

from the close and crowded room. The fresh air was more curative, and before they had reached their dormitory she had recovered her senses. "Oh, stay with me Etty," said the sufferer—"do not leave me." "I will stay, darling—be composed." And Henrietta pillowed her sister's head upon her bosom, while hot tears coursed down both their cheeks; those of the elder girl flowing partly from a sort of self-reproach that she had not before noticed the hollow eyes and palled countenance of her dear Annie. "You are ill, my sister," she continued—"you must have advice—they will surely send for a doctor. Let me go, dearest, just to ask this, I will be back directly." "No, no, there is no need," returned the other; "I think—I am almost sure, that I am only faint for want of food. I did not tell you, dear,—what use would it have been?—but I could not eat that coarse dry bread and cheese last night—and then, to day again, that horrid fat cold mutton. Oh, Etty, as it wrongs me to be so dainty?" "Dainty, indeed," murmured the girl who had assisted to carry her up stairs—"dainty indeed, we are all tired to death of the hard Dutch cheese, and the everlasting mutton. But Madame contracts with her butcher, and the nastier it is, the less we eat. It is a shame, that it is—and I am sure you girls are the worst off of all, for you have no friends to go to on a Sunday, and so don't get a dinner even once a week." There was a quick step upon the creaking stairs, and in a moment Miss Smith threw open the door. "Come, Sandford," said she, "you don't suppose you can waste half an hour of day light, dawdling up here, do you? Besides, that white satin dress is premised for to-night, and I cannot spare any one to help you."

Henrietta looked up, but neither spoke nor moved. "Say you'll come in a minute or two," murmured the other girl, certainly without turning her head, almost without moving her lips. "Get rid of her," she continued; "I want to speak to you." "I will come in a few moments," said Henrietta, obeying the advice mechanically. And Miss Smith bounced out of the room. "Have you got any money?" asked the girl, whom every body called Jane. "Yes, one sovereign," replied Henrietta; "but that is all; for we were to have no salary for the first six months." "Pity to change it," said her interrogator quickly; "money flies when once it is changed; I will lend you a shilling, and coax one of the servants to get her something hot and nice—that will do her more good than all the doctors." The kind-hearted Jane was quite right; it was food the poor child wanted, although there is no exact record of what "hot and nice" thing it was one shilling purchased. Strange it was, but true, that from that hour every thing in the establishment of Madame Dobière wore a different aspect to Henrietta's eyes. In common parlance, "the veil had dropped from them." Nor was this all. A shudder ran through Henrietta's veins, as now she remembered that even in six months two of their young companions had been snatched away by death; one actually breathing her last in the house, and tidings of the death of the other having reached them in less than a month after her removal. Another circumstance, too, would dwell in her mind—aye, and in a different form from that it had borne yesterday. Within the last few weeks, the girl, with hasty temper and strong feelings, but yet whom everybody loved, had ceased to be among them. She was not dead. She had parted from them suddenly, though, as it afterwards proved, she must have made her preparations for days. And now there were vague rumours of ease—nay, splendour and luxury—but that she was an outcast, a thing to be shunned and abhorred!

[The upshot of this tale is, one of the orphan sisters dies of a decline, and the other is accidentally preserved from seduction.]

[From an article in the same periodical, entitled the "Chronicles of Clovernook," we make the following selections.]

THE HEROISM OF THE POOR.

There is the heroism which, at the houses of the poor, has made me see and feel the majesty of poverty; has in my eyes made starveling spinners and weavers more than kingly. It is a fine show, a golden sight, to see the crowning of a king. I have beheld the ceremony—with undazzled eyes have well considered all its blaze of splendour. A tender thing is the kiss of peace; beautiful the homage; heart-stirring the voice of the champion, when the brave knight dashes his defying gauntlet on the marble stone; very solemn the announcing, and most uplifting the song of jubilate when all is done. But, sir, to my coarse apprehension, I have seen a nobler sight than this—a grander ceremony, even at the hearthstone of the poor. I will show you a man, worn, spent; the bony outline of a human thing, with toil and want, cut, as with an iron tool, upon him; a man to whom the common pleasures of this our mortal heritage are unknown as the joys of Paradise. This man toils and starves, and starves and toils, even as the markets vary. Well, he keeps a heart, sound as oak, in his bosom. In the sanctity of his soul, bestows the kiss of peace upon a grudging world: he compels the homage of respect, and champions himself against the hardness of fortune. In his wretched home—stead he is throned in the majesty of the affections. His suffering, patient, loving wife—his pale faced ill clad children—are his queen and subjects. He is a king in heart, subduing and ruling the iron hours; unseen spirits of love and goodness anoint him; and, sir," said the Hermit, in a solemn voice—"as surely as the kingdom of God is more than a fairy tale, so surely do God's angels sing that poor man jubilate.

