

Communications.

COUNTY NORTHUMBERLAND

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Sir,—as the columns of your valuable Journal are always open to all communications calculated to circulate kind and brotherly feeling amongst us, and as I feel desirous of bestowing a deserved notice upon some of our inhabitants—to which all agree they are entitled—I trust you will do me the honor to publish the enclosed.

We all can remember the general depression of business in Chatham, when that conducted by the Hon. J. Cunard, was brought to a close. We can well remember the panic that ensued on that occasion,—our people leaving our shores, and those who remained working for a sum upon which they could not subsist—our trade languishing—our commerce crippled—and ruin and misery staring us in the face.

It is upon occasions like the one I have been describing, that the abilities and energies of men show themselves. It is at such times that we behold some great, some good, and some philanthropic individuals, after having mused upon the miseries of their fellow-beings, walk from the crowd and apply a remedy to the many evils under which communities labour, and by such an act avert much suffering and sorrow.

Did it not require much resolution to summon energy enough to stem the torrent of bad times, by starting shipyards in our town at such a time; and when we consider that these were started by persons never before engaged in the trade, their credit is still greater.

To those who done so at such a time, Mr Editor, do we owe our prosperity as a people to day. They it was, who saved our town from impending ruin—they it was who employed our starving mechanics and laborers, and who by their action stayed the wallings of hunger in many poor man's family—they it was who led us from that night of gloom, steadily and resolutely into the noon-day of these bright and prosperous times, thereby proving to us all that difficult and trying times ever call into action men capable to grapple with them, and though I for one, Mr Editor, look upon my work as an equivalent for the wages I receive, yet I consider those who create the labor deserve thanks.

I need scarcely name the parties who have done all this. The Firms of R. Johnston & Co., and Johnson & Mackie, gave a new impetus to our ship building, threw an active, life-like appearance around the banks of our noble river, and though this branch of trade was looked upon as unprofitable, proved by systematic working and management, that such is not the case. Since these firms began to build, our ships deservedly get a better name, they sell at better prices, and of course pay the builder proportionably better.

We should also remember, that although the Firms which I have named, battled thro' the bad times, when vessels did not bring nearly so high a price as now, they are among the first to yield to the demands of the operatives, by shortening the time to ten hours per day.

Mr Editor, we can well remember how those hours were obtained in other parts of the world, by bloodshed and disgrace, by violating the laws of God and man, and what was the result, the Penitentiary for life, or starvation; that was the way, Mr Editor, their hours were obtained; so we should be thankful as a people to day, that the two above Firms I have mentioned, have seen into this, and gave us the hours we requested, and more than that, Mr Editor, what ever we asked them for. I for one would say these hours should be performed by every man, like a piece of machinery, not one moment lost; for it is a good system if put in right operation, for the employers' benefit and our good, and the better our employers do the better for us all.

My object, Mr Editor, in wishing you to publish this homely letter, is to impress upon my fellow workmen the gratitude they owe to these firms, in preference to those whom prosperous and more favored times have called into existence; and though I rejoice much to see others in existence now, yet I should have been much more gratified to see them come out when we wanted their support more. However, we now have as mechanics, all we can desire, we have plenty of employment, good cash payments, the 10 hour system, kind employers, and should remember such good things won't last always.

The architectural proportions and beauties of the vessels now building in Chatham, bear ample testimony to the talents and abilities of those entrusted with this branch of the business, the workmanship to the ability of the workmen. Messrs. Johnson & Mackie's foreman, a St. John man, whose name need only be mentioned to be praised by all who know him, faithful, attentive, condescending and civil, the friend alike of his master and his men. R. Johnson & Co.'s foreman is home talent, second to none in his desire to further both the interests of man and master, faithful in the discharge of his duties, and desirous to promote the interests of those by whom he is employed. He is one who by dint of perse-

verance and study, has succeeded in placing himself in his present position, without taking lessons in draughting either at Boston or St. John, showing that much which people think can be acquired only in such cities, can be learned by the light of a pitch-pine torch, and a block of wood, in any cottage or dwelling in Chatham. The desire is what is wanted to succeed in such things, try it I say—whatever it may be you want to learn—try hard—persevere and you will succeed, though you never went nearer to St. John than you are to the moon.

