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THE
Halifax Monthly Magazine.

VOL. 1.

DECEMBER 1, 1830.

No. 7.

FORGET ME NOT.

A Christmas, New Year's and Birth-day Present for 1831.

THIS Annual is a well known favorite among its delightful class—beautiful among books, as the golden pheasant among birds, these annual periodicals come on our Winter months, like the breathing of the summer wind from a bed of violets. It were rather ungenerous to criticise that which attempts to please all: the visitor is of beautiful countenance, her embellishments delicately splendid, she has smiles for every suitor—who then will examine captiously the manufacture of her robe, and cavil because its texture is not in strict accordance with its ornaments? These splendid literary toys are not only privileged on account of their character, but also by their intended use—a “Christmas, New Years, and Birth Day present”—gentle appellation!—as its own motto says.

“Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold.”

Let us then skim over our little volume good temperedly, giving our readers a just idea of its contents, and a taste of its beauties: as Annuals get into comparatively few hands, the review will not be lost labour—the picture of a humming bird is pleasing to those who may not procure the original. As usual, the Forget Me Not, is bound in green and gold, its blank pages are delicately tinted in a buff colour, and its embossed presentation design, seems true as a piece of carved work, yet delicate as the sugar frosting of confectionary. In the Preface the Editor says:

“He hopes that a glance at its Contents, both literary and graphic, will suffice to prove that the child, though petted perhaps, has neither been spoiled nor rendered careless of pleasing.”

As to the graphic part we entirely agree in these anticipations of its pleasing nature—the literary, in general, needs the plea of “the petted child.” The Frontispiece is denominated Queen Esther, an engraving from a painting by the celebrated Martin. It is a representative of a scene in the Palace of Shushan, at the

point of time when Haman falls before Esther to make request for his life, and the King, returning from the palace garden, exclaims, "Will he force the Queen before me also in the House"! The engraving is a beautiful specimen of the Gems alluded to in a prefatory poem, alluding to the originals it says,

"From the Gravers hand I bring
Not less rich an offering.
Sculptured on these plates there shine,
Form for form, and line for line,
Light for light, and shade for shade
In those picture-gems display'd.
Thus may all their beauties own,
Kept before by one alone ;
Living on each lasting plate,
Though the models yield to fate."

It is a noble banquet scene, the architecture of the hall is splendidly delineated, and through the ample opening into the gardens, the distant city and the evening sky appear, and give fine scope for graphic effect. The Queen starting from her canopied couch, the group of beauties which attend her, the white marble pillars, and the streaks of the evening rays—form the lights of the picture : while its shadows are beautifully introduced in the figures of the attendants, and the King, in a group of massive columns, in the groves of the garden, and the lofty piles of the distant city. In the picture there is a beautiful junction of scenery, each part heightening the other. The scene within the palace is complete in itself, and is one of magnificence and excitement ; while beyond, the beautiful slopes of the garden, its reservoir of water, and groves, the splendid colonade which surrounds the grounds, and the city, pile above pile, traced vividly against the bright sky—would form, alone, a delightful sketch : connected, they have an exquisitely fine effect. Two distant figures, walking in the garden, are well introduced, to aid the perspective, and to remind of the delights of the retreat ; and a little behind the King as he enters the hall, two closely robed figures, gazing in, intently, on the important scene, are a happy idea of the artist. A Poem illustrative of the engraving follows, but is very vague, although smooth, and in some parts spirited. The lines which more immediately apply to the picture, we subjoin :

"Standing by the royal board,
In the cup the wine she pour'd,
Then with eyes to heaven upthrown,
Hush'd within her heart the groan :
' By thy diadem and ring
Pledge thy bride, of kings thou king !"
On the monarch's wondering gaze
Flash'd her eye's supernal blaze :
Never, in her bridal hour,
Struck so deep that dark eye's power ;
Never passion's breathing stole
On his ear such chains of soul.

From her hand he took the wine—
 'Empress! half my realm be thine.'

"High to Heaven with gesture grand,
 Raised the Queen the sceptre's wand;
 'Who shall smite,' she sternly cried,
 'Age and childhood, maid and bride?
 Who shall triumph when his ire
 Steeps in blood the son and sire?
 Who shall point the traitor sword,
 Aspic-like, to sting his lord,
 King's and people's murderer?
 King, behold the traitor there!"

"Like the voice of death the sound
 Rang the vaulted roof around;
 Like the seraph's trumpet call
 When the dead shall burst the pall;
 (Power to timid beauty given,
 In the cause of man and Heaven;)
 Round the hall the accents roll'd,
 Striking terror in the bold;
 But within thy veins, Haman
 icy cold the blood drops ran.
 Smote by Heaven the tyrant's pride,
 All the tiger in him, died.
 In his heart one agony,
 On his lip one fearful cry;
 Prone before her footstool flung,
 Still to abject life he clung,
 But he knows the dust in vain;
 Earth abjures the living stain.

"At the monarch's fatal glance
 Round him gather bow and lance;
 Fearful answer to his prayer,
 O'er him weeps the scimitar.
 From the monarch's presence torn,
 To the giant scaffold borne:
 Thousands who had kiss'd the ground
 At his courser's haughty bound,
 Thousands rush to see him stand
 Shrinking in the headsman's hand,
 Thousands heap'd on roof and wall
 Shout to see the tyrant's fall.
 Be the slave the raven's food—
 Blood be thus avenged by blood!"

The first literary article in the work is a prefatory poem, called the "Ninth Anniversary" or "An Incantation." It gets the first title, because this forms the ninth Annual number of the "Forget Me Not." And its second title, applies, for the poem is a kind of address to the various contributors of the work. It is a smooth lengthened paraphrase of Shakspeare's Cauldron Song in Macbeth. It is not very happy in its allusions, for several good lines are thrown away in conjuring spirits, who would not, or at least, did not, come from their vesture deep at the bidding.

Croly, Campbell, Hemans, Cornwall and others, are conjured to no purpose, their names appear only in the incantation. We do not know whether the incantation were written for the book, or the book compiled for the incantation, but certainly—like many things which ought to hang well together—they are rather disjointed. Esther which we have before noticed comes next; and then, a poor common place sonnet “*To Solitude.*” These are followed by a Sea Story which bears the attractive signature of the “*Et-trick Shepherd* ;” it contains some passages of much power, and narrates the fearful destruction of a Sea Captain by some Kelpie of the deep. A few extracts will give its best touches :

“ We were sailing and sailing as sweetly afore a gentle breeze as ever rippled the sea, when, ae morning after break o’ day, we saw something floating lightly o’er and o’er the waves, like a buoy; and when it was pointed out to the captain, he had some curiosity to see what it was, and made us luff to come up with it. And what was it but a boy, sitting crying in a wicker basket ! We were a’ terribly astonished how the creature was preserved ; for the basket was just like another basket ; the water gaed through and through it as fast as it likit ; but the lightness o’ t keepit it afloat. We hauled in the poor object without a moment’s delay, or the least hesitation, and then he cried for his creel, until we were obliged to bring it on board likewise.

“ As soon as we got time to look at him, we didna like him unco weel. He was a creature about four feet lang, wi’ an auld withered face, like a fairy, or some o’ thae half-earthly half-hellish beings. We gae him different kinds o’ meat, and he eatit like mad, and seemed hardly ever to be satisfied. He spoke very readily, and very prettily too, but it was in a language that no ane o’ us could understand a word of ; sae we could neither learn what he was nor wha he was.”

A tremendous storm ensues, and from some unearthly actions of the creature which was picked up, the crew vote that he is a water Kelpie or a de’il, that the storm is occasioned by his being on board, and that he should be thrown over and abandoned to the deep.

“ Over the side with him ! over with him ! over with him !” shouted fifty voices at once : and, in spite of my efforts and some others who opposed it, they bore him to the very gunnel, while the creature fought and jabbered in a way that utterly astounded them, making many of them to lie senseless on deck : and he kept repeating one word, ‘ Batta, batta,’ or some such sound, until one said that he was calling for his basket. ‘ Bring him his basket ; keep nothing belonging to him,’ cried the captain : and this was the only acquiescence he manifested in the horrid alternative. As soon as the creature got hold of his large basket he held by it like grim death, and overboard he and it both were plunged. The ship for all the damage she had sustained, must then have been running at a terrible speed, for I only saw him once with his creel

gaun skreeving ower the rigging of a wave behind us, as swift as the wind. He was then struggling with his basket; and when he reached the verge of the wave, he uttered a rending unearthly scream, dived into the gulf beyond, and was seen no more."

A calm immediately follows, but the vessel—to the astonishment of all on board—has during the tempest made a retrograde movement of an hundred miles, and they have to bear up again for their former latitude. On arriving about the same place, some supernatural appearances were observed, and the vessel became water logged without any discoverable leak:

"One of the searchers set his head out of the fore-castle, and cried, 'O Lord! come an' see what's here!' There were soon plenty to rush to the spot, and behold! there lay what they called 'the deil's basket,' the very individual machine which they had lifted from the waves, with a wretched human creature in it, and committed to the waves again! And as the group stared upon one another in utter consternation, they were started by an unearthly clatter of a laugh behind them, and, on turning round, there was the creature itself sitting on a cask, with a countenance of stern and fearless defiance."

Desperate confusion occurs on board from the superstitious fears of the crew concerning the mysterious creature, but none were so much affected as the Captain: The strange visitor whispered some words in his ear, and he became overwhelmed with horror:

"'Over with the boats, over with the boats!' now resounded from one part of the crew, and 'No, no!' from another; and, in the midst of this confusion, out comes the creature from the fore-castle, carrying its cask and a hatchet, as if with intent to have it broken up; and, with its gleaming eyes fixed steadily on the captain, it made strait toward him. The crew fled from before it, some into the shrouds, and some into one place, and some another; but the captain, with a maniac yell of the most dreadful horror, jumped on deck, threw himself overboard, and disappeared.

"The creature then uttered an eldritch laugh, flew to seek its basket, and with that in both its hands jumped overboard after our unfortunate captain. The yawl was put out and manned by the boatswain and other two; but ere ever they could get free of the ship (for they were not over-fond of their employment), those on board saw the demoniac creature pick up Captain M'Nicol and drag him into the infernal basket, and away it went with the twain, like a blown-up buoy before the wind. We heard a few broken, short cries from the sufferer, and that was all. They were soon out of sight, and never more seen or heard of either on sea or land."

