

[For the Home Journal.]

THE WIND.

Lightly I spring, and softly I sing
Over meadows and forest and sea,
By night or by day none can hinder my way,
For I am free, independent and free.

Sometimes I will rest in the far-distant west,
Till dark clouds gather over the sky
But I've only to breathe on the black smoky wreath,
And away I swoon as lightning they fly.

I sing many a song as I soar thus along,
And cheer the ships on to the shore,
I roar with the waves and howl in the caves,
Or whistle weird strains through the door.

I hear from afar the low thunders of war,
As I roam over mountain and plain,
I catch the last sigh and the last dying cry
From the bosom of those who are slain.

As oft as I see on some tall, stately tree
The green leaves beginning to fade,
I rise in my might and they're hurled from the height
To lie green and rot in the shade.

I sing a low tune in the warm month of June,
And breathe on the husky man's brow
And I hover around by the green shady mound
Where lovers record their first vow.

DAVID MILLAR.

TRAVELS CONCLUDED.

BY THOMAS FENTON.

HAVING arrived at Southampton, we saw the experimental squadron going through their "exercises" in the Channel. What a soul-stirring and ennobling sight to those who feel patriotic betimes! I think patriotism comes spasmodically to a cosmopolite. There is nothing like travelling to round off the corners of those prejudices appertaining to locality. We see then what we could not see if prejudice commanded our reason; we feel then what we could not feel if we were to give ourselves entirely up to books and to opinions which were inculcated in our youth. There is a beauty in every land, there is honor and liberality in every sect, and every people exhibit characteristics that we honor for their sincerity and their worth. When I heard of the Moors, in my younger years, I thought they were little else than the Anthropophagi of barbaric nations! When I read of the Spaniards, who were published by some timid travellers, who feared their shadow, and had no confidence in strangers, I formed the idea that they were a dangerous set of cut-throats! But no; every nation has its refractory sons, and its evil company. The Moors are a splendid people. Of all the people I ever saw, they are the noblest in appearance, and as honorable as any other.

Excuse the digression, for a moment, from Southampton.

The Moors have a stately gait; they are large men, and exceedingly tall and erect; they step forward boldly, as if they were, in reality, the lords of the creation; they wear long, loose vesture, hanging negligently from the shoulder to the knee, and their turbans add materially to their *tout en semble*. They are particular with their teeth, which are very white; and when they greet you, they smile *condescendingly*. I never knew a Briton yet, who happened to meet a Moor, who did not imagine they were a superior people. They look proud and haughty, but, on a near approach, they do not; and they have their literature as well as the Londoners. Fez possesses many literary men, who take care of the beauties of the ancient Arabic.

All the Moors of Barbary with whom I was acquainted could converse in Spanish. Many of them are wealthy and possess very valuable estates. I dislike the Arabic—it has too many gutturals, and few elementary sounds.

There are a great many Jews in Barbary; they are called Moresco Jews. They live by selling eggs, fowl and fruit to the public. Some have good shops, and possess great riches.

To end this little digression, I must say that the Moors are a hospitable and polite people.

I have said enough about the Spaniards in a former chapter, and I have only to add, that the women are very superstitious. The Moresco Jews are a dirty people, and are, as well as the Jews of Spain, great swindlers.

Having had a good look at the squadron, my Bavarian friend accompanied me to the town, and we put up at the same hotel. Next

day we started in the train for London, and having arrived, we separated. I remained a month in the smoky city, and took passage for the "Emerald Isle." I had not seen Ireland for twelve years, and when I landed, something like a *spasmodic* patriotism stole over my nature. It is good to see one's native land after such an absence.

For a year I remained in Ireland (Sligo), and spent my time in exciting sports and held amusements fishing, fowling, and coursing, *i. e.*, following the grey-hound over bog and marshes.

The trout fishing in Ireland and Scotland is the finest in the world. You go out early in the morning with your rod and gaff, your little basket, and "fly-book," with flies for trout and salmon, and different flies for different kinds of weather. How pleasant to troll up the mountain stream! You are seven miles before you know it; the birds are singing overhead, and the skylark sends down a flood of music upon the valleys below; the mountains seem rising above you, all green and refreshing to the eye; the lungs feel grateful for a draught of mountain air; and having gone through an exercise of pleasure, you return home delighted, determined to rise early for such another "day."

