

the fact that "hot and cold shower baths" might be had for a moderate compensation, and this, in a town, with fewer inhabitants than Windsor can boast of, is no slight evidence in their favour; we reached St. John about ten the same evening and on reaching the wharf were immediately surrounded by a crowd of loafers, cab-men and others; with difficulty we bundled our luggage into a carriage from which we were glad to make our exit in safety at the entrance to the St. John Hotel.

Next morning the sun shone gloriously, — and there appeared an unusual stir in the wide street; the population seemed crowding to a given point, and learning that it was regatta day, we followed the crowd to the river. The races were few, but the rowers skilful; great excitement prevailed among the crowds of lookers on, as one after another of the favourite boats approached the winning post, but the tide coming rapidly in, it was soon over, and we started in the steamer for Annapolis, passing through Digby Basin, after dark, we saw little of its beauties and wiled away the hours, discussing politics with a hard case doctor of the old school, who would sooner lop off his experimental digit than admit universal suffrage into the country. Arriving at Annapolis at "the wee short hour ayont the twelve;" we found the coach waiting to start for Halifax. With pleasure we arrived—with regret we passed through the ancient capitol and the fertile valley without a ray of light above us to illumine the scenery of that, to our mind most interesting portion of the Province, but when we arrived in Halifax, O! what a fall was there my countrymen!—we imagined that something had taken the people out of town—the stir, bustle, business, life, energy, activity, of which we have so lately been the witnesses, seemed like the remembrance of a dream; it was long before we became reconciled to the jog-trot of our previous existence, we had read the riddle, and advise those who are not accustomed to philosophise to seek not to withdraw the curtain that hides our colonial obscurity from view; but strive to live in the quiet enjoyment of the happiness which is within their reach.

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Artistic Associations.

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

The Fine Arts, Music, Poetry, Painting and Sculpture, must ever endow, with a portion of their own lofty characteristics, the spirits of their sincere worshippers, inasmuch as that it is utterly impossible to be in intimate fellowship with either minds or influences without assimilating to them in tastes, feelings and habits. Some physiologists have carried this idea so far as to assert that persons placed continually together for a length of time, will finally grow to bear a close resemblance to each other in lineament and contour. However, be this pretty theory real, or be it only fanciful in regard to the outer person, it is certainly true in relation to the inner life. It were impossible to inhale impurity from purity, vice from virtue, depravity from holiness, ugliness from beauty, or plan deliberately a deed of darkness or treachery whilst drawing in pure inspiration from an exquisite musical performance or a noble painting.

The Fine Arts carry around them a sacred atmosphere peculiarly their own; and this atmosphere being impervious to the coarser fluids of the material and deteriorated creation, it steadily repels the admixture of any foreign essence, however subtle and forcible, and refuses to transmit the most gorgeously brilliant colours, if shot from a mere Parhelion.

With pain we are compelled to admit that both music and painting have been profaned by being made vehicles of conveying unworthy and unholy sentiments. For instance, who, in his rational mind, would, *could*, for one moment, give ear unto the vulgar and oftentimes profane jargon of the negro songs which are now exerting so extensive an influence in perverting the taste of the pastime-seeking masses, were it not for the many truly charming melodies attached? Surely not a creature. And as to pictures, many a work, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," do they redeem from richly merited obscurity; many a worthless, bad book is forced into circulation through the lure of a few clever illustrations.

Music proves itself to be pre-eminently a social science, in this respect particularly,