

BOYHOOD.

O, blessed boy, how full of joy,
And buoyant life art thou!
Not yet dependent upon hope,
Thy world is Eden now.
Thy thoughts are cast upon no past—
Thou hast not to complain,
Of being, as a barren waste,
Of languor and of pain.
Thine eyes are bright, thy smiles are light,
Thou drest not of care;
Fierce passion lights not in thy breast
The beacon of despair.
But thou must grow, must have, and know,—
Thy heart must be engrossed,
With hope's warm blessings undefined
And memories of the lost.
I gaze on thee, and hear and see,
And feel what I have been;
And memories come from myriad things
Which may no more be seen.
With what is gained my heart is pained,
And what has been resigned;
For sorely pays the bleeding heart
For treasures of the mind.
The ebbing tide swells back with pride—
The bird, forewarned, that flies
Before the wild and wintry blast,
Will come with summer skies:
But thou, my heart! canst have no part
In this sweet scene I see;
For never, like returning spring,
Can boyhood come o'er thee.
Metropolitan for August. RICHARD HOWITT.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Oh! whisper not, that music dwells alone
In gorgeous palace, or in sculptured hall;
Say not that Harmony's melliduous tone
Hath birth but in those syrens that enthral
The charmed, rapt spirit with their notes, which fall
Like melody divine upon the ear—
For there's a music in the wild bird's call
Unrivalled, as with joyous warblings dear,
He pours his untaught lay, when day's bright beams appear.
Go 'neath the cloistered roof and hear the sound
Of the full organ's rich and pealing tone,
Then, on the sea-girt shore, mark ocean's bound,
And list its music—'tis Creation's own!
No vaulted aisle could echo back that moan,
That cadence wild; the last dirge of the brave,
That sleep beneath it, ocean-wept and lone.
And magic tones are in that flowing wave,
Which sings itself to rest in gem-bespangled cave.
Yes, harmony is nature's child, and dwells
In all her fashionings! the viewless breeze,
With lute-like, silvery sound, can boast its spells,
As on its soft and floating wings it flees,
Unfettered, on, till some green, shady trees
Invite its music; and, with leaf-wrought chain,
Awhile confine it, seeking to appease
Its wild, melodious anger, but in vain;
It thrills a cadence through them, and is free again!
And joyous sounds are in the fountain's play,
Borne on each gilded drop, as sparkling high,
It greets the sunbeams; and a mournful lay,
Sad as Eolian harp, touched by a sigh,
Is breathed from river-wave, whose soft notes die
Upon the lily's fair and snow-white breast;
Fit emblem of the spotless purity
Of infant spirits, when in murmur'ing rest,
Borne on their last low breath, to dwellings of the blest.
All, all is harmony. The deep blue seas,
The purling rivulets, soft murmuring,
The lamb's low bleat, the busy hum of bees,
The bird which soars on heaven-directed wing,
All taught by nature, nature's music sing—
And who such simple melody could hear
With heart untouched by heaven's inspiring?
For by the soul-subduing sounds we hear,
We know that He who gave them, Nature's God, is near.
Metropolitan for August. A. B.

WINE IN EGYPT.—Wine must always have been a rarity in Egypt: for though its use was permitted to the priests, the people were only allowed to drink it at certain festivals, especially that of Artemis Bubastus, when, as we are informed by Herodotus, more wine was consumed than in all the year besides. At other times they drank a kind of beer made from barley. This liquor being used chiefly by the middle and lower castes, we are not to expect any details of its manufacture on the monuments. If there were any, it would be difficult to identify them, for, from the account given us by Herodotus, it is manifest that the Egyptian beer was a sort of sweet wort; it was but slightly fermented, and as no hops were used in the manufacture, it was probably made only in small quantities, as the occasion required. Yet from the monuments we infer that the cultivation of the grape was at one time popular in Egypt though it could only have been cultivated with success in a few of the high-lying districts; and when commerce enabled the Egyptians to import wine from other countries better and cheaper than they could manufacture it themselves, they had the good sense to abandon this unprofitable branch of industry, and direct their attention to commodities for which nature afforded them greater facilities. In the age of the patriarch Jacob, wine must have been manufactured in Egypt, else it is fair to infer that he would have sent it with the other products of Syria, which he gave to his sons, for the purpose of conciliating Pharaoh's minister, his unknown son Joseph. "Take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds," Gen. xliii. II. But from the enumeration of the judgments that God was about to inflict on the land of Egypt in the days of the prophet Isaiah it would appear that the vines were not important, for their destruction forms no part of the prophet's denunciations against Egypt, as it does of his menaces against the Syrians and Chaldeans.

