

force. The 3rd of August 1492 breaks, and he bears away. Who can peruse his soul? Who can intermeddle with his joy when he gazes on the gleam of light borne steadily along as by a human hand on the shore of the Bahamas? We need not follow his triumphs, nor number his trophies—Cuba and Hispaniola, the South American Continent, and virtually, by his appropriation of Darien, the North. We need not tell of his checkered fortunes—his first return gave him an ovation from the port of his outset to Barcelona, where the monarch now sojourned. He became their companion rather than subject—Spain in all its ranks proclaimed its loudest greetings to the man who had indefinitely multiplied its empire, who had opened riches to it which left the mines, on which Europe had hitherto depended, unworthy of labour or a care, and who had covered it, by the acquisition of these mighty regions, with a blaze of glory, which their accidental sun only could depict. His third return was a prisoner loaded with chains, which chains, the memorials of ineffable ingratitude, he ever after carried with him, though he might forget the insignia of his nobility, suspending them in every chamber where he slept, and commanding that they should be buried in his grave. What a country had he made! The Indies, as those regions were emphatically called, spread out into interminable colonies, imprinted with the most patriotic names of the parent state, he left as his grand bequest! He had not gone forth the corsair or the warrior—he loved his country but the world more! That country with its Mexico, its Peru—then might it have arisen in character such as no rival bore—then did it amass golden seigniories such as no cotemporary could boast!

The London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS THE TIME HAS COME TO HAVE A COTTAGE OUT OF TOWN.

"O Caudle, you ought to have had something nice to-night; for you're not well, love—I know you're not. Ha! that's like you men,—so head strong! You will have it, that nothing ails you; but I can tell, Caudle. The eye of a wife—and such a wife as I've been to you—can at once see whether a husband's well or not. You've been turning like tallow all the week; and what's more, you eat nothing, now. It makes me melancholy to see you at a joint. I don't say anything at dinner before the children; but I don't feel the less. No, no; you're not well; and you're not as strong as a horse. Don't deceive yourself—nothing of the sort. No, and you don't eat as much as ever; and if you do, you don't eat with a relish, I'm sure of that. You can't deceive me there.

"But I know what's killing you. It's the confinement; it's the bad air you breathe; it's the smoke of London. Oh yes, I know your old excuse: you never found the air bad before. Perhaps not. But as people grow older, and get on in trade—and, after all, we've nothing to complain of, Caudle—London air always disagrees with 'em. Delicate health comes with money: I'm sure of it. What a colour you had once, when you'd hardly sixpence; and now, look at you!

"I would add thirty years to your life—and think what a blessing that would be to me; not that I should live a tenth part of the time—thirty years, if you'd take a nice little house some where at Brixton. You hate Brixton. I must say it, Caudle, that's so like you: that's so like you: any place that's really genteel, you can't abide. Now Brixton and Balham Hill I think delightful. So select! There, nobody visits nobody, unless they're somebody. To say nothing of the delightful pews that make the churches so respectful!

"However, do as you like. If you won't go to Brixton, what do you say to Clapham Common? Oh, that's a very fine story! Never tell me! No; you wouldn't be left alone, a Robinson Crusoe with his wife and children, because you're in the retail way. What! The retired wholesaler never visit the retired retailers at Clapham? Ha! that's only your old sneering at the world, Mr. Caudle; but I don't believe it. And after all, people should keep to their station, or what was this life made for? Suppose a tallow-merchant does keep himself above a tallow chandler.—I call it only a proper pride. What! You call it the aristocracy of fat? I don't know what you mean by aristocracy; but I suppose it's only another of your dictionary words, that's hardly worth the finding out.