The moral of this tale is well told, and is worthy of universal regard:

"There is little doubt that some great and crying sin had been committed at or near to that spot on the high seas at which our captain met a fate so terrible. And it ought to be a warning to a'

you young fo'ks wha hae the world afore ye, never to do ony dauring deed o' wickedness in hopes that it will remain in darkness. If ye will think but o' the chances that it has to come to light, and what shame and ruin would be attendant thereon, it will amast restraiu ye, if ye be nae perfect slaves to your own vicious inclinations. But at ony rate, ye may aye depend on this—that there is a day coming when every foul deed done in the flesh shall be laid open and exposed to the derision of men and angels."

"William Tell" a versified piece, follows the Sea Story, it gives the Apple scene, in language less poetical than many prose descriptions of that feat.

A lovely plate, entitled "the False One," is next, and illustrates the following stanza in an article which follows it :

" He smiles upon another now,
And in the same sweet tone
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own.
Oh ! why is she so beautiful ?
I cannot blame his choice,
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice."

The fair complainer of the above stanza, is represented in the plate as gazing reproachfully, more in sorrow than in anger, on the two principal figures in the picture : One a beautiful young woman in elegant ball costume, the other, a handsome military figure who seems anxious to win golden opinions from his partner. In the appearance of the fair rivals there is much judicious distinction made : the mourner is a soft rich beauty, her dark tresses suspended carelessly in luxuriant curls upon her shoulders, and her dark full robe is in accordance with her looks and attitude ; the dancer has a delicate, animated and expressive cast of features, her hair—gathered up as if too precious to be allowed to wanton in the air—is profusely decorated with flowers, her half pleased, half coy attention to the gay deceiver, drooping attitude, and glittering white satin robe, finish the contrast to which we have alluded. Separated from this principal group, by a little space, a card party are visible in one direction, and a dancing party in another. It is a graphic gem of much beauty in design, and great spirit and accuracy in execution. After this, comes "Daddy Davy" a negro tale, inferior to a host of the same species : "The Prisoner to the Sunbeam" is of the same character as the Sonnet to Solitude ; and the "Cave of Lemorna" is a legendary tale, which we endeavoured vainly to wade through patiently. Plate 3 is an Italian scene, finely executed, and endowed with the proper portions of soft glowing sky, smooth water, picturesque hills and woods, architectural specimens, reclining peasants, and ruminating goats. "An Adventure in Italy" which accompanies this plate is of the same character as Daddy Davy. "The Elves of Caer-Gwyn" follow, and commences with a pretty sketch of English or rather Welsh scenery :

“ There remains to this day, or, at all events, there did remain till within the last few years, the spacious ivy covered manor-house of Caer-gwyn, one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture in that part of the principality. It is situated far from any town, in the midst of its broad lands, and sheltered by hills, in the lone recesses of which is hidden many a secluded valley with its tiny rivulet, and sparingly scattered among the extensive sheep pastures are small antique farm houses, looking as though they were a part of the primitive rock on which they stand.” This, although a long tale, is not much above the nursery.

Plate 4 is “ the Cat’s Paw,” an illustration of that pithy term, by which is meant, that one person is made the mere instrument of another, in cases where peril or unpleasantness makes it desirable to be in the background. It is a representation of the Monkey helping himself to roasted chesnuts, by means of the Cat’s paw ; thus securing his dainty, and escaping a scorching himself. The Monkey is thus described in a slip slop pindaric poem which accompanies the plate :

He was an ugly brute, as you’ll suppose,
 But not the less a coxcomb for all that,
 For, with a visage as a pancake flat,
 He pigued himself upon his Grecian nose.
 He was a finish’d master in the art
 Of flattery wihal ; and had a heart
 As hard as was his native rock Gibraltar.
 His paws for ever were to mischief turn’d,
 And, being a huge thief, he daily earn’d
 An undisputed title to a halter.

In the picture, the amiable creature above described, is seen sitting on a chair by a glowing stove ; on the stove are laid some chesnuts, and under Jacko’s arm is a fine cat ; pussy’s velvet skin is closely hugged by the rugged rascal, and while he secures her body with one arm and leg, with his spare paw or hand, he clutches her paw, and with it hooks his burning chesnuts off the stove. The cat roars lustily, her kittens join in the uproar, things are lying overturned all in confusion about the floor—no doubt from Jacko’s previous arrangements—but he sits placidly amid the storm, only curing to get his chesnuts out of danger. His brow is knit, his roguish eye settled on his dainty, his old cheeks drawn in, and his mouth open anxiously—while with a resolute grip he is putting pussy to the torture for his own convenience. While looking at the rogue, one cannot help recollecting many men-monkeys, as impudent and as heartless, and who would jabber, if opposed, as loudly as Jacko in defence of their selfishness. Were we inclined to be hypercritical in our examination of this picture—we should say, that the apartment, furniture, and stove are clumsily depicted, and that pussy’s attitude is not natural ; she has her jaws extended, and seems roaring out peacefully as a patient getting a tooth drawn—whereas, we know that puss is more of a warrior, and would soon be in the rogues wool, making him forget his chea-

nuts in defending his eyes. The sympathy of the kittens with their suffering protector is well told, but Jacko's head is the brightest spot in the gem.—“The Maniac's smile” a Sonnet—see sonnet to Solitude. “The Grave of the Indian King,” is an American tale, from which we select the following descriptive sketch.

“The attractive sheet of water is sixteen miles long, and from one to two miles in breadth. The village, which takes its name from the lake, is pleasantly situated upon a little plain at its western extremity, elevated but a few feet above the pebbly beach, upon which the little crisped billows break so gently as scarcely to give sound enough to hush an infant to repose. The view is charming at all times; but nothing can be more delightful, more exquisitely beautiful, than the prospect from this lovely village on a cool summer's evening, when the queen of night throws her silver mantle over the sparkling waters, lighting them up like a mirror of surpassing brightness. Behind the village the land rises, by an easy ascent, into a hill of moderate height, upon the summit of an open grove of primitive forest trees, to which the extent of some fifty acres, has been suffered to remain by the proprietor—an English gentleman, who has thus far followed the westward march of empire. From this elevated spot the prospect is enlarged, and if possible yet more attractive than below. It includes a wide sweep of fertile country, embracing sections both wild and cultivated, farm houses and country seats, fields diversified with gardens, and meadows, orchards copses, and groves. Near the centre of this forest rises a little mound, covered with wild and luxuriant herbage, like a Druid's grave; and which, time immemorial, has been respected by the pale-faces, who have succeeded the dusky lords to whom the Creator originally granted the fee-simple of the soil, as the lone and hallowed sepulchre of an Indian king.”

“The “Painter Puzzled,” is a very pleasing representation of a Painter in his studio. A heterogeneous mass of articles surround the connoisseur, who is observed in his large chair, one foot on the ground, the other on the seat in which he sits, both hands crossed resting on his knee, and his eyes full of imaginative anxiety, gazing on vacancy. It is a neat graceful little engraving, and very clearly illustrates its title. The following lines by Hood are appropriate to it, they follow the plate :

“Well, something must be done for May;
The time is drawing nigh—
To figure in the Catalogue,
And woo the public eye.

“Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who? and What?

“In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair—ideas are shy
Of ‘coming to the scratch.’

"In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvas still remains,
And worse—a blank undrawn;

"Yet painting pictures some folks think
Is merely play and fun;
That what is on an easel set
Must easily be done.

"But zounds! if they could sit in this
Uneasy, easy chair,
They'd very soon be glad enough
To cut the camel's hair!

"Oh! who can tell the pang 't is
To sit as I this day—
With all my canvas spread, and yet
Without an inch of way?"

"The Benshee of Shane," a tradition of the North of Ireland, is a wild tale. We give a specimen.

"*Lost! Lost! Lost!*" shrieked the dreary and superhuman voice; a vivid flash of red and angry lightning precluded a thunderclap that rocked the castle from its foundations, and stunned its horrified inmates, whilst cries and shrieks of the most hideous kind were heard above and around it. Every soul rushed for protection to the altar; the sacred apartment became filled with vapour, and in the centre of it was apparent, all misty, and in lineaments undefined, a female form.

"Dim were the lineaments and features of the Benshee; her cloudy frame was like the mists of night when moonbeams faintly struggle through; her countenance was not unpleasing, but very, very sad.

"The apparition shook mournfully her misty head, and fixed, in melancholy gaze, her vapoury, dim eyes upon the few trembling beings who yet remained at the altar. Her pale, thin lips emitted mournful screams, such even as proceed from the agonized hearts of the despairing dying. She wrung her airy hands, apparently in excessive sorrow, and floated slowly forward to the altar.

"*'Fire! fire!'*" now shouted that multitude, who, having quitted the castle, beheld it almost immediately enveloped in volumes of fierce flame and sooty smoke. *'Fire! fire!'* The terrible cry resounded far and wide, and the tenantry of Neill O'Neill quitted the bridal festivities to aid their lord in this dreadful extremity. Shouts, shrieks, lamentations, tremendous thunderings, terrific lightnings, red, streaky fires, that seemed aspiring to the very heavens; black, heavy clouds of smoke, slowly rising from the conflagration, and adding, in their solemn spread, a lurid darkness to the night, combined to form a scene of horrors surpassing description.

“ But louder, far louder, than the voice of man and the roar of the elemental conflict, were the direful and exulting shouts of malignant powers, who, black and fearful in form, were, by the red light of the flames, beheld flitting over this scene of devastation, and chasing each other on busy wing, with infernal laughter, thro’ the terrific fires and curled volleys of dense suffocating smoke.

“ Morning presented a spectacle too dismal to be delineated, and to the last degree affecting and awful, when the desolated and incinerated relic of *Shane’s Castle* was compared with that proud structure, in the brilliancy and joyousness of the preceding day !”

Remainder next number.

THE SESSION.

New Members and Maiden Speeches.

