

The Christian Visitor.

FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

I. E. BILL, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
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Great Mutiny of the Sepoys in India.

It is presumed our readers have heard of this alarming insurrection, but they are not acquainted with some of the facts which we propose to furnish. It is dated, Calcutta, June 3, 1857. We may as well first state that the army of India are composed of British soldiers, natives—Mahomedan and Hindu—all whom are commanded by British officers. The Mahomedans were once the rulers of India, but their power was broken 100 years ago by the British. They have never forgotten, and the recent annexation of Oude has revived their smothered pride. It is to be believed that they are the instigators of this extensive rebellion. The Sepoys are men of high caste, being Brahmins, and the Mahomedans worked upon their religious prejudices, representing the British as about to con-vert them to become Christians, and had already made them loose caste by greasing their rifles with lard, which is an abomination to the Hindu.

One hundred years ago the battle of Plassey, June 23, 1757—first brought Bengal under British rule, and since then, with a few breaks, the native soldiers have been loyal and faithful. But the Mahomedans see a prophecy that if our rule should continue full one hundred years, it will be overthrown; and hence also this movement of insurrection.

The first symptoms of dissatisfaction appeared in a native regiment at Meerut, one hundred miles north of Calcutta, on Feb. 26. A complaint was made of the "bullock's fat." This meat was used in the British army, and was found by the magistrates of Meerut, who had been ordered to find some of the fugitives. Altogether fifty-four have been seized. Who were killed, how many, and under what circumstances, we scarcely know to this hour. It is known that Mr. Fraser, the commissioner, was killed, and some civilians and officers who were seen to fall by those who have escaped. But many have not been heard of. Amongst these are two missionaries, the Rev. J. Mackay (baptist), and the Rev. W. Hubbard (Propagation Society). Whether these friends are alive or dead, with their small christian flocks, is not at all known. It is said that Lieutenant Willoughby, who was in charge of the arsenal, seeing the rebels coming in, poured out powder and opened the fuses of the shells, and that when he saw the place full of mutineers, like another Samson, he blew himself and them all up together. It is also said that the artillery refused to join the revolt, and were forced from their guns by the mutineers. Since then it is reported that they are throwing up doubts and preparing to stand a siege; they have styled their officers generals, and every Sepoy and trooper receives double the pay which he had in the Company's service. How far the townspeople, the merchants, and traders, consent to this revolt and take a part in it, is a matter of much interest, but can be learned only when the city shall have once more been captured by the government.

When the astonishing intelligence reached Calcutta it created a profound sensation. Every one felt the doubts and fears which had been partially excited during the last two months, had a real and substantial cause. Reports of all kinds at once got abroad; the unsettled state of the Sepoys at Barrackpore and in Calcutta, 4,000 in number, was exaggerated, and for three or four days many were in the greatest alarm. Scarcely any business was done; wherever gentlemen met, it was only to discuss the measures required by the impending danger. No one would go out to dinner or tea; in the large boarding houses gentlemen paraded the verandahs in turns, armed with revolvers: those who had pistols cleaned them for action; those who had none purchased or borrowed them; several ladies armed, and learned to load and fire revolvers. Many left their own houses in the suburbs to live with friends in the heart of the European city; some went to sleep on board ship. But all society was aroused to action. The Trades' Associations met, the Americans, the Freemasons, and the French inhabitants, and all offered their services to the government. When the enrolment of a militia was sanctioned, it is said that 2,000 men in their names in three days. Lord Canning meanwhile was acting with great decision. English troops were at once sent for; one regiment from Madras, another from Raigoon. An officer was specially deputed to Calcutta to meet Lord Elgin on his voyage to China; and a vessel to secure a part of the English troops now on their voyage to Canton; and a steamer was sent to the Straits of Punda to intercept the transports. Every thing was done that was needed for the peace of the city. A hundred men of the 53rd regiment were put in charge of the great Alipore garrison, containing 1,800 men; European soldiers, with 50 rounds of cartridge, were mounted in the Fort, where Sepoys only were employed before; and loaded guns were placed before their barracks. A wing of the 84th was encamped at Barrackpore as a check on the Sepoys; the number of the police was increased in Calcutta, and arrangements were quietly made for bringing a large force to bear upon any point where the rioters of the community might wish to produce an outbreak. I need scarcely add that special prayers were offered in all the churches and chapels for the repression of disorder. While

