

## RIVERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Perley continued his lectures on the Rivers, commencing at Cape Tormentine, the character of the soil on which was described, as also the mode of transporting the mails across from thence to Cape Traverse in Prince Edward Island, in the winter season, on the floating ice of the Straits of Northumberland, a fearful and dangerous undertaking. The Bay Verte was described as a wide but shallow expanse of water, full of marine plants, which in the summer season at low water, covered its whole surface, and it then resembled an immense meadow—from this appearance, it derived its name of Bay Verte or Green Bay. The tide rises and falls 7 feet in Bay Verte; the channel is very crooked and narrow, and the Bay is much exposed to Easterly Winds. At the head of the Bay, there is a considerable track of marsh, not of great value however, because the recession of the tide is not sufficient to admit of its perfect drainage. The Gaspereaux and Tignish rivers flowing into the Bay Verte are considerable streams; at the Tignish the Boundary between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia commences, running across by the Missiguash river to Chignecto Basin, at the head of the Bay Fundy. The lecturer here stated, that all the Peninsular known as Botsford Parish on Bay Verte, with ten leagues in depth, comprehending the Bay of Chignecto and Cape Tormentine, had been granted by the Crown of France as a Seigniorie, to Michael Le Neuf, Sieur de la Balliere, on the 24th October 1676, under the designation of the Seigniorie Beauassin. That the terms of the grant were, that the Grantee should render faith and homage at the Castle of St. Louis at Quebec, pay rents and dues according to the Custom of Paris, and in other respects were similar to the Seigniorie of Richibucto mentioned in the former lecture. This Seigniorie was thickly settled in 1694, when Colonel Church and a body of troops from Massachusetts burnt the houses, broke down the dykes, and carried off the Cattle of the Settlers.

In 1702, at the breaking out of the war of the Spanish Succession, Colonel Church again laid this Seigniorie waste. In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, the French ceded all Acadia to Great Britain, but subsequently attempted to confine Acadia to the peninsula of Nova Scotia, contending that they never meant to cede anything more. In 1749, Halifax was settled; and then Mons. LaCombe was sent from Canada with 600 soldiers and a body of Indians, to take possession of the isthmus between Bay Verte and the Bay of Fundy. LaCombe built Fort Beau Sejour on the Missiguash. In 1760, Colonel Lawrence was sent from Halifax with 1000 men, to attack LaCombe, was driven from his entrenchments into the Fort. The English then built Fort Laurence opposite Beau Sejour, to keep the French in check. The French at the same time built a fort in this harbour, at the old ferry landing in Carleton, called Fort Frederick. In 1655, war again broke out between England and France, and Colonel Monkton was sent from New England to dislodge the French. He landed in June 1755, about 5 miles from Fort Laurence with his troops, and was there joined by 300 regulars and some artillery. This expedition was assaulted by three frigates and a sloop of war. The French were driven out their fort and after four days bombardment they surrendered. The next day Colonel Monkton marched to the fort on the Gaspereaux, which he took, as also large quantities of arms and ammunition, stores and provisions, which had been sent to Quebec to aid in carrying on the war against the English. The frigates in returning down the Bay touched at the harbour of St. John, and destroyed Fort Frederick, the French troops making good their retreat up the river St. John, and so to Quebec.

After giving this sketch of the history of the Isthmus of Chignecto, the lecturer described it as being a very fertile part of the Province. The Great Tantamar Marsh, lying on both sides of the river of that name, was said to be about 14 miles long, and on the average 4 miles wide. It is considered the largest collection alluvium in America; large portions are saved by dykes, and these produce excellent crops of grain and hay. The several routes proposed for a Canal to connect the Bay of Fundy with the Gulf of St. Lawrence were pointed out by the Lecturer on a large diagram, and the difficulties and obstacles of each route were explained. The rise of the tide in Cumberland or Chignecto basin was stated to be 57 feet, and the tide flows at the rate of about ten miles an hour. The flood tide is accompanied by a tidal wave, called "the bore," which comes in at times 6 feet high. The rushing in of this wave creates a tremendous noise, and it is said to be one of the finest spectacles in New Brunswick.

The lecturer next proceeded to describe the Petcodiac, up which the tide flows 23 miles. The river is navigable for large vessels to the Bend, a distance of twenty miles from its mouth, and for vessels of 100 tons. About 13 miles further on, the Memramcook, a branch of the Petcodiac, there was several thousand acres of marsh, and many fine farms. The village of Dorchester, the Shire Town of Westmorland is near this river, and a plan of the Canal route from Dorchester Island to Shediac, from Capt. Crawley's Survey, was shown, the difficulty of constructing a Canal on this line, for the want of water on the summit level, was explained; at the same time, the Lecturer described the last of the proposed Canal routes, from Shediac to the Bend, to which the same objection applied, and with respect to a Canal, the Lecturer said, that at present, there was no hope, as all the routes presented almost insurmountable difficulties.

