

THE GLEANER:

AND NORTHUMBERLAND, KENT, GLOUCESTER AND RESTIGOUCHE
COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

Old Series]

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

[COMPRISED 13 VOLUMES

New Series, Vol. X

Miramichi, Monday Evening, September 8, 1851.

No. 46.

Communications.

THE RAILWAY AND THE MORNING NEWS.

Continued.

The Editor of the Morning News is surely a queer lad. He says, "A man must do something to distinguish himself." He reminds me very much of the frog in the fable. I believe I shall tell that story for the amusement of some juvenile reader. An ox was one day feeding in a meadow, when up crawls a frog out of a ditch. The frog gazed at the greatness and magnificence of the ox, and fancied that by puffing and blowing himself he could become as great as the ox he so much wondered at and admired. So he blew and swelled, and blowed still harder, until at length he burst. Thus, then, I fear, if his friends do not take care of him, will be the unhappy fate of the Editor of the Morning News. He has seen some person he envies, and he wishes to distinguish himself. The Morning News laughs at Canada, with her 1,400 miles of Railway, and bawls out "Glorious News." So say I; so should say all friends of the railway. It prognosticates future events; it speaks volumes. Let not the Editor of the Morning News trouble himself about the debts of Canada; let him adopt some of the hints he has given others, that is, to mind his own business. Canada will take care of her own affairs. Yes, it is glorious news. It shows that the railway will go on; aye, until it dips its terminus in the waters of the Pacific. And as already alluded to in prophecy, who knows but it may be the means of pouring a flood of light and Gospel truth into the dark and benighted heathen Islands of the Pacific, with their millions of souls, and as there is a passage of Scripture which says, "and in those days men shall go hither and thither through the earth as on the wings of an eagle," or some such language, who knows but "Railways" is the explanation of those words of the inspired writer. The ingenuity of man discovered the magnetic telegraph; and who knows but the same ingenuity might invent some method of overcoming those *ten feet of snow* which trouble the editor of the News and his friends so much.

And now a word with the editors of the Church Witness and Christian Visitor, which the writer of those homely lines and scattered ideas has hastily thrown together. A few of them, those touching upon Scripture, are intended for them, presuming they are clergymen. If they are not, I have only to add, like some men of old, that there has been strange incense burnt on those two altars of the Church; they have got into very bad company, and, like the foolish dove which got among the crows, no wonder if they get a shot. The writer humbly trusts that no clergyman who has not been guilty of such foolery, will take offence at his language. Those two papers have allowed themselves to be dragged into sorry company; if this is not correct, they should contradict the Morning News, or their good name will be soiled. Having come in contact with that redoubtable character, I am as tired of writing his name as the people of the north are of reading his paper, so we must settle up scores, and be done with him. Poor fellow, you complain of the "imprisoned winds of the north being let loose upon you." You don't like a northern blast; it feels cold and chilly, coming from those snowy regions. But you should have known that the north of all countries is famed for stubborn, strange, and ignorant beings. Every thing in the north is crabbed and stunted. The winds of the north never blow so softly nor so sweetly as that from the south. If I remember right, I think it was somewhere handy to the north that the he-goat came from that met the ram which had exalted himself so high above all others, and was pushing westward, northward, and southward, so that nothing could stand before him, and it seemed as if everything must be according to his will, until the goat met him, and laced him to his heart's content. Now, Mr News, you just take care lest a he-goat should arise in this same despised north, and serve you like that proud and foolish ram was served. There are curious characters here: one does not know them until they are brad-ded up a little; and you cut such a flourish with your good stick at the first outset, that you rouse the whole of them, and they stand by with sullen countenances and a scowl on their brows, enquiring of each other, who is this editor of the Morning News. Some say he is some person in Yankee pay, hired to abuse these Provinces, striving to make it appear that they will never be worth anything, and the people madmen to speak of those wonderful undertakings—to think of "connecting two beggarly towns together, such as Halifax and Quebec." This party is pretty large, and maintains this idea stoutly, and

