

the romantic island of Saint Peter. Who would not admire such a scene as this? As far as the eye can reach, on either side, is one unbroken continuation of bold promontories, sweeping lawns and winding vales, intermixed here and there, with gardens, groves, and cottages, and beyond, a space of the clearest, brightest blue, that bursts upon you like eternity.

You may talk of your variegated landscapes, romantic scenery, and your cloud-clad mountains, but in no other part of the Colonies, from the Falls of Niagara to the wild and barren rocks of Newfoundland, is there such scenery to be met with as spreads along the level border of Prince Edward Island. I will acknowledge that there is something harsh, discordant, and anti-classical in such names as Tryon, Cascumpeque, Tracadie-gash and Savage Harbour; yet the sun beams as brightly over them—the water of their rivers runs as smooth, and the song of the Island-girl, as she paddles her light canoe along their smooth surface, just as enchanting as the so much boasted gondolier *canzonetta* of the Tiber, the Elbe, the Danube, or the Rhine. And there is little doubt, that if we had an opportunity of visiting the so-much boasted "Valley of Cashmere," the "Valley of the Feast of Roses," or the "Sacred Groves of Sammeracand," so beautifully described by the inspired pen of the immortal Moore, but we would find just as many thorns and briars as we would in wending our way along the banks of the East or West River.

'Tis eve,—the sun has just sank behind yonder distant woodland, and night is fast spreading her sable wing over the forest, vale and dell. The landscapes groves and gardens have faded away from the sight, and the moon rises fiery from the sea, throwing a pale halo of sickly light over the sleeping town. The squares and walks are now deserted, save by the tall spires and steeples that throw their lengthened shadows along the slumbering streets, and there is no sound save the soft notes of some light guitar accompanying the manly voice of some warm-hearted gallant, serenading beneath the window of his lady love, and the low, soft and thrilling notes of music borne gently on the night air down along the river. Well, will we descend and retrace our steps to the Hotel, or will I occupy your attention for a quarter of an hour longer by relating the story of the Pic Nic at the Block House? Well, be it so, but as there is nothing more difficult than a beginning except the end, I will pass by the various introductory formalities usual in such cases, collect my scattered thoughts, and commence my story at once.

The 8th day of June, in the year 1850, at five o'clock in the morning, found me standing at my dressing table, up six pairs of stairs in a garret, in the Victoria Hotel, preparing for the Grand Highland Society Pic Nic, which was to come off that day at the Block House. Teague O'Brien says that his last meal under his paternal roof was concluded rather sooner than he would wish, for want of what Mary calls ammunition to carry it on; and perhaps from something of the same nature, my toilet was shorter than I could have wished. However, I had to make the best of a bad job, and with an appearance neither very good nor very bad, I succeeded in getting down to the earth again; procuring a ticket, and hauling my tacks and sheets on board, bent my course, for the 'long wharf,' where we were to embark for the place of rendezvous.

THE STRANGER.

Buctouche, 30th September, 1850.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1850.

Mr Pierce.—As I have no doubt that since the emigration of so many incipient Senators, Presidents, &c., from Miramichi to this city, there are quite a number of your readers (particularly of the fair sex) who feel a lively interest in the place, and who would peruse anything relating to it with pleasure, I shall send you for their gratification a sort of pot-pourri description of the state of affairs here at present, with a slight mention of the leading topics of public conversation.

The tremendous excitement which a few days since pervaded the entire city, caused by the arrival and concerts of the far famed Jenny Lind, has almost totally subsided, since she left for Boston; but in proportion as it has declined here, it has risen there.

