

that power of art to skilfully arrange them. To say that we have been disappointed in the little work, would be simply to express the opinion of all those who have read it, and we cannot imagine how the author, with his experience, culture and taste, could venture to submit it to the public. He is well known as a contributor to our literature, having written a very agreeable essay on "New Brunswick as a home for emigrants." But however much he may excel in prose, it is evident his *forte* is not poetry. As it is the highest and noblest form of composition, it requires the finest mind capable of weaving its magic fictions into soft, flowing and melodious verse. The style of the present work is very faulty, the conception is obscure and nonsensical, and the versification harshly incorrect. Phrenologically speaking, we would say the author is very deficient in the organ of tune. We regret that space will not admit us inserting some of the most musical passages; but as the work is small and published at a low price, we commend it to the public as a literary curiosity.

### THE MAGAZINES.

HARPER'S, for July.—As usual, this popular American magazine is overflowing with good things. Those spirited sketches, *The Dodge Club's adventures*, continue to attract attention, whilst the rest of the contents are interesting and amusing.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, Boston, Mass.—The June number of this serial is a capital one. Mr. Whipple, the gentleman who lectured in our city last year, if we mistake not, contributes an article on Shakspeare; Mr. L. C. Davis one about comic actors; and Mr. Higginson, Miss Larcona, Miss Appleton, Mrs. Austin and others, supply stories, poems, sketches, &c. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are the proprietors, as well as of EVERY SATURDAY, which we have also just received.

The same firm publish a very clever magazine for the young, entitled 'Our Young Folks.' Every child should have it.

Mr. G. N. Beek, St. John, has sent us PLEASANT HOURS, a New York monthly, containing some good sketches and engravings; GODEY'S and PETERSON'S Magazines, which are invaluable to ladies, both on account of the Fashion plates and pleasant reading they contain; THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, London, edited by Dr. Guthrie; THE ARGOSY, London; and GOOD WORDS, London: all of which are well known to our readers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—This instructive and valuable publication for this month fully maintains its already well established reputation as an authority on the speciality which it professes. The publishers are Fowler & Wells, New York.

We are indebted to the editor, Thomas H. Burrowes, of Lancaster, Pa., for the PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL. This brochure deals chiefly with educational subjects, which are handled with considerable ability; the criticisms on new publications are impartially written, and, typographically, it looks well.

CASSELL'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.—This splendid work, which is now being issued in monthly parts, at 6d each, by the well-known firm of Cassell, Petter & Galpin, of London and New York, should be in the hands of every one. The fifth number has just been published, and all who desire to subscribe should without delay leave their names at the bookstore of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan of this city, and receive regularly every month a number, until the whole volume is completed. An illustration of some notable person is to be had with every copy. The type is clear and legible, the paper excellent, and the whole "get up" faultless. We trust our readers will not lose this opportunity to secure a most valuable dictionary.

### AT ROTHSAÿ.

BY W. S.

Pleasant it is with soft airs gently blowing,  
To sit and muse by rock and field and hill,  
And trace unto their fount the brooklets flowing,  
While rapturous joys the ecstatic senses fill;  
To feel the time-worn freshness of old feeling  
Make glad the heart and lighten the dim eye,  
Recalling scenes of other days gone by,  
While fondest memories o'er the heart are stealing.  
Ah! happy they whom nature silent teaches  
True wisdom and the lore of human things;  
To such from homely pages still she preaches  
How great God is, whose heavenly anthem rings  
Thro' all the seasons in their march sublime,  
Led by the changeful hours of fleeting time.

I love this fresh, green spot and river shore—  
The gloomy rocks that overlook the tide—  
For they to me some cherished dreams restore  
Of one who walked here gently by my side,  
Fair in the dawn of beauty and of youth,  
Upon whose brow there dwelt the light of truth.  
All scenes are sacred unto him who feels  
Fresh inspiration drawn from hours like these,  
And thoughts now rise the heart in vain conceals,  
Linked with a chord of tender melodies.  
Thus Nature's influence stirs the impassion'd heart—  
A language speaks for all its various moods  
Of sadness and deep joy; nor shall these dreams depart,  
For they shall cheer life's studious solitudes.