

# THE GLEANER.

And Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester, and Restigouche Schediasma.

Volume XIII: Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes. Number 43.

Miramichi, Tuesday Morning, July 12, 1842.

THE FIRST PRODUCTIONS IN THE WORLD FOR THE HAIR! THE SKIN! THE TEETH!

## Rowland's Macassar Oil!

*A Vegetable Production.*  
The only article that produces and restores Hair, also Whiskers, Mustachios, and Eye-Brows—prevents hair from falling off or turning gray to the latest period of life; changes grey hair to its original colour—frees it from scurf, and makes it beautifully Soft, Curly and Glossy. In dressing hair it keeps it firm in the curl, uninjured by damp weather, crowded rooms, the dance or in the exercise of riding. To Children it is invaluable, as it lays a foundation for a Beautiful Head of Hair.

On purchasing, (beware of Counterfeits!) ask for 'Rowland's Macassar Oil'—and see that those words are on the envelope, with the signature and Address, thus—

A. ROWLAND & SON, Hatton Garden, London. Countersigned ALEX. ROWLAND.

To ensure the genuine article, see that the words 'Rowland's Macassar Oil' are engraven on the back of the envelope nearly 1,500 times, containing 29,028 letters—without this none is genuine.

Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.: Family Bottles (containing four small) 10s 6d. and double that size 21s per Bottle.

## Rowland's Kalydor.

A preparation from *Oriental Exotics*, is now universally known as the only safe and efficient protector and beautifier of the Skin and Complexion. Its virtues are commonly displayed in thoroughly eradicating all Pimples, Spots, Redness, Tan, Freckles, and other unsightly cutaneous defects, in healing Chilblains, Chaps, and in rendering the most rough and uneven skin pleasantly soft and smooth. To the complexion it imparts a juvenile roseate hue, and to the Neck, Head and Arms, a delicacy and fairness unrivalled.

It is invaluable as a renovating and refreshing Wash during Travelling or exposure to the sun, dust or harsh winds, and after the heated atmosphere of crowded assemblies. Gentlemen will find it peculiarly grateful, after shaving in allaying the irritation.

Price 4s 6d and 8s 6d per bottle, duty included.

## Rowland's Odonto

OR PEARL DENTRIFICE.

A White Powder of Oriental Herbs of the most delightful fragrance. It eradicates Tartar and decayed Spots from the Teeth, preserves the Enamel, and fixes the Teeth firmly in their sockets, rendering them delicately white. Being an Anti Scorbutic, it eradicates the Scurvy from the Gums, strengthens, braces and renders them of a healthy red; it removes unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which often remains after fevers, taking medicine, &c. and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

Price—2s 9d per box, duty included.

NOTICE.—The name and address of the Proprietors—A. ROWLAND & SON, 20 Hatton Garden, London, are engraven on the Government Stamp, which is pasted on the 'Kalydor' and 'Odonto'—also printed in red on the wrapper in which the Kalydor is enclosed.

Beware of Counterfeits! composed of the most pernicious and trashy ingredients, and which are frequently pressed upon the unwary under the lure of being cheap.

Be sure to ask for 'ROWLAND'S' Articles. Sold by every Perfumer and Medicine Vender throughout the civilized world. June 14, 1842.

## AN ACCOUNT

Of the Constitutional English Policy of CONGREGATIONAL COURTS, with Two TRACTS ON COLONIZATION, by the late Granville Sharp, Esquire, and now revised and adapted to the altered circumstances of the country, with a short Memoir of the Author. By J. I. BURN, Author of 'Letters on Emigration,' etc. For Sale at the Gleaner Office—price Five Shillings.

## NEW AND FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

The Subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Chatham, and its vicinity, that he has opened a New and Fashionable HAT STORE in High Street, a few doors above Mr. Layton's Hotel; where he will keep constantly on hand an assortment of Warranted WATERPROOF HATS, of various shapes and qualities, and which he offers for Sale on the most reasonable Terms for Cash.

ROBERT CHRISTIAN.

Chatham, April 12, 1842.  
N. B. HATS repaired and altered to fashionable shapes, and coloured. Hats made to order, of the latest patterns, on the shortest notice.

## H. C. D. CARMAN,

Has now Landing, ex Diadem from London—Ladies Tescan and Straw Bonnets & Bonnet Shapes,

Boys and Infants Dunstable Hats, Pronella Boots and Shoes, Childrens Kid and Leather do, Gents Clarence Boots, Mens and Boys ready made Clothes Bonnet & Cap Ribbons, Fancy Belts, Silk Bandanas, Color'd Satin and Persians, Challi and Fancy Handkerchiefs, Silk Parasols and Umbrellas, Womens color'd and white jean Stays, Cotton Reels, Berlin Wools, Ladies Rosewood Work Boxes, Hosiery, Gloves, &c. &c. &c.