The first ticket sold here was purchased by Genin, a Broadway hatter, for \$225; the first in Boston by O. E. Dodge, *et-dant* vocalist, for the moderate sum of \$625. Think of that, O ye vagabonds who, in clean linen, would be unrecognizable by your nearest friends. And the promenade tickets, which here went at \$1, were bought up in Boston by a Mr Phalon, for \$3, on speculation. Verily, the Bostonians pay dear for their whistle. At the last concert in Castle Garden, the lowest estimate of the number present was 8,000, while some went as high as 10,000. Those last, I fancy, counted double, as it would be impossible to crowd that number into the Hall by any means short of a steam press to condense them. Those who prophesied a decline in the price of tickets have been woefully mistaken, as the only decline which took place was the very natural one between the first and second concerts, since when the prices have remained stationary, or rather inclined to rise, and it is pretty certain that they have been at the lowest. Her next concert here is to take place on the evening of Monday the 7th inst., at the new musical hall, which will contain about 7,000 persons. This hall was to have been named Jenny Lind Hall, but a later report states that it will be named Tripler Hall (Tripler is the name of the proprietor), and a very extraordinary advertisement appears in the papers to the effect that it will be opened

by Madam Anna Bishop. The truth of this is doubted, however, by the papers containing the advertisement. If this is really the case, it is a great mistake of the proprietor, as it was generally believed and wished that it should both be opened by, and named in honor of Mdle. Lind.

Barnum will realize a splendid fortune by his speculation. One paper guesses he will clear a million of dollars, but he is too sanguine; though to judge from the proceeds of the concerts already held, he would not be far wrong. At all events Mdle. Lind and suite travel cheaply, as the proprietors of the different routes to Boston tendered a free passage, and she doubtless accepted one. Jenny Lind fashions are all the rage on Broadway now. Ladies of any pretension wear their hair *a la* Lind, and riding hats, gloves, &c., ditto; while we, fashionable young gentlemen, have our Jenny Lind shirt-collars, canes, &c.; and I observed in a confectioner's window in Brooklyn, a placard to the effect that "Jenny Lind Pop Corn Candy" was to be had within.

The great subject of conversation last week was the Church and Steamboat affair, and the animated correspondence connected therewith between E. Cunard, Jun. and Capt. Judkins of the Asia, and Henry Ward Beecher, all of which you have most probably read in your exchanges. The public, generally, as might be expected, side with the Rev. Gentleman, though some few respectable and intelligent New Yorkers, and also a portion of the press coincide with *Nux Pinea* in his opinion that Henry Ward Beecher is fonder of notoriety than a minister of the Gospel should be, and that he exhibited a very meddlesome and ill-natured disposition in the course of conduct he pursued with regard to the affair. Certainly if there is a wrong (which I cannot admit, though I am as liberal in my opinions as Mr Beecher pretends to be) the Rev. Gentleman should have a sufficient share of common sense to perceive that all he can write on the subject for the term of his natural life, will not effect the slightest alteration in the rules of the company, and that the only fruits of his philanthropic labors will be to generate ill-feeling and jealousy where otherwise might have existed friendship and peace.

We are favored with very pleasant weather at present, and its exhilarating effects are felt by all. I had the pleasure of seeing all our mutual friends, who at present reside here last evening, and am happy to report them all in good health and spirits. My time has expired now and I must conclude; but if your readers receive my humble attempt to amuse them favorably they may hear from me again.

Yours,

NUX PINEA.

P. S. There might have been added in the Jenny Lind fashions, for the information of those who are fond of such like good things, that we have Jenny Lind Oysters and Jenny Lind Cock-tails, which is a drink made up of brandy, &c., &c.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1850.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Mail Steamer America, arrived Halifax at 1 o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon last, having performed her passage in ten days. Our papers are to the 5th October; and in another page will be found some extracts taken therefrom.

CLOSE OF OUR VOLUME.—To-day's number brings to a close the 21st Volume of the Gleaner. Our accounts will be made up and presented in a few days to our Subscribers in the neighborhood, and as they are aware we have a large sum to make up, we hope they will be prepared to liquidate our demands.

