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THE AMARANTH.

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THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

THE Ideal—what a glow of poetic feeling rises within the heart, what forms of beauty glide before the imagination, what sounds of harmony sweep over the soul, even while dwelling on the word! All that is lovely in nature, glorious in art, and holy and heavenly in action seem to meet here, and the contemplation fills us with joy because of the wondrous gift by which earth-born man can break the bonds that fetter him to sense, and thus soar into the higher regions of perennial beauty. Happy they whom no rude hand withdraws from these lovely heights—who can dream out their dream without being awakened by the grasp of stern reality. But where are these happy ones; Echo answers—where? The conflict with the real is allotted to us all.

There were few deeper dreamers of this kind than Harry Wyndham. Born the heir to a large fortune, endowed with fine talents, and to small share of personal beauty, he had from early boyhood indulged in visions of romantic happiness, such as it seldom is the lot of mortals to realize, and this bias of his mind had been fostered by a mother as romantic as himself. His father, Col. Wyndham, a rich, hearty, hospitable man, and a gentleman in every sense of the word, was *au contraire* as much a matter of fact as possible. Possessing a splendid estate upon the Potomac where he always resided, he prided himself in having all about him in the most perfect keeping. His house was princely both within and without, his horses were the finest in the Old Dominion, his equipages the best appointed, and his table served in the highest style. All his plantations presented a most cheering contrast to those of his less wealthy neighbours, in their perfect neatness and their high state of agricultural improvement. No torn fences, or

out-houses that were ready to fall to pieces with old age; no old smoke-dried dwellings that looked as if they had never known a repair since the age of Elizabeth; no half-clad negroes basking in the sun or loitering over their daily tasks. All was fresh, whole, busy and active, and showed that the master's purse was full, and the master's eye everywhere.

Harry being the sole survivor of a family of four children, the rest of whom had died in infancy, was the object round which the affections of both parents were entwined, with a devotedness that, had he been other than he was, might have ensured his ruin. The one great aim of their existence, to which all others were made subservient, was the promotion of his happiness. In the improvements Colonel Wyndham was constantly projecting in the different portions of his estate, Harry was the one to be ultimately benefited. Did he expend large sums in the adornment of his house and grounds, it was as Harry's future residence that this was chiefly desirable. He imported splendid books for Harry's use, fine wines to ripen for his table, and noble animals to occupy his stalls. In short, while these luxuries ministered very materially to the good Colonel's own gratification, it was his pride and pleasure to view them all as held in trust for his beloved son, his second self, and the heir of his name and wealth. As may be supposed, the mother was not less anxious for the happiness of this sole remnant of her little family, but having a different temperament from her husband, she laboured to secure it in a different manner. For the pomps and vanities of life she cared but little, was highly intellectual in her tastes, and romantic in her affections.—The sorrows she had experienced in the loss of her children, seemed to have awakened in her soul a more tender sympathy for the woes of others, and to know of suffering was with her

the signal for its relief. Love was the element in which she lived, and upon her husband and her son it rested in its holiest earthly form.—We need hardly tell that it was devotedly returned. Under her fostering influence, the tender affections of Harry's opening heart were assiduously cultivated and his mind early trained to so exclusive a love of all that was beautiful and ideal, that had it not been for the counteracting influence of his father's manly tastes, the boy might have grown up a mere dreamer, who would have spent his life at his mother's side and cared not to mingle in the world around him. To avoid this danger, to which he saw the imaginative bias of his son's mind particularly exposed him, Colonel Wyndham determined upon sending him to Cambridge for his education, and after much persuasion induced his wife to yield her consent. It was not given, however, until she learned that a widowed friend of her own youth had removed thither for the education of her sons, and would receive Harry into her family.—The tutor who had previously had charge of his education was also to accompany him, and at fifteen our hero was removed to this (to him) new world. The vacancy his departure occasioned in the domestic circle, was at the same time filled by Mrs. Wyndham's adoption of the orphan daughter of a distant relative, a sweet attractive child of about nine years of age, on whom she could bestow her maternal cares.

The four college years passed quickly away—Harry each year visiting his parents, and they in the mean time journeying to the north to see their son, who at length returned to them, accomplished in all the learning of the schools, and as they hoped to remain permanently where his presence was so dearly prized. But though he loved his home, Harry's early devotion to the beautiful had been so far strengthened by his classical studies that he fain would visit classic ground. Three years were therefore devoted to an extensive European tour, during which he not only bowed at every shrine of art, both in the splendid temples devoted to the preservation of its choicest gems, and in the picturesque ruins of the glorious past, but sought out every resting place of beauty in the lone retreats of untutored nature. The collection of pictures, statues, medals, &c., that he made while absent, showed sufficiently the purity of his natural taste and the high refinement it had attained, by cultivation.

And now behold Colonel and Mrs. Wynd-

ham supremely happy. Harry is once more with them, more attached than ever to his parents and his home, and has promised never again to leave it. The father rejoices in his son's manly beauty and the frank heartiness of his manner, unspoiled by foreign travel;—the mother in the loving spirit that beams in every glance, in the maturity of his intellect and the purity of his heart. The adopted orphan too, welcomes the stranger with joy, and Mrs. Wyndham has a secret hope that Harry will secure his earthly happiness, by drawing still closer the ties that unite her to this object of her affection. Unconsciously this hope has influenced her in the education she has bestowed upon the youthful Emily; and although she has carefully concealed her wishes from one too pure and single-minded to suspect them, she has unwittingly laid a train which a spark may ignite, either to burn on the hallowed altar of wedded love, or to consume and wither the heart that cherishes it.

"Well, my boy," said the Colonel one day to his son, who was busily engaged with his mother and Emily in deciding upon the most appropriate place for the statue of a dancing nymph—"will you never finish putting up your pictures and your marble women? Mercy on me! how different men are. When I was your age, I was looking at pretty girls that had some warmth and life in them, instead of worshipping cold stocks and stones as you do."

"When I see such an embodiment of beauty and grace as is imaged here, I shall follow your example, father," replied Harry; "and then, I am afraid you must leave me to my stocks and stones."

"And what is beauty and grace without either life or motion?" said the Colonel, with a glance of infinite contempt at the statue.—"Come out with me to the course, Harry, and look at Medon training—*there* is beauty and grace if you please—he lifts his foot as daintily as any belle in the union."

"Presently, father—when we have decided this momentous question. What say you, Emily? shall the nymph stand where the mirror can reflect every fold in her drapery, and here where the light falls so exquisitely upon her features and just touches her graceful forms, while the shadow of the window curtain throws the whole figure into such beautiful relief?"

"Oh, in that corner, by all means," said Emily—"unless," she added, hesitating, "your mother prefers it elsewhere."

"Please yourselves, my children," replied

Mrs. Wyndham, and while Harry was superintending the arrangement, she called the Colonel's attention to a fine copy of Titian's Flora that had just been hung in the drawing-room.

"My dear wife," he replied, "why will you insist upon my admiring things for which I have no sort of taste. The face is a pretty one, to be sure—but not half so lovely to my eye as that portrait of yourself that hangs above it, and I would give all the heathen goddesses together for one bright smile of my little Emily here"—and as he spoke the Colonel drew the blushing girl towards him and kissed her forehead with paternal fondness. "Has not our Emily grown, Harry?"

"Very much," replied Harry, still intent upon his statue and without a glance at the object to which his attention had been directed.

Emily did not much relish this comparison with the heathen goddesses, for she was well aware that neither her face nor form presented any of the classical beauty for which Harry expressed such devoted admiration. She was rather under size, very slender, and though her eyes were fine, her nose was *un peu retroussé*, and her mouth, though filled with splendid teeth, was decidedly too large. She had, however, a fair complexion, luxuriant hair and very pretty little hands and feet, and the expression of goodness and intelligence that beamed in her face more than compensated for the want of more regular beauty. Mrs. Wyndham and the Colonel thought her handsome enough for any body, but as month after month passed without Harry's paying any especial homage to her charms, they began to fear that the airy castle they had built for their son's happiness upon the shadowy foundation of their own wishes, must fade away as these unsubstantial fabrics are apt to do. They had, however, no comfort—Harry showed no inclination to bestow this homage elsewhere, and though caressed and consoled by many scheming mammas, he paid their fair daughters as little attention as civility demanded. The whole pleasure of his life seemed to be centered in his home. Here he aided his mother in her schemes of benevolence, his father in his plans of improvement, particularly as they regarded the comfort and happiness of his numerous negro dependents, and Emily in the cultivation of her refined and elevated tastes, which were in many respects the echo of his own. But his happiest hours were evidently those he spent alone—either among his books, where he could dive still deeper among the treasured remnants

of ancient genius, and sympathize with those of later days who have imbibed their spirit, or in the realm of his own fantasy, peopled as it was with images of beauty drawn from its purest sources. And did no one form claim precedence here? Was there no presiding nymph in these revels of the imagination to whom the youth yielded the worship he refused to those of earth? Ah yes. A vision of grace and loveliness had swept before him, one on whom the cestus of Venus had been bound, and to whom Minerva had imparted her heavenly wisdom—she whispered to him in softest accents of a life of love known only to the pure and good on earth, and enduring as existence. True, she was but a phantom of the brain, an ideal object, but may not her living presence one day cross his path, and then what happiness were his! He loved the gentle girl, whose sweetness and intelligence shed a charm over his daily life, with all a brother's fondness, but that brighter being was the one his heart yearned to meet, and her image was the companion of his lonely hours.

Mrs. Wyndham had, as we have said, no small tinge of woman in her own disposition; she was a firm believer in the elective affinities, (she and the Colonel had fallen in love with each other at first sight,) and therefore gave up much sooner than her husband, the long-cherished idea of her son's union with Emily.—"True love," said she, "seldom grew out of friendship. It was a mysterious sympathy that united those formed for each other in indissoluble bonds—an immediate recognition in the beloved object of all that is wanting to one's own completeness," and many other arguments of the same nature, totally incomprehensible to her husband, as to most matter-of-fact people, but very clear and conclusive, no doubt, to those who use them.

"What more does the boy require?" he would answer: "has not Emily the best blood of Virginia flowing in her veins—is she not gentle and affectionate, sprightly and intelligent? Does she not sit a horse like Di Vernon—sing a ballad that brings tears to one's eyes, and dance like a sylph? Has she not drawn Medon's likeness with Dick the groom beside him, so that no one could mistake it—is she not learned in all the tongues? And then so good and religious as she is! Our Emily—God bless her—is an angel upon earth—and this blind boy not love her after all!"

"But he does love her, Colonel, like a fond devoted brother, and Emily repays it with a sister's affection. Neither think of the other

in any tenderer relation. After all our hopes and wishes Emily will marry some one else, and leave us for a stranger. We can only pray that Harry may choose for himself as wisely as we have chosen for him; but feelings of this nature will not come at another's bidding, and we are perhaps wrong in desiring they should."

This view of the matter did not, however, satisfy the Colonel, who still hoped his son would awake to the full appreciation of Emily's perfections.

The residence of Colonel Wyndham was sufficiently near the capital of our Union to allow his family to associate at pleasure with the motley throng that yearly assembles there, and our friend Harry, though no devotee to such enjoyments, would always accompany his mother and Emily when their inclination led them to partake of its gaieties. But season followed season, and the beauty and fashion that courted his notice either there or at his father's hospitable mansion, failed to win from him more than a passing regard. Emily too, refused to smile upon two most unexceptionable suitors, assigning as her only reason, that all-sufficient one, that she could not love them.

Harry had been about three years at home, when, at a ball given by a foreign dignitary, he was aroused from a solitary meditation in which he had been indulging in a corner of the crowded saloon, by an entree which appeared to attract considerable attention. The words "beautiful," "classical," "unique," repeated by different voices around him, led him to make his way toward the spot to which all eyes were directed, where he saw his host receiving the newly arrived guests. A gentleman of distinguished appearance held on one arm a lady of middle age, but still handsome and most richly dressed. On the other leaned a creature in the bloom of youth, and of such surpassing loveliness, that Harry fairly held his breath as he gazed upon her. She was tall and splendidly formed, and her face exhibited the faultless Grecian outline we so seldom see. There was the smooth low forehead, and straight finely chiselled nose—the mouth like Cupid's bow—the full dark eye and well defined brow. Her rich chesnut hair was braided over it and then gathered into a knot at the back of the small head, set so proudly upon a neck of snowy whiteness and perfect symmetry. There was a severe simplicity in the lady's dress which accorded well with her rare beauty. It was of plain white muslin, with no other ornament than two antique onyx cameos which looped

the full hanging sleeves upon her shoulders.—A bracelet clasped with another of these precious relics of art surrounded one of her lovely arms, and the only adornment of her head was a chaplet of ivy leaves, which gave her the air of an Iphigenia when ministering in Diana's temple. Harry murmured to himself, "O Dea certe," &c., and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his senses from the confusion into which they were thrown by this sudden revelation of beauty, he inquired who she was, and learned that the party which had attracted so much attention consisted of Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair, with their eldest daughter. A northern metropolis had produced this peerless one, where her opening beauty had been jealously guarded from common observation; and when she was sixteen her parents had broken up their establishment, placed their younger children at boarding schools, and spent two years in Europe that this favourite daughter might be perfected in all the graces and accomplishments. They had but recently returned, unveiled the goddess, and presented her with all her finished charms in the society she was formed to embellish. All this information was buzzed about within five minutes of Miss St. Clair's arrival. Five more saw Harry Wyndham at her side, amid a throng of other admirers, whose flattery was received with a proud indifference, which argued, he thought, a decided superiority to the vapid commonplaces with which they endeavoured to win her favour. At first, Miss St. Clair declined dancing: "The room was too crowded," she said, and one by one the exquisites dropped off to seek partners elsewhere. Not so, however, with our friend Harry; he remained a fixture beside her, and soon engaged her in a conversation in which, though all that was worth much was said by himself, he discovered the charms of her mind quite equalled those of her person. Miss St. Clair was sitting in a luxurious arm-chair, (many married ladies were standing near, looking as if they too would be glad to sit down,) and Harry was bending over her, in the most devoted manner, when Emily, who had through the evening been dancing in another room, entered leaning on the arm of a young attache, with whom she was chatting gaily in his own language; suddenly she turned pale, and an expression of such agony crossed her face, that the young foreigner was terrified, and, after procuring her a seat, was running for Mrs. Wyndham, when Emily recovering herself, begged him not to summon her, as she was merely overcome by the heat, and

at a glass of water was all that she required. After tasting it, she professed herself quite well, and was just going to rejoin the dancers when Harry passed with Miss St. Clair. As soon as he perceived Emily, he introduced her to his companion, and, after the usual civilities had been interchanged, told Emily in a low voice to inform his mother that he wished very much to make the acquaintance of Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter. Emily bowed her assent, for she could not speak—like one in a dream she moved mechanically through the figures of the cotillion, and then left the room, after requesting her partner to inform Mrs. Wyndham that, being overcome by the heat of the crowded saloon, she would wait up stairs till the party broke up. Alas for Emily! Her own heart had just been laid bare to her, and its inmost secret disclosed to herself. The pang of jealousy that had thrilled through every fibre of her frame, told her that the love she felt for the son of her adopted parents was far other than she had deemed it, and with this knowledge came conviction that she was lost to her for ever. What would Emily now have given for the seclusion of her own chamber, where she could have wrestled alone with her misery—but the kind-hearted denials who came around her, and bathed her forehead, and fanned her burning temples, forced her still to exercise strong self-control, and to feign that to be weakness of body which was suffering of far greater intensity. Mrs. Wyndham soon joined her, and alarmed at her appearance, sent to tell Harry they must go home immediately. But, though Emily longed for home as the stricken deer for the covert, she insisted on remaining.

