

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 LIBAMUS UT APES.

[Comprised 13 Vols.

NEW SERIES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 5, 1853

VOL. XII.

LITERATURE.

TOUR TO THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE

Matis, Lower Canada, July, 1853.

The land-route across the peninsula of Gaspé was formerly known to the Indians and French as the Metis portage, but is now called the Kempt road, after the colonial governor, through those instrumentalities it was opened about twenty years ago. The objects of this road were to afford facilities for carrying the English mail between Halifax and Quebec, and to facilitate the settlement of the Restigouche and its tributaries. It was laid out and built after the turnpike fashion, but having been for some unaccountable reason entirely neglected by the government of Canada ever since the day of its completion until the present time, it is entirely overgrown with a new generation of trees and it is but little better than a common Indian trail. It crosses some three or four spurs of high mountains and several beautiful rivers, all in a state of Nature, also here and there a peat bog, and a tamarack swamp runs along the entire length of the several Matapedia lakes, and is enlivened by three log-cabins—houses of entertainment.

On looking about, after one unsuccessful voyage up the Matapedia, for a suitable person to pilot us across the portage, I was referred to George Dickson as the only person who could, and probably would, convey us to the St. Lawrence. I found that he lived on the road, about eight miles from the Restigouche, and kept the first of the three public houses already mentioned. We journeyed to the point with little difficulty, passing two or three clearings, and a small river that was fearfully clear, and full of small trout. We found Mr Dickson glad to see us, and willing to help us. He informed us that our first stage beyond this house must be performed in one day, or we be subjected to camp out; and that we must spend that night with him, and he would get all things ready for an early start on the following morning. To this proposition we of course assented, and then, with our minds at ease, we proceeded to ascertain where we are, and who were our new friend. We found that our stopping-place was a double log cabin, with a good barn near it, located in the centre of five or six highly cultivated fields, on the summit of the mountain. On looking abroad we could not see a single vestige of civilization, but only wild mountains upon mountain, propping the circle of the sky, and no signs of water, excepting a very narrow but most charming view of the distant Restigouche, which resembled a lonely mountain lake. All the green crops of the neighbouring village were, on this mountain farm, in a flourishing condition and a better, neater, or more enjoyable supper was never eaten than that with which we terminated the rambles of the afternoon.

But a good supper, an hour's conversation in front of a wilderness fire place with a tidy and intelligent family of ladies, and a refreshing sleep, were not the only things which the travellers to Matis enjoyed in the Dickson cabin. Of more permanent value was the information I picked up respecting our host and the highway—literally speaking—of which he is the overseer. Mr Dickson is a Scotchman, and as plain, honest, hard-working, intelligent, and kind-hearted a man as ever crossed the ocean. He was chain-carrier to the surveying party that laid out the Kempt road, and when the mail-route was established, he was appointed the chief and only manager of all its affairs, and has continued in the position ever since, for which duty he receives some two hundred and fifty pounds currency per annum, and to which he has naturally added that of carrying over the road the few passengers who annually seek the St. Lawrence by this channel. In former times he was himself the postman, but that arduous duty is now performed by his deputy or assistant, a handsome and smart Acadian, named Noble. And this forest mail carrier very well deserves the name in which he glories, for his powers of endurance, as I am told, are certainly of a high order. Twice in every week, from the beginning to the end of the year, does he pass on foot over the route from Dickson's house to Matis, fearing neither the heats of summer nor the snows of winter, and always unattended excepting by the three dogs which, in tandem fashion drag the mail-bag behind him lashed in a tiny cart or upon runners. For about one-half the year he performs the journey upon snow-shoes, and at certain places along the route he has his caches where necessary food is periodically deposited, bread and pork for himself, and when obtainable, horse flesh for his dogs, which they devour in enormous quantities. For