I believe, seven gates, with a ditch, draw-bridges, and the like, the chief of which are the Cashmere gate on the north, the Lahore gate on the west, the Ajmer gate on the south-west, and the Agra gate, where the bridge of boats crosses the Jumna, on the East side of the city. Close to the river is the King's palace, enclosed by a similar wall, so that it is a fort within a fortified town. Some of the streets of Delhi are broad and well built, especially the celebrated Chandni Chok, fifty yards wide, which runs across the city from east to west. Its largest building is the Jumna Masjid, an immense mosque, built on a platform forty feet high, and approached on three sides by most noble flights of steps.

Delhi contains a complete siege train, with corresponding supplies of ammunition; it had also a bank, several mercantile establishments, and a newspaper, the "Delhi Gazette." The city was guarded by three regiments of native infantry. When the mutineers from Meerut approached, the officers called on their men to oppose them, and especially to hold against them the bridge of boats; but they refused, the infantry once fired with their Meerut comrades, and at once began the scenes of violence and bloodshed which had stained Meerut the night before. The officers were killed on attempting to leave them, others got away safe, with some ladies and children, but the confusion must have been frightful. Some got away on the western road, and finally reached Kurial, sixty miles away; fourteen were carried away and concealed by landholders and villagers, and at length were escorted into Meerut by a troop of cavalry that had heard of their hiding. Four others got to Mehal, on the south-east of Delhi, and were found by the magistrates of Mutera, who had pushed on in hopes of finding some of the fugitives. Altogether fifty-four have been seized. Who were killed, how many, and under what circumstances, we scarcely know to this hour. It is known that Mr. Fraser, the commissioner, was killed, and some civilians and officers who were seen to fall by those who have escaped. But many have not been heard of. Amongst these are two missionaries, the Rev. J. Mackay (baptist), and the Rev. W. Hubbard (Propagation Society). Whether these friends are alive or dead, with their small christian flocks, is not at all known. It is said that Lieutenant Willoughby, who was in charge of the arsenal, seeing the rebels coming in, poured out powder and opened the fuses of the shells, and that when he saw the place full of mutineers, like another Samson, he blew himself and them all up together. It is also said that the artillery refused to join the revolt, and were forced from their guns by the mutineers. Since then it is reported that they are throwing up doubts and preparing to stand a siege; they have styled their officers generals, and every Sepoy and trooper receives double the pay which he had in the Company's service. How far the townspeople, the merchants, and traders, consent to this revolt and take a part in it, is a matter of much interest, but can be learned only when the city shall have once more been captured by the government.

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taking their share in the common duties of the community, the christian people of the city held, at a few hours notice, a special prayer meeting to commend the cause of the country to that God who had placed it under British rule. It was one of the largest meetings of the kind ever held in the city; it was held in the mission church, the church of Martin and David Brown; the place was quite full, and dissenters as well as church people joined in presenting their supplications before the footstool of mercy.