"Harry was enjoying the party," she said, "an unusual thing for him. Has he not often gone with us, dear aunt, when he would far rather have stayed at home; why should I interrupt his pleasure now? I will do very well here. Go down to supper, and when it is over I shall be better able to bear the ride home than I am at present."

"Just like my own sweet Emily," said Mrs. Wyndham, "always thinking of others rather than herself. If you promise to summon me the moment you are ready I will do as you wish," and Emily was allowed to remain until supper was over.

During their long drive home, Harry said but little, and when his mother spoke of Miss St. Clair, he only observed "she was very lovely," and abruptly changed the subject.—He was all tenderness to Emily, lamented her

indisposition, and regretted he had not been earlier apprised of it, with such sincerity, that she felt somewhat comforted, and hoped that she might have over-estimated the effect of Miss St. Clair's charms. When alone, Emily held a sad conference with her own heart.—How came it that she but now was conscious of an attachment that must have gained a giant strength to have caused such suffering? Why had she not watched and guarded her affections, and not suffered them to be yielded up while she dreamed not of her danger? Alas! she knew not why—she only knew that she was wretched, and the more steadfastly she looked upon the future, the more unhappy she became. Even supposing this admiration to be a transient one, might not another soon succeed it, and would not the same agony be again endured? But we must leave Emily tossing upon her restless couch, and follow our hero, who is viewing the doubtful future under a far different aspect. The idol of his imagination has now appeared to him, and can he but win her for his own he asks no higher blessing. Both by looks and words she had distinguished him above his companions; so far, at least, he has no reason to be discouraged, and he is dwelling in blissful anticipation upon the realization of his life-long dreams. His fancy pictures this fair creature moving day after day in his beloved household circle, dispensing happiness to all, and, like another Eve, beautifying his earthly paradise. Sleep at length steals over him, that he may embody in still lovelier forms the visions of his waking hours.

From this day Harry seems a changed man. Hitherto indifferent to society, he is now foremost in every place of amusement. Emily is still indisposed, and neither Colonel nor Mrs. Wyndham will leave her, but Harry is ever on the wing, either riding or walking with Julia St. Clair or at the frequent entertainments she graces with her presence. Each day's intercourse increases his admiration both for her and her high-bred parents, who, on their part, receive his advances with undisguised satisfaction. At first he fancies a rival in every one that approaches her, but the softer cadence of her voice when addressing him, the brighter smile with which he is welcomed, and the ready ear she lends to his slightest word, soon assure him that he has nothing to fear, and he gives himself up to the delightful conviction that he is beloved by the object of his adoration.

Of course an affair of this kind, carried on so much in public, soon became the theme of every tongue, and Colonel and Mrs. Wynd-

him were frequently congratulated upon their son's approaching marriage, long before they learned from Harry who, contrary to his usual openness of character, had said little on the subject, how deeply his feelings were interested. It was not, in fact, until all was arranged between him and his fair lady, that the seal seemed taken from his lips, and he poured out his full soul to his parents and Emily, believing that their joy in his success was equal to his own. Unfortunately, however, the Colonel had taken no fancy either to the young lady or her parents.

"They were regular highflyers," he said, "with nothing but their great pretensions to keep them afloat. He liked home ways and home people, not those who did nothing but wander about the world and give out that they were great, though no one knew whence their greatness was derived. The daughter might be every thing she seemed, but the mother—as too artificial in her manners for him to trust to her smooth words and set speeches. Her husband was evidently under her despotic control, and he thought it a great risk to marry the daughter of a false and overbearing woman."

"Have you no opinion of your son's penetration, Colonel?" Mrs. Wyndham would reply. "Harry says that he never saw a more beautiful picture of united affection than Mr. St. Clair's family presents. His perceptions are too true about most things to admit the possibility of his being deceived in a matter of such importance as the character of those with whom he is to be so nearly allied."

"A man in love is easily deceived. I have seen more of life than you have, my dear, simply because I look at people with my own eyes, instead of through rose-coloured glasses as you do, and I never see a woman who appears so very soft and gentle that she cannot raise her voice much above a whisper, and whose every word and look betrays a studied forethought of the effect they are to produce, that I do not mistrust her sadly. Half of them are shrews, and the other half obstinate intriguers—I am much mistaken if Mrs. St. Clair is not a little of both."

"I cannot think it," said Mrs. Wyndham.—"To me there is something so fascinating in her polished elegance that I must admire her. But, even granting the mother is an artificial character, the daughter may be different; and if, as I often think, the soul imparts a portion of its loveliness to the form it animates, it must be a pure and elevated one that shines through such rare beauty as hers."

"Yet I have seen many unworthy beauties in my day," replied the Colonel smiling, "and you a few also, if my recollection serves me. But we will not dispute about Miss St. Clair, she is Harry's choice, and I will love her if I can. God grant she makes him as happy as he deserves to be; she is not like Emily though, and I rather suspect Emily fancies her as little as I do."

"Emily knows but little of her. You remember she was taken sick the very evening we first met the St. Clairs, and, except on the two days they dined here, has not seen her since. Even then she was too weak to be down stairs all the time. She thinks Julia very beautiful, and will, I know, love her as the source of Harry's happiness."

"It is but for that happiness that I wish from my soul he had not been so precipitate. He has been so dazzled by Julia St. Clair's beauty and accomplishments, that he has taken every thing else for granted. He can know nothing of her real character, and he loves the creature of his own imagination, embodied in her form. So saying, the Colonel left the room, leaving his wife to the uncomfortable reflection to which his very prosaic doubts had given rise.

The four short weeks which were all the Harry's impetuosity suffered to elapse between his introduction to Julia St. Clair and his engagement with her, had been spent very sadly by Emily. Frequent headaches, accompanied by an occasional fever, to which her mental agitation had given rise, formed the excuse for her withdrawing herself altogether from society, and partially from the family circle. Perfect quiet and darkness were, she said, her best restoratives, and with truth; and as her physician did not see that much was amiss, she was allowed to try these welcome remedies. During this one month Emily seemed to have lived an age. Her affections, naturally warm, had been concentrated by the strong ties of duty and gratitude upon those who had taken her, a destitute orphan, from her forsaken home, and cherished her with such tenderness that she had since that dark hour known sorrow but in name. Towards Harry these feelings had unconsciously assumed another form—one dangerous but beautiful, and she now held stern inquisition to see how she could have so greatly erred. Had she ever thought he loved her? never for a moment, with other than fraternal love. Hers had been a free offering to his many virtues, and she felt, even now, proud that it was on one so worthy it had been bestowed. Much heroism is in the

world, of which, careless and unconcerned as it is, it takes no notice; but there is perhaps no greater call for heroic effort than that which many a gentle woman has experienced in the need of combatting and conquering a feeling which, in its nature noble and elevating, becomes wrong by circumstances, and *because unrequited*, dare not be indulged. To this effort Emily now addressed herself, in humble dependence upon a strength higher than her own. Harry would soon be another's, her affection for him would then be sin—a sin from which she prayed in agony of spirit that she might be delivered. Flight was impossible—she could not desert those who had cherished her so fondly now, when she might, in some measure, repay their cares: their son was equally necessary to them, and he would ere long bring his beloved bride to his home; she must witness their mutual love, and learn to find her own lost happiness in theirs. Two months were to pass before this dreaded moment would arrive; during most of the time Harry would be about with the St. Clairs, who were to return immediately to the north, where, among their own friends the marriage would take place. Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair were then to sail again for Europe, taking with them their second daughter. During this interval Emily determined she would strive to regain her mental and bodily strength so far as to enable her to be present at the ceremony, and to receive them with cheerfulness on their return.

And Emily kept her word. The struggle was endured and the victory achieved without a suspicion of the truth having crossed the mind of either of her affectionate guardians.—What she suffered was only known to Him who gave her strength to bear it, and upon whose altar she laid her gift of a broken and a contrite heart. From this time her life was to be for others, self was immolated, and though she felt “that there had passed a glory from the earth,” a higher glory was henceforth to beam upon her path, from heaven. True, her eye was less bright, her laugh less gleesome, her cheek less glowing than before; but the high resolve that had settled on her brow gave a dignity to her air that was more attractive—her girlhood was gone, she was now a woman.

The many cares that pressed upon Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham at this time, prevented their noticing the change; it grew out of her enfeebled health, and when that health was restored, Emily was as actively engaged with the arrangements they were making to receive the bride, as in her brightest and happiest days.

All was ready, and they were just about commencing their journey, to be present at the marriage, when a violent fit of the gout so disabled the Colonel that it was impossible for any of them to leave home. One great trial was therefore spared Emily, and Harry had been two weeks a husband before she again saw him.

One wing of the house had been appropriated to the use of the newly married couple. It was furnished with exquisite taste, a piano and harp were placed in their sitting-room, in which also had been arranged Harry's favourite books, and many of his chosen specimens of *virtu*, and nothing seemed wanting to render it a fitting retreat for the most fastidious and luxurious Sybarite. But Mrs. Wyndham was evidently not entirely satisfied—no word of commendation escaped her lips. Emily had dressed her apartments with the choicest flowers the garden and green-house could produce, she did not appear to see them, and on the first evening of her arrival, seemed possessed with but two ideas—the fatigue of her journey and the heat of the weather. Harry was not conscious of this ungraciousness, being entirely occupied in trying to alleviate his wife's discomfort, but the other members of the family felt it keenly, and the Colonel shook his head after they had left the young people, remarking “that it was a bad beginning.” Next day the lady was too languid to appear at breakfast and Harry made the best apology he could for her defection, saying that she was fond of the French custom of taking her coffee in her chamber, and that it was one she generally pursued. A large party was expected at dinner, when matters wore a better aspect. Mrs. Harry Wyndham was more lovely than ever in her bridal array, her husband was radiant with happiness, and both appeared to the greatest advantage. She, all smiles and gentleness, sung and played on the harp in masterly style, and he, brilliant with wit, enchained the attention by his powers of conversation. The party was kept up until late, and all parted in rapture with the beautiful bride. Mrs. Harry Wyndham was in fact a regular exhibitor. When under the excitement of company no one could be more captivating—when at home and with her family, no one could be more disagreeable. Spoiled and flattered from childhood, she had eagerly learned to consider her beauty an endowment that gave her an undoubted superiority, and was only anxious to secure such accomplishments as would display her person to the greatest advantage.—

Her mother, a worldly, intriguing woman, had decided that this beautiful daughter must make a brilliant match, and from the eligibles that were in the market, and within reach, at the time of her return to her native country, she had selected the heir of Colonel Wyndham's wealth as the most desirable party. Her minute inquiries concerning his tastes, led to the adoption of the classical costume that so delighted him, and of the sentiments that conciliated his deeper regard. The daughter yielded herself unreservedly to her mother's wishes, and acted her part to admiration. But now that the prize was hers, there was no need for further effort—the goddess stepped from her pedestal, and showed herself in her true colours—a vain, selfish, capricious woman.

Nothing that the tenderest affection could devise was omitted by her husband, his parents, and the anxious Emily, to contribute to Julia's happiness; but, unless she was a centre of an admiring circle, she would ever maintain the same indifferent manner that was so repulsive on her first arrival, and which by degrees spread constraint and discomfort through the once cheerful family. Did her husband wish their solitary hours enlivened by her voice or harp? she was always hoarse or fatigued. Would he try to tempt her by the beauty of the day to ramble with him among his favourite walks? she was incapable of so great an exertion. Did he strive to interest her in his intellectual pursuits, and read aloud to her from some favourite author? she would sometimes fall asleep among the cushions of the sofa, or at others would interrupt him by observations that showed her thoughts were far away, and engaged with the frivolity in which she most delighted.

But this was not all: Julia Wyndham, like most narrow minded women, was fond of power, and was evidently determined to rule her husband and his family with absolute control. This was not, however, quite so easily accomplished as she had expected, and the slightest opposition to her will would produce fits of sullenness which were grievous to be borne. Harry, with little knowledge of female character, beyond that acquired in his own amiable family, was at first quite bewildered by the various phases her uncertain temper assumed; but soon learning to attribute them to their true cause, he became fully conscious of the misery of his situation. It was like an awakening in his coffin—he was tied for life to a woman without heart, without mind, and he almost feared, without principle—certainly

without the principle that led to a right performance of duty. But she was his wife: a sacred name, and one that enjoined sacred responsibilities; it must be his part to stand between her and sorrow; and whatever her indifference to his happiness, to labour to secure hers as best he might. But how wide the contrast between the watchfulness for another's well-being that springs from ardent reciprocal affection and that arising from the colder dictates of duty. What delightful intuition in the one! what conscious effort in the other! Yet though the bliss of the former is immeasurably greater, self-sacrifice, at duty's bidding, brings with it its own reward. Harry Wyndham had been hitherto a dreamer; he now became a man of action. The beautiful ideal of domestic happiness that he had nourished for years had faded before him, and the hard reality of disappointment pressed sorely upon his sensitive feelings. But it was of no avail to yield to despondency; he must endeavour, if he could, to conceal his unhappiness, and by constant occupation fill the aching void within. His father's health had become infirm, and Harry was active in attending to the duties he was unable to perform. He also rejected entirely the style of reading to which he had formerly been so much devoted, and in his leisure hours pursued a course of serious study calculated to reduce "that forward, delusive faculty," imagination, to the dominion of sterner reason.

Thus, one year from his wedding day, saw our hero fully disenchanted; it also saw him labouring to dissipate the sorrow he saw his unfortunate choice had entailed upon his parents, whose happiness was bound up in his. This was, however, a difficult task. Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham had strict notions of feminine dignity, and it was a hard trial to witness the efforts made by their daughter to gain the admiration of strangers, while she was so utterly indifferent to pleasing them. No distinguished foreigner could appear in society whose exclusive attentions she did not strive to appropriate. She would often invite those most disagreeable to the family, to the Colonel's table, load them with civilities, and hardly bestow a look on their most cherished friends if they had not the external attractions which alone could win her regards. The Washington season was hardly over, before she would insist upon her husband conducting her to some other mart of vanity, and, if he did not at once comply, her ill temper knew no bounds. She would then either seclude herself entirely from the family, or behave towards them with

could repulsiveness that showed how deeply he was offended.

