

Of debts and taxes, wife and children, clear,
his man possess—five hundred pounds a year!
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts withdraw
your blaze!
A little stars hide your diminish'd rays

HISTORY.

CITY OF THE DEAD.

The neighbourhood of Thebes presents a subject worthy of attention, and quite characteristic of an Egyptian capital,—the Necropolis, or city of the dead. Proceeding on the idea that human being only sojourns for a time in a land of the living, but that the tomb is its willing place, the inhabitants of this magnificent metropolis lavished much of their wealth and taste on the decoration of their sepulchres. The mountains on the western side of Thebes have been nearly hollowed out in order to supply tombs for its inhabitants! while an adjoining alley, remarkable for its solitary and gloomy aspect, appears to have been selected by persons of rank as the receptacle of their mortal remains. The darkest recesses of these pits and chambers have repeatedly been explored by travellers in search of such antiquities as might illustrate ancient manners of the people, as well as by those mercenary dealers in mummies, who make trade of human bones, coffins, and funeraling.
Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN

A CURSORY AND POPULAR SURVEY OF SEVERAL STRIKING FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY, AND IN THE PHENOMENA AND CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSE, IN WHICH, THE WISDOM OF GOD, AND HIS GOODNESS IN THEIR SUBSERVIENCY TO MAN ARE DISTINCTLY TRACED AND POINTED OUT.

Such treatises as display the excellencies of the Great Creator, compose one of the noblest and most acceptable Hymns. To acquaint ourselves with his sublime perfections, and point out to others his infinite power, his unerring wisdom and his boundless benignity; this is a more substantial act of Devotion than to slay Hecatombs of victims at his altar, or kindle mountains of spices into incense.—GALEN.

All Nature is a glass reflecting God,
As by the Sea reflected is the Sun,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.—Psalm. cxi. 2.

ALL Nature is a book, and every page of this ge volume is fraught with instruction.—Not only do the azure canopy of the heavens, and the numerous luminous orbs which bedeck the glowing hemispheres on a clear frosty evening, shew forth and declare the glory of God, but the whole of created existences, however insignificant, simple, or minute they may appear, fully evince to the contemplative mind, the admirable perfections of the Creator, and speak forth the wonders of his love to man.

That we do not receive more information from the creatures of God is not their fault, but our own.—Their language is not dull and languid, but loud and incessant; while we, alas! remain deaf to the reiterated cries of nature; and although "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge," we continue to post on in our heedless and inconsistent career, or are drawn aside by the temptations and lying vanities of life, without once

reflecting on the importance of NATURE'S UNIVERSAL CALL to Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.

The task, therefore, be mine, on the present occasion, to make an humble effort to arrest the attention of some of my fellow-travellers in the journey of life, and, by pointing out a few striking passages in this stupendous volume whose limbo has gone forth to the ends of the earth, endeavour to excite their adoration, love, and gratitude to HIM who gave them being, and has so abundantly provided for all their wants; that in the sublime language of scripture, his "tender mercies" may be said to be "over all his works."

But where, in the midst of this multiplicity of nature's works, should I begin?—From what spot of this prospect vast shall I set out? Where find a title? when every page is emblazoned deep with gigantic characters, wrote by the finger of Omnipotence itself, and

"All things speak of a God"

Struck with religious awe, I stand, as it were, in the Temple of the Universe, insensible to every thing but my insignificance and want of capacity, and know not how to proceed to unfold the wonders of the teeming page, till roused from my stupor by the myriads of busy beings around me, who, whether in the form of things animate or inanimate, and existing in the heavens or on the earth, in the waters or in the air, conspire with one accord to sing forth the praises of their Maker, and point out his Almighty power, his consummate wisdom, and the infinitude of his goodness to the children of men, I am enabled to go on, inspired with those delightful sensations which fill the devout admirer of the works of Nature, and wrapt in that happy frame of mind in which the poet sang, when he penned his beautiful hymn on the providence of God.

