

command money for his use, at any time, he changed so many wisps of hay into thirty well-fattened swine, and sold them to a rich baker, at the price named by the latter, stipulating only that he should not suffer them to enter any water. The baker, unmindful of the condition, allowed them to run into a pool, and, in a trice, found only so many wisps floating on the surface. Whereupon, in a fume, he sought out Zyto, and finding him asleep, at full length, on a form, pulled him violently by one leg to awaken him. To his horror and amazement, both the leg and thigh seemed to come off and remain in his hands. He rushed from the court and was never seen within its precincts again. But this terrible Zyto was at last carried away alive, body and soul, by the devil in *propria persona*; "which event," adds the worthy bishop, "afterwards begat a care in Wenceslaus to bethink himself of more serious and religious matters."

4. Delrio tells the following strange tale of a contest between two magicians. The one had stolen a beautiful maiden, mounted her behind him on a wooden horse, and so careered aloft in the air with his prize. While they were thus on their journey, the other necromancer happened to be at a great feast in the castle of a Burgundian nobleman, and being sensible of their transit over the castle, compelled them by superior art to descend and present themselves to the view of all present, taken in *flagrante delicto*, and unable to stir. But the detected necromancer had his turn, and privately enchanted his brother in the art who had thus entrapped him. As he was looking from a high window into the court below, he fixed on his head a large and spreading pair of horns, so that he could neither draw back within the strong iron bars nor venture to cast himself down from so high a place. In this dilemma, he compromised with his antagonist, on the understanding that he should be released from his horns and return to the feast, while the other departed with his prey, involved in a friendly cloud.

5. Again, the same writer tells, on the authority, as he says, of unquestionable witnesses, of two magicians who met by accident in the Queen of England's court, and agreed that in any one specific thing, each should infallibly obey the other. The first therefore commanded the second to thrust his head out of the casement of a window, with which he at once complied. Immediately a gigantic pair of stag's horns sprouted from his forehead, to the great delight of the spectators, who flouted him with a thousand mocks and taunts. He, resenting the disgrace, and thirsting after revenge, when his turn came to be obeyed, drew with a piece of charcoal the lineaments of a man upon the wall, and then commanded his brother sorcerer to stand under that picture, and that forthwith the wall should give place to receive him. The other, apprehensive of the extreme danger he was in, began to beseech his rival that he would hold him excused. But the other stood on the bond and insisted on compliance. Magician number one, thus compelled, took the position assigned; then the wall seemed to open, and he being entered therein, was never afterwards seen.

From the two last instances we collect two important facts in the science of witchcraft. Although its professors studied the same art under the same master, they were not necessarily gifted with equal powers, or aware of the attainments of each other.

One of the most renowned of the wizards of the middle ages was Michael Scott, of Balwearie, commemorated in glowing verse by his namesake in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

We have exhausted the space we can devote to this subject in our present issue, but may probably return to it in a future number.

VERY TRUE.—A California editor, speaking of the complaints by his readers that he don't publish all the local items they desire to see, justly observes that it is often their own fault, in not sending the facts. He says he don't like to publish a birth after the child is weaned, a marriage after the honey-moon is over, or the death of a man after his widow is married again.

GLIMPSES OF OLD TIMES.

A VOLUME of old newspapers is a mine from which stores of amusement may be extracted. And the interest felt in turning over the leaves and glancing at the contents of such a book, is vastly increased, when it is a chronicle of the "good old times," in the city or country of your birth. Here and there you meet with names which afterwards became distinguished in Parliament, at the Bar, or in other pursuits,—some of them, perhaps, now enshrined in the history of your country in connection with great political changes. The customs of the day, and the various events occurring to move the feelings or prejudices of the community, are laid open to your view, and you are also supplied with news from all quarters of the globe, of wars and revolutions, battles and sieges, which have now become historical, but which, in the columns before you, have all the interest of contemporary events. Added to these, you have the usual accounts of disasters, crimes, etc., and many of the other items that give variety to the modern newspaper.

While looking over the shelves of a valuable library in this city, a short time ago, I noticed two books, the labelled backs of which promised me some entertainment of this kind. They proved to be the first and second volumes of a semi-literary newspaper, published in Quebec, many years ago, as they bore the dates 1788-9-90. This newspaper, which existed for some years, was entitled "The Quebec Herald, a Universal Miscellany," and was issued by one William Moore, at first once, and afterwards twice a week. Mr. Moore was evidently a man of enterprise, as he not only published the "Herald," but also another paper, called the "Courier," (which did not long exist, however,) besides printing Almanacs, Quebec Directories, Catechisms, and even books, when he had the opportunity. The "Herald" was slightly smaller than the "Saturday Reader," and each number contained eight pages of closely printed matter, of which little more than a page was advertisements. Altogether it was a very creditable production for the Canada of last century; and as its files give us "glimpses of old times" from several points of view, I have thought that a few notes on the two volumes might not be unacceptable to the patrons of the "Reader."