One day, after her conduct had been more than usually irritating to her husband, Emily was sitting in a recess of the library when Harry entered, and, not perceiving her, threw himself into a large chair and groaned so heavily, that Emily sprung towards him, thinking he had been taken suddenly ill. He started when he saw her, and said,

"It is nothing, Emily—at least nothing that you can relieve," and seeing the deep sympathy expressed in her countenance, he took her hand as he added, "my beloved sister, I have unwittingly betrayed my misery to you—you cannot be ignorant of it, but it is of my own causing, and I alone should suffer. Your pale cheeks and my parents' sadness press sorely upon my spirit, and I have just been thinking it would be best for us all that I should yield to Julia's wishes, and take her abroad for a short time. How hard it is to tear myself from home, God only knows. Will you sound my father on the subject? his health is not what it used to be, and I cannot leave him against his will."

"Do not leave him, Harry," said Emily in tears. "What would he do without you, now that he is so lame and incapable of business? We will make Julia happy here. Oh! if she would only let me, I would devote myself to gaining her love, and be a sister to her as I have been to you."

"You have been a sad sister lately," said Harry with a faint smile. "You never bring your books and drawings to me as you did in former times, when we were both so happy.—Do you remember with what faith we looked upon the future? What dreams of happiness and usefulness we then indulged? All faded now and gone, their very memory making the present still more dark—to one of us at least. You, thank heaven, are still happy; but I am miserable."

"Harry, do not talk thus. Is there not a higher worth in duty well performed than in fancy's brightest visions? Are you not a kind husband, a devoted son, an active citizen, a kind friend? Do not both poor and rich around you rise up and call you blessed, and because one dream is unfulfilled, do you count the rest as nothing?"

"You are right, Emily—it was a moment of weakness—I should not despond, for many sources of happiness are still open to me.—Contentment, you know Coleridge says, is next to best," and that I will struggle to at-

tain. In one thing you can aid me, by trying to veil my domestic sorrows from my parents—make them think me blind, deluded—any thing but what I am"—and Harry hastily quit- ted the room.

Three days after this conversation, Colonel Wyndham was attacked with a violent gout in his stomach, which soon closed his earthly career. By his father's will, Harry now became the possessor of the estate on which he resided; an ample provision was made for the widow and Emily, and to the former was be- queathed a beautiful house lately built in the neighbourhood, to which she could retire, if such was her wish. So tender a husband and father could not fail to be deeply mourned, and had Julia Wyndham possessed one particle of feeling, it must have been excited by the dis- tress she witnessed. Mrs. Wyndham was closely confined to her apartment, so that she was spared the trial of seeing her absolute in- difference, but Emily saw it all, and wept in bitterness of spirit over her heartlessness.

Julia at once assumed the control of the es- tablishment. She rummaged through all the depositories of plate, china, and linen, and could not conceal her delight in viewing the contents as her own. New domestic arrange- ments were introduced, and the old family ser- vants scolded for their stupidity, in not com- prehending them immediately. To complete Harry's mortification, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair and their daughter returned from Europe, with- in a few weeks of his father's death, and after visiting their sons at college, came immedi- ately to his house with such an array of trunks and boxes, as made it evident they had decided upon a long sojourn. Harry might possibly have prevented his wife entertaining company in the present state of the family, but could ex- ercise no authority over her parents, who, anxious to receive their friends, soon made the house as gay as ever, and Mrs. Wyndham and Emily, in their apartments, over the drawing- room, were continually pained by the sounds of mirth that accorded so ill with their own de- solate feelings. They saw by Harry's coun- tenance how deeply this conduct distressed him, and as his wife's defects had ever been a sacred subject to them, they forbore to com- plain of it, but determined to have their other abode prepared for their immediate reception. Through Emily's active energy this was speed- ily accomplished, and to Harry's sorrow, these objects of his affection, whose society was now his only solace, were literally driven from his house by the cold-hearted selfishness of his

wife. He could not, however, oppose their removal—he saw that it was for the best; and now inured to suffering, acquiesced with calmness, and exerted himself to render their new abode as attractive to them as he could.

Had Mrs. Wyndham never before been repaid for her disinterested kindness to her adopted child, she reaped the full reward of it now. Naturally of a most dependent disposition, and deprived, as she was, of those on whom she had hitherto leaned, Emily must now be her protector, consolator, guide, every thing; and well had nature and experience fitted Emily for the task. She moved in their little household like a being from a higher sphere, whose errand to earth was one of love, and whose dearest ministry was that of consolation.—While Julia, a wedded wife, was displaying her beauty and accomplishments to gain the admiration of the world, Emily, of the same age, was devoting her far more extensive talents and acquirements to cheer and refresh the broken spirit of one solitary mourner. She strove to keep from Mrs. Wyndham's knowledge all that would pain her in the conduct of her daughter-in-law, and her slightest acts of kindness were placed before her in the most favourable light. Had Julia been the sister of her blood, instead of her who had won the heart she would have given worlds to gain, she could not have been more careful of her reputation. If Mrs. Wyndham entered upon the subject of Harry's domestic trials, Emily, with nicest tact, would lead the conversation to other things, or speak of his wife's defects as those for which years and experience would probably bring the remedy. But the expression of sadness that gradually deepened upon her son's once happy face, told the mother a different tale, and her active imagination became morbidly fearful lest Julia's passion for admiration might add public disgrace to secret misery. The downward course is smooth, and there is no knowing how far Julia might have descended, had not her career of vanity been suddenly arrested, and her own self-will brought on her a fearful punishment.

Julia had prevailed upon her indulgent husband to seek out matches to a splendid pair of carriage horses that were appropriated to her use. The newly purchased animals were young, high-spirited, and not yet completely broken to the harness, but Julia's impatience to sport her handsome equipage was such, that Harry interposed his absolute prohibition of her attempting to use the four horses until he thought it perfectly safe, when he would him-

self accompany her. More than a fortnight passed, and the horses were still pronounced unsafe by Harry, though the coachman and groom said they went quiet as lambs in their last drive. It was a beautiful day, late in June, and Mrs. St. Clair and her daughter, who had been some time with Julia, and were to set off for the north the next day, were to pay a visit about six miles distant, when Julia proposed (as several strangers were at the house of the friend before whom she wished to make a display) that they should turn out their dashing equipage. Mrs. St. Clair at first objected, but on the testimony of the coachman being favourable, gave her consent. Harry was absent from home, and would not return till the next day, he would know nothing of the matter, and the three ladies set off early in the afternoon, in high spirits. The drive to Mrs. L. was happily accomplished, the horses behaved perfectly well, were exceedingly admired, and they had proceeded more than a mile on the homeward route, when Mrs. St. Clair became alarmed by the appearance of a threatening cloud, and begged the coachman to drive as fast as possible. The horses were therefore put to their speed, but before they were near home a flash of lightning, followed by several thunder, so terrified the animals, that they dashed violently forward. The ladies lost their presence of mind and screamed aloud, when a second clap caused the leaders to start and which Julia perceiving, and giving all up in despair, jumped out of the open carriage, at a very moment when coming in contact with the bank on the road side, it was overturned, crushing her beneath its weight. Mrs. and Miss St. Clair were thrown upon the grass, and though bruised were not seriously injured; the servants were severely hurt, and, when some negroes who were passing on their return from the field, raised the body of the shattered carriage, the unhappy Julia was found lifeless beneath it.

* * * * *

Two years passed away after the terrible catastrophe, and Harry still dwelt in solitary seclusion in his paternal mansion. It had been Mrs. Wyndham's wish to return to him as soon as Mr. St. Clair's family had removed, but Emily showed so great a reluctance to leave their humbler home, that for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed across the mind of her affectionate guardian. The confession admitted, a thousand recollections added to its force, and, as Mrs. Wyndham, thus enlightened, reviewed the mournful past, her

action for her adopted child became almost reverence, while she dwelt upon the beautiful consistency of her conduct. Her conviction that it was right to avoid the danger of reviving long crushed though possibly still existing feelings, led her to acquiesce in Emily's wish that they should remain in their present dwelling. Harry was, of course, their daily visitor, but Emily gaining wisdom by experience, had always more indispensable duty that absorbed her closely while he was with them, and resolutely guarded every avenue by which the destroyer of her peace might again effect an entrance. She felt that association with him was now more than ever dangerous, and that the noble, earnest, self-subdued man was even more attractive than the romantic and intellectual youth to whom her young affections had been so freely offered. She thought too, that the years, which had but added to his manly beauty, had robbed her of the freshness of her youth, and left her no graces to supply their place. But Emily at five-and-twenty was, though she knew it not, more lovely than in her early girlhood, for her person, then too slight, had expanded, her manner had acquired more finished elegance, and her beautiful eye—that index of the soul—spoke hers to be the mansion of all pure thoughts and holy affections.

It was a fair summer evening, and Emily, faithful to her plan, had torn herself from the society that she felt, in spite of all her precautions was daily becoming more dear to her, and, having quitted the house through a side door, was indulging in some very melancholy reflections, as she pursued her solitary walk towards a wood at a short distance—"Oh this weakness of the soul," she murmured, "this re-awakening of memories once conquered, and as I fondly thought, utterly subdued. I have striven and prayed against it, and yet, with all my agonizing experience, I am again dwelling on his looks and tones, and long-forbidden feelings rise upon my heart. Oh that he would again leave us! that he would visit the home of the arts he so adores, and return wedded to one really worthy of him"—and Emily tried to familiarize herself with this idea, and absorbed in a painful thought, wandered farther into the wood, and marked not the deepening twilight. She was aroused by hearing her name repeated in well-known accents, and after replying to the call, was immediately joined by Harry, who, uneasy, at her proloaged absence, had come in search of her. Emily apologized for the trouble she had given him, and declining

his offered arm, was hurrying homeward as fast as she could, when Harry said, in a sad tone, "Emily, is there to be no end to this coldness? Will you never again accept the smallest kindness at my hands without apologies and hesitations so different, oh! how different from your confiding affection in former days?"

"We were both young then, Harry," answered Emily. "Time, you know, makes sad havoc with us all; and I may have grown cold and indifferent, though I was not till now aware of it."

"You are cold to none but me," said Harry, "and perhaps there is no one else that would feel it so keenly. Emily, you alone know what my sufferings once were, and with you alone rests the power to obliterate their memory." Emily almost gasped for breath, and her agitation became apparent to her companion, who supporting her with his arm, continued, "you will think me abrupt, Emily, but you so sedulously avoid any confidential intercourse with me, that I have been unburdening my fears and doubts to my mother, who bids me be of courage,—may I go on?" A slight pressure of the small hand that rested on his arm, induced him to proceed. "Yes, Emily," he said, "I offer you not a second love, but a first, true and abiding affection. Your virtues won my early homage, and though my senses were enthralled by another, their mild and heavenly radiance only shone upon me the more brightly in my darkened hours, but I will not dwell on them—they are past, and have taught their lesson. Tell me, Emily, may I hope? Will you again let me bask in your sunny smile, and bring joy and gladness once more to my desolate home?"

He waited in vain for an answer—the revelation of feeling had been too much for Emily, and she could only sob upon the arm that supported her. He drew her more closely to him and said, "My beloved, one word," she raised her beautiful eyes, now filled with tears, towards him, in the clear moonlight, and in the melting tenderness of their glance her love read his fate even before she had words to utter, "Harry, I am yours—only yours now and for ever."

Need we go on?—need we tell of the happiness founded upon the reality of goodness and affection as we have told of the misery that resulted from trusting to their imaginary counterparts? From a thousand happy fireades and beloved homes goes forth the testimony which Harry Wyndham's experience fully con-

firms—that the grand essential of domestic bliss is in the beauty of the soul, invisible indeed to the eye of sense, but, like its Great Source, revealing its presence by the joys and the benefits it diffuses around it.



Come Dearest, Sing the Song I Love.

Come, dearest, sing the song I love,
My own one sing to me,
With voice attuned my heart to move—
That soothing melody.

Those strains recall each happy day,
While at my childhood's home,
Although I now am far away
Across wide ocean's foam.

I've left behind me those I love,
Those bound by kindred ties;
I've come in other climates rove,
Beneath these genial skies.

And now there's other joys for me,
New love awakes my heart;
I'm blessed when I am near thee,
I'm happy where thou art.

I love thy gentle hand to press,
And call thee as mine own;
No other's love but thine can bless—
I love but thee alone.

Then dearest, sing the song I love,
My fond one sing to me,
With voice attuned, my heart to move—
That soothing melody.

St. John, 1843.

RODOLPHO.



EVIDENCE OF A DEITY.

He that looks forth on shrub and tree
In vernal beauty smiling;
Or hears the warbler's notes of glee,
As if the hours beguiling—
Or marks the nations of a day
Upon the sunbeam floating;
Or watches in the fountain's spray
The active fishes sporting—
Yet nothing sees to make him glad,
Or wakes devotion's fire, is mad.
If worlds on worlds that round us turn
—Sublime, exhaustless theme!
And centres that in glory burn,
Assert a great Supreme—
Do not the breeze, the dew, the shower,
The rill, the woody grove,
The insect's life, the pencilled flower,
Show forth a Father's love!—
Who ever on this earth hath trod,
Is mad that saith, "There is no God."

THE LAND OF BURNS.

NEXT to Abbotsford, the most interesting spot in Scotland to a stranger, is Ayrshire. These were the chosen spots where Scottish genius loved to dwell: and departing, has left every tree, and stream, and flower around a hallowed thing. The interest which hangs around both, is deeply melancholy; and I doubt if there be any two places on earth which recall the recollections of so much pride and glory, mingled with so much of pain, and of sorrow.

The second day I passed in Scotland was passed at Abbotsford, and as soon as I arrived in the western part of the kingdom, I hastened down to the land of Burns. A fine railroad now leads directly from Glasgow to Ayr. It certainly seemed rather unpoetical to be dragged to the shrine of poetic genius by a locomotive; but I remembered that our American Stephens had rode from Athens to the Pyreus in an omnibus, and I should not be surprised, if myself, or some of my readers should one day be hauled up the Mount of Olives by a stationary engine, or float over the cities of the plain in a high-pressure steamer. The cars left early in the morning, and when I arrived they were all in a bustle of preparation; the liveried porters were running to and fro—the superintendents in stiff collars and laced coats were strutting about with a sham military air, and the porters, superintendents and locomotive too, were warning us by many puffs and shouts that the time was up, and we had better take our places. These are regulated generally by *caste*. In the rear of the train, far removed from the noise, the "gentility" were reclining on sumptuous cushions with pillows behind their heads, for all which, they pay an extra price. In the middle, the "respectability" are disposed of in more unpretending and less expensive carriages; while close to the engine, the hard-fisted "democracy" were clambering over into portable pens, called "stand-ups," where they are all ranged on cars after the fashion of a pincushion. But the time is up!—the bell rings—and we emerge slowly upon a line of double rails running off as far as the eye can reach, straight as an arrow.

At some distance ahead, stands a man waving a green signal, which intimates to the locomotive, that the track is clear, and he may travel as fast as he chooses. As soon as he sees it, he draws a long breath, gives an exulting whistle, and away he flies on the wings of the wind. The signal man darts by us like

lightning—another and another, and another is passed, until we see a red flag waving far ahead to tell us we are approaching a stopping place. The lurid cloud hanging in the air, and the tall chimneys vomiting forth black smoke, betoken a place of manufactories. As our train moves slowly through the streets, the creaking of machinery, and the writhing of wheels, and the roaring of furnaces—to my mind, no faint emblems of the agonies endured by living men within these darkened walls—fall upon our ears, and make us shudder. The cars stop at the “station” amidst a crowd of half-dressed beggars, who gather around us imploring charity for themselves, and their starving families. Poor wretches! what can be done for them? Every day they are increasing, with no proportionate increase of means for their support; and every day the question comes up with louder and more fearful import into the ears of their astounded rulers—what can be done for them? They are asking with open mouths and bleeding hearts for bread, and thus far, their rulers have only given them bayonets. How long they will endure the substitute, is known only to Him who sent them here upon His footstool.