“ **THE** best King never dies,” for the King in being is always the most gracious, and best beloved : we feel inclined to give our present House of Assembly the benefit of this childish partiality, and to suppose it wise and good, abstractedly or relatively considered. Is there not an improvement in our representative branch compared with the late House ?—Stand up **NEW MEMBERS** in single file—a glance of the eye is sufficient to induce in general an approval of the decision of the Country. The right hand man, represents the town of Halifax—the battalion has gained, if the light infantry has lost—the active little skirmisher is missing—loyal and free—we regret the fact, but the bearing of the new member, gives the world assurance of a man, who would rather die than run ; excellent in line, invaluable in square : the honest lawyer ! is gone—perhaps, the public spirited Merchant ! has come in his stead—the one character is as rare and as precious as the other. Next is the County of Halifax, “ look to the right, sir, and stand firm,” this is a Rowland for an Oliver, a skirmisher in lieu of a heavy man-at-arms ; the County makes up for the town, the town for the County, all seems even—**TRURO**, broad shouldered honest and brave. **HANTS**, gentlemanly and learned. **ONSLow**, five feet ten, complacent, and quiet. **KING’S COUNTY** has two new men, the one, like the singed cat, better than he looks ; the

other, need only act as handsomely as he appears. Queen's County—a good face and a good character. Shelburne Town, unobtrusive and polite! Shelburne County, faugh a bollah. Lunenburg County, the smallest not the least in the House. Newport looks deep. Digby, mild. Cape Breton, plausible and graceful as his predecessor, perhaps more able and clear headed.

Let us next glance at the Maiden Speeches of the Session. All are not expected to be orators, any more than a feast is expected to be composed of sweet-meats—Sirloin and potatoes are as good in their place, as confectionary and fruit, and the absence of the former, is less excusable than of the latter. Perhaps, up to this third week of the Session, that the only maiden speeches delivered were those of Messrs. Deblois, Bliss and Blanchard, in the Committee of Ways and Means. Remarks were made by others, and by these gentlemen previously, but at this time something more ship-shape and speech-like was set adrift. Mr. Deblois in his speech evinced no party spirit, or political bias; his prevailing passion seemed to be—a desire to benefit the Province, by benefiting its commerce; and to do this, he argued that the conciliation of foreign Merchants was desirable, if not necessary. It was purely a mercantile speech; and its utterer seemed unconscious of any under current of political prejudice, to which his speech might be the mere floating leaf. Mr. Bliss spoke, as a gentleman and scholar always speaks: exhibiting much deference for the opinions and feelings of others, acknowledging his incompetency—on matters, in which competency could not be expected—expressing the information which he had received from others, and his willingness to learn further; at the same time, affording a manly exposition of his own views. The main defect of this specimen seemed to be, the application of a declamatory manner, to subjects, and sentiments, with which the most simple style would accord best. In remarking on a schedule of duties, the classification of wines was treated, as if the Principalities and Powers—not the beverage—of Southern climes, were the subjects under discussion. Malmsy—Burgundy—Tokay—were treated somewhat after the manner of Bruce's address. This was a slight fault,

and seemed an excrescence of elegance easily borne with : for we said declamatory, not bombastic manner ; the former is generally enduring and sometimes delightful ; the latter is always and eternally abominable ; the line of distinction perhaps is fine, but the man of common politeness and sense, is not in much danger of overstepping the modesty of nature. The next Maiden speech is that of Mr. Blanchard. And here we would pause, disappointment is grating, and the damping of hopes, is next to their annihilation. We expected from the silken-tongued orator—from the judicious reformer—from the rational leveller, who would not move the high from their pride of place but who would bring up the lowly—from the Patriot Lawyer and Legislative Editor, we expected, perhaps, much ;—at least we thought that his politics and logic—those crutches of the debater—would not have failed him in the first step, exposing him to a fall disgraceful as unexpected. His maiden harangue was on Revenue and Revenue bills. A majority of the most active and clearest heads in the house, were against the introduction of a certain proposed bill during the present session, because, among other reasons, its tendency would be to produce unnecessary collision with another branch of the legislature—and consequently a renewal of difficulties, discord, and loss, of which the Province had already so large a share. This seemed the most rational as well as patriotic method of viewing a mere prudential measure ; Political Quixotes or Anarchists, alone, would be supposed ready to run against Windmills, for the sake of possible triumph, and probable broken bones. So far as regards the Revenue Bill ;—as to Revenue, it was contended that wisdom and philanthropy suggested the reduction of duties on the necessaries of life. On these two subjects our Patriot founded his maiden speech, and he supported the negative of both propositions. For the very sake of the difficulty and the clashing, supposed consequent on the bill, he supported it. And for theoretical good would sacrifice the great end of legislation, public peace and prosperity : when, by not being in such a confounded hurry the work might be sooner done, the good achieved, and the evil avoided. Shallow superficial hot-headedness, is, we imagine the very reverse of true bravery. As to the second position, that of a reduction of taxes on the neces-

earies of life, the orator thought—"such reductions would be ineffectual; they would not be felt, nor be cared for by the poor; the poor of this province were not economical enough to mind pennies; if they had to work harder than they do at present, to procure those necessaries, it might do them no harm." Let us look at these sentiments. As to the reductions being on so small a scale that they would not be felt; perhaps it were as well to consider, that the entire abolition of a light tax, on articles imported in vast quantities, might naturally have the effect of producing a more abundant market, and of lowering prices in a greater proportion than the difference between tax and no tax. As to the want of economy and industry among the poorer classes—miserable beyond expression is the policy, which would force industry by the want of the necessaries of life. Our orator has been accused of holding levelling principles—this is levelling according to the paving method—that is, by beating down the heads of the general mass. Such a sentiment smells strongly of the cloven hoof of false Political Economy, than which, a more heartless monster pollutes not our mental atmosphere: the inflictions of the man-despot are mild compared with the tender mercies of this fiend's stony heart. Indelicacy, calculating cruelty, enmity to the best human affections, are the broad characteristics of the beast, from whose book this method of producing economy and industry, by poverty, seems to have been gleaned. Is it not false as hard-hearted? Does the wretch who finds his efforts bounded by a mere ability to vegetate, set the best example of economy? Is he most industrious or virtuous, who finds it so difficult to procure necessaries, that he ceases to look beyond, and satisfied with the life of a slave, becomes one; working as little, and eating and drinking as much as possible? or is it not rather he who sees the hopes of comforts and conveniences accumulate around him, who sees respectability and independence within his reach, who uses the most persevering industry that he may attain to the objects of his expectations. Look abroad in the world and say, who are the most economical and industrious—those brought to our orator's level, of labouring for mere necessaries—or those who easily procure necessaries, and work for comforts, luxuries and independence? It requires

no answer. And they who would make mere creatures of burthen of their fellows, and put necessaries of life on high for the mere purpose of producing unnecessary labour in their attainment, at least prove, how vulgar and sordid are their own stimulants to exertion; their judgment of their fellows affords a scale, whereby they may be measured themselves. So much for New Members, and Maiden Speeches—may the first be yet an ornament to the popular branch of our Legislature—and may the Maidens be outshone by the more ripe and dignified Matrons.

STOCK ON HAND.

THE first act towards a revival of the late Revenue Bill, has been the levying of a tax on the stock in hand: in other words, making every one hundred gallons of Rum, Gin and other Spiritous Liquors imported into the Province since the 31st March last, subject to a certain tax. The case stands thus—at the failure of the late Revenue Bill, all who had spirits on hand, were losers to a certain amount, for the failure of the Bill enabled future importers greatly to undersell those who had paid duty on their Stock. Here recollect are two classes, the Stock holder who loses, and the Importer who gains. Future speculations of both parties may be conjectured, when we think that the Bill remained out of operation for seven months, and that 7000 puncheons of Rum have been imported during that time; this, not paying duty met with a rapid sale, and of course gave unusual returns to Importers. Now, when the Revenue Bill is about to be taken up anew, a tax is laid on the stock of Spirits imported since the failure of the Bill. Let us see who and what this will affect—It will affect the treasury but slightly, for but 5 or £6000 is expected, by the friends of the measure to be recovered, and its opponents say, that about one third of that sum is all that can be clearly calculated on. Holders of Stock will suffer, for direct application will be made to them for a tax, which they will have to collect again from the consumer by the slow process of occasional sales. It will raise the prices immediately so that Importers may gain by bringing future cargoes to a favourable market. Here we have the same classes served and injured, which were served and injured before, except so far as the then holders of stock are now Importers—for recollect, that the holders of stock now, are not extensive merchants, but retailers—the former shifting all consequences of this tax off their own shoulders by hurried sales. Seeing the amount of good

to be done, let us look at the tax, abstractedly. There is a certain article in the market, which was imported, bought and sold, by a system, contrary to no existing law—after the transactions are all concluded, a law is made, not to affect future dealings—but to look back, and punish those who infringed no law by their conduct. Look at possible parallel cases and you will see the enormity of this principle. We pause not to glance at its effects—suffice it, that its nature is radically bad—repugnant to notions of British Liberty—to the common rights of society, and only to be endured when extreme necessity demands it. But did we look forward, we might, without much help from imagination, see the strife and ill will, the spies, the *inforcers*, the perjury, the evasion of law, the confusion, and a whole herd of evils, which will follow in its train. It is one of those questions, in which many members of a legislative body appear to spectators very despicable—prostration of every thing to self interest, deafness to the most eloquent argument, obstinacy to a point because it is the one in which money is to be made—these, which should never intrude within walls sacred to legislative business, are too visible to the disinterested on such occasions. The orator of the majority was Mr. Blanchard—he concluded a speech in favour of the tax, with this “unanswerable position”—“if it were decided, that a tax should not be imposed on stock on hand now, it would in effect hold out a bounty for future legislative difficulties”—not looking at this in any but the most simple light, it might be answered, that legislative difficulties, though they may occur once or twice in men’s lives, are not of that nature that they can “overcome us like a summer cloud:” they are of too much importance, and a likelihood of their recurrence would soon remedy the disease altogether: Also, might not prospective regulations prevent such loss? It is at best the tyrant’s plea of expediency for an act, not otherwise to be excused.

Halifax, November 30.

MY FIRE SIDE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Dusk and drear December hours,
 Evening brings her chilly hours;
 Southern winds are piping high,
 Damp and dark is earth and sky.
 Hail my little temple, hail!
 Ruddy fire, and glowing hearth,
 Spite December’s drizzling gale
 Here is comfort, peace and mirth.

Cank’ring care behind me wait,
 Louring looks, and worldly state,
 Griping heart, and bigot mind;
 All your thoughts I give the wind:
 Feelings loving, social, sweet,
 Seek with me my calm retreat.

Now my unbleared tapers blaze,
 In my elbow chair I rest,
 From my book the gathered rays,
 Of genius may exalt my breast;
 At my feet upon the rug,
 My dog reclines in dreamy state,
 On his broad back pillowed snug,
 The purring kitten finds retreat.