assert that the editor would get a handsome reward did he only succeed in driving us, stupid blockheads, out of conceit with our country and government, which he appears to think would be no hard matter, and that the only chance of our existing at all, would be for us to take hold of their "hook:" that old John Bull is only shamming and humbugging, to get clear of that impertinent fellow, Howe, and that neither he or Earl Grey give a straight account of themselves; and after all the trouble and interest the American papers have taken, clear away to New York, to teach us what we should do, giving us line upon line, and precept upon precept, and example upon example; although they have begged, borrowed, and pledged, to raise up a great country for themselves, we must not try the like, or else we might act like the State of Pennsylvania, *repudiate*. Although old Governor Clinton, reckless and wild, like many of the present day, forced on the Erie Canal, contrary to all the wise heads of that day, who used to shake their heads at him, as much as to say, "it won't do;" and although it has proved a treasure to the State of New York, yet don't you try a project of a like nature. In fact, take the history of the United States, from the first settlement on James River to the present time, see the nice little wilderness they had to contend with, and contrast that with the country at the present day, full of villages, towns, cities, railways, and in fact improvements beyond imagination, and all the effects of immigration and public works. But yet it would be dangerous for us to attempt anything of the sort. From the quickness and zeal with which the editor picks up every thing calculated to undervalue the Colonies, and teach the people in those dark regions, and the amount of interest they take in us, many suppose that he and they understand each other perfectly well, and that should he succeed, he would obtain some great office; perhaps Lieutenant General of the North, to keep us, poor devils, in our proper places. Others say you are a large shareholder in the Portland Railway, but at once some droll fellow claps his thumb on his nasal organ, with a grin and a sneer, and says, "that's no go." But a third party, who seem to know everything, say you are one of the characters who figured in a drama written by that able though eccentric character, Thomas Hill, and known as *dirty George*, having a slap and a hit at every one, and dabbling in all dirty work; and as the author of the drama says something about a steam press that should be got in St. John, which members were to pass through in order to get impressed with St. John politics; and as you have notified the public that you have sent for a steam press, they say it must be you; and as you have performed such mighty works and deeds of valor with the old press, there will be no chance of stopping you when you get up the steam. The people in this quarter feel a good deal alarmed about their members going south again, and the representatives themselves are a little shittish, for if you talk about steam presses they turn pale and kind of white about the mouth. Others are making great enquiries about Hill. What has become of him? They say the Province has sustained a great loss in his disappearance, as it required just such a character as he to keep all loose fellows within bounds, and in their proper place. Others say they are determined to find out who you are, and say they will think it no trouble to go back and trace you through all your windings, twistings and turnings. You call yourself a reformer, and while at the Halifax reformers because they won't believe you, and all but threaten to turn tory for their want of sense. Yes, you are courting them now. Poh! poh! man, you a reformer! You might have been preaching up reform, and like many others who don't understand reform, or who don't want to understand it, and would have all reformers to be dangerous characters, to be regular revolutionists, who would root up Church and State. No such thing, man; they are the back bone and sinew of the State. Every man who loves his country, and studies his own interest, will be a reformer. You mistook your company; if you wished to end in revolution, you should have been in the tory ranks. Your Yankee friends should have told you that it was by tory rule they got their independence, under the rule of old Lord North and Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. Take up history, man; take it up and read for yourself; believe no man's story; look at Bolingbroke's career in France, to place Charles Stuart on the throne of Britain (which, by the way, my unfortunate countrymen paid dearly for), when the people turned him out of power, and placed the government in the hands of reformers. Toryism, Sir, is of a very ancient date; as early in the world's history as the reign of Rehobam, one of the kings of Israel; but it might be traced much farther back. Toryism was rampant in those days; those haughty, proud

young councillors were tories. "Speak kindly to the people," said the old men, "then they will be thy servants for ever." But it was too much for a proud, haughty king to humble himself thus; he took counsel with his young friends and found their advice to suit him exactly. "Tell them," said they, "that you will make your little finger thicker than your father's loins; if he chastised you with whips, I will chastise you with scorpions." And dearly did he pay for his folly; he lost ten powerful tribes, who kept him in dread and annoyance during the remainder of his life. That was a good deal like Lord North's reply to the American delegate—"do as we bid you, or we will settle it by the sword;" and the result was that they lost thirteen noble colonies.

It is not my object to discuss the distinction between reform and toryism, as it would fill a volume to follow it through all its stages to its present sickly state; but I merely intended to show the editor of the Morning News that he started on the wrong track to bring about annexation. Although a few rascals do sometimes get into the reform ranks, yet the moment they see a large rosy apple, they bolt, and give the tories a chance to laugh and giggle, and make a blowing horn of it; yet that is not to say that all reformers do so, or that reform is not necessary. Now I believe the Nova Scotia reformers, whom you think so hard of, to be of the right kind; you never could coax those fellows with your Yankee notions. And now, Sir, if you think you can trust the weather to blow soft and sweet for a week or two, and that your weak nerves can stand our rigorous climate, you and your friends had better come round and see us, but recollect what you said to Howe on his visiting St. John—that he would be well received, but would have to answer some pretty tough questions. Now, if you come round and see us, I warrant you will be civilly used; no one shall do you any harm; we never kill any person who comes to see us, but we often stare at people—but that is for the want of knowing better you know; and you may rest assured that should you come, you will have to put up with some awful stares, but no hard questions will be asked you, as there is no one here competent to do that. You will pick up a great many wonderful stories about hobgoblins, fairies, banshees, and all such wonderful beings. You know the north of all countries is noted for such beings; they never like to remain much among civilization; and as gentlemen and learning love to live under the sunny shades of the south, the north is the spot for you to come to; you might get leaders for your paper for the next twelve months—in fact, you might make a fortune by the trip—you could head your articles with "Wonders and Travels in the North;" or something of that sort. You know Sir Walter Scott all but immortalized his name by going down to the north of Scotland, poking into caves and getting old stories, and why should not a man of your extraordinary research and wisdom succeed here. You need not take the steam press with you; it would do no good here, people might be meddling with it and spoil it; and then you need not attempt to get one of those wild fellows into it to give him a squeeze, and as it might be an incumbrance, just leave it at home.

