

## WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

All out door work

Now stands; the waggoner, with wisp-wound feet,  
 And wheelspokes almost filled, his destined stage  
 Scarcely can gain. O'er hill, and vale, and wood,  
 Sweeps the snow-pinioned blast, and all things veils  
 In white array, disguising to the view  
 Objects well known, now faintly recognised.  
 One colour clothes the mountain and the plain,  
 Save where the feathery flakes melt as they fall  
 Upon the deep blue stream, or scurrying lake,  
 Or where some beetling rock o'erjutting hangs  
 Above the vaulty precipice's cove.  
 Formless, the pointed cairn now scarce o'ertops  
 The level dreary waste; and coppice woods,  
 Diminished of their height, like bushes seem.  
 With stooping heads, turned from the storm, the flocks  
 Onward still urged by man and dog, escape  
 The smothering drift; while, skulking at a side,  
 Is seen the fox, with close downfold tail,  
 Watching his time to seize a straggling prey;  
 Or from some lofty crag he ominous howls,  
 And makes approaching night more dismal tall.

GRAHAM.

The severest English winter, however astonishing to ourselves, presents no views comparable to the winter scenery of more northern countries. A philosopher and poet of our own days, who has been also a traveller, beautifully describes a lake in Germany:—

## CHRISTMAS OUT OF DOORS AT RATZBURG.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

The whole lake is at this time one mass of thick transparent ice, a spotless mirror of nine miles in extent! The lowness of the hills, which rise from the shores of the lake, preclude the awful sublimity of Alpine scenery, yet compensate for the want of it, by beauties of which this very lowness is a necessary condition. Yesterday I saw the lesser lake completely hidden by mist; but the moment the sun peeped over the hill, the mist broke in the middle, and in a few seconds stood divided, leaving a broad road all across the lake; and between these two walls of mist the sunlight burnt upon the ice, forming a road of golden fire, intolerably bright! and the mist walls themselves partook of the blaze in a multitude of shining colours. This is our second post. About a month ago, before the thaw came on, there was a storm of wind; during the whole night, such were the thunders and howlings of the breaking ice, that they have left a conviction on my mind, that there are sounds more sublime than any sight can be, more absolutely suspending the power of comparison, and more utterly absorbing the mind's self-consciousness in its total attention to the object working upon it. Part of the ice, which the vehemence of the wind had shattered, was driven shoreward, and froze anew. On the evening of the next day at sunset, the shattered ice thus frozen appeared of a deep blue, and in shape like an agitated sea; beyond this, the water that ran up between the great islands of ice which had preserved their masses entire and smooth, shone of a yellow green; but all these scattered ice islands themselves were of an intensely bright blood colour—they seemed blood and light in union! On some of the largest of these islands, the fishermen stood pulling out their immense nets through the holes made in the ice for this purpose, and the men, their net poles, and their huge nets, were a part of the glory—say rather, it appeared as if the rich crimson light had shaped itself into these forms, figures, and attitudes, to make a glorious vision in mockery of earthly things.

The lower lake is now alive with skaters and with ladies driven onward by them in their ice cars. Mercury surely was the first maker of skates, and the wings at his feet are symbols of the invention. In skating, there are three pleas-

ing circumstances—the infinitely subtle particles of ice which the skaters cut up, and which creep and run before the skate like a low mist and in sunrise or sunset become coloured; second, the shadow of the skater in the water, seen through the transparent ice; and third, the melancholy undulating sound from the skate not without variety; and when very many are skating together, the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all round the lake rinkle.

In the frosty season, when the sun  
 Was set, and visible for many a mile,  
 The cottage windows through the twilight blazed—  
 I heeded not the summons: happy time  
 It was indeed for all of us—to me  
 It was a time of rapture! clear and loud  
 The village-clock tolled six! I wheel'd about,  
 Proud and exulting, like an untired horse  
 That cared not for its home. All shod with steel,  
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
 Confederate, imitative of the chase  
 And woodland pleasures, the resounding horn,  
 The pack loud bellowing and the hunted hare.  
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle; with the din,  
 Meanwhile, the precipices rang loud,  
 The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills  
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy—not unnoticed, while the stars  
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west  
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
 Into a silent bay, or sportively  
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng  
 To cut across the image of a star  
 That gleamed upon the ice; and oftentimes  
 Where we had given our bodies to the wind,  
 And all the shadowy banks on either side  
 Came sweeping through the darkness, shunning still  
 The rapid line of motion—then at once  
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
 Wheel'd by me even as if the earth had rolled  
 With visible motion her diurnal round!  
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train  
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea. WORDSWORTH.

## RULES FOR SERVANTS.

I. A good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants; for it is their bread, and without it they cannot be admitted into any creditable family; and happy it is that the best of characters is in every one's power to deserve.

II. Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your place—for long service shows worth; as quitting a good place through passion, is a folly which is always lamented of too late.

III. Never undertake any place you are not qualified for; for, pretending to what you do not understand, exposes yourself, and, what is still worse, deceives them whom you serve.

IV. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

V. Adhere to truth; for falsehood is detestable—and he that tells one lie must tell twenty more to conceal it.

VI. Be strictly honest; for it is shameful to be thought unworthy of trust.

VII. Be modest in your behaviour; it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors.

VIII. Avoid pert answers; for civil language is cheap, and impertinence provoking.