But we have no time to speak of the many villages by the wayside, or of the sufferings of their miserable operatives. It is always to us, a harrowing subject. After a flight of two hours, we found ourselves in sight of

“Auld Ayr—whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men, and bonnie lasses.”

Here an omnibus was waiting to take us down to the birth-place of the Poet. I clambered upon the top of the vehicle and rode along in silence, trying to realize that I was among the scenes consecrated by his muse.—Suddenly, on reaching a slight elevation, they all broke upon me. His monument—his cottage—Alloway kirk, the scene of the immitable Tam O'Shanter—and behind them all, the banks and braes of Bonny Doon.” It was in the midst of the harvest, and the fields on either side were filled with two reapers.—Among the sunburnt faces turned up to us as we passed, I fancied that I could distinguish the fatal Jennies, and Nannies, and Peggies, such as at once led captive the wayward affections of our poet.

I went first to the monument, a chaste group of columns on a pedestal about twelve feet high, surmounted by a lyre. The structure is surrounded with beautiful walks, and flowers sloping off to the Doon. Within it, on

a centre table, is the Bible (in two vols.) given by Burns to Highland Mary, when they “lived one day of parting love” beneath the hawthorn of Coilsfield. One of the volumes contains in Burns' handwriting, the inscription, “Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oath—ROBERT BURNS, *Mossgiel*.” A lock of Mary's hair, of a light brown colour—given at the same time to the poet—is preserved in the leaves of the treasured volume. Simple milkmaid though she was—and although she came to that celebrated interview in a russet gown, and without shoes or stockings, yet, who would not rather have this memento of the barefooted lassie of Robert Burns, than a lock from the brow of Victoria!

A few steps from the monument is Alloway kirk. It is now a small ruin of some thirty feet in length, without roof or windows, and filled with the tombs of some neighbouring families. The old sexton was standing by the grave of Burns' father, and came to us to describe the church, and point out the route of Tam O'Shanter. He showed us the chinks in the sides through which the kirk seemed “all in a bleeze,” and he pointed out the identical place in the wall, where “Oid Nick” was sitting, and presiding over the midnight revels of the beldames when—

“Louder and louder, the piper blew,
Swifter and swifter, the dancers flew.”

After the old man had finished his recital, which he delivered with much enthusiasm and a fine Scotch brogue, I asked him if he had ever seen the poet.

“Only once,” he replied, “and that was one day when he was riding on a neighbouring road, and met a friend who told him to hurry along, for Robert Burns, the poet, was just ahead. He said that he whipped up his horse and soon overtook a shabbily dressed man riding slowly along, with his blue bonnet drawn over his forehead, and his eyes bent towards the ground.”

“And didn't you speak to him?” said I.

“Nae,” replied the old man, in a tone of deep reverence. “He was Robie Burns, I dare na speak to him! if he had been any other man, I wad hae said, ‘Good morrow to ye.’”

Beautiful and elegant tribute paid by an unlettered peasant—not to rank, or to wealth, but to a soul, although clad in “hoddie grey” like himself!

Throughout all Scotland, I found the same fervent admiration for his works. The greater portion of the peasantry have his songs at

their tongues' ends, and often astonished me by the aptness of their criticisms upon them, and by the nice appreciations of their hidden beauties. Sir Walter Scott is, of course, more read in the mansions of the great, but he cannot compete with Burns in cottage fireside popularity. "The Shurra was a clever mon," said one of his neighbours, "but he was nothing to Robie Burns!"

The most interesting object was yet to be visited—the cottage of his birth. We approached the spot with reverence, and a well-dressed old woman welcomed us in. "This is the room," said she. I looked around on the rough stone walls, and could not believe that they had ever contained such a soul.—His parents must have been very poor, for the cottage, with all its subsequent repairs, is hardly equal to the generality of our log cabins.—The old woman was intelligent and affable.—"Robie was a funny fellow," said she, "I kened him weel; he stappit at my house on his way to Edinbro, to see the lairds." I asked her if he was not always humourous.

"Nae," she replied. "He used to sit with his hands on his lap like a bashful country lad, until he got a drap o' whiskey, or heard a good story, and then he was off. He was very puirly in his latter days."

Poor fellow! what might not self-restraint have done for that gifted, but wayward spirit, or rather what might not religious influence have been on a mind wrought in the finest mould, and formed for a higher being.

After collecting a few relics of the spot, and entering our names in the never failing album, we set off for the bonnie banks of Ayr, and crossing one of the "Twa brigs," returned to Glasgow.



WHY DON'T HE COME?

Why don't he come? the setting sun
Shines in my eyes so bright,
It brings the tears—why don't he come?
He won't be here to-night;
He knows that we must part to-morrow,
And that my heart is full of sorrow.

'Tis sunset, and the radiant sky
Is blushing as a bride—
I cannot gaze without a sigh,
He stands not by my side;
Lonely is now my heart and home—
Hark! 'tis his step—he's come! he's come!

Summer Excursions from London.

A VISIT TO THE CITY OF YORK.

As much as we had heard of the city of London, of its lofty domes, and stately palaces and thronging multitudes, of the wonders of art, the wealth and rank which it embraces within its far reaching arms, yet I looked not forward to our promised visit there, so eagerly as I did to the walls of "hoary York," the seat of learning and arts, when the rest of the kingdom lay in darkness; favourite resort of the polished Romans; "Altera Roma" once shown unrivalled by any city north of the Italian border.

Unlike most voyagers, we were not obliged to waste much time in recruiting from sea-fatigues, for a short and pleasant passage across the Atlantic, in the good ship *Virginian*, had produced no inconvenience. Accordingly, we were ready, in a few days, to leave Liverpool for York.

A little before nine in the morning of May seventh, we arrived at the railway station, a very large and handsome stone edifice, where the porters of the establishment assisted us out of our cab, placed our luggage on the top of the rail car, and showed us into our places stowing away our lighter articles under a seat, and paying every attention to our comfort, with a kindness and readiness very pleasant. The journey from Liverpool to Manchester, presents nothing of much note in the scenery, the greater part of it extending over the sombre and dreary tracts of Chat moss and Parr moss. The latter was once the property of the family of Catharine Parr. Thirty-one miles were passed, and a huge mass of brick, surrounded by grim manufactories, proclaims the city of Manchester. We left the cars, and after a short time, drove in a carriage along miles of smoke-darkened streets, and placed in other cars, were soon whirling rapidly away from the modern city of spindles, and the Saxon Manchestre. The scenery grows prettier. Soft swelling hills sink into verdant vallies, covered with farms, villas, castles, and manufacturing towns. In the winding of every daie, on the summit of every hill, you see a gothic church tower; while picturesque cottages, covered with thatch, their diamond-paned lattice windows peeping through wreathing vines, their neat hedges and their flowering gardens shining in the sun, and perfuming the air,—are clustered on the hill side, or nestled in valley nooks, with such grace as if just placed there by some artist for our gratifica-

son. The plain of York is now before us, and the shining Ouse lies like a silver thread across it, while in the midst rises an imposing city, with the grey, old-time walls of the Romans encircling it, and the ancient Minster, lifting its vast mass of tower and pinnacle far above all.

Having but a fragment of a day left, we were obliged to defer our visit to the Cathedral, and after dinner drove to the city walls.—There can scarcely be a stronger contrast between cities, than between New York and Old York. Newly arrived from the former, the antique buildings of York impressed me with wonder and pleasure. The names of the streets are many of them Saxon; as Walmgate, Stonegate, Micklegate. The latter means Broadway, and as we drove down it, I smiled to think how soon these narrow gable houses, with projecting fronts and large bow windows, and these antique gothic churches, would be tumbled down to the dust if in our Broadway, and *improved*, as we call it, with bright new brick dwellings. Utility soon drives romance from our streets. Perhaps that is right in a new country, but I am glad to find the citizens of York are determined to preserve their beautiful antiques, as they are constantly repaired in such keeping with the original, that the new parts cannot be perceived. The Bars, or Gates of York, are justly celebrated for their architecture. We alighted at Micklegate Bar, and gazed up with admiration at this noble, fortified gate, and the round arch, which tells of its Roman origin. The high, narrow, embattled towers, are Roman-gothic, pierced with slits for arrows, surmounted with figures of the age of Edward III., and adorned with the city arms. Ascending a staircase, we stood upon the top of the gateway, near the spot, where, in barbarous times, a pole was erected, bearing many a noble and gory head. The head of Richard of York was once here displayed. "So," says Queen Margaret, "York may overlook the town of York." Our sunset walk around the walls of York, can never be forgotten.—*Fresh from the forests and the new built cities of America, where half a century makes antiquity, with what curiosity and interest did I gaze upon walls and towers which had braved the storms of war and time, "a thousand years or more!"* From one side of our promenade on the walls, we look down upon a sea of red, as the city is roofed with red tiles, from among which rise the grey spires and towers of other days—the majestic Cathedral, and the mouldering arches of St. Mary's Abbey. Through

the battlements on the other side, you gaze out over the plain of York, and the hills of Severus, and behold in your mind's eye, encamped around you, the Cohorts of the Roman, the fur-clad Briton, the warlike Saxon, the graceful Norman—or, in later days, the warriors of the Roses, the haughty royalist, or the stern republican. I call this my first lesson in English history. I have seen nations and battles upon the pages of a book, now I pace the walls where once they walked—I gaze upon the sod once wet with the blood of their contests, upon the churches they reared, and the tombs in which they lie. As we passed along the walls, we visited the several gates. Monk Bar is a graceful structure, from whose summit sculptured warriors threaten to hurl down stones upon you—Boothave Bar is decorated with frowning faces—Walmgate Bar is very imposing, and stands complete with barbican, portcullis, and heavy door. Besides these are posterns, opening upon the River Ouse and the Fosse, which run through the city, are crossed by bridges.

If the reader will follow us, we will take him to the Yorkshire Museum, which contains two objects not often found in museums—a ruined abbey, and a Roman tower. Through a large gate you enter the museum grounds, adorned with trees and gardens. In the centre is the museum, a handsome stone building of Doric architecture, two hundred feet in length. You enter a hall paved with *soagliola*, from whence open rooms, or flights of stairs to other rooms. Here, in these apartments, you will find many curious things—among them, ten thousand specimens of British organic remains,—Roman relics dug up in the city,—three rooms lighted with plate glass sky lights, filled with zoological specimens,—a room with a collection of comparative anatomy,—fifty thousand specimens of natural history, a large lecture room, in fact, the whole is a very creditable monument of the science, taste and wealth of York. A walk to one end of the grounds, brings us before the Roman Multangular Tower, a part of a temple of Bellona, which once stood here in the days of the Emperor Severus. Here you may see and touch bricks which were placed there by the hand of a Roman bricklayer, and see that the mortar is *imperishable*. The bricks are seventeen inches long, eleven broad, and two and a half thick. And on this ground has walked the imperial Severus, who has also gazed upon that tower upon which we are looking. This is *realizing history*.—The gem of the place, however, is the ruined

abbey of St. Mary. Look across the grounds at that row of incomparable arches crumbling so gracefully to decay! See how charmingly the clusters and festoons of dark green ivy contrast with the grey arches and columns, and how prettily it twines around the delicate carved mullions of the windows. Several large elms stand among the ruins, their long branches drooping over it, as if fondly protecting it from time and storms. This has once been a very extensive edifice. It belonged to the Black monks of St. Benedict, and was founded by William Rufus, in 1083.

York has a great many beautiful and antique churches, and nunneries and ruins, many fine charitable institutions, but we have kept you long enough from the Cathedral, and will now drive with you to York Minster.

The day had arrived in which I was to behold a Cathedral, a species of building which had greatly interested me, although in my country we see it only through the medium of prints. There is service held in all the Cathedrals twice on every day of the year, and we sat out just before ten o'clock on Sunday, when we were sure to have the Cathedral service in all its solemn sweetness. We passed through Stonegate, a narrow street, the upper story of the houses projecting over the walk so as to throw it into deeper shadow. We emerged from this street, and before us was an open space of ground, and in the midst, the Minster!—that glorious old relic of by-gone days. It is a huge pile, in the form of a cross, built of the dun-coloured limestone of the country, now white with age; and is a superb specimen of the early English gothic. We stood at the foot of a magnificent tower, which rose arch above arch of corridor and carving and rich ornaments and moulding, two hundred and thirty-four feet above us, while from this, slender pinnacles ascended, carrying the eye still farther to the blue heavens beyond them. The west front, upon each side of which rises two of these majestic towers, has been justly celebrated for its beauty. It is the decorated English order of Edward III. A large window of painted glass adorns the centre, and is a fine specimen of the "leafy tracery of the fourteenth century." The remainder of this facade is occupied with niches surrounded with beautiful carving, containing figures of saints. Many of these niches are empty, and most of the others so broken by Cromwell's soldiers, as to leave little of human appearance remaining.—Beneath the window is a noble doorway, which has not been used since the fire which destroy-

ed this end of the building. The figure of the founder of this front, Archbishop Melton stands over the doorway; while on the right side stands Robert le Vavasour, who gave the stone for the masonry; and at the left, Robert de Percy, who supplied wood from his forest of Bolton. Adam and Eve are also to be seen among the fine tracery of the arch. This front has been repaired with much judgment. There are other windows of great beauty in this grand facade, and in the towers. Passing over the green Minster yard, we seated ourselves upon a stone bench placed under a Norman arch, one of a row belonging to an ancient palace which once stood here, now forming part of the wall of the Cathedral Library gardens.—Here, sheltered from the sun by a rich mass of ivy, we sat contemplating that solemn temple, which, for "a thousand years or more," has been reared its "cloud-cap'd towers," bravely upholding the cause of religion, and facing the storms of time and war. The north side is supported by strong buttresses, and adorned with two stories of painted windows, with niche and statue and carving, surmounted with airy pinnacles, presenting an astonishing combination of power and grace. From this side juts out the north transept, or end of the cross piece, which gives the Cathedral the form of a cross; which alone, would make a large and elegant church. From the centre of the building arises a square tower, erected by Walter Skirlaw, in 1372. If you are not tired of the Cathedral, enter with me; the survey will well repay the time and exertion. Behold a majestic temple, five hundred feet in length: its high vaulted roof supported by graceful arches, or ribs of carved oak or stone, divided by stately columns into long drawn aisles, the whole illumined by a rainbow glory thrown down by the hundreds of windows of gorgeous painting. Along the walls, or at the foot of the columns, are sculptured monuments, where kneel in prayer, or lie extended on mattress and pillow, the life-like forms of prelates and kings, of warriors and queens and nobles, in the costumes of the days in which they lived. A glorious and touching scene! But it is the Sabbath, and we must not linger to examine. Those of the citizens of York, who frequent this church, are entering, and we will follow them across to the choir, which is a portion of the church divided from the remainder by screens, for the purpose of holding the daily service. There are side entrances to the choir, but let us pass along towards the west end, or Nave, from which, under the centre

