

Poetry.

THE TRUTH OF NATURE

This world is full of vain regrets, And sin, and care, and crime; The world is full of violets That die before their time. Yet I have cherished since my youth, Whatever might befall, An earnest faith in nature's truth, A gentle hope for all.

We give each heart its place and rank; But have we rightly read? That heart has depths where never sank The philosophic lead. And still, though well the good may love, Though high the wise aspire, They view but this—the glimmer of A fusing shaping fire.

The glimmer dies; but yet abides The pure, creative flame; Each tide is lost in other tides, Yet ocean rolls the same. Then cherish well, O ardent youth, Whatever may befall, A fearless trust in nature's truth, A gentle hope for all.

Select Story.

FIRST LOVE.

"We always return to our first loves." In France, no one who has had the slightest pretension to good taste, or refinement of education, would admit a goose within even the light of his or her kitchen fire. We cannot attempt to define the cause; we only state a fact, that a goose is as much a proscribed article at an aristocratic Parisian table, as pork in Turkey, or the Chinese luxury—cat—with us. Goose is the parish of a Parisian kitchen, and a contemptuous nickname is applied to it in those humble spots where it is permitted to appear—it is termed "the cobblers lark." Why the French so eschew it, we repeat, we know not. Some of their ancestors loved its savoury flavour—Brays, Palapart, and Daulou, the advocate, even, whose eyes flashed with delight, when invited by Monsieur Guillaume to come and partake of a goose, dressed by his wife. Simple and earnest days, how have ye gone by! Some few, let the words be whispered, are still faithful to ancestral taste, and love goose, and among these is a certain Monsieur Noel (we will call him), a man who has made an immense fortune in the mercantile world, a man who has risen by his own industry to a position of eminence, and ranks as Deputy, with the cross of the Legion of Honor at his button-hole. Simple-hearted man, in memory of early days, when goose was a luxury on days of feasting at the plebeian table of his parents, he loves it still, but then—Monsieur Noel has wedded a Parisian, an aristocrat, a beauty of five-and-twenty. Talk, indeed, to her of goose! To her, who aspires only to the possession of a title; nothing less than a count will her husband. And handsome, clever, surrounded as she is by admirers, all her thoughts tend to the furtherance of it; and well aware that the greatest men (in France) are not proof against a luxurious table, and that the surest road to their hearts is down their throats, her dinners are cited as the most reined of the day. Very recently, Madame Noel was in bed; suddenly her bell rang violently. "Lisa," she said, when her femme de chambre appeared, "what means that noise in the ante-chamber?" He steward from monsieur's farm reads a madam who has brought a basket of game. "It just arrives in time," rejoined the lady. "I have a dinner-party to-day." (A Parisian wife ignores her husband in all her entertainments; 'tis always "I," not "we.") "A basket of game, and—" continued Lisa. "And what?" interrupted Madame. "A goose." "A goose!" "Yes, Madame, and a magnificent one, 'tis quite a pleasure to look at it." "Fie, fie!" exclaimed the elegant Parisian. "A goose?" "Twas the farmer's wife who sent it, knowing the partiality which monsieur has for it, and who—" "Yes, yes," interrupted the lady; "I