In Spain I suffered from rheumatic fever, but Ireland banished it very soon. One can sleep so well when he leaves the centipedes, the mosquitoes, and the flies of Spain, saying nothing of the horrible vermin that nestle in the joint of every bed, that tell you of their approach by their odor! If you are in the act of eating from your fork, a swarm of flies will be upon what it holds, and will not leave until you are about closing your mouth upon them! It is wonder, then, that Ireland was pleasant and agreeable. Good rest at night, undisturbed, except by the storm and the sea occasionally, which seemed at variance with each other for supremacy; but that was nothing. There is something grand in the solemn roar of the sea—and as the disturbance would only be occasional to one whose senses were determined to sleep, it did not matter.

Boating is also a fine exercise, and I enjoyed it to some extent.

Having remained in Ireland for a year, I left it for the Continent of America. My first place of visit was New York.

The first thing that struck me as not being good-looking was Broadway. It is a great street, without a doubt; but such a mass of red brick constantly glaring on the eye is not pleasing to those who have been accustomed to grey walls of limestone, or brick with outside plastering of soft and agreeable hues. My stay in New York was only a short time, and from the habits and manners of the citizens, I thought I could gain a knowledge of the people of the States generally. It would not be necessary to say much about them in Canada, where everybody has seen a "live Yankee." They have peculiarities that are engaging to a stranger. They are very generous and hospitable. In fact I never knew a people who were not to some extent; but the "New Yorkers" are quicker at introducing a stranger to their friends than other people. Many puffed up Britons in Canada and England turn up their noses at the people of the States, but they need not. It is affectation, and nothing more. I have seen as polite ladies and gentlemen in New York as I ever saw in England, and, in fact, many more. The English are cold-looking and retired within themselves—too satisfied with their business to bother themselves much about strangers; but in New York, if you are at a hotel, your name is on the books, and, some way or other, you become at once at home amongst the good, intellectual and hospitable people of the city. This is a duty upon me. I never knew a Yankee before; but I certainly prefer a middle-class Yankee to a middle-class Englishman. However, there is no accounting for taste; but I think, in that particular, I am not *totally* deficient.

I left New York for Canada, and I saw the Falls for the first time. This wonder of the world ceased to be a wonder to me. I have seen waterfalls that seem to have poured from the clouds, and from what I heard

of this, I expected that I could not see its top; but I was disappointed. It is the greatest body of water that I ever saw in the shape of a waterfall, and the momentum of the waters is greater than I ever dreamt of, but, on the whole, it is not so stupendous as I expected.

Dickens, and others, did much to bring contempt upon the people of the United States. They have created a false impression of them in England, and, being popular writers, their assertions were taken by the majority as true. This was wholly undeserved. The people of New York are not the people that are represented by sneering gentlemen of the old country, whose sole business is fault-finding. The writers were well received in the States, invited everywhere, and some of them filled their pockets with the people's money when lecturing. They were very polite at this *this critical* moment, and having filled their pockets and their stomachs at the people's expense (and, no doubt, they made themselves agreeable, or they would not have been treated so well or endured so long)—having done so, and artfully initiated themselves into their good graces, they abused them the moment they got home, and sold their abuse at a high price! So the *initiation* and the slander paid; things paid each way—one in one country, and one in another; each country required an opposite *dish*.

I prefer New York to London, and, in my estimation, the natives of the City of New York are far preferable to the Cockneys.

London has no charms for me. The people seem to be in a constant struggle for the things of life. Go into the streets; look at the bustle, the confusion, and the traffic. It is horrible. I think men could gain a livelihood without all this hurry and bustle. It being such a tremendous emporium—the very receptacle of the world's goods, from its appearance—we must expect great crowds and great confusion, I suppose. I like the quiet way people have in going through the business of life in my native country. In London, people have no room for quiet pleasure; all is speculative madness and traffic, traffic, traffic! The people are not content without making every hour an hour of pecuniary profit, and yet there is as much distress, murder and villainy in London as half the world besides! Take up any of the papers, *Lloyd's Weekly Despatch* and *Reynolds*, for instance, and you are actually horrified. My pockets were picked of silk handkerchiefs every time I walked in the city. There are many pickpockets in London. I never had my pockets picked in New York. London is full of the swell-mob, and it is dangerous to carry a watch or money in one's pockets. The back streets are dens of vice, and every species of murder, robbery and villainy—brothels, protected by bullies in their "dirty work"—houses of ill fame and prostitution. Heavens! it is sickening. Oh! how I longed for the country and the sea-shore! A person feels a taint hanging around him in this horrid place. How I did long for the sea! the wheeling and the screamings of the sea birds, the curlew and the gull; the free breezes full of blessings, invigorating and fresh; the harvests and hay-making; the mountain peasants and their sturdy sons and daughters, the cows tending homeward, and the streams gurgling through the meadows. The country is the place. That is the place for an educated man, who is not only fond of his books, but fishing and fowling, horse-riding, and every species of country amusement. London is horrible; a smoke hangs over it, like a pall over a corpse—the smell of gas, and the pale, cadaverous and wasted faces. Horrible! horrible! How did Johnson love it?

