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THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these hands and eyes my own.
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known.
Oh! what is life?—And this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many human souls divine;
Some at one interview displayed:
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid.
Oh! what is friendship?—Why impress
On my weak, wretched, dying breast.

Too many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power.
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour.
Ah! what is all we feel?—Why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind.
Oh! what is thought?—And where withdraw
The glories that my fancy saw?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love.
Oh! what is virtue?—Why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread;
And strangely leave, who strangely fills,
This frame, and waft me to the dead.
Oh! what is death?—'Tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where, in their bright results shall rise,
Thoughts, friendships, virtues, griefs, and joys.

GAMBOLD.

Letter from an American in England.

Chatsworth, June 15.

Last evening I wrote you from an old Hall, deserted long ago by its inhabitants, the silence of whose vacant rooms is only broken by the footsteps of now and then a traveller. Now I address you in the morning from the bank of the Dervant, Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire—as great a contrast as can possibly be conceived of. Here all is life; everything is in the most perfect repair.

Before we descended to the valley we saw from a distant hill the Union Jack flying from the Tower on the Mountain behind the mansion, showing that the Duke was at present here. Of course all is activity and bustle, as he spends his time mostly in London. It may be half-a-dozen miles from Bakewell here; but fine weather, cool air, good road, pleasant country, and chatty friends, made it seem to me very short. As we entered the gate opening to the grand park we saw the head game-keeper, an old, grey-headed, jolly-looking man with a sack of rabbits on his back, which perhaps he had been killing for the Duke's dinner. We followed the winding road through a magnificent park, containing 3000 head of deer, 1000 head of cows, and 1000 sheep. I will not attempt to describe it further than to say that we rode around many splendid clumps of old oaks, what in Michigan they would call oak openings. We crossed the bridge and drove up to the great iron gate, mostly gilt over. The gate was opened by a porter in drab coat and vest, with blue pants, and gold lace on his hat, who showed us into the grand entrance and called one of the housekeepers.

To begin; I do not know any better way to give you a definite idea of the extent of this Palace than to say they can open one continuous suite of rooms 536 feet in length. Immense sums of money have been expended to make this the first palace in the kingdom of Great Britain. I believe it is—not excepting the Queen's Royal Castle of Windsor. The wood-carvings are the best I have ever seen. Immense mirrors—rich and curious tables, inlaid and overlaid with gold—mosaic work of curious stones—costly chairs, ottomans, coronation chairs of George the Third and George the Fourth—floors of marble and Norway oak—pictures by old masters, and now in the very best state of preservation—bewilder and dazzle us as we go from room to room in this immense structure. The building itself looks comparatively new. It is, I believe, of the Corinthian order.

In the statuary room are some very choice specimens. Napoleon's Mother, by Conova, is, to my taste, the best sculpture I ever saw. It is a sitting posture; such a quiet ease and grace; such life-like repose. It is indeed beautiful.

Some of the grounds are laid out in the Italian style of raised terraces supported by masonry; others are French, not raised, but laid out in straight lines, as you would marshal soldiers; others in the English style, or irregular easy curves. This last is, I think, the best style for landscape gardening.

We went to the conservatory, 360 feet long 100 feet high, and 200 feet wide, entirely covered over with glass. The panes are set in ridges, so that hailstones strike them obliquely, saving thereby immense breakage. This great room is kept warm by hot water in pipes. The smoke goes off underground, and comes out upon the hill. A tunnel underground for seven hundred and fifty yards serves to bring the coals for the furnace, and other articles needed at the conservatory, and return the refuse quite out of sight.

Some acres of rocks have been brought from a distance to give variety to the scene. Some rocks, I should think, thirty feet high have been taken apart, brought here, and put together again so nicely that unless you examined them carefully you would think they had never been asunder.

In the rear of the Palace the hill rises, I should judge, four or five hundred feet, and one of the under gardeners who showed us about the ground informed us that water was brought six miles, and that the reservoir on the top of the hill contains thirty acres, and is about sixteen feet deep. You can easily imagine what power is here for waterfalls and fountains. From the brow of the hill the water comes tumbling over the rocks, and perhaps two-thirds of the way down commences a French-looking watercourse. The guide waved his hand, and a boy stationed at a lodge at the top let the water on, and it came dashing down towards us over the artificial ledge. I cannot stop to describe the various fountains—the great one called the Emperor, has a jet 287 feet high!

We saw the Duke, who is a good-looking man, and appeared about sixty years old. He has never married. The story is, that on the death of the late Duke the next heir consented to his possessing the dukedom only on condition that he would never marry, or otherwise he would contest his legitimacy. For some years past he has been, I am informed, decidedly religious. Every room in the Palace has a Bible in it; even the rooms where the boots are blacked and the lamps trimmed have each a little drawer made on purpose to contain a Bible. The Duke rises at seven o'clock; prayers are attended at eight in the chapel. When the chaplain is not present

the Duke reads prayers himself. On Sunday, when here, he attends church at the neighbouring village, and evening service with all his household at the chapel—so beautiful a little gem of a chapel that I am afraid to begin a description of it. He has distributed thousands of Bibles in the neighborhood, and is doing much good in various ways. Being a radical Democrat, I am no great admirer of Dukes or Kings; but it is pleasant to hear so many good things about this Duke. Another thing I would also mention to his credit. He offers to any of his people who think they can improve their situation by going to America, a free passage to any part of the United States or Canada, and twelve pounds ten shillings ready money when they arrive. Some dozen went last year, and others are expecting to follow.