A prophet gets no honor in his own country, is an old and true expression, unless he leaves it for a time, to learn something I presume, when if he were to return and be only still the self same man or a little worse, I dare say he would be thought more highly of—would have made great progress in the opinions of many during his short stay—and lauded to the skies as having travelled to complete his studies, and obtained a knowledge which he could never have acquired at home. This is not the way to encourage native talent, let ability alone be the test, as it ought, to and upon his abilities, and by them let every man be judged, in whatever business or profession he may be engaged. Let not the name of being from Boston or St. John be a recommendation to a man, when not accompanied by stronger proofs of merit. Give our geniuses a fair chance, give them fair play at least, and beaten they will not be. The old hidden secrets are beginning to be told—to be printed. English is beginning to take the place of Latin, even on the old medicine bottles of the Doctors, and all the Legerdemain workings are beginning to be succeeded by plain, open, noon day work, as it ought to be, and if we only open our eyes, and read from nature's book how we are situated with respect to becoming, or being able to become great people, we will depend upon OURSELVES, as self reliance is laudable in all.

There are other evils which might easily be remedied, were the evil doers held up to that scorn, and exposed to that contempt which their evil actions deserve, among these I may mention the practice of tale bearing, and peddling lies backwards and forwards, not only from man to man, but from man to master.—The miserable wretches who lend themselves to this enemy of peace and kindly feeling, bring down awful responsibilities upon their own heads—they should reflect upon the awful words pronounced in scripture against those who "bear false witness," but such characters I feel certain never take a Bible in their hands—their is a belief of selfishness glossed over with the tinsel of false devotion, which while it would stoop at a straw would swallow a camel, and would not, nor does not consider, that one of the greatest crimes they can be guilty of, is stooping to such cursed meanness and guilt. Amongst such people, no character is sacred, no honour is pure, no friendship is lasting, they endeavour to nip every flower from the path of human happiness, and leave the road like their own seared consciences, a scene of briars and thorns. I shall for the present conclude, and if time permits, I shall resume the subject at a future day.

I remain, yours, &c.,

Chatham, May 20, 1854.

JUNIPER.

Mr. Editor,

It is a true saying, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." In last Saturday's Gleaner, over the signature of "Fair Play," I observed what is called a temperate communication, addressed to the Catholics of the County, advising them to meet and fix upon one of their body as a candidate for the approaching Election, and put down or reject the rest.—This would be the proper course if it could be brought about, and had your correspondent confined himself to this recommendation, I would not have troubled you or the public with the present remarks, but he has stepped aside and thought well to have a fling at two of the present candidates, as being the most unpopular Gentlemen that could be found at the last General Election: had he proved this by facts instead of mere assertion, you would be saved the trouble of this communication, but he has not or could not: what is the test of popularity, it standing high on the poll be not, it is well known that one of the candidates at that Election stood so high, that in the face of an unnatural opposition, he was beaten only by a majority of ten. Your correspondent pretends great zeal for the Catholic cause, but his motives are too transparent not to be seen through—when he next writes for the press, I would advise him not to sign himself *Fair Play*, but *Foul Play*.

I remain, Mr Editor, respectfully, your obedient Servant,

GRETNA.

Miramichi, May 25, 1854.

THE SEASON.

A stormy long Winter is now gone and past, And Spring with its verdure is springing quite fast, Yet tho' we're advanced quite far into May, There's many poor cattle in sore want of hay, And for that same want, there are many that's dead, Whilst others are staggering, from being poorly fed; Yet some there are grazing upon the wide plain,

Whilst some to the butcher, are brought to be slain. The Lambs, they are gambling along the hill side, Whilst the Dams they look on with a fond mother's pride.