Things have now begun to wear a different aspect; and of course many talk very big about the groundless alarm felt by others. Such people may say what they will. It is an undeniable fact that the great native race was in the hands of disaffected Sepoys; and from that circumstance a "one immense evil, even though temporary, might have happened to the community. Strangely enough, however, it now appears that the time of real danger was just three months ago. The 19th had just mutined at Barrackpore; the 34th were in a mutinous state at Barrackpore, close by us; there only one European regiment, the 53rd, to 4,000 Sepoys, and the largest portion of that regiment was at Dum Dum, seven miles distant. No one suspected, and no one was prepared. And now it appears that the Sepoys had really plotted to seize the Fort, the Treasury, the Mint, and the Bank (of which they were the sole guards) on one particular evening. I have heard on the best authority, that a gentleman that evening passing the lines of the Alipore militia (who guard the gao) saw all the Sepoys standing in the road, armed with swords (not with their usual muskets), and looking towards the Fort, as if expecting some signal. Quite accidentally the officer in command of the Fort sentries found that their muskets were loaded with ball. The Colonel at once in the middle of the night, saw the danger and quietly wrote to the Governor General that his position was not safe. The 53rd were instantly sent for, and much to the astonishment of the Sepoys, the English troops marched into the Fort at sunrise, and took possession. We had a most narrow escape. Undoubtedly Calcutta was for the moment in their hands; had they chosen, they could have taken it, and let loose plunder, murder, and riot on a community quite unprepared. But God restrains the wrath of men. For the sake of the fifty righteous in the metropolis of India, and for the purposes of his own kingdom, such mighty evils have been spared.

Our readers will be interested in perusing the following graphic sketch of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon extracted from the New York Chronicle of the 12th inst.:

Mr. Spurgeon as a Man and a Preacher.

LETTER FROM DR. ARMITAGE.

Dr. Armitage, who has just returned from England, has consented, at our request, to give some account of the sights and celebrities abroad in whom he was most interested. His articles may be expected for several weeks to come, and they will, no doubt, afford both profit and entertainment to our readers.

DEAR BRO. CHURCH:—You wish me to give you my views of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and of his preaching. I am not sure that I had the most ample opportunity for forming them correctly, or that they are of any consequence if I had; but because you have requested them I will give them for what they are worth. It was my privilege, while in England, to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach seven or eight sermons; to spend two days with him at his own house—one of them in company with his young and noted brother—and to journey with him on one of his short preaching tours. Several of these sermons were delivered in his own chapel in New Park street several in the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, and several in the country. They were connected both with morning and evening services, on the week day and on the Sabbath, and were preached before every rank and grade of society, as regards intellect, character, and position. My social intercourse with Mr. Spurgeon was of the most brotherly and familiar order; and as neither of us lacked the disposition to talk, every general topic in our line of things, as ministers of Christ, was talked of with great freedom. In this respect I found Mr. Spurgeon a man after my own heart. In his parlor, in his study, in his garden, or in a public conveyance, he was the same honest, open-hearted man, and there gave utterance to his sentiments as zealously and frankly, on all subjects, as in the pulpit.

With these means for personal observation I will proceed to answer a few simple questions, which so many persons are asking of those who have seen and heard Mr. Spurgeon, and which have been put to me almost daily since my return home. Here they are, with their answers.

1. "What is the personal appearance of Mr. Spurgeon?" Well, out of the pulpit he is a very ordinary looking man. Indeed, I may say, without offending either him or the truth, that he is rather a homely man. He is low of stature, under the ordinary size, is thick set, with short arms and neck, his upper lip is so curved as to refuse a covering for his teeth, and his feet are set out widely in walking. All things considered, his person possesses but little grace, either of proportion or attitude, and thus, with a general carit-

ness and restlessness of manner cuts off all pretensions to courtliness, or even to dignity, as the men of this world read them. But in the pulpit Mr. Spurgeon's appearance is very remarkable, and what I call beautiful. The moment that he closes the pulpit door he is another man entirely. That pulpit restraint, which in other so often converts ease and attraction into awkwardness and embarrassment, only compresses carelessness into thought, and restlessness into ease, and diffuseness into symmetry in him. Something, I know not what, knits his whole frame into a compactness of proportion, and a unity of expression in the pulpit, to which he is a stranger at other times. There, he stands erect, is more quiet, his eye takes that full round form so peculiar to orators of the first class; a peculiar nervous sympathy plays about the upper lip, as if it knew that its province was to unite with the lip below to cover those teeth, but it doubts its power to do so, and yet, it is resolved to stretch its energies to serve that golden mouth in any capacity on this very important occasion. Then his forehead, not very remarkable in any respect, ordinarily, dilates to a greater depth and fullness, and fairly beams with a glow of happiness, as his black hair, parted in the middle, falls heavily over his temples. There is a grip of earnestness in his hand and arm as he grasps the book, and his head sits upon his shoulders in a manner which betokens a subdued boldness, and makes the whole man say:

"Now I am just at home. Anybody else may take their easy chairs, their open parlors, or any other place they choose, but as for me I was born for the pulpit, and this is the home for me."

