

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 ALIENIS LIBANUS UT APES.

[Comprised 13 Vols.]

NEW SERIES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1853

VOL. XII.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art.

THE DYING POET.

BY T. BEGGS.

OPEN the casement, give me life and air;
And let me gaze upon the day's decline—
Perchance it also may be that of mine.
Let us look out upon the mountains bare,
For I have trod their rugged sides; and
When death's cold damps are settling on my
brow,
I would have my free spirit ramble there,
And take a loving and a last farewell!
'Twas there I struck the first notes of a
spell,
Once joyous, tinged in after life with care—
A mournful type of life's disastrous dream,
That came upon me with a glorious gleam
Of hope—but died like the dim fading day,
That sees my broken spirit pass away.

Those dreams that I should die, like these are
faded;
For now thy glories rest upon the hills,
Mid the refreshing dews that eve distils,
Shone gorgeous in thy setting. Mine is shaded
By the remembrance of the toil and strife
That met me very out into life;
Mid all my hopes and joys that linger near,
And o'er my young heart's longings flapp'd
their wings,
Like shadows dimmed my young imagin-
ings,
And washed my cheeks with disappointment's
tear.

Thy beams at mourn may rest upon my bier,
And low will mourn my premature decay.
For ages yet fair Hope will tread my way;
But death for ever closes my career.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

For a bright manhood there is no such word as
fail.

Success is generally regarded, in the
opinion of the public, as the best test of a
man: and there is some foundation for the
opinion. But impressions greatly vary
as to what constitutes true success. With
the greater numbers it means success in
business, and making money. Of one we
hear it said it said—"There goes a suc-
cessful man: he has made thirty thou-
sand pounds within the last twelve
months." Of another—"There you see
a man who commenced life as a laborer;
but by dint of industry, perseverance, and
energy, he has amassed a large fortune,
bought a land estate, and lives the life of
a country gentleman, though he can hard-
ly yet write his own name: that's what
I call success." Or of another—"That is
Mr. —, the great astronomer, who was
originally the son of a small farmer, and
by diligent study and application he has
now reached the first rank among scien-
tific men; yet they say he is very poor
and can barely make the ends meet." We
suspect that most people would rather ex-
change places with the laborer than with
the astronomer, so ready are we to esti-
mate success and worldly position accord-
ing to the money standard.

The idea instilled into the minds of most
boys, from early life, is that of 'getting
on.' The parents test themselves by their
own success in this respect; and they im-
part the same notion to their children.
'Mak siller, Jock,' said a Scotch laird to
his son, 'mak siller—honestly if you can,
but mak it.' The same counsel, if not in
the same words, is that which is imparted,
at least by example, if not in express
language, to most boys. They have set
before them the glory of making their
fortunes. That is their 'mission,' and
many perform it diligently, heeding lit-
tle else but money-making throughout
life. Public opinion justifies them in their
course—public opinion approving above
all things the man who has 'made his for-
tune.' But public opinion is not always
correct: and sometimes, as in this case,
it is obnoxious to the sarcastic query of
the French wit who once asked, 'And,
pray, how many fools does it take to make
a public?'

Yet worldly success, considered in the
money aspect, is by no means a thing to
be undervalued. It is a very proper ob-
ject of desire, and ought to be pursued
—honestly. A man's success in the ac-
cumulation of wealth, indicates that he is
possessed of at least some virtues: it is
true they are of the lowest sort—still they
are estimable. It is not necessary that a
man shall be largely gifted with intelli-
gence, or that he shall have a benevolent
disposition, to enable him to accumulate
money. Let him scrape along and dili-
gently and he will grow rich in time. Dil-
igence and perseverance are virtues enough
for the mere money-maker. But it is im-
possible that the gold, when made, may
lie very heavy indeed upon all the other
virtues, and crush both mind and heart
under their load.

