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NEC ARANEARUM SANE TEXTUS IDEO MELIOR, QUIA EX SE FILA GIGNUNT, NEC NOSTER VILIOR QUIA EX ALIENIS LIBANUS UT APES.

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LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

SALMON FISHING,

ON THE NIPISIGUIT, NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE following is an extract from one of a series of letters now being published in the "Washington Union," under the title of "A Tour to the River Restigouche," and though published anonymously, we have hesitation in attributing it to the pen of the indefatigable angler, Mr. CHARLES LANMAN. A private letter from Mr. L. to a friend in this city, which we have seen, gives a flowing account of his good luck during the last past week. In the Matapedia River, Lower Canada, he hooked and landed, in twenty minutes, a salmon weighing twenty-six pounds; in the St. Simon, or Rimonski, he captured in one day, from a canoe, two hundred and thirty brook trout, and on another occasion, in some outlandish place, he caught within one hour four common trout, weighing 3¹/₂, 3²/₂, and 2 pounds each. After this Lanman can take all the hats in town.

BATHURST, N. B., June, 1853
A pleasant and novel town, is this out of the way Bathurst. It is built upon two points of land, at the mouth of four rivers, the Nepisiguit, the Middle, the Little, and the Tootoogoose, rivers, and at the head of a handsome but shallow bay. This sheet of water, from many points of view, resembles an inland lake, and is spanned by a well constructed bridge half a mile in length. The harbor of Bathurst is secure for the smaller vessels of the coast, while those drawing more than twelve feet of water find a safe anchorage outside a bar which lies at the mouth of the Bay. The town contains some six hundred inhabitants and four churches, whose spires help to give it an attractive appearance. It has three ship yards, from which are annually launched from five to ten handsome square rigged vessels, and a very extensive lumbering establishment belonging to Messrs. John and Francis Ferguson. The neighbouring lands are well cultivated, and the scenery in every direction exceedingly interesting. Next to lumber, its chief exportations are fish and a species of valuable grind-stone, as well as a good quality of slate, and I should imagine that its resources in all these particulars, would give profitable employment to a large amount of capital. Its more influential inhabitants are English and Scotch; and I can say of them that they are polite, intelligent, and accomplished to an uncommon degree, and a warm-hearted hospitality seems to be part of their religion. It is well supplied (and what North American town is not) with the sons and daughters of Erin, while the choppers of wood and the people of the water are Acadian France.

The first white man who is said to have set his feet upon its soil was a French Roman Catholic missionary named Jean Jacques Enaud, as this he did as early as the year 1638. At that period the spot which it now occupies was the headquarters of the Micmac Indians, by whom their village was named *Winkapigewick*, which subsequently degenerated into *Natpisiguit*, or the place of troubled waters. During the dominion of the French it was known as St. Peter, and the name which it now glories in is that of one of the most honored of the colonial secretaries of Great Britain. Its hotel accommodation might be improved, and ought to be without any delay, (for the home of a stranger in a foreign land ought always, for the sake of that land, to be comfortable and agreeable;) but on account of its beautiful scenery, its healthfulness, excellent society, and especially its manifold piscatorial attractions, it is a place deserving a world-wide reputation.

Of the four rivers which help to make Bathurst an attractive place, the Little and Middle rivers are chiefly interesting for their wildness and good trout-fishing, but the Tootoogoose—which is the Indian tongue, means the river of the fairies—is exceedingly beautiful. It is twenty-five miles long, winding in its course, and runs over a rocky bottom; it has also two or three picturesque rapids and falls, and affords first-rate trout and tolerably good salmon fishing. But the Nipisiguit is by far the most splendid river in this region, and for salmon fishing with the fly, I suppose it has not its superior in the world. It rises in the same Alpine wilderness which gives birth to the Tobique, (a tributary of the St. John, and most successful rival in regard to beauty,) and its length is one hundred miles. It is marvelously clear, and runs with great rapidity—for the first half of its length over a granite bed, and thence to the sea, with

two or three granite exceptions, over a calcareous formation.