Should a friend the corner bless,
 Transport then would light my eye,
 Wrap'd in our circle's charm'd caress,
 The choral song might echo high;
 Or playful mirth, or tale of yore
 Should make us live our young days o'er.

But a sweeter softer state,
 Passes o'er the raptured soul,
 Mary sits aside her mate!
 Before our rosy urchins roll;
 Or climb the knee, and raptured call
 The first, the sweetest names of all.

If there is earthly heaven, tis where
 The holy, social feelings rise,
 In speechless praise, in silent prayer,
 To see the evening's paradise.
 Forgetting worldly pomp and noise,
 Blessing, and blest, mid simplest joys.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Scots who saw auld Ugie glide,
 Scots who rov'd by bonny Clyde
 Welcome on this festal tide,
 To kindred company.

Now's the day to think of hame,
 See, renewed, our childhood's beam,
 See old scenes spring up the same,
 To our charmed ee.

Who'd forget the heathry brake,
 The land of mountain, wood and lake,
 Who'd refuse auld songs to wake,
 Let him keep awa'.

Who for Scotia's worthies brave
 Native burn, and native wave,
 Scenes of common life can leave?
 Welcome to our ha'.

By the thoughts of auld lang syne,
 By the beams which round us shine,
 We will raise a flame divine
 In our breast to night.

Lay all narrow feelings low,
 Ope our hearts to patriot flow,
 Join in Love and Friendship's glow.
 Scotsmen on this night.

CALEDON.

THE WORD.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

“ In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.”
ST. JOHN.

THERE is an Eastern custom, which is thought by some, calculated to throw light on the phraseology of Scripture, in which the second person in the Glorious Trinity is so often denominated the “ Word.” The custom is described as follows :—“ In Abyssiana there is an officer named *Kal Hatz*, the word or voice of the King ; he stands always upon the steps of the throne, at the side of a lattice window, where there is an aperture covered on the inside with a green curtain. Behind this curtain the King sits, and speaks through the aperture to the *Kal Haltz*, who communicates the King’s words to the officers in waiting.” It may be that the favorite disciple of our Lord, to illustrate his Divine Master’s offices, calls him “ the Word” in allusion to this custom of the east. “ In the beginning was the word,” as if he had said, this adorable Saviour, whose office of days-man we now appreciate, who as the *Kal Hatz*, is the medium by which we receive the commands of the King of Heaven—he has not been created for this important office, we must not look on his glory as commencing with our generation, or his attributes as being bestowed to suit his character of Mediator “ In the beginning was the word.” Before our race had existence, except in the mind of omniscience—before the mountains were created—while the essence of our earth was but a chaotic mass of atoms—before the sun and moon were rolled into space, or the spheres had commenced their eternal harmonies—then the Word existed. And by this awful yet most benign Being were all things made—tho’ a minister to men, he was their Creator—tho’ earth turned but a deaf ear to the voice of God which he uttered, yet by that word was she called into existence—tho’ he but lately wandered about, and had not where to lay his head, yet he sat on the circle of the heavens, before the seasons commenced their revolutions ; and he, brooding over the dark waters of chaos, impregnated the void with essences of life and beauty, and formed its obedient elements into the stupendous

objects which we now admire. This Word, who has condescended to take on him the office of an Herald, the form of a Servant, and the pains of a Sacrifice, he is not the being of a day—the same was in the beginning with God, and without him was not any thing made that was made. “And the Word was with God.” Recollect whose voice the divine Herald uttereth. Not as the word of an earthly king, to communicate the desires of a mortal to his obsequious subjects—our Word was with God—with Jehovah—with Him to whom, not only the kings, but the nations of the earth are as dust in the balance, and who taketh up the mighty isles of our globe as very little things. It is on his throne, who is from everlasting to everlasting, that our Word stands; he communicates with that Being, before whose breath the Heavens and the Earth flee away; and what he receives from that King of Kings, that he speaks—speaks, not to groups of waiting attendants—but speaks to an entire universe. Are the various tribes of men deaf to such authority? they shall yet hear, when their native orb cannot afford a single rock to cover them, or a branch to shield them from his terrific glance. “The Word was with God!”—how unutterably important, then, the commands which he issues to all the works of his hand—how awfully dignified his office—with what trembling care should we listen to the lowest whispers of such a Voice. “And the Word was God.” Not only is this ancient of days, the voice of our deity—but he is the Deity himself! One with God by mysterious connection, he is yet the minister of poor degraded man! wonderful contrast—awful junction of offices and powers—Sublimity of rank, despising gradation, and with infinite simplicity joining extremes immensely separate, in one person. Would the attendants of an Eastern Monarch tremble if the king were to address them himself without the intervention of his Word? Our Word is King himself—our Creator and Redeemer—our Lawgiver and Mediator—our Sacrifice and our Resurrection—all and in all—“the Word was God.” Stupendous yet endearing thought—how it exalts his love, his condescension, his pity, his sufferings, and his death! The death of this ancient of days—of this Word of Jehovah—of this God!—overwhelming theme; language is weak to express it, thought finds its eagle wing melt like

wax in so fervid an atmosphere. "The Word was God!" What a seal is this, to his discourse, "who spake never as man spake;" well may his spirit inform us of "all that ever we did"; he is indeed authority, from which we may enquire, "good Master, what shall we do that we may inherit eternal life?" "In the beginning was the Word," which now speaks to every one of us—"the Word was with God," and therefore utters mandates received in the Heaven of Heavens—"The Word is God," infinite weight then attaches to his every injunction: and act: our Advocate is our Judge, and from our Counsellor there is no appeal. S.

REVIEW OF POLLOK'S "COURSE OF TIME."

Chapter 3.

"The World at Mid-day"

THE Bard continues his interesting song, depicting the peculiarities of the present age, with much spirit and truth. To appreciate fully the passages which describe what we all are acquainted with by experience, we should recollect that they are sung by one of Earth's ancient bards, to auditors, almost if not altogether, ignorant of the facts: we should abstract ourselves from our situations, and supposing the song to be sung of a race strange to us, judge not only of the fidelity, but of the nature of the pictures drawn. By attending to such a train of thought, we may become interested spectators of our own peculiarities, and see trite subjects in a new and instructive light. We are so conversant with the phenomena of our passions and pursuits, that we are apt to think of them as of mere matters of course, which excite no wonder as to their origin or nature; whereas, if we look at them as visitants would at the curiosities of a strange land, we should find ourselves surrounded by miracles, physical and metaphysical. Take one instance of our meaning—a Poet sits in an arbour of his garden, holding converse with creation, by the medium of a vivid fancy: his eyes are closed, and his soul revels in the invisible scenery of a distant world; in imagination he paces amid the stars, or ventures into his court, who is from everlasting to everlasting. Dropping from so presumptuous a flight, he thinks of the lovely scenes which his own sphere affords, and raises the shading film from before his eye, that it may be saturated by draughts of real beauty; immediate, as was the birth of light, the dropperies of the garlanded earth, impressa their images on his soul—he sees the clouds, the trees, the flowers, which embellish the scene

before him—There is nothing visibly wonderful in all this, to myriads who have repeatedly experienced the phenomena; yet the imaginary and the real vision experienced by the poet's soul, are miracles of the first magnitude—miracles, not to be explained satisfactorily, by the most profound philosopher that ever lived. How is it that that inward eye can create unutterably beautiful pictures for itself, or gaze delighted on scenes a thousand leagues from the sphere of its existence? How is it that the eye of the body, admits and impresses the real appearances of things, on the soul? We send our thoughts outward, and all space is not too large a field for their activity; we open our eyes on creation, and our souls immediately become mysteriously acquainted with the forms and colours of surrounding objects. This we know, but to explain satisfactorily and simply how or why it is so, has already baffled the most profound of our race: yet, as we have already said, these and many other wonderful peculiarities of the present life are disregarded, because they are common; and to appreciate them, we must by a mental effort detach ourselves from our own circle, and gaze at it with a stranger's curiosity. In this way let us attend to Pollok's bard, while he sings of our species and of our world—and we shall find that he discourses most excellent music, of many things which to the vulgar eye appear common and dull.

We have already seen that the errors and delusions which distinguish earth's mid-day, attract the bard's early and fervent attention. A paragraph, describing the universal chase after happiness closed our last chapter, and where we resume this, the subject is continued. The universal result of a chase, which seeks happiness solely from earth, must be disappointment: even those who only seek a warrantable quota of comfort from this world, are often sorely baffled in their hopes, and could freely subscribe to the following complaint:—

"Fear, alike,
 Boding disaster, stood. Over the flower
 Of fairest sort, that bloomed beneath the sun,
 Protected most, and sheltered from the storm,
 The Spectre, like a dark and thunderous cloud,
 Hung dismally, and threatened, before the hand
 Of him that wished, could pull it, to descend,
 And o'er the desert drive its withered leaves;
 Or, being pulled, to blast it unenjoyed,
 While yet he gazed upon its loveliness,
 And just began to drink its fragrance up."

In describing the popular delusions of the present day—which make so many portions of the human herd run violently down steep places to destruction—it must be expected that the visible god of this world, the Prince of the power of our atmosphere—should be paid particular attention to, and therefore we have

some eloquent passages on the love of wealth—on, almost omnipotent gold. We are told that

"Gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold ;"

And this essence of our soil, is said to be

"A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god ; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less ;
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity ; good conscience, friends."