Worldly success may, however, be pursued
and achieved with the help of intelli-
gence; and it may be used, as it always
ought to be used, as the means of self im-

provement and of enlarged benevolence.
It is as noble an aim to be a great mer-
chant or manufacturer, as to be a great
statesman or philosopher—provided the
end is attained by noble means. A mer-
chant or manufacturer can help on huma-
nity as well as other men—can benefit
others while he is enriching himself, and
set before the world a valuable example
of intelligent industry and enterprise.
He can exhibit honesty in high places—
for in these days we need examples of ho-
nesty very much; indeed, a wit has ob-
served, that in the arithmetic of the coun-
ter, two and two do not make four. And
to test that remark, you have only to
gauge a modern pint bottle.

But many successful merchants have
declared, that in the end 'Honesty is al-
ways the best policy.' The honest man
may not get rich so fast as the dishonest
one, but the success will be of a truer
kind, earned without fraud, injustice, or
crime. 'He cozened not me, but his
own conscience,' said old Bishop Latimer,
of a cutler who had made him pay two-
pence for a knife not worth a penny. Even
though honesty should bring ill success,
still a man must be honest. Better lose
all and save honor. 'Mak siller' by all
meant, but make it honestly; otherwise,
as the Scriptures express it, in such terri-
ble words—it will eat your flesh as it
were fire.

Success in life is also attained through
the practice of economy—another excellent
virtue. But money is so often esteemed
as a means of enabling us to take front
seats in society, to live in better style, and
to produce a glare in the faces of other
people, that even many of those persons
who have achieved apparent 'success in
life,' are not particularly observant of
this homely virtue. We are fonder of liv-
ing up to the means, and even of living
beyond the means, than of living within
them. But the end comes at last; and
what may have seemed success, often
proves a bubble.

Fortunes are made by perseverance;
though many try to achieve them as gen-
erals do a victory—at a blow. They make
a dash at success—speculate largely and
are ready to venture every thing upon a
cast. They regard the share and stock
market as another Aladdin's Lamp—only
give it a rub, and lo! the genii are ex-
pected to come with gold at their bidding.
But unhappily the speculator as often
rubs the wrong as the right way, and
then, instead of a gain, there is a loss.
And even when there is a gain in that
manner, it does a man but little good; for,
'what is got over the ——— back'—
you know the familiar proverb well
enough, we dare say. These eager-to-be-
rich people miss the mark because of their
very eagerness. They have not the peni-
tence to wait; and De Maistre, the wise
Frenchman, says, that 'to know how to
wait, is the great means of success.'

Success in life requires the daily prac-
tice of other familiar virtues; as for in-
stance, punctuality, prudence, foresight,
caution—and yet, also, decision and en-
terprise. Let a man practice these virtues
faithfully, and he will almost infallibly
succeed in life—that is, he will succeed
in accumulating money and rising in so-
cial position.

But what avails it all unless the posses-
sion of the money makes the man better
wiser, and happier? Is not the life that
has ended merely in the accumulation of a
huge pile of gold to all intents and pur-
poses a failure, unless the man has been
thereby somewhat elevated in the dignity
of a thinking being—made more fitted to
enjoy like himself, and to communicate
blessings to others?

And here let us say, that the success of
life which is merely tested by the money
standard is an altogether false one. So far
as the virtues go which are necessary to
be practiced by a successful man of busi-
ness, they are very well, and the money
accumulated it also very good; but in it-
self it is only so much dross, unless it is
used as a means of enjoyment and useful-
ness. Thousands of men are now making
their fortunes by gold-gathering at the
Australian diggings. By late advices
from Melbourne, there is one laboring
man who, after six months digging, had
accumulated £24,000 in the bank. There
was success! But what did it amount to?
The man had accumulated as much metal
as would sell in the world's market for
the sum above mentioned.

There are thousands of other men scrap-
ing and digging in the mud and dirt,
round about Mount Alexander and Balla-
rart, who are also accumulating gold with
like rapidity, and with extraordinary suc-
cess. And the men return with their
gold, richer—abler to command the luxu-
ries of life—with more abundant means of
entering upon a career of dissipation; but
no better men, no more deserving of admi-
ration, no more worthy of esteem or ap-
plause—often, indeed, worse men, harden-

ed in heart, and corrupted in nature, be-
cause of their very wealth.