"What do you say to Hornsey or Muswell Hill? Eh? Too high? What a man you are! Well then—Battersea? Too low? You are an aggravating creature, Caudle, you must own that! Hamsstead, then? Too cold? Nonsense; it would brace you up like a drum, Caudle; and that's what you want. But you don't deserve anybody to think of your health or your comforts either. There's some pretty spots I'm told, about Fulham. Now, Caudle, I won't have you say a word against Fulham. That must be a sweet place: dry, and healthy, and every comfort of life about it—else is it likely that a bishop would live there? Now, Caudle, none of your heathen principles—I won't hear 'em. I think what satisfies a bishop ought to content you; but the politics you learn at that club are dreadful. To hear you talk of bishops—well, I only hope nothing will happen to you, for the sake of the dear children!

"A nice little house and a garden! I know it—I was born for a garden! There's something about it makes one feel so innocent. My

heart somehow always opens and shuts at roses. And then what nice currant wine we could make! And again, get 'em as fresh as you will, there's no radishes like your own radishes! They're ten times as sweet! What! And twenty times as dear! Yes; there you go! Anything that I fancy, you always bring up the expense.

"No, Mr. Caudle, I should not be tired of it in a month. I tell you I was made for the country. But here you've kept me—and much you've cared about my health—here you've kept me in this filthy London that I hardly know what grass is made of. Much you care for your wife and family to keep 'em here to be all smoked like bacon. I can see it—it's stopping the children's growth; they'll be dwarfs, and have their father to thank for it. If you'd the heart of a parent, you couldn't bear to look at their white faces. Dear little Dick! he makes no breakfast. What! He ate six slices this morning? A pretty father you must be to count 'em. But that's nothing to what the dear child could do if like other children, he'd a fair chance.

"Ha! and when we could be so comfortable! But it's always the case, you never will be comfortable with me. How nice and fresh you'd come up to business every morning; and what pleasure it would be for me to put a tulip or a pink in your button hole, just as I may say, to ticket you from the country. But I know why you won't leave London. Yes, I know. Then, you think, you couldn't go to your filthy club that's it. Then you'd be obliged to be at home, like any other descent man. Whereas, you might, if you liked, enjoy yourself under your own apple tree, and I'm sure I should never say anything about your tobacco out of doors. My only wish is to make you happy, Caudle, and you won't let me do it.

"You don't speak love? Shall I look about a house to-morrow? It will be a broken day with me, for I'm going out to have little pet's ears bored—What! You won't have her ears bored? And why not, I should like to know! It's a savage, barbarous custom! Oh, Mr. Caudle! the sooner you go away from the world and live in a cave the better. You're getting not fit for Christian society. What next! My ears were bored and—what! So are yours? I know what you mean—but that's nothing to do with it. My ears were bored, and so were dear mother's, and grandmother's before her; and I suppose there were no more savages in our family than in yours, Mr. Caudle! Besides—why should little pet's ears go naked any more than any of her sister's? They wear ear-rings—you never objected before. What! You've learned better now? Yes, that's all with your filthy politics again. You'd shake all the world up in a dice box, if you'd your way; not that you care a pin about the world, only you'd like to get a better throw for yourself—that's all. But little pet shall be bored, and don't think to prevent it. I suppose she's to be married some day, as well as her sisters? And who'll look at a girl without ear-rings, I should like to know? If you knew anything of the world, you'd know what a nice diamond earring will sometimes do—when one can get it—before this. But I know why you can't abide ear-rings now; Miss Prettyman doesn't wear 'em; she would—I've no doubt—if she could only get 'em. Yes,—it's Miss Prettyman, who—

"There, Caudle, now be quiet, and I'll say no more about pet's ears at present. We'll talk when you're reasonable. I don't want to put you out of temper goodness knows! And so, love, about the cottage? What! It will be so far from business! But it needn't be far dearest. Quite a nice distance; so that on your late nights you may always be at home, have your supper, get to bed, and all by eleven. Eh,—sweet one?"

"I don't know what I answered," says Caudle, "but I know this; in less than a fortnight I found myself in a sort of a green bird cage of a house which my wife—gentle satirist!—insisted upon calling 'The Turtle-Dovey.'"

LOCAL.

[We copy the following highly interesting Letter from MOSES H. PERLEY, Esq. from the Saint John New Brunswick.]

