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**PROGRESS AND COMPLETION OF THE LIVERPOOL
AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.**

THE completion of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was not more celebrated on account of its being a stupendous triumph of art, than that it occasioned the death of one of the ablest of British Statesmen. Mr Huskisson was long the friend and forwarder of this great work ; how unseen in human calculation was the melancholy fact, that the entire success of the project, should be accompanied by the violent death of its Patron !

In the year 1822, the project was entertained of connecting Liverpool and Manchester by a rail road ; one gentleman, who had seen locomotive engines in operation, suggested his sentiments on the subject to a second ; this second caused a survey to be made at his own responsibility—and by thus stirring the matter, and feeling forward, a number of influential individuals joined in opinion of its practicability, and in efforts to forward the object. We cannot avoid remarking, here, how generally praiseworthy it is to lend a willing ear to any beneficial speculation, however bold and improbable it may appear. We would just allude to the numerous disgraceful losses which a narrower spirit has occasioned to nations, and individuals ; and to the large class which at the present day sneer at every enterprize beyond the common occurrences of life. Such a class perhaps may be useful, as a drag on the onward roll of genius, which else might rush at a destructive pace ; and if they are the cause of evil, their punishment attends them—they are the crying philosophers of the age ; when others rejoice at a Godlike achievement, they are but feeding on their own disappointed spleen ; they give up the unearthly joy of enthusiasm in this life, and the chance of appearing to posterity as benefactors of their race.

The noble few in Liverpool and Manchester—who through a long vista of difficulties, saw a possible and noble object before them—held their way, gaining inch by inch, on their seeming interminable road. In 1824 a declaration was published, setting forth the inconveniences and delays of the existing modes of con-

veyance between the two rapidly increasing towns ; an examination was made of a neighbouring Railway, a favourable report delivered, an Engineer appointed for their contemplated work, and a subscription list opened and filled.

Early in 1825 application was made to Parliament, for a Bill to empower the Company to proceed with the purchase of land; and the formation of a Rail-way. From the River Mersey, above Liverpool, to Manchester, there were water conveyances by means of the Duke of Bridgewater's, and the Mersey and Irwell Canal—and in another direction from Liverpool, the Leeds and Liverpool Canal after a very circuitous route, also communicated with Manchester. The proprietors of these Canals made strenuous opposition to the parliamentary application of the Rail-road projectors ; the project they knew aimed at the existence of their emoluments, and it may be supposed that their pecuniary interests, involved to a great extent, would not make a slight resistance to the new fangled innovation, however splendid its promises. The Earls of Derby and Seston, also, joined the opposition, considering that the privacy of their domains would be invaded by the proposed line passing through them. The bill was warmly discussed, in Committee, during thirty seven days ; every clause of it was opposed ; the first clauses were negatived by a large majority, and the supporters of the bill prudently preferring retreat to worse chances, withdrew the bill. This was but a breaking of the moral ground, not more was expected ; public interest was excited, examination followed, the general sentiment appeared in favour of Science, and further efforts were resolved on. In the interim, several members of Parliament were invited to meet a deputation of the Rail-road Directors to discuss its merits ; the invitation was accepted, and the meeting took place in London, Mr Huskisson being one of the attending Members of Parliament. The result of the meeting was, a resolution to renew the application to Parliament ; and persons interested in the Canals were invited to become Rail-road proprietors. This was not only carrying the war into the enemy's camp, but an endeavour to strengthen the ranks of the attacking party by desertion from the enemy. It was successful in one instance, the Marquis of Stafford, who was interested in the Bridgewater Canal, became a proprietor of the new project, to the extent of 1000 shares at £100 each. A Committee of the Company next issued a Prospectus, detailing the advantages of the Rail-road ; and meeting former objections, not by strengthened opposition, but by giving ground in minor points, and conciliating where they could. It was objected that their line would interrupt the business of the streets of Liverpool—and to avoid doing so, they proposed carrying the line *under the town* by means of a tunnel ; Lord Seston complained of the injury which the line would occasion his estate—and they declared their purpose of avoiding his grounds altogether ; only a few fields belonging to Lord Derby were to be encroached on ; full value was

offered for all lands trespassed on, and peculiar compensation agreed to for peculiar damage; meanwhile, every effort was promised to be made, to benefit land-owners in their course, and to serve the public by carrying the line to Coal and other productive districts. The success of the endeavours of the Company, has helped to prove the judicious nature of this conduct of the Committee of Proprietors.

Early in 1826, the bill was again introduced into Parliament; and, after much discussion, passed both Houses. A general meeting of Subscribers was called in May; when fifteen Directors were chosen, a principal Engineer was appointed, and the necessary preliminaries were proceeded with. The line was marked out in this year, and the manual operations commenced by draining part of a Moss, which the line crossed, and which was considered one of the principal impediments to the undertaking. The work of clearing and cutting commenced in January; 1827, since which time the work regularly proceeded, employing a vast number of workmen, until its completion in 1830.

The first object of the Directors was to procure a Rail-way, the use of locomotive machines was to depend on circumstances. For it was known that any power employed to give motion on a Rail-way, compared with the same efforts on a turnpike road, would show difference sufficient to warrant the expense of the undertaking. It was not for some time determined whether horses or steam should be employed; or if steam, whether in locomotive or stationary engines. The locomotive would offer all the advantages of carriages drawn by horses, with increased speed and power; while the stationary would act only by drawing forward vehicles attached to their chain. The first seemed the perfection of science, while the latter, seemed more simple, and attended with fewer difficulties. At length one of the Directors proposed, that the mechanical genius of the age should be appealed to, and that a premium should be offered for the best locomotive engine produced. This was agreed to, and in April 1829 a premium of £500 was offered, to be competed for in the ensuing October, on some level part of the finished line. At the time appointed several admirably constructed engines appeared to compete for the prize. After some trials, the contest lay between the "Rocket" from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the "Novelty" from London; both these Engines, with light weights attached, attained to above thirty miles an hour. The terms of the race for the prize, were, to run seventy miles, and draw three tons weight, for every ton weight of the Engine; the speed not to be under 10 miles an hour. The Rocket won the prize; its weight was 4 tons 5 cwt—and drawing upwards of 13 tons, it accomplished the 70 miles, under disadvantages, in 6 hours and a half. This on an average was doing about 11 miles an hour; but it occasionally went 20 miles in that space of time. These trials established the triumph of Steam as applied to land carriages, and the Directors of the Rail-road de-

terminated to adopt locomotive Engines : they have done so; altho' they have found it expedient to erect stationary Engines also, at the summit of the inclined planes on the road; that the carriages may be impelled along the whole line at an even rate of velocity. The line of road as we have seen, is completed, and Steam employed as the moving agent. The appearance of these Engines is at once singular and simple; the smoke and sparks supposed consequent on the production of steam, are not as visible as might be expected; for the heated air from the furnace traverses several tubes before entering the chimney, thus, purifying itself, and increasing the degree of heat acting on the boiler. They are each of about nine horse power, of exquisite workmanship, and give the necessary motion, by a rod from the piston attached to a spoke of the fore wheel; so that with every stroke of the engine the wheel goes once round, and of course the engine and its load is impelled a length, equal to the circumference of the wheel, along its road. Attached to the Engine carriage, is its tender, a separate carriage, bearing a supply of water and fuel.

We have thus taken a cursory and general view of this undertaking, from its commencement, to its completion; and have seen, that to make the triumph of art complete, the locomotive Engine has been adopted, as the power best fitted for the advantages of the Rail-road: these children of science are joined together, and the fact, proclaims to past and future ages, that the present is a time when mighty men are on the earth, men of renown—men, to whom the Sampsons and Solomons of former ages, were but baby's either for strength or wisdom. Let us now glance a little more closely, over the ground, which we have seen, as it were, from an eminence, and point out rather in detail the peculiar features of this grand work. Let it be recollected that the great object of a Rail-way is to obtain the best possible road. To obtain this the hardest and smoothest materials are chosen: cast or wrought iron slips of much strength are laid along the line, and on these the wheels of the carriages move. These slips weigh about 35lb, each lineal yard; they have a ledge on the outside to confine the wheels in the proper course, and are called rails; and from them, the line on which they are laid, is called a rail road. This appears simple, but it must be recollected that great stability is to be observed in laying the rails, for the slightest motion of the rails under any pressure, would occasion raisings and sinking, bad joints, and impediments, and defeat the great object in view—that of removing every possible obstacle to a rapidly moving body: also, a line nearly level is essential—for the smoother the surface, the greater the difference between moving on a level, and on an ascending plane. The principle of a Rail-road is well illustrated by a person skating; from the small degree of friction, occasioned by the smoothness of the surfaces in contact, the man impels himself perhaps 50 yards with the force necessary to move himself one yard, in the absence of skates and ice; but the difficulty which a skater would meet

with, in ascending an inclined plane must be apparent. The firming of the rails then, and the procuring of a level to lay them on, seem the great objects. The first is obtained by firmly fixing the termination of each rail in an iron supporter; which supporter is spiked to square blocks of stone bedded below the surface: the approximation to a level is obtained, by excavations, cuttings, embankments, bridges, viaducts and all the operations necessary to alter the natural undulations of land surface. When these obstacles to a perfect Railway are considered, the magnitude of the work appears more apparent, and the immense expense incidental to such undertakings becomes obvious. Hence we find that the entire expence of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, a distance of 32 miles, has been stated at about £820,000 including its warehouses and other appurtenances. After this preliminary notice we proceed to our survey of the line.