The first lines of this description are rather trashy : as indeed are many other lines, which are levelled at an article, that poets are apt to despise as the fox did the grapes. In treating of the value of gold, to dwell on its abstract qualities is a very superficial and false method. It is not the desire to possess a yellow dust, or "a shining thing" which urges the general scramble for wealth—it is to have at command, the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life. Man, in the circumstances which we see him, is abstractedly an object of pity—he is the most unfledged, unhoused animal of creation. The covering of his nakedness is to be won from the plants of the field, and the flocks ; the cravings of his hunger are to be satisfied with productions carefully and slowly raised from the earth, and prepared for his use by the ingenuity of his fellows ; the trees of the field, and the stones of the quarry, with much toil, are to be formed into a shelter where he may rest his defenceless head ; artificial fire is to sustain his vital heat ; curiously concocted medicines are to prevent or remove disorders which have become incidental to his debilitated frame ; and long and laborious studies, are necessary to fit his mental faculties for the society of his more refined brethren. Yet, without this much abused gold, all those wants must go unsatisfied ; or be partially obtained by methods which degrade his character as a human being. Without gold—he finds the plants and the flocks, monopolized by others ; every portion of available earth is appropriated, and he is told on every hand "depart, you are a trespasser here ;" art refuses her ingenuity ; he is prohibited from disturbing the forest, or from digging into his mother earth for an habitation ; fire is denied to his trembling limbs ; his sick bed is but tardily and casually smoothed by science ; and, as to his mind—the elysian fields of learning have "no admittance" inscribed on their gates, except the applicant knocks with a bag of the yellow dust. Seeing this, then, is it any wonder that the orphans of nature, that the aspiring mendicant man, should grasp convulsedly at a talisman which brings gemi of vast power to attend his steps through life ? It is not to be wondered at—nor to be blamed—except where

"Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience or friends" are sacrificed at the golden shrine—if any of these are taught to bow to the idol, then indeed money becomes the root of evil; for eternal and supreme good, should then, be sacrificed for temporal and subordinate conveniences. We agree in principal with Pollok, and merely ague, that there should be no special pleading against our eccentricities, but that poor human nature should be tried in a court of simple equity, and not be deprived by poetic or legal fictions of its full extenuation.

The following eloquent picture of THE MISER, that is, of the maniac of money, is worthy to be hung on the walls of Palace or Temple.

“ But there was one in folly farther gone,
 With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
 The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
 And by his guardian angel quite got a up,—
 The miser, who with dust inanimate
 Held wedded intercourse. Ill guided wretch!
 Thou mightest have seen him at the midnight hour,
 When good men slept, and in light winged dreams
 Ascended up to God,—in wasteful hall,
 With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
 And bone, and wrapped in midst debasing rags,—
 Thou mightest have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
 And holding strange communion with his gold;
 And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
 The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
 And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
 That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
 To make it sure. Of all God made upright,
 And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
 Most fallen, most prone, most earthly, most debased;
 Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
 None bargained on so easy terms with Death.
 Illustrious soul! nay, most inhuman wretch!
 He sat among his bags, and, with a look
 Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
 Away unalmsed, and midst abundance died,
 Sorest of evil! died of utter want.”

Look at the lights and shadows of this painting, and is it not one worthy of a master's hand? “When good men slept, and in light winged dreams, ascended up to God.” Is a touch of the pencil which sparkles with all the soft vividness of a moon beam—and, “his thievish fancy seemed to hear the night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,” is a tint, which, like the murmurs of a dark stream, thrills with undefined horrors. “He sat among his bags, and, with a look which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor away unalmsed.” Is a full length picture of a Miser, obtained by one bold Miltonian dash of the pencil. We were right, when we said, that some of Pollok's portraits would be found of surpassing truth and beauty—by this first specimen, our readers, we are persuaded, will coincide in our opinion. Our suggestion of the

propriety of looking on the scenes of our own day, as strangers to our eyes should look, may now also be appreciated—for, suppose such a character as the miser's to be before unknown, and what a miracle of miserable eccentricity and folly will it appear by an abstract examination of its picture.

False pleasure is the next thing introduced, the following lines bring the siren prominently forward.

"A dress of gaudy hue loosely attired
Her loveliness; her air and manner frank;
And seeming free of all disguise; her song
Enchanting; and her words, which sweetly dropped,
As honey from the comb, most large of promise,
Still prophesying days of new delight,
And rapturous nights of undecaying joy;
And in her hand, where'er she went, she held
A radiant cup that seemed of nectar full;
And by her side, danced fair, delusive Hope.
The fool pursued, enamoured; and the wise
Experienced man, who reasoned much and thought,
Was sometimes seen laying his wisdom down,
And vying with the stripling in the chase."

The three concluding lines of this passage, contain a very spirited little caricature. Grey-beard vying with a boy in a race after pleasure—the difference between the rivals in appearance and gait, their relative fitness for the prize which each has in view, and their mutual folly, all help on a moment's consideration to finish this little exquisite picture, the fidelity of which is too well attested by experience. The disgustingly diseased nature of false pleasure is strongly told, "her haunts" are thus pictorially described.

"Many her haunts. Thou might'st have seen her now
With indolence, lolling on the mid-day couch,
And whispering drowsy words; and now at dawn,
Loudly and rough, joining the sylvan horn;
Or sauntering in the park, and to the tale
Of slander giving ear; or sitting fierce,
Rude, blasphemous, malicious, raving, mad,
Where fortune to the fickle die was bound.

"But chief she loved the scene of deep debauch,
Where revelry, and dance, and frantic song,
Disturbed the sleep of honest men; and where
The drunkard sat, she entered in, well pleased,
With eye brimful of wanton mirthfulness,
And urged him still to fill another cup."

Solomon's description of her "whose guests are in hell" are then paraphrased, as another variety of false pleasure.

"She wove the winding-sheet of souls, and laid
Them in the urn of everlasting death.

"Such was the shadow fools pursued on earth,
Under the name of pleasure; fair outside,
Within corrupted, and corrupting still.
Ruined and ruinous, her sure reward,
Her total recompense, was still, as he,
The bard, recorder of Earth's Seasons, sung,
'Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.'"

Fame is next introduced, as leading many astray.

"Not that by virtue earned, the true renown,
Begun on earth, and lasting in the skies,
Worthy the lofty wish of seraphim,—
The approbation of the Eye that sees
The end from the beginning, sees from cause
To most remote effect."

But that description of fame which is applied to bold or splendid deeds, careless of motives or results. The universal passion to create a name, and by so doing, to escape oblivion, is fervidly noticed, but with an air of ridicule which perhaps the passion does not deserve. We take such spiritual longings to be a strong innate proof of the immortality of the soul—and to be productive of more noble disinterested perseverance, than perhaps any other feeling not religious. If so, its errings should be treated with regret and respect, and not with the vulgar shallow sneers which are very abundant with superficial thinkers. The effects of the desire for fame are told by our author in a few sketches of much beauty. Take as a specimen the *Bard* at his midnight study.

"And in the silent vigils of the night,
When uninspired men reposed, the bard,
Ghastly of countenance, and from his eye
Oft streaming wild unearthly fire, sat up,
And sent imagination forth, and searched
The far and near, heaven, earth, and gloomy hell,
For fiction new, for thought, unthought before;
And when some curious, rare idea peered
Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,
And by the glimmering lamp, or moonlight beam
That through his lattice peeped, wrote fondly down,
What seemed in truth imperishable song."

The Hind carving his name on the trees, while his flocks are scattered around him; and the Fair one endeavouring after fame, through all the tortuous windings of fashion, are next depicted; and then our author boldly touches a variety of characters, who strive by uncommon means 'o procure distinction.

"Many the roads they took, the plans they tried;
And awful oft the wickedness they wrought.
To be observed, some scrambled up to thrones,
And sat in vestures dripping wet with gore.
The warrior dipped his sword in blood, and wrote
His name on lands and cities desolate.
The rich bought fields, and houses built, and raised
The monumental piles up to the clouds,
And called them by their names."

* * * * *

"But should I sing
Of all the trifling race, my time, thy faith
Would fail."

* * * * *

"Of him who taught the ravenous bird to fly
This way or that, thereby supremely blest;
Or rode in fury with the howling pack,
Affronting much the noble animal,
He spurred into such company; of him
Who down into the bowels of the earth
Descended deeply, to bring up the wreck
Of some old earthen ware, which having stowed,
With every proper care, he home returned
O'er many a sea and many a league of land,
Triumphantly to show the marvellous prize.
And him that vexed his brain, and theories built
Of gossamer upon the brittle winds,
Perplexed exceedingly why shells were found
Upon the mountain tops, but wondering not
Why shells were found at all, more wondrous still."

* * * * *

"These, had they not possessed immortal souls,
And being accountable, might have been passed
With laughter, and forgot; but, as it was,
And is, their folly asks a serious tear."

Having treated of pride, gold, pleasure and fame—our author proceeds to treat of another delusion.

"So strange, that common fools looked on amazed;
And wise and sober men together drew,
And trembling stood; and angels in the heavens
Grew pale, and talked of vengeance as at hand."

Infidelity is here alluded to, and with great force, beauty and pathos, the efforts of the infidel are thus described: He

"Rushed
Deliriously upon the bossy shield
Of the Omnipotent; and in his heart
Purposed to deify the idol chance;
And laboured hard,—oh, labour worse than naught!—
And toiled with dark and crooked reasoning,
To make the fair and lovely earth, which dwelt
In sight of heaven, a cold and fatherless,
Forsaken thing, that wandered on, forlorn,
Undestined, uncompassioned, unupheld;
A vapour eddying in the whirl of chance,
And soon to vanish everlastingly."

* * * * *

"Most desperate effort of extremest sin!
Others pre-occupied, ne'er saw true Hope:

He, seeing, aimed to stab her to the heart,
 And with infernal chymistry to wring
 The last sweet drop from sorrow's cup of gall ;
 To quench the only ray that cheered the earth,
 And leave mankind in night which had no star.
 Others the streams of Pleasure troubled ; he
 Toiled much to dry her very fountain head.
 Unpardonable man ! sold under sin !
 He was the devil's pioneer, who cut
 The fences down of Virtue, sapped her walls,
 And opened a smooth and easy way to death."

* * * * *

" Hell's mad-houses are full of such, too fierce,
 Too furiously insane, and desperate,
 To rage unbound 'mong evil spirits damned."

The voice of Wisdom, calling on man to reform his ways, is next poetically described as being heard in all the works of Nature.

" The gentle Flowers
 Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
 Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
 The Dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
 And silently their bounties shed, to teach
 Mankind unostentatious charity."

* * * * *

" Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
 Essential love ; and, from her glorious bow,
 Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
 With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
 Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
 She whispered to Revenge—Forgive, forgive.
 The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
 Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
 The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,
 Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
 And with her virgin Stars walked in the heavens,
 Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,
 Of purity, and holiness, and God."

* * * * *

" Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
 Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue ; the grave,
 The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
 A tongue, that ever said, Man ! think of God !"

In the above our readers will perceive, that the flowers, the dews, the rainbow and the moon, are, though brief, very beautiful and expressive sketches, full of the spirit of nature and of poetry.