The Lecturer went on to describe the suvaroi

branches of the Petcodiac, and the character of the country, which was described as being in general very excellent; and Weldon's Creek, a small branch flowing in from the westward, was especially pointed out, as the site where a Boston Company are now carrying on an exploration for Coal. A plan of the Mechanics' Settlement was shown, and the progress of that settlement was described, the lecturer having visited it during the past season. The settlement is on an elevated table land, and the extent of really good land is very great. The soil is deep and heavy; the growth is principally beech, birch, and maple, of large size, the trees of the fir tribe being only found in the hollows formed by the brooks. Much has already been done by the settlers, who have made considerable clearings, and some of them have built houses—but their progress has been greatly retarded by the want of a Road.—As soon as a road was made through this settlement, the large body of good land, extending to the Covedale and Turtle rivers, and comprising nearly half a million of acres, would offer a fine field for settlers.

The upper part of the Petcodiac, called the North River, was described, as well as the settlement at its head, known as Butternut Ridge covered with groves of Beech, birch and maple intermixed with butternut and elm. This ridge is of limestone, and produces fine crops of wheat; fruit trees also succeed very well upon it, and a settler needs only industry to succeed at Butternut ridge.

In the course of this lecture, Mr Perley gave a particular description of the Acadian French inhabitants of the Eastern part of this Province. He said, they were descendants of the earliest settlers on this coast, who were principally Basques and Bretons. They live by themselves in district villages or settlements, and are generally found on some river, the sea coast, or an arm of the sea; the instances are few, in which they have left the water side, and gone into the backwoods. They all profess the Roman Catholic Religion, and adhere rigidly to its forms, as also to the habits and customs of their forefathers. The women dress with swell, close fitting, calico caps, with a narrow border of scarlet ferreting around the face; when in mourning they do not wear this cap—the hair is then dishevelled and allowed to float loosely down the back. Sometimes they wear a coiffe, or handkerchief, generally of black silk, over the head, and in summer they wear a broad leaved straw hat to protect them from the sun. Their petticoats are liberally formed as to width, thickly platted in large folds at the waist, and below, is invariably seen the dark blue woollen stocking. Over the petticoat, they wear a loose calico upper dress, or "shirt gown," and sometimes they wear "sabots" or wooden shoes, but the neat Indian Moccasins is more frequently seen. These women are generally under the middle stature, with thick waists, and clumsy figures, arising from the severe drudgery they undergo; but they have fine eyes, with regular features, and their countenances are pleasing and expressive.

The men dress almost invariably, in blue round jackets, with strait collars, and bright metal buttons in profusion; the waistcoats are often of gay colours, the trousers almost always of blue homespun cloth. Many of the old men wear "the bonnet rouge," but the common round black hat, is the usual wear. They marry young, and families are generally very large. Most of the men speak English more or less, but the women seldom do so; they are nearly destitute of education, but schools are on the increase among them, and the advantages possessed by those who are educated over those who are not, have of late induced parents to pay more attention to the education of their children.

The Acadians, the Lecturer said, are simple, light hearted, hospitable people, fond of fiddling and dancing, with few wants, perfectly contented with their lot, and not at all ambitious to raise above it—of all the inhabitants of New Brunswick, they perhaps were those who really enjoyed the greatest share of happiness and contentment.

Mr Perley concluded his lectures on the Rivers, for this season, by thanking the audience for the kindness and attention with which they had listened throughout; but before closing, he would make a few remarks on the subject of lectures generally. From the interest which these lectures on the rivers had excited, it was clear, that much of the information was new—the audience had heard enough to convince them of a fact of which he, the lecturer, was well aware, because he felt it himself—he was sorry to say it, but it may be acknowledged, that New Brunswickers were very ignorant of New Brunswick, and the Institute did not appear to be taking any effective steps toward enlightening that ignorance. It could not be expected that New Brunswick would be known abroad, until its inhabitants had first acquired some knowledge of its resources, productions, and capabilities. He, the Lecturer, suggested to the members of that body, the propriety of encouraging practical lectures, by practical men, on subjects connected with the every-day business of the people, and the leading interests of the Province, and rewarding such lectures by honorary rewards, rather than pecuniary payment, as in that way, they would bring forward new lectures, and much useful information would not only be collected, but also be diffused among inhabitants of New Brunswick. We trust the valuable suggestions made by Mr Perley, which our space will not permit us to give at length, will be taken up, and acted upon by the Members of the Institute.

