

THE GLEANER:

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

[Old Series]

NEC ABANEARUM SANI TEXTUS IDEO MELIOR. QUIA EX SE FILA GIGNUNT, NEC MORTER VILIOR QUIA EX ALIENIS LIBANUS UT APES.

[Comprised 13 Vols.]

NEW SERIES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 28, 1853

VOL. XII.

LITERATURE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE SEASONS.

The changing seasons, as they pass o'er the earth,
Rearing bloom, brightness, beauty, and decay,
The Winter's chill, the Summer's festive mirth,
The Autumn's sadness, and Spring's verdure gay;
These all are imaged in the inner world,
In the mind's unknown depths their shadows lie,
As a clear lake, by careless breeze uncurled,
Reflects the changes of the varying sky.

Hope is the Spring-time of the soul, when life
Wakes into beauty, blossoms scent the air,
And give the promise of a season rich
With Nature's choicest bounties rich and rare.

Joy is the Summer, when the hope fulfilled,
Gladdens the mind, and bids all care depart,
Beams in the eye, and, with rich pleasure thrilled,
Sunshine and music overflow the heart.

Memory is Autumn, shedding softened light
O'er the dear scenes of other happy years,
Robing e'en sadness in a lustre bright,
And decking mirth with half regretful tears.

Sorrow is Winter, when the flowers die,
The leaves are scattered by the wind's rude breath,
And white and pure the fallen snow flakes lie
O'er field and valley, like the robe of death.

It may be that some tender floweret hides,
In its warm covert, 'neath the mantling snow;
Thine eye perchance some stray'g sunbeam guides
To look on high, from these drear realms below;

Thus sorrow keeps some germ of future good,
To bloom in beauty of some happier day;
Thus light from heaven, in thy gloomy mood,
Sheds o'er thy spirit its inspiring ray.

And as the sunshine melts the Winter's snow,
So hope's bright rays revive the drooping heart;

As Spring's young buds in fresher beauty glow,
So joy awakes, and grief and care depart,
And if not here the Winter's chains are riven,
There is a land where they will melt away—
Perpetual Spring and Summer dwell in heaven,
And Autumn's brightness freed from its decay.

TOUR TO THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE.

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

But the attractions and agreeable associations of Athol House are not yet half told. Located, as it is, upon the outskirts of civilization, its doors are not often opened by the hands of travellers; but when such do happen along they are invariably welcomed in the most hospitable manner. Fortunately for myself and party, the letters of introduction which we brought were from Sir Edmund Head and other valued friends, and the great kindness with which we have consequently been treated by Mr Ferguson, and the lady members of his household can never be forgotten; not only have we been feasted in a princely manner, but everything has been done that could be done to have us see every object of interest peculiar to the place. As time and chance determined, we have glided to and fro, in a beautiful sailboat, over the bosom of the Restigouche—now visiting the Indians at Mission Point, and then the wrecks and other objects of historical interest—rambled along the gravelly shores of the river, gathering pebbles, and shells, and curious plants—mounted good horses and threaded mountain paths to enjoy the most charming scenery—and attended woodland festivals, to which neighbors and friends were invited to meet us, and among whom were some of the most agreeable ladies and gentlemen we have ever known. But with regard to my individual movements, however, they have had for their object the picking up of local information, and of course I have spent the greater part of my time with Mr Ferguson.

In speaking of the Arran settlers on the Restigouche, he told me that they were not only the most numerous, but also the most industrious, frugal, and religious portion of the community, and that the love of country, which had once bound their hearts to their island home, had been to some degree, transferred to their adopted mountain land. Indeed, a very large portion of the present population have only a traditional idea of fatherland; but though remarkable for high-toned morality, they are not quite so scrupulous as was the first pair who settled here, and of whom the following circumstance is related: They crossed the ocean as lovers and when the time appointed for their marriage arrived, they looked about for a clergyman of their own persuasion to perform the ceremony, but no such indispensable individual could be found. A justice of the peace and a Roman Catholic missionary were at hand, but neither of these would answer. The only alternative that suggested itself was to cross the wilderness to the mouth of the Miramichi where the right kind of clergyman was known to be located. The distance was two hundred miles, and it was mid-winter. Their

minds were made up, however, and they could brook no delay. Whereupon, they secured the services of a friend who was to accompany them, and on snow-shoes performed their necessary journey. It took them fourteen days, and their only food was that which they carried with them, and their only sleeping places hollows made in the deep snow. And the descendants of that courageous pair now number one hundred souls. But stumbling blocks to a matrimonial life are not peculiar to the times of old. I am informed that many months have not elapsed since another Arran couple, who wished to become united in the happy bands, but could not decide in which of the two provinces they ought to be married, New Brunswick or Canada, entered a canoe, accompanied by a minister, and sailing to the centre of the Restigouche, which they considered a neutral ground, where there made husband and wife, according to law, and their ideas of propriety.

