the Shareholders were to pay two pounds in advance, and ten shillings per annum, and that annual and periodical subscribers should be admitted. The effect of getting up an institution in opposition to one already founded, has been that which by some was anticipated, both are destroyed. For the last three years they have not had a meeting, and at this day the Union Library does not contain more than two hundred volumes. Would it not, I would ask, have been better to pay three pounds and become a Shareholder in the four hundred volumes, than two pounds to found a new Library. The rules of the old one were not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, they could have been modified to suit the Shareholders; and the amount of annual subscription could have been reduced if too high; but no, there could have been no objection, it was the spirit of the times. Old institutions must be pulled down and new ones founded on their ruins, to fall into decay ere the superstructure was completed. I am sorry—I regret exceedingly that I am enabled to tell such a tale of ourselves, and although the truth should not be spoken at all times, yet if I can by these means awake any of our literary characters, who, I fear, are "few and far between," to a sense of their duty to the present and rising generation, I shall not regret having exposed ourselves abroad; but, Sir, I fear it will not have the desired effect. It will require a more powerful advocate than I am; something more than the productions of an anonymous writer (scribbler if you will.) I fear there is not that thirst after knowledge; that desire to acquire and impart information existing in this community that is required to re-suscitate and revive these useful institutions.

25th March 1841.

### ADDRESS

To the Members of the House of Assembly.

To you ye members I address  
This charitable ditty,  
Intending not to your distress  
To aim at being witty;  
For surely it is wondrous hard  
When things are near completed,  
To have your schemes entirely mar'd  
And every hope defeated.

We only would advise you now  
Sincerely to repent,  
And if you please, instruct you how  
You may disgrace prevent.  
First then Tom Baillie, of high fame,  
Must freely be forgiven,  
Of that which you unjustly claim,  
Three thousand pounds? good h—!

We think, nay, so does every one,  
He cannot, does not, owe it,  
We think him honest, though undone,  
His acts they clearly shew it.  
Your resolution then strike out,  
Refusing him a pension,  
In this, 'tis plain you're wholly out,  
And why we need not mention.

Next then the bill again take up  
'Tis certainly a "charmer,"  
The one we mean that was got up  
By the patriotic Palmer.  
Your term's too long, we cannot trust  
Men with such want of candour,  
Our cash you squander as 'twere dust  
'Tis enough to raise our anger.

In local matters you're still worse,  
You're inconsistent, very;  
Nay, laugh not, 'tis at our expense  
You're frolicsome and merry.  
Five thousand pounds you freely gave  
St. John, the favored city;  
Three hundred pounds we only craved  
And could not get, 'tis petty.

Three years we've strove to 'tain our rights  
A Lock-up-House we've wanted

We cannot walk the Streets at nights  
From fear of being assaulted;  
At length you heard our prayers and then,  
A Bill you passed for taxing  
The County; that was done like men,  
That fear not Street or Rankin.

When Rankin tho' his wish expressed  
The Bill to reconsider,  
Did you then act like men possessed  
Of firmness, sense, and vigor;  
You ratted: nay we don't say all  
A few we believe are honest,  
But names there are that we can call  
Who, as Lawyers say, were non est.

Reform, retrench, and husband well  
The revenue, if any,  
Reports we hear, we cannot tell  
But they are believed by many,  
That you've been lavish with your grants  
And squandered all our rhino,  
Deny it we are sure you can't  
A few there are that we know.

The Session now is nearly past  
You're sorry that it must close,  
What has been done? is often asked  
The answer is "the Lord knows,"  
When you get home you'll prate and talk  
Of all that should have been done,  
Poor Baillie, he will have to walk  
And lay the blame on Weldon.

Sir John, poor man, you've led astray  
By flattery and coaxing,  
The Queen he says won't let him stay,  
Lord John's not given to hoaxing;  
Will Scott and Fairfield be his friends  
Now all the rest's deserted,  
Oh no, like you they've 'tained their ends,  
Their friendship has been courted.

His acts are such regarding Maine  
He's let himself down so low,  
We'd hardly think the man was sane  
Did we not know he is so,  
That is the reason now assigned  
For his recall from ruling;  
A very good one, to our mind,  
'Twill be a wholesome schooling.

Chatham, 23rd March, 1841.

Mr. Editor,

The following graphic, tho' somewhat ludicrous account of the domestic habits and peculiarities of the Inhabitants of Miramichi, was found on the street by a gentleman of this place, who now requests you will give it a place in your Journal. It certainly appears to have been written in rather a waggish style, and from the address on the back of the letter, and signature attached, I am strongly of opinion it must be the production of a native of the Emerald Isle. Your humble Servant,  
GAMMON.

"Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down  
in malice."  
Miramichi, 23rd March, 1841.

Dear Jerry,

You ask me for a description of this sweet place, but dear me, Jerry, 'tis easier said than done. The place is well enough, not quite so large as Dublin to be sure, nor the streets so regular; but then the inhabitants, lord love you, they are a queer set, for I'll tell you what, Jerry, there isn't a man in the place, though there is one moderate sized Hand, and several little ones, and yet there are no legs or arms. Strange to say, there are no females in such a thickly populated place, though there are several Heas. There are no girls though there are several Boies in the vicinity.

The inhabitants of this singular place are particularly abstemious, and subsist without suction, for they do not appear to rear any cattle or fowls, only Bacon comes to table unaccompanied by any kind of vegetable, it is never Corned for they have no Salt. They have no liquor, not even Water, for they have a great Frost all the year round with the addition of a pretty long Fall. There is no spring though there is a large Loch. They are perfectly destitute of clothing, with the exception of some Black-stocks, which, however, are all gone, with the exception of one, and that one the Sheriff has taken possession of and

changed its name. You will be the more surprised at this absence of toggerly when I inform you there are several Tailors in the place. They do not possess a Boot or Shoe, nor any kind of harness, though there are several Car-men, and to all appearance the number are on the increase. The horses are never shod for they have No-smith. But what appears totally incomprehensible, these singular people build no houses, though there are both Massons and Wrights in the place. Nay furthermore, they do not appear to marry or give in marriage, or pay much attention to religion, as their principal clergyman who attends to their souls is merely a Souter. They have never heard of learned pigs, though they listen with becoming reverence and attention to a piece of Bacon. They also shew the same peculiarity in their attachment to living creatures, that they evince in other respects, for they have a Martin they make much of. They once had a Bird, but poor fellow he died. They have no dogs though there are several Foxes. They have no colours but White and Brown, and no fish but Spratts. Their Custom House and Treasury Office are well attended to, as Peter keeps the keys of the one, and it is all Wright at the other, with a Dean to controul him.

The people are very obliging and exceedingly honest, as they have only one Lock in the place and that too at the New-Castle. A Key is kept in Chatham, a touch of which possesses the singular property of curing all manner of disease. It is a strange use to make of a Key, but "true 'tis, pity, pity 'tis 'tis true." There is no bank in the place, though there are two offices without a Banker. The one establishment goes on swimmingly as they have a Loch at its head, and the Cashier is a charming fellow, and hums the old song—"On the Banks of Allan Water, none so gay as she." The other concern is rather more substantial, as the Manager is a Cassel though the other officers belonging to the establishment are merely Carmen. There are two very large mercantile firms here; at the one establishment the clerks are very dissipated, as you may hear them crying all day long for one Gil-more. Notwithstanding their thirsty propensities, they conduct business in a very systematic manner, more so a great deal than in the other concern, for I am sorry to say, they never think of doing anything on their own responsibility, but endeavour to put you off, and generally say call to Morrow.

But Jerry, my dear boy, you never saw anything like the meeting of their Supreme Court. What do you think? there are no lawyers present! The principal pleader being a Street that sometimes tries the patience of the jury, for it is a long walk to arrive at the End, and when you do, up starts a Carman and gives a cut with his long lash and drives you back to where you started, perhaps to submit to Hard-ding, and be at the mercy of a Carter.

The people are not very musical, for though they have an Amateur Band, yet there are no musicians, except one Harper, who cannot be Bourne. In education they are not so deficient, for they have several Teachers, who spare not the rod, but Lay-it-on. But the worst of it is, Jerry, we are sadly in want of bread; for though we have several Millers, still I do not think there is a single Baker. There is not a fool in the place, though there are several Wyse men. We have no servants but Butlers and Cooks. We have only one Bell but no beaux. I forgot to tell you of a singular phenomenon at the Steam Mill. Vines may be seen luxuriating, though Frost is present all the year round. By and bye, dear Jerry, I may give you another Piercer, though I am afraid I shall not be able to find either Pen or Ink in this singular country.

LARRY WAGSTAFF.

BOARD FOR THE EXAMINATION OF SHIP-MASTERS.

A late Liverpool paper says that a meeting of shipowners and other inhabitants of that town was held for meeting a deputation from Glasgow, who are pro-