power, is the principal entrance. Behold the beautiful screen of delicate lace work in stone! The flowers and ornaments are as minute and perfect as if carved from ivory. Upon it are fifteen statues of English kings, from William, the Conqueror, to Henry IV., in ancient regal dresses, and resembling the monarchs they represent. Above it is an enormous organ, whose pipes are, some of them, thirty-two feet long, and will hold six persons. In the midst of the screen, large iron gates yield entrance into the choir. Here stood several vergers in gowns of black silk, trimmed with scarfs and tags and velvet, some of them bearing silver wands. One of them received our proffered silver with a gracious bow, and showed us into a seat. In spite of the day, and the books before us, we could not restrain our eyes from the curious and brilliant scene around us. An oak screen of ancient filligrane work divided us from the church, in the open places of which, between the scrolls and flower work, plate glass is let in, thus keeping off the air, without obscuring our view of the columns and monuments, or the twenty windows in sight, which are throwing rays of purple and violet and rose over tomb and pillar and mosaic pavement. Two rows of pews run along the side of the choir, while canopied stalls and thrones, of exquisite carving, are arrayed above for the Archbishop and dignitaries of the church. Of these, there are upwards of fifty; consisting of deans, chancellors, precentors, succentors, archdeacons, canons, prebendaries, vicars, choristers, chaplains, secretaries, registers, organist; at the head of which is the Archbishop of York, the Right Honourable and Most Rev. Edward Vernon Harcourt, D. C. L., Lord Archbishop and Metropolitan of the province of York, Primate of England, Lord high Almoner to the Queen, and one of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council. Beside other honours, he has the privilege of crowning the Queen-consort. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, has the higher honour of crowning the King and christening the royal children, and preaching the coronation service.—His superb palace, with its thirty acres of pleasure grounds, stands without the city, upon the banks of the Ouse. His income is about a quarter of a million of dollars. The doors now open, and a row of white robed priests are entering. Next appear a band of scarlet-clad soldiers—then a procession of choristers, in flowing white dresses. Another dazzling mass is at the door. The Lord Mayor approaches, clad in a robe of crimson cloth, trim-

med with black velvet, and wearing a gorgeous chain of gold. Before him, a man in black velvet bears his gilded mace, which is deposited in the pew; before him another bears the sword of state, with a silver handle, and crimson scabbard worked with gold.

Aldermen and Recorder, also in robes of state. The usual worshippers fill up the vacant spaces, and then one of the canons from his stall on one side of the church begins reading the morning prayers, in a sing-song style, the last word long-drawn out. Then commences exquisite chaunting from the choristers, consisting of about twenty men and boys, placed on each side of the church; a verse is sang alternately by each party. Those who have heard the Cathedral music, can never forget the solemn and sweet strains of the litany, accompanied by the organ's deep-toned melody, echoing along the sculptured aisles, and rolling to the high and "fretted" vault above. How many have gone, since first those tones of penitence and praise have filled those walls! How many nations, have there knelt in prayer! The first church erected upon this spot was by the Saxon king Edwin, in 627. Since then, Saxon, Norman and English, each here has sung his song of praise. These walls have witnessed many scenes mentioned in history, and have beheld the forms of kings and warriors known to fame. At that far-distant altar, beneath the glorious east window, many a king has been crowned, and fair royal brides have given their hands in marriage. What a splendid picture would it form if all could start to life in the glittering robes of royal festivity, as once they stood here, centuries ago. We should there behold, the nuptials of the young king of Scotland, and the princess Margaret of England, neither of them yet eleven years of age—Around them stand the archbishops in their robes, the proud king of England, Henry III., father of the bride, in his royal array of purple and cloth of gold,—with the nobles of England and knights of Scotland, clad in golden mail or scarlet trappings. Six hundred years have all these lain in their graves. Pass a century, and the warlike Edward III., decked as a gallant bridegroom, stands before that altar, surrounded by his knights and earls, renowned in chivalric annals. Beside him is the fair Philippa, daughter of the powerful John of Hainault. Her hair enclosed in the golden net-work of the times, as we now see her lying upon her monument. The deed of mercy, when she saved the lives of the burghers of Calais, has given her a name that still lives in story. We

turn in grief away from the next royal pair, who appear before that altar—the execrable Richard III., and the weak Anne of Warwick, were crowned there. Other scenes, telling of the ceremonies and superstitions of the age, occurred in different parts of the Cathedral.—James, the pedantic, surrounded by the poor and diseased, touched seventy persons to cure them of the King's Evil. Charles, the Martyr, in the south aisle, ordered the bishop of Ely to wash the feet of thirty-nine poor men in warm water, while the proud bishop of Winchester washed them again in wine, wiped and kissed them. But we must not let by-gone scenes take our attention from those which are passing. Another canon, preceded by a verger, passed up from his stall to a stand in the centre of the choir, which supported a large gilded eagle, upon whose broad-spread wings was the open prayer-book. Having read the lessons, and chaunted his part, he re-seated himself in the same form. The bishop and another canon, preceded by a silver wand, now solemnly walked to the far-end; there before the communion service, they read in turns the commandments and prayers. At such a distance were the speakers, that each commandment came solemn and hollow-toned, as if some of the dead prelates around had uttered it from his tomb, while the answering, "Lord, have mercy upon us," was given in low, penitential strains by the choristers and organ. With their long robes sweeping the marble pavement, this train returns, to be succeeded by the dean, who, preceded by vergers, ascends the pulpit opposite the archbishop's throne, where he preached a sermon on humility. But the service is over, and all quietly depart. Ere I dismiss the subject of the Cathedral, I will throw together a few observations gathered during our next day's examination. While gazing through the vista of these "long drawn aisles," and up the tall columns to the graceful arches, and the groined roof above, I feel that in architecture I have acquired a *new sense*.—Architecture so perfect, on so grand a scale, and of this Gothic order, we have never seen upon our side of the ocean.

There be some utilitarians who will desire we may never have such buildings, and among them were our Puritan fathers, who battered them and their statues, wherever they could reach them, but upon this question I will not enter here. The age does not seem to demand them, but when we gaze upon such perfection in architecture and sculpture, I think we very presumptuously call the ages which produced

them, the "dark ages." The centre of the church under the centre tower is a square, and pillars of clustered columns, support four arches of marvellous lightness and grandeur, being each one hundred feet high. The windows are another object of wonder, some of them seventy-five feet high, painted with figures of apostles and kings, glowing and shining in the sun, as if formed of jewelry. The window of the Five Sisters of York, is said to resemble Jewish tabernacle-work. The greatest objects of attraction, however, are the monuments.—Here lie many Saxon and Danish kings—nobles, warriors, and prelates, and ladies. The ancient Gothic tombs, with their canopies supported by columns twenty or thirty feet high and exquisitely carved, are very imposing objects, standing along the aisles. There is one, of a young prince, who died at the age of eight years, son of Edward III. The young boy lies under a canopy of beautiful tracery, wearing a coronet, with a lion couchant at his feet. The figure is of alabaster. I am sorry to say most of these tombs have been sadly battered by the Puritans. In a vault we were shown some curious relics of the church, which throw light upon the singular customs of those days.

The most interesting is the Horn of Ulphus. It is an ancient drinking-horn, nearly two feet long, apparently of one of the famous English black cattle. It is trimmed and adorned with silver, and is the best specimen of Saxon sculpture remaining. One of the most curious circumstances regarding it is, that by this horn the church hold their present lands. Ulphus, one of the Saxon kings, knowing his sons would quarrel for his lands after his decease, settled the estate in a very singular manner by bequeathing it all to this church. "And therefore," saith the chronicler, "coming to York with that horn wherewith he used to drink, filled it with wine, and before the altar of God and St. Peter, prince of the apostles, kneeling devoutly, drank the wine, and by that ceremony endowed that church of St. Peter with all his lands and revenues." What a curious ceremony would not this be in one of our churches! The horn is seen sculptured in the church, and the arms of Ulphus are painted over one of the windows. The Cromwellians stole this horn and stripped it of its ancient golden ornaments, but it was many years afterwards judiciously remounted with silver, by Lord Fairport, and restored. Another curious relic of the times, is a large bowl holding about a gallon, edged with silver, and standing on

silver feet. This was given by Archbishop Scroope, in 1398, to the company of cordwainers in York, with the promise of forty days pardon to whoever would drink it off! The bishop grants forty more. Alas, what would these good brethren do in these days of temperance reform! Upon it is the following inscription:—

“Richarde Arche beschope grant unto all the that drinks of this cope XLii dayes to pardon.”

Then follows the same promise from Robert Strensall.

The next day, we dined with some friends according to appointment, and after dinner, were taken out to the York Retreat, a celebrated lunatic asylum. After a charming drive of a mile, we arrived at the iron gates, enclosing large pleasure-grounds prettily laid out, in the centre of which was a large stone building, consisting of a centre, four wings, and a lodge—the latter intended for patients of the higher orders. This institution was founded in the year 1796, by some members of the Society of Friends, among whom William Tuke, and Lindley Murray, of New-York, were the most conspicuous. Here was first put in practice quiet treatment and religious exercises as means of recovery, in the place of strait jacket and punishment. The kind and compassionate founders have met with complete success.—The buildings will accommodate one hundred and forty patients of all classes. The lowest sum paid for board, washing and medical treatment is four shillings a week; from whence it raises to several guineas, according to the circumstances of the patients and their accommodations. Twenty thousand pounds a year have hitherto been paid as expenses by the Quakers who support it. Here, Lindley Murray wrote most of his grammar, and here he was buried. The governor of the Retreat is Mr. Candler, author of “A Visit to Hayti.”—As we had known him in New-York, our greeting of course was warm. He, and his kind lady showed us at once the buildings, which are found replete with every convenience, and comfort, and exquisitely neat. According to the plan of *confidence* pursued regarding the patients, they were not confined in cells, but seated at different employments in their parlors. There is a parlor to every four or five rooms, so that the inhabitants of the rooms all sit together. We entered a parlor and were introduced in form to the females who, neatly attired, many of them in the costume of the Friends’ Society, sat sewing or knitting around.

They all bowed very politely and gravely. In one corner, a beautiful young girl sat busily writing, she looked up and with a bright smile informed Mrs. Candler she was writing to her mamma, in reply to a letter which she had that morning received. “Poor creature,” whispered Mrs. C., “her letters are incoherent enough to provoke a smile, were it not for her unhappy malady.” A lady also, a visitor, told me she had been engaged to be married, but when all was ready for the bridal, her faithless lover sent her a letter to the purport that he loved another so deeply he could not in conscience fulfil his engagement with her. Instant insanity was the consequence. She, was however, happy, and spent most of her time in writing letters. One very mild woman, looking up as I passed, remarked I wore a very odd looking ribbon upon my bonnet, indeed she did not think she had ever seen so odd a one.

In another parlor which we visited, sat a portly lady near the fire-place, dressed in a gown of blue cloth, ornamented by herself in flowers and scrolls, made with pearl shirt-buttons, and wearing a high Yorkshire cap on her head. We were introduced as usual, as friends from America. She had elected herself as spokesman of the room, and immediately replied she had heard from that country, and knew there was much instruction wanted there by the negroes and Indians. She then entered into a long and eloquent harangue, begging us to uphold the cause of Christ and the true church in America. Seeing her very warm and getting excited, Mrs. C. quietly withdrew with us.

The hour for afternoon meeting arrived, and we entered a room arranged as a Friends’ meeting, the seats of which were filled with a neatly dressed congregation, all buried in meditation—these were the patients. Not to task them too much, Mr. C. read a chapter in the Bible. After another silence, one of the men arose and gave us a short discourse. It was rather a disjointed one, but for an insane person very good. It set the girls off in a titter, which, however, was soon suppressed, but as we walked with them from meeting, we heard them laughing among themselves at the absurdity of a crazy person preaching.

After tea, (at which two patients were invited, according to the plan adopted of treating them with friendly confidence,) we sat out to walk around the ground. These cover fifteen acres, and were well laid out. The lady who was accompanying us over the grounds,

walked with me, and spoke in enthusiastic terms of the institution and of the kindness and judgment displayed by the officers and Mrs. Candler. She also very politely pointed out all the beauties of the place, and led me to a long terrace, where is a fine view of the country, the city of York and its grand Minster, and the hills in the back ground. After we had returned to the house, I learned with much surprise, that she was one of the patients. We left this noble institution filled with admiration for the minds who had originated the compassionate plan pursued there, and for those who so effectively carried it out.

And so farewell to dear old York, its quaint, crumbling churches, its graceful ruins, and its kindly inhabitants. To-morrow, we take the rail-road for Sheffield.



THE DREAM.

A YOUTHFUL RETROSPECTION.

'Twas in the summer time,—
The flowers were gay,
And blossoms in their prime
Illumed the day ;

The balmy breath of heaven swept lightly on
The blest, sequester'd spots of earth among,
And feather'd songsters sweetly sung,
Where the cool waters ceaseless sprung.

'Twas ere the noon of day—
The sun was bright,
Cloth'd in its full array
Of golden light,

When by the sparkling fountain's side I lay,
List'ning in raptur'd silence to the lay,
That rose in nature's sweetest strain,
Drowning all sense of care and pain.

No voice of man was nigh,
To stay the spell,
Which bid the spirit sigh
A glad farewell

To all the dark realities of life.
When with a heart o'erflowing, fill'd and rife
With praises to that heavenly power
Which guardeth e'en the lowliest flower.

Sleep, by my posture woo'd,
Stole step by step,
While in my silent mood,
Till lo! I slept.

'Tis said that angels from the arching sky,
As guardians, watch our slumbers as we lie,
And guide our thoughts by spirit means
In all the fishiness of dreams.

Slumber my soul possess'd—

My thoughts inspired ;

By dreams of pleasant import bless'd

I soon was fired ;

The flowers grew round me still,—the songs
were there,

And balm crept softly on the breezy air,

The gushing fountains sped along

In concert with the rising song.

At length methought there sprung

A voice more sweet,

Than bard or minstrel sung

Since love did greet

The early dwellers of blest Eden's shore ;

Or, on the sons of men its blessings pour :—

Then words articulate I heard,

And with an angel thus conferr'd :—

"Welcome to guard my head,

Fit such a place

As this for thy light tread ;

Where not a trace

Of aught but what is beautiful, doth lie,

To sip the dews that fall from ev'ning's sky ;

Where song and melody are thine,

And flowers flourish in their prime."

I ceas'd ;—it paused a while,

And in her eye

And on her lip I trac'd a smile.

I don't deny

But that I thought a little romance lay

In its fair face ; but soon I drove away

The dark illusion from its throne,

And saw the guardian there alone.

Again I saw a shade

Pass o'er its face,

Like when the clouds invade

The sunbeam's place,

And something like to sadness revel'd where

The smile but just agone rested as air ;

And then, I saw it move to speak,

And long'd to hear its tones so sweet.