The first station of the Rail-road line at Liverpool commences at Wapping on the bank of the Mersey. Here is a yard for the receiving and delivering of coarse bulky articles; and an elegant pile of Warehouses for finer goods. The Rail-road runs in a cutting of the earth, under the Warehouses, the floors of which are supported by rows of cast iron pillars; in this covered area the Engines are placed to receive their finer loads, which are lowered to them from hatchways in the floors above. A little beyond the yards and Warehouses, is the entrance of the *Great Tunnel*; at a little distance it seems the mouth of a Cavern; on the ground immediately above which, a high house stands. On exploring the Tunnel it appears a vast and beautiful arched way, running under the busy City of Liverpool, and from end to end measuring one mile and a quarter and fifty yards! This alone were a work sufficient to distinguish an age, but when we think of the splendid line of which this only forms a part, it is difficult to express appropriately, our admiration of the improving enthusiasts who commenced and accomplished the Herculean labour. The road of the Tunnel is smooth, covered with sand, its sides and arch are whitened, and it is lighted by numerous gas lights. Its appearance when lighted is said to be exceedingly fascinating; the near jets of light flowing strongly on the parts contiguous to them, and leaving the intervening spaces in comparative darkness, afford an optical illusion—by which the vista appears like a succession of superb pillars and arches; the lights as they recede seem to approach each other, until in the distance they appear like a continuous bright red flame; the promenaders along this magic road, and the occasional whirling by of the seemingly enchanted locomotives, all help to form a most uncommon scene. Of a clear day, in the absence of the gas lights, the scene is scarcely less attractive; the Tunnel rises in an inclined plane for about a mile; at the bottom of this plane the light at the end of the Tunnel may be observed, gleaming like the moon seen through clouds, and diminished almost to a speck; a half a mile further

on, and there is light sufficient to see objects on the road, and at times, even to read, and a visitor may walk to the mouth as if he journeyed by the dawning of day, every step he takes increasing the portion of light around him. The interest of a walk through the Tunnel is also increased by distinctly hearing overhead the rolling of carriages, and other noises, as the passer moves below the streets of the city. This stupendous portion of a mighty work, was commenced in October, 1826; parties of workmen commenced at various shafts, and working towards each other, guided by the mariner's compass, they met in the centres with astonishing precision. Continued labour night and day, for 12 months, effected a passage from end to end; large bodies of workmen continually relieving those whose exhaustion demanded rest. The cutting of the Tunnel varies from four to seventy feet below the unequal surface of the earth, and is twenty two feet wide and sixteen feet high: it afforded considerable matter for geological speculation, and for speculation of a less abstracted nature, for the shafts of several wells were cut away in its course, and one or two houses were shaken by their foundations being sapped. However, no serious accident occurred, and the tunnel and its superincumbent load, seem now as firm as if all was a work of nature.

A smaller tunnel 291 yards in length, a beautiful miniature of the Great Tunnel, penetrates the hill in another direction; and is intended for the transit of goods from the upper part of the town, for which purpose the large tunnel was not available. It alone is a noble work, but beside the larger, it loses perhaps its proper share of notice and admiration.

Both tunnels open into a Grand Area, cut forty feet below the level of the surrounding fields. Here stand two towers in the Turkish style, which form engine houses, for the stationary engines, which draw the waggons up the inclined plane of the Great Tunnel. It is a great merit of English industry, that it generally joins beauty to utility. Two beautiful Grecian columns appear in the area just mentioned, and the stranger is astonished when he understands that those splendid ornaments are but the chimnies of the engine houses. This area is the starting place of the locomotive carriages, the waggons and coaches which arrive thro' both tunnels, are here harnessed to their horses of fire, and start along the line as if impelled by supernatural means.

The road proceeds through some minor cuttings, its course rendered romantic and picturesque, by numerous handsome bridges thrown across it, to connect each side of the country above. Olive Mount excavation is then entered; and it is described as a stupendous work in itself. The mount is cleft in twain, not by destructive earthquake or flood, not by warring gods and giants, but by the perseverance of man, that he might be brought in closer communion with his fellows. The excavation sinks in the solid rock seventy feet below the surface, and is two miles in length. Along this great chasm the locomotives fly, and tho'

gloom; the traveller is strongly impressed with the extraordinary and picturesque nature of his road. Several bridges cross this channel, and seem from below as so many noble arches, while the view from them is peculiarly striking.

Escaping from this gloomy pass, the traveller soon finds himself on the summit of Broad Green embankment. This artificial hill bears the rail road across Broad Green Valley, and is in some parts 45 feet in height, affording delightful air and views after the journey through the chasm. This embankment is pierced with numerous passages below, that the intercourse of the fields may not be disturbed, by the intrusion of art. After passing this work, junction rail roads are met with, which convey enormous loads from the coal districts, to the main line. About this part of the rail road the contest between the locomotives for the prize of £500 occurred: And at about this part there are particularly fine bridges, some of them built diagonally, on what is called the skew principle, and one of which affords a passage for the Liverpool and Manchester turnpike road, over the rail road. Sutton excavation, Moss embankments, and other works, conduct to the noble viaduct which crosses the valley of Sankey.

Sankey viaduct or bridge, is a noble stone structure, of nine arches of 50 feet span each. The Sankey canal creeps through the valley beneath, and goes under the viaduct: the parapet of the latter is 70 feet above the canal, and whether from above or below, the scene is impressive and grand. The traveller above has a noble prospect of the surrounding country, and of vessels sailing below him as tho' he were pendant in air; and the passer in the vessel, finds the heavens shrouded by a massive arch, as tho' it were some majestic freak of nature. The rail road is borne on a second viaduct across a narrow valley; and the next chief feature of the line, is the great Kenyon excavation. From this about 300,000 cubic yards of clay and sand were taken: it is crossed by several bridges. Brosely embankment is crossed, and then the road over Chat Moss claims attention. It was thought impossible to make a good road over this deceitful bog, but at great expense, and with all conquering perseverance, it has been accomplished: and an excellent road 4½ miles long, runs over what was long considered an irreclaimable quagmire. By the aid of branch rail roads 200 acres of this bog, are already cultivated, and bears luxuriously; and the reformation of the entire consisting of 12 square miles, is hoped for. After quitting the Moss the rail road proceeds under and over several bridges, the spires of Manchester become visible, and after crossing a handsome bridge over Water Street Manchester, the company's warehouses, and the end of the line is arrived at. This point is 31 miles from the Liverpool station. On the line between the two towns there are 65 bridges, beside the noble viaducts; 3 excavations, from which about 3 millions cubic yards of stone clay and sand have been taken; and the lines of iron forming the rail road, weigh 4000 tons. The magnitude of this work of man is calculated to astound the con-

templative mind; perhaps a good criterion may be obtained to assist the judgment, by examining the expenses of the road, recollecting how much lower labour is in England, than it is in the country where this sketch is written. We have then from good authority, the following statement.

Cost of the whole, including anticipated expenses before entire completion, about £820,000

The principal items of this gross sum are stated as below.

The Tunnel cost, including about £10,000 compensations to individuals, for houses, damage, &c. about	£44,770
Small Tunnel,	2,180
The Sankey Viaduct,	45,200
Newton ditto	5,300
Rainhill ditto	3,700
Irwell Bridge, about	4,500
Chatt Moss,	27,000
Land about	130,000
Cutting and Embankments,	200,000
Iron Rails,	70,000

Building the bridges, making the road, salaries, waggons, &c. constitute the remaining expenses.

We have only space to merely allude to the advantages gained by this mighty work. The two great towns which it connects, by a road 32 miles long, are brought as it were within about 10 miles of each other; enormous loads, and crowds of passengers are conveyed with ease and safety, in two hours from one town to the other; while the facilities which it affords to the mining, agricultural and manufacturing districts must be immense. The receipts on the road, altho' it is not in full operation, are already stated at £100,000 per annum—and the future improvements, and magnificent consequences to the kingdom generally, may be judged, from the following statement:

“Mr. Stephenson, the proprietor of the Rocket Engine, had lately decided in his favor a wager of one thousand guineas upon the speed of his Engine, by travelling the distance between the two towns, in thirty three minutes—[or in other words, at more than 58 miles per hour.]”

