

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

This is headquarters of the thriving province of New Brunswick—a neat, clean, and healthy looking town on the western bank of the St. John river some eight miles inland. Till 1845, it was only known in our geographical charts and maps as a town; but on the designation of Bishop Medley, the first diocesan of the province, Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to call it the CITY OF FREDERICTON, whereupon the act of incorporation was obtained at the following session of Parliament, and since that year it has been governed by a mayor, aldermen, and commonalty. It is at least an ecclesiastical city, being the seat of the bishop, and now ornamented by one of the very handsomest of our colonial cathedrals.

It is also the seat of government, and hence of the governor as well as a great number of the officers of the crown; and as a place of commerce it is thriving. The leading characteristic of its merchants is hospitality—with an instinctive pride (common on this continent) in the growing prosperity of their young city. This is natural, for our merchants are the architects of our cities. The merchant makes the city—the city does not make him.

During the session of Parliament, the Frederictonians, enjoy themselves by *partying, balling, sleigh driving, &c.*, and their ambition seems to be wild while competing the honor of excelling each other in acts of attention to the M. P.'s and the HONORABLES who, for two or three months each year assemble in their goodly city to transact the business of the country.

In and around the city of Fredericton are some very fine public and private buildings and residences;—of the former we may mention the English Cathedral and St. Anne's Chapel, both built according to the most approved plans of modern ecclesiastical architecture. The Methodist chapel recently re-built after a conflagration, is a very handsome structure. King's College, sitting on the hill side, looks down from Parnassus upon the grovelling money grubbers who are rafting and hewing and stream driving below, with a sort of literary frown, as though it would say, "Send your sons, with caps and gowns, up hither."

Of the private residences, we have noticed with peculiar delight that of the Honorable Judge Wilmot, that of the Honorable Judge Street, and the cottage of the Lord Bishop, both of the latter beautifully situated on the ridge of hills that runs along the S. S. W. of the city, and seeming like one of nature's protections and best bulwarks. The brow of the aforesaid hill is calculated to afford building accommodation for the retiring merchants of a city as large as New York. And as the business of Fredericton increases, the city will force its way up to the foot of the mountain, which will be the case within half a century, and Fredericton will then be one of the handsomest cities in the British colonies.

Three of the judges of the Supreme Court reside here; two of whom are natives of the province and one an Englishman by birth and professional education.

Of the former two, one seems rather a young man, though his face indicates close application and the juvenile wrinkle—accompanied by other traces of thought, gives proof abundant that Mr. Justice Wilmot is no idler.

This gentleman is a tall, thin, handsome man, quick in his gait with a very intelligent expression of face and a brilliant intellect flashing through a very dark and piercing eye. He is a most benevolent man, full of large hearted generosity, and has for a quarter of a century borne the reputation of being a decidedly pious man. His history as a politician is almost unparalleled in the annals of either imperial or colonial legislation. At nineteen he was elected by a shew of hands to represent his native county (Sunbury) in the Parliament of New Brunswick. At the age of twenty-two he was one of a diplomatic deputation sent home to negotiate with the Downing-Street authorities, a question affecting our international commerce with the adjoining republic, and the youthful appearance of the young diplomatist surprised some of the imperial gentlemen with official wigs and gowns in London; but his brilliant intellect, his thorough comprehension of the great questions involved in the relations of the colonies to the United States, surprised them far more; and the late Lord Glenelg took such a fancy to the juvenile politician, that he recommended the government to give him the first situation under the crown that was worth his acceptance. It is a pity he has retired from public life, as the country needs his talents, yet he is an honor and an ornament to the British bench.

In point of emolument the Judges of the Province of New Brunswick are not as well off as those in Canada, whilst they have fully as much

The parliament buildings are very handsome, and constructed *à la mode* of the Toronto houses; but made of wood and stone instead of brick. Attached to the parliament houses is a very excellent library, over which a most obliging little man presides, who seems fond of a chat with a stranger, and as fond of a pinch; but he is a clean and a hospitable snuffer, not like some who sometimes almost dust your eyes with the snuff, and then thrust their *mull* into the pouch without even asking you whether you have a nose on your face.

During my sojourn in this apartment, I saw several of the leading men of Head Quarters passing and repassing. Among the rest, the Lord Bishop Medley, the Venerable archdeacon Coster—neither of whom is old, perhaps fifty to fifty-five each. Mr. Justice Parker and his brother, the Master of the Rolls, both very noble and fine looking men—with Mr. Justice Street—a stout, well built, and shrewd looking man, brother to the Attorney General—both of whom seem to possess unbending firmness and masculine integrity of purpose. Also the Chief Justice, (Hon. Mr. Carter) a very accomplished scholar and, it is believed, a very sound lawyer.

As I purpose now to record a few notes of my visit to the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament, I must close my preliminaries, and begin with the Legislative Council; some of the Counsellors of which I shall notice in passing.

The chamber in which the irresponsible branch of the legislature meets, is elegantly fitted up, indeed it eclipses the Toronto one. The throne is very handsome, and he who fills it in the absence of his Excellency, is an old venerable, bald (very bald) man, who seldom occupies it; but is amusing himself, at one time with a newspaper, at another, stepping round the benches or desks, whilst honorable members are speaking to the chair.