But then as if it knew

My inmost thought,

And wish'd that I should sue

Or, get it not,

Again it clos'd its parted lips, and smiled ;—

'Twas half a pensive smile, half wild !

But then again a sadness came,

Or pity, which is much the same.

As tho' enough was done

My state to cease,

She thus her strain begun,

And I was pleas'd,—

Oh! mortal, if thy kind were left to move
 One, thy passage thro' this world would
 prove

A pilgrimage of dreary toil ;
 A barrenness of thought and soil."

"With none thy way to cheer—
 Thy state how dread!"

"You're right," says I, "my dear
 You're right," I said.

At which again the smile in fulness came,
 and mischief lay beneath her eyes' bright flame.

"I know I'm right, you fool," said she,
 And she fairly titter'd in her glee.

I thought it very strange,
 This April way :
 Smiles quick exchange'd
 For gloom's dark ray,

But thought, perhaps, 'twas angels' customs,
 when

They saw the helpless state of sinful men,
 So with a gloomy brow again,
 I heard her sweet, bland voice ascend.

"With none thy way to cheer,
 Thy state how dread ;
 Exhaustion, trouble, near—
 Joy, comfort, fled ;

God saw thy wants, and pity fill'd his breast,
 An angel made, to comfort thee, and bless:—
 That angel I, will follow thee,
 Thro' life's dark, short futurity."

Her accents had not died,
 Ere on my lip,
 As if a zephyr sigh'd,
 Or bee did sip,

I felt imprinted one long, gentle kiss,
 Which filled my soul with ecstacy and bliss,
 And bounding in the glee of hope,
 I leap'd for joy—and quick awoke!

Half kneeling on the ground,
 Where late I lay,
 My FLORA's form I found.
 A smile half gay,—

Half blushing, dwelt on her very cheek,
 Making its gentle dimple yet more sweet ;
 Her forehead wore a deeper hue
 Of red, than it was wont to do!

And in her eye a tear
 Did gather slow,
 Whether of joy or fear
 I did not know;—

But speaking kindly of her guardian care,
 The blush which first suffus'd her face so fair
 Soon mingled with a pale hue—
 The rose and lily blending in the view.

Rapture was in *my* soul—
 And in *her* eye ;
 I quick declared the whole !
 She did but sigh

Her deep accession ;—yet her spirit breath'd
 The potent words which soon my heart reliev'd,
 And made me *her's* ; the noble theme,
 Of this my earliest, youthful dream.

Bridgetown, (N. S.) 1843. ARTHUR.



SCENES ABROAD.

(From the *Montreal Literary Garland*.)

It was about the hour of eight, of a pleasant evening in July, that the steamer *El Betis*, coming from San Lucar de Barrameda, and in which I was a passenger, anchored in the Guadalquivir off the Prado of the ancient city of Seville.

Daylight was just beginning to fade, but we had a full and clear view of a multitude on shore, awaiting the steamer, or curious to see her passengers. Thickly interspersed in the crowd of heads were those of Signoras and Signoritas, of high and low degree, (if dress afford the means of comparison) awaiting the debarkation of the steamer's living freight.—Their coal-black eyes glanced about in quest of admirers with fire-fly brilliancy; whilst their parted vermilion lips displaying the ivory within, were, without contradiction, the most exquisitely luscious—*bonnebouches*. One must have been something more or less than man, to have overlooked such attractions; and being youthful exceedingly, at the time, I reviewed the corps of Brunettes with the greatest possible zest and gusto.

At the landing-place were none of those admirable contrivances for accomodation of travellers and strangers, coaches and cabs; nor yet porters, to carry one's luggage, as are to be had for the asking in most Christian countries. I was compelled to engage the services of two of the steamer's waiting-men, to pilot me the way to Donna Maria Stalker's, Plazuela de la Contractacion el frente del carcel militar, (so ran the address of an Irish dame who had established herself at Seville for the accomodation of travellers in general, and British subjects in particular.) We made our way through the crowd of curious on shore, and were soon in a labyrinth of streets, narrow as St. Paul or Notre Dame, in our own good city; and as badly paved as ever they were, before the advent of that best Governor General Canada has ever had, the late Charles

Poulett Thomson; titled, Baron of Sydenham.

It was a tediously long distance to the abode of the Donna above named, and there being none of those fine appliances for weary feet, well-flagged and smooth trottoirs, the distance was less endurable. "It's very clear," said I to myself, "that Liberty dwells not in Seville; if she did, the people would necessarily govern themselves, and then there would be *trottoirs*." A Frenchman of the siecle of Louis XIV., made a grand discovery in his day, namely, that there are not trottoirs, where Freedom is not. He was in London and had just come from Paris. I was in Seville, and had just come from America, where the people consult their comfort and convenience exceedingly in all things; and so, had not the Frenchman made the discovery long previously, I certainly should have made it on that night, so memorable for pedestrianism over as shockingly paved streets, as ever plagued a gentleman, all in the olden time.

En route towards the Donna's, we suddenly debouched on an open space, and there, before me, in the dim twilight, towered the magnificent Cathedral. I had but an instant of time to gaze at the architectural giant, for my baggage-bearers hurried onwards, and I could not very lose sight of them. The Donna lived not very distant from the stupendous pile, and shortly we were at her portal. Joyfully I mounted the stair-way, being completely fagged by the day's exercise, and blessing my stars that I was in the haven of rest,—but the sequel showed, I reasoned without mine host. The Donna was from home, and her major-domo made me understand there was no vacant lodging-room. My slender stock of Spanish prevented me letting him know as quickly as I wished to do, I was a stranger from the uttermost ends of the earth, and that if there was not room for me at Donna Maria Stalker's, he must endeavour to find one for me some where else. He shrugged up his shoulders and looked mightily indifferent about the matter, until I held out the silver key, the universal *passé-par-tout*.—At the sight of it, all at once, as if by magic, my mixture of many languages became the clearest and most eloquent Spanish, and he directed the baggage-bearers to the *hostellerie*, *Posada, del Vapor*. To cut a long story short, after an hour's further peregrination, and trouble, and running about from hotel to hotel; from the *Posada del Vapor*, to the *Posada de los Americanos*, and from that to the *Posada de la Reyna*, I found suitable quarters; but it was then fully ten o'clock, and I, com-

pletely worn out. Such was my introduction to the city of Seville.

I found here an acquaintance, the British Vice Consul of El Puerto de Santa Maria, and right glad I was at meeting him. It is *triste* under the best of circumstances to be totally among strangers in a land where nought is familiar to eye or ear; but, as I at the moment was, fagged out and irritated by the annoyances I had encountered since my landing, my *rencontre* with an acquaintance was as the most welcome oasis of the desert to the exhausted traveller over the waste of sands. Accordingly I solaced myself in his company with all the comforts and luxuries of the *Posada de la Reyna*, from humble tea to Imperial Val de Penas and King's cigars, until the hour for retiring. Before saying "*buenas noches*," I made an appointment with the Vice Consul for a visit to the cathedral in the morning.

Accordingly, after breakfast next morning we made our way the spot where rose the gigantic edifice I had seen the previous night during my forced perambulations. Ah! that cathedral of Seville is a church worth seeing, and worth talking of; none of your wooden-palared-mock-marble-columned-affairs, such as one may see not a hundred miles from Montreal; no ranges of pews of pine to prevent one ranging from right to left wherever one listeth within the sacred fane; no hideous galleries to roof over half the interior at an elevation scarcely greater than that of the ceiling of a parlor,—no—no,—there were no such deformities; instead, I beheld stately columns of marble rising to a dizzy height and supporting a vaulted roof of fretted arches, of material no less solid and beautiful than the columns, with nothing to diminish space, in the shape of pews or galleries, upwards or horizontally.

I gazed upwards,—what a height it was to the roof!—the human beings at mass, below in the distance, looked like pigmies. I glanced around, and magnificence met my eye every where; splendid altars of the finest marble most elaborately sculptured; and paintings by Murillo, Valasquez, and other masters of the sublime art, foreign and domestic. I had been filled with admiration of the building, exteriorly; its magnitude and height,—but the interior increased it. The dimensions are vast, and the workmanship elaborately beautiful. Objects far removed from the eye bear inspection equally with the nearest; the delicacy of the chisel is maintained throughout. Not a particle of tawdry tinsel was there, nor shabby lacquer-ware, to mar the splendour of the scene; gran-

er and elegance characterised every object. The immense chapel in particular, was so impressively beautiful and grand, that I had difficulty in attempting to describe it. At the time, I had not seen the splendid cathedrals of Italy, and, perhaps, that was the reason my journal contains such an outpouring of admiration of the famed Cathedral of Seville; but, be that as it may, I gave up the task of description; words could not convey the impressions made upon me by the architectural grandeur I surveyed; and the splendour and richness of ornament around. I have oftener than on that occasion, felt the utter hopelessness of conveying on paper anything like impressions made upon the mind. For example, the ocean in a storm, and one in the midst of it, who shall presume to depict! Again,—Niagara! who can gaze for the first time, on that overwhelming chaos of waters, and hears its deafening roar, shall have the hardihood to attempt description!

It was in the chapel I have just referred to, that this inscription on a tablet is seen:

“A Castilla, y a Leon,
Nuevo mundo dio Colon.”

which translated, runs thus, “To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a New World.” Yes, methought, he did so; and how was he rewarded? He gave a New World, and he was sent back to the Old one, in chains! A tolerable sample that, of the gratitude of princes! Great Columbus!—and one must add, (alas, that it should be so,) poor Columbus! Great he was, for he dared, self-relying, only, to bath in the dreaded mysteries of the then unknown ocean. Poor he was, and tearful his fate,—for he, as I have just written,—he was sent back to Spain from the theatre of his discoveries, loaded with chains, at the instigation of some envious human worms, who, judging of his great soul by their own exceedingly little ones, fancied, his ambition was of the same nature as their own,—of the earth, earthly, selfish, sordid, restricted to mere accumulation of money bags. I gazed on the inscribed marble, and laughed the while at that singularly comical characteristic of the human character, which causes us to grudge renown to a living man, and to erect costliest monuments to his fame and glory, when dead. The holiest and highest places are then selected to record his fame and hold his ashes! When alive, in chains and a dungeon, the Great Admiral had abundance of leisure to measure his own greatness with the abject littleness of the powerful ones of the day, and oft he must have wonder-

ed, that the god-like mind should be given to some, whilst the power to paralyze its efforts should rest with others whose most aspiring conceptions never by any chance soar beyond the flight of the meanest barn-door fowl. The evanescent court butterfly of that day, the gold and silver bedizened hidalgo that strutted his hour in the royal saloons, was powerful enough whilst Columbus breathed, to proffer patronage, or over-rule him! It is positively laughable to reflect that such could ever have been the case; yet, even insects have it in their power to annoy the lion. What did I behold! In the most gorgeous chapel of the most magnificent structure of Spain, a glorious memento of the once despised and imprisoned man!—whilst, who shall tell where moulder the bones of his popinjay persecutors of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella? This honor accorded to the Great Admiral, is shared by only two of the monarchs of Spain; namely, Alfonso X. and Fernando, his father. So that posterity, at all events, has done its duty.

Some years after the period I write about, I beheld in the city of Havana, a church erected on the supposed spot where Columbus landed in Cuba; and in that chapel, as a sacred deposit, the ashes of the great man are preserved! Thus, even his dust, it would seem, is precious to posterity! Again, some years subsequent, at Genoa, I perceived other relics of the discoverer classed among the city valuables.—Towns dispute the honor of his birth-place.—As it is with Columbus, so it was with Homer; and so it has been with other mortals of the loftiest order; and so it will be ever to the end of the chapter, whilst man is man:—mean, jealous and envious of genius, whilst the possessor of it is alive; lavish and profuse of honours almost to adoration when he is food for worms. Look at our own Shakspeare, and the humbler Burns, as exemplifications. I have seen a splendid monument erected over human remains that had for thirty years been suffered to moulder, unmarked the spot by even a stone; and on that monument is engraved:

“Three kingdoms claim his birth,
Two hemispheres proclaim his worth.”

Yet that mortal died destitute, friendless and forlorn, and had a pauper's funeral! To return however, to the chapel in the Cathedral of Seville.

It is oblong and of gigantic dimensions. A beautiful arch of the whitest marble extends across it. Its walls are of the same material, elaborately ornamented by the chisel. Chiefs d'œuvres of statuaries adorn it. At the fur-

ther end arises a splendid altar; and at a considerable elevation above it, are statues of the Virgin, and saints too numerous to mention, all larger than life, and all of Parian Marble.

There is another chapel of great splendour, called "the King's Chapel," because the mortal remains of the canonized king Fernando repose therein. A richly-embroidered with gold, red velvet pall, covers the sarcophagus. King Fernando it was that took Seville from the Moors. He broke their sceptre, and was made a saint therefor. He lived in the early part of the thirteenth century. Alfonso X., surnamed, "the Wise,"—or the Astronomer,—his son, succeeded him. There is a long Latin inscription in honour of Alfonso. The dome of this chapel is circled by sculptured heads of the monarchs of Spain; the floor is of small black and white marble slabs, resembling a chequer-board.

The walls of the cathedral surround a square called "the orangery;" as may be supposed from the name, it is full of orange trees, and as will equally be supposed, to a northern eye, it presents a beautiful aspect. It is called in Spanish, *Patio de las Naranjas*. This part of the cathedral and the tower were built by the Moors. It is in their peculiar style. A description of the cathedral before me, says—"the different specimens of architecture which in successive periods have prevailed in Spain, may all be seen in this extraordinary church. The tower and orangery were built by the Moors. Another part is in the Gothic taste, built about two hundred years later, whilst the part which completed it, and which was finished about the year 1500, is in a style denominated by Spanish artists, *Platareca*. Viewed as a whole, the cathedral is, perhaps, the grandest of all the modern edifices in the Peninsula. Its length is three hundred and ninety eight feet; its breadth two hundred and ninety, and the height of the tower three hundred and sixty feet."

A better idea will be communicated to the people of Montreal of the size of the edifice, by comparing its dimensions with those of the French Parish Church that adorns the *Place d'Armes*; an edifice larger by all odds than any cathedral or church in North America.—In figures the contrast is as follows:

Cathedral, Seville. Height of tower, 350 feet; breadth, 290 feet; length, 398 feet.

Parish Church, Montreal. Height of tower, 220 feet; breadth, 134 feet; length, 255 feet.

I was but half-satisfied with the architectural and pictorial and sculptured glories of the

cathedral, when my companion touched me on the shoulder, and proposed visiting the tower and steeple. To get me away from the attractions that surrounded us, he spoke of the magnificence of the view from the tower, and I followed him, casting many a longing, lingering look behind at splendours such as are unknown and undreamt of by our church-going *enfants du sol*.