This is almost overwhelming to those used to the common methods of locomotion, it opens a field for inspection, over which the daring mind ponders with delight; it sets the present age on a proud eminence above the past, and wraps the future in mystic but inspiring obscurity, which cannot be pierced, yet which throws noble undefined shadows before it. At the opening of this line, 8 locomotive machines were present, each conveying its long line of splendid coaches: the coach in which the Duke of Wellington sat, contained 100 persons; immense crowds attended, and during a pause of the Noble visitors, in the confusion created

by an approaching engine, Mr. Huskisson received the injuries which led to his speedy dissolution. This sad catastrophe occasioned no blame to the persons employed, nor objections to the principle of locomotive engines; it is averred that not more accidents occur on the line in proportion to the business done, than on a turn-pike road, where horse power alone is used. We have thus examined somewhat in detail a noble work; the first road, on which the principles of rails and locomotive carriages have received a full trial: complete success has crowned the attempt, and there is much probability that the bold example will be generally followed on the chief great thoroughfares of England. How much more glorious than conquests of war, are the sublime achievements of useful art, for which peace affords such noble opportunities. See the acts, the causes, the effects of each, and the contrast will be the more striking; and more in favour of the policy which achieves good for itself, by doing good to others, rather than that which does evil to satisfy revenge and gain empty renown.

The principal facts contained in this sketch have been obtained from a pamphlet published in Liverpool and dedicated to the chief Engineer of the rail road; and from other sources seemingly as authentic.

THE STUDENT.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE College bell had tolled nine o'clock, and the sound died along walls and across Court Yards unusually silent—it was the 24th day of December, and except some of the old lonely Professors, a few grey headed servants, and one or two neglected students the building was deserted.

Happy at this happiest vacation, the juvenile band, which usually made the old building resound with their riotous mirth, were separated from each other; and scattered amid the paternal hearths of the land, were the eccentric centres to many a merry circle. Such of the Scholars as were deprived of their guardians by death or distance, freely accepted the warm invitations of their more fortunate comrades, to sojourn with them; and to quaff gaily the artless joys which this blessed season makes it man's delight to convey to his fellows. Edward Churchill was an exception to this little community of charity—and the night and the hour which we have mentioned found him sitting alone in his little chamber.

He was an orphan—a lad of much sensibility, and although frequently foremost in boyish sports, had a deep sense of the more placid joys; and not unfrequently indulged in that kind of morbid pleasure to excess, which melancholy and pathetic studies afford. To wit, this latter feeling he refused the pressing requests of

several of his school fellows to accompany them to their home ; he felt that he was approaching that state of life, when he should appear for himself amid the bustling world—his relatives were either dead, or forgetful of him in a Foreign land—his patrimony was merely adequate to a first setting out in life—and induced into a kind of semi misanthropy by such reflections, he had resolved to spend the Christmas vacation in his chamber, ruminating on his fate, and giving free scope to his pensive disposition. When several of the boys had departed, and the joyful preparations of the others ran more distinctly around the partially silent building, his resolution died within him ; and a childish yearning after sympathy and society, made the feelings extremely painful, with which he witnessed the departure of the last stragglers ; but it was too late to recede, and with a bosom bursting with its curbed passions, and depressed to painful endurance by surrounding contrast, he paced the deserted alleys of the college—the youthful victim of obstinate and melancholy sensibility.

The forenoon of Christmas eve was passed by Edward in reading legends, which too well suited his own cast of mind. As the setting sun struggled through a hazy atmosphere, and gleamed into his little room as if in tearful sympathy with the inmate—he laid his book down, and sat intensely watching the tempered decline of the great luminary. A diseased imagination easily reduces all around to its own temperament, and Edward like the Night-shade, found poison in the earth and sky, which were at the same time cause of delight and health to others. The waning sun—the gathering night clouds over head—the land dark, an indistinct heavy mass amid the December haze—how similar did he think the melancholy evening scene, to his own clouded morning of life. The sun sank rapidly, and bringing all outward beauty with him, as if he were never to rise again. Edward still sat—indulging a host of thoughts, of his early days, of his happy school fellows, and of his present sadness and future unfriendly prospects ; until his youthful nerves unshackled in grief and intense thought, relaxed, a weakening suffusion passed along his fevered cheek, and resigning himself to passing impulses—in a few moments he was locked in slumber—silent and lonely, as if his little chamber were his tomb.

But oblivion came not with sleep. The living principle within, which is either man's greatest blessing or curse, which is immortal as its Maker, seems like him, never to slumber or sleep. Dreams are but the uncontrolled unarranged thoughts of the soul—and are more or less vivid, and more or less recollected as circumstances may be, but are—as some believe—as continuous as waking thought. Edward dreamt of his youth, of his kind parents—of a fair sisterly little form long, too long unseen, and smiled in his sleep, when he thought that he was even now, picking the wild wood with his gentle playmate. Again, and precipices and morasses intervened—and the legends of his childhood, and legends seemed in some mysterious manner connected with his fate.

He thought he strayed, he knew not how, into an immense cavern--that a fair haired youth conducted his steps by holding a small taper along the dangerous path--he arrived at a point, precipitous and slippery--a gulph yawned at either side, and the dark oozy path was so narrow, that the utmost caution was necessary to pursue his way. Suddenly, as he looked to his feet--the light was extinguished--he paused, fixed as a statue, and the awful stillness of the vast hall was appalling to humanity. His arm was touched, and he grasped, as he supposed, his conductor's hand--but oh! how damp and cold, death and the grave were palpably in the clutch. While he paused--the light again glimmered! at a distance, and instead of being held by the fair haired youth--a deformed wizard seemed to be its supporter--a gulph was between them, and he turned in horror to consult with him, whose hand he held. With a horrible sensation, he found that he had but clutched the body of an enormous snake! the monster's tail was coiled about a rock, and his glowing fangs quivered in rage above his victim's head. Edward sprung in agony from his filthy holding, and losing his balance--tottered on the brink of the gulph--the light shot up in a strong blaze and immediately expired--the spectre yelled a tremendous laugh--and seeming to fly to death from that infernal sound, Edward fell back into the dreadful chasm. The shock was too much for nature, and the unhappy dreamer awoke; panting from exhaustion, and a profuse perspiration issuing from his burning forehead, despite all the rigours of the evening. All around him was awfully dark, and as he paused in horror as if still listening to the dreadful laugh--the bell tolling nine--called him to reason, and to the loneliness of the old College, from the supernatural terrors of the Cavern.

He lighted his taper, and with a heavy heart retired to his little lonely couch. The dream of the evening greatly affected his imagination, and the poor youth frequently awoke, during the silent watches of the night, startled and trembling, with the fearful laugh of the spectre ringing in his ears. The sacred morning found him weak in body, but also with that sickness of soul, which induces the sufferer to forget outward afflictions. Had his College studies, and the company of his compeers, demanded his attention, probably the melancholy impressions of the evening would have been soon dissipated; but the air of desertion and destitution which at this time surrounded him, gave full scope to his morbid feelings. As he lay, watching the increasing tinges of the morning, he shrank terrified--for he heard, as he thought, the laugh of the fiend palpably within his room!--it was but the joyful peal of bells which from a neighbouring steeple bid the glad morning welcome, and the sound of which, giving his diseased nerves a shock, reminded him with painful force of the fearful voice which since his dream, haunted his imagination. The reality, cheered and soothed him, and the well known chime brought a train of better feelings to his mind. He arose, and repaired to the place of worship; glad of such an opportunity to calm his disturbed spirits.

Numerous were the happy faces, which had collected together that morning, to welcome in the joyous festival, while it was yet the cool dawn of day. The hoary head, and light hearted youth, seemed all animated by one delightful impulse; the taper lights cheered the solemn tinge of the hour, the organ pealed with more clearness through the elastic air, a thousand voices swelled the Anthem's chorus, and all exhibited a scene, fitting those, who awoke right early to praise the Lord with a joyful heart.