On Monday evening, Mr. George Blatch delivered a lecture on a "species of common error," in which the use of tobacco was vigorously commented upon and its injurious effects

exposed—There is some dispute as to who first introduced it into England, it being generally attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh; but the honour is now given to Mr. Ralph Lane, who arrived in England in the same ship with Sir Francis Drake, in the year 1585, from Roanoke. Mr Lane had been sent out the year previous, and a colony had been formed under his command, but the war breaking out with Spain, and his men being much reduced from privations, he was taken on board Sir Francis' ship, and carried this plant with him to England, since which time it has obtained such general use.

## New Works.

From Life in a Sick Room: Essays by Harriet Martineau.

The following extract is from the concluding chapter on

## SOME GAINS AND SWEETS OF INVALIDISM

The true and welcome ultimate shelter of the celebrated is in great interests—great objects. If they use the power their fame puts into their hands for the furtherance of any of the great ends for which Providence is operating, they find themselves by degrees in possession once of the external freedom, the internal quiet, the genuine privacy of soul, which they believed forfeited forever, while the consciousness of the world was upon them. They read what is said of themselves in print just as if it was said of any other person, if it be laudatory; and with a quieter feeling still if it be adverse, as I shall presently describe.

It is sometimes said, that it is a pity, when great men do not happen to die on the completion of the one grand achievement of their lives, instead of taming down the effect by living on afterwards like common men;—that Clarkson should have died on the abolition of the slave trade,—Howard after his first or second journey,—Scott on the publication of his best romance,—and so on. But there is a melodramatic air about such a wish, which appears childish to moral speculators. We are glad to have Clarkson still, to honor freshly in his old age. We see more glory about the head of John Quincy Adams contending as a Representative in Congress, for popular rights, than he ever wore as President of the United States. We should be glad that Rowland Hill should live and work as a common man for a quarter of a century after the complete realization of his magnificent boon to society. In truth, we behold great men entering early upon their heaven, when we see them tranquilly retired, or engaged in common labors, after their most memorable task is accomplished. The worthiest of celebrated men whom I believe, be found, if their meditations could be read, anticipating with the highest satisfaction, as the happiest part of their prospect beyond the grave, their finding a level condition once more—being encompassed by equals—or, as the popular preacher puts it, starting fair from the new post. Such being the natural desire of simple hearts, there is a pleasure to spectators in seeing them, while still here, encompassed with fellowship—not set above, nor apart, though enjoying the natural recompenses of their deeds.

The words "natural recompenses" remind me of another gain conferred on us by our condition—scarcely separable, perhaps, from those I have mentioned—from the extinction of all concern about our future in this world, and the ordinary objects of pursuit; but yet to us so conspicuous, so heartfelt, as to demand record as a blessing by itself. I mean the conviction of the hollowness of all talk of reward for conduct;—the conviction of the essential blessedness of goodness. What can appear more true?—Where is the church or chapel in which it is not preached every Sunday? Yet we, who heard and believed through all the Sundays and week days of many years, seem but now have known this truth—Our knowledge is now tested by the indifference with which we behold men struggling for other objects, under a sort of insanity, as it appears to us, while the interests which animate us to sympathy are those of the pure in heart, seeing God before they die; and the dread which chills our souls is for the multitude who live in passion and die in moral insensibility. To us it appears so obviously the supreme good to have a healthy soul serenely reposing in innocence, and spontaneously working for God and man, that all divergence of aims from this end seems madness, and all imagery of rewards for moral desert the most profane of mockeries. It is a matter of wonder to us, that we ever conceived of royalty otherwise than as a title to compassion; of hereditary honors, as desirable; of fame, as an end; and we are apt to wonder at others, in their turn, that they do not perceive the most blessed of our race to be the moral reformers of each age, passing "from strength to strength," although wearing out in their enterprise, and the placid well doers, whether high or lowly in their service. The appendages themselves of such a state—the esteem, honor, and love which wait upon moral desert—almost vanish from our notice when we are contemplating the infinite blessedness of the peace of a holy heart.

Then we have (not to dwell on a matter already spoken of) a peculiar privilege in the peculiar loveliness which the image of Death assumes to us. In our long leisure, all sweet and soothing associations of rest,—of relief from anxiety and wearying thought,—of re-entrance upon society,—(a society how sanctified!)—of the realization of our best conceptions of what is holy, noble and perfect,—all affections, all aspirations gather round the idea of Death, till it recurs at all our best moments, and becomes an abiding thought of peace and

joy. When we hear or read of the departure of any one we knew,—of the death even of the youngest or the most active,—a thrill of congratulatory feeling is our first emotion, rather than the shock which we used to experience, and which we now see sustained by those around us.—Reflections, or tidings of survivors may change our view; but so does the image of Death become naturally endeared to us, that our first spontaneous thought is of favor to those who are selected for it. I am not recommending this impression as rational, but intimating it as characteristic of a peculiar condition. It is no slight privilege, however, to have that great idea which necessarily confronts every one of us all clothed with loveliness instead of horror, or mere mystery. Till now, we never knew how any anticipation may be incessantly filling with sweetness.

It may be doubted whether there is a more heartfelt peace experienced at any point of our moral progress than in the right reception of calumnious injury. In the immediate return from the first recoil into the mood of forgiveness, there is something heavenly even to the novice. In the compassion for one's calumniator there is pain; and it is a pain which increases with experience of life, and with our insight into the peril and misery of an unjust and malicious habit of mind; but in the act of pitying forgiveness, there is a solace so sweet as to make one wonder how long men will be in adopting this remedy for their injuries. Any one who has been ambitious, and with success, will, if he be wise, be ready to declare that not the first breadth of fame was to him so sweet as the first emotions of forgiveness, the first stirrings of the love of enemies, after his earliest experience of the calumny by which all public effort is sure to be assailed.

It is the prerogative of the healthy and happy to give pleasure wherever they go; it is the worst humiliation and grievance of the suffering that they cause suffering. To the far seeing invalid, who is aware not only of this immediate effect, but of its remote consequences, this is the most afflicting feature of his condition. If we can, by any management evade this liability, we have cause to be grateful indeed. If, by submitting ourselves to all softening and exalting influences, we can so nourish and educe the immortal part of ourselves as to subdue our own conflicts, and present our active and enjoying aspect to those who visit us, we are absolved from the worst penalties of our state. If, as years pass on, we find ourselves sought from the impulse of inclination, as well as from the stringency of duty—if we are permitted to see faces light up from ours, and hear the music of mirth succeed to the low serious tones of sympathetic greeting—we may let our hearts bound with the assurance that all is well with us. When we cannot refuse to see that children come to us eagerly, and that our riper companions stay late by our sofa, and come again and again, till nothing short of duty calls them away, any one might envy us the feelings with which we lie down again in our solitude. We are not proud like the young beauty with her conquest over hearts, or like the political or literary hero with his sway over the passion or the reason; but we are elate—and not without cause—elate in our privilege of annihilating the constraint and distaste inspired by our condition, and of finding ourselves restored to something like an equality of intercourse with the healthy in soul. The best and highest must ever be selected from among the healthy and the happy—from among those whose conditions of being are the most perfectly fulfilled; but, without aspiring to their consummate privileges, we feel ourselves abundantly blessed in such a partial emancipation as permits us, on occasion, and without shame, to join their "glorious company."

## From the Poor Law Guide.

## EFFECT OF MANUFACTURING PRESSURES.

Manufacturing pressures tend to increase improvements in machinery. Driven to threadbare profits, the manufacturers seek every means of reducing the cost of production; and hence it has occurred that, during the last five or six years, there has been more improvement in machinery than had taken place for twenty five years before that period. We believe we are correct in stating that, some eight or nine years since, the maximum capability of the spinning mule did not exceed the power of turning above 640 spindles. There are self acting mules now in use that will turn upwards of 2000 spindles! A mill of the present day, with improved machinery, is capable of turning off a given quantity of work at about one third less expense than it could have accomplished seven years since; in other words, a factory, which in 1835 required an outlay of £600 per week for wages, can now throw off the same quantity of work for £400 per week. We heard one respectable manufacturer declare that if his forty-inch cotton was made fast to a vessel at Liverpool, and the vessel allowed to make the best of her way to Canton, he could make the cotton as fast as the ship could sail away with it, or he would consent to have nothing for it. Now, allowing the ordinary voyage of four months, and calculating the number of miles the ship would sail, it would require about twenty four millions of yards of cloth to keep pace with the ship, or above 8,330 yards per hour, working the whole time, night and day. The same machinery would, in some months, make a belt round the earth 40 inches wide. Now, we would ask, if one manufacturer can do this, what could the whole machinery of England alone accomplish! Could it not make sufficient cloth in a few years to cover the whole surface of the inhabited part of the globe?