

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

BY A VISITOR.

A RAINY DAY.

FINE, clear, sunny weather, is the most delightful thing in nature. It is the elixir of life—a sovereign cordial for low spirits, ennui, and a thousand ills the spirit as well as the flesh is heir to.

During the first three weeks of my sojourn at the Caledonia Springs, day succeeded day with cloudless splendour. More than once in that period, it is true, our slumbers were broken by the war of elements—heaven's own artillery—reverberating through the woods, succeeded by rain, falling fast and heavy, like tears of contrition for the late violence. The mornings succeeding these nocturnal conflicts invariably beamed with renovated beauty. The refreshing influence of a purified atmosphere, extending itself through all creation, from the lowest stem to the towering tree, through every gradation of flower and shrub, bud and blossom, up to Nature's elaborate and perfect work—the beaming eyes and blooming looks of the many fair ladies that graced this pleasant retreat. Yes, three weeks passed as agreeably as cloudless skies, gay company, and improving health, could render time. But, alas! for all sublunary enjoyments! where, oh, where, is there perpetual sunshine! The few feathery clouds, that for some days floated, like graceful drapery, over the clear azure, became at length condensed and murky—the sun's bright rays were veiled, and rain set in, not with the impetuous fury that soon expends its power, but coldly and calm, commencing with a drizzling mist, and gradually increasing to an incessant rain. Engaged in the various occupations that home affords—in this hemisphere, at least, where want of useful employment is not amongst the evils complained of, these changes of the elements are little regarded—we conform with unrepining facility to their arbitrary decrees; but when we have relinquished employment in search of pleasures, and thrown ourselves upon extraneous resources for mental food and employment, we then watch, with an anxious eye, the workings of those powerful and invisible agents of upper air, that for the time hold our destinies in control. If, for instance, a gay party, enjoying the refreshing coolness of a twilight walk, proposed an excursion for the following day, by water, to the Bluffs—by land, to Point Fortune, Caledonia village, or any of the hundred places to which they might betake themselves—all eyes instinctively

turned to the firmament, to read in its present loveliness the promise of a cloudless morning—and all attention was paid to the gentle rustling of the leaves, to learn in what direction that restless and willful agitator, Eolus, was then wending his course, that we might be sure easterly vapours did not compose his train. Such speculations were now suspended—rain had declared hostilities to out-door amusements; but fortunately, unlike the improvident husbandman, we had resources within. We were there, brothers and sisters, an inconsiderable portion—if looking to the aggregate number of the sons and daughters of Adam—but a very large collection, if simply considering the space in which we were assembled. Thrown together from almost all parts of the globe, if not bound by traceable consanguinity, at least, the harmony of our little community was maintained by the exercise of those social and beneficent qualities we inherit from our common ancestors.

The anticipation of evil is ever worse than the reality. Every one entertained a horror of rainy weather; yet the morning passed most agreeably. It possessed for us the charm of novelty—the novelty of repose. Yes, in that sylvan retreat—in the heart of a North American forest—there was so much of bustle, life, and excitement attendant on incessant change—the departure and arrival of visitors—the constant introduction of new faces, new fashions, and new amusements—that I at least rejoiced the elements forced us to assume, for a few hours, the tranquil and staid habits of country life. The eye was not, as on those bright days past, allured from the moral page to gaze upon groups, passing and repassing in quick succession—or on parties, in merry mood, setting out for the new Spring; neither were the infirm or sedate matrons attracted, by the prancing and neighing of horses, to the verandah, to behold the departure of some fair equestrians, with their attendant cavaliers, each alike ready to display, to timid minds and to admiring eyes, the skill and grace with which they managed their high-mettled steeds. The whizzing sound of the railroad cars was mute: oftentimes it told me, plainly as vision could, that whilst I supinely passed my mornings in inglorious ease, adventurous dainties and demoiselles, envious of fame, were pushing to the goal. The nine-pin alley was at peace—the rattling pins—the merry peals of laughter,