FLOWERS IN A CITY.

Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called nature, though in his dim, close shop he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless, he had the earliest primroses on his counter,—"they threw," he said, "such a nice light about the place." A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthus, and, won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit; the man with wallflowers regularly stopped at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence, Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. "If we can't go to nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring nature to us?" Whereupon Mrs Pugwash would declare, that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house, the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of nature for the darkened dwellers about him, Isaac, despite of Mrs Pugwash, always purchased.

"It is a common thing, an old familiar cry," said the Hermit, "to see the poor man's florist—to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nose-gays, his penny-roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man over-labored and desponding—walled in by the gloom of a town—divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences—almost tells him that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men. Is it not so?" asked the Hermit. "Most certainly," we answered; "it would be the very sinfulness of avarice to think otherwise." "Why, sir," said the Hermit, benevolently smiling, "thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence—a peripatetic priest of nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances—touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy odours cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him, and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—that the poor housewife pays for root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge.

RUSTIC MUSIC.

"The sheep bells. How beautifully toned," we said. "Of all rustic sounds our favorite music." "To me," said the hermit, "the sheep bell sounds of childhood, yea, of babyhood. In the world without us, it hath often been to me a solace and a sweetness. I had seen little of the green earth—knew, alas! how little of its softening loveliness, its beautiful records of God's tenderness to man in herbs and flowers, that in their beauty seem sown by angel hands for man's delight. Of these things I had little seen or known; I was so early built up in the bricks of a city; otherwise, sir, harsh thoughts and foolish sneers, evil and folly begotten in a too early, sordid strife with man, perhaps, had not defiled me. The sheep bell was the one remembrance—the one thought still dwelling in my brain, and with it sometime music calling up a scene of rustic Sabbath quietude. Swelling meads in their soft greenness; hedge rows, and their sparkling flowers; a row of chestnut trees in blossoming glory; a park; a flock of nibbling sheep—a child, the mute yet happy wonder at all." "And the scene charmed by the simple sheep bell?" "Even now," said the hermit, "it is in certain moods my best music. Many an evening have I seated myself on that mossy cushion, at the foot of yonder beech tree, and leaning back with folded hands and closed eyes, have let my brain drink and drink its stilling sounds; and I have gone off into day dreams, heaven knows where. I have been in the holy East; have heard the flocks of the Patriarch, and seen Rebecca at the well."

Provincial Lectures.

[We are indebted to the Saint John New Brunswicker, for the following summary of Mr. Perley's eighth Lecture at the Mechanic's Institute of that city, on the Rivers of this Province.]

RIVERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Last Monday evening M. H. Perley, Esq., delivered another of his interesting lectures before the Mechanics' Institute, to a crowded and highly respectable audience.—The lecturer said in opening, that when he first commenced his lectures on the Rivers, it was supposed that two would be sufficient to exhaust the subject; but he then appeared before them for the eighth time, on the same theme, and judging from the audience he saw assembled, it did not seem that the rivers of New Brunswick had yet lost their attractions.

The lecturer then went on to say, that on that evening he should endeavor to describe the rivers in the Counties of Kent and Westmorland, flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Commencing at Point Escuminac, at the entrance of the Miramichi, on its Southern side, the lecturer described it as a long, low sand-spit, with a light house at its extremity, beyond which a sandy shoal stretched out about three miles to seaward. The division line between Kent and Northumberland commenced at the extremity of this point, and south from this the

whole coast of New Brunswick on the Gulf, was low and sandy, and the country in general very flat, in consequence of which the tide flowed a long distance up the rivers. In front of this low coast are numerous long, narrow sand-bars, almost continuous, covered with coarse bent grass. Between these bars and the main land, with which they are nearly parallel, are shallow lagoons, which afford great facilities for passing with boats, canoes and rafts. The passages through the sand bars from the lagoons to the Gulf are called "gullies," and these frequently shift their position, as the heavy easterly gales occasionally throw in large bodies of sand which choke them up altogether, and the passages remain closed until the accumulation of water inside forms a new passage or Gully.

