

purity, and that here there had been left something akin to the golden age. But when we know the truth, how sadly do we find "the gold dimmed and the most fine gold changed."

Though deepest silence dwells alone,
Parnassus, on thy double cone;
To mystic cry, through fell and brake,
No more Cithæron's echoes wake;
No longer glisten, white and fleet,
O'er the dark lawns of Targete,
The Spartan virgin's bounding feet:
Yet Frenzy still has power to roll!
Her portents o'er the prostrate soul.
Though water-nymphs must twine the spell
Which once the wine-god threw so well—
Changed are the orgies now, 'tis true,
Save in the madness of the crew.
Bacchus his votaries led of yore
Through woodland glades and mountains hoar;
While flung the Mænad to the air
The golden masses of her hair,
And floated free the skin of fawn,
From her bare shoulder backward borne.
Wild Nature, spreading all her charms,
Welcomed her children to her arms;
Laugh'd the huge oaks, and shook with glee,
In answer to their revelry;
Kind Night would cast her softest dew
Where'er their roving footsteps flew;
So bright the joyous fountains gush'd,
So proud the swelling rivers rush'd,
That mother Earth they well might deem,
With honey, wine, and milk, for them
Most bounteously had fed the stream.
The pale moon, wheeling overhead,
Her looks of love upon them shed,
And pouring forth her floods of light,
With all the landscape blest their sight.
Through foliage thick the moonshine fell,
Checker'd upon the grassy dell;
Beyond, it show'd the distant spires
Of skyish hills, the world's grey sires;
More brightly beam'd, where far away,
Around his clustering islands, lay,
Adown some opening vale descried,
The vast Egean's waveless tide.

That is the scene. We cannot fail to recollect, in this description, the places in which the children of Israel set up their altars to idols—"on every high hill and under every green tree." They who did this were called brutish, yet, we know not that their idol-worship was made with the low orgies of "the Bacchic choir." The following description of the process of getting drunk, is, perhaps, as complete a satanic attempt to gild sin in etherialising sensuality as may be found.

What wonder then, if Reason's power
Fail'd in each reeling mind that hour,
When their enraptured spirits woke
To Nature's liberty, and broke
The artificial chain that bound them,
With the broad sky above, and the free winds around them!
From Nature's overflowing soul,
That sweet delirium on them stole;
She held the cup, and bade them share
In draughts of joy too deep to bear.

From such "rapture of spirit," such "liberty," such "sweet delirium," may we ever be delivered. These "draughts of joy are too deep" for us, and lead to depths we have no desire to fathom.

Such, forsooth, are the poetical shades sought by the luxurious votaries of Bacchus in ancient days; but to give the describer rope enough,

Not such the scenes that to the eyes
Of water-Bacchanals arise;

Whene'er the day of festival
Summons the Pledged 't attend its call—
In long procession to appear,
And show the world how good they are.
Not theirs the wild-wood wanderings,
'The voices of the winds and springs;

We wonder what the writer was thinking of when he penned these lines. We trust abstainers, in their assemblies, have no worship save for the one living and true God; but in this Province, at least, the "Water-Bacchanals" have the grove and wild-woods all to themselves. We must direct our publisher to send this poet a copy of last year's reports.

But seek them where the smoke-fog brown
Incumbent broods o'er London town;
'Mid Finsbury Square ramblers
Of mangy grass, and scrofulous trees;
'Mid all the sounds that consecrate
Thy street, melodious Bishops-gate!
Not by the mountain grot and pine,
Haunts of the Heliconian Nine:
But where the town-bred Muses squall
Love-verses in an annual;
Such muses as inspire the grunt
Of Barry Cornwall and Leigh Hunt.
Their hands no ivy'd thyrsus bear,
No Evée floats upon the air:
But flags of painted calico
Flutter aloft with gaudy show;
And round them rises, long and loud,
'The laughter of the gibing crowd.

The Water-Bacchanals have perhaps themselves to blame if they find fault with the charge of water-drinking; but we rather suppose they would be inclined to quote Pitt and cry, "the atrocious crime of drinking water with which the honorable gentleman has just charged us, is one which we shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny." The truth of the matter however is, that by comparison of quantity they are not the water-drinkers. It is those who, parched with the evening's imbibings, seek at early morn, something more than a drop of water to cool their tongues, tormented with this flame: alas, a fearful type. The old lady pictured them well—"Our John is a real teetotaler, siccan draughts of water as he takes in the morning, and that is a' he has to his breakfast."

The poet found it dangerous to bind his fancy amongst the modern votaries of Bacchus, and so permits her to wander where he hoped there would be none to bear witness to his untruth. He would fain persuade us, that if we wish to find the observers of the "mysterious rites" of our day, we must seek them, not "where the smoke-fog brown incumbent broods o'er London town," but amidst the fairest scenes of nature—the chosen abode of the sublime and beautiful. But how fatal a wandering it is for any such demon worshippers. The very act of worship blinds them to every thing around, whether the gentle beauty of the valley or the stern majesty of the mountain; and woe be to them if here they fall, for often it is never to rise, and their fate never to be known, unless the foot of some wanderer is haply directed thither where he finds bones bleached by long exposure to sun and storm.

We know that there is no want of ivy in England, and, we presume, a thyrsus may be made out of any tree. It would, however, be a pity indeed if the difference between right and wrong, in the mind of the poet, should depend on the quality of the flags; that they should literally be the standards by which truth or error, in this matter, should be decided. It is not our business, however, to plead the cause, either of flags or thyrsi, calico or silk. Neither do we intend meddling with "the laughter of the gibing crowd," nor to give an essay on loud laughing, vulgar laughing,