

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 40:

Miramichi, Tuesday Morning, June 21, 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 room, 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 engraved 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 rosy hue, and to the Neck, Hand and Arm, 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 medicines &c. and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

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NOTICE.—The name and address of the Proprietors—A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden, London, are engraved 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.

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J. WALKER, Colonel.

Whitely Lodge, near Taunton, May 10, 1840.

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It is impossible in a few words to convey an idea of this admirable romance,—but from a cursory reading, we should say that in vividness of interest it surpasses all the author's previous works.

Terms of Publication.—Morley Ernstein, will be issued uniform with Zanoni and Jacquerie, in two extra numbers containing 32 large quarto pages. The price will be Eleven Dollars per hundred copies—Fifty copies for \$6—Twenty three copies for \$3—Fourteen copies for \$2—Six copies for one dollar. When over two hundred copies are ordered the price will be Ten dollars per hundred. Single copies 18¢ cents at the office, or 25 cents by country agents. Address J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann Street, N. Y. Mr. C. J. Cooke, is Agent in Miramichi, for the above Publications.

BLACKING.

A small quantity of Bryant & James's Superior INDIA RUBBER PASTE BLACKING—in Boxes, Tins and Crockets, for Sale at No. 1, Commercial Building. C. J. COOKE. Chatham, June 14, 1842.

THE GLEANER.

From Blackwood's Magazine for May.

CIRCASSIA.

CIRCASSIA may be best described as one vast mountain of nearly 700 miles long, and 100 broad, with its back to the Caspian, and its front to the Euxine. This position nearly determines the character of its climate, intolerably hot in the valleys in summer, and intolerably cold on the mountain tops in winter; yet exhibiting almost tropical luxuriance in the more sheltered parts, and displaying in all seasons that richness and vastness of landscape which belongs to Alpine countries. This position probably determines too, the character of the people. The inhabitants of hill countries have always had a bolder individual temperament than those of the plains, though they have nearly always been ultimately subdued by the people of the plains, evidently on the principle, that united force is sure to conquer in the end, while the disunion of mountain tribes always makes them a prey in succession. Where they have the good sense to make common cause the result has been of another order,—and the Swiss have often made their invaders rue the hour when they trod the rough soil of the Helvetian.

Circassia, from time time to time, has greatly varied its nominal boundaries,—but its real are defined by nature. Its exact northern limit is now the steppe along the River Kuban, Georgia closes it on the south, Daghistan, a region as rude as itself but much more sterile, marks its extent eastward, and its west coast continually borders the Black Sea. All semi-barbarians imagine themselves the original possessors of the soil, though they may not, like the Athenians, declare themselves to be raised from acorns—that happy hit was reserved for the civilized. But whatever might have been the primal savages of this wild region, its possessors, at a very early period, were just, as might be expected from its locality between two seas, and two fertile and populous countries, a miscellany of thieves, slaves, pirates and plunderers. By their little boats they performed in the Black Sea the same feats which the Scandinavians in their ships performed on the waters that wash Europe. The reign of robbery lasted until they came in contact with a master of the trade, Rome, suffering no rival in the art of rapine, taught them the morality of which she herself was so indifferent a practitioner, and the Circassians, under a hundred various names, were all sent to school by the Roman sword. We hasten out of this classic period, which generally makes up for its classicity by its dulness, and stride down a dozen centuries without any remorse, leaving Lucullus and Mithridates to settle their claims to the merit of which had sent the greater numbers of mountaineer chiefs to Elysium, and caring no more for the exploits of that rather overrated person, Pompey, than for that pacific spirit of the Czar Nicholas himself.

The modern history of the Circassians begins with the descent of the Turks upon the tottering strength of the Greek empire. The Turk drove the Greek before him as the hound drives the deer, and with nearly the same result. The Greek was fortunate if he escaped being eaten up on the spot, and if he did so, it was only to be devoured at leisure. But the business of the Turkoman was not to waste his time in driving hardy savages to the necessity of dying with swords in their hands; he had a more attractive game in robbing the easily robbed Greek, and a landscape more congenial to his taste in the shades of the olive groves and vineyards of Ionia, or the cool and lovely shores of the sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean. Not taking the trouble to fight the mountaineers for the possession of rocks, he established a traffic with them for their daughters, and this singular European slave trade has lasted nearly unbroken for four hundred years,—and startling as it is and ought to be to European feelings, it is the only slave trade since the Deluge that has been popular with both parties. The Circassian parents rear handsome daughters for exportation, as farmer rear calves and chickens. But the daughters themselves are not merely consenting parties, they look forward to their sale as preferment, speculate upon it for years before hand; and, in case of failure, suffer pretty much the chagrin of a candidate for the place, who finds that neither country, city, nor borough, will allow him to insinuate his claims to be purchased by the best bidder. The whole coast of the Black Sea and the neighbouring countries of Georgia, and perhaps in earlier days, Armenia, were the nursery of these sultana slaves,—but their style and beauty was different. The Circassian, living in the mountains, had the general fairness of the mountain, but frequently the