And then, again, some seven miles from Bathurst, we have what are called the Papineau, or Cramberry Falls, which consist of a series of schutes and small falls, declining, perhaps, with the space of half a mile, at an angle of thirty degrees.

Midway between the Papineau falls and the mouth of the Nipisiguit, there is a long reach of the river known as the Rough waters, where a number of huge rocky barriers have been thrown across the stream, whereby a gloomy and desolate impression would be produced upon the mind were it not for the superb pools of deep and dark water which now and then take the fancy captive, and magnify the nerves of the angler.

And now, after a long beating of the bush, I come to speak of the Nipisiguit as a fly fishing stream for salmon. In this particular it bears the belt beyond all question, so far as the easily accessible rivers of North America are concerned. In June it abounds in the white or sea trout, and throughout all the year in the common trout, which afford first rate sport in their way; but when the angler is informed that the salmon are in the river, it is hard to think of anything but salmon fishing exclusively. These fish are taken in the bay of Bathurst with nets as early as the month of May, but they do not ascend the Nipisiguit in any numbers until about the 20th June; and from that time to the 20th August the Angler may, with an occasional rain, enjoy uninterrupted sport; but his harvest time is from the 20th of July to the 10th of August. The first run of fish usually consists of the females alone; after which they are accompanied by the males, and in August comes the grisle, or salmon weighing under five pounds. They are sometimes so abundant, I am informed, that in the resting pools, just below the swift waters, or falls, they have been hooked up with the common gaff; and the oldest fishermen in the region concur in mentioning the fact that the salmon run up the river in schools; that the larger fish always swim together, and the smaller ones by themselves also. Although netted to a considerable extent along the bay of Bathurst and the lower part of the river, there is but little done by way of exporting them, excepting by the house of Wm. Underwood & Co., of Boston, who have an establishment here for the purpose of hermetically sealing them in tin cans, whereby they are exported to the four quarters of the globe. Thanks to the newly awakened authorities of the province, some little attention is beginning to be paid to the fishing laws, for on the rapid portions of the river the netting and spearing of salmon are well prevented, though not quite, except by the few Indians located in the vicinity; and so much has been said and written about taking them out of season on their spawning beds, that this villainous practice is going out of repute. As an economist, and especially as an angler, I am bound to condemn the mode of taking salmon with the spear; but as an artist, or rather when in an artistic mood, I could forget to be rigid, and perhaps recommend the practice; for indeed there are few scenes more interesting, to witness than the mouth of the Nipisiguit on a quiet night, when there are perhaps a dozen birch canoes floating over the quiet waters, manned by fantastically dressed Indians, and each one led, it would appear, from place to place, by a brilliant birch bark flambeau. The light canoes, the picturesque attitudes of the spearmen, the gloom of the night, and the silence of the surrounding wilderness, seem all to be in complete keeping and inspire thoughts and feelings of a peculiar but agreeable nature.

The salmon on the Nipisiguit ascend no higher up the stream than the Grand Falls, where during the latter part of the season, by those disposed to live in their own camp, and be ever prepared to fight the bears, the very best of sport may be enjoyed. As the lands in this vicinity all belong to the government, the only acknowledged right to a fishing cast is that of occupation, and I am happy to say that among the few anglers who habitually visit the Nipisiguit there is a spirit of honest civility prevailing quite novel and gratifying. Not more than half a dozen persons have yet done much in the way of angling at the Grand Falls, and the most successful one of all by far comes all the way from England to throw a fly at this very spot, and during the season of 1850 captured no less than three hundred and twenty salmon and grisle within the space of two months. The gentleman alluded to is Captain Cooper, formerly of the Royals; and his habit, after reaching Bathurst, is to secure a couple of canoes, manned each by two men, into which he transfers his luggage, and ascends the

river. On arriving at the Falls he pitches a water-proof tent, and has everything so snugly arranged that he sleeps in a regular bed, eats on a table, and, with the assistance of a good cook and an abundance of angler comforts, he and his companion (for he always takes a friend with him) have a decidedly comfortable time. He keeps one canoe constantly in his employ, and when the men are not needed to help him in his fishing, they go forth and kill a bear or caribou for the purpose of adding to his larder. After this manner he not only lives for a few weeks in a novel and healthful manner, but is always ready to profit by the early morning and the dusk of evening in throwing the fly. Better sport, I am confident, than he thus enjoys is never experienced in any country—not even by the anglers of the Namsen in Norway, the Findhorn in Scotland, or the Godbout on the coast of Labrador.

