

THE GLEANER:

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

OLD SERIES]

Nec araneorum sane textus id eo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

[COMPRISED 13 VOLUMES

New Series, Vol. XI.

Miramichi, Tuesday Afternoon, January 13, 1852.

No 12.

Extracts from Late Papers.

SCENES IN PARIS DURING THE LATE REVOLUTION.

The following is an extract from a surgeon's letter, dated Paris, December 5:—

"The loss of life, which will never be published, must have been awful. With characteristic peculiarity, after the troops had performed their unworthy task, the military surgeons, at night, went from house to house to see after the wounded. One of them told me he had just seen 60 dead and 80 wounded in our immediate neighborhood. The greater part of the injured are non-combatants, suddenly surprised in the streets or struck down, unsuspecting danger in their own homes. Such scenes—fit enough perhaps for the storming of an Arab town—with an indiscriminate attack on unresisting houses, were never before known, even in Paris."

The following is an extract from a private letter dated Paris, December 8:

"One of our female servants is married to a non-commissioned officer in one of the regiments of the civic troops which are employed more especially in the arrests and executions now going on. We learn from her that her husband was engaged with his company the entire day yesterday making arrests. He does not know how many were lodged by his company in the prisons. He says they are ordered out to the Champs de Mars to-day to shoot a number—reported to be 156—of those condemned by the court-martial."

A contemporary has a letter from Paris, written at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday. The writer asserts that the letters of the London correspondents are founded upon the reports of the Prefect of Police, who had given all connected with the Press to understand that their reports could not leave Paris unless they were founded on facts supplied through his office. He, however, claims for himself the credit of being an eye-witness, and of describing what he himself saw:

"The death of the two representatives on the barricade at the Rue St. Marguerite having caused the defenders to abandon that point, they retired, and in doing so they had little or no difficulty, as they were very few in number and respectably attired. On Friday morning they again assembled in the Boulevard Panssoniere, to the number of some fifty, certainly not over sixty, for I was present at the moment, namely, 11 o'clock. The insurgents had all the appearance of *bourgeois* at this point, and, having passed down towards the Boulevards des Italiens, one of them was recognised by the captain of infantry, whose battalion captured the barricade St. Marguerite, as the person who fired the first shot at the troops from a window adjoining the erection. Upon recognising the unfortunate man, the captain immediately advanced at the head of four of his men, and, calling on him to surrender, grasped him by the collar. The man at once submitted without the slightest resistance, and, declaring his innocence of the matter laid to his charge, he walked into a hollow square, where he was kept prisoner. The party from whom he had been removed, however, cried out "Vive la Republique," and, no sooner had they done so, than a platoon volley from the infantry laid some thirty of the unhappy men dead. I speak as an eye witness, for I was not ten yards from the group fixed upon with such fatal precision; and I can declare, without fear of contradiction, that those men were not in blouses, but were attired in fine cloth, and several of them had valuable gold watches and diamond pins, such as would not be worn at the moment of attacking troops. Those who were not brought down by the discharge of musketry were charged with bayonets, and, without offering the slightest resistance, they were pinned to the ground, and, after being severely wounded, they were dragged off the pathway into the hollow square. This occurred yesterday, yet the matter is not mentioned in the papers here, and though it was publicly spoken of at Galignani's English Library, at 8 o'clock in the evening, not a word of it appears in his journal of this evening. I may mention that, subsequent to the above