The pulpit has awakened something in him which leads you to say involuntarily:

"Well, he is a fine looking man at any rate; I shall hear something worth while, this morning, I warrant it."

The fact is, there is a charm about Mr. Spurgeon's personal appearance in the pulpit which rivets your eye upon him, and you can not remove it while he remains there, but the moment he leaves it, this personal charm is dissolved. Numbers of people have asked me:

2. "What kind of a voice has he?" I have replied, by asking, "Did you ever hear Spencer H. Cone's?" If so, you have not only heard that of Charles H. Spurgeon, but have already a better idea of his manner of using it than I can give you." The only real difference which I discovered between those two men in this respect, was that Mr. Spurgeon's voice is not so finely modulated as was Dr. Cone's. Its volume and compass are quite equal to Dr. Cone's, and its general character is the same. It rests upon the same basis, he draws it from the same source, articulates in the same way, and has the same ring; but it fails in the comparison when you come to the music, and that, neither for want of character nor power, but for want of a proper use of the cadence. Some persons have said, that Mr. Spurgeon has nothing very peculiar in his voice, beyond strength and force. But this is a mistake, and it arises, most likely, from a failure to discern where the real difficulty lies. There is a difficulty here, and you feel it while you listen to him. Sometimes you think there is a little huskiness about it, as if Mr. Spurgeon had worn upon its excellence by too constant use, as Mr. Gough has done for a few years past. Sometimes you think there is a false ring about it, and it must be this which Dr. Campbell denounces as a "falsifying property." Stillness is necessary at times, and depth at other times, to give a true expression of Mr. Spurgeon's sentences, and the first order of nature would dictate this. But this order he often represses, and with all the advantages of a marvelous voice, something becomes monotonous. Yet there is no other perceivable lack but flexibility. He is clear in all his utterances, entirely free from white, sanctimonious tone, and drawing, and can without effort, throw his voice to an incredible distance, so that all can hear, without annoying those who are near to the pulpit, by too much volume. All things considered Mr. Spurgeon's voice is wonderful as an exhibition of nature; carrying with unerring certainty the emotions of one man's soul to the souls of his fellows in truth and verity.

again soon return to the friends I love.— After losing the faint outline of the city in the distance, my attention was turned to the rock-bound shores of New Brunswick which we gaily passed. In about four hours we arrived at Eastport; there is nothing remarkable that can be said of this quiet little village. After staying here for a short time we resumed our journey. Soon the grey shades of evening closed over us, but the moon, pale goddess of the night, in all her queenly majesty soon rose as it were from the ocean and enlivened the scene by her soft silvery beams. Suitable time for meditation and devotion. But to hold sweet converse with God through the wonders of creation, the soul must be immersed in the love of Christ. The materialist may be attracted by these things, but he will stand in awe and wonderment only. The child will hear the accents of love in the wild waves, in the sighing breeze as it sweeps along, and the star bespangled heavens with all their glory will show forth a Father's handiwork. The closer and the more our acquaintance we have with him, the more will these happy thoughts take possession of the soul. Morning drew apace, and night, which did not prove to me a "sable goddess on her ebony throne," was passing away, or day as it were by the hand of love penciling the heavens with bolder touches, softly whispering in the ear of night: "the inhabitants of the earth require my genial rays. I want to warm the heart of creation, so that it may send forth a grand anthem of praise to my Creator. Just as the king of day was kissing the briny wave, we were moored safely in Portland harbour, and there parted with the faithful steamer in which we traveled so far on our way. I then, in company with some friends from St. John, strolled round the city, which presented to me a most captivating appearance, the streets tastefully laid out, and lined on both sides with out-spreading and beautiful trees. I should expect parasols to be at a discount in such a place as this. I did not anticipate staying long here this time, but I promised myself another look at Portland and left it, starting by the upper route for Boston, the most pleasant for passengers, as there are not so many stoppages, and the scenery also is more picturesque. On this route are several interesting villages and large cities. Among the former we may mention Salmon Falls surrounded by a fine country and romantic scenery. On the edge of a stream, running close by, stands a cotton mill, known as the Salmon Fall Mills. Among the latter is Dover, of about 10,000 inhabitants, their chief support is found in the manufacture of cotton goods and shoes. Again Lawrence, of recent date, but a rapidly increasing city, founded by the Prince of Merchants, Amos Lawrence, and deriving its name from that family.