But a more accessible spot to kill salmon is at the Papineau Falls. There is a passable road leading to them from Bathurst, and those who only propose to devote a few days to salmon fishing can easily sleep in Bathurst, and by rising quite early can ride to the fishing ground in good season. The best companion for the stranger to take with him on these expeditions is Richard Henderson, an intelligent old Scotchman, who lives in a log-cabin directly on the road leading to the Falls. A camp built of logs, and having a bark roof is the domicile in vogue at this point; and my preference for this mode of making one comfortable while in the woods has been manifested by my having one built for my special use. It occupies an elevated and romantic position directly in the midst of a sweet-smelling grove of pine and spruce trees, and commands a view of the entire series of falls. Directly at the foot of it is a schute across which a fly can be easily thrown, which is to my mind the most captivating cast on the river, and just above and below it are a couple of the prettiest landing places imaginable. But there are at least fifty very good casts for salmon in the immediate vicinity of said camp, and there is an abundance of room for half a dozen anglers, which is about the number who habitually visit the Papineau Falls; and I can only say that when the season is at its height, a good angler expects to take half a dozen salmon, and a dozen grisle.

(To be continued.)

From Hogg's Instructor, for July.

TRISMS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

'Tis true that clouds
But momentarily bar out the sunshine; true
That stars—invisible by day—in crowds
Spangle the skies, but come into the view
In darkness only; true that flowers will die,
And be renew'd, as fair, beneath the vernal
sky.

'Tis true that grief
Is not eternal; that our bitterest tears,
As well as that which makes them, find relief
In fewer moments than we give them years
To wear away our hearts in; true it is
That almost every sorrow hath its sister-bless!

'Tis true that graves
(Within those close-shut lips dear treasures
lie
Which the death-kiss pollutes) give forth green
waves
Of grass—all flush with flowers—which no
keen eye
Could guess from growth proceeding from decay,
Where nothing sweet there is that hath not
sour'd away.

When spring is dead
Upon rich summer's bosom, which, in turn,
Lays the last clusters of its lovely head
Upon pale autumn's breast, till, in his urn
Of wither'd leaves, old winter buries all—
We know that time shall back each dear-loved
presence call.

We know that all we lose
Which fade
May flourish, and that even love's sweet rose
(Sore-girt with thorns) may make, as it has
made,
Our happiness again. We know all this;
Yet doubts o'erwhelm all knowledge—fear sub-
dues all bliss.

Our hopes are misis
That mount up from the very earth around
us,
Till lost in heaven above, where Heaven resists
All earthly exhalations. Pain may wound
us,
And trials mark us with full many a scar;
But time brings certainty—than hope a bright-
er star.

Yet sweet are hopes,
And fair their presence is, with sorrow by
us;
But though their rosy hands the portals ope
Of joy ideal, care can still defy us;
For we shall find, if we regard it near,
The shadow of each hope to be a nameless fear.

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art for July,
JACQUES CARTIER IN CA-
NADA.

BY JOHN BONNER.