But I have been particularly interested in some incidents mentioned by Mr Ferguson, touching the natural history of this locality, and which I believe are new. The fish, for example, which ascend the Restigouche during their proper seasons are very numerous; and to illustrate this fact, the oldest inhabitants will tell you that small black whales have been stranded in full view of Athol House; and that during the more severe winters, even the cod fish will sometimes leave the deep waters of the Bay de Chaleur, and ascend the Restigouche to a point where it is so shallow that the Indians spear them through the ice; which, by the way, until covered with snow, is usually so clear that the fish may be seen swimming about near the bottom. Now, when we remember the natural antipathy of the above mentioned fish to fresh water, the why and wherefore of their journeying up the Restigouche are questions for the naturalist to settle. If we could imagine them lovers of fine scenery and of pleasant people, we should not then be surprised at their wayward wanderings. In the way of birds, especially the larger kinds, which are undoubtedly drawn hither by the numerous fish, there are to be found here a very great variety. Among them is that mysterious and poetical creature, the Great Northern Diver, whose mournful and wolfish wailing is so closely identified with dark and tranquil waters, and grand old hills, with silence and solitude; whose supposed spirit is feared and venerated by the red man; and whose matted feathers accomplish so much good in keeping warm the hunters of the North. The eagle, too, and the fish-hawk, are also abundant; but more numerous than all are the crows which build their nests on almost every rocky watchtower on the river. But Mr Ferguson tells me that at mid-winter they have one particular congregating place, which is on the ice, about a mile from Athol House.

What brings them together has never been discovered; but that they meet at stated times, and by appointment, seems perfectly apparent. Thousands upon thousands will assemble in the course of one hour, and when seen standing along in rows, or walking about, and keeping their mouths closed, they positively appear to be transacting business of the greatest importance. Who among men can question the possibility of their being the transformed spirits of the poor French people who perished here by fire and sword in the olden time, and who are preparing to revenge their wrongs by flocking to the standard of the *modern bourbon* and mastering the world? A 'wild goose' chase indeed they might have it, but that would not prevent me from mentioning a singular fact or two respecting the wild geese of the Restigouche. For three or four weeks during the spring and autumn they visit this locality in immense numbers, and instead of conducting themselves like silly birds, they habitually display a great deal of sagacity. For example: they can discover, long before any human eye, the approach of a storm, which they always herald by a peculiar mode of flying, accompanied by a scream. While on their journeys they are always seen formed into a wedge-like phalanx, the larger and more powerful bird invariably taking the lead, while the duty of thus clearing the air is divided among the noble fellows, and the ceremony of changing places is said to be exceedingly beautiful and graceful; and then it is that the leader, ambitious of his temporary station, utters the cheering and reiterated cry; his loud but simple clarion, answered by the yielding ranks, dispels the gloom of solitude through which they laboriously wander to uncertain and perhaps hostile lands. But, alas! as among men, the shining marks are too often the first to suffer; for in shooting them the Indians always first fix their arrows or guns upon the leader. To this we cannot perhaps object, but the

habit of killing these poor creatures by torch-light is indeed abominable. The French hunters, as well as the Indians, are generally the depredators in this business. They seek the lonely haunts of geese in their canoes, and with the blinding torch in one hand, and a club in the other, sometimes kill more birds than their canoes will hold; and it is a singular fact that on the spot where such a slaughter has once occurred not a single member of the family or the race has ever been subsequently seen. Although the Restigouche is only a periodical resting place for the birds in question, there is one reedy and sedgy island, not far from Athol House, where a small colony, some twenty years ago, were in the habit of building their nests and rearing their young. When discovered, however, their nests were wantonly robbed of their eggs and then destroyed.

For ten years thereafter not a single bird of the kind was seen in that locality, when a Scotchman, who was fishing in the vicinity, was startled by a hissing noise, which seemed to come from the tops of a few drip trees. He investigated the matter, and to his astonishment, found that the said trees contained about a dozen nests, and that in each nest was seated a matronly goose. Now, the deductions to be drawn from this fact are left to the naturalist. But the manner in which wild geese take their departure for the south, after a sojourn of a few weeks, has also been described to me as very interesting. For several days before their departure they were seen flying about in immense circles, calling to each other in loud tones, while the larger birds are not only the most active, but also shout louder than their fellows, like generals marshaling and encouraging their forces for a great battle; and so indeed they do, for the long way which they must soon travel will round at times with the artillery of the air, and be found to be beset with many a storm of wind and rain. And now, the departure of the birds brings up the thought that I am myself a sojourner at Athol House, and must be again upon the wing.