In describing the effects of disappointment, our author, if we mistake not, draws a sweet portrait of himself. He says—alluding to the helpless langour which disappointment produces—

" One of this mood I do remember well.
 We name him not,—what now are earthly names?—

In humble dwelling born, retired, remote ;
 In rural quietude, 'mong hills, and streams,
 And melancholy deserts, where the Sun
 Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only, here
 And there, watching his little flock, or heard
 The ploughman talking to his steers ; his hopes,
 His morning hopes, awake'd of robins smiling,
 Among the dews and holy mountain airs ;
 And fancy coloured them with every hue
 Of heavenly loveliness. But soon his dreams
 Of childhood fled away."

* * * * *

" He listened, and heard from far the voice of fame,
 Heard and was charmed ; and deep and sudden vow
 Of resolution, made to be renowned ;
 And deeper vowed again to keep his vow."

* * * * *

" The ancient page he turned, read much, thought much,
 and with old bards of honourable name
 Measured his soul severely ; and looked up
 To fame, ambitious of no second place.
 Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair.
 And out before him opened many a path
 Ascending, where the laurel highest waved
 Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring,
 But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized,
 The harp he loved, loved better than his life,
 The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held
 The ear of thought a captive to its song."

* * *

" When round him came a cloud,
 Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud
 Of ills, we mention not. Enough to say,
 'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
 He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,
 One after one, put out, as nearer still
 It drew his soul."

* * *

" He called philosophy, and with his heart
 Reasoned. He called religion too, but called
 Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard."

* * *

" At length he sunk, and Disappointment stood
 His only comforter, and mournfully
 Told all was passed. His interest in life,
 In being, ceased : and now he seemed to feel,
 And shuddered as he felt, his powers of mind
 Decaying in the spring-time of his day.
 The vigorous, weak became, the clear, obscure,
 Memory gave up her charge, Decision reeled,
 and from her flight, Fancy returned, returned
 Because she found no nourishment abroad."

* * *

" And all the universe,
 Like something which had been, appeared ; but now
 Was dead and mouldering fast away. He tried

No more to hope, wished to forget his vow,
 Wished to forget his harp; then ceased to wish.
 That was his last. Enjoyment now was done."

* * *

"He as some atom seemed, which God
 had made superfluously, and needed not
 To build creation with; but back again
 To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
 With everlasting sense that once it was."

* * *

"When thus he lay,
 Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
 As leaf of Autumn, which the wolfish winds,
 Selecting from its falling sisters, chase,
 Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
 And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
 Eternally, God passed in mercy by,—
 His praise be ever new!—and on him breathed
 And bade him live, and put into his hands
 A holy harp, into his lips a song
 That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time:
 Ambitious now but little, to be praised
 Of men alone; ambitious most, to be
 Approved of God, the Judge of all; and have
 His name recorded in the book of life."

With this pleasing and pathetic sketch, we close this chapter—more remains behind than we expected should do so at the conclusion of the third chapter; we hope that the sweetness of the bard's song will plead sufficiently for the delay. The strains which yet lie in promise before us, are of rather superior power to those which we have just been listening to, and which we have found to be melodious as the distant echoes of the choirs of Paradise.

RESURRECTION.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

"If there were no resurrection, then are we most wretched."

No Resurrection! then are we buried while we live; and the moth which is crushed in a gale, or the leveret which fashionable animals put to death in sport, are happier in their state than braggart man is in his. What is the destiny of man? is it to snore away one part of his existence to no purpose, and to sweat during the other half, for the means of vegetation? is it to pretend to this or the other dignity or piety, and to exhibit the poor disgusting hypocritical groveller peeping through the veil of each pretension? is it to win fame and find it but empty wind, or to accumulate gold, and still feel the heart poor, and pettish, and misera-

ble? Paltry consummation! miserable cause—disastrous effects! and yet these situations are the most frequent amid the half-rational human herd. To those who have escaped poverty, and who have eschewed the inward prostration—those who have escaped the leprous degradation which *the world* attaches to want of luxuries, and have escaped the worse plague with which the nature of things have cursed a paltry soul—even to those, is this earth a sufficient portion? Ask the satiety which seeks stimulus in uncalled-for drudgery—ask the wounded spirit which cannot controul its own powers, and which in the grasp of temptation and the throes of propriety, inaudibly and involuntarily prays, “if it be possible let this cup pass from me.” Ask the scholar, he who by learning has got an honourable exaltation over his fellows, whether his soul be satisfied—he will smile piteously, and say, that he but sees the depth of ignorance which he has barely escaped, and that the heights of information are on a towering steep, to ascend which many a toilsome step should be taken, and to surmount each step were the event of a life—satisfied!—he is only beginning to feel that thirst, which if not quenched in the rivers of life of another country, must be forever unslaked: he is beginning to doubt his attainments, and to fear that what the world calls profound, is a smattering, only satisfactory in perspective to the novice, or in possession to the imbecile. Ask of life—the young—are not they happy? if so they know it not; and alas! short is the day of youth, it fleets by like a shadow—man is never in one stay: the mature? ten thousand toils, and false pleasures, and poignant inflictions, sadly alloy the sweets of their cup: the aged? alas! they sigh, and look wistful at years past—or with trembling hope glance into futurity for enjoyment. Ask Death—Death? without a resurrection! the last agonizing clinging to life, the pallid corse, the damp of the lone charnel, the worm, and corruption, and handful of dust—these give the answer. A Resurrection alone solves the problem of life—it redeems our ambition from the charge of madness—it sanctifies our love of fame—it affords an exulting prospect to the philosopher—it is the christian’s glory—the philanthropist’s boast—the poor man’s support—the rich man’s crown; it dignifies life by making it the first act of eternity—it deprives death of its sting, and makes derision of the grim monarch’s sceptre. The thoughts which attend the subject of a Resurrection from the grave—are as delightful as they are awful—and are fraught with pictures the most noble, animating and important that can occupy the human mind: those attendant on annihilation are dark, forbidding and hopeless as hell itself. “If there were no resurrection” then indeed were man of all animals wretched—the knowledge that his Redeemer liveth, and that he shall see him as he is in another state—raises him in every sense to the Lordship of Creation—places him a calm spectator amid the crash of systems—and despite of all adventitious circumstances, delights and ennobles his ever living soul.

NATURAL MAGICK.

“Natural Magick—by John Baptista Porta, a Neapolitane in twenty Books—wherein are set forth all the Riches and Delights of the Natural Sciences—London, Printed for Thomas Young, and Samuel Speed, and are to be sold at the three Pigeons, and at the Angel in St. Paul’s Church-yard. 1658.”

THIS is the attractive title of a book, published as we see, 173 years before the present period. It is exceedingly curious as a specimen of the literature of that generation, and as a criterion by which we may judge of the subsequent progress of art and science. As regards its being a literary specimen, it is abundantly interesting, it conveys its author’s soul, if we may so speak, with singular fidelity down to the present day. John Baptista Porta expresses himself with much child-like simplicity, and seems as divested of modern clap-trap, pretended disinterestedness, and humility, as we could wish him to be. “Courteous Reader,” he says in his preface.

“If this work made by me in my youth, when I was hardly fifteen years old, was so generally received and with so great applause, that it was forthwith translated into many Languages, as Italian, French, Spanish, Arabick; and passed through the hands of incomparable men: I hope that now coming forth from me that am fifty years old, it shall be more dearly entertained.”

This is the manly confidence of a literary adventurer, at a time when but few such characters appeared on the public stage: What would be thought now of the recommendation, that a book was sent forth by a person fifty years of age? Our author goes on to state, that from the first time his book appeared,

“It is now thirty five years, and (without any derogation from my modesty be it spoken) if any man laboured earnestly to disclose the secrets of Nature, it was I.”

To complete his fitness as an author, he travelled, wrote letters, conversed with learned persons, and kept an academy of curious Men at his house; and having made an end of his volume, he declares,

“I was somewhat unwilling to suffer it to appear to the public view of all Men (I being now old, and trusing up my Fardel) for there are many most excellent Things fit for the worthiest Nobles, which should ignorant men (that were never bred up in the sacred Principles of Philosophy) come to know, they would grow contemptible, and be undervalued; As Plato saith, to Dionysius, They seem to make Philosophy ridiculous, who endeavour to prostitute her excellence to prophane and illiterate Men.”

What a pleasing self complacency smiles through this passage—it is an antique relic, worth fifty shattered vases, and fragments of

Roman helmets. By it we find how unknown the modern timidity of authorship was to Baptista Porta, "without fear and without reproach" seems to have been his motto. He plumes himself on account of his venerable age, and noble acquirements, and seems dubious whether the world were worthy of his book or not. However, he says, "let envy be driven away, and a desire to benefit posterity, vanquish all other thoughts—I set my book before you, that you may discern my diligence and benevolence toward you: had I withheld these things from the world, I fear I should have undergone the reproach of a wicked man." This is an amiable specimen of literary fanaticism—the spirit is disguised, but not dead yet; some of our day, sit in their study, big with futurity and contending within themselves. whether they shall leave the world in ignorance, or rush into the responsibility of print—and, when their works appear—the leaf on ocean, is not more unknown or uninfluential, than their volume. Baptista applies a salvo to his conscience, with regard to his sin—of throwing too much light on a vulgar world—for, says he,

"Such as are magnificent and most excellent, I have veil'd by the artifice of words, by transposition and depression of them; and such things as are hurtful and mischievous, I have written obscurely; yet not so, but that an ingenious reader may unfold it, and the wit of one that will thoroughly search may comprehend it."

Here again we see a germ of much of our present author-craft. The transposing and depressing of magnificent and excellent things, and the vending of mischief in obscure phraseology—have not yet ceased to be "an aim and an attainment" amid a world of literature. He then treats of former authors who wrote vaguely and ludicrously, and who promised golden mountains, only to disappoint those who trusted in them;—all which applies at the present day most forcibly to his own book. But his great care seems to be, to escape the character of a conjuror! He need not fear—a tortoise had as much cause to dread that it should be taken for a high mettled racer, as John Baptista, that, his quaint childishness should dub him a conjurer. In this preface we have a very amusing method of answering a critic. Instead of resorting to logic or to ridicule, our author merely says that *his Reviewer is an Heretic*, and prays for his conversion—we quote the passage, and our readers will find it very curious read at the present time.