The Emerillon sailed. No sooner had
her white sails disappeared behind Stad-
acona Cape, than the whole village relap-

sed into tranquility. The disappointed
Indians did not murmur; they trusted to
the *manitou* of the foreigners; and while
they invoked the aid of the Great Spirit
to guide and protect the absent, turned all
their attention to please and comfort
those who had remained behind. Of
these, a large proportion, comprising
several trusty men, with a few of the
worst of his crew, had been strictly order-
ed by Cartier to remain on board the
ships; but the others, enjoying more
liberty, and rightly preferring the hospi-
tality of the Indians to a dreary life on
ship-board, were easily persuaded to take
their quarters among the natives. Every
resource was put in requisition by the
Indians to amuse them. Games requiring
agility and strength were displayed every
evening, and resulted generally in the
defeat of the foreigners. Hunting expedi-
tions constantly sallied forth into the
woods, and the young strangers were al-
ways welcome companions. Dances and
music whiled away the long evenings
by the blazing fires of pitch-pine. The
Frenchmen were delighted with their
allies, and soon became as friendly with
Donnacona as though he had sworn alle-
giance to his majesty Francis I. Ernest
de Mony especially was attached to, and
a great favourite with the chief. The
younger warriors rather despised him on
account of his reluctance to join their hunt-
ing parties, and the contempt he did not
disguise for their wrestling-matches and
contests of strength; but there was a calm
firmness in his eye which (even had the
duties of hospitality suffered it) effectually
deterred them from any open expression
of their sentiment. The exile from the
court of Paris preferred the society of the
fair Nasaki to the more manly occu-
pations of his comrades: by her side he
would wander day after day over the
frowning hills, through the dense forests,
and often watch the setting sun glide
the surface of the bay. Or she would
seat him in her frail canoe, and paddle
rapidly up the silver stream of St. Charles;
then, when her bark had reached
some secluded spot, where the overhang-
ing branches met, and nought was heard
but the chirrup of birds and the subdued
roar of the distant cataract, she would
turn its prow to the east, and float slowly
down the stream, singing the melanc-
choly song of her native land to an en-
raptured listener. His friend De Mornac,
meanwhile lay unconscious on an Indian
bed in the wigwam of Wakause. His
hostess, Tenara was unwearied in her
attentions; but bodily pain, and long
mental suffering, had disabled De Mornac
from appreciating her kindness. In his
lucid moments, he would have welcomed
death. Blighted as he believed, by the
curse of an unjust, ambitious father,—de-
graded from his military rank by the per-
fidious influence of his rival,—betrayed,
finally, by her on whom he had built all
his earthly hopes,—for him the world
could contain no possible happiness.
Death was his only cure; and death in a
land of strangers, without a friend to
remind him of the past, seemed the best
suited to his temper. Some time passed,
until Cartier returned from Hochelaga,
laden with presents, and bearing with
him a little girl, whose father had pre-
sented her to the adventurous traveller.
He reached his vessels on 11th October,
soon afterwards the cold weather began
to set in. With its first approach com-
menced the misfortunes of the Frenchmen.

Strange to say, the extraordinary
kindness of Donnacona and his tribe had
not persuaded Cartier that their friendly
assurances were sincere. He fancied the
Indians meditated an attack on his ves-
sels during winter, and had them fortified
and surrounded by palisades. He
seemed reluctant to continue his inter-
course with the shore. On the other
hand, the Indians were justly indignant
at the brutal conduct of many of Cartier's
crew. Nothing but the superior strength
of the red men, had, on several occasions,
protected their women from insults; and
too frequently the cunning Frenchmen
had over-reached the simplicity of the na-
tives. Donnacona, with noble magnani-
mity, refused to credit the tales brought
him by his warriors, and could not under-
stand the cautious policy of Cartier.
With rude eloquence, he bade the inter-
preters assure the Frenchmen that they
had smoked the calumet of peace, and
that the hatchet of war was buried be-
neath the sod: his wigwam, he said, would
always be open to the white man. Still
Cartier remained incredulous; and to the
general surprise of his men, as well as
the Indians, he suddenly resolved to
cut off all communication between his
vessels and the shore. Orders were forth-
with issued to the crews that they were
not to wander beyond a certain line trac-
ed round the ships.