Edward was one of the joyous congregation, but he had little fellowship in their rejoicing. He felt—though scarcely understanding his emotion—that his late melancholy, and the vagaries of his imagination, had got a hold on his mental energies which reduced him to a pitiable state of hypochondria. Perhaps the malady would have but little effect on him, had he any endearing scenes or objects to turn to for relief; or had his mind more matured, been able to lose such dregs of earth and sin, in its eagle flight towards heaven. But, he was young and sensitive, his only home, his school, was at this joyous season, desolate and forlorn, without one human object to excite his sympathy or affection; as for the world of spirits, his efforts to scale its sunny walls, were feeble, and the slough of despond was ever near to catch his missing steps. Bred on the comforts of life, which he yearned after, his soul might have reached boldly and ardently after better joys—or having attained those better comforts, he might have despised the chills of earth; as it was, he felt his earthly state destitute, and felt inadequate to pass in spirit the confines of that other and better world. The Anthem, we said went up joyously—as a sunbeam reflected again, to the source from whence it came—but Edward, felt unable to join in its strains; at every effort to do so, his spirits died within him—as the hearth fire is crushed when a flood from the hills sweeps through a cottage of the glen—his energies gave way, as if under a mountain load, for with the sublime music, his fever'd ear heard distinctly, the laugh of the spectre which disturbed his dreams!—when he endeavoured to follow the person who ministered in holy things, and to gaze on the manger at Bethlehem—the gloomy cavern of his fancy, spread palpably before his mind's eye! The service ended, and wearied with his internal struggle, Edward again sought the melancholy walls of the silent College. He eyed painfully, the many lively groupes which were dispersing, each to its cheerful home; and thought of the little social joys which surrounded the paternal table, of each youth who passed him, while himself seemed to have no hold on the sympathy, or interest of any being in creation.—He soon sought his little room again, and in the simplicity of his heart, induced Rolla, the old house dog to accompany him. He fondled the old favorite; and Rolla having no cares but those of the moment, returned the caresses, and whined out his expression of joy and thanks. Edward let fall some bitter tears on the head of his rough companion; and endeavoured to recollect the distant period when he experienced a parent's care, and shared his

Christmas presents, with little Emily. He could not recal who Emily was, but he felt that he loved her as a sister—and he knew not how he had been separated from the parents of his youth—"I have been early deserted indeed," said he, "and now the best delights of earth seem forbidden fruit to my unfortunate hand." Again tears trickled, on the head of the grateful Rolla—and Edward, internally ashamed of his weakness, endeavoured to arouse himself to exertion. "This will never do," said he aloud, "I must fight with circumstances, and make myself happy—I will cultivate comforts which grow not spontaneously, and will create endearments around my now barren situation." With a forced smile he arose from his chair, and intended at once to put his good resolution into train of practice. His spirits—like a long bent spring—feebly assayed to rise; and the young sufferer thought that an eagle's wing supported him, when alas! he found his pinions like those of the unfledged lark. "I will yet be happy and be loved," he exclaimed, and again a sickly smile played like a moon beam over his pale but handsome countenance. The next moment, to his horror the fiendish laugh of his dream rung torturingly on his ear, as if treating his plans of happiness with contempt!—and the light which before seemed about beaming on his spirits, sank like an ignis fatuus at the appalling sound, and night heavy as if never to be removed, fell on his harrowed soul. He again threw himself into his chair, covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed aloud: there was none to hear or heed his wailings, but the old dog, who crept close to his melancholy companion and endeavoured by fawning, to attract his attention.

While Edward was thus engaged, the roll of a carriage was heard, and it evidently drew up at the College gate. This occurrence, unusual during vacation, attracted the attention of the young mourner, and the loud rapping which ensued, made both him and Rolla start; the latter barked loudly at this interruption to the surrounding repose; and Edward applied a little fastening to his door involuntarily, as if he feared the intrusion of strangers on his melancholy apartment. (Poor youth, what should visitors have to do with him?) A pause followed, and to his surprise—after the lapse of a few minutes—he heard his name called aloud; and the old servant was soon at his door, informing him that a gentleman waited below to speak with him. "To speak with me!" ejaculated Edward—as he endeavoured to remove all traces of recent sorrow from his countenance, and the appearance of dishabille from his plain attire—"to speak with me!"—"what business can a stranger want with poor Churchhill?"—continued he, as with a tremulous step he proceeded to the interview.

The first glance of Edmund at the visitor, told him that he was not, or at least *ought not* to be a stranger to him; he had seen him somewhere before, and his heart told him that he had once loved the stranger, and had been beloved by him. "My dear Edward—my neglected but still darling boy;" said the gentleman, as he rushed towards the student and embraced him fondly

in his arms. "My own long lost father," sobbed Edmund, "am I to lose you again? will we ever meet when you desert me once more." "Spare your reproaches my son," exclaimed the visitor, "I am come to take you to your mother, let desertion and care be forgotten, we will henceforward be one family, never more to be separated, as we have been;" "But my son how distressed and care-worn you appear," continued he, "has confinement impaired your health?" "No, father," returned Edward, "some melancholy imaginations have preyed on my mind, but your presence has already dissipated them, and the social endearments which I have so long wished for, and which you promise me, will I hope prevent their recurrence." "I trust so my son," said Mr. Churchill, "or if they recur, we must try and make such wrong emotions but so many excitements to proper cheerfulness, and praise worthy exertion, so may the hanc be the antidote; family misfortunes, which I will at some future opportunity relate to you, demanded my long absence from England—but come, let us repair to the carriage, your mother is a few miles off and anxiously expects you—your cousin Emily too, your youthful playmate, waits to bid you a happy Christmas; let us hasten to make them, and ourselves very happy." Edward's heart leaped within him at these delightful sounds, and in a few moments the carriage was whiling him with rapidity, from his little cares, and bringing him to the long desired sphere of domestic happiness. The evening was an extreme reverse to the morning, with Edward, He found himself the centre of delight: he sat by the cheerful paternal hearth; Emily, the sweetest spirit of his dreams, caressed him as a brother; the gambols of Christmas were not wanting to the happy scene; and the late student on retiring to his couch, prostrated himself in joyful gratitude before his heavenly father; and shed delightful tears as he thought of the contrast between that and the preceding evening. Dreams again came over his midnight slumber—but with his melancholy waking thoughts, his fearful sleeping vagaries also vanished—and bright placid scenery, this night, lighted up a long perspective to his soothed imagination.

THE SESSION.

In our last number, we briefly and lightly alluded to New Members, Maiden Speeches, Revenue Bills, and Stock on Hand tax. Let us now more briefly retouch those subjects, in the additional light which another month affords. The New Members have in general, conducted themselves with much forbearing modesty, if we except the gentlemen from Hants and Pictou, on the cheap law bill, and a few other random and minor effusions. The first of the gentlemen, mentioned here, on the subject alluded to, spoke with vindictive personality; and used allusions which reflected more on the momentary vulgarity of the declaimer, than on the persons whom he would fain castigate: in a word, he and the

other professional gentlemen at his side, with admirable tact, defeated themselves; and threw an easy victory to an antagonist whom they would fain despise, by their injudicious, and in a degree ungentlemanly, conduct during this debate. The second gentleman from Pictou, in answer to the allusions of his opponents, would have given the Tom Thumb aristocracy of the Province some perhaps wanted correction, only that his vehemence took the bit in its mouth, and ran away with his judgment, making the would-be thunder dispenser, a laughing stock not a terror to his adversaries. All others, as we before said, of the New Members were generally discreet and forbearing. There is some alteration since our last, in the list of New Members. Cape Breton has gained Mr. Cavanagh, and has lost for the present, Mr. Uniacke! "Look on this picture and on that," and the nature of this change will be understood. The last mentioned gentleman has contrived during his short trial in the House, to make himself a very general favorite; and we believe that persons of every political belief would regret his abstraction from our popular branch.

We are inclined to support our late opinion regarding Maiden Speeches, far as it went, except that we would fain temper the remarks on Mr. Blanchard's first essay. Subsequent expositions have demonstrated, that crude impulses, rather than illiberal or hollow principles, are to be charged with the faults, by which this gentleman sometimes offended his friends.

The Revenue Bill, of which so much doubt existed in December, has now happily passed into a law; its taxes being reduced, or removed, from many of the necessaries of life. The Stock on hand tax, which we took the liberty to denounce in our last—in its subsequent progress through the house, was left in a minority; and was very properly kicked out! its foster fathers having scarcely a word to say in behalf of the little monster.

Had we space we should review briefly the principal features of the Session, as it is, we leave their scrutiny for a better opportunity; and may at more leisure, have a debate of our own with our readers, on these subjects.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

{FOR THE H. M. M.}

I STAND upon the verge of two vast caves,
 One seems for banquet scenes, and one for graves;
 And here, all lonely, as the bell proclaims
 Night's loneliest hour, I glance at both domains
 The gulph, on this side, deep and wide extends,
 Its mightest scenery great events portends;
 Awful its tone, as ocean's murmuring waves,
 When on them, rides the north wind thro' her caves.
 Its area's cloudy, dimly through the haze
 An host of shadows meet my daring gaze!

Some wreath'd with flowers, and flushed from rosy wine,
 Some as the pale moon at grey eve's decline :
 Poor mutes of sorrow, boisterous sons of mirth,
 From the slow rolling clouds, have mystic birth.
 There hymen danceth, while his torch-lit file
 Through softest tears and happiest blushes, smile.

And there the Spoiler, Death—grim conquerer rides,
 His swelling columns form impetuous tides ;
 So mighty, all else fade, and shroud and pall
 Cast gloom, like night clouds, o'er the trembling hall.

Again and crowding cohorts rise to view,
 Tumultuous, yet some laws the throng imbue :
 For see, above the mass, a funeral train !
 And England's mourning banners fan the plain ;
 The torch lights flare, the cannon's death notes fall,
 Sending the tidings round the echoing hall.

The pageant vanishes—and loyal shout,
 And royal trumps and drums come pealing out.
 See mad leaping groups of cit'zen soldiers—there
 Clamour of death feud loads the affrighted air ;
 And 'bove the sabre's clash, and guns dread boom,
 I hear the words—" France, Belgium"—" men resume
 The rights inherent to the human name,
 Or scorch your tyrants by your funeral flame."
 The bands sweep wildly thro' the angry skies,
 And thrones fall toppling, as the shouts arise.