We walked along wide avenues and narrow ones—in straight walks and crooked ones—over the soft, velvet-looking lawns (grass mowed once every week—amid flowers, shrubs, balustrades, and terraces—looking here and there to catch some new, near, or distant view. The Dervant flowing just in front; beyond it the parks filled with deer, some grazing, some lying down, and some frisking about with the little fawns. We waited under this shade, or halted to enjoy another prospect. Our time was up, and again and again we started to go; but, the weather being beautiful, we found ourselves reluctant to bid adieu to Chatsworth.—*Independent.*

HUNGARY.

At the present moment when Hungary is struggling for a national existence, any thing that throws light on her past history or present condition is valuable.

THE HUNGARIAN CITIES OF BUDA AND PESTH.—Buda, called by the Germans Ofen (oven) in allusion to the heat of its mineral waters, the capital of the kingdom, is situated upon the right bank of the Danube, in N. lat. 47 deg. 29 min., and E. long. 12 deg. 2 min. 135 miles E. S. E. of Vienna. As a town it has little to recommend it but an imposing appearance from the river; being built partly at the base, and partly along the ascent of a range of low but picturesque hills which open into a sort of glen; but it contains the Palatine's palace, the arsenal, the palaces of several magistrates, and the observatory of the university of Pesth, built upon the Blocksberg. The town is commanded and overlooked by the castle, a grave, stern, and feudal-looking pile, in which is deposited the palladium of Hungary, the crown consecrated by Pope Sylvester, and presented by him to the King St. Stephen, in A. D. 1000. Buda communicates by a bridge of boats with Pesth, an elegant modern town, in a low sandy plain, built on a regular plan, with every attention to architectural propriety; containing wide, clean, well-paved streets, shops amply furnished with goods, many handsome public edifices, and a fine quay, which extends for a mile along the side of the Danube. The bridge of boats is about to be superseded by a suspension bridge, the erection of which will require nine years; the cost is estimated at £500,000, which is to be paid by a toll, levied on all passengers, even nobles. The width of the river at the ordinary level of the water is 1408 feet; the total length of the suspended platform will be 1227 feet, in three divisions, separated by two massive towers or piers rising 117 feet above the surface of the water.—Pesth is a fashionable resort of the Magyar nobility, many of whom pass the gay season there rather than at Vienna; and it is evidently the wish of the nation to make it their capital and to support it as such. It contains

a university, one of the most richly endowed in Europe; the Hungarian Learned Society (*Societas Erudita Hungarica*), and several other literary and scientific institutions; and is noted for its four annual fairs, which are attended by at least 20,000 strangers from all parts of Hungary and the adjoining countries, and at which business is transacted to the value of £1,000,000 sterling. The great plain around Pesth bears the name Rakos-mazo, or the field of Rakos, and is celebrated in Hungarian history as the scene of many of those wild diets where all the nobles used to assemble in council armed and mounted as for war, which was not unfrequently the termination of their discussions. Population of both towns about 130,000. Buda is noted for its baths, which are supplied by copious hot springs of water strongly impregnated with sulphur; and close behind the town is a long range of hills, famous for red wines, which are very full-bodied, and much resemble Burgundy. At the distance of four miles from Buda is Alt-Buda, on the site of the ancient Aquincum, where Attila, king of the Huns, held his Court; and on a hill on the right bank of the Danube, eighteen miles north of Buda, and nearly opposite to Waitzen, are the ruins of the royal castle of Wissegrad, long a stronghold of the race of Arpad, and converted by King Mathias Corvinus into what was called in his day, "an earthly paradise."—*Universal Geography; Paget's Hungary.*

FATHER VENTURA'S LETTER.

Ventura, an Italian priest, who has distinguished himself among the liberals in Italy, though still acknowledging the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, has published a letter on the present state of Italy. He says, that the popular rage, which the French invasion has excited, is turned against the Catholic Religion. He says of the Roman people: "They see that the Pope has launched against the Roman State; as against some wild beast, four great powers, armed with all means of destruction; and they will listen to nothing; they rise against the Pope and the church in that very name, and in defence of those very interests by which the Pope declares it his duty to re-conquer forcibly his temporal power. Even the women raise this reproach against him; and now in witnessing the effects of this savage war of four powers against one little state, in seeing their husbands and children killed and wounded, you cannot conceive the rage of the women, the violent sentiments to which they give way, the cries of fury they vent upon the Pope, Cardinals, and Priests, *en masse*. From this you may well conclude that the people have injured the churches. They will neither confess, nor communicate, nor assist at the mass, nor hear the word of God. One cannot now preach at Rome for want of hearers. No one wishes anything at the hands of a priest, or anything priestly. The whole youth of Rome, and all men of intelligence reason this: 'The Pope means to reign over us by force. He claims for the church, that is, for the priests the sovereignty which belongs only to the people, and he believes, he says, indeed, that it is his duty to act thus, because we are Catholics, and because Rome is the centre of Catholicism. Very well: what is to hinder us, then, from becoming Protestants, if necessary, and then what political right can he have over us? For is it not horrible to think of, that because we are Catholics, and sons of the Church, we must be mastered by the Church, abjure our rights, receive from the liberality of the priests as a concession, what is due in justice, and be condemned to the lot of the most miserable of people?' "It is possible that the Pope may enter