One word more, and that shall be about one of my favorite lovers of the wilderness. His name is Peter Campbell, and his parents reside in the immediate neighborhood of Athol House. He was born on Prince Edward Island, and in twenty-five years of age. He was brought up in a counting house; but becoming tired of that confining employment, and having a passion for the arts of the chase, he went alone on a hunting expedition to the island of Anticosta, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He was successful in killing game, and the furs he had collected were sent to Quebec, and brought him a handsome sum of money. With this he purchased a schooner, filled it with supplies from Quebec, engaged the service of four Indians, and returned to his Island hunting-grounds. He made more money, and with it purchased the pleasant home which his parents now occupy, and which he annually visits to make them happy, and fortify his energies for the fatiguing but most romantic life of a hunter, which he still continues to lead. According to his account, the island of Anticosta is one hundred miles long, twenty wide, skirted with rocks; is covered with woods; contains no more than half a dozen small log cabins, and one light-house; has a cold but pleasant and healthful climate, and bounds in the bear, the martin, the sable, the beaver, the otter, the black cat, the black fox, the wolf, and the moose, and, better far than all, in the peerless salmon.

The tide-waters of the Restigouche terminate about two miles above Athol House at which point the river narrows considerably, and is filled with about fifty very beautiful islands, covered with a luxuriant growth of maple and elm, and interspersed with poplar and other trees, which during the summer, fill the air for miles around with a delightful fragrance. These islands afford a fine pasturage for the cattle of the neighbouring settlers, while at night, a novel and spirit-like effect is often produced among their shady nooks by the torches of the Indians, who habitually spear salmon among them, on every night that the air is calm; and from the maple trees which predominate upon them, the Indians obtain their chief supplies of wholesome sugar. That portion of the Restigouche, extending from the above-mentioned islands to its fountain-head, waters a tract of country eminently rich in timber, mineral wealth, and charming scenery. Narrow strips of flat land occasionally appear, along which are a few industrious settlers, chiefly employed in the lumbering business, whose doors are ever open to the traveller, and whose humble boards are ever spread with the best of potatoes and game.

For the most part, however, the valley is, uninhabited, and its natural solitude

seems only to be enhanced by the cack of the axe during the winter, and during the summer, by the occasional shouting of the lumbermen while driving their timber and logs along the windings of the river, and down its impetuous rapids. In a picturesque point of view, however, that portion of the river is the most interesting where it forces its way through the great chain of mountains which give birth alike to all the streams of New Brunswick and those of the United States emptying into the Atlantic. Here, the eagle, unmolested, builds its nest upon the high cliffs, the bear and black cat secret themselves in caves and rocky fissures, and the salmon, fearless and free, reflects the sunshine in the deepest and darkest of pools.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

MANY of the English newspapers have of late devoted a column or more to what they designate 'American Newspaper Wit and Oddities.' We commend to them the subjoined extract from the Prospectus of a weekly newspaper to be called 'The Sociolager,' which some enterprising printer in the flourishing city of Salt, in the state of Kenawha, has proposed to publish in the first year of the Piercean reign, being the year of the 'Big Lick' campaign. That 'Programme of Principles' is arranged in order under appropriate heads:

LOCAL MATTERS.—We are in favor of the construction of a wire-suspension-bridge across the river at this place; the funds for that object to be raised by a tax on *Female Beauty* in this county, allowing them to make the estimate.

'We are in favor of a thorough *School Reform*. The present system is entirely too-old-fashioned for the present age. We must have schools which we can rely upon in learning our daughters to speak French with fluency, walk Spanish, and faint in the most graceful manner described in our fashionable novels.

'We must have a school where our sons can learn to smoke, chew tobacco, drink champagne, sport a very stiff standing collar, and sit up late at night, in the 'most approved style.'

'He's taken too much Rum,' is the caption to a rough piece of verse which we find in a fat-western paper, pointed with all the bad orthography and typographical blunders with which the writer originally jotted it down. It seems to us however, to embody too much truth, and too forcibly expressed, to be 'made fun of.' So at least we must have thought when we placed it among the contents of our multifarious 'Drawer.' We restore it to a correct orthography, and venture to print it, for its 'moral,' if for nothing else. It runs as follows:

'A grief-worn mother silent sat,
Beside her little son,
When thus began his childish chat,
And soon attention won.

'Why, mother dear, why do you weep?
Why don't my father come?
'Alas! my child, it is because
He's taken too much rum!'