seventeen years has the royal mail of England been thus conveyed across the wilderness under the superintendence of Mr Dickson; and, if I remember rightly he told me that in all that time it had never been robbed or failed in being promptly conveyed to its destination. He stated that the dangers which the postman sometimes experienced from wild beasts and winter storms were truly alarming, and that the wear and tear of so much toil upon their constitutions were so great that very few of them could endure more than a seige of two years. And he further informed me that during the coldest weather his men were usually far more anxious about their snow-shoes than about their clothing, and that all such shoes were condemned as utterly useless by them when not made of yellow, birch wood and moose hide, and did not measure just exactly four feet and two inches in length. The snow in this region usually falls about six feet on a level, but sometimes drifts to the height of fifty feet, and it is in travelling over this foundation that the snow-shoes are so serviceable, and in fact indispensable; and the speed usually accomplished by an expert man is six miles an hour. The natural speed of the dogs would take them on with a mail bag weighing from sixty to eighty pounds three times as rapidly, and this is the reason why the postman always precedes his animals; and Mr Dickson tells me that the very best dog for winter travelling now in his possession is one that has been upon the road for eight years, and is totally blind. The sagacity of these dogs is also represented as remarkable. Seeming to know the full value of the mail entrusted to them, when once attached to their sledge or cart they never allow a stranger even to touch the bag or the conveyance, and would tear to pieces any man or wild beast that should assault their master. And what is more, these dogs seem to enjoy their business of carrying the mail as if it were only a kind of sporting.

But the day is breaking, and Mr Dickson has summoned us to an early breakfast. This is speedily despatched, when the ladies are packed and partially strapped in a small but stout cart, drawn by two well-trained, sure-footed horses, one before the other, which are to be led by Mr Dickson, while our luggage is placed in another similar cart, but without any seat, so that the manager of this cart and the deponent, like Mr Dickson, have the privilege of travelling on foot. Our heads are all enveloped in thick veils to keep off the black flies and mosquitoes, which promise to be particularly tormenting, which precaution will be rendered most serviceable by sprinkling upon said veils occasionally a few drops of turpentine from a small vial which Mr Dickson carries in his vest pocket. A hearty good morning and a pleasant journey come to us from the members of the household, and we are on our winding way.

Down in the little vale, and nothing is to be seen on every side but a dense forest. Slowly and steadily we now begin to climb a mountain side. Our pathway is not visible, but we know that if the leading horse attached to the baggage-cart can find a foot-hold we can follow on with confidence. Over our heads the trees come together and form a most refreshing canopy—the ladies, delighted with the novelty of their situation, are plucking blossoms and the twigs of curious bushes, which seem to lean forward as if too happy to be handled by stranger hands, although thickly gloved; while I ahead or in the rear, drive dull care away with an uncouth song, or tramp along by the side of our commodore, asking him questions and listening to his stories of the woods. Higher and higher, when lo! our eyes take in at a single glance a boundless sea of mountains, those of the far-off Tobique and St. John, lordling it over our fellows in the south, and Shacksheok range looming ambitiously into the northern sky. Down, down, and we halt upon a bridge to water our horses, drink a cup of liquid amber, deepened only a shade or two by artificial means, and to light a cigar, while one of the party takes a hasty sketch of the torrent beneath, which now rushes out of our sight on its way through an unknown land. Another hill do we climb, another valley cross, and others upon others do we compass at the same slow pace, until we halt at noon upon a bridge spanning a strange but beautiful stream called Aswagugan, where we tarry to feed our horses and enjoy the substantial contents of our portal larder. Two lofty hills rise almost perpendicularly within a few hundred yards of us, down one of which an avalanche has made a perfectly smooth pathway, and between which blows a fresh breeze, whereby the flies are driven away, and for a brief time we enjoy the luxury of breathing with unveiled faces. A clean white cloth is spread upon the

flooring of the bridge, and when covered with cold tongue and ham, and other Athol House substantial, presents a most tempting picture to a hungry man, but not sufficiently so to prevent the angler of the expedition from first throwing a fly in a neighbouring pool and capturing a dozen or two of the spotted beauties, when his dinner is eaten with a clear conscience; for surely it would never do for a true angler to turn a deaf ear to the singing of a stream like the Aswagugan.

