

people, and, besides appointing commissioners to guard their interest, have occasionally given them money, and granted them the use of valuable lands. But upon them, as a matter of course, and as the titles are not in the Indians, the whites have trespassed, cutting down their valuable timber, and occupying their most fertile grounds. What wonder, then, that they should still retain their idle and wandering habits, and frequently become familiar with suffering and wretchedness. To this, however, there are exceptions; and some of them occasionally enjoy at little civilized comfort. Excepting when addicted to intemperance, they are inoffensive and kind, and on account of their experiences in the mysteries of woodcraft, are really a very serviceable class of people.

Notwithstanding the fact that the two tribes of Indians above mentioned profess to be on the most friendly terms, and should be so in reality, it is quite evident to the careful observer that they are somewhat jealous of each other; and a curious incident apparently illustrating this has but recently occurred. Business or pleasure had brought a small party of Melicite Indians from the valley of the St. John to the Restigouche, and the meeting which took place between the visitors and the Micmacs was managed as follows: The former pulled up their canoes just before reaching the outskirts of Mission point, and, as it happened, while in full view of a small party of Micmac citizens; and while the latter walked slowly forth to extend a friendly hand, the visitors treated them with apparent indifference, and simply looked around upon the beautiful scenery, and upwards to the sky. Both parties then performed a circle in single file, approached a few yards nearer each other, and all took another look at the scenery and the sky. This movement was repeated three several times, until the parties had approached within speaking distance, when they mutually came to a halt, and looked earnestly into each other's countenances as if to read the intentions depicted there. Another circle was performed, but now only by the visitors, and a smile of recognition was exchanged; another circle, and kindly words were spoken; another still, when there followed a general and hearty shaking of hands, with much talking and laughing, and the climax was capped with a miscellaneous display in the way of embracing and kissing, and so the ceremony ended.

To expatiate scientifically upon the native language of the New Brunswick Indians is neither to my taste nor in my power, but as they have a decidedly original method of speaking the English language, I will pay the part of a reporter, and transcribe the narrative of a snuff-taking personage touching his encounter with a bear, which is as follows: "One time I go huntem moose; night come dark, rain and snow come fast; no axe for makum wigwam; gun vet, no get um fire; me very tired, me crawl into hollow tree; me find plenty room, almost begin sleep. By and by me feelum hot wind blow on my face; me know hot bear's breath. He crawl into log too; me take um gun, she no go; me think me all same gone, all eat up. Then me thinkum my old black snuff-box; me take um snuff and throw um in bear's face, and he run out; not very much like um, me guess. Me lay still all night; he no come again. Every leetle while hear cough; every time bear he go o-me-sneezum, over and over a great many times. Morning come, me fix um gun, and shoot um dead; he no more cough um sneezum."

And now, having recrossed the Restigouche from Mission Point, (at the very spot, by the way, where only a few weeks ago, four out of five poor Indians, including two women, lost their lives while crossing in a rotten canoe,) the reader will allow me the pleasure of introducing him to Athol House, a place most worthy to be loved and long remembered. The spot in question is three miles from Campbellton, and directly on the river, and consists of a large and commodious house, furnished with every possible comfort, flanked by at least two dozen outhouses, behind which is spread out a perfectly level tract of more than one thousand acres of rich and well cultivated land; while the surrounding panorama, with the several exceptions of the lake-like looking river, Mission Point, and the point occupied by Campbellton, is composed of one vast brotherhood of wild but very beautiful mountains. So far as remoteness is concerned, Athol House is to New Brunswick what the North Cape is to Norway. Here, however, there is an Arcadian atmosphere—instead of howling storm-winds and the roar of waves, we have the tinkling of cow-bells and the quiet singing of lovely streams stealing along under a canopy of reeds and sedge to the peaceful bosom of their parent river. An estate like this would attract attention in any land; but strangely, and most agreeably, indeed, does it strike the tourist when he finds it in the very heart, as it were, of a wilderness, erroneously associated in most minds with nothing but savage animals and uncouth men.