The Lecturer said, that the County of Kent, although the smallest in the Province, was perhaps the best watered, as rivers of very considerable size intersected it in every direction. That South, from Escuminac to Kouchibouguac, a distance of 22 miles, there were only a few small streams—but the Kouchibouguac was 50 miles long, and took its difficult name from the Micmac word "Koohwaak," signifying a Carriboo plain, from one of which this river took its rise. The depth of water on the bar at the entrance of this river is eleven feet; and the tide was said to flow seven miles up it to the Bridge on the Great North Road, up to which the river was settled, but above that point there were few settlers, and the country was in a wilderness state. The village of Kouchibouguac consists of some good houses and several mills, with an extensive Coach-building establishment and Tannery, belonging to Messrs Patten, the whole being situated in a deep ravine on the Great North Road, formed by the river cutting through a ridge of grey sandstone, which was seen in regular layers on each side of the water. Two miles below the Bridge Messrs Cunard had a Ship Yard, where they built excellent vessels of the large hatterack, which the banks of this river produced abundantly. Sea Trout were readily caught at the bridge, and sometimes Salmon; gaspereaux were taken in considerable quantities at the mouth of this river, and outside, there was capital fishing for cod and Mackerel in the Gulf.

From the Kouchibouguac to the Richibucto, there is a well settled lagoon for the whole distance, about 15 miles, through which timber and deals are transported in rafts, with perfect safety, to Richibucto for shipment. About midway of this lagoon, the Kouchibouguac enters it. This river was said to be nearly 60 miles long; it was in fact a longer river than the Kouchibouguac, although its name implies that it was smaller, but it was very shallow at its mouth, there only being water enough for fishing boats. The tide flows up about 12 miles, and for that distance the banks of this river are thickly settled by Acadian French, but above the tideway there were no settlers. The land on the banks of this river was said to be good; the great North Road crosses this river by a long bridge, near which there is a large Chapel, and the residence of the Rev. Mr Paquet, the kind and excellent priest who has pastoral charge of the district.

Next in order came the Richibucto, a large river, the entrance to which was 45 miles south of Escuminac. The entrance is narrow, between two low sand beaches; the depth of water on the bar is 12 feet at low water, and about 17 feet at high water; after passing the bar, there is from 4 to 6 fathoms water in the channel up to Mr Jardine's establishment, which is about 7 miles from the mouth of the harbour.

The Aldoine, or North West, a branch of the Richibucto which enters it near the mouth of the harbour, is very compactly settled by Acadian French, and in describing this settlement, the Lecturer took occasion to introduce a notice of the early history of this portion of New Brunswick.—He said, that about six years after the Treaty of Breda, in 1672 or 1673, some French families from Saint Maloes, in France, arrived on the Coast, and made the first settlement on the present site of Baie des Vents village on the Miramichi. Previously thereto, however, it would seem, that the whole coast had been granted by the King of France; for on the 29th September, 1684, a Grant was issued by the Governor General of Canada, of which this country was then part, by which there was given and granted to Louis D'Amours, as fief and seigneurie, the river of Richibucto, as well as the river Buctouche. This grant recites some decrees of the King of France, having reference to certain grants made prior to 1655, but as the lands therein mentioned had not been cleared or cultivated, according to the terms of the grants, all persons claiming land by virtue thereof were declared to have forfeited the same to the King. This grant sets forth, that the Sieur D'Amours had before that time cleared and cultivated several acres of land on the Richibucto, built a fort, and barns for grain—that there were some settlers, and the Seigneur was to place more settlers and cattle thereon, within two years. The navigation of the rivers Richibucto and Buctouche was to be kept open; faith and homage were to be rendered at the Castle of Saint Louis at Quebec, and dues and services were to be paid and performed, according to the custom of Paris;—certain other regulations with respect to timber for ship building, and mines and minerals, were also mentioned.