The Birds they are singing from every green bush, Until gloomy dark evening shall cease them to hush.

The Trees they are budding, all nature looks well, The Balm tree, its fragrance afar off you smell; And Bruin has left his abode in the wood, And now he is prowling in search of some food, And his marks clearly show upon the spruce trees, That he is at home, and quite at his ease,

And did any chance offer, he'd soon have a feast, His hunger he'd satisfy on man or on beast. The Bee and the Butterfly have come into town, The Bee neatly dressed in his jacket of brown, He's away to his work like a good honest man, A model to all to do what they can;

Reverse is the Butterfly clustering in swarms, Like many fair damsels displaying their charms, Or groups of some idlers, oft times in the street, Annoying to those that they happen to meet, An omen of idleness, sure want, and sloth, To turn to industry, they all are quite loth.

The Farmers are busy in tilling their grounds, In hopes that their labour will turn them in pounds, The Fishermen now are preparing their nets, A salmon is active, if past them he gets, There are strangers amongst us, the salmon to buy, Whilst merchants and strangers just act on the sly.

And our River rolls on like a flood to the main, On its surface is floating the Lumberers gain, How proudly it shows as it goes down the streams, Its glittering sides in the sun's sparkling beams, And soon the poor Lumberer his career will begin, To drown all his sorrow in rum, brandy, and gin,

And as soon as his pockets are pretty well picked, Then just out of doors, eh, he is frequently kicked, He then turns to the woods to earn as much more, And next, sorely dunn'd for to pay an old score, While thus he is hacked and tossed all around,

The Public may chance put his bones under ground, And now from a window near where I do write, I see Ladies walking, oh, it is a fine sight, For the ruffs, muffs, and tippets, have given place to the vails,

And the many fine dresses that along our street trails, With parasols spread, and dressed out in gauze, Their beauties set forth, to court some applause; The beaver and great coat, are cast to one side, And our Gents, now abroad, in carriages ride, Or perchance walk around in their light summer coat,

Or sport on the waves in a gig or a boat, Yet some are more bustling and watching with fear, To make their ends meet, and themselves for to clear. Yet, withal this strange bustle, the world still goes round,

And the day will yet come when no man can be found, When all will be gathered quite up in a scroll, The reason of this, was poor Adam's fall. R. Stigouche, Campbellton, May 19, 1854.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1854.

TERMS.—New subscribers Twelve Shillings and Six Pence, per annum, in all cases in advance. Old subscribers 12s. 6d. in advance, or 17s. 6d. at the end of the year. We prefer the advance price, and as it effects a large saving, we hope soon to see all our subscribers avail themselves of it.

V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is the only authorized Agent for this paper, in the Cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His Offices are:—

BOSTON.—Scollay's Building.
NEW YORK.—Tribune Building.
PHILADELPHIA.—N. W. Cor. Third & Chestnut Streets.

COUNTY GLOUCESTER.

We are indebted to our Bathurst Correspondent, for the following intelligence:—

"John McKenna, Esq., Coroner, held an Inquest on Sunday, the 21st inst., on the body of AMBROSE COMMEAU, a Frenchman, who was found dead in the Woods, a short distance from the French Settlement, Bathurst, which resulted in a verdict of having committed Suicide, in a state of temporary insanity. Commeau had been missing since Friday the 12th inst., and his body was only found on Sunday, a few hundred yards from the road. When found he was lying on some boughs, which he had prepared for a bed. There was a thrust wound in the front of his throat, four cuts on the left side, and a gash on the right one. His knife was inserted in a log along side.

"Before the ice left, EDWARD CONWAY, an old man well known to Anglers on the Nipisquit River, was drowned near the mouth of the Pabiniue. Conway's boy had fallen through the ice, and the old man, in assisting him out, fell in himself and was carried down by the stream.