As the Athol House estate was the very first one permanently established on the Restigouche, it may be well imagined that its founder must have been a remarkable man. He was a native of the district of Athol, in Scotland, and hence the name which he gave to his estate. His own name was Robert Ferguson, and he was one of the earliest explorers and pioneers of this region, having settled here in the year 1796. He died in 1851, at the good old age of 83 years, leaving behind him, besides some ten children, his wife, Mrs. Mary Adam Ferguson, who was the first white person born in the county of Restigouche and whose strong mind—for she

is still living—is fully stored with historical and legendary lore. Mr. Ferguson came to the Restigouche county in the capacity of a fisherman, sailing his own vessels across the ocean and along the Bay of Chaleur; but having lost a couple of vessels, with their cargoes, during the war of 1812, and been carried as a prisoner to Salmon Bay by an American privateer, and fortunately released, he changed the character of his business, and spent the remainder of his days building ships, exporting lumber, and cultivating his extensive property. The artificial materials for building his house were brought all the way from Halifax and for many years after his first settlement here his nearest post office was the one at Fredericton, to which place, as well as to St. John and Halifax, he was in the habit of making a winter pilgrimage entirely on snow-shoes. His last journey to Fredericton was performed in this manner, and in obedience to a call which the government had made upon him for military services; but as they did not happen to be required at the time, he was feasted by those who admired his exalted heroism, and again, through the pathless woods and over the snow, alone and fearless, he sought his distant wilderness home.

Athol House and its estate are still in the possession of the Ferguson family, and the master spirit of the place at the present time is the eldest son, Adam Ferguson, Esq., who, in the companionship of a most intelligent, amiable, and hospitable family, consisting of his mother, a sister, and two brothers, leads here a life that even Rasselas would have envied. His chief attention is devoted to farming, and I do not remember to have seen in any part of the United States, not even in Marsfield, a greater variety of fine cattle than those which flourish under the fostering care of Mr. Ferguson. But as the Restigouche is a famous river for salmon, and as many of the best fishing stations belong to the Athol House estate, a considerable revenue is derived from this business. The fish are taken in set nets, and at every ebb tide during the summer are conveyed to the shore in canoes, and by experienced men are salted and subsequently shipped to Great Britain, or, as has of late years been the case, sold on the spot to American vessels, which have visited Campbellton for the special purpose. Mr. Ferguson informs me that in the early part of this century, his father was in the habit of capturing and exporting nearly two thousand barrels of salmon annually; but that the character of the Restigouche in this particular is rapidly changing, since he is now quite contented if he can, with the assistance of a dozen men, manage to export three hundred barrels per annum. He attributes the great falling off in their number to the spearing and netting them by the Indians and other barbarians while on their spawning beds, far beyond the settlements. And then, again, the gradual extermination of the salmon is also attributed to another cause: at the close of the autumn, as I am informed, large quantities of provisions and other supplies, intended for the various lumbering parties, are sent up the Restigouche, a distance of eighty miles or more, in large tow boats or scows, drawn by horses, and as the upper part of the river is much impeded by broad, sandy shallows, which are the favorite spawning places of the salmon the dragging of these scows over these shallows, washes away in immense quantities the precious embryo deposits of the poor fish. As a general thing, the salmon of the Restigouche are much larger than those of the Nipisiguit and Miramichi, and the fish which frequent the various tributaries are as distinctly marked by some peculiarity of form or color as are the steams themselves. In former times it took about eleven salmon upon an average, to make a barrel of two hundred pounds; but fifteen and seventeen are now required to reach the same bulk and weight. Old specimens, weighing from forty to sixty pounds, are alluded to by all the fishermen, but I have it from the lips of Mrs. Ferguson herself, that she has seen a salmon caught within a stone's throw of Athol House which weighed fifty-three pounds, and was actually blind, as she supposed, merely from old age. The first run of salmon of the Restigouche, as is also the case in the Nipisiguit, consists invariably of females, and fish of a large size; and it is said that before entering the Restigouche, they go roving for a week or two along the Bay de Chaleur, and are taken in set nets everywhere on its coasts. The facilities for taking salmon with the hook in the immediate vicinity of Athol House are not worth mentioning; but further up the main river, and especially in the tributaries, by employing the canoe and expert Indians, the industrious and fearless angler may capture them by the hundred; and with regard to trout, both the white and the common trout, he can take them in all weathers, at all times, and almost without any lures but the glistening hook. For salmon fishing, I found the small Gilmore fly of the Nipisiguit the most killing in the Restigouche.

