



JANUARY.

On blithesome frolic bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sports
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Drags the steel shod sled. Or where the Rhine

Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every Province swarming. Void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

That the moon is composed of green cheese with a man in it is an exploded children's delusion; so also is the one that that luminary is responsible for the meteorological changes of weather, which may sometimes occur on our mundane sphere, at the time of the former's periodical or quarterly phases, and by which astronomical events that intolerable "old and antiquated inhabitant" so complacently and dogmatically decides what weather shall follow. Even the prophets of evil who foretell dire calamities to nations—yea, the end of all—from a conjunction, transit or perihelion of some celestial bodies in space, are doomed to oblivion, and the terrors which their prophecies once invoked fall harmless upon the unbelievers of modern times—excepting perhaps, the solitary case of a prominent merchant of Chatham whose belief in Mother Shipton's prophetic doggerel denied him food and sleep until the event of the 19th June had passed, and the world still existed.

Now prophets have arisen who profess to foretell future events, by what philosophy it is hard to discover. Probs. of old claimed the seer's gift by virtue of birth under peculiar circumstances—upon a misty Scotch hillside or Egyptian sand heap, of parents direct in descent from old Moses or Jeremiah, the seventh son of the seventh son for several generations and so on; but modern probs., ordinary born—maybe in a garret—of ordinary parents, and whose special attributes, so far as apparent, are