ARRIVAL IN BOSTON.

The travelers are actually and truly besieged by the drivers, porters, &c., and one gets furious, makes a rush for his baggage, and moves to some quiet corner, if possible, from this babel to collect his wits a little. First impressions of Boston and Bostonians are not the most favorable. The city is without symmetry and order, and is a complete maze; while the inhabitants are dollar and cent devotees. It seems to me that the cord of their better nature will vibrate to nothing but to the tink of the "eternal dollar." I recollect, leading some years ago in my native language, one of Christmas Evans's graphic description of the wise men in search for the young child. "Coming to a toll-gate, they make their inquiries, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?' 'O, three half-pence an ass is to pay.' Again, approaching a blacksmith's shop, the same question is proposed, he replies in a gruff voice, 'There is no possibility of your having your asses shod just now, you will have to wait two hours.' And so on, from one to another, they proceed until they enquire of one interested. I leave the reader to judge of the drift of the foregoing simile.

But, to return, first impressions are not always fully reliable. Such, I am happy to state, was the case at this time, although I still believe that by far the greater number are money-lovers. There are a few, even in Sardis, who have not defiled their garments.

On Friday night I attended a prayer meeting at Tremont Temple, but a few gathered together, it was a good meeting, and a revival spirit seems to be at work there. Their pastor delivered a very affectionate address, followed by several of the members of both sexes; no time was lost, as soon as one would sit down another was ready to follow, and interspersed by suitable hymns, and good singing. My revival of true religion takes possession of that large and important Church.

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

It is with much pleasure that I bring this subject before your readers, as I was myself so egregiously disappointed. After spending some time in trying to find out the room in which the Division met, in fact, just as I was going to give up the search in despair, Mr. Sullivan, of St. John, who was my companion in the chase, noticed a large room lighted up in the upper part of a high building, looking very much like a Division's room. We concluded to see what was going on there at any rate; ascending the steps half in despair and half in hope, it was with a degree of pleasure we beheld the outside sentinel at his post,

which betokened to us that we were right, still our expectations were not very extensive, we only expected a few together, especially on Saturday night. But when the door was opened, I was struck with amazement and could sing aloud for joy. The place was actually crowded, and a larger room than our hall, and there seemed to be a right spirit pervading the meeting. This Division has only been in existence about ten months, in every meeting, excepting one, there have been initiations; nineteen were initiated when we were present, and they further informed us that there were two other Divisions a head of them, and that three new Divisions were about to be formed in the villages surrounding Boston. Ye who assist the poor inebriate on his way to death, who push him down the dark gulch of despair, will ye gloat over this fact? When does a man make himself the most hideous of monsters? I answer, when he dances in fenshish glee over what appears to him the overthrow of that which is undoubtedly the safeguard, (and has proved such to many), to the happiness and dearest interests of the human family.

Let every Son of Temperance be fully persuaded in his own mind, rooted and grounded in his principles. Then confident in one another's fidelity and right motives, we shall move steadily forward in one grand phalanx, until the banner of temperance will wave in triumph and peace in every part of the habitable globe.