But I must return to my excellent friend Mr. Ferguson. He tells me that he occasionally relieves the apparent monotony of his life by making a pleasure tour to England and Scotland, but that he always returns a more contented man, for he finds nothing even in fatherland which fills his heart with such a peaceful joy as the lonely valley and the beautiful mountains of his native Restigouche. I doubt that, as a mere lover of Nature, he would prefer to see no change in the present aspect of this region; but as a patriot, if not as a business man, I am confident that he feels a decided interest in prospect of the change about to be effected by the Great Halifax and Quebec railway. This work

has already been commenced, and, I am told, will be prosecuted with zeal. The distance from Halifax to Quebec by the proposed line is 635 miles; of those, 124 are in Nova Scotia, 234 in New Brunswick and 227 in Canada. It avoids the broken and lofty chain of highlands in New Brunswick, by following the level shores of the Bay Chaleurs, crosses the Restigouche near Athol House, and ascends the range of highlands north of the Restigouche by the valley of the Metapedia river and the lakes at its headwaters, by easy grades, attaining its summit level 760 feet above high water, at a point six miles north of the great Metapedia lake, from which it then descends along the valleys of different tributaries of the St. Lawrence to the Metis river, which it crosses above its mouth, and then it has a level course along the south shore of the St. Lawrence to Quebec. Of immense importance in a national point of view will be this railway to the mother country; and it cannot but do wonders in the way of developing the resources, and therefore increasing the wealth, of the several provinces through which it is to run. No lovelier or more substantial district will it pass through than that watered by the Restigouche, where the winters, though long, and airy and healthy; where fish and lumber abound to an unlimited extent; where the more important grains yield from thirty to sixty, and the invaluable potato from twenty to fortyfold, and where the people are uncommonly moral, loyal, intelligent, high-minded, and industrious. And then, if the said railroad should be preceded by some amicable commercial arrangement between the North American provinces of England and the United States—and such a one ought speedily to be made, for we are the children of one brood—then will the world, and especially the United States, enjoy the blessings, to the fullest extent, of which is now a comparative wilderness.

EUROPE.

From Willmer & Smith's European Times, September 3.