am well aware of the best taste monsieur evinces in that respect, and, therefore, I do not choose that this one—" "But, Madame—" Lisa interrupted in her turn. "I," continued Madame, "have a state counsellor, a colonel and two deputies to dinner; do you suppose I would eat a goose before them? If monsieur discovers that one was sent, he will insist upon having it served up. What shall we do with it? I must be got rid of." "Nothing can be easier," Lisa replied. "Above all, let your master know nothing of it." "Never fear, Madame. I opened the door to the steward; I'll send him away with it." "Stay; I've an idea! Give me my writing case." Madame Noel wrote a note—a very pretty one—to her friend, Madame Dunoyer, who was a shade less aristocratic than herself. She told her, slightly changing the truth, that her husband had received a present of two geese from the country, and she begged her acceptance of one of them. The goose departed in company with the letter. "What can Madame Noel be thinking of?" cried Madame Dunoyer, on receipt of this singular present; "to send me a goose? to me, who only live on sago, and cannot even digest a spring chicken! There are very extraordinary persons in the world." Madame Dunoyer cast a contemptuous look on the offending goose; but persevering, nevertheless, that of its kind 'twas superb, delicate, and fat she sent it to her milliner. When it arrived, the fashioner of caps and bonnets was very busy amidst her work-girls, laces, and gauze. The goose was laid down on a table, close to a heap of finery. "Take away that filthy thing!" exclaimed the woman, naturally very indignant. "You will soil the Persian muslin." But learning that it was a present from Madame Dunoyer, one of her best customers, she softened down, thanked the servant warmly, and gave him thirty sous. It is a cruel fact, netheless an uncontrollable one, that the work-girls at a fashionable milliner's are generally worse dressed and more worked than any others, and are, moreover, nominally led at their mistress's. The young girls cast a longing look at the goose; 'twas like manna, it seemed to fall from Heaven; a succulent dish to cause a diversion in their thoughts and palates, from the eternal soup, soup, soup, and boiled beef in rags. But all human anticipation has a dash of disappointment in it, it was written in Fate's Calendar, that the pretty milliners should see, but not taste, the goose. "Jean," said the mistress modiste, to her porter, "go to Madame de Chinay, present my respects, and beg of her to be condescending enough to accept this goose." The bird departed, and the smiles also of the hungry milliners. Madame de Chinay was an antiquated marquise without a sixpence in ready money, and one of the worst customers which the modiste possessed; a woman who never paid, and to whom it was useless to send in a bill, but yet a person moving in the very best society, and who everywhere praised and published the ability of her milliner; a sort of feminine advertisement, or the page of a periodical dedicated to fashions, and yet, on the whole an excellent creature. "That good, kind Madame Boldou," she said, speaking of the modiste, "send me a goose. She knows that I never eat such a thing, and besides, dine out every day. She would have acted more wisely in sending me a few pounds of chocolate!" Madame de Chinay was one of those ladies who are always begging from one or other for something or somebody, and was glad, therefore, to keep with the underlings in ministerial offices. She recollected one Boisselet, a most good-natured clerk, with only sixty pounds a year salary, whose family she knew; she sent, therefore, for a porter and bade him carry the goose, with her compliments, to Madame Boisselet, and even paid the man for his trouble. This time the goose was well placed, and carried where it was far from being despised. The hungry children gathered round it, and the happy mother, well contented, weighed it in her

