

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

[ORIGINAL.]

European Correspondence.

Paris, Sept. 19, 1854.

(Continued)

Mr. Editor.—

Paris is, without doubt, the greatest city in the world. It must be so. I do not pretend to say that I have accurately examined every town upon the face of the earth before arriving at this conclusion. It is not necessary to do so. The sight of this glorious city is enough to force upon any man the opinion which I have stated, and to make him cry out enthusiastically, in the true spirit of a Frenchman, "This is the centre of the Universe."

I put up at one of these convenient establishments, a "Hotel meublé," near the church of the Madeleine. Afterwards, having met with an American, I moved my quarters to a house near the "Arc de l'Etoile." Here we have the society of several intelligent French gentlemen, whose minds are highly cultivated, and whose manners are pleasing in the extreme. There is a young artist at our "Table d'hôte," whose pictures have excited some sensation in the world, an Author who has made himself rather famous by a translation of "Ole Tom," and a "savan," who, they tell me, is no less a personage than M. Adolphe F——, member of the Academy.

In such society, and in such a city, you may believe, Mr. Editor, that the time of your Correspondent passes pleasantly away. From my friends in this house I have gained much valuable information respecting political affairs here, information which I shall afterwards find of great value.

The artist, whose name is "Bulfont," after having become acquainted with me, with the politeness which is characteristic of a Frenchman, offered to show me the wonders of his native City.

"You will find, Monsieur," he said, "that Paris is a city of whose charms you will never tire. With its noble streets, its lovely gardens, its charming fountains, its royal museums, libraries, and schools, its stupendous churches and palaces, it is more glorious even than ancient Rome. Would you compare it with London? Bah! London is all smoke and fog. Paris all magnificence!"

Bulfont was enthusiastic. But I no longer wondered that he should be so when I walked down towards the middle of the City. How could one be otherwise in the midst of such royal splendor. There were long rows of edifices built in palatial magnificence, fountains which threw upward a continual jet of sparkling water; statues peopled the splendid grounds of historic palaces, and obelisks and monuments rose upward on every side.

"The city," said Bulfont, "is getting better and better every year. Our Emperor is now generally considered to be a very great man. What his Uncle the great Napoleon began, he seems determined to finish."

I was not surprised to hear that Louis Napoleon was becoming popular. In the first place his name possessed a potent charm, and, in the next place, he possessed the power of administering to those passions of a Frenchman—a love for display, and a love for glory. But his popularity here is not greater than in England. You know how the people once de-pised him, how in all the papers there were ill-advised and prejudiced remarks of every kind concerning him, how "Punch," with his cutting satire and caricatures, continued for a long time to heap ridicule upon him. You have not forgotten that, nor had I, and I smiled to think how fickle nations were, as I saw around me tokens of English admiration for the same Louis Napoleon. Now, in the English papers you see profound remarks concerning his wisdom and upright policy; some endeavor to exalt him to what is almost an equality with his Uncle, while those who once bitterly hated him, are now merely silent. It is a good thing for him that he has the kind feeling of the English people. A time of adversity may come yet. The Russian war has given him British popularity. In France he has gained it in another way. I spoke of French love of display. He has attended to this most carefully, and principally in the improvements of Paris.

He has begun to unite the Tuileries and the Louvre by a long gallery, has cleared out the Place Carrousel, torn down all buildings that would contrast badly with the Tuileries, and made a glorious street, the Rue de Rivoli; from the Palais de l'Elysee to the Hotel de Ville, which in time will be continued to the Colonne Juillet. All the houses in this new street are to be of the same style of architecture, and to encourage builders, the Emperor has freed them from taxes for thirty years. There is one admirable thing in this new arrangement. All the trottoirs or sidewalks are to be arched over, thus forming an exceedingly pleasant avenue for hot or rainy days.

Paris now resembles an American Town. Wherever you go you see houses torn down, and new ones built or building. S. M. L'Empereur among other vast proposals, has said "let there be an English Park in Paris" and immediately they have begun to make a glorious Park of the Bois de Boulogne, where you may now see them digging lakes and rivers, planting trees, and opening new roads. In order to make a fine entrance to the new Park, His Majesty says "tear down all the buildings near the Arc de Triomphe, enlarge the square, and run a broad avenue planted with trees and fountains to the Bois de Boulogne, and thus have the splendid Arc de l'Etoile as our entrance to our Park." The city of Paris immediately says "on suivra les ordres de votre Majeste" and it is done. The old buildings are purchased and will be torn down, the barrier, and the rule of the city will be extended over the adjacent villages and country, the Triumphant Arch de l'Etoile which is now just beyond the city will be almost in the centre, and there will be a magnificent avenue from the Tuileries through the Gardens des Tuileries, the Champs Elysees, and the Arc de l'Etoile to the Bois de Boulogne.