DEATH OF LIEUT.-GEN. SIR C. J. NAPIER G. C. B.—We regret to announce the death of this distinguished soldier, whose services, spread over a period of half a century, have shed no small lustre on the British arms. The melancholy event took place at his seat at Oaklands, near Portsmouth, on Monday morning, at ten o'clock. We understand he had been suffering severely from illness for some time past, and death therefore not unexpected by his friends. Few officers have seen more hard service or suffered more from the casualties of war than Sir C. Napier. He was literally covered with wounds and his hairbreadth escapes amid dangers from which he never shrunk would require a volume to enumerate. Sir Charles entered the army as ensign in Jan., 1794, and was a lieutenant in May of the same year. In 1803 he became captain, and in 1806 acquired the rank of major; was a lieutenant-colonel in 1811, colonel in 1825, a major-general in 1837, and lieutenant general in 1846. He was also colonel of the 22nd Regiment of Foot. The following is a brief list of the more important services in which he was engaged:—In 1798 he was engaged in the suppression of the Irish rebellion and again in putting down the insurrection of 1803. In the Peninsula he commanded the 50th throughout the campaign, terminating with the battle of Corunna and made prisoner after receiving no fewer than five wounds, viz., leg broken by a musket shot a sabre cut on the head a wound in the back by a bayonet, ribs broken by a cannon shot, and several severe contusions from the butt-end of a musket. In the latter end of 1809 he returned to the Peninsula, where he remained till 1811, and was present at the action of the Coa where he had two horses shot under him; at Busaco, where he was shot through the face, and had his jaw broken and eye injured; at the battle of Fuentes d'Onor at the second siege of Badajoz, and a great number of skirmishes. In 1813 he served in a floating expedition on the coast of the United States of America and landed a great number of times at Craney Island and other places. He served also in the campaign of 1815, and was present at the storming of Cambray. Sir Charles, as is well known commanded the force employed in Scinde, and, on the 17th of February, 1843, with only 2800 British troops, attacked and defeated, after a desperate action of three hours' duration, 22,000 of the enemy strongly posted at Meeanee. On the 21st of February Hyderabad surrendered to him; and on the 24th of March, with 5000 men he attacked and signally defeated 20,000 of the enemy posted in a very strong and difficult position at Dubba, near Hyderabad thus completing the entire subjugation of Scinde. Early in 1845, with a force consisting of about 5000 men of all arms he took the field against the mountain and desert tribes situated on the right bank of the Indus to the north of Shikarpore, and after an arduous campaign effected the total destruction of these robber tribes. In 1849 Sir Charles was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India but this position he did not long retain. For his services at Corunna he received the gold medal, and also the silver war medal, with two clasps, for Busaco and Fuentes d'Onor. Long and arduous as his military services had been, he found time for the more peaceful pursuits of literature, and was the author of a work on the colonies, on colonisation, and military law, &c. Sir Charles was born in 1782, and consequently was seventy one years of age.

The gallant general expired under the old colours of the 22nd Regiment; for his son-in-law, Major M'Murdo, seized those glorious relics from the corner of the chamber and fastened them to the head of his bedstead before breathing ceased. The col-

ony of another regiment, the 22nd Cheshire Foot now falls to the disposal of Lord Hardinge.

FRIDAY'S MAIL.

CANADA.

Thomas Cary, Esquire, Proprietor of the Mercury, has politely favored us with a telegraphic despatch, which he has received this morning from his son now in Montreal, intimating that Colonel Hogarth and Captain Cameron of the 26th Regiment have been arrested and held to bail in the sum of £2000 each on an account of charges against them growing out of the 9th of June massacre and that Mr. Wilson's resignation of the Mayoralty has been accepted by two thirds majority vote of the City Council.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF MIRAMICHI.

Arrived on Tuesday last, schr. Villager, Watt, Halifax.

PORT OF RICHIBUCTO.

ENTERED, September 1—brig Competitor, Trefry, Boston, Holderness; s-srs Primrose, Jones, Pictou, Coal, do.; Mary, Forna, Quebec, Flour, Caie.  
2—schr Swift, Le Blanc, Des Brisay.  
7—Norwegian ship Christiana, Olser, Boston, Holderness; Norwegian brig Washington, Telson, New York, do.  
17—brig Doctor, Forbes, Halifax, Holderness; schr Pandora, McNeil, P. E. Island, fish, W. S. F. Caie.

CLEARED—September 1, ship W. Ward, Belfast, Deals, W. S. Caie; French brig Adelaide, London, Deals, Des Brisay; brig Anne, Jones, Liverpool, Deals & Salmon, W. S. Caie; ship Mary Ann, Lightbody, Belfast, Deals and Timber, Des Brisay.  
8—schr. Mary, Forna, Quebec; Swift, Le Blanc, do.  
17—brig Washington, Telson, Hull, Deals, Holderness.

The wreck "Enrecheden" purchased by L. P. W. Desbrisay, was got off on Wednesday last, and towed up to his Wharf by the Steamer Enterprise.