Other circumstances, indeed, tend to prove that the cultivation of the vine was not very extensive; we find it in almost every instance planted in the gardens: there are few if any, separate vineyards. A greater number of labourers is found attending to the vines than to any other horticultural produce, whence we may conclude that their cultivation required more than ordinary care, and was a luxury of the rich rather than an occupation of the people.

The grapes, when collected, were conveyed in baskets to the wine-vat. This was not a moveable utensil, but a cistern either dug or built, generally the latter; when the fruit was collected in this receptacle, men and women were employed to crush it by treading. In the press the two persons are engaged in this work; they hold ropes fixed to a transverse pole, by which they give greater force and elasticity to their spring or leap. The transverse beam is fastened to two date-palms, for the press is a small one, erected in a garden but we find others in the construction of which considerable architectural beauty is displayed. The place of the palms is supplied by splendid columns, and the transverse beam is ornamented with fluting and carving, such as is usual in cornices. To this operation there are frequent allusions in Scripture. Bishop Lowth has dwelt forcibly on the poetic beauty of the delineation of divine vengeance, by imagery borrowed from the wine-press in Isaiah's description of the Messiah's victory over his enemies. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat? I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me; for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come. And I looked and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold; therefore, mine own arm brought salvation unto me, and my fury it upheld me. And I will tread down the people in mine

anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth," Isaiah, lxiii. 1—6. In this noble burst of poetry, the word "alone" has a peculiar emphasis, because it was usual for several persons to tread together in the wine-press. The crushing of the grapes, the spouting forth of purple juice, and the dark stains on the vesture, naturally suggest an image of the waste and destruction ensuing from the triumph of some mighty conqueror. To the Hebrews it was a familiar illustration, for in their language, "blood of the grape" is an ordinary expression for wine.

Treading out the grapes was an exhilarating employment; in all the representations of the process we imagine that we can see joy and merriment, proceeding even to extravagance, on the countenances of those engaged in it. This circumstance explains another image of Divine vengeance in the prophecies of Jeremiah; "The Lord shall mightily roar from his habitation: he shall give a shout as they that tread the grapes, against all the inhabitants of the earth," Jeremiah xiv. 30. We find women sharing the pleasing toil of grape-pressing; the Greeks as we are informed by Anacreon, excluded them from an employment likely to inspire them with a love for the intoxicating juice.

Lo! the vintage now is done!
And purpled with the autumnal sun;
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year!
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away:
The youths alone the wine-press tread,
For wine's by skillful drunkards made.
Meantime the mirthful song they raise,
Lo! Bacchus, to thy praise!
And viewing the blest juice in thought,
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE L. II. Broome's Translation.

Indeed, so great was the general joy inspired by the vintage, that its cessation is one of the punishments denounced by Jeremiah against Moab. "And joy and gladness is taken from the plentiful field, and from the land of Moab; and I have caused wine to fail from the wine presses: none shall tread with shouting; their shouting shall be no shouting," Jeremiah, xlviii. 33. We have a similar allusion to the joy of the vintage in Isaiah's denunciation, which is also against Moab. "And gladness is taken away, and joy out of the pleasant field; and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting; the treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vintage shouting to cease," Isaiah, xvi. 10.

The crushed pulp of the grapes sunk into the bottom of the vat or cistern; the expressed juice flowed out through a spout inserted in the side of the cistern, about one-third of its height from the ground. The juice was imperfectly extracted by the treading process, and another operation was required to render available what remained in the trodden pulp. For this purpose a bag, made of flax or rushes, was provided, in which the pulp was placed, and compressed by twisting the ends of the bag with staves or hand-pikes. The editor of the *Pictorial Bible*, a work whose judicious illustrations convey fuller and more perfect information than all the folios of the commentators, confirms our theory, that the bag was used to extract the juice from grapes already subjected to the treading operation, by observing that there is an intermediate process in the supply of fruit to the bag press; the grapes are deposited in large buckets, and not brought directly from the vines, as they are to the treading press.—*Athenæum*.

MAGNIFICENCE AND SUBLIMITY OF THE HUMAN FORM.—There needs no better proof of our instinctive feeling of the immense expression of which the human figure is capable, than the uniform tendency which the religion of every country has betrayed towards Anthropomorphism, or attribution to the Deity the human form. And behold the effects of this familiar object every day: no acquaintance with the secrets of its mechanism, no degrading views of human nature, not the most swinish compost of mud and blood that was ever misnamed philosophy can avail to hinder as from doing involuntary reverence to exhibition of majesty or surpassing beauty in human clay.