The ascent of the tower is by a broad, straight road, ten or twelve feet wide,—running from angle to angle of the square walls, by inclined planes. One of the kings, it is recorded mounted the belfry on horseback. It was not much of a feat. I shall pass over all about the bells and the famed curious clock, and confine myself to the prospect from the tower height. It is certainly a grand one. Valleys extend in all directions; studded with towns and villages. The guide named a number of them:—Lagara, San Ponce, Cama, Calillejo a la Caesta, Elvas, Alcada, de los Peradros, Carmona, and many others. The plains as far as the eye can reach, are covered with the rich productions of a careful cultivator; and an abundant vegetation: whilst beyond and in the distance, the various Sierras, or ranges of hills and mountains, familiar to all who know any thing of Spain, were discernible. To the north loomed the Sierra Morena.

At every turn, Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load,
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse overflow'd,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatched
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever blazing match
Portend the deeds to come!

was sung of the distant Sierra I then surveyed some thirty years ago, at the time Napoleon's legions overran the Peninsula.

A Roman aqueduct stretching away from the city is conspicuous from the cathedral tower. I was told it was still in perfect repair, and that, now, after the lapse of ages, it served the purpose for which it was originally constructed. It had not that appearance to me as I traced its length with the eye. It looked to me, more the remains of an aqueduct, than the still useful bearer of the same living stream originally brought to the city by the Romans. They were splendid fellows, those old Romans! Wherever they went, they left behind them monuments of grandeur. We need not bother to tell us Rome was great; the solid masonry

of two thousand centuries proclaims the fact. Modern pride, boast as it may, must strike its flag before the remains of antiquity. The aqueduct then before me was one among many proofs of it. They knew better than some moderns who shall be nameless, the value of water-works to a populous city, and deigned not to stand chaffering about a few sesterces more or less, when a great public want was to be supplied. Accordingly, we see remains of Roman aqueducts wherever Rome was.

On the top of the tower is a moveable figure of a woman, called La Giralda. It turns round with the wind, after the fashion of ladies in general,—but its great charm is, that it is spoken of in that inimitable satire where the immortalized knight of La Mancha, and his renowned squire, (not valorous or crmunch) shine within the halo of Cervantes' wit. Ofttimes have I stopped in the street, as I caught a sight of the changeable dame on the tower height, and smile as I thought of the drollery of Sancho; to say to myself, "the devout enthusiast of chivalry, Quixote, gazed on that figure!" I knew full well that neither knight nor squire had more substantial existence than the imagination of the unequalled Cervantes, but his genius has actually given substance to the fabrics of his fancy; and so, the substantial figure served but as a memento of the unreal conceptions of genius.

From the lofty position my companion and I occupied, we overlooked the palaces and levels and streets and squares of Seville, as we surveys an ivory toy-city. Among the largest buildings pointed out, were "La Fabrica de Tobacco," which gives occupation to a amazing number of people. Tobacco is a royal monopoly in Spain. Tobacco is a very odgar thing for royalty to have any thing to do with, yet what is there Royalty will not touch, provided 'twill yield the means of supporting Royal extravagance? The Royal Palace, the Lenja, or Exchange, an establishment for the Spanish Marine, and an Amphitheatre for bull-fights, are conspicuous. The Archbishop's palace cuts a capital figure among the houses of the Faithful; and, "what is that vast roof I observe?" said I,—"that was the Inquisition,"—was the reply. I started at the sound. That the Inquisition, I exclaimed!—That the abode of la Santa Hermandad, (the Holy Brotherhood,) instituted to suppress heresy and schism! Although I had long been aware that the Inquisition had been abolished, yet I could not even look upon the roof beneath which such blood-curdling horrors as

are connected with the history of the Inquisition, had been perpetrated, without a creeping of the flesh with something closely akin to terror. Great God! what crimes and horrors have not been committed in Thy Holy Name!

This Seville, now at my feet, methought, was the place, and that square, the identical spot, where, each year, on All Souls' Day, the crackling flames arose, to consume the bodies of whomso'er surrendered not his conscience and his reason to the guidance of the church's priests! But, worse than that, the *suspected* of heresy and schism were also burnt; the flames licked both alike. Had a man wealth, and would he not loosen his purse-strings when the church required it—he was *suspected!* and, forthwith, at midnight, the Holy Brotherhood surrounded his dwelling, and consigned him to their pleasant chambers below the ground,—cased round with granite, and bolted with huge bolts of iron. Thence they were brought before La Santo Hermandad in Council. The council room was dark as Erebus; torches were substitutes for the light of day, and the Inquisitors stood around in their long black robes, to consign the victim to the chambers for torture; or, as the case might be,—to the grave! A trumped-up charge of heresy, or disrespect to churchmen,—a light word, or defiance of canonry, it mattered not what, was quite sufficient for the Holy Brotherhood's ends. The grand scene, the Auto-da-fe, took place once a year. On that day, the dungeons of the Inquisition gave up their occupants, and clad in vestments on which the flames and devils of hell were painted, they were marched slowly and solemnly, through vast crowds of the Faithful, to the spot where blazing fires were raging, to free them from the clutch of the Church's ministers. The victims were most kindly reminded that the flames of this world, they were then enjoying, were a mere flea-bite to those of their place of destination in the next; and in such wise La Santa Hermandad sent their victims out of the world.—But these are things that have passed away, thank God!—never to return. The holy Brotherhood was a queer name to give such a *devilish* institution. Scarcely more queer, however, than the titles taken by the Emperors and Kings of Europe in 1814, when they leagued against popular rights. They had quite sufficient of the brazen image about them to call their league "The Holy Alliance!"—The object of that alliance was to rivet the chains of the people of Europe. It has been a failure. The schoolmaster is too much for all

the monarchs of Christendom. It is true, the people of Europe are not yet quite out of the wood; but the light of universal freedom can be seen clear and radiant through the branches and foliage of the Upas forest, so fatal to human rights. The people may halloo, and Tyrants shall tremble at the shout. I may as well mention, before dismissing the Holy Brotherhood, and their vast hall in Seville, that before it became the Inquisition, it was the College of the Jesuits.

The dwelling of a very celebrated character was pointed out by the guide, on being told I was English; namely, that of General Downey. His name occurs often in Spanish history, during and since the Napoleon invasion. He went to Spain, early in that war, attached to the British Commissariat; but entered the Spanish service, and acquired influence and rank. A short time prior to the period I write of, he had caused himself to be much talked of, by an unsuccessful attempt to get the captive king Ferdinand out of the hands of Cortes.—He is spoken of very slightly by the distinguished British historian of the Peninsular war, Napier, and is usually styled “the adventurer Downey;”—but the man must have had much in him nevertheless, or he would not have been as high up in the world as he was when I surveyed his stylish mansion. He must have had a bold spirit at least, and a ready hand. To such, Fortune is always favourable. What says the Latin adage?—*Fortuna favet fortibus.*”

Seville, according to one authority, was the *Hispalis* of the Phœnicians, and the *Julia* of the Romans; according to another, the Romans it was that styled it *Hispalis*; but all agree that it is almost as old as the hills; and Professor Buckland is puzzled to tell how old they are. All agree, too, that it has a most delightful climate; and in that there is no mistake. Beautiful clime! oft I think of thee, when coats of buffalo hide, and similar boreal contrivances to keep out cold, meet the snow-tired eye. I think of thee, and sigh the while; for after one has luxuriated in such a clime, dreary and comfortless and wearisome is a winter's sojourn in Canada.

The Moors long held sway here. “The chief building of the Moorish period that remains is the palace, or Alcazar, built with elegance taken from the ancient temple of Heracles. Though the exterior is mean, like all Moorish buildings, the inside is beautifully furnished up with noble staircases, marble halls, and fountains of pure and cool water. Joseph

Bonaparte held his court in it. In some of the most obscure streets of the city, are found houses with the exterior appearance of a prison, with no windows towards the town, and only an entrance through massy doors, studded or plated with iron; but the visitor, on entering is surprised with the view of arcades, surrounded with marble courts, and sparkling fountains. Some of the houses of this city have the most entire specimens of the exquisite stucco workmanship with which the rich Moors adorned the interior of their houses.”

These ill-fated Moors! How they loved Spain! It makes one almost weep to read their lamentations over it, as they departed.— Oftimes they turned to gaze from hill and mountain top, on the towers and scenes where they had dwelt. The fanatic ardour of the Christian conquerors was a stranger to pity. The doctrine of “forgiving and forgetting” was not then urged upon the people from tower-tops and high places, as in these later degenerate days. But it is a difficult matter to expel a whole people; and, accordingly, the Moorish blood is seen mantling even at this day in southern Spain. The feeble remnants that may have adhered to the Moorish faith had it all squeezed out of them by the most holy Inquisition. There is none of that left, fancy; though I did see standing at the corner of a street in Cadiz, a stalwart man, attired as a Turk or Moor; but doubtless that was mere ruse of trade—the costume serving for a sign. It is held a stain to bear about one the mark of Moorish origin, and those who bear it stoutly deny the soft impeachment. Why they should do so, is not so palpable;—for the Moors or Arabs, when in Spain, were far more civilized than were the Europeans of the day. A good authority says, while the nations of Western Europe were involved in the thickest shades of ignorance and barbarism, the torch of science was rekindled, and blazed forth with extraordinary splendour, among the Saracens. The Arabians have been said to be not only cultivators but the apostles of the sciences.—The Saracen conquests in Spain were attended with the happiest results. Science flourished in that country, while the rest of Europe was involved in the darkest shades of ignorance.

“The city abounds in convents, monasteries and other religious establishments, most of them richly endowed. It is said that two-thirds of the houses in this city are either the property of the Cathedral, or other ecclesiastical bodies. A large proportion of the inhab-

ants are ecclesiastics, and a much larger portion are paupers, who have no inducement to work, as, by going the rounds of the different convents, where food is gratuitously bestowed on them, they can obtain the bare necessaries. Alms are daily dispensed from the Episcopal Palace."

What a state of things does that extract present! If any were desirous of seeing very palpably the danger of making a priesthood rich, Spain is the country of all others to go to. The immense numbers of priests and friars, and the innumerable churches, monasteries, episcopal palaces, and convents, contrasted with the poverty of the people and the splendor of the land, always reminded me of a beautiful tree, infested by caterpillars. The representative system of Government introduced into Spain of late years, will clear the tree in time—but it will take time. The insects have got through the bark into the wood, and time is required to pick them out; but out they have to come, without any kind of doubt.

Seville was the birth-place of three of the Roman Emperors—Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. The population is estimated at about one hundred thousand, exclusive of the suburb of Triana, which is across the river, and contains about fifteen thousand.

The streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses generally have a mean appearance.—La Plaza del Rey, the chief square, is not handsome. In the centre, is an unpaved spot, where the gallows tree is planted; and it is planted oftener for the populace of Seville is proverbially abject. Absolutism sways the land; and, necessarily, the administration of the law is sanguinary.

The streets of Seville, at night, are unsafe, owing to the degraded condition of the populace. I was warned against wandering much about after twilight; but nevertheless I did so, and was never made to "stand and deliver," nor felt the sharpness of the far-famed and ill-famed Spanish knife. Frequently in my walks, a sudden burst of light would dazzle the sight, proceeding from the interior square, or patio, of a house, the residence of a patrician family. In the summer time the residents leave the upper stories, and establish themselves in the lower ones; making the court, or patio serve as a *salon de compagnie*. Flowers are placed in the centre; mirrors under the corridors, and chairs and sofas all around. At night when these patios are crowded with company, and well lighted up, and the air filled with

music, the scene is beautiful to look upon, and exhibits a striking contrast to the meanness and gloominess of the streets. These assemblies are termed *Tertulias*.

So far as I had opportunity of judging, the populace of Seville well merited the character given it by general report. It is emphatically, *canaille*. The lower orders were certainly as mean and despicable in appearance as could well be imagined. They are deplorably ignorant, and sunk deep in abjectness; necessarily, they are always ready for the perpetration of any act of brutality or ferocity. I passed by the public prison one day. At the doors were posted sentries, and on the benches lounged a number of dirty-looking soldiers off duty;—behind the grated windows glared a crowd of ferocious looking wretches, crying furiously to the passers-by for alms. I hurried past as quickly as I could, shocked at the sight; whilst the people around, soldiers and all, seemed to consider the frightful spectacle capital fun.—The evening preparatory to my leaving Seville, I went to the *Intendencia del Policia*, on business connected with my passport, and whilst there, the most distressing shrieks burst forth. Every one ran to the corridors to see what was the matter. It was an unfortunate girl, who had been lodged in one of the cells, on some charge or other; and there she would have been suffered to remain all night, but for her harrowing shrieks. These disturbed the Intendant and his family; and so, he directed she should be immediately ejected from the city, (it was then quite dark,) and have her head shaved before being sent adrift. Such was the mode of administering law on that occasion.

The Prado, or public promenade, extends along the banks of the Guadalquivir, and here of an evening, all that is gay, and fashionable, and attractive, and amusing, is to be seen. I have already spoken of Spanish dames and damsels sufficiently, but it is a theme of which one can never tire—*whilst young*. It is the climate, I fancy, that throws around them so much attractiveness as is universally accorded to them. It is an air that defies description, but, like the climate, it is delicious. So, let me term it, an air of *je ne sais quoi*. Spanish ladies, be it said, however, *sub rosa*, are sadly off in point of education. There are very few *bas-bleues* among them. The garden of the female mind of Spain is not what it is in the northern parts of Europe or in English America. But what of that? exclaims the youthful cavalier, who always prefers Venus to Minerva.

For The Amaranth.

SKETCHES FROM NOVA-SCOTIA.

THE VALLEY OF ANNAPOLIS.

"Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit; and restore
The tone of languid nature."

"Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art,
But Nature's works far lovelier."

READER! have you ever visited the fertile valley of the Annapolis?—if not, the advice of one well acquainted with it, is, to neglect no longer the pleasure which awaits you in so delightful and profitable a tour. In this bright season of the year, when the wild foliage is so luxuriant—and clad with more than vernal beauty—when the upspringing seed is fast covering the fruitful soil, and the various stages of vegetation are diversifying the landscape—nothing can be more pleasant and cheering, than to sail up the river—to follow its sinuous course, and to feast your eyes with the delicious scenery that is every where presented to them. The beholder of the vessel in which you might be a passenger, at a distance, would be impressed with the belief, that her fairy prow were, in fact, cleaving the wide marsh-ground that lay in all its summer richness before him, or, that her sails were the wings of some mighty inhabitant of the air, in search of its prey over the meadows.

The entrance from the Bay of Fundy to the waters formerly known as the "*Port Royal Basin*," is picturesque in the extreme. Here the North Mountain is separated, and a passage opened for the discharge of the accumulated waters of the river. On each side the hills rise now abruptly, now retreating gradually backward on the surrounding country, and are every where clothed with the finest verdure. If with a fair wind, and flood-tide, you are coming from the Bay inward, you will soon see the beautiful village of Digby. It is situated on the declivity of a well cultivated ridge of high-land, on the north west side of the above mentioned basin. Neat and cleanly in its appearance, it seldom fails to be a favourite of visitors of all grades and classes. Its streets are laid out at right angles and ornamented with a variety of trees and shrubbery, some of which are natives of the Province, with others from a foreign soil. It naturally enjoys a delightfully salubrious air, which, together with the exercise attendant upon a village life, renders it a most desirable retreat to the inde-

pendant and retired merchant, of the more populous city, whose encumbered air rather serves to unstring than to brace the nerves, and the constant din and turmoil of which, but too often destroys that calm and peace which are so necessary to the invalid.