The Indians were thunderstruck at the
news. Donnacona visited Cartier in per-

son, and reproached him with his suspi-
cions; but in vain. Cartier was inexora-
ble, and the chief returned after renewing
his assurances of friendship. The French-
men, who had acquired a relish for the
society of the Indians, obeyed the stern
mandate with reluctance. Their comman-
der was resolute, and even De Mornac,
whose insipient recovery was likely to be
checked by a removal and exposure to the
cold, was carried on board in a hammock.
De Mony and one of the interpreters
alone were missing at the first muster. In-
quiry being made for the former, his friend
D'Evereux, announced to Cartier that the
young Parisian had resolved on adopting
the Indian life, and settling at Stadacona.
Enraged at the desertion of a valuable
counsellor, and already picturing the in-
dignation of the old Chevalier de Mony
at the loss of his nephew, Jacques Car-
tier instantly despatched a file of men,
under the command of Le Breton, to
bring the absentee on board, by force, if
necessary.

They found him in Donnacona's wig-
wam, surrounded by the leading warriors
of his tribe. Nasaki was by his side, fol-
lowing his every movement with looks of
love, and the missing interpreter crouched
timidly at his feet. Le Breton explained
the object of his visit with the bluntness
of a sailor. De Mony sprang to his feet
at once, and replied briefly, but firmly,
that he renounced his country, and aban-
doned the expedition; that henceforth he
was an Indian, and would not leave his
adopted land. The only answer of the
Frenchman was a contemptuous shrug of
the shoulders, and a sign to his men to
seize De Mony. The first who approach-
ed him was felled to the earth; the se-
cond fared no better; and even who
overpowered by numbers, the young noble-
man dealt such sturdy blows right and
left that his captors won no bloodless
victory. They were too numerous, how-
ever, for the contest to last long, and were
dragging him off, when the Indian war-
riors, apprised by the interpreter of their
design, fell upon the Frenchmen with the
fury of savages, and scattered them in a
twinkling. Short would have been their
triumph over their prisoner, then, if the
warriors had been uninterrupted. Power-
less in the brawny arms of the powerful
men of the forest, the sailors would soon
have expiated their audacity in violating
the Indians' hearth. Tomahawks were
already brandished in the air, and sculp-
ing knives flashed before the eyes of the
bewildered Frenchmen. Already was an
iron hand twisted in the hair of Le Bre-
ton, and a heavy knee planted on his
chest. A happy thing it was for them
at this crisis that a somorous voice rang
through the air, dominating the din of
the conflict, and ordering the Indians, in
imperious tones, to desist from the con-
flict.

The voice was Donnacona's. It was
promptly obeyed. Le Breton was allowed
to rise, and his companions released from
the terrible grasp of their assailants. A
few seconds longer and it had been too
late.

In a few brief words, delivered in an
authoritative manner, the chief explained
to his subjects that they had no right to
interfere in the concerns of the strangers;
that the authority of the white chief over
his warriors was as sacred as his own; and
that while he would welcome to his wig-
wam any of the Frenchmen who chose to
become members of their tribe, he would
not interpose between Cartier and his
crew, or countenance any violation of duty
in the latter.

With Indian taciturnity, the warriors
resumed their seats in silence. The
Frenchmen, comprehending by their
actions the purport of the chief's discourse
eagerly seized De Mony, who was taken
by surprise, and could not oppose any ef-
fectual resistance to his captors. Nasaki
sprang in to their midst, and clung around
her lover's neck for a moment; but ere
she had heard his brief adieu, her father
separated her from him, and led her to the
farthest corner of the wigwam.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS.
—Erasmus who visited England in the
early part of the sixteenth century, gives
a curious description of an English inter-
ior of the better class. The furniture
was rough; the walls unplastered, but
sometimes wainscotted or hung with rus-
tetry; and the floors covered with rush-
es, which were not changed for months.
The dogs and cats had free access to the
eating rooms, and fragments of meat and
bones were thrown to them, which they
devoured among the rushes, leaving what
they could not eat to rot there, with the
draining of beer vessels and all manner of
unmentionable abominations. There was
nothing like refinement or elegance in the
luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgen-
ces which their wealth permitted consist-
ed in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt