

THE SENTINEL.

AND NEW BRUNSWICK GENERAL ADVERTISER.

VOL. III.

FREDERICTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1840.

No. 41.

THE SENTINEL.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
By Edmund Ward.

Office.—Phoenix or Tank House—Fredericton.
AND CONTAINS,
The Decisions of the Executive, and Notices of
Sales of Crown Lands.
During the sitting of the Legislature THE SENTINEL
is published twice each week, and in it
will be inserted
The Debates in the Legislative Council and
House of Assembly.

TERMS.—15s. per annum, exclusive of Postage
Half in advance.

No Paper will be discontinued at the request
of a Subscriber until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding twelve
lines will be inserted for four shillings and six
pence the first, and one shilling and sixpence for
each succeeding insertion. Larger in proportion.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

CENTRAL BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—W.
J. Bodell, Esq. President. Saml. W. Babbitt, Esq.
Clerk. Discount Days, Tuesdays and Fridays.
Bills or Notes offered for Discount must be left at
the Bank, enclosed and directed to the Cashier, be-
fore two o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays. Di-
rector next week, J. A. Beckwith, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—
Fredericton Branch. Archd. Scott, Esq. Cashier.
Discount days, Mondays and Thursdays. Hours
of business from 10 to 3. Notes or Bills for dis-
count are to be left at the Bank, enclosed to the
Cashier before three o'clock on Saturdays and Wed-
nesdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—Frede-
ricton Branch.—Alfred Smithers, Esq. Manager.—
Discount days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours
of business from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for
discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days pre-
ceding the Discount Days. Director next week, J.
SIMPSON, Esq.

SAVINGS' BANK. Trustee for next week,
JAMES TAYLOR, Esq.

CENTRAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—B.
Wolhaupter, Esq. Office open every day, at Mr.
Minchin's Brick House, opposite the Parade. (Sun-
days excepted) from 11 to 2 o'clock. Committee
for the present month, JOHN S. COY and THOMAS
STEWART.

ALMS HOUSE AND WORK HOUSE.—Commis-
sioner, till Thursday next, THOMAS GILL.

BY THE SECOND SEPTEMBER MAIL.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

Political Elthics.—The Eastern Question.

France threatens England with war, be-
cause she has allied herself with Russia,
Austria, and Prussia, against the claims of
Mohammad Alee—that is, France has de-
clared herself in favour of Eastern progress,
versus Russia or eastern retrogression. En-
gland, however, in combining with Russia,
designs no retrogression—but only the perma-
nence of certain existing relations. The
policy of our government, whether Whig or
Tory, is at present necessarily conservative
—at a mid-point between progression and
retrogression. France, alike disturbing and
disturbed, is interested in maintaining the
interplay of an antagonism which England
desires to bring to a state of equilibrium. E-
gypt represents the prophetic point to be de-
veloped in the conflict of certain manifesting
principles, which principles are represented
by the different nations engaged in this dis-
pute. The regeneration of the East being
once effected—will, let us reverently ask,
Deity then use Asia to right the balance of
Europe—or both to right the world? Five
powers are in operation, in whose acts Mr.
Coleridge, had he now been alive, would
have recognised the working of a divine pen-
tal—the God's hand introduced into the
movements of mundane policy. France is
bound by lower interests to the side of Mo-
hammad Alee.

Previously to 1789, she was in almost ex-
clusive possession of the European commerce of
Syria. Twenty corresponding houses of
commerce, established in the principal towns
of the country, sold annually to the value of
four or five millions of French commodities,
receiving five or six millions in return. The
commercial intercourse of all other nations
with Syria did not amount to such a sum.
France seeks to recover this preponderance.
England also has her interests—the safety of
her Indian possessions on the one hand, and
the prevention of Russia from appropriating
Turkey on the other. These are motives
which place England between the two migh-
ty opposites. The philosophical disposition
of the argument, then, whether debated by
words or blows, and which, in either case,
will deserve to become the subject of a world-
wide, stands thus. Egypt, the antecedent
cause, as representative of the regeneration
of the east; France and Russia the two liv-
ing antitheses—England the Mediator—Aus-
tria and Prussia being the yet undecided co-
ordinates. The control of the balance [the
equilibrium of which is thus disturbed] rests
with him, in whom are the issues of life and
death, and who suffers agitation only that
stagnancy may be prevented or destroyed.
For it is needful that an angel should trouble
the waters ere the bathers in a pool can be
healed.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Prospects of the Probable War in Syria.

Ibrahim has large stores of every kind and
is at the head of an army more than double
what he would require for the defence of Syria
against the largest forces. But we are
not to suppose that Ibrahim would wait pa-
tiently to be attacked, when it is so easy for
him to carry on war in the territory of the e-
nemy, having before him an open country
and being able to create embarrassments to
the enemy by putting his provinces in a state
of revolt and doubling his own forces from
the ranks of the discontented, who are eager
to join him. The Russians, whether they set
out from their frontier of Armenia, or land at
Trebisond, Samsoun, or Synope, will al-
ways have farther to go to attack Syria (where

Ibrahim can leave 60,000 men) than the E-
gyptian army would have to arrive at Con-
stantinople.

In this case who would be able to oppose
him? Not England, which has no disposa-
ble troops; not Austria, which has no navy;
and still less Prussia. Russia would be sup-
planted by the other cabinets compromised
by her to occupy Constantinople, and with-
out doubt she would inflict this soft violence
upon herself. God knows how long the ge-
nerosity of the Emperor Nicholas would be
capable of immolating itself thus for the be-
nefit of his allies and the peace of the world!
We have seen more surprising things than
this—the division of Poland, for instance.
The skill of the Russian Government consists
in having induced its allies to provoke a cri-
sis from which it only can reap some fruit;
the inconceivable error of the other cabinet is
in not perceiving that the first decision of
the crisis would be at the expense of the
Sultan; the duty of France is to oppose this
policy, for it can only lead to the ruin of the
dearest and greatest interests of the civilized
world.—*Journal des Debats.*

England's War with China—American View.

And yet, in the broad face of the facts we
have enumerated, England dares to think of
restitution, and threatens to compel it at the
cannon's mouth. But what is the restitution
she requires? And upon what ground is it
demanded? The answer is plain. Her
merchants are clamorous for payment of the
opium delivered to Captain Elliot and her
government cannot honorably refuse to ac-
cept his official drafts in their favour, par-
ticularly after openly sanctioning the traffic;
and determined not to lose what she is pow-
erful enough to wrest from weak and of-
fended China, the thunders of war are to be
opened. But this is not all. She is resolved
not to relinquish the opium trade, and prob-
ably will not hesitate to enforce its continu-
ance at the point of the sword. Its destruc-
tion would cut off three millions of pounds
sterling from her revenue, which even now
has been deficient more than three millions
of pounds in meeting the expenditures for
the last two years.

Already has a powerful armed fleet been
dispatched for the coast of China, consisting
of three ships of the line, a number of frig-
ates, besides several smaller vessels, with
nearly fifteen thousand men on board; and
should they openly commence hostilities
against the Chinese, the rapid strides with
which the power of Great Britain has ad-
vanced in India, furnishes the history of its ter-
mination in that empire; and the exclusive
commercial privileges enjoyed by her sub-
jects in Bombay and Calcutta, show how
soon the ships of other nations would be shut
out from the port of Canton. The merchants
of this country are seriously affected by the
great question here presented, and the pro-
tecting mantle of national strength should be
thrown around their interests in the eastern
world. The government of the United States
is bound by the most sacred obligations to
the performance of this high duty, and can-
not shrink from it, without the sacrifice of
individual wealth, and the forfeiture of national
honour; and should Great Britain in-
vade the Chinese empire, blockade its ports,
and expel from its waters the commerce of
other lands, the whole enlightened and Chris-
tian world ought solemnly to protest against
it, as an unwarranted act of arbitrary power,
committed in violation of the broad prin-
ciples of eternal justice.—*Merchant's Magazine*
(of New York).

PORTRAIT OF MEHEMET ALI.

(BY A FRENCH ARTIST.)

Mehemet Ali, notwithstanding the white
beard which falls down upon his breast, has
a look of almost juvenile vigour about him.
He is a little old man, with a quick, piercing,
and cunning eye, regular physiognomy, and
very white teeth. (I found out, however,
that for these he is indebted to an English
dentist.) His shoulders are slightly bent, but
all his motions are characterized by great vi-
vacity. His step is quick and lively. He is
fond in walking of assuming an attitude
something like that which was usual with
Napoleon, that is to say, he walks with his
hands behind him, and generally grasps a sa-
bre, holding it horizontally at his back. No-
thing in the person of the Viceroy recalls the
idea of those Asiatics, filled with meditation
and sluggishness, of whom you see so many
among the Turks, who may be almost said
to be all of that character. He differs from
all the people around him, not only in the
qualities of his mind, but in his excessive ac-
tivity. A horse saddled and bridled is ready
for him, at the gate of his palace, night and
day at every moment. His costume, on the
day that I was admitted to an audience, was
exceedingly simple, and he did not even
wear the customary decorations of princes of
royal blood. When I had made my most
respectful salutations he withdrew into a cor-
ner of the gallery, and seating himself in a
divan, bade me sit beside him. Coffee with-
out sugar was then brought, and conversation
began. The voice of the Pacha is quick and
strong; he answers all questions with a pre-
cision and a perfect knowledge of events
which astonished me, and his eyes shone all
the while remarkably. He spoke of the mes-
sage of Rifat Bey, and his gestures and voice
were firm and decided, and even terrible.—
He seemed ready to brave the thunders of
the conference of London, and determined
not to yield the empire which his sword had
won him, except by the force of arms. The
mode of life of Mehemet Ali is simple and re-
gular. He rises at daybreak, and gives audi-
ence until eleven o'clock. He then dines,
and takes a short sleep afterwards. On ris-
ing, he takes a walk in one of the gardens
which he has caused to be laid out in the
neighbourhood of the town. The college of
the Pacha has nothing solemn or striking
about it; no crescent or horsetail is carried
before him, but he goes to his garden in a
simple carriage with four horses, very badly

harnessed, the whole equipage bearing a
strong resemblance to the lumbering car-
riages in which the *maires of the arrondissements*
of Paris pay their visits to the Tuileries on
gala days.

SKETCH OF SAID BEG.

(From the same Pencil)

I had the pleasure of being present at some
maritime manoeuvres carried on under the
direction of Said Beg, the son of the Pacha,
on board of his corvette. Said Beg, to whom
I was presented, is a young man of twenty,
of ordinary height, and rather stout. His fea-
tures are neither fine nor regular, are never-
theless very pleasing. His eyes are small and
sunken, but bright intelligent. He expresses
himself in French with much *naïveté* and good
humour, and does the honours to his guests
with an amity of manner which is truly roy-
al. After having made us partake of coffee
in a very elegant cabin, he led us upon deck,
and explained the manoeuvres to us. The
prince has received a very excellent educa-
tion—speaks French very well and English
tolerably, and has made considerable pro-
ficiency in nautical science and mathematics
in general. He is the favourite of the Pacha,
who looks upon all his children with a truly
paternal affection. The young prince is filled
with a juvenile ardour which is pleasant
to witness. He told us that he desired no-
thing better than to have a set-to with the
English, and “the devil take me,” added he,
“if they shall prevent me from getting out of
the port when once my father gives me the
order.”

From the London Atlas.

LONDON, Sept. 2.

The spirit of war is at this moment strangely
busy in the world. Spain again broken forth
into civil war, Portugal convulsed, the streets
of Paris occupied by soldiers, war, actual war,
in the Levant, war in Africa, and war in Chi-
na—surely this is enough at one time; even
Death himself might bless his maw, and hardly
ask for more.

Yet, in addition to all this, we are threatened
with a war with France, and the French funds
are going down with such perseverance, and
show such alacrity in sinking, that it is plain
that those whose business it is to gain intelli-
gence of the intentions of the government, con-
ceive that war is still upon the cards.

If the honour or vanity of France were ever
touched, the microscopic scratch has been com-
pletely healed by a note which Lord Palmer-
ston has addressed to the French government,
denying all intention of offence to her, and in-
viting her to join in future negotiations. If war,
therefore, is still imminent, it must have been
predetermined. In that case it arises either
from expectation entertained by the French go-
vernment, that the *armistice* of the 24th of
July, which at one time crying Reform (and mean-
ing what we call *Charism*), and at another time
crying higher wages, is at all times prepared
to build up barricades, and to throw down the
Orlean dynasty—a French war, we say, it is
at all, must arise either because the French
King and government wish to amuse these peo-
ple and to kill them off, or else because there
is a secret treaty between France and Mehemet
Ali which has never yet been brought to light.

Neither of these suppositions are very im-
probable, and it is possible that they may both
be true. If so whatever England may do, war
is predetermined. In that case let it come.

If England, Wales, and Scotland were pooled
upon the question whether the Island of Ire-
land should be disunited from the British empire
and governed by a separate Parliament, or
whether it should be re-conquered by British
troops and held to its allegiance by the sword,
we firmly believe that there would not be a
dissentient voice. Of the two alternatives, En-
glishmen, Welshmen, and Scotchmen would
decide unanimously by the sword.

On such a subject argument is thrown away.
It is not one which is to be admitted as capable
of argument. The common safety of the British
islands requires that they should be united, and
that common safety no single island can be al-
lowed to endanger. If the Island of Man, of
Staffa, of Wight, or of Ireland wishes to secede
from this general union and to seek an individ-
ual advantage at the common expense, it must be
forced back to its duty and allegiance.

This is the only answer which is due to the
ridiculous agitation which O'Connell has now
commenced in Ireland. This is the only reply
which is due to the nonsensical speeches with
which the small fry of Irish orators are now a-
musing meetings of the Irish peasantry—speeches
and arguments which are just as valid for
repealing the Irish union as for restoring the
Saxon Heptarchy. If it were worth while we
would undertake to prove that any one of these
repeal arguments would make rather a better
and more forcible heptarchy argument.

The Tory papers are vehemently assailing the
government because they do not treat these
meetings as treasonable and put them down by
the arm of the law. This is nearly as absurd as
the agitation itself. Such a prosecution is not
possible, and if possible it would not be prudent.
These writers know very well that if Sir Ro-
bert Peel were minister to-morrow, although
the repeal agitation would redouble in extent
and violence, yet he would attempt no state
prosecutions against it. Left to itself it will
soon burn out, but pour the oil of a state pro-
secution upon it and we should probably have to
quench it with blood.

We warn O'Connell, however, that if he re-
ally means well by his country he is treading
upon most dangerous ground. He has now over-
stepped the boundary of right, he has lost
the support of justice, and the more he agitates
the greater is the moral influence of public opi-
nion opposed to him. No perseverance, no agi-
tation, no force can ever procure a repeal of the
union; but this agitation can and will tell with
disastrous effect upon an English House of Com-
mons, and will be terribly felt next session when
the Stanley Bill comes again under discussion.

Some discussion has occurred this week upon
the reason which induced Prince Albert to de-
cline dining with the Lord Mayor when he
went into the city to receive his freedom.

It seems to be the very general opinion that
the reason assigned by his Royal Highness for
his departure is not that which really influ-
enced him—or perhaps, we should rather say,
which really influenced his advisers. The dis-

crepancy between the excuse offered by himself
and that offered by the Royal Duke who did hon-
our the Lord Mayor with his presence, gives
great probability to this general opinion; and it
is strengthened by the consideration that the
same circumstance which was stated to have
caused the absence of the Prince would have been
still more powerful, had it acted at all, to pre-
vent the attendance of the Royal Duke. If it
would have been indecible for one so distant-
ly related to the sick Princess as Prince Albert is,
to dine in public while she was ill, it could not
have been delicate for her brother to remain at
the board from which so distant a relative had
retired.

It has since been said that Lord Melbourne
was not invited, and that the Queen resented
the omission. This has been denied, but upon
no better authority than that of the *Times*; and
unless the *Times* has been authorized by the
Lord Mayor to say that an invitation really was
sent to the prime minister, this denial must go
for nothing. This may perhaps be the case,
and the *Times* ambiguously alludes to its “best
authority” for its own party purposes, and per-
haps also to lead people to suppose that its “au-
thority” is derived from Windsor Castle.

We really cannot see what mystery there is
in the matter. We hinted at the time what our
opinion of it was, and it appears a very natural
solution of the affair. There was a report cur-
rent that at the dinner certain pieces of plate
were to be presented to the sheriffs for their
conduct in resisting the House of Commons.—
Certain things which have occurred during this
mayoralty gave some probability to the story,
and it was not thought impossible that upon
this occasion one dinner was to serve two pur-
poses. We think that the sheriffs were right,
and that they deserve the piece of plate, but
we pointed out the impropriety of presenting it
in such a manner as to appear to inculcate the
Prince in an expression of opinion against the
House of Commons.

It would have been impertinent in the Prince
to inquire what the Lord Mayor intended to do
at his own table, but we cannot wonder, when
such a report was in circulation, that he should
avoid putting himself in a position which was
likely to become so embarrassing.

By the by, this dinner was, after all, made
to serve two purposes. It is always custom-
ary for the Lord Mayor to give a dinner to the
aldermen upon the accession of a new member
to their body. The successor to Alderman Ven-
ables was received at the Prince Albert din-
ner.

These little pieces of management are very tri-
vial and absurd, but they are discussed quite as
serious topics in the City; and they really be-
come such when they occasion an appearance
of estrangement between her Majesty and her
metropolis.

Sinking of Mount Ararat.—On the 25th ult.
news was received at St. Petersburg, from
Tiflis, that at the end of June the whole of
the upper part of the celebrated Mount Ararat,
in Armenia, had sunk down. For some days
before the phenomenon, a hollow noise was
heard in the interior of the mountain, which
was clearly perceived in all the neighbour-
hood of the settlement on the extensive
periphery of the mountains: it is said that
only a large village and an Armenian monas-
tery, dependent on the celebrated Etschmiadzin,
are buried with their inhabitants. We have
not received the official accounts. Another
statement is, that the accounts of the late
earthquake are terrible. Ourdebad, Nakshi-
van, Erivan, Bakoo, and Bajeid are greatly
damaged, and there has been a great loss of
life. Some villages both to the south and
north of the Araxes, are totally destroyed,
others partially so. One village close to Ararat
was completely buried under a rock, with
the whole of its inhabitants.

A Minister's "Leisure."—Lord John Russell
has been replying, after the fatigues of the
session, at Naworth Castle, in Cumberland.
Recently, the postage of his lordship's dis-
patches to the Colonial Office in one day
amounted to 2l. 17s. “and no more.”—*Perth*
Paper.

Commodore Charles Napier, C. B.—A pen-
sion of £150 per annum has been granted to
Captain Napier for the following services:—
Assisting at the reduction of Martinique; at-
tacking and taking a Sicilian convoy off Pal-
nure; landing and joining in the military
operations at that place; and attacking and
taking the port of Sappri. The Island of Ponza
was captured under his direction; he served
in North America, under Sir James Gordon,
in the river Potomac, in which enterprise
he was wounded. He was promoted Lieuten-
ant, Nov. 30, 1805; Commander, Nov. 30,
1807; Captain, May 22, 1809. Appointed to
the “Powerful,” 80 guns, January, 1839.

Mr. Espy.—The Liverpool Albion publish-
es a communication highly complimentary to
Professor Espy and commendatory of his
theory of storms. The writer says that “if
the captains of the Lockwood, Pennsylvania,
and the Oxford, had known what we now
know through Mr. Espy, their valuable lives,
and the lives of their crews and passengers,
and a million of property would have been
saved.” He thereupon gives the following
advice to captains of vessels: “In the mean
time let all captains beware. Never leave the
port of Liverpool in a strong south-east wind;
for, in twelve hours there will be a hurricane
from the opposite quarter, the north-west or
west.”—*N. Y. Express.*

CHARTIST CHURCHES.—One of the most
remarkable features of Chartism in this part
of the country is the number of places of worship
which are opening in the various localities
where their numerical strength is greatest.—
They have sermons regularly on Sabbath, and
lay preachers officiate by turns. They regular-
ly baptise children, and we understand that the
sacrament was to have been dispensed by them
in the town of Kilbarchan. The chartist churches
are founded, not upon any religious but a
political principle, and are therefore in the strict-
est sense of the term, political churches. Of
all the absurdities of Chartism, the attempt to
form a religious sect on the ground of a political
principle seems the greatest, as it is the most
blasphemous and profane.—*Scottish Guardian.*

A certain interesting event it is said, will oc-
cur about the middle of December.

A RAMBLE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

By M. H. PERLEY, Esq.

How beautiful are the woods of North Ame-
rica in the autumn! The hill-sides, clothed
with the beech, the birch, and the maple, at
that season exhibit the most splendid colours,
of innumerable shades and unequalled brilliancy.—
The early frost changes the leaves of the maple
to a great variety of hues, from the delicate
straw colour to the brightest scarlet and the
deep crimson—and these rich colours blended
with the foliage of the beech and birch, which
retain their verdant appearance until later in the
season, when contrasted with the dark and som-
bre green of the evergreen firs, give to our for-
ests of mixed growth, when viewed from a
distance, a fanciful resemblance of an enormous
bed of tulips.

The air in the autumn is pure and bracing;
a bright blue sky, rivaling that of Italy, con-
tinues for days without a cloud, and in such wea-
ther it is most delightful to ramble by the way-
side, to seek the quiet borders of the brooks, or
dive into the recesses of the forest. Determined
to enjoy one of these heavenly seasons after
my own fashion, I had started on a ramble, e-
quipped with rod and gun, a light haversack,
and good store of health and spirits. The second
day found me fifty miles from home, in a de-
lightful country, very fairly settled, the farm-
houses being at moderate distances, and large
portions of the forest having disappeared to give
place to extensive meadows and ripening fields
of grain.