Those of your readers who have been in Paris will at once understand how stupendous is the task which the French Emperor has placed before himself. It would be a small thing compared with this, to tear down the whole city of Saint John, and re-erect it. For here buildings of massive construction, and gigantic size, are laid low, while on their foundations, edifices of lofty form and astounding expense are erected. How he can carry on the Russian war and do all this in the same time is a matter of wonder. But the energies and resources of France are wonderful, and to judge by her present condition, her recuperative powers are no less so. The Academician of whom I spoke, Monsieur F——, informed me that by his calculations, after the last revolution France ought to have been left powerless and in a state of anarchy. He judged, he said, that for ten years she would remain so. "Yet look at her now," said he. "Five or six years roll on, and she is great again. She is on her feet rich, powerful, victorious! Oh Monsieur! La France n'a jamais pu être perdue!"

I remain Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

QUANGONDY.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Autumn Musings, 1854.

Mournfully the wind moans among the giant branches of the "leafy sons of the forest," as if bewailing the change their gorgeous display of autumnal tints betoken; even now the earth is being strewn with luxuriant foliage, with which the fragrant Zephyr "he-d da-lance sweet," and among whose verdant shadows the moonbeams lovingly nestled.

"Passing away" is stamped in legible characters on Nature's page, and we listen with a shade of sadness to the fitful breeze sighing a requiem over the "lovely things" which lived in the sunshine, and gladdened the rosy hours of summer. The brightest of Flora's train have lost their roseate and lily hues, and the Partene is despoiled of its charms. We have seen the young and cherished ones of our own hearth-stone droop with the flowers, and our tears have mingled with the withered leaves which nestled over their newly-made graves. The spring returned with wonted beauty—the buds burst into bloom—the birds warbled sweetly among the boughs, but they, our heart's treasures, returned not.

We gazed on the things they loved—frequent their favourite haunts, and engage in pursuits they shared with us for the last time. Oh, how oft their lovely image is with us in

the holy hours of the quiet night,—when our longing spirit would fain find the veil which hinders her communion with those so dear.

Oh, Love and death,

Ye have sad meetings on this changeable earth Many and sad! but airs of heavenly breath Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth Is far apart.

And now while autumn is here in stately grandeur, arrayed in magnificent robes of various dyes, we turn from her hitherto worshipped charms and listen to the sweet angel voices which seem floating in the solemn breeze, softly whispering in the transitory nature of the things at time, and encouraging us to look upward to that "Land of pure delight" where sorrow and parting are unknown. A little while, and we, who are now living, and acting upon God's footstool, will be numbered with the dead! We know not when the pile messenger will summon us hence; whether it will be when Spring's first gale comes forth to whisper where the violets lie!—when the summer sun flashes the fields with radiance, or when the melancholy Autumn winds are gathering the faded blossoms to their burial:

Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh death!

A COUNTRY GIRL.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Carlton, Oct. 2nd 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

Having been appointed to visit several of the churches, with a view of aiding them to secure the stated preaching of the Gospel, and the ordinances of Christ. I visited Norton church and met in conference. Explained my object to the Brethren and conversed freely with them on the subject. They appeared desirous to secure a pastor, and were willing to unite with the neighbouring churches, and stations to secure that object, if a suitable man could be obtained. They thought £30 might be obtained towards his support. I preached with them on the Sabbath and administered the Lord's supper at the close of the service. At 3 o'clock, I preached at Hampton Ferry, and afterwards went over to Deacon Snow's, at Hamond River. On Monday I visited several of the Brethren, and learned that if satisfactory arrangements could be made, that they also might unite for the support of a pastor, and that about £40 could be raised in that section for pastoral support. I promised a Brother to re-visit them, but providential occurrences prevented. I spent three days on the mission, I charge nothing for time. Expense £1 10s. horse hire, collected at Norton, 14s.; Balance, 16s.