The Lecturer, after explaining this grant very fully, went on to say, that although hostilities consequent upon the revolution of 1688 commenced between England and France, which led to Port Royal and some other places in Nova Scotia being taken from the French, yet no disturbance was given to the settlers on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In 1696 peace was concluded between Great

Britain and France by the treaty of Ryewick, by which France was allowed to re-possess herself of all Acadia; but this peace was followed in 1702, by the memorable war of the Spanish Succession under Queen Anne. This was determined by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, which ceded all Acadia to Great Britain; but still, no possession was taken of this coast, until after the conquest of Cape Breton, and the taking of Quebec, when the French settlers were driven off and scattered. Some interesting information was here given relative to the final treaties of peace between the Micmacs and the British Government in 1773, the originals of which, the Lecturer said, were in his possession, and he hoped to have the pleasure of introducing them on some future occasion, in a lecture upon the Indians of the Province. After these treaties, in 1787, Mr Powell, a loyalist, became the first English settler on the Richibucto, after which many of the Acadians returned, and formed the various French settlements now existing in Kent.

The Town of Richibucto was described, as also several large tributaries of the principal river; the portages to the Salmon River (Grand Lake) were described, as also the M'Laughlan Road, running from the Mill Branch of the Richibucto, where John P. Ford, Esq., has his establishment, to the Bend of Peticodiac, a distance of 34 miles, through a good line of country, offering many advantages to settlers. The great North road crosses the Richibucto, about a mile above the Town by a ferry of nearly half a mile, and this is the only ferry between St John & Chatham on the Miramichi.

Buctouche Harbour at the mouth of the Great and Little Buctouche Rivers was next described—the entrance is between low sand beaches. There is 9 feet water on the bar at low water, and inside, good anchorage in 4 fathoms. The great Buctouche is about 40 miles long, taking its rise in some wild meadows, near the source of the new Canaan river. The tide flows up 13 miles; the land is a deep rich loam, exceedingly fertile, and covered with large timber of every description; with the exception of the Tabusintac, the lecturer said, there was no finer land on the eastern coast, than the banks of the Buctouche, the whole of which above the tideway, was yet vacant and ungranted. The settlers are principally French, who have good farms, and as they do not engage in lumbering, are consequently comfortable and independent. The largest vessel ever launched in this Province was built on the Buctouche—the Greenock of 1500 tons—principally of hatterack. The little Buctouche was described as 35 miles long, a pretty river, on which there are 50 or 60 families of French and English settlers upon land of good quality. There is no timber on this river.

The next harbour described, is Cocagne, the entrance to which was said to be nearly a mile in width, with 14 feet water on the bar at high water, and at spring tides something more. Within the harbour there is good anchorage and perfect shelter in 5 fathoms water. The Cocagne river is 30 miles long; it furnishes tolerably good timber of small size; the soil is not so good as on the Buctouche, the land being very low, and rather sandy. The fishing off Cocagne in the Gulf was described as excellent, and the harbour is a favorite resort of fishing vessels in stormy weather, being easy of access.

Ten miles from Cocagne by the coast, is Shediac harbour, the entrance to which is between Shediac Island on the North, and the main land on the South, and the same depth of water as at Cocagne. Shediac harbour is a large basin well sheltered; its shores are well settled, and under good cultivation. The Shediac is a small river which enters at the southern end of the harbour, and the Scadonek a small river, enters at the southern end. The great North road passes all along the basin of Shediac harbour, and a very long wharf has been built about the centre of the harbour for the accommodation of vessels. Shediac Island is now covered with a young growth; it was settled in ancient times, and the remains of fortifications and buildings are still to be seen upon it. Near this island, in water from two to three fathoms deep, are the celebrated Porrier Oyster beds, which produce the fine Oysters for which Shediac has been long celebrated; but the lecturer said that but few of the many Oysters which reached St. John were real Porriers; those that came were often of an inferior quality, taken from shallow water, near the mouth of the Scadonek, where the water was partly fresh. Those who were fond of really good Oysters—as good perhaps as any in America or Britain—should visit the clean and comfortable Inn of Mrs. Lennan at Shediac, and eat "Porriers" fresh from the bed, and they would ever after that know the genuine article.

The French settlements at the Barrachois were next noticed, and also a number of small rivers and brat harbours toward Cape Tormentine, but as the lecturer said the usual time allowed for a lecture had expired, he would defer some observations on the manners and customs of the French inhabitants of the coast until the next lecture.

The captain of a British man of war, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his bacon by presenting the following petition:—

By your honor's command a culprit I stand,  
An example to all the ship's crew;  
I am pinioned and stript,  
And compelled to be whipt,  
And if I am flogged 'tis my due.  
A cat, I am told, in abhorrence you hold,  
Your honor's aversion is mine;  
If a cat with one tail  
Makes your stout heart fail,  
Oh, save me from one that has nine!