When I arrived home, I penned a few lines on "London." They went the round of the Irish and Scotch papers. My Bavarian friend, when we just entered Southampton, saw London in the distance, and said: "Oh! smoky London! smoky London!" I asked him how he knew that was London or not? and he said he knew it by a German description, which said that "the smoke hung in a pestilential cloud over the city like the curse of God, for the infamy of the people!" This was not flattering; but he knew that

was London, for there was never such another cloud hanging over any portion of the earth's surface than over "the Great City."

LONDON.

Where smoky London strikes the traveller's eye,
And eddying miasma floats the hidden sky,
Where foul disease to fouler thousands clings,
Where bright-eyed Healthie'er poises on the wing,
Where conquering Vice on struggling Virtue stands,
And midnight Murder laves his bloody hands,
Survey the mingling mass, or list the tale
Where vile disgust attains the evening gale,
Where the low hireling waits his lordling's nod,
Bows his vile knee and licks his pampered god!
How proudly high those gorgeous structures climb;
What noble domes tell illustrious crime;
What lofty minds adorn this mighty town;
The herring vendor dons the lauded gown;
The perfumed tailor decks his gilded car,
Like fierce Achilles thundering to the war;
The aspiring chandler, spurns his former sphere,
And all but genius seems to flourish here.
Hound down your victims, every black review—
Tear off the laurel, substituting yew;
And even the yew, while envy wildly raves,
Leave not an honor in the land of graves;
Here fulsome rhyme bedaub the lauded name,
And flows triumphant through the tolls of fame;
Revolving Hunt displays no lardie fire,
Where glorious Byron swept the living lyte,
Though low, in death, the hated name, he bore
Will live adored, when Hunt's shall be no more;
Oh! sacred Greece, renowned in song and art,
To lift the soul and guide the patriot heart,
To whose fair isles the muses fancies fly,
A noble Briton sought thy shores to die.
'Tis thus with all in our ungracious land,
Where conscious envy aims a poisoned brand;
It strikes, it wounds, and he who will not save
The rich by verse, precedes them to the grave.
Gorged to the throat, his body to appease,
Shores the filled noble in the lap of ease;
Unlike the time when Norman clarion loud
Roused to the field the noble and the proud,
To mount the steed or face the fortress wall,
To fight for honor, or in honor fall,
Disease and gout, and low voluptuous strain
Of life disgusting, fill the sluggish brain,
And one bold son in angry impulse draws
His falling line from Time's devouring jaws.

A PALACE OF ICE.

During the reign of Anne, Empress of Russia, her favorite Minister, Biron, Duke of Courland, induced her to command the marriage of one of the court jesters, who was, forthwith, directed to select himself a bride; while the cabinet minister and master of the hunt, Volinsky, was commissioned to celebrate the event by an exhibition of the most strange and novel festivities he could devise, the empress insisting merely that the ceremony should be constructed in an edifice constructed wholly of ice.

When the building, which was literally a Crystal Palace, was completed, it was well worthy the unbounded admiration it excited in the multitudes who flocked to see it. For its construction the ice was sawn out of the frozen river, in large quadrangular slabs, which were piled upon one another with great accuracy, and then connected together by swelling them with cold water, which, quickly freezing, united them in one mass.

The masquerade, contrived by Volinsky in honor of the nuptials, was not the less extraordinary than the palace of ice. From all parts of Russia, which contains a variety of different races, one couple of each was summoned to attend the solemnities. They all appeared at this masquerade in the holiday costume peculiar to their tribes, and danced their national dances, to their national music, and were afterwards feasted abundantly on their favorite national dishes. The dinner took place in the riding-school, or manege, belonging to the Duke of Courland; and the visitors were formed into a procession to attend it.

The procession began with an elephant, on whose back was secured a large cage, within which sat the newly-married pair. Then followed the guests in pairs, seated in sledges drawn by various animals—mostly such as are commonly used for the purpose in the countries from whence their respective drivers came—and accordingly some were drawn by the reindeer and some by dogs, and others by oxen, and even by goats and bears.

After dinner the day was terminated by the triumphal entry of the married couple into the palace of ice, where, however, they remained only a short time, probably with little enjoyment of the caprice which assigned them such a chilling nuptial home.