Again bright Albion peers above the mass—
 " The Captain" totters from his pride of place !
 Not lance or cannon turns him—parchment spoil'd,
 And Motley's lath, have now the hero foil'd.
 High o'er the isles, new constellations peer,
 Shedding benignant light thro' mighty sphere.

Again the clouds increase, and in the cave,
 Is midnight's gloom, and silence of the grave.
 And resting at the gate, two sprites let fall,
 Before the mystic scene, a veiling pall—
 Wisdom, and Folly—all the caverns throng
 To one of these great leaders must belong.
 Veiling the scene, and soothing down the blast,
 They cry to gazers—" 'Tis the past—the past."

Trembling I turn to view the other cave ;
 Before its portal, gauzy vapours wave,
 And radiant dimness, of the sunrise hue
 Shades all but mystic outlines from my view !
 Fantastic spectres though the haze appear,
 Dancing like shadows round the new born year.
 Vainly I strive to pierce the radiant maze,
 A Prophet, only, on such scenes may gaze.

But at the portal, hope reclines—I see
 A countless multitude there bow the knee,
 And lightly skip, and smile, as in thy pass ;
 The gazer, not unwilling, joins the mass !
 How shall he step when all is veil'd from sight
 The shade not more deceptions than the light ?
 Doubtful I moved, urged by a hand unknown,
 When thus in whispers breathed a gentlest tone,
 " Choose well your path, step boldly then, nor fear—
 " Conquest shall crown the closing of the year."

FORGET ME NOT.

Concluded from page 250.

A Poem entitled "Sir Walter Scott," requesting that author to resume the lyre—has some good lines; in it the following occur:

"O Scotia! round thy rocky shore
 Tempestuous winds and billows roar,
 And oft thy mountains veil'd in clouds
 Pour o'er thy dales the wintry floods;
 Oft volume dense of fog and rain
 Spreads cheerless darkness o'er the plain:
 Bleak though thy hills, and cold thy soil,
 Nurce of a race inured to toil;
 From thy rude clime though strangers fly
 To seek a purer, brighter sky;
 Yet when our bard takes up the lyre,
 Touch'd by a poet's, patriot's fire,
 Thy cloud-capt mountains rise to view,
 Robed in the sweet heath's purple hue;
 While, bursting from thy thousand hills,
 Sparkling descend their countless rills,
 Now seen, and now conceal'd from view,
 Through chasms, o'er rocks, their way pursue
 Down to thy vales, where winding slow
 Through verdant flowery fields they flow,
 Midst shady dells; and oft the song
 Of mirth is heard thy groves among;
 Oft martial note swells on the ear,
 To rouse the sons thy mountains rear,
 Who dauntless stand in battle's shock
 Unmoved, as stands their native rock;
 Or sweep the field with mighty force,
 Resistless as the torrent's course."

The next prose article is "The Haunted Hogshead," a Yankee Legend. As a restorative, after the unnerving extract of the Benshee—we select a little from the Yankee. A set of roistering fellows, had been making merry over the contents of a hogshead of Rum, which was very strangely found among the piles of an old house.

"Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, 'Yo ho, there, brothers! open the hatchway and let me out!' which made them all start. I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his wits with fright and stout old rum.

"'Don't open the hogshead,' cried the helps and neighbours, a mighty great fear; 'its the Devil!'

"'Potstausend!' says my Uncle Ben;—for you must know that he's a roistering High-German:—'You're a cowardly crew,' says he, 'that good liquor's thrown away upon.'

"'Thunder and storm!' called out the voice again from the

barrel, 'why the Henker don't you unship the batches? Am I to stay here these hundred years?'

"'Stille! mein Herr!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit *afraid*, only a *little* madded and wondered he was; 'behave yourself handsom, and don't be in such a pretty particular considerable hurry. I'll tell you what it is; before you come out I should like to make an *enquery* of you:—Who are you? where were you raised? how have you got along in the world? and when did you come here? Tell me all this speedily, or I shall decline off letting you out, I calculate.'

"'Open the hogshead, brother!' said the man in the tub, says he, 'and you shall know all, and a pretty considerable sight more; and I'll take mighty good care of you for ever, because you're an awful smart, right-slick-away sort of a fellow, and not like the cowardly land-lubbers that have been sucking away my rum with you.'

"'Hole mich der Teufel!' said my Uncle Ben, 'but this is a real reg'lar Yankee spark, a tarnation stout blade, who knows what a bold man should be; and so, by the Henker's horns, I'll let him out at once.'

"So, do you see, Uncle Ben made no more ado but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the storm out of doors, and the laughing and swearing in the cask, a mighty elegant noise there was while he did it, I promise you: but at last there came up out of the hogshead a short, thick-set, truculent, sailor-looking fellow, dressed in the old ancient way, with dirty slops, tarnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff-skirted coat, fastened up to his throat with a mighty sight of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and a swinging cutlass by his side. He looked one of the genuine privateer, bull-dog breed, and his broad swelled face, where it not red with rage, or the good rum, was black or purple; marked, I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head.

"If the helps and neighbours were *afraid* before, they were now astonished outright, I calculate; and 'specially so when the *strange* Sailor got out of his hogshead, and began to lay about him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve-pounder cannon-shot, crying like a bull-frog in a swamp,—'Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel for ever, if your comrade had bore no stouter a heart than you did.'

"Well, I guess, that by knocking down the helps and the neighbours he soon made a clear ship; and ther, striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn't not at all *afraid*, but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, 'As for you, brother, you're a man after my own kidney, so give us your fin, and we'll soon be sworn friends, I warrant me.' But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a horse-shoe, like

brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the Devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burrying his treasure at Boston, before he was hanged.

“ ‘Hagel!’ says my Uncle Ben, says he, ‘what’s that in your right hand, my friend?’

“ ‘What’s that to you?’ said the old Sailor. ‘We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about, or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that’s a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate.’

“ ‘Then,’ says my Uncle Ben again, says he, ‘may I make an enquery of you? Where were you raised? and who’s your Boss?’

“ ‘Oh!’ says the Sailor, ‘I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there, as the nigger said; and for the Captain I belong to, why, he’s the chief of all the fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began.’

“ ‘And, pray, where’s your plunder?’ says my Uncle Ben to the strange Sailor; ‘and how long have you been in that hogshead?’

“ ‘Over long, I can tell you, brother, I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate. As for my plunder, I reckon I don’t show every body my locker; but you’re a bold fellow enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I’ll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I’ve a stout ship and comrades ready for sea, and there’s plunder everywhere for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely.’

“ ‘Lord who?’ says uncle Ben, a *leetle* bit maddled and wondered.

“ ‘Why, Lord Bellamont, to be sure,’ answered the *strange* sailor, ‘the English Governor of New England, and Admiral of the seas about it, under King William the Third.’

“ ‘Governor and Admiral in your teeth!’ says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn’t no daunting him then; ‘what have we to do with the old country, your kings, or your governors? this is the Free City of Boston, in the Independent United States of America, and the second year of liberty, seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised, and I’m no cockerell. I’ll tell you what it is, now, my smart fellow, you’ve got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you’ve been there ever since them old ancient days; and, to speak my mind plain, you’re either the Devil or Captain Kidd. But I’d have you to know, I’m not to be scared by a face of clay, if you were both; for I’m an old Kentuck Rowdey, of Town-Fork by the Elkhorn; my breed’s half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can’t poke your fun at me, I calculate; and here goes upon you for a villain, any way!’

“ My Uncle Ben’s pluck was now all up; for pretty considerably maddled he was, and could bite in his breath no longer; so he ~~lew~~ upon the strange Sailor, and walked into him like a flash o

lightning into a gooseberry-bush, like a mighty, smart, active man as he was."

Immediately subsequent to the Haunted Hogshead, is a very interesting engraving, "The Political Cobbler." The action of the picture, is, the purchase of a little plaister-of-Paris image of Napoleon. The bumble artisan is on his seat, and in his working costume; and pauses from his employ, to examine and seemingly to bargain for, the image—which is handed through an open window by the itinerant staturist. The cordwainers apprentice is well drawn: his youthful locks and smooth cheek, contrast the hard rugged features of his Master. The boy also pauses to gaze on the toy statues; while a younger boy peeps from behind the lattice; a fine lassie who stands behind her father, looks on admiringly, and a baby which she carries in her arms, exults at the introduction of the little emperor. The mistress of the house examines the purchase more coldly; and while she takes the money from her pocket, seems half inclined to cavil at the taste of her lord. There is a pretty contrast between the countenances of the seniors and juniors of the family—the latter all admiration and pleasure, admiring the toy for its own sake, undamped by recollections or anticipations; while the father with a kind of affected independence and carelessness, takes the image as if he half-expected a hint concerning his folly, from his partner; and she, tardy in producing the money, and with a look of simple eloquence, seems to count the drains on her little treasury, and to regret the interference of such superfluities with the necessaries of her household. Cobbet's Gridiron Register lies on the window shelf, a black bird's cage hangs against the casement, and the vine tendrils curl luxuriously outside. The Italian with his exhibition board is a good miniature, and calls to the memory the well known London cry of *i-ma-geas, i-ma-geas*.—A poetical article of the same title as that of the engraving, follows it. Only a small portion of it is applicable to the picture. Ben the cobbler was an old man-of-war's-man, brave, learned, and wise; in a dispute at the tap-room of the "Blue Dog," Ben pitched the village tailor out of a window, and legal steps result from this too summary ejection.

