

The distance from San Lucar to Seville is about forty miles. We were six hours performing it. Observed several small towns on either bank, as we steamed up the river; amongst others, Puebla, Coria. The latter is prettily situated on the river side: a church built of a reddish stone was conspicuous.

Orange, lemon, and olive trees covered the country as we approached Seville; most beautiful to behold; looking like what one might dream of the golden apples of the Hesperides. As far as the eye could reach on each bank of the Guadalquivir, vast plains extended.

About eight, P. M. we reached Seville, and landed near the Prado. What said the Poet of Passion, Byron, of Seville, in 1810?

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd for prey!
Soon, soon, shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain;—or lion, Tyre, might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds:
Not here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds;
Here Folly still his votaries entralls;
And young eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds:
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals
Still to the last, kind Vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

Of Seville, and her superb, magnificent, gorgeous Cathedral, I may hereafter speak.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY A STATEMENT IN "NOFFATT'S SOUTH AFRICA."

'Twas gentle eve—the burning sun had gone,
And the calm stillness of a summer's night
Had taken its place. And might was heard around,
Save the low murmur of the cooling breeze
Amid the palm-tree tops. The man of God,
Fatigued with wandering through the weary day,
Had hung himself beneath the whispering boughs
Of a mimosa, that waved soothingly.
At a short distance his attendant train
Prepared their frugal meal. The unyok'd ox
Rested from toil, and crop'd the herbage tall,
Which, here enlivened by a little rill,
Was sweet and thick. The gladsome song of birds,
That through the day had made the forests gay
With richest hues of orange, red, and gold,
Was hushed, and each had sought, in its own nest,
Refreshment and repose.

The missionary would not close his eyes,
Ere he had sought communion with his God;
Ere he had tasted of the joys that flow
From God's right hand, where pleasures ever dwell.

He knelt: his long and fervent supplications
Served for his labours hard, the spirit weak.
At length he rose—whom sees he standing near!
What dark and swarthy Hercules is that?
His long and matted hair—his eye of fire,
Are seen distinctly; for the moon is up,
Shedding mild radiance upon all around.
The heart had sunk within the white man's breast,
But that his soul was strengthened from on high,
And thus he stood unmoved.

"Who art thou?" fierce enquired the African.
"A man of God"—and then the savage heard
For the first time of Jesus. Hours pass'd by,
And still the two conversed. Yet marvel'd much
The Christian, that his tale of dying love
Fell on a listless ear; that while he spoke
Of England's arms and ships, its triumphs vast,
Lo! Makaba's dark eye kindled with light.
The name of Britain's chief at Waterloo,
The savage heard with awe—yet cared he not
For that of Jesus—Prince of Peace—the Saviour.
Still when he heard from Holy Writ the words—
"The dead shall rise again"—the strong man quail'd
And trembled. He who had been for years
"Napoleon of the Desert," uncontroll'd,
Strook with child fear. "Say that again!" he cries.
Again it is repeated: "All who are
In their graves shall hear his voice, and forth shall come."
"Thousands of men I've slain, oh! man of God!
Shall all be there?" "All—all shall rise from death;
And come to judgment." How the trembling frame—
The quivering lip—betoken power unseen
Exerted on the bloody conqueror.

Well he may tremble too,
To meet the myriads, who beneath his spear
Have bowed to earth, and drank the cup of death:
To meet the wives made childless, husbandless;
To hear the curses, which shall fall on him,
Who, ere the news of pardon reach'd their shores,
Sent them in utter wretchedness to dwell:
An awful moment that will be to them,
Earth's glorious warriors—Fame's immortal sons!
When gazing round them they behold, with dread,
Those whom their love of power, or pride of heart,
Doomed to destruction.

Christian! the singer sweet of Israel spoken
Of a blood-guiltiness of deeper dye;
And he, "the Weeping Prophet," pour'd his strain
Of solemn warning, lest upon our skirts
Be smitten the blood of souls. We too must meet,
In that great day of resurrection, those
Who might have reigned in light, had we faith'd
The trust our master gave, and self denying,
Preach'd Jesus, and him crucified. Beware!
There be not many such; for, oh! their bitter cry
Will fill the soul with unavailing woe.

Montreal, May, 1813.

It is a remarkable but well authenticated fact, that Home wrote his tragedy of Douglas, Dr. Blair composed his Lectures, and Dr. Robertson compiled his History of Charles the Fifth, in the same house, a small white cottage, still to be seen in one of the parks at Burntsfield Links, Edinburgh.