hands. "The beautiful bird!" she exclaimed. "We'll eat it to-day, wont we, mamma?" cried the children. "If your papa pleases, my darlings." At that moment Monsieur Boisselet arrived. His eyes filled with tears when he heard of Madame de Chinay, and he promised himself the pleasure of thanking her when she should come to his ministerial office. "Well, then, my love," said Madame Boisselet, "I'll have it dressed to-day.—Such was Madame de Chinay's intention, and the poor dear children are rejoicing at the idea." "Gently, gently," cried the papa; "it is not true, Rosalie," and he addressed his eldest daughter, a handsome young girl of eighteen, "that you love Jules Durand with all your heart—him, the most assiduous of all our supernumeraries?" "Oh, yes; with all my heart, papa." "Well, then, my love, Jules is of the same department as Monsieur Noel, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted. One word from the deputy, and Jules is at once placed in an office. Then Madame Boisselet, your daughter will have a husband. It is my opinion that the goose should be sent to Monsieur Noel at once." Such was Mademoiselle Rosalie's idea also, and the mother felt forced to submit. The children had a nice cake to appease them, and Monsieur Boisselet lastly wrote a very polite letter, in which he slipped a petition for Jules Durand, begging of Monsieur Noel to support his claims. The goose was nicely wrapped up in a white napkin, and between the bird and its wrapper the letter and petition was placed. Monsieur Boisselet carried the offering. He addressed himself to the porter in his lodge; the reply was, that Monsieur Noel was from home. "May I beg of you," said Boisselet, "to give this to him when he returns?" "Certainly," answered the other. And thus we find the bird, after a lengthened flight, come back whence it started. Monsieur Noel shortly afterwards returned. "Monsieur," said the porter, "here is a parcel for you." "For me?" "Yes, monsieur; and left with strict injunctions to be given to yourself." "Let us see." And entering the porter's lodge, he himself undid the parcel. Our readers have not forgotten his plebeian taste for goose. "Oh, the beautiful bird!" he exclaimed, echoing the words Madame Boisselet had used. He also found the letter and read it and the petition. "Excellent Boisselet!" he said, "he deserves advancement, and he shall have it. It is not shameful to reflect, that a good and laborious servant of the State like him, an exemplary member of society, and an incomparable father of a family, after so many years' service, should be so ill recompensed? He shall be advanced, he shall—little Durand, too, a most respectable young man, full of promise, he shall not be a supernumerary much longer!" And filled with kind and charitable thoughts, he took the goose in both hands, gazed upon it with the affection of a real lover of the species, and carried it to the kitchen himself. "Here Joseph," he said, addressing his man-cook, "is a superb goose, roast it for dinner, and roast it well." "Willingly, monsieur; but permit me to observe, that madame has ordered dinner, and there is a roast joint already." "Is there? Never mind, we'll have two roasts." "Tis as monsieur pleases." The cook set about obeying his master, who mounted his stairs to his apartment. A lady's maid, when not occupied with her mistress, passes her time in trotting all over the house, and makes a point of knowing everything, and repeating all she sees and hears. Mademoiselle Lisa very soon discovered what was passing below, and walked up, brimful of intelligence, to her lady's chamber. "Madame," she said, "the goose that was sent away this morning is now roasting at the kitchen fire." "On Madame Dunoyer's spit?" asked her mistress, amazed how she should be so well informed.

"No, Madame; but down stairs in the kitchen. I knew it by a black mark near the tail, and a broken foot." "Why, Lisa, you must be mistaken; it is impossible, unless it flew in at the window, and in the state it was in." "I assure you, Madame, that I have seen it." Madame Noel was of a violent and impetuous temper; moreover, extremely particular about the elegant distinction of everything at her table and in her house. A goose! a goose to be presented in her dining-room—a colonel, a state councillor, and two deputies! She rushed down furious to the kitchen, severely reprimanded the cook, made him uncap the bird and fling it out of the window. This window looked into the yard, and the goose, vigorously flung forth by one of the scullions, dropped down before the kennel of the house. A magnificent mastiff, Lion took up the goose in his mouth, and, deeply grateful for the gift, placed it between his paws, and quietly, luxuriously, commenced the best repast he ever had in his life. The hour of dinner arrived, and the colonel, who was leading Madame Noel into the dining room, cast a look into the yard from a window in the corridor. "Faith," he exclaimed, "there is a well-dow. I do believe the rogue is eating a chicken." "No, Colonel," answered Madame Noel, "it is a goose." "A goose!" cried her husband, who was walking on their heels, and heard the whole of the conversation. "Tis mine! Good heavens!" It would have been impossible to accuse Lion of theft—he was chained up; equally so to suppose that the cook had permitted himself to do such a thing. The guilty one could only be Madame Noel. The husband and wife looked at one another, and perfect comprehension of all was the result on his mind. But how break out into reproaches, or make a scene before the deputies, a state councillor, and a colonel? Besides, when a man of fifty marries a handsome wife of five-and-twenty, who has an insurmountable dislike to geese, he is naturally the slave of her opinions; but as all anger must find some issue or another, Monsieur Noel, as his guests were at table, opened the window and flung out the unfortunate Boisselet's petition and letter. "There," he muttered to himself, "since Lion is eating your goose, let him procure you advancement." He then entered the dining-room with a most tranquil air; but the ubiquitous Mademoiselle Lisa saw all, and, running down into the yard, picked up the papers. In the evening she gave both to her mistress, who, though she could not comprehend how the goose had found its way into Boisselet's possession, saw easily the good man was imploring her husband's protection, and that anger would be, perhaps, ruinous to the poor family. Mademoiselle Lisa was ordered to find out their exact position, and Madame Noel, the Parisian belle, saw herself shortly afterwards called upon, to sympathize in the homely loves of Rosalie and Jules Durand, as well as to peep in, in imagination, on the poverty of the whole family. "Ah!" exclaimed Madame Noel, to herself, "my husband abandons them to their fate on account of a wretched goose, and leaves their advancement to Lion; well then, 'tis I who will take the dog's charge upon me." A young and pretty woman, who solicits, has more influence than even a deputy. Madame Noel spared herself no trouble; she even begged of the colonel, to whom she imparted the history of the goose, as far as she knew it herself; he was her devoted servant in all things, and possessed much influence. At the end of eight or ten days, Jules Durand had a place, and Monsieur Boisselet was raised to the rank of chief clerk in his office. "Ha!" exclaimed he, rejoicingly, to his wife. "You see we did well not to eat our goose, but to give it to Monsieur Noel." "And do you really believe that the goose did it?" she asked. "It contributed mainly," he replied, proud of his own sagacity. The whole family waited upon Monsieur Noel to thank him. He was in his drawing-room with his wife, when they were shown in. "You see before you, monsieur," exclaimed Boisselet, with emotion, "an entire family which you have rendered happy." "I?" cried the astonished man, thus addressed. "Ah, monsieur! you need not feign ignorance. You know it well; I am chief clerk now, and Jules Durand has an appointment. The young people are going to be married, and to you they owe all." "Propose," continued Boisselet, changing his tone, and whispering in the ear of the amazed and mystified Monsieur Noel, "how did you like the goose?"