" You'll think he pull'd Ben up for the assault;
 But no—Snip knew he'd given provocation,
 And might perhaps be deem'd as much in fault,
 And, therefore, gain but sorry compensation;
 So he prevail'd on this wise legislator
 To authorise Ben's caption as a traitor.
 The sly rogue qualified, I should premise,
 With some few grains of truth his proud of lies,
 Stating, that once he'd seen the cobbler buy
 An image of Napoleon; that his eye,
 Into the interior of Ben's cottage prying,
 Saw 'Cobbett's Weekly' on the table lying.

" Ben was a politician, there's no doubt,
 But not a radical; for it turn'd out,

So far from having said one sentence laudatory
 Of Cobbett's principles, he much disputed them,
 And, at his club, triumphantly refuted them,
 As was allow'd by his enlighten'd auditory.
 Unseen, at first, Snip spied out Ben alone,
 Thumping a piece of leather on a stone,
 Wishing devoutly 'twas the tailor's ears.
 Snip for the warrant then began to fumble,
 A wholesome reminiscence of his tumble
 Rousing, what hate had conquer'd, all his fears.

"With sundry qualms, Snip, raising up the latch,
 Quiv'ring all over, like a fresh caught flounder,
 The warrant held, as 'twere a lighted match,
 And Ben a loaded two-and-thirty pounder.
 The constable, affecting great humility,
 Accosted him with singular civility,
 And gave him courteously to understand
 He'd got a warrant under the knight's hand.—
 'I'll give you such a warrant under mine,'
 Said Ben, and made a most pugnacious sign:
 'Sheer off, or else, you buccaneering dog?
 If I don't make you rue it, stop my gog!'

"The Smuggler" is a pleasing narrative of the Irish coast.
 "The Bee Orchis," poetical lines, follow—and "The Past," one
 of the smoothest articles in the book comes next. The author
 says that he hears the voice of the past in every sound of nature.

"But most I feel its influence in my visions of the night ;
 It speaks in every gale, and shines in every planet's light ;
 As I watch the dumpling river—'tis there too, it is there!
 It follows me where'er I go—its power is every where !

"The Japanese Palace" Dresden, is a fine architectural engraving,
 and is accompanied by a prose description. Other scraps,
 introduce a long-winded, improbable and unpleasing Indian tale,
 "The Sacrifice" by captain M'Naughton. Again some scraps,
 and then a gem of much mild beauty, called "the Disconsolate."
 These lines, by L. E. L., are descriptive of the engraving—

"Down from her hand it fell, the scroll
 She could no longer trace ;
 The grief of love is in her soul,
 Its shame upon her face.

"Her head has dropp'd against her arm,
 The faintness of despair ;
 Her lip has lost its red rose charm,
 For all but death is there.

"And there it lies, the faith of years,
 The register'd above,
 Deepen'd by woman's anxious tears,
 Her first and childish love.

The Disconsolate is seen in the picture, seated under the arch of
 a garden piazza ; her arm rests against a pillar, and her head, the

picture of mute sorrow, rests on her arm; she has dropped the fatal letter; and it lies at her feet; the string attached to her greyhound's collar also falls from her nerveless hand, and the animal reclined at his mistress's side, looks up as if astonished at the listlessness of his fair owner. Through the arch of the piazza a beautiful scene appears—magnificent trees, deer browsing on a lawn, a meandering river on which a yacht floats under the shade of noble willows, and beyond, the stately battlements of an antique mansion; but the maiden is dead to the beauties of an outward world, and ponders over scenery very different from that which surrounds her.

“The Painter of Pisa” is perhaps the best narrative in the Annual. Giotto is a painter, without employ, and puzzled to know how he may attract attention. At length a happy thought strikes him, and he proceeds to put his new plan into execution.

“Although it was already almost sunset, Giotto seized his pallet and brushes and began to work; and, before light entirely failed him, he had sketched the outline of a female countenance.

“Next morning the sun, as it looked over the Apennines, found Giotto at his task, and its beams, as it sunk in the Mediterranean, still lighted his wet canvas; but assiduity like this had its natural reward: a finished picture speedily rose beneath his pencil; and, having silently contemplated the result of his labour for a few moments, he again exclaimed ‘*Bravissimo!*’”

“Next morning, long before the bosom of the Arno reflected the tints of the morning, Giotto was at work in the window of his studio, and almost before a footstep was heard upon the Lung Arno he had placed his picture in the most conspicuous situation: on each side of it was suspended a broad mirror, and underneath the picture appeared this inscription in large gold letters: ‘This is the portrait of the most beautiful woman in Pisa.’ Giotto, having so disposed his work, took a few turns in the street in front of his studio, every time pausing as he passed to look at his picture; and being satisfied with the effect, he returned to his studio, saying to himself, ‘*Bravissimo!* if this does not produce employment, I’ll hang myself.’ On the strength of this expectation, Giotto ate his breakfast with a better appetite than he had felt since arriving in the city of Pisa; and, filling a cup with red Tuscan, he placed himself in such a situation as might enable him to watch the result of his invention.”

His scheme succeeded, the portrait which he had placed beside the mirror, although exquisitely executed, was not intended to represent but a beauty of very plain order. The fair spectators accordingly comparing their own features in the mirror, with those of the portrait, felt offended by the inscription of the latter, and by an indirect means of getting revenge, employed Giotto to paint their own portraits. The painter had attained the notice, repute, and splendor which he so much desired, when he was thus addressed by one of the most wealthy nobles of Pisa—

“ ‘ You are already celebrated,’ said he, entering Giotto’s studio, ‘ for your talents in depicting beauty. It is not, however, in that line that I have need of them. No doubt the same powers that so magically portray the lineaments of beauty, could also, and with equal effect, represent deformity. It is perhaps unnecessary that I should explain the object I have in view: suffice it to say, that it is one of importance. I have only to request that you will stretch your conception to the uttermost, while you paint for me a countenance more hideous than any that woman ever yet bore; and if you please, we will make this bargain, that in proportion to your success shall be your reward: the more hideous the picture, the better I shall be satisfied, and the greater the price I will pay for it.’ ”

The painter so long used to the study of real and ideal beauty, finds it impossible to conceive a sufficiently hideous countenance.

“ Day after day Giotto laboured at his task, but with no greater success: his attempts to portray ugliness were only caricatures of beauty—the original conception was beauty still. Harassed by disappointment, and worn out by intense thought, late one evening Giotto threw himself upon his bed, bitterly bewailing his misfortune, and anticipating with no very enviable feelings the triumph that would be afforded to his rivals, if he should be found unequal to the performance of his task, or if the Count Peruzzi, dissatisfied with the result of his labours, should employ another artist. In the midst of these distracting thoughts, Giotto suddenly started from his bed, exclaiming—‘ Ah! if I could but one moment see that interdicted picture of Malfeo’s, *The Spouse of Satan!*’ ”

Tradition said that Malfeo’s reason forsook him as his picture was finished, and that with his brush and pallet in his hand, he rushed from his studio raving mad, and drowned himself in the Arno. Also, that the first person who afterwards entered the studio of Malfeo was never more seen to smile; and that the door had been ever since sealed up by order of the Church. Giotto, not deterred by these fearful tales, resolved on an attempt to see the dreadful picture.

“ The soft beams of a Tuscan moon lighted Giotto along the Lung Arno, and to the centre bridge of marble, upon which he paused for a moment, to look back upon the beautiful crescent that extended along the river. All was silent and lovely. The Arno flowed dimpling on, tremulous beneath the moonlight, which streamed upon the marble of a hundred palaces. ‘ I am haunted by images of beauty,’ said Giotto; ‘ let me hasten onward to displace them;’ and Giotto hurried forward, nor paused again till he stood at the door of the interdicted dwelling. Giotto looked to the right and to the left, but no moving thing was visible: he listened, but no footfall was to be heard: there was only the gentle murmur of the river.”

"The next moment, he stood upon the spot from which Malseo had fled a maniac. The room was darkened by a thick curtain that hung before the window. For an instant a shade of fear crossed the mind of Giotto; two only had ever looked upon the picture—one had lost his reason, the other had never smiled again; and a century had elapsed since the silence of that room had been broken by a living footstep. Such reflections were but transient. Giotto grasped the curtain, which, moth-eaten and decayed, fell at his touch; and the moonlight, with almost a supernatural brightness, streamed through the window, and fell upon the countenance of *the Spouse of Satan*.