And now, Sir, in parting company with you, if I have been too open-mouthed, and have spoken too plain (always a fault of mine), you must impute it to my ignorance, and as the people here wear no gloves in summer, and but mittens in winter, you can at once imagine what a set of ruffians we are. As I said before the north of all countries is celebrated for ruffians; no high sounding title, no, not even that of an Emperor, can save a man from being a ruffian; ten chances to one but he would be called a bear. But if you should pay us a visit, don't forget to fill your pockets with some of that saw dust which you have found to be such excellent ballast, lest old boreas might blow you clean off the face of the earth.

And now a word with the Members from the north. You will shortly be called together again. Your work is clear—there is no mystification about it. Spirited Gloucester was the first to open the ball for you; her meaning was clearly defined. Restigouche has spoken boldly. Northumberland has spoken out in language plain enough to be understood by all but critics. And noble Kent has stepped up to the mark—there is no mistaking her meaning. It was not boys that had charge of that day's work. It took men to drive those lads off the field. It required greater weapons than pop-guns and pistols to wheel those chaps to the right about, aye, and they showed their reasons to their friends for doing so. Every word stood alone; every sentence spoke a volume; there was no blank shot used; every charge carried its weight of mettle; there was no need of Howe there, for Kent abounds with Howes; yes Kent, and

Restigouche would have given you a round of cheers for that day's work, could you but have heard them. And there is jolly old Westmorland, who has backed you up most handsomely; there you are, fourteen to begin with, and no mean number neither. But do you think that is all? No such thing; you have friends in the south; the people there are not all shareholders in the southern idol; no, mark my word, that wave of Grey's hand in the bank parlour was not for nothing; and although there was a considerable fuss made to save appearances, yet it was only some of that fibbing New Brunswick's nonsense. That paper has at last come out; yes, some how or other that "overgrown man in the office, wielding the quill for the New Brunswick," stumbles on the truth very often. I suppose it is on account of his unwieldy size; he travels slow and has to pick his steps; not like those light footed fellows, who in their haste often trip themselves up and make sad blunders. Yes, yes, Gray did say it; he don't deny it, or won't; Grey don't require spectacles to see through a thing; he saw the mischief that was done; "too much annexation and other nonsense." He has been thinking over matters; he is well known in the north, and from his being known to be an able and powerful reasoner, we were surprised he should have opposed Howe's views so much at the St. John meeting. But Grey was right, and like every sound debater, he opposed until he brought out sufficient facts to draw sound conclusions from, and now he is charged with sacrificing his constituents, and turning, to please M. H. Perley, a horrid character, who has committed murder in strangling the bantling he raised. Never mind those folks, Messrs. Perley and Grey, I always like to be abused, for I am quite sure that any thinking mind or respectable person will see I have a mind of my own; and the more you are abused the better your friends will like you, and the more confidence they will have in you. Don't be afraid, Grey, of a seat in the coach; do your duty to your country; support the people's rights; fear not the powers of a few about St. John; assist to carry out the great scheme of improvement, and the children of your constituents will have the sense to bless you if their parents have not. And, Gray, let me tell you truly, your worth is beginning to be too well known to allow you to be thrown away as useless rubbish. The frozen North itself would give you a lift before you should be stuck—my life for it. Take up the map and look at our country. Look at the extent of our counties in point of surface. Why the county of Restigouche alone is large enough to divide into two or three counties as large as some of those to the south! All we want is people to set to work and clear off the woods, saying nothing of the nice slice that we got from Canada the other day, and all in the North too. Mark me, the day will come when there will be more civility shown to the North, and their interests talked of and thought of, and the time may not be far distant when it will be said: "And lo the sceptre has departed from St. John!" Yes, Gray, these are facts which any one may see, although you and Perley got a bit of a whipping for attempting to look round to see what was doing, or might be done, for the general benefit of the Province; you were not to be allowed to turn half-ford, no matter if you drowned yourself and all who followed you. No, Gray, you wished to follow that fooling no further. You are worthy to be a son of old Gray—a thinking Scotchman, I'll be bound. Yes, those few words of yours in that Bank Parlour were pregnant with meaning; and any one can trace the course of that threat through the air, a powerful auxiliary to your corps. But is that all? No! You have friends in Frederickton, and will find friends where at present you do not expect them.

Then stand together like men; never mind your politics; adopt the motto of Sir Allen McNab: "Rail Road is my politics;" this is no five penny matter; this is worth two or three day's debate; aye, or half a dozen long and serious pauses before you give it up. Let bygones be bygones; never mind that you were taken by surprise before, and took too hasty action in rejecting the offered boon. Earl Grey doted the same things himself over and over again, refusing to assist the colonies until that chattering fellow, Howe talked him out of it, but mark ye, there must be no foolery this time. Let every man's name be recorded in broad letters, that the child yet unborn may read the names of those who were the friends or traitors to their country's rights. Let the old Attorney General come down at your head with his budget headed Railway Bills. First, a Bill for the most effectual and certain construction of the Main Trunk Quebec, as explored by Captain Henderson, The Bill going on