At that moment Lion, who had broken his chain, came bounding wildly into the room. "Tis Lion you must thank, monsieur," said Madame Noel, laughing heartily, "for 'tis he who eat your goose." "My good friends," exclaimed Monsieur Noel, with emotion, hastily dismissed of his first angry feeling about so puerile a thing, "some all of you to-morrow to dinner, to thank madame for having placed you. 'Twas she did it, and I promise you we will have a goose to celebrate the event." And, dear readers, the history of this erratic bird, which we have related, proves the truth of our motto at the beginning:—"We always return to our first love." NEW BRUNSWICK LITERATURE. In the memory of many individuals still living, there was not more than one, if any paper published in this Province; while at the present time there are not less than twenty seven different issues from the press of New Brunswick, some of which are daily, twenty-four weekly, and three monthly distributed as follows:— St. JOHN.—The Courier, half a century old; the News, New Brunswick, or, Freeman, Religious Intelligencer, Colonial Presbyterian, Temperance Telegraph, Church Witness, Christian Visitor, Globe, Albion, Protestant, Guardian, and Weekly Tribune. The latter, recently issued, is conducted with ability by Messrs. Freese & McInnis, and is devoted to Education and General News,—price, 7s. 6d. per annum. We welcome this paper into the list; as, from the tone of its leading articles, we anticipate much good to arise out of its publication. FREDERICTON.—The Royal Gazette, Head Quarters and Reporter. CHARLOTTE.—St. Andrew's Standard and St. Croix Herald. CARLETON.—The Woodstock Journal and Carleton Sentinel. NORTUMBERLAND.—The Miramichi Gleaner and Colonial Times. WESTMORLAND.—The Westmorland Times, Borderer and Instructor. And Kings the other day added another, the Sussex Times, to the number. This paper represents ability and business habits; and we have no doubt that it will be instrumental in turning the attention of the inhabitants of this fine County to the various sources of undeveloped wealth that lie scattered over the face of the country. Thus, half the counties of this Province are represented by a local press; and from the short intervals that elapse between the rise of one paper and that of another, and from the progress of the times, we expect shortly to hear of a Kent Times, The Bay Chaleur Times. The press is now considered the great moral and intellectual lever that moves society. If abuses exist, whether in humble cot, the densely crowded city, the courts of law, the halls of legislation, in the army, navy, or even in the Palace of Royalty,—the press thunders its anathemas, and the powers, however powerful, must succumb. The ministers of the gospel, powerful though they be for good, would do little in the diffusion of knowledge and the elevation of society were it not for the powerful aid of the press. In all free countries, where the press is free and untrammelled, and its tone moulded by truth and justice; we find the resources of such countries being developed and the people intelligent and moral; while in those countries where no press exists, or where the press is under heavy state restrictions, the people are living in ignorance, superstition, and idleness; and the resources of the country, vast and varied though they be, are undeveloped. It must be patent to every observer of the times, that the press of Great Britain, wielding as it does such power, writes one government out of existence and another into its place whenever necessity demands it. In a word, the press is one of the instruments that is moving the nations and changing the moral and intellectual aspect of the world. That this power should be rightly wielded and become general, should be the desire of every well-wisher to society; and that the mass of society, if they look to their own interests, should support it, is their bounden duty. Let all read, is the order of the day.—Instructor.