First of all, let us take a glimpse of the literary world of Canada, as revealed by the "Herald." Mr. Moore intended his paper to be not only a vehicle of news, but strove to encourage the literary talents of the Canadians, by asking for and inserting essays and poems of native production, as well as correspondence on every subject. In these two volumes each number contains two or more short essays; but unfortunately, it is in some cases difficult to say whether they are original, or selected from European publications. In each issue is a column devoted to poetry, headed with the ambitious title of "Mount Parnassus." Here the poets have full swing, and some of the pieces are very well written, particularly those in the epigrammatic style. The following is a specimen:

"TO MRS. P.—"

"To heal the wound a Bee had made
Upon my Peggy's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bade me kiss the place;
Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbibed both sweet and smart,
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart."

Another:

"ON SEEING A LADY ASLEEP."

"When for the world's repose, my Sally sleeps,
See Cupid hovers o'er the maid, and weeps,
Well may'st thou weep, fond boy; thy power dies,
Thou hast no darts, when Sally has no eyes."

Besides the contributed pieces, two volumes of original poems are advertised in the "Herald," to be printed by Mr. Moore. As they were, perhaps, the first important efforts of the Canadian Muse, some information respecting them may not be uninteresting. The first advertisement is headed "To the ladies and lovers of elegant poetry," and proceeds to state that the poems were written in an elegant style by various ingenious ladies and gentlemen, who favoured the printer with copies.

Subscribers are then solicited, and a specimen of the first poem given. Its title is "The Pleasures of Hypochondria." This work, however, does not seem to have passed through the press; probably the high price, (seven shillings and sixpence a copy) deterred the public from subscribing. The second announcement refers to two poems, filling sixteen pages quarto, written by William Murray, mariner. This book was duly published. One of these poems is called "Labrador," being a descriptive daily instructor how to dispose of time to the best advantage, in the various businesses on that coast during the year. The printer states that "it is well wrote, and the language would not discredit any of our most celebrated poets, being chaste and harmonious." The second is a piece entitled "Advice to a New-married Lady," with a specimen, as follows:

"Be frugal, plenty round you seen,
And always keep the golden mean;
Be always clean but seldom fine—
Plain in your neatness always shine."

The unfortunate author had met with his death by drowning, and the poems were published for the benefit of his widow and children.

But among the Quebecers (and Montrealers) of that age the favourite mode of expressing their ideas and opinions was,—as it is to-day—by writing letters to the newspapers. Mr. Moore must sometimes have been overwhelmed by the number of letters he received, on all imaginable subjects; more especially when he had to pay the postage on them. There is in one issue a plaintive editorial paragraph on the subject of postage, in which he informs one of his sinning Montreal correspondents, that having been so often taken in, he has decided on leaving unpaid letters in the Post Office, very special cases excepted. Each "Herald" contains from one to six or seven communications, and the number of subjects treated of is quite bewildering. Letters on politics, trade, ladies' dress, church matters, extravagant living, *habitant* sleighs, old bachelors; letters bombastic, abusive, serious and humorous, all are to be met with. One gentleman desires to be informed "Whether all the fishes were drowned in the Deluge?" and the following week is favoured with a scientific answer to his question. Another, who signs himself "Heigh ho!" wishes to know "what we were, what we are, or what we shall be?" and receives in reply such a castigation for his profanity from one Mr. "Zethus," that he can only answer with a tirade of abuse. Many of these communications have an odd appearance to the modern eye, owing to their being wholly printed in Italics, and they are all addressed to "Mr Moore," or "To the Printer." That the authors had a good opinion of their own abilities is evident from the high sounding signatures often attached to their productions. Junius, Censor, Argus, Castigator, and similar signatures abound, and the language used by some of these gentlemen would, if printed in these days, assuredly subject the writers to prosecutions for libel.

The foregoing glimpses of the literary attempts of the early colonists show that for such a small community, they possessed considerable mental activity. And if we wish to discover how the Quebecers of those days lived and amused themselves, the "Herald" is ready to give us some hints on that subject also. In winter there were assemblies once a fortnight, concerts, and driving parties to "club" houses in the vicinity of the town. In summer, horse racing was patronized, and at intervals, during the year, the theatre in St. John Street was opened for the delectation of the public. These club-houses were a great snare to the bachelor part of society, if we may credit the lady-correspondents of the "Herald," leading them to forsake the company of their fair friends, for the purpose of carousing together. Citizens who were inclined to be studious had the "Quebec Library" as a resort, an institution which had rooms in the Bishop's Palace, and possessed a collection of two thousand volumes. And those who liked a "glass of something" had ample opportunity to gratify their taste, judging from the large quantities of wines and liquors advertised for sale, and the numerous coffee-houses and taverns in the town and neighbourhood.

While the richer folks, however, could thus enjoy themselves, the poorer classes seem to have