But who are these coming down the pathway of the avalanche, resembling an aged Indian with a pack of furs upon his back, and accompanied by a boy, who would fain break bread with us on the bridge? Surely, as music has power to soothe the savage breast, it is an Italian organ-grinder accompanied by his son! Five months ago he left his boyhood's home in the shadow of the Apennines; three months ago he was playing 'There is no place like Home' in the rotundo of the Astor House, New York; and three weeks ago, from the lower portion of the city of Quebec, was echoing, with his machine, 'God save the Queen,' as it pealed sweetly in the evening air from the plains of Abraham. Our foreign friend seemed somewhat bewildered at his present position, and his state of mind is by no means quieted when we inform him that he must yet travel some twenty miles before coming to a house. Our hearts are moved to pity, and we cheer him and his companion with a good thick slice of bacon and a cup of wine, leaving him to journey on, through a land of wolves and bears, with music on his back if not in his heart. Another long, tedious, hilly, lonely, and now somewhat monotonous ride; and, while watching the clouds gathering round the setting sun, we descend into the valley of the Matapedia, and at the junction of that stream with the Carzepshell, (which we cross,) thirty-six miles from our morning starting place, we pull up before the cabin of one Jonathan Noble, the father of our friend the postman.

THE PEDLAR'S BARGAIN.

ONE day a tin pedlar, with an assortment of nicknacks, arrived at a village in Maine, and called at one of the houses to sell his wares. After disposing of a few articles to the lady of the house who seemed to live in the midst of children, she declared her inability to buy more for the want of money.

'But, marm, ain't you any rags?'
'None to sell, sir.'
'Well, said he, you seem to have plenty of children. Will you sell me one for tin ware?'
'What will you give, sir?'
'Ten dollars for one of them.'
'In good tin ware?'
'O, yes, marm, the best.'
'Well, sir it is a bargain.'

She then handed one of the archbishops to the pedlar, who, surprised that the offer was accepted, yet convinced that the mother would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart, and supplied the woman with tins until the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man felt certain that the mother would rather raise the money than part with her child, and seated himself by the side of the boy, who was much pleased with the idea of having a ride. The pedlar kept his eyes on the house, expecting to see the woman hasten to redeem the little one and rode off at a slow pace. After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his bargain, and turned back. The woman had just finished ornamenting her dresser with the tins, when the pedlar returned.

'Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better take him back again, and let me have the ware.'
'No, sir, the bargain was fair, and you shall keep to it. You may start off as soon as you please.'

Surprised at this the pedlar exclaimed—'Why marm, how can you think of parting with your boy so young, to an utter stranger?'
'Oh, sir, we would like to sell off all our town paupers for ten dollars a-head.'

The boy was dropped at the door, the whip cracked, the tin rattled, and the pedlar measured the ground rapidly, and he never after forgot his pauper speculation.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A merchant wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions; they circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride, and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his lovely child, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children, who were playing

around among the guests. Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, without a candle stick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went out into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl soon returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

'Where is your candle?', he inquired, in the greatest alarm.

'I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms are full of wood,' said the girl.

'Where did you put it?'
'Well, I'd no candle-stick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in the small barrel.'

Her master dashed down the stairs, the passage was long and dark, his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he saw the open barrel full to the top; the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long, red snuff of burnt wick; this sight seemed to wither all his powers; the laughter of the company struck upon his ears like a knell; the music commenced above, the feet of dancers responding with vivacity. He fancied the candle moved—was falling; with desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it! the slightest touch would cause the red hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle pointed towards the object of his care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasping of his fingers and safely removed away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled at his previous alarm, but the reaction was too powerful, and he was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

WHAT HOPE DID.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance.

It went to the house of mourning, and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its hand upon the arm of the poor man which was stretched forth at the command of unholly impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming; and it saved her from desolation, and the 'care that killeth.'

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him onward to works which even his enemies praised.

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to Heaven.

No, hope! my good brother. Have it. Beekon it on your side. Wrestle with it, that it may depart not. It will repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best—but hope shall lead thee over its billows. Part with all beside—but keep thy hope.

DARKIES AT A DANCE.

THE happiest man in the world says an exchange is said to be a nigger at a dance. In our opinion this rule is too limited. A 'nigger' is not only happy at a dance, but in every other position. A darkey may be poor, but he is never low spirited. Whatever he earns he invests in a fun and deviltry. Give him a dollar, and in less than an hour he will lay seven shillings of it out in yellow neckties or a cracked violin. There is something in the African that sheds trouble as a duck sheds water. Who ever knew a 'colled pusson' to commit suicide?