"A certain Frenchman in his Book called *Dæmonomania*, terms me a Magician, a Conjuror, and thinks this book of mine, long since printed, worthy to be burnt, because I have written the *Faries Oyntment*, which I set forth onely in detestation of the fraud of Divels and Witches: That which comes by Nature is abused by their superstition, which I borrowed from the Books of the most commendable Divines. What have I offended herein, that they should call me a Conjuror? But when I enquired of many Noble and Learned Frenchmen, that were pleased to honour

me with their visits, what that man was, they answered that he was an Heretick, and that he had escaped from being cast headlong from a Tower, upon Saint Bartholomew his day, which is the time appointed for the destruction of such wicked men. In the mean time I shall desire the great and good God (as it becomes a Noble and Christian man to do) that he may be converted to the Catholic Faith, and may not be condemned whilst he lives."

Having concluded his preface, he enters on his important theme ; and commences his first book—"Wherein are searched out the causes of things which produce wonderful effects." His first chapter is on "what is meant by the name of Magick." And from various authorities he proves that it means wisdom, or the knowledge of divine things. Lawful and unlawful magic are next treated of, and in shewing "what manner of man a magician ought to be" as many qualifications are required as the philosopher requires in his poet, in *Rasselas*. Some spirited apothegms are intermixed in this curious work, with observations paltry to an extreme. After describing the qualifications of a magician, it is said—

"These are the Sciences which Magick takes to her self for servants and helpers ; and he that knows not these, is unworthy to be named a magician. He must be a skilful workman, both by natural gifts, and also by the practice of his own hands : for knowledge without practice and workmanship, and practice without knowledge, are nothing worth ; these are so linked together, that the one without the other is but vain, and to no purpose."

And again—"Lastly, the possessor of this science must also be rich : for if we lack money, we shall hardly work in these cases : for it is not philosophy that can make us rich ; we must first be rich that we may play the philosophers. He must spare for no charges, but be prodigal in seeking things out : and while he is busie and careful in seeking, he must be patient also, and think it not much to recal many things ; neither must he spare for any pains ; for the secrets of Nature are not revealed to lazie and idle persons. Wherefore *Epicharmus* said very well, that men purchase all things at Gods hands by the price of their labour."

A very fanciful view is taken of the elements, in which, the first principles of things are supposed to exist, while the form of those things are of heavenly origin.

"This Form-giver doth not make it of any thing, as though it were but some frail and transitory substance, but fetcheth it merely out of himself, and bestows it first upon intelligences and stars, and then by certain aspects informeth the Elements, as being fit instruments to dispose the matter."

In treating of the gradation of nature, from vegetables and inferior animals up to Man, and from man to Angels up to the Source of Life—a strong view is given of universal harmony by saying it is "like as it were a cord platted together, and stretched along

from heaven to earth, in such sort as if either end of this cord be touched, it will wag the whole; therefore we may rightly call this knitting together of things, a chain, or link and rings, for it agrees fitly with the rings of Plato, and with Homers golden chain, which he being the first author of all divine inventions, hath signified to the wise under the shadow of a fable, wherein he feigneth, that all the gods and goddesses have made a golden chain, which they hanged above in heaven, and it reacheth down to the very earth."

From an old superstition recorded here, we may gather some wisdom. "The sight of a Wolfe is so hurtful to a man, that if he espie a man first, he takes his voice from him; and though he would fain cry out, yet he cannot speak: but if he perceive that the man hath first espied him, he makes no ado, but his savage fury ceaseth, and his strength fails him. Hence came that proverb, *Lupus in fabula*, the Wolfe cometh in the nick; which Plato speaks of in his politicks." The moral here is of some weight, and is—that if man by caution observes approaching evil, he can generally evade it, or ward off much of its force—whereas if evil "sees him first" comes on him unawares, like a thief in the night, it falls with tenfold power.

Much influence is prescribed to the heavenly bodies, and the Moon gets the large share of power which the poetry of her appearance secures to her in some measure amid our generation. The plant described in the following passage would be a valuable addition to the botanical garden of the present day. The wises of Chaldea report "that there is a moon herb, having round twirled leaves of a blewish colour, which is well acquainted with the age of the moon; for when the moon waxeth, this herb every day of her age brings forth a leaf; and when she waineth, the same herb loseth for every day a leaf."

In turning over the pages of this curious folio, we meet with many proofs, as we before intimated, that its author was more of an old-wife than a conjuror: take the following silly charms:—

"If you would have a man become bold or impudent, let him carry about him the skin or eyes of a Lion or a Cock, and he will be fearlesse of his enemies; nay, he will be very terrible unto them. If you would have a man talkative, give him tongues, and seek out for him water frogs, wild geese and ducks, and other such creatures, notorious for their continual noise making; the tongues whereof, if you lay under the head or side of a woman as she is sleeping, because they are most clamourous in the evening, they will make her utter her night secrecies."

We no doubt meet with some lords and ladies of creation, who are clamorous and silly, as frogs, wild geese or ducks; but it would be a libel on those creatures to name them as the cause of the evil. Indeed there is little similarity in their respective merits, for the croaking of a frog amid the rushes of his pond, or the babbling of a wild goose while luxuriating on its lake, are appropri-

ate noises enough, and often in excellent keeping with the scene ; while in parlour, ball room, or chamber, the senseless interminable gabble of a prouder animal is always annoying. We select the following information for those gardeners who

“ Delight in sweet marjoram, and wild thyme,
The velvet peppermint, rich marigold,
And all the savory herbs which bless the field.”

“ Hot and slender herbs should be gathered when Mars and the Sun are Lords of the celestial houses ; moist herbs, when the Moon is Lord ; but you must take heed that you gather them not in the falling houses thereof. These things well observed in gathering plants, will make them very profitable for physical uses.”

If gardeners do not gain much by this information, it is not our fault. The second book treats of peculiarities connected with animals, and except for superlative nonsense, it is less interesting than the first. Take an example—

“ That in the Islands Hebrides, the same *Birds are generated of putrified wood*. If you cast wood into the sea, first after a while there will certain worms breed in it, which by little and little become like ducks, in the head, feet, wings and feathers ; and at length grow to be as big as Geese : and when they are come to their full growth, they flie about in the air, as other birds do.”

This book of “ the Conjurer ” finishes with a paragraph treating “ How to make a bird sociable and familiar with thee.” The third book “ delivereth certain precepts of Husbandry,” and is filled with the most simple and silly receipts concerning fruits and flowers. We furnish a paragraph which well illustrates the mind of our author, and the nature of his composition.

“ And Aristotle writes of an Husband-man that found such an experiment ; though for my own part I never tried it. But Theophrastus writes, that there was Ivy found growing in the Hart's horn ; whereas it is impossible to think how any Ivy seed could get in there ; and whereas some alledge, that the Hart might have rubbed his horn against some Ivy roots, and so some part of the horn being soft and ready to putrifie, did receive into it some part of the root, and by this means it might there grow ; this supposal carries no shew of probability or credit with it. But if things be true, as I can say or see nothing to the contrary, then surely no man will deny but that divers kinds of plants may be generated of divers kinds of living Creatures horns.”

Observe his simple acknowledgment “ that for his own part, he never tried the experiment,” his opinion of its improbability ; and again his wise conclusion, that if ivy did grow from the horn of the hart, then no man will deny but that such a thing may happen again. This book at its conclusion, advises that garden seeds, to make them fruitful, should be rubbed with the grease of old goats ; and thus prettily says of the vine, “ You must pare off those twisted curls that are wont to grow upon it ; for so, her pride being taken away from her, the juice will be more delightful, and more pleasant.” The fourth book, “ teacheth things belonging to

Housekeeping ; how to prepare domestical necessaries with a small cost ; and how to keep them when they are procured." Many of our readers will think that the two latter clauses of this sentence, comprehend the better part of Magic—and what from sad experience, they have proved to be very abstruse and uncom-atable sciences. That we may not be chargeable with leaving laudible curiosity unsatisfied, we give the following tit-bit—of " the best way whereby you may preserve beans,"

" Is to parch them reasonably well ; for so there will be less store of moisture in them, which will cause them to last the longer. Theophrastus writes, that in Apollonia and Tarentum, they preserve Beans long without any parching at all. Pliny makes mention of certain Beans that were laid up in a certain Cave in Ambracia, which lasted from the time of King Pyrrhus, until the war which Pompey the great waged against the Pirates."

Also, " *How to preserve flesh and fish,*—I have seen flesh and fish preserved from putrefaction, for a whole moneth together in very cold places, without any other art at all besides the coldness of the place."

Such of our frugal readers, who may wish Mulberries and Damosins all the year round at a cheap rate, we refer to the following economical methods—methods as rational as if a man were to procure a strong box, and bomb proof vault, to ensure the safe keeping of a handful of farthings. The Damosins swimming up and down in the hogshead of wine present a most luxuriant figure to the mind.

" *Mulberries may be preserved in Wine* : But it must be such wine as is made of Mulberries ; and the vessells wherein they are put, must be made up very close. Likewise Pamphilus sheweth, That Damosins may be preserved in wine, if they be put into hogsheads either of sweet wine, or else new wine, there to swim up and down, and the hogshead well covered."

We next give a most characteristic specimen of this author's simplicity, complacency, and pride ; and of the ambiguous phraseology by which—as he insinuates in his preface—he veils wonders from vulgar eyes.

" But an admirable work of Nature, and full of wonder it is, how it may be that Wheat may increase out of it self. I cannot discover this, how it came into my mind, lest it should be made publik to every common fellow, and ignorant Animal, Yet not to conceal it from ingenious men, I shall hide it from these, and open to those, That our fore-fathers knew it not is clear, because there is no such thing mentioned in all their works of making bread. The whole businesse consists in this, that the Wheat-meal may be managed with the life of its heat, which is the off-spring of celestial fire. By nature it is of such tenuity, that being raised with its heat, it will make the lump swell so much, that it will come up to the top of the vessel ; the next day cast it into a Hutch, and adde more meal to it, which again being raised by its heat, and

coming back again by the same, and meeting with the lump, as flowing back again; it joins into the refracted Elements, and so into clotters of meal. Do this thrice or four times, and so you may increase it continually, and this must be done in a stove, that the dewy spirit may be fostered. I thought good to tell you also before, that you must not prick the lump, lest the generative blast should breath forth, and flie into the air, for so you will lose your labour; and there must not want presently a dewy vapour, which being carried into the air, and made to drop, may moisten the lump, so you will rejoice at the wonderful increase: but you must be cunning in the manual application. Pray do not destroy by your negligence, what was invented by the careful ingenuity of those that tried it."