—ALSO—  
1 Cheval GLASS, 46x21 inches,  
1 gilt Chimney do 34x18 do.  
Dressing Glasses.  
Chatham, June 27, 1842.

## H. C. D. CARMAN,

Has Received by the Lena, his LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER and BIRMINGHAM GOODS.

Consisting of—Printed Cottons, White and Blue Cotton Warp, Grey and White Shirtings, Drab and Figured Moleskin, Cassinets, Gambroons, mixed Drills, Furniture and hair Cord Dimity, white and colored Counterpanes, Orleans Cloths; HARDWARE, CUTLER and IRONMONGERY; CANDLES, &c. &c.  
Chatham, June 14, 1842.

## JUST RECEIVED,

By H. C. D. CARMAN, from Quebec, per Gaspe Packet.

50 Barrels FLOUR,  
Also, per Isabella, from Halifax;  
Poncheons of MOLASSES  
Hogsheads of SUGAR  
Chests of TEA  
Boxes of SOAP.  
From P. E. Island,  
Oatmeal, Oats, Pork, Butter, &c.  
—From Picton, per Schooner GEM—  
70 bbls BREAD,  
15 BAGS do.  
The above sold cheap for Cash.  
Chatham, May 24, 1842.

## BOOKS.

Just Received, per the *Oxford* from Glasgow, a new and large assortment of BRITISH BOOKS, containing most of the Standard Works on Divinity, History and General Literature, well worthy of inspection,—also a

## New Stock of Stationary;

Comprising a Variety of Ruled, Plain, Tissue & Blotting PAPERS, Gilt & Black Edged do. Envelopes, playing, calling, and conversation CARDS, India Rubber, Slates, Quills, Wax, Wafers, &c. &c.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.—Bibles, Testaments, prayer & psalm Books, school & account Books, Catholic Testaments & prayer Books in great variety, Blank Music Books & Paper; Instructors for Piano Forte, Flute, Violin, &c. story and song Books, Novels, Plays, Poems, Pictures, Albums, Almanacks, and Annuals for 1842.  
Chatham Book Store.

## CHEAP CLOTHES.

The Subscriber has just received per the *Oxford*, an assortment of

Men's Wearing Apparel,  
Consisting of—Coats, Vests, Trowsers, Shirts, Stockings, &c. &c., which will be sold at unparalleled low prices for Cash only.  
G. VARY.

6th June, 1842.

## Fraser's Hotel.

KOUCHEBOUGUAC.

The Subscriber begs to inform the public, that he has opened a HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT, in the above named Settlement,—where he hopes, by strict attention to the comfort of Travellers, to obtain a share of public patronage.

JAMES FRASER.

Kouchibouguac, June 27, 1842.

NOTICE.—All persons having demands against the Subscriber, will please render their accounts for settlement,—and all those indebted to the Subscriber will please make arrangements with him at once for the same, and save expences, as he is about leaving the Province.

A. FRASER, Crown Ina.  
May 31, 1842.

## THE GLEANER.

From the Boston Miscellany.

## CATOCHUS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

It was a breathless night in June. My windows were all open, and yet the flame of my candle scarcely flickered. I had become deeply interested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless of the lapse of time, or the circumstances around me, until suddenly a moth fluttered into the flame, and the crackling of its filmy wings attracted my attention. Upon glancing at my watch which lay beside me on the table, I found to my surprise that it was already after midnight. I determined thereupon to read no more, and shutting my book, walked across the room to draw the curtain, intending immediately to go to bed, but the moonlight shone so pleasantly in at the window, that I was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and gaze out upon the scene. There were a few thin, whitish clouds hanging around the horizon, like the distant wings of an enormous spirit, but otherwise the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above, the moon was shining peacefully, and below, the world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud, half obscured, save where the curving river glancing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt of steel. There is a strange fascination in sitting in the moonlight—and for almost an hour I sat leaning out into the air. All was quiet save the monotonous musical gurgle of frogs in the pond, and at intervals the rustling of green leaves as a tremulous breath of wind swelled gently and then died away, or the prolonged bark of some far off dog. I had fallen into a vague reverie, when I heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window than I felt a sharp pain shoot through my head, which, after recurring at intervals through the next half hour, finally settled into a raging headache. My brain throbbled violently and seemed loose in my head, so that every motion added to the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed my temples with its gripping fingers. I lay thus tossing restless and sleepless for several hours, and finally fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall, half asleep. The water rushed hissing down beside me as if an ocean were loosened, and hurried, boiling fiercely, down a rocky declivity. The air was drizzled with spray, which fell over me like hot sparks; and the trees above me, seen through it, seemed at times human skeletons, which bent their long bony arms down to my face, and then slowly rising, uplifted themselves into the air and became natural trees again. A thousand circles intertangling and interlacing, dilated and contracted incessantly, then slowly the motion decreased, and they kept creeping around more and more gently, until they swam into a broad sea of smooth glassy water, and fading out of my sight, left the air above me calm and clear. Soon a small eye seemed placidly looking at me that grew larger and larger, until it filled the wide ring of the horizon; then it changed into a face which looked close into my eyes.—gradually the features became distorted into a hideous mask, and grinned, and then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon another, until the air seemed full of them: they were huddled together, and tossed about without body like the waves of the ocean. Now I suddenly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered with damp green seaweed. As I groped along, the seaweed began to change into snakes, until the rocks seemed alive with the nauseous crawling reptiles that rubbed their slimy sides against my limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful chill of horror;—all my flesh seemed to creep, and the very scalp to move on my skull. In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard the wild ringing of a bell. I suddenly and convulsively opened my eyes, and heard the breakfast bell ringing. For a moment I experienced the most grateful relief from the torment of this nightmare, which has more than once thus afflicted me—and no one can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over me when I found all this horrible scene was but a dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the change, and then resolved to spring from the bed and dress myself immediately; but what was my surprise and horror when I found I could not move. My body and limbs seemed rigid as marble, and of an intolerable weight. I could neither turn my head, nor stir hand nor foot. My eyeballs were fixed upon a white wall above my head, and I could neither turn them nor draw down the lid. In vain I strove to move—I was perfectly stiff and torpid, and without the power of motion.