A GRIEVANCE.—In another column will be found a communication from a gentleman now in Dalhousie, complaining of the heavy, and as he styles it, *unjust tax laid* by the Province of Nova Scotia, on all vessels passing through the Gut of Canso, for the Light placed at its entrance. While at Richibucto a few days ago, the subject was brought under our notice by several shipmasters, particularly those belonging to foreign vessels, which were boarded by the Light Keeper, and the whole amount of the extravagant charge of six pence per ton, demanded and paid by them, which amounted to a good round sum. One vessel, we understood, paid £20. They, very justly complained, and said they intended when reaching home, to represent it to their respective Governments. We hope this subject will meet with the attention it deserves from our representatives when they assemble at Fredericton.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have to return thanks to a friend in Shediac, for the present of a *Sovereign*, towards paying the expenses of our recent libel suit.

By the mail on Saturday we obtained the

following communication. We tender to the writer our thanks for his sympathy and well wishes.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Sir.—In imitation of the good example of "A Man of Westmorland," though unable to come up to it, I desire to forward you the enclosed *Ten Shillings* in aid of the expenses of your late "Libel" suit. I do this, not as having any partizan feelings in reference to any of the individuals concerned in the case. It is possible that the advertisement should not have been inserted. This is to my mind of secondary moment. The grounds upon which it appears to me every well-disposed and liberal mind must regret what has occurred to you are—first, the injurious restraint thus sought to be imposed upon the Liberty of the Press. Your Journal is our own and our only Periodical, for the four Northern Counties of the Province. It is of vast consequence then, that it, in common with all other useful publications should be free. This would be impossible were the public to wink at and encourage the tendency of the recent decision. As a lover of British, Colonial, American, and Human Freedom, I cannot but regret that decision. I would rather tolerate a somewhat undue license on the part of an Editor than have him hampered in a way unworthy of a free man. Other correctives than *revengeful mulcting* is the proper remedy when this takes place. I therefore desire in a humble way, to do something to prevent as far as in my power, the feared injury. Having said thus much as respects the public aspect of the question, I beg to say, secondly,—that I sympathise with you in the penalty unhappily inflicted upon you, believing that you were honestly seeking to do your duty aright. I am of opinion you ought to be sustained. Whether your management was immaculate or not, it is of no consequence to enquire. I, for one, have yet to learn, where you were culpable in connection with the advertisement. I have always understood that the law of honor in regard to literary authorship was and is, that when an aggrieved party is informed by an Editor who the author of any article or communication is, the writer and not the editor, is dealt with. If so, this law has been grievously violated in your experience. Still I trust, that while you may suffer by what has happened, you will not lose courage. I fear no combined movement will be made to meet the expenses which you have incurred; I hope, however, that some will be found, who will imitate the conduct of the "Man of Westmorland." Of course you will inform the public of the amount contributed for that purpose.

A MAN OF GLOUCESTER.

October 16, 1850.

P. E. ISLAND.—Papers received by the last mail, contain intelligence of the death of Sir Donald Campbell, Bart., Lieutenant Governor of this Island. The Hon. Ambrose Lane has been sworn in as administrator of the Government.

The Islander reports that Mr Owen, the Postmaster, has received a 'thundering despatch' by the English Mail, forbidding him to make up a mail even for Pictou, unless the colony guarantee the expense.

ST. JOHN.—The citizens of St. John have had a Regatta, and the papers are loud in extolling everything connected with it. The day was most delightful, numerous boats were entered, the prizes warmly contested for, in a word, everything connected with the sports of the day gave unbounded satisfaction.

POST OFFICE AFFAIRS.—The Montreal Pilot contains the following paragraph on the interesting subject of the contemplated alterations in the Post Office Department:—

"The post office will not be transferred to the Colonial authorities till January. No communication on the subject has yet been received from the Home Government; but though the necessary documents should arrive by the mail now due, the new arrangements required to be made will occupy the officers, we understand, about three months."

SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.—We often hear the trite remark, 'there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' We have it illustrated below, in a paragraph copied from an American paper.

