

muster roll, and marshalling his armies, his host within him, composed of Greeks, Romans, Goths, Vandals, and Arabians.—We were stunned with the noise of their Assembly; our ears were deafened “with Vulcans manufactory of thunderbolts;”—we heard, with difficulty of course, hurricanes growling in the “Caves of Eolus;” we became intoxicated with “Bacchanalian rites,” and tumbled into the “stream of Lethe,” but being sobered by the ducking, escaped from “Charon,” and swam to the “Elysian fields,” where we dried our clothes; we then saw a mortal combat between “Gladiators in the Circus;” we then went to witness “the birth of Minerva starting in full panoply of armour from the head of Jupiter!” and we were astonished that Minerva did not start from some other part of Jupiter more consistent with analogy. But while in this astonishment, we were suddenly “Metamorphosed by Ovid;” and were finally cast down from the third heavens, deprived of sense and the power to comprehend the meaning of another sentence.

We are now slowly recovering our senses again; but were our very lives at stake, we could go no further with our task; nature would fail us before we could inspect half the forces which the Lecturer, or author, or magician, has ready to manoeuvre before us. Nor, had we nine lives, would we undertake a review of the August continuation of his “field.” We, therefore, salute Mr. George R. Young, Lecturer on magnetism, ancient history, sciences and arts, history of commerce, and the utility of a Mechanics Institute,—and in a language dear to him as a scholar, and cherished for a “thousand beautiful and mysterious associations” we take our departure, and leave him our parting recommendation.

“*Loquendum ut vulgus; sentiendum ut docti.*”

Speak plain think learnedly.

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### THE SHAM FIGHT—SEPTEMBER 8.

#### *Scene the Isthmus of Halifax.*

FIRM, as of old on hostile soil, the reg'ments took their ground;  
 Vieing with them, and gaily smart, the yeoman corps were found.  
 Soon, glistening lines appeared along, the valley's shrubby glade;  
 And from the heights, the ordnance din, began the soldiers trade.  
 And rattling small arms, next, amid, the sheltering copses spoke,  
 Relieving well the wavy ground with rolling clouds of smoke.  
 The highland, as if every bush contained a warrior wight,  
 Poured forth a thousand flames, and rose, a living dome of fight.  
 The dark glen had its skirmish dread, the sunny height appeared,  
 Crowned with a bold defying host, who marshal'd as they cheer'd.  
 Then desperate charge, and loud hurrah, and volley peals, and roar  
 Of heavy guns, and clattering Aids who mighty orders bore,  
 Displayed the crisis;—soon it past, the Mill was gained, and then,  
 Sweet bugles from the crags and steeps, called forth the scattered men.  
 And martial bands rang loudly out; all cheerful homeward wend,  
 And seek the quiet town, which holds, each warrior as its friend.      Z.