affair, and at about two o'clock, having worked my way out of the Rue Vivienne into the Boulevards, I had just gained the Rue Lafayette, at the corner of which street were standing a group of some twenty persons, several of them women, and not a blouse amongst them, when a battalion of the light infantry suddenly wheeled about, and the commanding officer having shouted "Vive Napoleon," the group replied by cries of "Vive la Republique," which was met by the officer shooting one young man through the head. The death of five men and three women was the result of this salutation to the Republic, in the name of which Louis Napoleon has made his *coup d'etat* for the empire, as will be seen in a few days. I proceeded to the Rue de Seye, and had not been standing there more than five minutes, when the 1st regiment of lancers came at full charge from the Madeleine, and, dashing up on the pavement, rode down men, women, and children, who were promenading in their own neighborhood, far from anticipating the violence which so suddenly assailed them. In this charge, fortunately, no weapons were used; and, save the deaths of two females, and a man, wearing on his breast the cross of the Legion of Honour, no fatality resulted. I afterwards proceeded up the Rue Montholon, in consequence of what I had heard remarked by those around me, and in a shop in that street I beheld twenty eight dead bodies, all males, apparently of the age of from twenty to thirty, whither they had been removed to be owned. They were, with seven exceptions, of the better class, judging from their attire and jewelry. In another house, in the Boulevard Montmartre, to which my attention had been directed by the frantic rush of some twenty women to the locale, searching for fathers and husbands, I saw four men lying dead. The bodies were warm, and the blood was flowing from the heads and chests of the unfortunate victims, and one poor fellow's face was so shattered that he must have received several balls to have presented so shocking a spectacle; not a feature was discernible. They were dressed in blue blouses, and no doubt were from the Faubourgs. It was stated that they were brought in after a volley from the Carbineers."

The following, which was published many years ago, will be read with increased interest at this time, owing to the recent events in France:

PROPHECY OF NAPOLEON.

The following is a suppressed passage from both French and English editions of Count Las Casas' Journal:

"Before the sun shall have revolved many periods round its orbit," said the emperor to me one day, as we stood viewing the sea from a rock which overhung the road, "the whole European system will be changed. Revolution will succeed revolution, until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it, the people of England will not long submit to be governed by these bands of petty sovereigns—these aristocratic cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the order of nobles in France; but I did it to give splendor to the throne, and refinement to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the sun of knowledge. The people have only to know that all power emanates from themselves, in order to assert their right to a share in their respective governments. This will be the case even with the boors of Russia;—yes, Las Casas, you may live to see the time, but I shall be cold in my grave, when that colossal, but ill-cemented empire will be split into as many sovereignties—perhaps republics—as there are hordes or tribes which compose it."

After a few more reflections on the future prospects of Europe, his majesty thus continued—

"Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation, than that horrible debt which envelops the people of England. . . . If this mighty debt were due to foreigners, these cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour; but would, on some pretext or other, break with their creditors, and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among them-

ves, and are therefore likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for generations to come. France, too, has got a debt—these Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne, by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next and all future ones. But I know the French people too well to suppose that such a system can be long tolerated. I know that they have too much natural affection for their offspring to entail upon them a national debt, like that of England, however artfully incurred. No, no—my subjects are too sharp sighted to allow the property accumulated for their children to be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the imbeciles who now insult them. They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me; they will recollect that the expenses of my government were defrayed by imposts during the year; that my wars cost France nothing; that I left her not one Napoleon in debt, but that I enriched every corner of her territory. Such comparisons will not be favorable to the Bourbons—the French will cast them and their debts from their shoulders, as my Arabian horse would a stranger who should dare to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne, amidst the acclamations of the people; if he be not, France will go back to a republic, for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre which it cannot wield. The Orleans branch, though amiable, are too weak, have too much of the imbecility of the other Bourbons, and will share the same fate, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens, under whatever change takes place."

Communications.

DORCHESTER, January 5, 1852.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Sir,—I must apologise for again troubling you with the following remarks upon the letter of O. P., published in the Saint John Courier of the 3rd instant. You will perceive that he stilted over the gist of the argument, not stopping for a moment to take notice of my remarks relative to that portion of the line which I explored, but wishes me to mount my stilts and be led by him over the Miramichi. But this invitation I must respectfully decline, upon the plea that it would be but the blind leading the blind, and that I might then, like O. P., (notwithstanding the aid of my stilts) get rather out of my depth.

O. P. wishes to know if my stilts (which he vulgarly calls wooden pins) were graduated to low water mark, or to freshet height, with floating ice, &c. Now, Sir, I really do not know whether or not to think O. P. is serious in asking such questions, but I, supposing he is (seeing his ignorance) will answer him in that mood. I did not cross the Cocaigne or the Buctouche upon my stilts, but upon trees cut on one bank of the streams and thrown across, reaching to the other side, and this was done at the time of a high freshet; and as to the troublesome accompaniment of floating ice in April and May, why, Sir, I think it might run with sufficient velocity to upset O. P. if he were there upon my stilts during those months. The Richibucto was the only stream which I crossed upon my valuable stilts, and to give an idea of the rapidity with which the ice runs, I remember that there existed the remains of an old beaver dam a little below the place of crossing.