There seemed to be some appalling disconnection between the will and the muscular system—between the mind and the body, as if my living soul was chained Mezentius-like to a dead body. There was no pain, only a fearful sensation, as if the whole air had congealed into a firm, transparent amber, which held me strictly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a falling star, the thought shot across my mind that I was dead. Yes, that could be the only solution to this dreadful enigma—I was sure that I was dead, but O God! was this death?—Had we been always mistaken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the body, without the ability to cast it off? Was death only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass, and these finely organized senses, and nicely adjusted muscles? Only the breaking of one link in the subtle chain, that connected all the faculties and powers with their instruments? Perhaps the soul was never freed until the body had rotted off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and exhaled or fallen to dry dust; and I was destined to inhabit this living house, and feel it slough away from me and perish, ere I could emerge into the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I had never dreamed of, and all the joy and luxury of existence, all the sense of light and sunshine and fresh air, all the thousand fold delights with which God has strewn this pictured world, were not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm should feed, and I could not drive him away; these eyes, through which the soul had looked upon a mid, glorious world, as through clear glasses, would change until they were loathsome and corrupted. Oh God! the agony of such a thought. Nothing I had ever imagined equalled it in terror! And when I recalled the dead faces of those whom I had loved and buried, and remembered the benign and placid smile which shone upon them, like the last footprints of the freed and rejoicing spirit as it fled heavenward, and which seemed to betoken the recognition by the soul of a diviner sense, as it was leaving its clay tenement—and thought that, perchance, even at the very moment while I was bending over to take a last, farewell look, with this feeling in my heart, they were enduring the same fierce, burning torments—the same feelings of horror and despair that gnawed me like a burning worm! it seemed to me as if all the joys I had ever known on earth would not counterbalance so dreadful a doubt.

I heard my name called from below—I made another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dull as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the thought that I was dead. I inwardly declared that I would move—I strove with almost superhuman exertions but in vain.—I could not take my eyes from that spot on the wall, which had become accursed because I must see it. Sideways through my eyes I felt the pleasant sunshine glowing into the room; and over my head the busy flies hummed and buzzed incessantly, and crept now and then across my face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments; they were years to my excited mind—and no one came. An age of torment seemed to have passed when I heard a light tap at my door—I could not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I knew it was my sister, for she spoke and called me by name. The door opened and she came forward cautiously, and again spoke as she approached the bed. She looked a moment at me and touched me—I did not speak, but lay motionless with my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused a moment, and then, uttering a piercing shriek, ran to the door and called my mother. Instantly the horror of the cry brought the family to my bedside. They lifted my hand, and it fell again upon the coverlid. They felt of my heart—there was not a flutter of a pulse, for all that it seemed to me as if hell itself could not be worse than the torment I was enduring. I heard quick, convulsive sobs, and felt a soft hand smooth my hair from my forehead. Some one said—'he must have died in a fit, and yet how calm his face is.' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'he probably suffered no pain, and died almost immediately—perhaps in his sleep.' Then the voices grew more distant and murmuring, and some one left the room. Soon the door opened, and the face of the family physician intercepted the damned spot for a moment. Now, thought I, he will know that I am not dead, and will relieve me from this situation. He felt of my heart and pulse for a moment, and then I heard him say, in answer to the anxious inquiries—'Yes, madam, I am sorry to say he is entirely gone. My art can avail him nothing.' The voices then became lower, and I listened in vain.

It was a long, dark pause—then the shutters were closed, and persons trod lightly across the floor, and spoke to each other in an under tone, as if the place were sacred. That silent