

Home should be made Pleasant.

Parents, if you would preserve your children from the snares of the world, and keep them unspotted by vice, make home a pleasant place. Greet them with smiles and kindly words. Be gentle in your admonitions, and let no useless reproaches or fretfulness on your part drive them from you. Sisters, if you would hold the hearts of your brothers, and exert a good influence over them, treat them affectionately, and let those graces which become you, so well manifested in the society of your gentlemen acquaintances; be shown in like manner in the treatment of your brothers. And ye brothers, be kind to your sisters, for "not many may know the depths of true sisterly love." In after years, when a sister's society may no longer be yours, the memory of her affection will be a sweet solace. Parents and children, members of one family, make your home a pleasant one, "be kind to each other," for

It is not much the world can give, with all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things to satisfy the heart:
But oh! if those who cluster round the altar and the heart,
Have gentle words and loving smiles, how beautiful is earth!

CHARACTER.—As they who, for every slight infirmity, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they who, for every trifling sin, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan

Rev. R. Knight's Letter.

MR DEAR DOCTOR.—As a parenthesis, in a rightly constructed sentence, may be either omitted or retained, without affecting the sense of what goes before or follows after—so may it be said with regard to the period of time which embraced the varied, and unexpected events, communicated to you in my last. Seventeen hours filled to the extremities with but less than confusion, anxiety and labour, placed me where I was before their commencement. The Mission House was again my starting point without the lessening of one foot of the one hundred miles distance, where fond hope the preceding evening had placed me.

But on these events, I had now the leisure to ponder. The disorder which obtained, while fast on the reefs at Quaco, in shifting the freight, trying to get off the steamer, and the stir and commotion of passengers, afforded but little time for reflection. On retiring to rest, though more than ordinarily fatigued, busy memory, that untiring tenant of the mind, was employed in reproducing, and setting in order recent occurrences. I stated in my last, that no reasonable apprehension, of the loss of life could be entertained, though the steamer would in all probability become totally wrecked. This was owing to the calm state of the weather. Scarcely a breath of wind was felt. The water consequently was smooth, and also rapidly lessening its depth. But to a gracious Providence was it owing, that a different state of things did not obtain. Hence I felt my deep indebtedness to my heavenly Father, that not only was my life spared, but not the slightest injury was permitted, either to myself or to others. Under this feeling of gratitude I committed myself to the care of Israel's Keeper, and in the morning, refreshed both in body and mind, recommenced my journey by the stage for the Bend of the Peticoctiac. We journeyed along very comfortably, and I must confess, there was within me a disposition, to accord with the soundness of the Philosopher's sentiment, who thanked God among other things, that he had never taken a journey by sea when he could accomplish it by land.

Acquainted as you are with the section of this Province over which I had to travel, for your information it will be needless to say, that varying and imposing scenery surrounded me on every side. The road lying between St. John and the Bend; passing as it does through Sussex Vale, can hardly be exceeded for boldness and beauty. Water is essentially necessary to crown the landscape with perfection. This is amply supplied by the Kennebecasis and other rivers

lying along the route. Soon after leaving the City of St. John, the former meets the eye, whose vision is delighted with its winding channel, and placid flow, almost continuously, until you come to the beautiful little village of Hampton. This picturesque village, has during the summer season become a place of frequent resort, by the fashionables of our city. For this, facility is afforded by the steamer *Reindeer*, a very comfortable, and speedy little vessel built by Mr. T. Pickard of Fredericton. At Hampton, this river is crossed, by what was once a pretty good bridge, but at present is sadly out of repair. Passing along on the opposite side of the river, which is all but constantly in view, the scenery becomes more bold and lofty. Every now and then, some lateral stream brings its gentle murmurs to the ear, and lends its tribute of delight to the eye, until you come to the precincts of the Valley, where the scenery presents to view, streams intersecting each other, large tracts of beautiful intervals, almost laughing aloud with verdant joy—studded over with sheep, and large cattle, either lying down ruminating in contentment, or industriously cropping off the deep green grass to satisfy the cravings of nature.