I admit the existence of morasses, but not the assertion of O. P., when he says that the said morasses, &c., offered engineering difficulties almost insurmountable; and I beg to state for the information of O. P. that we did not cross the said morasses, &c., without measuring their depth, and that it was not done with a stilt, as they were not of such a nature as to require those (sometimes) useful appendages.

I beg to remind O. P. that I did not express an opinion of the engineering capabilities of any part of the proposed line but that with which I was acquainted; and would advise that redoubtable champion of St. John to confine his letter writing in future to subjects upon which he is better

acquainted, as he may not always have the aid of my stilts to get him out of the quagmire. Rather ungenerous of that illustrious gentleman to take so much pains to let the world know that I was nothing but a poor d—l of a Deputy Surveyor, pronouncing the dogmas of an engineer. Suffice to say, that Captain Henderson appears to have thought me equal to the task, or he would not have employed me, and paid me at the rate of thirty shillings per day.

Your obedient servant,

J. G. G. LAYTON.

THE NORTH.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Sir,—In my last letter I endeavored to present something like a review of the sayings and doings of the great folk of the South, and in doing so, I must take you back to the ever-to-be-remembered Portland Convention. After that great affair came off, the people of St. John were in high feather; stock books were to be opened, purse strings untied, and any deficiency that might arise in the shape of stock, would be nobly and generously taken up by the State of Maine; and calculations were made showing that it would pay six per cent the instant it was finished. Poor Nova Scotia appeared to be the only drawback to the grand scheme, and vague hints were thrown out, that if she did not exert herself, New Brunswick and Maine would build the whole line themselves, and the first thing that would arouse the Nova Scotians from their stupor, would be the cars thundering along in the midst of them. But unfortunately for the authors of those sublime visions, Nova Scotia deputed one of her sons, the noble Howe, to endeavor to obtain some assistance from the British people; and he returned with the glad tidings that the mother country would not only furnish money for the Portland line, but likewise for a main trunk line to Quebec, allowing themselves to become the bankers of the three Provinces, charging but a nominal rate of interest, the Provinces holding full control of the investment, proceeds, advantages and resources accruing from the same. No sooner was this known, than the fury of the American Press burst forth like a volcano, teeming with all manner of falsehoods and all manner of nonsense, and ready to pour out the phials of their wrath upon that unfortunate being, Joseph Howe, for disturbing the game they were gloating over, "by arousing ancient prejudices and scenes of bloody wars." When it was known that Mr Howe meant to visit St. John on his way to Toronto, he was told by the St. John Editors (that as well might he strive to change the Ethiopian's skin or the leopard's spots by his eloquence or reasoning, as to endeavor to shake the good people of St. John in their steadfast opinions; and the only thing he might depend on was that there should be no violent hands laid on him; that none would be set apart to hold his clothes, whilst others stoned him to death. But the horror of horrors awaited him in the "tough and knotty questions" which he was expected to answer. A meeting took place, and he received a vote of thanks for the service he had rendered in bringing these Provinces under the notice of the mother country, which they had failed in doing themselves. Mr Howe went on to Toronto, and was followed by Mr Archibald, who shadowed forth in his passage the prospect of the future wind up, the purport of which is this—"you no doubt may become a great people, and you have shown yourselves a generous and a simple people, and not apt to stick at trifles; you have already, through your representatives, granted ten miles of land on each side of the Railway, with twenty thousand pounds per annum for twenty years, together with the right of way and stations. Now as land is of no value to you, just double the grant, which would be something like half of the Province, and I shall find men to lay themselves down a willing sacrifice to bear your burdens. We will put our heads into the halter, notwithstanding we value our money at six per cent.; but don't you be so foolish as to fall in with that stupid fellow Howe's notion, that is, to keep your land, keep your money, control your railways, and enjoy your own resources, and have the