This department of the legislature embraces twenty members, some of whom are very fine looking men, so far as personal appearance is concerned, and some of whom again have very little to be thankful for in that line. There are some good heads among them, however, speaking in a phrenological point of view, the organs seem to be well developed.

In the following remarks I shall restrict myself as much as possible to the personal appearances of these honorable gentleman; and you must bear with me, if I withhold the names of the parties hereinafter described, and as I may not find room for each and all of them, it may not seem invidious on my part to give a few by name. I think it much better to notice those who take the most prominent part in the debates of the house.

There is a tall, thin, sober-looking man, with hair beginning to turn grey. His complexion is somewhat sallow apparently from climate and perhaps somewhat affected by the nature of his calling and his application to his studies. He speaks sensibly and calmly, and seems to know what he means to say very accurately. He is evidently a native of the province, as his accent betrays him, and would seem to be liberal in his political views, but manifestly attached to the principles of British monarchy, and may very likely be one of the many sons of distinguished loyalists who in 1783, left the United States, their property being confiscated and their lives jeopardized because of their unflinching adherence to the glorious principles of a hereditary and limited monarchy. His views, while speaking of this topic, he expresses clearly, calmly, and firmly. His manner and appearance are highly indicative of good feeling and education.

Near him I notice another gentleman, with similar accent, but not so tall. The contour of the latter is rather Grecian, as that of the former is Roman. The latter I would take to be a legal gentleman, perhaps an officer of the crown, from the part he took in the debate. He bears the obvious traces of beauty in his face, but seems, like Judge Wilmot, to have been a close student. A physiognomist would say in looking at him that he possesses the organ of conscientiousness very largely developed. He speaks with deliberation and point, and seems altogether to be an amiable pacific man, much more suited to the calm deliberative labour of a chamber lawyer than the tumult and petty quarrels of the bar. His part in a debate to which I listened with much interest, also indicated that he had a very strong partiality for British institutions, and especially for those in which the monarchic element prevails.

In proximity to the latter gentleman, I find a small but erect and portly little gentleman, who bears the name of THE COLONEL, and seems to regard it as an imperative duty incumbent upon him, and one of the penalties annexed to his silk gown, for which he would seem to entertain no deep dislike, that he ought to speak on every

subject that comes up for discussion. Some speakers say too much because they have little to say, others say too little because they have too much to say. Which of these two classes, this neat little honorable belongs to, I do not say; but I have no hesitation whatever in saying that he seems to be very patriotic and even to glory in narrating the fact on which he dwells with peculiar interest and considerable emotion, that his father was compelled, though a gentleman by birth and education—nay, was obliged to fish for a dinner of limpets in the *embouchure* of the Scoodiac, when he first settled in the province as a loyalist. Moreover this honorable little gentleman, seems very desirous of impressing the house with the conviction that the county of Charlotte has set an example to the whole province, in the spirit and enterprise which have of late sprung up in that section of New Brunswick.

The worst thought that any man popping in as a stranger would be likely to entertain of this little Honorable would be, that he has a peculiar regard for "the first person, singular number, masculine gender of the first personal pronoun." It is true, grammarians say that this pronoun has no gender; but as the gender is always determined by the noun it represents, the above honorable always seems to use it in the masculine sense—hence we have assigned to it a masculine signification, even at the risk of offending the shade of Lindley Murray.

Besides these, we notice a stout, stalwart, gray haired man, and not far from him a sandy-complexioned elderly young man, both of whom seem to be old countrymen, and both appear to represent the commerce of the Province, both acquainted with commercial and local statistics, both firm and sensible: but from their manner and demeanour, a stranger, who did not know which was which, would *prima facie* say the Scotchman is the Irishman, and *vice versa*; for the one is an Ulster man and the other a Gael by birth. There is a wee sailor-looking bodie, with no very muckel outside, but a good deal inside, and beside him one Steel man—but, fegs, there's mair oil than steel about the one, and mair steel than oil about the other.

DOWN STAIRS

A fine room. The Speaker, gowned and banded, is in his chair, around him are his generals (be it known to our readers that the debating only is done here.) The business is all done—with all the chiseling, in the committee rooms I noticed some pawky dodgers in this branch of the Legislature. Among the rest, I saw one who sits on the left hand of the Speaker, wearing a white choker most commonly, a stout, wee-built man; black hair, turning grey; very dark, small deep set and piercing eye—but speaking of eyes, he is all eyes. He has as many eyes as Argus. He seems continually on the watch—always noting and noticing. He could govern an empire. He would have made a splendid Talleyrand or Machiavelli. Had Louis Philippe been living, he would have given that man a fortune to act as his private secretary it would seem, from the notice of a discussion I heard while in the House, that this argus-eyed M. P. is an officer of the Crown, holding some political situation, and on that account a good butt for the oppositionists. He bears hammering well; never seems to wince; but holds on and does all his wincing in his own room or private office.