T. P. D.

For the Visitor.

Jottings by the Way.

NO. I.

A third visit to the Island of Prince Edward does not cause its beautiful landscapes to be looked upon with indifference, neither does a more intimate acquaintance with its people produce weariness of mind, by a closer interchange of thought, sentiment and feeling, and whilst walking along the broad streets of its Capital, or marking the aspects of the place, so peculiarly English, one is constrained to say, in the words of Cowper—

"England with all thy faults
I love thee still, and while there's a nook that's left,
Where English minds and manners can be found,
We must be constrained to love thee."

A vast stride has been taken since our first acquaintance, three years ago, with the Sicily of the St. Lawrence, as to religious privileges, and facilities for religious instruction. The Roman Catholic Chapel is still the most imposing object to the stranger entering the harbour of Charlottetown, as it towers towards Heaven, in imposing grandeur, but after witnessing the robed Priesthood of Sydney County, Papal display and assumption wears a very modest aspect in P. E. I. No processions are to be seen, no cowed monks, no Holy Sisterhood are to be discovered, though one half of the population is Catholic. The Wesleyan Chapel wears the same dingy and *outré* appearance, as to its style of architecture, with its twelve hundred hearers, and nineteen preachers, ordained and local. The Episcopal church still stands on the square surrounded with beautiful trees. On the lovely sight once occupied by the Baptist Chapel, may now be seen a Free Church of modest white, where an influence is gathering under the Rev. Mr. Sutherland. At some distance to the West may be seen the Kirk, with its manse, where Mr. Duncan officiates, a young man of fine logical powers of mind. Opposite the Methodist Chapel, a large building is going up for the Bible Christians, under Mr. Barker; whilst down the street under the eyes of the Catholic Chapel may be discerned the Baptist House, requiring paint, with a long pole on the top instead of a Tower, said pole being intended for a Bethel Flag. Oh superlative folly! one is constrained to say, that could remove such a building from its former locality, at great expense, and encumbering a small church with a heavy debt of £300. Along the square may be seen the lots purchased by the Seceders at the cost of £800, where another interest is to commence. Verily this little city is well supplied with preachers. The day is past when the Baptists can expect to grow rapidly here, but under a strong man they can hold their own amidst the many religious interests around them; there is a future for the Baptists in this lonely Isle, but in order to occupy it there must be strong working men to lay hold of the English element, notwithstanding the adverse influences opposing our progress. The congregation attending the Baptist Chapel on the evening is respectable, and will no doubt increase under brother Davis, though the religious interests of this place are the most attractive to the Christian Missionary, yet the scenery in and around this beautiful town is all that can be pleasing to the taste, or to the eye. The elegant villas, and mansions, indicative of English taste and habits strike the visitor, as peculiar to this island more than in any other place of the British Colonies, whilst the fruitfulness of the soil, evinced by immense fields of grain, proves that this may be regarded as the Granary of British America. What will the farmers of Nova Scotia say when I tell them that on one farm may be seen forty acres in oats, and this of frequent occurrence, whilst a marked improvement is going on in agriculture, the fertility of the soil unfit it for grazing purposes; and the rains percolating so rapidly through the ground causes the hay crop to be light, but the farmers are providing a remedy by taking

Correspondence.

Boston Correspondence.

FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.
NO. I.

MR. EDITOR:—Your numerous readers have so often scanned sketches of visits, &c., to the places on which I have had the pleasure of glancing, that I am afraid my few rambling remarks will only tire them, being of necessity repetitions. It requires rather an original mind to clothe these sights with new attractions. But, however, I shall endeavour to fulfil my promise by giving you a few details and impressions.

The day I left St. John was all a tourist could wish. The sun in all his glorious splendor, pouring forth his life-giving rays on the calm blue sea. And as the boat gradually moved off, I stood on the deck gazing on our beloved city, which presented a most imposing appearance, considerably heightened by the golden touches which the morning sun gave to its tall church spires, &c., I console myself with the idea that I should