

"prehended there was poison in the liquor." "Poison, child! how could you think so?" "Yes, poison, sir; for not long ago, at an entertainment we gave to the lords of your court, after the lords had drank a little of that liquor, I perceived all their heads were turned; they sung, made a noise, and talked they did not know what; you yourself seemed to have forgotten all you were a king; and they that they were subjects; and when you would have danced, you were unable to stand." "Why," said Astyanax, "have you never seen the same thing happen to your father?" "No, never," says Cyrus. "What then? how is it with him when he drinks?" "Why, when he has drank, his thirst is quenched, and that is all."

MASTER BERKELEY, was the son of the learned Bishop Berkeley. One day, while a child; he said, "Papa, what is the meaning of the word *cherubim* and *Seraphim* in Scripture?" Chubbim, replied his father, is a Hebrew word signifying knowledge; *Seraphim* signifies flame: from whence it has been supposed that the *Cherubim* were in knowledge, and the *Seraphim* in love to God. "I hope then (said the child) when I die shall be a *Seraph*, for I would rather love God than know all things."

POETRY.

From "The World before the Flood."
THE DEATH OF ADAM.

Thus through the valley while they held their walk,
Noth of former days began to talk;
It had thou heard our elder Patriarch tell
How Adam once by disobedience fell.
"Would that my tongue were gifted to display
The terror and the glory of that day,
When seized and stricken by the hand of death,
The first transgressor yielded up his breath!
Nigh threescore years, with interchanging light,
He host of Heaven have measured day and night,
Once we beheld the ground, from which we rose,
'A his returning dust in silence close.
'With him his noblest sons might not compare,
A godlike feature and majestic air;
Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;
And as in form excelling, so in mind
The Sire of men transcended all mankind:
His soul was in his eye, and in his speech
A dialect of Heaven no art could reach;
Nor oft of old to him the evening breeze
Had borne the voice of God among the trees;
Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
And talk with him as their familiar friend.
At deep remorse from that mysterious crime
Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
Diffuse the curse of death beyond control,
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
That he, whose honours were approached by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd
His early innocence, he shrunk afraid;
Pierced he rebuked with so austere a frown,
He seem'd to bring an instant judgement down;
Yet while he chid, compunctious tears would start,
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart;
The guilt of all his race became his own,
He suffer'd as if he had sinn'd alone.
Within our glen to filial love endear'd
Broad for wisdom, truth and justice fear'd
He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all,

The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.
Children were his delight:—they ran to meet
His soothing hand, and clasp his honour'd feet,
While midst their fearless sports supremely blest,
He grew in heart a child among the rest.
Yet as a parent, nought beneath the sky
Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye,
Joy from its smile of happiness he caught,
His flush of rage sent horror through his thought,
His smitten conscience fell as fierce a pain.
As if he fell from innocence again.

One morn, I track'd him on his lonely way,
Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day,
With feeble step he climb'd yon craggy height,
Thence fix'd on distant paradise his sight;
He gaz'd awhile in silent thought profound,
Then falling prostrate on the dewy ground,
He pour'd his spirit in a flood of prayer,
Bewail'd his ancient crime with self despair,
And claim'd the pledge of reconciling grace,
The promised seed, the saviour of his race.

MONTGOMERY.

Remainder in our next Number.

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

Continued.

Here also is laid up the pale brightness of the SILVER, which formed into a variety of domestic utensils sets off with peculiar lustre the choicest dainties of the rich man's table—and here is found the ponderous LEAD, from which the cool and clean cistern is formed, as well as those convenient & safe aqueducts by which the useful elements of water is conveyed into the very hearts of our dwellings. Here are two stores of COPPER, and TIN, by which sundry utensils formed of the former metal are rendered more easy and fit for use—and here do I find in profuse abundance MINES whose contents, although they may not be reckoned of equal value have been found to be more beneficial in their services to man than any of those already mentioned. IRON furnishes the mechanic, the artist, and the labourer with their most useful implements and tools—by IRON the farmer is enabled to tear up the most stubborn soil—IRON secures, our dwellings from the midnight thief, and confines, by its massy bars, the disturber of our peace in the gloomy cell, by means of IRON, the vessel tossed by the tempest is firmly attached with safety, or prevented from being broken up by the raging elements, when overtaken by a storm in the midst of the watery waste.