There is another curious looking man, with a bald head, his latitude and longitude just about an identical equation, as mathematicians would say, always on the fidgets; a fine specimen of *perpetuum motum*. He seems as if he could speak for a month on any question, and cares not what he says. Speak he will sense or nonsense, often speaks good nonsense too; makes others feel, but seems to feel very little himself. It would seem, from sundry hints, that Bill (for such is the name he often goes by in these parts) had on some occasion raked up in no small degree the corruption of the government, and this sticks in their gizzards.

For York, there's a small keen-eyed little man, of whom I can make nothing; sometimes I think he is clever, at other times I begin to doubt it; sometimes he talks *religiously*, at other times—

There's a tall, stout, sallow man from Westmoreland, with a small black eye, of which it was once said that it never looked man straight in the face; meaning, I suppose, that it always looked round the side of a man's head or over his shoulder.

One of the Macs or Mickies, from Buctouche or Buctouche, seems at times to entertain the House by incident allusions to the unbanity and kindness of manner with which Cardinal Wiseman receives M. P.'s and lumberers from the colonies, when they call at his palace in London with diplomatic or introductory letters.

Now an ex-M. P. appeared behind the benches, exclaiming—"Mr. Spaker, sure it's meself and nobody else that ought to be aither sitting over be-

yant, where Misher Boyd is! By the powers of war, I'll bring wid me fifty men from the borders of the Bocabec and the Digiduaguash, and will unsate the Colonel!"

Here I left the House to despatch my budget but will hereafter furnish more ample details.—*From the Anglo American Magazine.*

A Faithful Horse.

An Arab and his tribe had attacked, in the desert, the Damascus caravan. The victory was complete; the Arabs were already busy in packing their rich booty, when the cavalry of the Pacha of Acre, who had started to meet this caravan, suddenly poured down upon the victorious Arabs, killed a great number, took others prisoners, and having bound them with ropes, led them to Acre to present them to the Pacha. Abou-el-Marsch, the leader of this plundering expedition, had received a ball in his arm during the skirmish. The wound not being mortal, the Turks had tied him upon a camel; and taking possession of his Arab charge led away both the horse and his rider. The night before the day on which they were to enter Acre they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Saphadt. The wounded Arab had his leg tied together with a thong of leather, and was stretched near the tent in which the Turks were sleeping. During the night the pain of his wound kept him awake, and he heard his own horse neigh among the other horses, which, according to Oriental custom, were shackled around the tents. He recognized its voice; and could not resist the desire he felt to speak once more to the companion of his life. He dragged himself painfully along the ground by the aid of his hands and knees, and at last managed to reach his courser.

"My poor friend," he said, "what wilt thou do amongst the Turks? Thou wilt be imprisoned beneath the vaults of a khan, along with the horses of an aga or a pacha. The women and the children will no longer fetch thee camel's milk, or barley and doura in the hollow of the hand. Thou wilt no more range freely through the desert, fit the Egyptian wind; nor wilt thy breast ever more cleave the waters of the Jordan. If I am to live slavery, do thou at least be free! There, go, I turn to the well-known tent! Tell my wife that Abou-el-Marsch will never return more; and that thy head through the curtains of the tent, to be the hand of my little children." While speaking thus, Abou-el-Marsch had gnawed with his teeth the goat's hair rope with which Arabian horses are shackled, and the animal was free. But on holding his master bound and wounded at his feet the faithful and intelligent courser instinctively understood what no language would have been able to explain to him. He lowered his head, snored over his master, and then, seizing in his teeth the leathern girdle which encircled his waist, he started off at full gallop, and carried him as far as his own tent. The moment after the noble horse had arrived, and had deposited his master on the seat at the feet of his wife and children, he expired with fatigue. The whole tribe bewailed him; the pasha sung his praise; and his name is constantly uttered by the mouth of the Arabs of Jericho.—*Lamart.*

A gentleman of African extraction, who used to display his grinning combination of ivory and ebony about the streets of Indianapolis, was asked by a white gentleman—

"How old are you, Sam?"

"Twenty-five, massa," was the reply; "but you counts by de fun I'se seen, jest call me seventy-five."

In a recent antislavery speech in New York, Miss Stone said—"But I know so well there's cotton in the ears of men, let us look for hope in the bosoms of women." Won't you find it there too, Miss Lucy?

"Ah!" said Seraphina Angelica, speaking some subject in which her feelings were warily enlisted, "how gladly I would embrace an opportunity."

"Would I were an opportunity!" interrupted her bashful lover, who had been "coming to her" for three months, and yet had never summoned up courage enough to kiss her.

Did the "Heat of Passion" ever cook any goose?

It is said that the tea most in favor among married ladies is *beau-te*.

A matter-of-fact old gentleman in New England whose wife was a thorough "Destructionist," awakened out of his sleep by his possessed one stormy night with—

"Husband! did you hear the noise? It's briel coming! It's the sound of the chariot wheel." "Oh, pshaw, you old fool!" replied the old man. "Do you suppose Gabriel is such an ass as to come on wheels in such good sleighing as this? You it's not him—turn over and go to sleep."