"On Friday, the 19th inst., a Lumberman named ROBERT KNIGHT, fell from some logs near the mouth of the Middle River into the water, and was drowned. His body has not been recovered."

DISSOLUTION OF THE ASSEMBLY.

By Wednesday's mail we obtained the following copy of a Proclamation issued by his Excellency, Dissolving the present Assembly, and ordering the Sheriffs to make their returns by the 3rd of July. The Freeholders, have therefore but little time to prepare for the work that is before them.

The Government deserve but slight credit for the little attention they have paid to the convenience of the Freeholders, in thus hurrying the Elections, and in selecting the very busiest season of the year. They have no doubt an object to serve, and that is, to take the people by surprise, and thus leave them but little time to weigh the matter over, and make selection of the best men among them. In this way, they expect, together with their friends, again to slip into their recently vacated seats.

A few years ago we entertained hopes that some political platform would be erected in the Province, but we have recently nearly given up all hopes, when we see the Freeholders losing sight of the great political questions, and setting up in their stead a host of minor tests,—such as being friends to the establishment of Orange Lodges; the passing of a Prohibitory Liquor Law; a Freetrader; a Protectionist; and a number of others, purely local. While such a state of feeling exists there is but slight prospect of making any beneficial or great alteration in the representation of the Province, or of carrying through the Legislature any important changes in the miserable system under which we are governed.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the General Assembly of this Province stands prorogued to Monday the twenty second day of May instant, I have thought fit to dissolve the said General Assembly, and the same is hereby accordingly dissolved; whereof all persons whom it may concern will take due notice.

And I have further thought fit to order and direct that Writs for calling a new General Assembly be forthwith issued in due form, returnable on Monday the third day of July next.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at Fredericton, the nineteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty four, and in the seventeenth year of Her Majesty's Reign.

By His Excellency's Command.

J. R. PARTLO W.

REV. MR. ARCHIBALD.

The following piece of intelligence, handed to us, and copied from a late Glasgow paper, will be gratifying to the numerous friends of the Rev. Gentleman residing in this place:

"On the afternoon of Monday the 17th, a deputation from the congregation and friends of the Rev. Robert Archibald, of New Monkland, waited upon that gentleman in the manse, when James Thomson Rankin, Esq. yr. of Auchengray, Provost of Airdrie, with his usual ability and good taste, in the name of the subscribers, presented him with a valuable gold watch, bearing the following inscription:—To the Rev. Robert Archibald, of New Monkland, from the members of his congregation and friends, as a mark of their esteem and respect for him as a minister of the parish 17th April 1854. Thereafter, Gavin Black, Esq. of Rawyards, in a speech marked by great good taste and fine feeling, presented Mrs. Archibald with a superb silver tea-service, inscribed as follows:—To Mrs. Archibald, New Monkland Manse, from the ladies and friends connected with her husband's congregation, as a token of their regard for her amiable disposition and usefulness in the parish. 17th April 1854. Afterwards, William Forrest, Esq. of Meadowside, in a complimentary address, presented Miss Archibald with a beautiful gold brooch, as a token of the general estimation in which she is held by all who know her."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—To the publishers, Messrs Maclear & Co., of Toronto, we are indebted for a copy of the May number of this excellent periodical. As usual, it contains a large quantity of original and well selected matter, and is embellished with a Fashion plate, and a map of the Baltic.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Mr G. F. Fuller, of the American Book Store, at Halifax, has sent us on a copy of Blackwood for April, for which we tender our acknowledgments. Mr F. is prepared, through his Agent in Chatham, to supply all the Magazines and New Works, as they come from the press.

COUNTY RESTIGOUCHE.

A Correspondent under date of May 19, furnishes us with the following items of news.

"We have had an extraordinary rise of water here this spring, greater, it is said by all than has been for those 33 years. All