We must set up some other test than
gold, then, for true success in life. What
shall it be? In this country the posses-
sion of acres gives a man a great weight
in society; and generally it gives him a
high standing. A long rent roll and
as long a pedigree—these are the stan-
dards of success come down to us from the
feudal times. But the gatherers are com-
ing in upon these men, and buying them
out. We have successful laborers, suc-
cessful merchants, successful bankers, and
successful manufacturers, becoming large
landed proprietors, and rapidly taking the
place of the old squires and landed aristo-
cracy of the country. But this is only
the power of gold in another form; and
we must have another test besides either
breadth of acres or length of purse. As
for birth, we can all boast of that. The
pedigree of the meanest is as long as that
of the greatest. Many of us have lost
count, but we all look back to Adam. We
do not know that any nobleman can get
beyond that.

The truest test of success in life is char-
acter. Has a man built up, not a for-
tune, but a well-disciplined, well regula-
ted character? Has he acquired, not mere
gold or acres, but virtue, benevolence, and
wisdom? Is he distinguished, not for his
ingots, but for his philanthropy? That is
the only true test of a man.

Gold is every day becoming of less con-
sideration in society. There are so many
rich men already—and likely to be so
many more richer still, that the posses-
sion of mere wealth will entitle a man to
no consideration of itself, unless accom-
panied by some other more rational claims
to distinction and respect. The rules of
opinion—the men of rank in society in
this day, are most of them self-raised.
They may be rich men—that is very well
so far; but they are also men of moral
power—of scientific skill—of enlightened
judgement—and of large public spirit. It
is not the mere power of the till which
these men wield, but the power which
works in their moral character and dis-
ciplined experience. These are the strong
men in Parliament now—one of whom
was a weaver-boy, another a commercial
traveller and the third a pit-man's boy.
Yet these individuals exercise a greater
power in society than the rolls of dukes or
the bench of bishops. One has distin-
guished himself by his pen, another by
his legislative power—and the third by
his works—unrivalled in any age. These
men are embodiments of success in the
truest and highest sense.

It is personal qualities, not the accident
of birth or the accumulation of gold or
acres, which tell upon society at large.
Money is power, it is true; but so are
intelligence, public spirit, and moral vir-
tue, powers, too, and far nobler powers.
The making of a fortune may enable many
to enter the list of the fashionable and
the gentle classes, but it does no more.
To be esteemed there, they must possess
qualities of mind, manners, or heart, else
they are mere rich people—nothing more.
There are men in the city almost as rich
as Croesus, who have no consideration ex-
tended to them—who elicit no respect—
for why? They are but money-bags.
Compare them, for instance, with the
pamphleteer who gave us the penny post-
age, and how infinitely less respectable are
they? It is the same throughout soci-
ety. The men of weight—the successful
and the useful men—are not necessarily
rich men. They are men of sterling char-
acter—men of probity and moral excel-
lence. Even the poor man, though he
possesses but little of this world's
goods, may, in the self opportunities used,
and not abused—of a life spent and im-
proved to the best of his ability—look
down, without the slightest feeling of
envy, upon the mere man of worldly suc-
cess—the man of money-bags and acres.

TOUR TO THE RIVER RES- TIGOUCHE.

ATHOL HOUSE,

Restigouche County, (N. B.), July, 1853.

I have at last reached the river Resti-
gouche, which was the Mecca of my sum-
mer pilgrimage. I anticipated much, but
so beautiful a river and such a superb
mountain land, I did not expect to be-
hold in this out of the way corner of the
world. When I think of the confused
and noisy hum of business from which I
have so recently escaped, and fix my mind
upon what I see and hear in this region,
I am almost inclined to believe myself in
a land of dreams. Hardly could this be
otherwise, since there is above me a rosy
sky, around me as far as the eye can reach
blue mountains without number, and at
my feet a flood of purest emerald; while
the human voices which fall upon my
ear in kindly and pleasant words from
stranger lips, as well as the carolling of
multitudinous birds, seem attuned to the
surrounding loveliness. I am indeed de-

lighted; and so, too, are my companions,
who have already quite forgotten, in their
newly awakened feelings, the fatigue of
our long journey.