In these dark vaults are also found that subtle insinuating metal*, which so much resembles a fluid—the uses of which in philosophy and medicine are so well known, as well as its importance in various arts and sciences.

From hence, also, are extracted a multitude of MINERAL SALTS and SALINE SUBSTANCES, together with a variety of Sulphureous bodies.—The astringent Alum, the green Borax, the volatile Nitre, the blue Vitriol of Hungary and Cyprus, the green of Germany and Italy, the shining Bismuth, the glittering Antimony, the brown-coloured Cinnabar, the white Chalk, have all an origin in these dark apartments, as also, that truly invaluable black inflammatory substance COAL, which ministers to our comfort in the room, presents its services in the kitchen,

* Quicksilver, or Mercury.

assists the chemist and philosopher in their experiments, renders the work of the artist more easy, transforms the coarsest materials into transparency itself, by which means the light of day is admitted into our dwellings, while the cold inclemency of the weather is excluded—the astronomer is enabled to extend his researches to worlds before invisible to mortal eye—the naturalist to observe the minutæ of creation—and the feeble eyes of old age furnished with new and invigorating powers—From hence, also, is derived that wonderful mineral, whose magnetic qualities guides the mariner, with unerring precision, beyond the pillars of Hercules, and enables him to find his solitary way across the pathless deep.

Here, also, in these dark recesses are conveniently laid up, a variety of strata of STONES, and beds of FOSSILS; and hence derive their origin a number of valuable JEWELS and transparent GEMS, as well as the first and compact Marble, the Alabaster, the Porphyry, and the hard pellucid Flint.

Here are to be found those quarries of Stones,* from which are constructed secure and comfortable dwellings for man and beast—by which, the arms of the pier are strengthened to repel the surges of the sea—the rampart is raised above the basis nature had formed—our property secured from the depredations of intruders—the arched bridge thrown across the broad and rapid stream, and the stupendous aqueduct carried over the deep-sunk glen.

Here, too, are deposited a variety of curious FOSSILS and extraneous substances, which baffle the wisdom of the wise, and puzzle the reasoning of the naturalist to account for; and here are those vast layers or strata of earth, in all their variety whose nature and uses are more apparent—where the vegetable kingdom derives its support and nutriment, the trees of the forest spread their wide extended roots, and the tender herb and flower of the field takes hold of the dust,—where the pliable worm forces itself quietly along, the mole finds its darksome way, the foxes have holes, and the coney burrow themselves—Here is that tough tenacious species of earth which administers its services to man in such a variety of shapes, and acts as a substitute for other commodities in situations where nature has denied them.—Are some in want of stones for building? CLAY, by undergoing a process, becomes firm and hard to withstand the most rigid blasts of winter.—Are there no Slate quarries in the neighbourhood? Clay, in the shape of Tiles, forms an excellent substitute.—Are we in want of Lead for pipes to convey our water from a distance? Clay comes seasonably to our aid. In short, by this mean-looking, dirty, and despised substance, we are abundantly supplied with a great variety of utensils and vessels, neat in their structure, cleanly in the use, and though cheap in the purchase, extremely valuable in point of utility. Here are also commodiously lodged, a variety of other useful earths, which it would encroach too much on my limits to attempt to enumerate. These, with an innumerable quantity of other useful and valuable materials, of which those I have

* There is one consideration respecting a number of these quarries that must at once excite our admiration and gratitude, viz. that they are soft and easily wrought in their natural beds, but acquire a firmness of texture after being exposed to the air.