

fore none had time to associate with a man so uncouth in manners and person—whose passions were violent, and mind too sincere, for being trammelled and bound by the rules of spiders and butterflies. Besides, as all wanted something for self, or relative, which was not in possession, they had to please this Baillie, and t'other Deacon. They had no time for me. Gentlemen, I am really glad at having come to this land, where the common toast will be fulfilled—‘The world to the worthy’—which shall be ours, if we prove by deeds, that it is deserved. And’—looking to the youth who had asked his companion to sing, and who had begun to fancy that the buck was not quite so great, as the domineering manner, and tossing of the proud head, had caused him formerly erroneously to suppose—that superior impudence, was sense and wisdom. ‘I requested this Gent. to sing something containing sentiment, and without any reference to our native land, of whose orthodoxy, pride, poverty, and Provosts, (chief Magistrates) I have long been heartily sick, and hope never to see or hear any more concerning their long pedigrees;—do Sir, be so kind as amuse us by something that has a heart without ‘flummery.’’ He replied, that to sing was impossible, but would repeat a few verses composed by a Lady, on her return from Mexico to the land of her nativity.

I have come from the South, where the free streams flow,
‘Mid the scented valleys of Mexico;

I have come from the vine, and the Tamarind Bowers,
With their wild festoons and their sunny flowers;
And wonder not, that I turned to part,
From that land of sweets, with an aching heart.

I have come from the South, where the landward breeze,
Comes laden with spices to roam on the seas,
And whisper its spells to the Mariner,
Whose homeward vessel is floating there.
And wonder not, that I come with sighs,
To this colder clime, and those dreary skies.

I have roamed through those Indian wildwoods oft,
When the hot day-glare fell shadow’d and soft,
When nought in their green retreats was heard,
But the notes of the hermit humming bird,
Like the wayward murmurs of some old song,
That broke through my thoughts as I stray’d along.

Oh! could my footsteps but wander now,
Where those woodpaths wind, and those dark streams flow.
Oh! could I but feel on my brow once more.
The scented winds of that golden shore,—
How my heart would bound, as it hailed thee mine,
Mexico! Land of the Olive and Vine!

We all thanked him, for the real treat which our souls had received; and, after a few more glasses, they departed. The young Gent. who had recited the above poem, ‘seemed loath to depart.’ He stopt, wrung my hand, and said ‘you are going to York,—so am I. If you are to reside there, and will grant me your company and acquaintance, I shall be quite happy; never thinking with sorrow of my father, who