As the traveller in setting out on a voyage of discovery takes his departure from his native land, and should, at least, before visiting regions more remote, first make himself a little acquainted with those nigh home, I shall, previous to extending my researches to more distant bounds, first indulge myself with a cursory glance of what we may call the groundfloor of creation, and see what commodities are provided and laid up for the use of its inhabitants in THE INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF THE EARTH.

Thus is thy world material, MIGHTY MIND,
Not only that which solaces and shines,
The ROUGH, the GLOOMY, challenges our praise!"

In these dark and subterraneous magazines I find veins fraught with the richest METALS— from hence comes that which gives value to the monarch's crown, and weight to his sceptre; which formed into coins, gives energy and life to traffic, rewards the toils of labour, and puts it in the power of the affluent to warm the bosom of adversity and make the widow and the orphan sing for joy—or beaten out into an inconceivable thinness is made to cover with a transcendent lustre some of the coarsest of nature's productions, and render them ornamental in the palaces of the great. To be continued.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS.

MERCURY.—Concluded.

This metal is of a silvery white colour, of great lustre, but becoming black as it is exposed to the atmosphere. Being always in a state of fluidity in the common temperature of the air, it

was long thought that it could not exist in any other state; but it is found to freeze at the temperature of 39 degrees below the Zero of Fahrenheit, and it is then so solid as to become ductile and malleable. In the state of fluidity it has neither taste nor smell, and is so divisible, that by pressure it may be strained through the pores of leather, and thus cleaned from any impurities. It evaporates when heated, is soluble in most acids, and readily combines with several of the other metals so as form amalgams.

That the Creator made nothing in vain is alike evident from his character, and our observation of his works, and it is but an exposure of the ignorance of man if the uses of things are unknown. The utility of this substance is increasingly seen. It is employed for silvering mirrors, for water-gilding, for making barometers and thermometers, and in the manufacture of that beautiful colour vermilion. In South America it is used to separate gold and silver from the gross matter attached to them in their native state, and by the chemist for various experimental purposes.

This metal admits of two oxides, the black and the red, and of numerous salts, of which the acetate, sulphate, nitrate, and muriate, are best understood, besides which, there are made from it many artificial salts employed for medicinal purposes, as Keyser's pill, calomel, corrosive, sublimate, cinnabar, &c.

The mild muriate (or calomel) is in very extensive and increasing use. Great care should be taken that it is properly prepared. "It" says the excellent chemist already quoted, "if it be not perfectly insipid to the taste, and indissoluble by long boiling in water, it contains a portion of corrosive sublimate, and is consequently poisonous. The patient should also, by beginning with very small quantities, ascertain how much will suffice for his case and constitution, by the neglect of which many persons have rather injured than benefited themselves. Corrosive sublimate is too powerful an agent to be used without the greatest precaution, and in the most minute quantities: nor does the well-known anecdote of Soliman preclude the need of such advice. It is not always easy to account for the eccentricities of our debased nature, and an exception never supersedes the need of a general rule. "There lived some time since an extraordinary man at Constantinople, known by the name and title of Soliman the enter of sublimate." He was 106 years of age, and had seen the following succession of sultans: Achmet III. Mahomet V. Othman III. Mustapha III. Abdul-Ahamed, Selim III and the present sovereign. This man, when young, accustomed himself, as the Turks do, to swallow opium; but having taken by degrees a large quantity without producing the desired effect, he adopted the use of sublimate, and for upwards of thirty years had taken a dram (or sixty grains) a day. He would sometimes go to the shop of a Turkish Jew, and call for a dram of sublimate, which he mixed in a glass of water, and drank immediately. The first time he did so, the apothecary was very much alarmed, lest he should be charged with poisoning a Turk; but he was struck with amazement when the same man, the next day, called for another dose. Several English gentlemen have discoursed with this extraordinary man, and heard him describe the sensation he experienced after taking this extremely active