PORT OF QUEBEC—Cleared, September 12, schr. Bibienne, Miramichi & Arichat; 12, do, Bathurst. Entered for loading, 12th, Martha Sophia, Dalhousie; St. Patrick, do

1000 VOLUMES.

The Subscriber, grateful to the inhabitants of Chatham, Newcastle, Douglastown, and their vicinities, for their very liberal support during his former visit to those places, begs most respectfully to announce that he has taken part of MR. LETSON'S AUCTION ROOMS for his Book Store (for a few days), and offers for Sale, a large and splendid assortment of Books, lower even than his former low rates, consisting of Theological, Historical, Poetical, and all the various departments of reading, Family Bibles, Prayer Books, Dictionaries, Novels, and many standard works, (Music in great variety), Engravings, Stationery, as well as many fancy and useful articles belonging more particularly to his line of business.

Owing to the want of time, Catalogues of them could not be prepared, but they are arranged carefully, and persons desirous of examining them will please call as they are now ready for inspection.

N. B. A great assortment of School Books and French Works.

Please observe the above are offered at private sale.

JOHN BOWES.

Chatham, September 24, 1853.

ENGLISH COAL.

The Subscribers offer for sale the Cargo ex Argus from South Shields, consisting of

SUPERIOR HOUSE COAL.

Superior Small COAL for Blacksmiths.

DUNCAN & LOCH.

Newcastle, September 14, 1853.

GLOUCESTER.

The ANNUAL PLOUGHING MATCH and CATTLE SHOW, of the Gloucester County Agricultural Society, will take place at Bathurst, on TUESDAY, the 4th day of October next. Ploughmen must be on the ground at half-past ten o'clock, and all the Animals must be recorded, and placed in their respective stalls, at not later than 11 o'clock.

WILLIAM NAPIER, Secretary Bathurst, September 13, 1853.

JUST RECEIVED.

EX SCHOONERS ST ANDRE & ELLEN FROM QUEBEC.

100 Barrels fresh Quebec Flour for Family use.

Oat Meal, Prime Mess Pork, Butter, Soda & Sweet Crackers.

ALSO

A large Consignment of mens and womens Boots & Shoes, Childrens & Youths do. do.

About 50 Cases in great variety, which will be sold at little over cost and charges, by the Case.

W. A. LETSON.

Chatham, September 10, 1853.

NOTICE TO FARMERS, &c.

Persons having Hides, Skins, Tallow and Butter, or either of those articles to dispose of, will find a ready sale for them, (for Cash,) at the Chatham Auction Room.

WM. LETSON, Commission Agent and Chatham, August 12, 1852. Auctioneer.

W. A. LETSON.

Agent for the Sale of DR. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC CURATIVES, has now received a new supply comprising

GALVANIC FELTS.

Do. BRACELETS,

Do. NECKLACES,

And also the

Magnetic Fluid & Plaster.

all these afflicted with Rheumatism, and Nervous affections, are politely invited to call, and supply themselves with these invaluable Curatives.

Chatham, August 18, 1853.

NOTICE.

All persons having any just claims, against the Estate of the late CHRISTOPHER WISHART, late of the Parish of Newcastle, Merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, to the Subscriber, within Three Months, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to RICHARD HUTCHISON, Administrator. Douglastown, 6th August, 1853.

Communications.

THE FISHERIES.