At its entrance into the Bay Chaleur,
between Point Magashua on the north
and the Bon Amie Rocks on the south,
the Restigouche, or river like a hand,
so called from having five leading tribu-
taries,) is three miles wide; and from
that point to the head of the tide, a dis-
tance of twenty miles, it maintains a
breadth, in general terms, of two miles,
thereby affording one immense haven
where the frigates of the world might
sail in perfect security. From the head
of the tide to its extreme source, near
Lake Timiscouta, the distance is two
hundred miles, and the main river,
with its tributaries, is said to drain about
six thousand square miles of territory.
The five leading branches which have
given it its name vary from fifty to seven-
ty miles in length, and are known by the
novel names of Matapediac, or *Musical
river*; Upsalquitch, or *Blanket river*;
Wetonkegewic, or *Large river*; Mis-
touche, or *Little river*; and Waagan, or
Knife river; and it is a remarkable cir-
cumstance that not one of these extensive
water-courses, though all rocky and rapid,
can boast of a single waterfall worth
mentioning. The great valley thus form-
ed, is hemmed in throughout its entire
length and breadth with lofty mountains,
which are covered to their summits by
dense forests of pine, spruce, elm, birch,
and maple, springing out of a rich soil,
and for the most part still untouched by
the grasping and mutilating hand of man,
while here and there are extensive plains
of table and interval land of rarest ferti-
lity. The scenery is everywhere both
grand and beautiful, but a grandeur de-
rived less from cliffs and chasms than
from long sweeps of outline and multitu-
dinous domes mingled with the clouds.
Sandstone, conglomerate granite or lime-
stone formation occasionally springing
up, however, to delight the eye, and their
charm are usually enhanced by being sur-
rounded with luxuriant foliage or mirror-
ed in the purest water.

But as my design is to describe the lo-
cal characteristics of the Restigouche, it
will be pleasant, both for writer and
reader, that I should turn from general-
ities or particulars; and I therefore begin
with the charming little town of Dal-
housie. It is on the south side of the
river, two miles from its mouth, and
though occupying a kind of inclined
plane, moderately elevated above the
water, commands to the eastward an ex-
tensive and unobstructive view of the Bay
of Chaleur. The prospect westward
and northward is that of a large lake
surrounded with mountains, while directly
front of it, and only a few hundred
yards from the shore are the rocky islands
lying on a line, which resemble at first
view, a trio of hugh whales on their way
up the river. Immediately in rear of the
town is a high ridge of trapp rock, called
Challefour's Hill, from which the two
water views already mentioned are seen
to the greatest possible advantage, blend-
ed together in one magnificent whole,
above which, far away to the north, loom
high into the sky the airy-like cones of
the Cracodagash and other mountains of
the district of Gaspé. Twenty-five years
ago, the spot where Dalhousie now stands
was occupied by two solitary log-cabins,
while at the present moment it contains
at least one hundred and fifty comfort-
able houses, and claims a population of
one thousand souls, the more wealthy and
enterprising of whom are from Arran.
The place derives its chief support from
the exportation of timber and fish; and
as its principal market is Great Britain,
its intimacy with the continent to which
it belongs is quite limited, and hence its
isolated and romantic character. Indeed,
this very state of things holds good in re-
gard to the entire Restigouche valley; so
that certain objects or facts, which in the
United States would be hardly worth men-
tioning, are here invested with a peculiar
interest. A ship, for example, is by no
means a very extraordinary affair in any
country; but when we come suddenly up-
on the little town of Dalhousie, located in
an alpine wilderness, and discover in its
harbor from forty to sixty square-rigged
vessels, we were somewhat surprised. We
soon learned, however, that the object of
such a fleet was quite plausible, and that
every vessel would recross the Atlantic
laden to her brim with substantial wealth.
But why this apparent rush of business
at the present time? Stern winter is the
great ruler of this land, and the winged
messengers from over the sea know too
well that their harvest time is of short
duration, so they come in flocks, and in flocks
depart. As a matter of course, therefore,
the population of Dalhousie at midsum-
mer resembles that of the hive of the hon-
ey bee, and both alike spend a quite win-
ter, and live comfortable upon the fruit of

their labors. But the foreign ships which
visit the harbor of Dalhousie, are not all
which plough its waters. Many splendid
specimens are built and equipped as well
as freighted here; and I can only say that
the men, whose enterprise is thus exem-
plified, are as intelligent, high minded, and
kind hearted strangers as they are liberal
and industrious. And then, again, the
attractions of Dalhousie in a geological
point of view are worth mentioning. Its
original Indian name was Sickadomeque,
or *the place of bright stones and many
shells*, and is itself a capital description of
the place; for on the little islands already
mentioned agates and cornelians of great
beauty abound and everywhere along the
neighbouring shores, shells, various and
rare, as well as many fossil remains, may
be gathered by the student of Nature, who
loves and can appreciate their mute but
suggestive language.