BURNT CHURCH POINT.
October 4th, 1845

MR. TILL.—I have to thank you for the file of papers, which were thrown into the canoe, as we were leaving Newcastle for this place, and were a very great treat. I had not seen a Newspaper for a week, having just returned from the North West Miramichi, up which I went as far as the Great Sevoile. While at the Indian Reserve, near the Big Hole on the North West, I lived in a very curious and romantic cave, which has been known to the Indians for centuries, but of which I never heard until I was shown into it. The Micmacs call the place *Condeau-wegagan*, "the stone Wigwam"—its only entrance is from the water, under a lofty overhanging cliff. The floor of the cave is (by measurement) ten feet above the level of the water—the height of the uppermost overhanging ledge is 17 feet above the floor of the cave—and the width of the entrance 70 feet. At one side of the cave, a clear and very cold spring bubbles up continually—and an aperture in the roof, (whether natural or artificial I cannot say) permits the

smoke to escape freely. The rocks at this place are all Sandstone of coarse grit, thickly studded with angular pebbles of milky and rose-colored quartz, and the exceeding abundance of these crystals, gives the place the appearance of an artificial grotto. The river rushes swiftly past the entrance, standing in which some very fine trout were caught—the Indians spear many salmon at this place, and they have hollowed out a basin at the spring, in which they place the salmon; the coldness of the water keeps them fresh for two or three days. The Point from which I write this letter, is at the mouth of Miramichi River, where it is nine miles across; it takes its name from the circumstance of a large and expensive Chapel erected here by the French, at the cost of £5000 as is said, having been burned by the English Frigate which conveyed the remains of Wolfe to England in 1759. That frigate was the first British vessel which ever entered the Miramichi, and sending a boat on shore for water, the crew, six in number, were barbarously murdered by the Indians, instigated by the French settlers as was alleged; the Captain of the Frigate, in revenge, burned the Chapel and battered down the houses which formed a town at this place—the French inhabitants left the Point altogether; and the Indians then took possession of it; they have occupied it ever since. It is a very beautiful spot for a town, the land being a perfect flat, about fifteen feet higher than the Sea, with thrifty clumps of young trees, here and there cultivated fields between. There are some six or eight houses occupied by Indians, but the rest live in Wigwams in the ancient style. The Chapel is large and well finished—attached to it, is a House of the Priest, which I am now occupying. From one window of my bedroom I look out upon the stone foundations of the old French Chapel which was burnt, with Burnt Church River beyond; and from the other window there is a fine view to Seaward, between Portage and Fox Islands, up which channel ships have been continually passing during the last three days for the Town on the Miramichi.

On my way to Tabusintac yesterday, I called at Portage Island to see the fishing establishment of William Davidson, Esquire, who has during the last three years been extensively engaged in putting up lobsters and salmon, in tin cases, hermetically sealed, for foreign markets. Mr Davidson informed me, that he had during the present season, put up and shipped no less than thirteen thousand cases,—each case containing two pounds of salmon, or the best of three or four lobsters. I tasted some of the lobsters put up in 1843 which were excellent. This establishment appeared in excellent order, and from its general aspect, I should say that the business had proved profitable. The proprietor certainly deserves great credit for his spirit and enterprise, in establishing a business which must tend to increase the wealth of the Country, by developing its resources. The poor French settlers at the Neguac Villages already feel the beneficial effects of this business, which gives them constant and profitable employment in the taking of lobsters.

I have just returned from the Tabusintac River, which I ascended for some miles, to visit an Indian reserve there of 9000 acres. The quantity of wild fowl at this time in the lagoons is really astonishing; the flocks of geese are large, and the brant are in thousands while smaller birds are "too numerous to mention." The Burnt Church River furnishes very fair oysters, and the walls of the room in which I write you, are garnished with partridges, pigeons, English snipe, grey plover, curlew, wood-ducks, black ducks and brant. The stock on hand would be a fair sample for one day in the St. John market, but the greater part I shall be compelled to give away. The large sea-trout are just now rushing in from the Gulf to the Burnt Church River preparatory to spawning, and I take about fifty of these on each flood-tide with the fly, none less than a pound weight.