A Fish Story.—Is the State Board of Agriculture's Room, in the State House, is a large glass box or vessel, wherein are kept several live specimens of fish, among others a sunfish, about six inches in length. The secretary recently caught a common horse leech and placed it in the water with the fish. A contest immediately began between the sunfish and the leech, involving life or death to the worm, which was watched with much interest and curiosity. The sunfish attempted to swallow the leech head foremost, but the latter fastened himself to the under jaws of the fish and obstinately refused to be swallowed. The next thing was for the fish to get the leech out of his mouth, and to this end various ingenious manoeuvres were resorted to without effect. At last the fish, raising his mouth above the surface of the water, blew the bloodsucker from his position.—Again the fish attempted to swallow the leech, this time tail first; but the will worm fastened himself outside of his enemy's mouth, and had to be dislodged by a repetition of the blowing dodge. The struggle lasted for more than a week, and at last the fish succeeded in getting the leech down, whereat he manifested his satisfaction by a series of inexplicable curvatures. But alas! the exultation of the victor was brief, for the next morning found Mr. Sunfish floating sideways upon the surface of the water—dead. The bloodsucker had triumphed, even in death, and left no living foe.—Colubus Statesman. The farming prospects in Canada are said to be excellent. Heavy showers of rain have fallen and improved the crops to a wonderful extent. "Where before," says the Toronto Leader, "there were nothing but the saddest prognostications of the state of the crops, there is now the most cheering news. The entire face of the country is changed. The Fall wheat is coming on as well as could be desired; wherever a root was left, no matter how much it may be affected, it has received fresh strength, and is springing up with renewed vigour. In many places farmers were induced to plow up the Fall wheat; so; Spring crops, so far, are coming on well. From all quarters there come the most cheering accounts of the fruit trees, and a great yield is promised this year than for many years. On the whole, everything promises well for the farmer; and as a consequence for the country generally." The Development of Muscle never no always to the prize-ring. In Troy, the other day, John McKinney and Patrick Kennedy, both blacksmiths had an extraordinary trial of skill. The former challenged the latter to compete with him in making horse shoes for the championship. The challenge was accepted, and the working time fixed at ten hours; each man, with his helper, "went at the metal. Their shops were surrounded through the day with an interested throng, and ropes were stretched about the forges to give sufficient space. At the expiration of the ten hours, Kennedy had made two hundred and ten. Near the close of the contest "helper" of the latter fainted from fatigue! It is not probable that an equal has ever been accomplished before. SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A SNOWMAN.—A LINDSAY IN UTICA.—In the Fall of 1856 showed my show in Utica, a truly gratifying in the State of New York. The people gave me a cordial reception. The press was loud in her praises. I day as I was giving a description of my Beets and snakes in my usual flowery style, what was my scorn disgust to see a big burly fellow walk up to the cage containing, my wax figures of the Lord's Last Supper, and ceases Judas Iscariot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then comment for, to ground him as hard as he could. "What under the sun air you about?" cried I. "See he," what did you bring this put syllabus euss here for?" and he hit the wax figure another tremendous blow on the head. "See I," you egress ass, that ar's a wax figure—a representation of the false Pope." "See," "he that's all very well for you, say, but I tell you old man that Judas Iscariot can't show himself in Utica w