On ascending the Restigouche from
Dalhousie, whether by land or water, the
traveller will be everywhere impressed
with the manifold charms of its scenery;
and among the more prominent objects of
interest which will attract his attention,
at the respective distances above the town
of eight, twelve, and fourteen miles, will
be the several points named Aunnipik,
LeGarde, and Battery Point. Upon all of
these, as may be gathered upon the whole
inhabitants of the region, there once stood
a warlike fortification, but so long ago
that their remains were almost obliterated
by a dense growth of forest trees. The
story which they recall is this: When, in
the autumn of 1760, the French were
driven from Acadia, or Nova Scotia, the
ships in which they sailed were hotly
pursued by the British; and instead of
making their "desired haven," which
was the river St. Lawrence, they accident-
ly entered the Bay of Chaleur. The Brit-
ish pursued them as far as the mouth of
the Restigouche; but as winter was nigh
at hand, the pursuers abandoned the
chase and went to England, while the
pursued ascended the river, and built
themselves cabins upon the shore, as well
as the three fortifications already mention-
ed. Early in the following spring the
British fleet commanded by Capt. John
Byron, of Louisbourg memory, returned
from England, sailed up the Restigouche
and with one blow totally destroyed the
habitations, batteries, and vessels of the
unfortunate French. Seven skeletons of
the destroyed vessels—which numbered
some twenty-two in all—may be seen in
the bed of the Restigouche at the present
day; and other memorials of this "great
victory," in the shape of French cannons
and swords, pistols, cutlasses, military
buttons, spurs, gun barrels, bayonets, iron
pans and spoons, may be seen in the pos-
session of the older inhabitants; but the
most curious articles recently discovered
are a bottle of molasses, a small cask of
wine, and a number of iron balls, found
incased in the trunks of certain trees
growing on the bank of the river.

As the tide of good fortune was decid-
edly against France at the time in question
—for with her defeat on the Restigouche
terminated her dominion in Acadia and
Canada—and as England unquestionably
had the advantage in the affair, the result
was not to be wondered at; and yet the
victory was rendered more complete by
the heroism of a British sailor. His name
has not come down to us, but the deed he
performed was this: He was a prisoner
on board of a French ship, and while yet
the British fleet were at the mouth of the
Restigouche meditating a plan of attack, he
made his escape at night, and, with the as-
sistance of a plank, swam a distance of
sixteen miles, and having boarded one of
the ships of his country, marked out the
exact position of the enemy, and the vic-
tory immediately followed.

The next spot of interest that I would
mention is the little town of Campbellton.
It is sixteen miles from Dalhousie, and,
like that place, is on the New Brunswick
side of the river. Indeed, the two places
are astonishingly alike in many particu-
lars; for they do the same business, and
contain about the same number of inhabi-
tants, of the same character. Campbellton
has an extensive saw mill, which its rival
has not; and it also builds the greatest
number of ships, and does more business
with the lumbermen of the interior, while
Dalhousie takes the lead in the exporta-
tion of fish and timber, and in being sur-
rounded with more magnificent scenery.

The scenery around Campbellton, how-
ever, is quite novel and beautiful. Immedi-
ately in its rear, for example, is a moun-
tain, glorying in the very original name
of *Sugar-Leaf*, which, though only about
a thousand feet high, yet from its isolated
position is quite imposing. It is rocky
and destitute of trees, and so steep as to be
inaccessible excepting from one quarter,
and dangerous in that; and the view
which it commands is exceedingly fine, for
it embraces the very heart of the Resti-
gouche valley.