All the Micmacs of New Brunswick consider this Point as their rallying place, and they assemble here on their annual festival, St. Ann's Day (26th July), at that time, their priest usually meets them, and remains here a fortnight or more. The members of the tribe are then examined in the articles of their faith, and those from remote places receive religious instruction. Chiefs and Captains are then elected or deposed, and all arrangements for the year are made before the meeting breaks up. At that festival also, weddings are

usually solemnized, it being but seldom that they take place at any other season of the year. In general the Micmacs marry at very early ages—males at 17, and females at 14 or 15 years of age.

The land in this vicinity is very good, and with moderate care, yields excellent crops. Yesterday and to-day I visited the farms of Roderick McLeod, Esq., and Mr James Johnston, on the Tabusintac, each of whom has housed in excellent condition at least 2000 bushels of wheat, and 1000 bushels of oats this season. The hay crop this year was beyond the usual average, and the after crop is very fine, particularly clover. The rot has not reached the potatoes in this quarter, which are good and abundant. This part of the Province has been blessed with an excellent harvest, and the take of fish of all kinds (except mackerel) has been very good. The want of roads is very severely felt and much retards the settlement of a large extent of excellent land, possessing many advantages.

I know not whether you will deem this worth the postage, but it has served to fill up a long evening—as it is now bed-time, and my candle is nearly out, I must bid you good night!

Communications.

To the Editor of the Gleaner.

SIR,

Is it not surprising, that while so many of our hardy Labourers are leaving the county, with ample means, the fruit of their industry, that some effort is not made by our rulers, to induce them to settle in the country. I cannot go to any of the Mills or Deal Wharves on this river, without some of these men making enquiries of me (for I am myself a settler) is there any land I can draw back of where you reside. Now I would tell such persons where they could get land, if there were a road to it, viz: about three miles from the Welford settlement, in a south-westerly direction, commencing at a place called the High Landing, on Barnaby's River, and from thence several miles above the Upper Forks, on the same river—in all, I should think, about twelve or fifteen miles long. This is a hardwood ridge, and if properly settled, would I think, in a short time, make one of the best settlements in the country, for the following reasons—first there is large tract of pine land, from 12 to 13 miles long and three or four miles broad, running parallel with the Bay du Vin and Bartholemew's rivers. On both of these streams there are also thousands of acres of the best description of intervalle. In fact a farmer might take 20 head of cattle to the head-waters of both these streams and cut sufficient fodder for them without felling a tree. I understand the land for miles around, is of the finest description, and in a direct course to Saint John. Only ask, Sir, any of the upper residents on the above-named rivers, why this land is not settled, and they will unhesitatingly answer—it is owing to the want of roads; and as the district is all granted as Mill Reserves, the monopolists, or big folks do not like to encourage settlers to locate thereon.

Now, Sir, when such valuable land is allowed to remain in a wilderness state, within 12 or 13 miles from Chatham, it is no wonder the people leave the country. I do not mean to say the interests of the country is entirely neglected, because I have pointed out the evil above named, for generally speaking, the reverse is the case. The rear settlements on both sides of the river are as well off for roads as any similar situated settlements in the Province, and for this reason it is high time that facilities should be offered for clearing up the interior. I would, therefore suggest, if it could not be done otherwise, to suspend all work on the small Bye Roads for one or two years, and expend one or two hundred pounds in opening up new roads to good land.

I am sufficiently aware I should not presumptuously dictate to an intelligent community on a subject so eminently important which now engages my feeble advocacy, and I assure you Sir, I have no desire to assume the responsibility; there are however, rights and duties the province of every individual, however humble he may be, which should be neither disregarded or omitted. I tender an opinion, which cannot mislead, because the good sense of the community would be proof against its errors.

Being a subscriber to your well conducted Journal, and knowing your desire at all times to advocate the farmers interests, I shall offer no apology for thus trespassing on your attention, and I have