The passenger pigeons, which visit us in
great numbers every year, are at this season
found in large flocks near the grain fields; and
during my walk I had been kept constantly on
the alert by the straggling birds, which were
continually flitting about and changing from
field to field, affording pretty amusement, but
requiring very quick shots.

I was wrapt in admiration of the beauty of the
landscape, which displayed a long valley, en-
veloped by steep hills, covered with a magnificent
growth of forest trees, rejoicing in the brightest
and most varied of the autumnal tints now glow-
ing under the last brilliant rays of a gorgeous
sunset. In the depth of the valley, the bright
waters of a small river wound their way through
the rich alluvial intervals, rippling and mur-
muring over a gravelly bed. While gazing in
delight upon the scene, I had nearly fallen over
a country lad, who on his hands and knees was
creeping along the road-side, watching intently
a buck-wheat field; he was trailing along an
old-fashioned Tower musket, and on enquiry I
found he was endeavoring to get a shot at a
flock of pigeons, which had shortly before al-
ighted among the grain. I advised him to get
to the other side of the field, through a cedar
thicket, which he quickly effected; reaching a
tolerable opening in the bushes, which afforded
a good view, with the musket resting on a small
tree, he poured a deadly discharge into the un-
suspecting flock, not however without being
hurt, which was greatly overcharged. Conceiv-
ing himself desperately wounded, he roared
most lustily, and the noise he made drove the
flock past where I stood laughing at the adven-
ture—discharging both barrels among them, a
lane seemed for the moment to be formed thro'
the cloud of birds. Dead and wounded came
tumbling to earth in heaps, and my country
friend, having recovered from his fright, was
particularly active in the cripplè-chase which
ensued, until having stuffed my game-bag to
repletion, I allowed the delighted boy to pos-
sess himself of the numbers which yet remained
ungathered.

Night found me snugly seated in a comforta-
ble farm house, discussing the latest news with
a grey headed farmer, who, although a stranger
had received me with the greatest kindness,
and at once extended that hospitality which is
so universal in new countries, with a thin popu-
lation and but few wayfarers. “The open
door” is a matter of course in the vicinity of the
forest; there is something in the very savour of
the green woods which smacks of kindness and
good will, a perfect freedom from selfishness,
and an anxious desire to extend the rites of hos-
pitality to all whose path may lie through the
forest, or along the unfrequented bye-ways.

I rose early the next morning intending to de-
part, but that was not permitted. A North A-
merican breakfast smoked upon the ample board,
consisting of broiled pigeons, ham, eggs, chick-
ens, bread of various sorts (of which that made
from Indian corn appeared in large quantity),
fine mealy potatoes, capital tea with rich cream
and a profusion of country cakes and wild ber-
ries. A numerous and healthy family assem-
bled round the table, and after a reverent grace
from the head of the house, due and ample jus-
tice was done to the viands, for the dry and bra-
cing air is a great sharpen of the appetite.
While discussing the meal, mine host gave me
a brief history of his life. He was a native of
England, and bred a stocking-weaver; but hav-
ing been thrown out of employment at a time
when he had a small family springing up around
him, he had boldly resolved on emigrating; and
landing on the shores of New Brunswick with
his wife and children, had proceeded to this vale
which was then almost in a perfect state of na-
ture—a few hardy settlers having just commen-
ced operations by building log-houses, clearing
a few acres of ground, and preparing them for
the first crop.

He had been able to secure a lot of two hun-
dred acres, and setting to work, awkwardly e-
nough at first, he had succeeded, after a short
struggle, in overcoming the difficulties incident
to a new settlement; and, that accomplished,
he had gradually risen to the rank of an inde-
pendent farmer, in easy circumstances, posses-
sing an excellent farm, with numerous flocks
and herds. He spoke of his farm almost with
paternal affection; it had been reclaimed from
the forest principally by the labour of his own
hands, and he yet delighted to talk of the vari-
ous improvements he intended to make, with
the aid of the rosy-cheeked boys and girls who
clustered around the board. Amid the young
portion of the family figured my fellow-sports-
man among the pigeons; he was a grand-child,
the first-born of mine host's eldest son, who liv-
ed on an adjoining farm. He had abstracted the
ancient musket (which had accompanied the old
farmer from England) from the hooks over the
kitchen fire-place, and stolen off with it for a
kitchen shot at the pigeons. This youngster seemed
the pet of the household, and gave me to under-
stand that he could show me capital fishing-
ground in the request that I would spend some
time with them, by promising me good sport.
My young companion guided me to a shady
part of the stream, which he assured me conti-