This forcible exhibition of beauteous scenery, however, finds its completion, in mountain rising above mountain, on the right hand side of the river, adorned with a massy growth of birch, beach, and maple, whose paler green is agreeably contrasted with the richer, deeper, hue of the hemlock, the pine and the spruce. So equally substantial is the growth of this mountainous forest, from base to summit, that imagination, well nigh beguiled you into the possibility of finding a pathway on the uppermost branches, upward, and upward still, until to all appearance you may bathe your hands in the watery treasures of the clouds. Nor is this presentation of sylvan beauty confined in its location—for in passing along, and leaving the miles of your journey behind you, the Kennebecasis is still going on in its sinuous stealthy course, as your travelling companion, richly margined by a continuity of verdant intervals, and overlooked by the lengthened range of crowded forest trees, placed there by the enriching hand of nature, for the seeming purpose, of at once dignifying the landscape, protecting the tamer scenery lying along the mountain base, from the rude blasts which sometimes blow, and putting the impress of perfection on the whole. At the Valley we were detained, beyond our allotted time, by the arrival of passengers from the Bend. Having heard of the disaster which had happened to the *Herald* steamer, by which they had hoped to come to the City, they, as well as myself had to make the route by land. The horses which had taken them to the valley, had to take us onward. The necessity of the case therefore required that they should have some time for food and rest. The roads were in excellent condition. The weather was more than ordinarily fine, thereby rendering the travelling pleasant and agreeable. So far all was well; the remainder of our journey to the Bend of the Peticoctiac, was performed at a somewhat rapid rate. There was one circumstance, however, of no small moment to the industrious classes of this beautiful vale, which met the eye at every turn, and tended to damp the joyous emotion of the traveller's mind. The crops of buckwheat, at no past time probably, more abundant, in strength of growth or quantity of acres, had suffered most severely from the last night's frost. On a moderate calculation, I should think, several thousands of acres, lying on the route, between St. John and the Bend, alone, had become more or less injured, inflicting on the farming interests the loss of many thousands of pounds. This is a disadvantage, under which agriculturists labour, whose estates lie contiguous to fresh water lakes and rivers. The crops of Indian corn, the potatoes, and also the late sown oats, had received considerable damage. The growth of hay and oats, was very fine, and the latter almost entirely exempted, from the small yellow insect, generally called, (though improperly,) the weevil. The most superficial observer of the divine Providence, during the late years of painful visitation, on the crops of our Provinces, must, I live amidst those trying dispensations, seen the

goodness of God. When the potatoe was rendered useless from the rot, the Indian corn was never more productive. The wheat crop failed, but the oat grew in proportionate abundance. In no one instance has the divine benefactor allowed all the resources of the field to fail. It comes not within the recollection of the present generation that ever the God of nature and providence, so signally made it manifest, that the simplest production of the field is in subjection to His controul, as in the instance of the potatoe. When all things else intended to crop the furrows were likely to fail, this root was planted in view of infallible success. Almost had the tiller of the soil thought it required neither earth, nor sun beam, nor shower, to bring it to perfection. The potatoe will grow anywhere, was the farmer's household phrase. But to hide pride from man, and to teach him that his sole dependence is on the good providence of God, there has been nothing so capricious, so uncertain, and so mysterious of late years as the production of the Potatoe.

We arrived at the Bend about 9 o'clock, P. M., weary and quite prepared for supper, bed and rest. All of which was amply and cheerfully supplied by our kindhearted brother and sister Allen.

Yours, &c.,

RICHARD KNIGHT.

St. John, N. B., November, 1851.

For the Wesleyan.

A Journey to Woodstock.

DEAR BROTHER.—Nothing but a want of time prevented me from transmitting to you, at an earlier date, the details that form this communication. Even now, I find it all but impossible, either to obtain the leisure, or acquire the frame of mind that is necessary for such an undertaking. But as any further remarks will only extend this exordium beyond proper bounds, and thereby occupy, to no purpose, the space at your disposal, I shall just commence at once my narrative of "A Journey to Woodstock."

About 10 o'clock, on Monday morning, the 6th ult., in the year of grace below written, I embarked on board the steamer *Anna Augusta*, then lying at Indian Town, and taking in freight and passengers for Fredericton. My reason for being so particular is, to use the language of Sir Charles Pepys, "I want to be circumstantial." The weather was remarkably fine—the sky bright, and of a delicate azure—the real *lapis lazuli*—the sun displaying that softened and mellowed sort of splendour peculiar to our transatlantic autumn, and the whole horizon looking as if it wanted to assure us that these favours should be continued. I might say that our boat rejoiced in a very euphonious name, *Anna Augusta*; that's none of your vulgar, common-place designations, but one that breathes the fragrance of sentimental poetry, and the pride of aristocracy. By the way, there is a marvellous tendency here to honour our steamers with grandiloquent names; and hence, we have *The Forest Queen*, *The Fairy Queen*; and as if neither the dominions of PAN, nor the territories of MAR, were suggestive enough, some one went off to Germany, in search of a vocabulary, and as the result of this grave Pundit's research, we have *The Saxe Gothia*. I might add that one of "The Ferry Steamers" is called after our own revered monarch, and although she does not belong to the regular fleet, she is permitted to a participation of the titular honour. No matter—the *Anna Augusta* is an excellent boat, and furnishes, in every respect, an agreeable and delightful conveyance. The accommodations are good, including a spacious saloon, and comfortable berths; a commodious cabin, and an unexceptionable table.