The negro is strongly given to love and jealousy, but he has no taste for arsenic. He may lose his all by betting against a roulette, but he don't find relief for his despair, as white folks do, by resorting to charcoal fumes or a new bed-cord, but by visiting 'de fair sex' and participating in the mazy influence of 'de occipital convulsions of de clarinet.'

PITTY.—A negro who was called on as a witness in one of the courts of North Carolina, on being examined as to the nature of an oath was asked if he knew what would be the consequences here and hereafter if he swore to a lie.

'Yes' said he, 'ears off, and no share in de kingdom.'

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From Wilmer & Smith's European Times
September 17.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

Our readers will be prepared for the intelligence, that the Bank of England has again raised the rate of discount, which now stands nominally at four and a-half per cent. but which for all practical purposes is five per cent. A fortnight back, when the last rise took place, the advance was only one-half per cent. and during the last few days it was confidently asserted that the next increase would be one per cent.; but this prognostication has not been realised, the bank deeming another turn of the screw to the extent of half per cent. sufficient for the present.

This increasing dearth of money is naturally calculated to produce a considerable disarrangement of trade, and its effects are already seen in the stock and share market, which have seriously retrograded; it is seen in the prostration which is already felt in various branches of manufacture; and the price of all commodities must necessarily feel the agency which is at work to check speculation and bring trade within narrower limits. In thus tightening the screw, the bank is only acting on its traditional policy. It deals in money, and as the value of money increases, those who vend it naturally get on it a higher price. As the great regulator of the Exchanges, the Bank of England is merely carrying out, in thus acting, the law of its existence. When confidence abounds and capital is abundant, the rate of discount is correspondingly low; when money is wanted the rate correspondingly increases, and thus the ebbing and advancing tide of commerce acts and reacts on the money market, according to the same law of supply and demand by which all other markets are ruled. It is the custom in certain quarters to abuse the bank. Nothing can be more unjust. When its bullion is rapidly disappearing—when five millions have been abstracted from its cellars in a few months, to meet the requirements of commerce, prudence suggests caution, and caution gives the screw an extra twist.

In looking around for the causes which have produced this state of things, little difficulty is found in tracing them. They are as visible and as marked as the figures on a sun dial. First and most prominent must be placed the enormous increase in the foreign trade of the country. Our productions have expended beyond all precedent. We have sent them to all parts of the earth in unexampled quantities, and the increase of our imports has fully kept pace with the goods which we have sent abroad.—the best proof of a healthy reciprocal trade. Take, for example, the following imports of the first seven months of the the last and the present year.

IMPORTED IN SEVEN MONTHS.

	1852.	1853.
Oxen, No.	12,722	17,836
Sheep ..	62,528	85,079
Cocoa, lb	4,324,785	4,544,833
Coffee ..	26,826,108	30,186,051
Wheat, qrs	1,327,740	2,755,527
Flour, cwt	2,417,453	2,955,589
Flax ..	528,289	709,672
Hides ..	279,768	429,829
Potatoes ..	200,040	728,829
Butter ..	167,599	201,799
Cheese ..	147,234	183,999
Flax & Linseed qrs	272,282	226,789
Silk (totals) lb	3,778,223	5,031,557
Tobacco (total) ..	7,131,364	10,070,185
Wine, gals	3,379,364	5,700,781
Cotton, cwt	5,574,778	5,866,629
Wool, lb	39,395,652	52,471,480

In all these articles of import the difference between the two years is very striking. The declared value of the seven months' imports of '53 is £49,860,000, while that of '52 was only £40,138,000, showing an increase in this brief time of £9,722,000, or nearly 25 per cent. In two great staples a slight falling off is manifested. Sugar shows a decline of 95,000 cwt., as compared with last year, and Tea has diminished to the extent of two-and-a-half million of pounds; but in other respects the above table is a very satisfactory comment on the power of the country to consume, as the following table, in the matter of exports, clearly demonstrates the power of the country to produce.

United States	£16,134,397
British India	7,352,997
Hanseatic Towns.	6,875,758
Australia,	4,222,552
Holland,	4,102,996
Brazil,	3,464,364
British America	3,065,374