Our bakers would not expect to see this ado made about the wonders of yeast; but we must recollect the distant day in which "Natural Magick" appeared, and, that many things now viewed as merest matters of course, were as much prized at their first introduction, as our magical agent the steam engine, is now. This book ends by treating of the hatching of eggs—after describing artificial methods "how our ancestors hatched their eggs," Baptista says—

"But a Cock or Capon will perform what the hen should; do but shew him the chicken, and stroke him gently on the back, and give him meat out of your hands often, that he may become tame. Then pull the feathers off his breast, and rub him with Nettles, for in a few hours, not to say days, he will take care of the Chickens so well and give them their meat, that no Hen did ever do it, as he will."

It strikes us, that from something of this sort, came the saying of the "hen pecked husband." The poor rooster by being despoiled of his plumage, and kept "lieing on nettles," loses his coxcombrty and his courage, and is glad to sit down and hatch in quiet; the parallel is obvious.

We now arrive at the Fifth Book "which treateth of Alchymy." This book is composed of simple receipts for the cleaning, counterfeiting, and tinting of metals. The Sixth Book is of counterfeiting precious stones.

"From the adulterating of Metals, we shall pass to the counterfeiting of Jewels. They are by the same reason, both arts are of kin, and done by the fire. And it is no fraud, saith Pliny, to get gain to live by: and the desire of money hath so kindled the fire by and of luxury, that the most cunning artists are sometimes cheated."

The seventh book treats of the wonders of the load stone. The proeme seems worthy of copying.

"We pass from Jewels to Stones: the chief whereof, and the most admirable is the Load Stone, and in it the Majesty of Nature doth most appear: and I undertake this work the more willingly, because the ancients left little or nothing of this in writing to pos-

terity. In a few days, not to say hours, when I sought our experiment, others offered themselves, that I collected almost two hundred of principal note ; so wonderful is God in all his works. But what wiser and learned men might find out, let all men judge. I knew at Venice R. M. Panlus the Venetian, that was busied in the same study : he was Provincial of the Order of servants, but now a most worthy Advocate, from whom I not onely confess, that I gained something, but I glory in it, because of all the men I ever saw, I never knew any man more learned, or more ingenious, having obtained the whole body of learning ; and is not onely the Splendor and Ornaments of Venice or Italy, but of the whole world. I shall begin from the most known experiments, and pass to higher matters, that it may not repent any man of his great study and accurate diligence therein. By those, the longitude of the world may be found out, that is of no small moment for Saylor's, and wherein the greatest wits have been employed. And to a friend that is at a far distance from us, and fast shut up in prison, we may relate our minds ; which I doubt not may be done by two Mariners Compasses, having the Alphabet writ about them. Upon this depends the principles of perpetual motion, and more admirable things, which I shall here let pass."

Of the magnet, it is said "Pliny from Sotacus makes five kinds of it. The Ethiopian, the Magnesian from Magnesia near Macedonia, as the way lies to the Lake Bœbis, on the right hand ; the third in Ethium of Bœoria, the fourth about Alexandria at Troáderum ; the fifth in Magresia of Asia. The first difference is, whether it be male or female, the next in the colour ; for those that are found in Macedonia or Magnesia, are red and black ; but the Bœotian is more red than black : That which is found in Troas is black, and of the female kind, and hath no force therefore. But the worst sort is found in Magnesia, or Asia ; it is white, and attracts not iron, and is like a Pomic stone. It is certain, that the bitter they are the better they are."

"Olaus Magnus reports, that there are mountains of it in the North, and they draw so forcibly, that they have ships made fast to them by great spikes of wood, lest they should draw out the iron nails out of the ships that pass between these rocks of Loadstone. There is an Island between Corsica and Italy, call'd Ilva, commonly Elba, where a Loadstone may be cut forth : but it hath no virtue. It is found in Cantabria in Spain, Bohemia, and many other places."

The following childish experiment is amusing, and appears to have afforded our author and his friends much delight :—

"How to make an Army of Sand to fight before you,—And it is as pleasant as wonderful, that I shewed to my Friends, who beheld on a plain table an army of Sand divided into the right and left wings, fighting, to the wonder of the spectators : and many that were ignorant of the business, thought it was done by the help of the Devil. I pouned a Loadstone into powder, some very small,

some something gross : and I made some of little bits, that they might better represent troops of horse, or companies of foot : and so I set my army here and there. The wings were on the right and left, and the main body was in the middle, accompanied with troops of horse : under a smooth table I put a very principal Loadstone with my hand. When this was put there, the left wing marched ; and on the right hand, with another stone, the right wing marched : when they drew neer together, and were more neer the Loadstone, the Sands trembled ; and by degrees, they seemed like those that take up their Spears ; and when the Loadstone was laid down, they laid down their Spears, as if they were ready to fight, and did threaten to kill and slay : and the better the Loadstone was, the higher would these hairs stretch forth themselves : and as I moved my hands by little and little, so the army marched on : and when the stones came neer to one the other, they seemed to fight, and run ope within the other ; so the other wings and troops came on, and shewed the form of a battle ; and you might see them sometimes retreat, sometimes march forward ; sometimes to conquer, and sometimes to be conquered ; sometimes to lift up their Spears, and lay them down again, as the Loadstone was put neer to them, or farther off ; and the more force there was to send forth every way."

The supposition that fighting is done by the help of the devil still holds good, only applying it to real not mimic armies. Again, we copy

"*How a man of wood may row a little boat ; and some other merry conceits.*—The fraud here is notable ; for women shall see a man of wood rowing a little boat well waxed, in a large vessel full of water. The fraud is thus began : the vessel is filled with water, a little ship of wax is put into it, or else of wood ; in the middle sit a little man of wood, fastened through the middle with a hogs-bristle, so equall balanced, that with every light motion he may easily stir himself : let him have oars in his hands, and under his feet a piece of iron. Let the Alphabet be made on the brim of the vessel, round about : wherefore a woman coming to enquire of some doubtful matter, the man of wood, as if he would give a true answer, will row to those letters that may signifie the answer : for he that holds the loadstone in his hand, under the table, can draw the boat which way he will, and so will answer by joyning these letters together."

"*A paper go up a wall, and come down of itself.*—For I glew'd a piece of iron on the backside of the paper, and I gave it my friends to hold to the wall : but behinde stood a boy with a loadstone, and the paper that was left there, stood still : my friend commanded it to go up two foot ; the boy that heard what was commanded, moved the loadstone against it, to that place : and the paper moved thither also, and so downwards, or sideways : they that knew not the reason were astonished at it. But, which exceeds all, when he moved the loadstone over his head, by an arch

of wood, it drew the paper after it; whereupon the paper hung over our heads and moved: but all that saw it, believed the Devil was the cause of it."

Book Eight contains divers physical experiments, and preservatives against enchantments. The following are curious, as exhibiting opinions now obsolete, respecting witchcraft; the attempt at accounting for such powers is fancifully ingenious.

"There's some, I know not whose unlucky eye
Bewitcheth my yong lambs, and makes them die.

"Isigonus and Memphodorus say, There are some families in Africa, that bewitch with their tongue the very woods: which if they do but admire somewhat earnestly, or if they praise fair trees, growing corn, lusty children, good horses, or fat sheep, they presently wither, and die of a suddain, from no other cause or harm."

"Cicero writeth of them; so Plutarch and Philarchus mention the Paletheobri, a nation inhabiting in part of the Pontick Sea, where are Inchanters who are hurtful, not onely to children that are tender and weak, but to men of full growth, who are of a strong and firm body; and that they kill with their looks, making the persons languish and consume away as in a consumption. Neither do they infect those onely who live among them, but strangers, and those who have the least commerce with them; so great is the power and witchcraft of their eyes."

"This efflux of beams out of the eyes, being the conveyers of spirits, strike through the eyes of those they meet, and fly to the heart, their proper region, from whence they rise; and there being condensed into blood, infect all his inward parts. This stranger blood, being quite repugnant to the nature of the man, infects the rest of him, and maketh him sick: and there this contagion will continue, as long as he hath any warm blood in his body."

"Some preservatives against love" may be found of more use in this generation, than those respecting witchcraft; for instance,

"Some preservatives against Love,—There are many prescribed by wise antiquity. If you would endeavor to remove the charms of love, thus you may expel them. Turn your face away, that she may not fasten her eyes on yours, nor couple rays with you; for you must remove the cause from the place, where it useth to make its impression: forsake her company, avoid idleness, employ your mind in business of concernment."

Book Nine is "on the adorning of ourselves" and Book Ten, is on "Distillation."

"An Invention of later times, a wonderful thing, to be praised beyond the power of man; not that which the vulgar and unskillful men use: for they do but corrupt and destroy what is good: but that which is done by skillful artists. This admirable art, teacheth how to make Spirits, and sublime gross bodies; and how to condense, and to make Spirits become gross bodies: and to draw forth of plants, minerals, stones and jewels, the strength of them, that are involved and overwhelmed with great bulk, lying hid, as it were, in their chests: and to make them more pure, and thin,

and more noble, as not being content with their common condition, and to lift them up as high as heaven. We can by Chymical Instruments search out the virtues of plants, and better than the ancients could do by tasting them. What therefore, could be thought on that is greater? It is nature's part to produce things, and give them faculties; but art may ennoble them when they are produced, and give them many several qualities. Let one that loves learning, and to search nature's secrets, enter upon this: for a dull fellow will never attain to this art of distilling."

Concluded in next number.

LINES

On seeing the remains of the truly amiable and much lamented Miss —, (who departed this life Sept. 6, 1830, in the 21st year of her age) borne to the house appointed for all living.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE Church bell tolls! its solemn knell,
Repeats the mournful sound of death,
And deeply wounds the breasts that swell,
And pant with grief, as if for breath.

Lo! while I write, the mournful train
Pass slowly, sadly, by my door,
With them I truly feel the pain
Of having lost a friend—'tis sore!

Oh Death! can none thy power withstand?
Can none escape thy ruthless sway?
Can beauty, virtue, or love's band
Not stem, nor turn one dart away?

Nor friends' nor parents' praying breath,
Avail'd with thee, to spare one hour
The lovely being—reckless Death,
That was by sickness 'neath thy power?

And we must mourn this sad event,
Long as our mortal lives shall be
Yet own it an all-wise intent
That gave such pow'r, O! Death, to thee.

And let us humbly praise His hand,
Though it has this affliction sent,
And own his love gave the command,
With an unquestioned, pure intent.

And let us so prepare to lay
Our bodies with her in the dust,
That we may on the Judgment day,
Arise triumphant with the just.

SARAH.