"The noblest study of mankind is man" is a beautiful idea, when we contemplate him as a superior being, created after the image of his Maker—endowed with the noblest faculties, strong, daring, confident of his own power to will and to do—great in action—noble in sentiment—the untiring benefactor of his own as well as future generations. Such men are indeed worthy of contemplation. But, when we see all these attributes of the master mind, prostituted to the vilest and meanest purposes—when we see the Orator and Statesman descending to the level of the common herd—courting popularity by catering to the vitiated tastes and passions of the dregs of humanity—when we see, that mighty engine of good or evil, the public press, fanning the flame of discord, and descending from its proud eminence to wallow in the mire—we turn from the picture in disgust, being forcibly reminded of Milton's description of the Fallen Angels! And such were our feelings after perusing some extracts from the speech of no less a personage than the Honorable Caleb Cushing, Attorney General of the United States, delivered at Newark, New Jersey. Verily Mr. Cushing you are a very nice man for an Attorney General for the Sovereign Republic—and we think that *Caliban the Crushing* would be a more becoming name, for a man of your metal, than that which you rejoice in. You are evidently a true believer in predestination.

"The destiny of modern Rome." "To illuminate the whole of this mighty Continent."—By fire and sword we presume, and to annex all and every portion thereof to the Stars and Stripes. The former will shine but dimly in the attempt, we anticipate, the *Stripes* being more likely to be in the ascendant.

According to *Caliban the Crushing's* forecast of Columbia's destiny, even this mighty Continent will not satiate the rapacity of the Yankee Eagle.—Nothing short of the whole world will suffice—For "The Divine voice has said march, march, march, onward, upward, so long as there remains a celestial height in the infinite regions of greatness which it is possible for human power to scale." Grand, beautiful, sublime! We have read a little in our day—We have heard all the great Orators that have led the van of battle in debate, both in the Lords and Commons of Old England, during the last thirty years—but, this is immeasurably beyond all that we have read or heard. The mighty genius of a Canning or a Brougham sinks into insignificance, when compared with such transcendent bursts of electrifying eloquence, and Sidney Smith's blasting satires on American repudiation are mere milk and water, when tested by such a spirit-stirring rhapsody. Ye shades of Fox and Pitt hide your lilyputian heads, and bow before the altar of destiny.—Yours, was indeed a happy one, to have lived and died ere modern Rome had produced the mastermind of Caleb Cushing. Even this neither world is not sufficient to satiate the inordinate ambition of this modern Demoneus. The National Eagle must soar into celestial height, and gather beneath his wide-spread wings the myriads of Planets which float in the infinite regions of boundless space.

There is little of the fanciful in our composition, we are more disposed to deal with realities than fiction, but the creative fancy of our Yankee Orator has awakened within us our hitherto sluggish and dormant imagination, and peering through the dark vista of futurity, we see not the mere march, march, march, but the far more rapid flight of the bird of Jove, holding between his sharp talons the thunderbolts of Heaven—ready to launch eternal devastation throughout the length and breadth, the depth and height of all creation—and the heretofore mighty Nations of the European Hemisphere, crouching in abject supplication, at the foot of the reeking altars of Columbia's destiny! *Sic transit gloria mundi!* That will indeed be the *annus mirabilis*, when we see the heretofore rampant British Lion, crouching submissively beneath the fluttering but all powerful wings of the American Condor.

Then we have "those battle fields of Mexico"—the march, march, march, of an *invincible destiny*—where modern Rome has eclipsed all the feats of arms that were ever compassed by the invincible Legions of the mighty Caesar. Napoleon or Wellington were mere novices in the art of war, when compared to the gold like heroes of modern Rome. Austerlitz or Waterloo are poor tame common place affairs, when placed in juxtaposition with those battle fields of Mexico! Who and what thou mighty *Caliban* were the Legions which thus vanished before the mere shadow of your destiny? The *invincible velle garde* of Napoleon, of whom it was said of their great leader—that they fell weltering in their blood but yielded not—were such the men you met on those battle-fields of Mexico—Nay, But a barbarous, undisciplined, ill-fed, horde—unprovided with the important materiel of war. Such were the men you conquered. When you can boast that modern Rome has routed in many a battle field the well trained armies of such Nations as France, Russia, or Austria—then and then only will we become converts to your prophetic invincible destiny.

As Britons we glory far more in *Albion's* real liberty—in the £20,000,000 sterling paid joyfully, by an already over tax-