From Digby, also, on a clear day you may see in the distance,—besides the highly cultivated fields of the farming population—the town of Annapolis;—the early capital and oldest settlement in the Province—Goat-Island which divides the river into two channels, at the distance of about nine miles from where you are stationed to behold it.—Bear Island at the mouth of Bear River, on the southern side, and at a much shorter distance—while the rippled surface of the water before you is covered with the boat of the fisherman—the schooner of the merchant—and the black dingy smoke of the fizzing steamer. On either hand as you move up the basin, may be seen the noble forests that clothe the sides of the distant mountains, the busy ship-yard more immediately upon the banks of the river, and the steeples of the country churches glittering in the laughing sunbeams, and apparently smiling with joy at your approach. Yes, gentle reader, such are the scenes which are destined to greet your eyes, till you arrive at the old and by circumstances connected with the earlier history of the Province—venerable town of "*Port Royale*," or as it is now called Annapolis.

This place was settled by the French, as early as the year 1604, and was the seat of Government until 1750, when Halifax, from supposed superior advantages, became the capital. It is situated on a point of land which divides the upper and lower basins, and compresses the waters of the river into so small a compass, that the stream is here emphatically known by the name of "the narrows." Annapolis is said to be the oldest settlement in North America, and the stranger may here find much to interest him, especially if he be acquainted with the historical notices of our country. The remains of the old "Government House," and the fast decaying military fortifications of other and more troublesome times, are objects which cannot fail to fill the mind with suitable emotions. It is also adorned by an English Church, a Roman Catholic Chapel, an Academy, and the finest Court House in the Province—the latter of which, deserves a more particular notice. It is situated at the junction of the Annapolis, and General's Bridge road—the ground story, or lower

half of the building, is composed of heavy masses of grey granite, very handsomely dressed, and is used as a jail. The upper story is built of wood, and contains the court room,—the Judge's and Jury's rooms, &c., which are furnished in a very superior style, the whole structure having cost the county nearly five thousand pounds. A little to the south and eastward from the Court House, the stranger may behold one of the most handsome residences in the whole country—viz: that of THOMAS RITCHIE, Esquire, one of the late puisne Judges. It is surrounded by the most beautiful quick-set hedges, while the enclosed grounds attest the taste of the owner, in the manner in which it is laid out, and divided into gardens and shrubberies.

The nature of the country around this ancient village, may account for the eager settlement of it, by the simple and pastoral, though subsequently injured and betrayed Acadians.—Fertile and productive, the rich meadows yield uncommon quantities of fine and coarse hay—an article which is almost invaluable to the farmer. The neighbouring high lands afford the best of pasturage—itself alone is almost sufficient to entice such people to locate—the facility of water communication, and the surprising natural richness of the soil.

With this imperfect sketch of Annapolis and the immediately surrounding country, I must beg of you, gentle reader, to continue your journey still farther eastward towards the source of the river, and to suppose yourself to be a passenger on board one of the fine little schooners that navigate its waters, and unfolds its gay streamer to the gentle zephyr which bears balm on its kindly wings, to the happy inhabitants of this lovely valley. As you leave the "narrows," and enter the upper basin, and from thence onward, you will discover an increase to the beauty of the scenery. The river suddenly becomes narrower till you find yourself hemmed in by the encroaching banks to within a stone's throw of either side,—though your bark will be in perfect safety,—the water being deep and the shores bold. The borders of the river are literally covered with orchards of apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, whose variegated blossoms (if your visit be in June,) will meet your view in the most pleasing contrast, while your ears may drink in music most sweet and melodious, from the feathered songsters of nature;—and you will be apt to exclaim with the Poet, Cowper:—

"Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art,
But Nature's works far lovelier."

Proceeding still onward, the celebrated marsh-ground, known as the upper and lower Belle-Isle, come into view—first the lower, then the upper—clad with the most luxuriant growth, presenting to the eye—as the freshening breeze sweeps over it—the undulating appearance of the

"Billowy breast of ocean."

Here is the great hay emporium of the county, and most of the farmers who reside within ten or twenty miles of it, are owners of certain portions, or lots, from which they almost invariably derive a certain and abundant crop. The country around this prairie is very rich and fertile, and may be considered as at least the second best location in the county. On the high ground, to the northward, stands one of the most showy country residences that can be imagined; very near to it a new church is gradually assuming a finished form. But

"Prospects, however lovely, may be seen,
Till half their beauties fade."

And bearing this truthful couplet in memory, you will proceed—without allowing the impression made upon you by the noble Belle-Isle, to fade into "airy nothingness" away—still onward, toward the village which lies at the head of the tide navigation—viz: Bridgetown. But before you arrive there, you will find almost an entire change in the character of the scenery,—which here partakes more of sylvan appearance—the banks of the river being here and there studded to the very brink, with groves of the spruce and fir-tree—while in the distance it is more diversified with high-land ridges and neat residences.

The river's course becomes still more sinuous in its placid course, its breadth still narrower, but the channel not more dangerous, as you approach Bridgetown, which meets your view probably when you least expect it, as the turning of an elbow of the river, opens it immediately to view. It is situated on the left bank of the stream, at the head of the tide navigation, and presents to the eye a very neat, and thrifty appearance. There are about seventy-five dwellings, besides a great many merchants' and mechanics' shops in the village. An English Church, a Baptist and a Methodist Chapel, and an Academy, are also to be found in it. A fine new and substantial bridge connects it with the township of Annapolis, and affords a very pleasant promenade for the lady residents, and others of the town, who choose to accept its open accommodations.

Of the inhabitants, it may be said, that

"Some clothe the soil that feeds them far dif-
fus'd

And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving most where little seen.
Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they
lend."

From this place is shipped to other markets
all the surplus produce of the surrounding
country. A system of trade is established be-
tween the merchant and the farmer of mutual
exchange—the goods of the former being given
for the produce of the latter, while the same is
accepted by the mechanic, in exchange for his
labour.

The great commercial depression which has
been so disastrous to the world at large—but
more particularly to Great Britain, and the
United States of America—has been the means
of effecting much good, inasmuch, although it
has damped the prosperity of this and other
small towns, it has finally made a correspond-
ing retrenchment in the expenditures of indi-
viduals, and confined men of every craft to the
true level of his pecuniary circumstances.—
And it is to be hoped, that ere long the place
will flourish with renewed vigour and prosper-
ity;—new buildings add to its size, and further
developements of taste add to its appearance
and importance, and finally give it that name
among the towns of Nova-Scotia, which it is
certainly destined to possess.

Nova-Scotia, 1843.

ARTHUR.



THE CRUSADER'S TRIUMPH.

A PASSAGE FROM SCOTT'S TALISMAN.

High rode the sun in the arching sky,
No cloud bedim'd his ray;
The sands of the desert burning lie
O'er all the weary way.

A noble Knight with his gallant steed,
In armour clad so bright,
Was hastening on with wholesome speed
From the far "red field of fight."

From Caledonia's land he came,—
The cross was on his arm;
And he heeded not the desert's flame,
And scorned the fear of harm.

His poniard hung by his swarthy side,—
By his neck his guarding shield;
A falchion bright to his breast was tied,
Which he alone could wield!

In his stirrup rest a lance he bore,
A good one and a true:
While over all a dress he wore
Which pleased the gazer's view.

Upon his shield a leopard lay
With many a painted spot,
And the motto written there did say—
"I sleep—oh! wake me not!"

A follower blithe of Richard, he,
This Knight of noble fame,
By right of birth a Scot—and free—
"Sir Kenneth" was his name.

* * * * *

Afar where the sky and the sands did meet
A grove of palm-trees grew;—
A shady rest and a calm retreat,
As many an Arab knew!

Sir Kenneth saw with his eagle eye
That a horseman rested there;
For the sun in the heavens was now full high,
To breathe the desert's air.

But ere his gaze to the spot was o'er,
Forth issuing came a steed,
A Saracen chief he nobly bore—
They came with an arrow's speed!

The Saracen held on his stalwart arm
His buckler swinging high,
And his gesture threatened some speedy harm
To the leopard that sleeping lie!

Onward for full a hundred feet,
With his spear on high he came,
And his course was as the lightning fleet—
While his eyes emitted flame.

Sir Kenneth sat with his lance in rest—
With his shield prepared sat he;
Fearless alike of head or breast,
As a warrior e'er should be.

But halting quick in his deadly course,
The Emir thrice survey'd
The Scottish Knight, whose charger hoarse,
Thrice loudly, boldly neighed.

Three times around the noble Knight
The unbeliever sped,
As if to seek where his single might,
Might lay him with the dead!

Sir Kenneth now to his mace applied,
And aim'd a blow so true,
That the Moslem's shield—the Emir's pride,
Was torn at once in two!

Retreating then, the Emir sought
From the quiver at his side,

An arrow for his purpose wrought,
A true one and a tried.

With aim unerring two were sped,
But harmless fell. The third,
Which many a foe before had bled,
Brought quickly down its bird!

Sir Kenneth fell! and quick as light,
The Emir by his side
Stood spear in hand, to end the fight,
And cure his wounded pride.

But e'er an instant's pause were told,
Sir Kenneth grasp'd his foe,
By belt and sash in dudgeon bold,
And would not let him go.

(For 'twas a feint alone he made,
To draw the Emir nigh,
When the third arrow's force essay'd
To drain his life-blood dry!)

But e'er the Knight could strike a blow
The belted Emir fled,
Leaving his disappointed foe
His weapons in his dread.

The leathern belt not tightly clasp'd,
Was soon unloos'd and free;
Sir Kenneth held it in his grasp,
But the Emir where was he?

With outstretch'd arm upon his steed—
No weapon by his side,
(For Kenneth held the iron meed
Of belt and weapons tried!

No longer able to contend,
He still disdained retreat;
A truce he pray'd Mahound would send,
And thus essay'd to speak:—

"Let there be peace Sir Knight I pray,
For ne'er did Nazarene
Show courage more in fight or fray,
Than thou hast done, I ween!"

"I am content," said the noble Knight—
And his lance he lowered down,
In proof that thus should end the fight,
And peace again abound.

"And by the cross upon my sword,
I swear true faith to thee,—
But what beside thy single word
Will be thy guarantee?"

Thus said the Knight,—and the Emir swore:
"By the Prophet's God so true,
And by the Prophet, I declare
I will be true to you!"

* * * * *

The Diamond of the Desert lie
Amid the palm-tree grove,
The fairest of all springs to eye—
The Arab's second love.

Beside its gushing fountains, where
A goodly shade was spread,
The Emir and the Knight so fair,
Partook their noon-day bread.

Each faithful to the vow he'd made,
They sat in peaceful state;—
As each his courage had display'd,
With equal glee they ate.

And gentle reader—this bold Knight,
Disrobed of his disguise,
Was Scotland's hope, in peace or fight,
The light of her proud eyes.

The Emir with his shield and spear,
Was greater still I ween:
The one a prince—tho' bold, sincere,
The other—SALADIN.

Bridgetown, (N. S.) 1843. ARTHUR.



NANKIN, formerly the capital of the whole Chinese empire, is situated near the mouth of the river Kiang, which empties itself into the Gulf of Nankin in the Yellow Sea. Its inhabitants are regarded as the most civilized of the Chinese, and here the ancient emperors constantly held their court until reasons of state obliged them to transfer it to the neighbourhood of Tartary, and fix on Peking as their place of residence. Without including the suburbs, the old site of the city occupied an area seventeen miles in circumference; but, since the removal of the capital to Peking, it has shrunk to one fifth its former dimensions, and its former wall is now in the midst of cultivated fields. A large part of this space, however, it is supposed, was occupied by the imperial gardens, similar to those now in Peking, and which are described by Father Artier, a French Jesuit who obtained permission to visit them, as being magnificent beyond conception.

The principal garden is a league in circumference, its front embellished with paintings, gilding and varnished work, and its interior supplied in profusion with everything most rare and valued in China, India and Europe.—The gardens of the palace, collectively, form a vast park, in which at proper distances artificial mountains rise to the height of fifty or sixty feet, separated from each other by little valleys watered with canals. These waters unite to form lakes and broad ponds, which are navigated by magnificent pleasure-boats,

and their banks are adorned with numerous buildings of the most exquisite fashion and construction. These mountains and hills are covered with trees and the most beautiful aromatic flowers, and the canals are skirted with rocks so artfully arranged as to present a most perfect imitation of nature in her wildest and most desolate forms. The whole has an air of enchantment; and the probable conquest of China by the British will lay open to the gaze and enjoyment of the eager Anglo-Saxon a region of refined delight, the magnificence and perfection of which he is scarcely able to form an idea even in his wildest dreams. The highest flight of poetry and imagination seems dull and common-place when applied to the realities of the charms and enchantments of this eastern paradise.



TO A—E—R²—.

No more! we can be friends no more!
 When love once leaves the heart,
 He enters ne'er the closing door
 From which his steps depart.
 No more the bond can re-unite,
 When snaps the silken chain,
 Love flies on freedom's wings of light,
 And ne'er returns again!
 And though a wanderer he hath been
 On many a barren shore,
 The fugitive thou canst not win—
 We can be friends no more!
 It may not be—the die is cast!—
 It cannot change again—
 Gladness is taken from the past,
 But all regret is vain!
 We still may meet in pleasure's train
 And mingle in the dance,
 And eye to eye may turn again,
 With cold and careless glance;
 But we shall part, as strangers part,
 When the gay pageant's o'er,
Save, with the sense in either heart,
 We can be friends no more!



Translated from the Italian.

GENTLE shepherdess I could swear,
 Thou lovest fondly or dost feel;
 There's in thine eyes a certain fire,
 Which doth not cruelty reveal.
 Mayhaps, as yet thou lovest not,
 But still from love thou dost not flee;
 For it indeed is pity's lot,
 Love's chastest harbinger to be.

St. John, 1843.

RODOLFO.

PASSIONS.—Were it not for the salutary agitation of the passions, the waters of life would become dull, stagnant, and as unfit for vital purposes as those of the Dead Sea. It should be equally our object to guard against those tempests and overflowings which may entail mischief, either upon ourselves or others; and to avoid that drowsy calm, of which the sluggishness and *inertia* are inevitably hostile to the health and spirits. In the voyage of life, we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance. Happy the man, the tide of whose passions, like that of the great ocean, is regulated by a light from above!

St. Evremont compares the passions to runaway horses, which you must tame by letting them have their run; a perilous experiment, in which the rider may break his neck. Much better to restrain and conquer them before they get ahead; for if they do not obey, they will be sure to command you.



HOPE.

HOPE sung a song of future years,
 Replete with sunny hours;
 Where present sorrow's dew-like tears
 Should all be hid in flowers.
 But Memory backward turned her eyes,
 And taught the heart to fear
 More stormy clouds, more angry skies,
 With each succeeding year.
 But still Hope sung as by 'hat voice
 Such warnings sad were given,
 In louder strains bade youth rejoice,
 And age look on to Heaven.

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