'Why is his nose so often red?
His eyes with water run?
'The reason is—it must be said—
He's taken too much rum!'

'The winter winds, they make us cold,
The house has poor become;
We want for old shoes, we want for shoes,
'He's taken too much rum!'

'Why does our farm no bread-corn grow?
Why all with thorns o'errun?
'The reason is—said is the truth—
He's taken too much rum!'

'SPEAKING OF BONES,' says a victim to one of the species, 'I can scarcely imagine one capable of inflicting more misery than an intolerable whistler. I can stand a life, when all the nation is 'armed and equipped' on training days, and a drum with its 'flang, flang,' serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a poor air, badly murdered by a poorer pucker, I prefer death in some easier, if not quicker way. I always think of the French stage-coach driver, who being very much annoyed by such a bore turned upon him with:

'Mine frien', vat you all do times visel? You loss your dog, eh?'

These are the days for 'Pleas' of all kinds: 'pleas' for women's rights; 'pleas' for the poor, for the criminal, for the young, and for the tempted; but the annexed 'plea' is somewhat out of the order of 'common-pleas.' It is entitled,

'A PLEA FOR EGGS.'

'Be gentle to those laid eggs,
For eggs are brittle things;
They cannot fly until their hatch'd,
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,

The wrong you can't redress:
The 'yolk' and white will all run out,
And make a dreadful mess!

'Tis but a little while at best,
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may added be,
That are quite fresh to-day.
O, let the touch be very light,
That takes them from the keg;
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!'

From the Hamilton Canadian.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

OUR obliging contemporary of the Spectator, to whom we are indebted for a multitude of good things, having lately directed our attention to this subject, a few moments reflection brought us to the conclusion that we had, through sheer ignorance of the matter, been all along neglecting one of the most important duties of the editorial chair in Canada; and that both the interests of the Newspaper publisher and the interests of a large and influential class of his readers are ultimately associated with advertising. This is a discovery, and the result of it will be a series of short essays on 'the Philosophy of Advertising.'

It is generally acknowledged by those who are acquainted with the subject, that advertising is the life of a newspaper; or, in other words, it is the only branch of business that pays, and enables the publisher to keep his paper in existence; as it is frequently asserted that no probable extent of circulation in Canada, and at Canadian prices, could enable a man to live by publishing a newspaper without any advertising patronage. Be this as it may, it is at least certain that no political paper in this Province at present, has a circulation that would enable its publisher to continue it without advertisements, and in many instances, more than one half of his whole income is derived from his advertising columns.

The subject of advertising is, therefore, of the first importance to the publisher and proprietor. But it must also be important to some other parties; otherwise it could not be continued. Experience and observation, however, establish the fact that it is of the highest importance, in a pecuniary point of view, to every man who has got merchandise or property to dispose of. Were there no other evidence of the value of advertising in procuring an extensive market for articles, the case of the quack, or 'patent medicine' vender, would alone be sufficient to prove all that is necessary. Many of these gentlemen spend annually some hundreds of pounds in advertising one single simple medicine. It may be good, or it may be bad; but its extraordinary virtues are published in every newspaper, and are read by almost every body who can read; and through this publicity alone, a quantity of the medicine is sold sufficient to not only pay for the hundreds of pounds' worth of advertisements, but also, in some instances, to realise a handsome fortune to the patentee.

Our readers must be aware of several instances of this kind. It has been said that Morrison and Mead, of London, in England, pay annually, for printing and advertising, upwards of two thousand pounds sterling,—all to give publicity to the miraculous efficacy of 'Morrison's Pills';—and from the sale of this single medicine, they have accumulated ample fortunes. Now, there can be no doubt whatever that, only for this printing and advertising, 'Morrison's Pills' might have inhabited the 'Hygeian College of Health,' and lain upon the shelves of all the Apothecaries of Europe for ages, without obtaining a sale that would have paid for one half year of the advertising.

But the evidence of the advantages of advertising is not confined to quackery; in every city, and in almost every town, there are to be found some respectable merchants who have found out the secret, and who derive one half of their business through the influence of the newspaper and placard. And if we examine the business of these men, we will find that their most profitable investments are the sums paid annually to the Printer!

A merchant of some standing in the mercantile community of Canada lately informed us, that he had been twenty years in business in the same place he is at present—that during the last three years he has spent one hundred pounds a year in printing and advertising, and that in comparing these years with his former progress, and with the success of his neighbours in the same line of business, who do not advertise extensively, commands an extensive business. A great deal of the affairs of life is made up of flourish; and a flourishing placard, or circular, or advertisement, is by the great bulk of the purchasing populace, received