mould of the Tartar countenance,—the Georgian, living more to the south, was more a daughter of the sun—her features were Asiatic,—and the magnitude of the Georgian eye, and the richness of the Georgian complexion, and the grace of the Georgian form, were the theme of all the bards of Constantinople. The Circassian however, found admirers for her snowy physiognomy,—and the question of beauty still, like all the other 'great questions' of the earth, remains undecided. It is to the credit of the Russian government—and it is its only title to credit in these countries—that it has discountenanced this unwarrantable trade wherever it could,—and the Turks complain bitterly of the interposition. The Russian claim to Circassia rests upon what it calls the Turkish possession of the country, made over by the treaties which concluded the last war. But the Turks could not give what they had not got, and the consequence has been a bitter succession of skirmishes,—for their operations are seldom more than shooting at each other from behind bushes and walls, but with a perpetual loss of life, and an incessant drain of Russian gold. The Turk certainly could not have left a more vexatious legacy to his enemy, nor the Russian have more experimentally felt the awkwardness of 'catching a Tartar.'

The Circassians were evidently independent throughout the whole long period from the fall of the Greek empire to the supremacy of the Turkish. Even then, the acknowledgment was but trifling—it was the kind of acknowledgment which mountaineers, with arms in their hands, pay to a power whose severities they defy, whose exactions they refuse, but whose alliance they allow, so far as it is convenient. About 1774 they allowed the Turks to build two forts—Anapa and Sandjank Koli—on their shore, but simply as depots for merchandise, and to protect the dealers from being robbed by the more lawless portion of their community. But the clans kept up their independence in the old way, by showing themselves ready to do battle for it whenever there were any symptoms of its molestation. A tax gatherer, who ventured to 'raise the supplies' a league behind the forts, was sure to be shot or flung down some precipice,—and the Turks were soon so fully informed on the subject, that the attempt was made no more. Even for their little show of sovereignty they paid a handsome price. The Pasha received from his government 130,000 piastres, and all the customs of a decent 50,000 more, of which the greater part was spent on the spot. Some of the leading families were pensioners on the Porte,—and in this half amicable, half warlike style, the Pasha contrived to live from year to year—the nominal governor of a country in which he could command nothing beyond the range of his guns. But the war of 1829, and the treaty of Adrianople which finished it, produced another state of things,—and the 'government' of all the Russians' compelled the signature of the sultan to a 'new map of Circassia,' by which 'a line was to be drawn from Port St. Nicolo, on the Black Sea, to follow the frontier of Georgia, thence traverse the province of Akkisha, and strike the point where Akkisha and Kars are reunited to the province of Georgia.' The Russian government was to have all the rights possessed by the Turkish over Circassia. The rights were but little, and the war has made them less,—and we cordially hope that the finale of the contest will be, that in Russian hands they will be of an infinitesimal order. The Russians however are not without their pious reasons on the subject. Their purpose is to extinguish so melancholy a stain on civilization as the Circassian slave trade. Thus they have philanthropic battalions, and batteries of conversion—are all Wilberforce's horse, foot, and dragoons,—and extinguish barbarism in the style that a pestilence carries away other diseases.

Yet, in all this, we have no idea that Nicholas is either a barbarian or a man of blood. But he sits on a despotic throne,—and the infinite misfortune of sitting on such a throne is, that it gives full play to all the bad passions, it ties up all the good. We question whether, if Nicholas withdrew his troops from Circassia to day, he would not have a brace of bullets in his forehead to-morrow. The Russian is determined on conquest, no matter where. He has set his mind upon Circassia, as the high road to Persia on the one side, and Constantinople on the other, and on them only as the starting points to something else—to India on the one side and Germany on the other. If he had these, the bear would lay one claw on China and the other on England. By that time, the isthmus of Darien would be cut through; for Russia, though sure, is slow, and moves at the rate of an hundred years an empire. America and Australia would be the next grasp, and then she would have nothing left to finish