"General Scott, the conqueror of Mexico, has recently visited his native village in Pennsylvania. His entrance into the place is thus described by the Editor of the American Tomahawk:—The gallant hero, seated in a chariot, led the van. The rosy morn besprinkled the oriental clouds with effulgent glory; and the gorgeous sun, at last, issuing like a warrior from his repose, walked up in the sky, gilding the vast expanse of ether, and throwing his broad and splendid rays upon a line of one horse waggons and carts, filled with individuals principally from our village!"

TEMPERANCE.—Mr Gough has been lecturing in Canada, and the papers speak highly of his powers. At Montreal he obtained upwards of 1000 signatures to the temperance

pledge. At the latest dates he was in Quebec.

Mr. Kellogg has been Lecturing during the week to large audiences in Newcastle, Douglastown and Chatham. We hope his labours will be crowned with a large measure of success.

CANADA.—A correspondent of the Montreal Pilot, writing from Toronto, under date of the 1st October, thus alludes to the visit of Sir Edmund Head to that city:

"You are doubtless aware that the object of Sir Edmund Head's visit is the settlement of the long disputed boundary line between Canada and New Brunswick. The Royal Proclamation of 1763 was intended to mark this line, and the Quebec Act of 1774 to confirm it; and although the 'Province of Quebec' is pretty plainly said to be bounded by 'the high lands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea,' yet it is up to this day a question of grave dispute where the territory of New Brunswick begins and that of Canada ends. It is worthy of remark that more than one difficulty respecting the boundary with the United States—that between New Brunswick and the State of Maine included—has of late years been successfully disposed of, while a serious misunderstanding as to their respective territorial rights is allowed to continue between two British Provinces—I suppose another illustration of the critical nature of family disputes.

"I find that a claim made by Canada, involves the transfer to our rule of some seven thousand inhabitants, a considerable proportion of whom are of the venerable Acadian stock. There have, it is stated, been several Council meetings on the subject, since the arrival of the Governor of New Brunswick, and the *on dit* to day is that the aid of commissioners to be appointed by the Imperial Government is to be invoked."

ISLAND OF ANTICOSTI.—The London Daily News reports that the British Government have it in contemplation to purchase the above named Island in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence from the Canadian Government, for the purpose of establishing thereon a Convict station for the United Kingdom and North America.

THE RECENT APPOINTMENTS.—On the subject of the rumours of recent appointments to the Legislative Council, the Head Quarters of Wednesday has some remarks. After copying the paragraph relative to the appointment of Messrs. Brown and Odell which appeared in a late London paper, the Editor says:

"This is news, if true; but there appears to be strong doubts whether the Daily News has become the channel through which authentic official information is in future to be conveyed to New Brunswick."

In reference to the other appointments the Editor remarks:

"We understand from good authority, that the rumour which we mentioned in our last of other appointments to the Legislative Council having been made, is incorrect."

☞ We are requested to intimate that if the Lord will, Divine Service will be held in St. John's Church, Chatham, on Sabbath first, the 27th inst., at the usual hour.

Marriages.

On Monday last, 14th October, by the Rev. William Henderson, A. M., Mr JOHN SOMERS, to JANE, daughter of Mr James Holmes, both of the Parish of North Esk.

At Richibucto, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. James Law, A. M., Mr HERBERT IRVING, to Miss CATHERINE DERGAVOIL, both of the Parish of Weldford.

Deaths.

At his residence, in the Parish of Blackville, on the 10th inst., Mr ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, in the forty third year of his age, leaving a wife and seven children to mourn his loss.

CONGOU TEA.

The Subscriber has for sale 20 CHESTS SUPERIOR CONGOU TEA, which he offers cheap for cash.

HENRY CUNARD.

Chatham, October 21, 1850.

List of Letters

Received at the Newcastle Post Office, during the month of September, and remaining delivery.

Margaret Cohrin, Portage Road.
Jonathan Carmalt, Nelson Village.
Elizabeth Close, do.
Capt. John McPherson, Beaubair's Island.
John Nevin, Newcastle.
John Stuart, North Esk.
John Shaddock, Trout Brook.
Persons asking for any of the above, will please say Advertised.

HUGH MORELL, P. M.