The passengers were tolerably numerous, and rather select; and, judging from external evidences, I opine that some of them stood pretty high in their own estimation. Among them were a legislative councillor, well stricken in years, and a brace of lawyers, full of sound and nonsense. These learned jurists looked, or rather tried to look, very profound. Their exterior was very imposing, and consisted chiefly of a great profusion of hair, and a staring display of trinkets. I studied them closely, and am forced to record this fact,—these two worthies looked a deal more like *Aimwell* and *Archer* than like *Hale* and *Blackstone*. One of our notabilities

was an ex-M. P. P. returning from California, with—dear knows how much of the precious metal, besides a diseased liver, and a broken constitution. As a set off to this gentleman, there was another, who was very irate in his denunciations of the local government, and very warm in his determinations to be off to "the diggings," in the spring.—An individual portion of our present "collective wisdom" formed another of the celebrities "going up to Fredericton." But to avoid a tedious description of this honourable member, I need only say, that if twelve inches were added to his present stature, he would be about six feet high. An allusion to one personage more will close the series. This was a young man, very good looking; gentlemanly, too, so far as the tailor is concerned; but after all, exceedingly vulgar. He took the upper seat at the table, but he didn't know how to occupy it; and as for walking, that is an accomplishment he never acquired. He held up his head very high, and strutted about in a manner awful to behold. Nor could I look at him without recurring in my mind to these lines of Alexander Selkirk:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
The fish, and the fowl, and the brute."

We were now rapidly approaching "The Episcopal city," and although that is a very common-place event, it excited, on this occasion, a good deal of interest. Where will you stop to-night? Where do you intend to put up? These, and questions of similar import, were repeatedly, and even anxiously proposed. I observed that there was a great deal of shrugging of the shoulders, raising of the eyebrows, and many other unmistakable evidences of doubt and perplexity. Where are you going? where will you stop? where will you put up this time? These were questions which no one seemed able to answer; and as we had neither a sybil nor an oracle on board the *Anna Augusta*, they remained unanswered; and will, for all I know, remain unanswered until "the crack of doom."

A great deal of this discussion was carried on according to the rules of Pantomime, only that there was a good deal of "loud whispering," intended, no doubt, like the ancient "Greek chorus," to produce stage effect. I learned, however, from all these signs, that every one was of opinion, that there was no lack, in any of the hotels, of certain guests, well known by *Entomologists*, and concerning whose nocturnal doings a distinguished Irish barrister once said, "It was well for me that they (the —) were divided in their sentiments, for if they had been unanimous, they would have pulled me out of the bed."

All these circumstances confirmed the resolution I made at starting, namely, to quarter myself upon the hospitality of my kind friend, Henry Fisher, Esq. I knew I would receive a cordial welcome from both him and his excellent wife. There are others, too, in the "fair city," upon whose kindness I might have safely presumed; but in this instance I shaped my course towards Mr. Fisher's—and in a very short time after my debarkation, I found myself doing ample justice to a very substantial repast.

Here I met with another member of the colonial peerage, and another gentleman of the long robe; but O, how very different from the learned personages I encountered in the steamer, and how superior to them. We spent the evening very agreeably and profitably; our conversation was desultory, but instructive, comprehending a variety of important topics, which were thoroughly and good-naturedly discussed. I was rather a hearer than a debater, and can therefore say with the greater freedom, that the amount of information on provincial subjects, and on all the great questions and principles, that now engage the attention of European and American statesmen, evinced by these gentlemen, really surprised me, and convinced me that my friend "the Coroner," would make an honest and enlightened official—that the Hon. Senator is a man of quick perceptions, and great discernment; and that the young student of Coke and LYTTELTON will soon achieve for himself a popular name and professional eminence.

Reserving further remarks for a future number of your excellent journal, I am,

Yours, &c.,

ALQUIA.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 12, 1851.