More recently I visited Canning church, and spent three Sabbaths with them. This is a very inviting field for a faithful minister of Christ, the people every where received me with every expression of kindness, and large congregations every where assembled at the places appointed for preaching. I explained to them the object of my mission, and called a special meeting of the church to confer with regard to it. And after due consideration they gave a unanimous call, both church and congregation to our respected Brother, Rev. G. F. Mills, to take the pastoral charge of this interesting people—let us pray that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon him and them.

The Brethren kindly paid the expenses of the mission.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM BURTON.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Carlton, Oct. 4, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

I would thank you to give place at an early day, to the following notice.

Received Brother G. Foshay's letter with five dollars enclosed from Jane Peck, youngest daughter of R. Peck, for the A. F. B. Society, and oblige yours truly,

WILLIAM BURTON.

WEATHER-GLASS.—For some years I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor bottle, which stands in our bedroom; and when not disturbed, it makes a capital weather-glass. It answers my purpose as well as a barometer that would cost me twenty-five or fifty dollars. When there is to be a change of weather, from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of the gum will rise up; and sometimes, when there was to be a great storm, I have seen

them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom; then we are sure of grand weather. Any farmer who will watch his wife's camphor bottle for a season, will never have occasion to watch the birds, or crows, or ants, for indications of a change in weather.—*Literary Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

The Last Letter of a Drunkard's Wife.

BY MRS. F. G. GAGE.

Oh dear Amy, that I should live to tell you such a tale as my pen must tell this morning. I shut my eyes; I clasp my cold and almost paralyzing hand over them to exclude the fearful vision, but it will not away. No it is there; a horrid soul-thrilling heart-breaking reality. Amy, my sister, my more than sister, can I so crush thee. So dash from thy lip the cup of joy which thou art now, even now, lifting sparkling to the brim, with hope and love. Yes, I, even I must do it. Hard and thankless as is the task, it will be more kindly done by my hand than another's; for love will soften every word, and sorrow and deep pity, veil every wrong.

Amy, William is dead: thy loved and loving brother, my loved and loving husband, is dead. Even now while I write those fearful words, the long white sheet in yon corner hides away from my sight the manly form, the fair broad brow and laughing lip of William. Oh! that this were all that I could tell you: that a fever had wasted him, that consumption had gnawed away his vitals, that the murderer had struck him in the dark. But alas! no; none of those forms of death came to him, to sob the monster of his appalling form.

But I must still my throbbing heart and wipe the cold sweat of agony from my brow, and tell you all, ay, tell all, not to wound but to warn; lest those who are now growing up to manhood in the same paths he trod, may reach the final goal of life even as he.

You know dear Amy, when we were married, five years ago yesterday, (Oh! that fatal yesterday) William stood forth among the crowd as the embodiment of noble manhood. Just returned from his long tour of collegiate study, let loose as he expressed it, in the pasture of life, he was the gayest of the gay. He told us that evening with a proud look, that during his eight years of study he had not drunk one drop of ardent spirits or wine. He had made his resolve "to touch not, taste not, handle not," till the completion of his studies, till he was old enough to control himself, till his habits were fixed, and do you remember it, ere I had been ten minutes a bride, his father brought him the wine cup, and pledged him in a sparkling glass to his new wife. Ah, how I trembled and shrank from the father's first kiss, and how my heart misgave me, how it throbbled when I saw my adored William yielding to a father's example, and grasping without a seeming thought the contents of that cup.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Emily," said our father when I faintly whispered, "Don't William; you have persevered so long, don't commence now, but rather renew your covenant and resolve never to drink even wine."

"Nonsense, Emily, a little wine won't hurt him. I believe in temperance as much as any one, but the 'sparkling Catawba' will not hurt a lady. Come, you must not teach him any of your squeamish notions." I knew, then, the 'sparkling Catawba' had worked evil to my husband's father, or he would never have spoken thus to me. He, the kind, the generous, polite, and dignified, to talk to me then of being 'squeamish.' I knew well that there was a devil in the cup, even of 'sparkling Catawba.' Again and again William was pressed to drink. This was the first step.

We came West—came to a city where all men, as it were, indulged in wine. My husband felt himself strong to resist temptation. His table could not be set without wine.—"How could he refuse to others what was already offered to him?"

Thus, Amy, it was that he fell. Not in those haunts of wickedness where the low and beastly bow themselves into the dust in sensuality; not led by the wicked and depraved into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, at the altar of home, with his wife and children around him, his little ones stretching their arms to embrace him, and his wife pleading even lovingly against his weakness, did he go down to ruin, led by a father's hand, lured by a father's example.

Year after year he grew worse, till—un-