"Giotto walked pensively through the silent streets of Pisa. He passed the Campo Santo, but he did not pause to mark the effect of the moonlight upon the white and black marble sarcophagi; nor did he look upwards to the Campanile leaning against the midnight sky. He passed the marble bridge, and along the Lung Arno, but he noticed neither the dimpling river, nor the moonlit palaces; and, having entered his studio, he passed hurriedly through it, and, throwing himself upon his bed, dreamt that, as he turned away from Malseo's picture, a dark figure rose between him and the door; and he stood trembling, fearful alike of advancing or retreating, the figure glided on one side, saying, 'I engage you to paint another such for me.'

Giotto's task now was not to paint after the picture which he had seen, but to endeavour to forget the horrors which it had implanted on his memory. While in this state of mind, a stranger applied to Giotto for a painting which should exhibit perfect beauty—unsatisfied with any of the portraits which hung around the painter's gallery, he at length engages him to paint a head, formed by copying the hair of one portrait, the nose and chin of another, the lips of a third, the eyes of a fourth, and so on—promising a large reward, and making the painter pledge his word, that as each feature was finished it should be covered, and that the covering should not be removed until he came to claim the picture. Giotto engages, and at the end of fourteen days the stranger is to receive his picture.

"The very next morning Giotto began his task; and although he anticipated nothing but disappointment from the experiment, he worked in precise agreement with the instructions of his employer: beginning with the upper part of the face, finishing one feature before beginning to another, and constantly covering the countenance as he worked downwards; and thus the picture advanced towards its completion, and the day approached when he might expect the stranger to come and claim it. Let it not be supposed that during all this time the midnight walk and the studio of Malseo were unremembered by Giotto: No! Giotto tried to efface the recollection of them, but he tried in vain, and even while the most charun-

ing conceptions of beauty were present with him, the moonlight streamed through the window upon Malteo's unhallowed picture.

"It was now the thirteenth evening since that upon which Giotto had undertaken the commission: the painting was finished, a black silk veil shrouded the countenance, and the painter of Pisa, according to promise, waited the arrival of the stranger before removing it. Fatigued with the labours of the day, he had fallen asleep in his studio, and had just been visited by the same dream he dreamt on the night he returned from his unlawful visit, when he was awoken by the midnight hour chiming on the cathedral clock. The lamp had gone out, and the moon shone brightly into the studio, and opposite to the window stood the picture he had finished, shrouded by the black veil. 'What hinders me,' said Giotto to himself, 'from removing that veil, and ascertaining the result of the stranger's experiment?' And Giotto rose and approached the picture, and withdrew the veil, and the moonlight, streaming through the window, fell upon the countenance of the Spouse of Satan!"

"All that is known further of Giotto is, that he spent the remainder of his days in a religious house, and that he always persisted in averring that he had seen in his own picture that countenance, which he had once looked upon, and should remember for ever."

In lines on "Music" we have the following pretty sketch of the Death of Wolfe:—

"Who has not heard how valiant Wolfe expired;
How his last look the notes of triumph fired?
When life's red tide was ebbing fast away,
And on the turf, begirt with slain, he lay;
Haply at first sad thoughts of England's coast,
And early friends, his wand'ring mind engross'd.
But when he saw retreat the bands of France,
Victory sparkled in his dying glance.
Love for his country—ardour for her fame—
Fill'd his whole soul, and fann'd life's sinking flame—
He bade soft dreams of youth and home farewell,
Enraptur'd listen'd to the bugles swell,
Around him gaz'd with all a patriot's pride,
Then sank to earth, and, crown'd with glory, died!"

"Benares" is a beautiful plate, representing a magnificent casseled pile of building on the bank of the Ganges. From the placid water below, to the open lantern on the airy summit of the minaret, all is beauty and grandeur.

"The Death of Charles the First," an historical scene by Miss Mitford, follows. We have not space to give a specimen.

"My Great-Grand-mother's Harpsichord" is a sketch by T. H. Bayly and is much-ado-about-nothing. Then appears another graphic gem of surpassing beauty—the young Lady Beaufort, with her ladies in Windsor garden, while the captive Prince James

of Scotland, is intently watching the group from his high lattice. The lines which accompany this seem to have received inspiration from the painter's creation, and exclaims--

"What step is that, as faery light ?

What sound among the thick-leaved trees
That crowd the garden nook ? The breeze
May scarcely stir them thus. O sight
Of all surpassing beauty ! Look,
Look out, sad captive ! quit thy book ;
Behold, within this shady bower,
The fayreste and the freshest flowre
That ere awaked at dawn of day
To do obeisance unto May.
Look out, young captive ! though the rage
Of hostile nations thee forbid
To go on duteous pilprimage
To ladye fair, and at her feet
Proffer this morn thy garland sweet ;
Yet, gentle May, most piteously,
Hath sent thy ladye love to thee ;
And here she standeth, tall and fair,
The lily of the choice parterre ;
With pearl-wrought tresses floating free
O'er the open brow of ivorie,
And swan-like bosom, on whose snow
The ' little ruby herte ' doth glow,
With graceful form, enrobed in white,
And eye, like merlin, full and bright,
Fairest of all her courtly train,
Proud Beaufort's daughter—Lady Jane.
* * * * *

O blessings on thee, lady May !

For never, from that gladsome morn,
Did the young captive pine forlorn.
Swift fly the days, and now the ray
Of autumn's glorious sun is beaming,
Through panes of many-colour'd light,
Upon a pageant fair and bright
Of blazon'd banners proudly streaming ;
For mitred prelates, richly dight,
With purple robe and rochet white,
And knights all clad in fair array,
And damels fresh and bright as May.
And dames and barons of high degree,
Are met in Saint Mary Overie.

But who is he above whose head
The lion banners proudly spread,
With ermined robe and crown ? 'Tis he
Who mourn'd his long captivity
In Windsor's keep—and by his side
' That freshest, fayreste flowre,' his bride :
For free, and monarch once again,
The Scottish king weds Lady Jane."

And if Lady Jane were as modest, simple and lovely as her portrait proclaims her to have been, never did a diadem grace countenance better calculated to turn aside the shafts of envy, o

to excite spectators to cry "God bless her." The Haunted Chamber is a tale of the days of Charles the Second; it is followed by another gem, "the Noon-tide Retreat." In which a beautiful female is seen reclined beneath luxuriant foliage—she bears a parasol, rather inappropriately, where she might have so many verdant sun shades—reclined before her is her favorite dog. The following lines well illustrate the engraving.

"Tall forest trees their stately branches bending
In many a dim and fanciful arcade,
A limpid stream its smooth course gently wending
By tangled coppice and through sunny glade :
In sooth the spot a wood-nymph's haunt might be,
Or fit resort of elfin revelry.
How the light sparkles through the clustering leaves :
Till every pale and pensile flower receives
A rich mosaic of contrasting dyes,
Bright as the rainbow of autumnal skies.
Fair lady ! kings might envy thy retreat,
Shrined in thy sylvan bower from noon-tide heat,
With thy mute guardian watching thee the while,
Intent to win a fondling word or smile."

We pass some pieces of doubtful value to arrive at the next effort of the engraver. It is an East Indian Scene, "The Boa Ghaut."

"The cataract, the mountains, and the sweep
Of the far-onward country, still, as air,
In noon-day sunshine—those reposing clouds
And shades—oh ! they are beautiful as dreams
Of elfin lands !"

It is indeed a delectable view : several thin threads of water fall perpendicularly from a precipice of simple sublimity—the torrent rolls below through a dark chasm, where the white birds float like snow flakes—and above, the stupendous flat, and the cloudy mountains in the distance, give a feeling of vast magnificence to the mind : We are told, in a note, that the summit of the distant mountain was the scene of the victory of Assaye where the Duke of Wellington, then General Wellesley, commanded the British and Native army : And a battle field never looked more replete with cloudy grandeur, and never had a nobler fore ground, than this field of Assaye, as depicted in the engraving.

We pass over a pleasing green-wood tale, called the "Three Vows of Fitz Aucher," and other articles, to come to the sweetest and last engraving of the volume. It illustrates a narrative of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. And it is worthy of the most endearing ideas, which we may have of the fair friends. The picture represents the retreat of Bessy and Mary, when the plague drove them from the more dangerous mansions of their fathers. It is a sweet, soft, woodland scene; the bower of the "bonny lasses," is seen in its sheltered coppice, beside the shrouded Brauchie Burn; and in the distance, where the landscape seems to decline

cape after cape, is seen the bright rolling Almond. The evening sky is exquisitely depicted; so finely shaded from the light horizon, upward, that at first glance it seems evidently the work of the pencil, not the graver. The verdure is beautifully touched, and all has such a rich summer tone to the eye, that the warbling of linnets and the humming of bees, are scarcely wanted to the ear. In the foreground of this sylvan scene, Bruce, the lover of Mary Gray, and the beloved of both the friends, is reclined against a hillock, playing on the shepherd's pipe; while Mary and Bessy, linked like sisters, stand listening to the soft music. The recollected story of the group before us heightens the interest of the beautiful picture, which were interesting, although not connected with any narrative. Bruce left that fairy land, and died in foreign wars: the two friends, plague stricken, died in each other's arms in their rural bower; and by their own desire were buried on the beautiful bank of the Almond, where they had spent many happy and unhappy days of their innocent lives. As an old ballad says,

“ Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
They were twa bonny lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And thee kit it owre wi' rashes.

“ They wouldne lie in Methven kirk,
Beside their gentle kin;
But they would lie on Lednock braes,
Reposing in the sun.”

A few pages remain, but we close here; not feeling inclined to descend to common place, after this loveliest specimen of the *Forget Me Not*.

THE GENIUS OF THE FOREST.

[FOR THE R. M. M.]

“ Neither party would own itself vanquished. About midnight, however, both heard the voice of the Wood Genius, out of the neighbouring Forest of Arsia, pronouncing that the victory belonged to the Romans.—The Etruseans took to flight.”

1st *Nich. Rome.* p. 436.

THE battle is fought, much life blood has flown,
And each army claims the day as its own.
The streams cease their rippling, the winds are asleep.
No murmur is heard from the billowy deep.
The leaves are all silent, the brave soldiers stand,
In wonder and awe, by some pow'ful command.
A voice from the woods now startles each ear;
Fills the Romans with joy, the Etruseans with fear;

The woodgenius casts around them her charms ;
 The warriors of Tarpin throw away their bright arms,
 They fear'd not to rush 'gainst the glittering spear,
 But start with alarm, when spirits are near.
 As the mist flies afar when the glorious sun
 Begins his proud course, thro' the heavens to run,
 So swift and unbidden the spirit had flown,
 And there stand the Romans in wonder—alone.
 Nor buckler, nor sword, nor helmet, nor spear,
 Had gain'd them the day; but THAT spirit was there.
 That swift "angel visit" her first was her last,
 Tho' ages on ages successive have past.
 Like some glad dream of youth, of palace or hall,
 Which vainly we try, again to recal ;
 So the Romans in vain, asked their Fathers to say,
 What form she assumed, on that conquering day.
 For she ne'er was embodied, nor canvas, nor stone,
 Can picture her form—like the sun beam 'twas flown.

MANDEVILLE.

NATURAL MAGICK.

Concluded from page 280.

In writing of extracting the tincture of gold, we find how our conjuror's pen grows wanton in the praise of the valuable metal.

"If the virtues of this never-sufficiently-praised Metal, were known, as well for the health of the body, as the conveniency of mens living, it would be adored with a greater devotion than it is already. The Apes of wise Nature, cunning inquirers in experiments, perceiving a certain glory and brightness in gold, and an attractive or magnetic virtue, (if I may so say) which at first sight draws every mans eye to look upon its majesty and beauty, and tempts our hands to touch and handle it, and even our minds to desire it, and reach our arms out after it, and catch it, and will by no means part from it; presently conjectured, that there was some extraordinary virtue in it for the health of man. Astrologers, seeing it contend with the sun in beams, brightness and glory, and to have a prærogative of majesty among metals, like the sun among the stars, do therefore set it down for a cordial, and a destroyer of melancholy, and all the ill companions of it."

Much of this will be assented to literally, by many unpoetic magi of our generation: as a cordial and a destroyer of melancholy, and its ill companions, Gold still bears all the repute with which the ancients honoured it.

"After distillation, we proceed to unguents and sweet smells: it is an art next of kin to the other; for it provides odors of the same things, compounds and mingles unguents, that they may send forth pleasant sents every way, very far. This art is noble, and much set by, by Kings and great men."

The proeme of Book 12 is rich in simple fervour.

“ Before I leave off to write of Fire, I shall treat of that dangerous fire that works wonderful things, which the vulgar call artificial fire, which the commanders of armies and generals, use lamentably in divers artifices and monstrous designs, to break open walls and cities, and totally to subvert them; and in sea-fights, to the infinite ruine of mortal men; and whereby they oft-times frustrate the malicious enterprizes of their enemies. The matter is useful and wonderful, and there is nothing in the world that more frights and terrefies the mindes of men. God is coming to judge the world by fire. I shall describe the mighty hot fires by our ancestors, which they used to besiege places with; and I shall add those that are of later invention, that far exceed them: and lastly, I shall speak of those in our days. You have here the compositions of terrible gun-powder that makes a noise, and then of that which makes no noise: of pipes that vomit forth deadly fires, and of fires that cannot be quenched, and that will rage under water at the very bottom of it, whereby the seas rend asunder, as if they were undermined by the great violence of the flames striving against them, and are lifted up into the air, that ships are drawn by the monstrous gulphs. Of fire balls that flie with glittering fire, and terrifie troops of horse-men, and overthrow them. So that we are come almost to eternal fires.”

In writing of the fire darts of the ancients, we have the following specimen of what Swift would call the art of falling in poetry-- or of anti-climax.

“ He bids them shoot their Shafts into the Sails,
Besmeer'd with Pitch, and so he soon prevails:
The Fire straight doth burn what's made of Flax,
And so their Decks were fir'd by melting Wax;
And tops of Masts were burnt, and Sea-mens packs.”

The following is a gem:—

“ Shoot a man through with a Bullet, and no place shall be seen where it went in, or came forth.—The minde of man is so cunning, that it hath invented a way to shoot a man quiet through with a bullet, and yet no mark of the bullet shall appear, though all the inward parts be bruised and beaten through. Consider, that what things are heavy, are solid, and so subtile, that they will penetrate and leave no marks, where they entred or came out; and they will do the same, though they be united, as if they were disjoyned; and every part will act by it self alone, as it would do being united. I have said thus, to take away all occasions from ignorant and wicked people, to do mischief.”

He must without controversy be a conjuror, who could induce men to stand the test of this merrie experiment? Book 13—tempering steel. Book 14 treats of the magic of the art of Cooking. In this we have a noted sample of the disgusting brutality of our gentle philosopher and his friends. It is in accordance with the time when “ heretics were thrown from towers, or Saint Be-

tholomew his day—and when old women were burnt as witches, because some besotted character said, that they had two pupils in each eye. We give the passage—and in it John Baptista Porta affords a fine specimen of his noble and christian nature—which he boasted of in his preface; more diabolical orgies than such parties as are mentioned below, it is difficult to conceive.

“A little before our times, a Goose was wont to be brought to the table of the King of Arragon, that was roasted alive, as I have heard by old men of credit. And when I went to try it, my company were so hasty, that we eat him up before he was quite roasted. He was alive, and the upper part of him, on the outside, was excellent well roasted. The rule to do it is thus: Take a Duck, or a Goose, or some such lusty creature, but the goose is best for this purpose; pull all the feathers from his body, leaving his head and his neck: Then make a fire round about him, not too narrow, lest the smoke choke him, or the fire should roast him too soon; not too wide, lest he escape unroasted, Within-side set even where little pots full of water, and put Salt and Meum to them. Let the goose be smeared all over with Suet, and well larded, that he may be the better meat, and roast the better: put fire about, but make not too much hast: when he begins to roast, he will walk about, and cannot get forth, for the fire stops him: when he is very hot, it roasts his inward parts. Continually moisten his head and heart with a sponge. But when you see him run mad up and down, and to stumble (his heart then wants moisture) wherefore take him away, and set him on the table to your guests, who will cry as you pull off his parts; and you shall almost eat him up before he is dead.”

The fiendish cruelty, sensuality and filthiness, which this repulsive picture presents, are pre-eminent. It is one of the proofs which we often meet with, that simplicity, and apparent inoffensiveness, are often characteristics of persons capable of the most damned acts to a lower creation: their simplicity is ignorance, their inoffensiveness to their fellows, is fear and phlegm; without ambition or enthusiasm—or having enough of those to make them ridiculous—they are indeed the very dregs of the human mixture, altho' they are often assigned a much higher place.

We turn from this—which we have only given that it may be hated—to receipts, which are both merry and wise.

“*How to drive Parasites and Flatterers from great mens Tables.*—It is an easie matter to drive away from our table, and great mens tables, all smell feasts, and cogging foisting fellows, and this will make our guests very cheerful and glad, to see such Cormorants and Parasites driven away, and derided by all men.”

To accomplish this desirable purpose, we are told how to act, “that the parasite's hands may grow black when he wipes with the Napkin.” “how he may not swallow his meat,” “to take the skin off his mouth,” and sundry other devices well calculated to annoy the cogging foisting fellow.

Book 15, treats of hunting, fowling, fishing, &c. As a specimen of the information contained in this book, we have the following ingenious method of changing a dog from white to black.

“To change a Dogs colour.—Since white dogs are seldom fit for hunting, because they are seen afar off; a way is found to change his colour, that will be done if you boyl quick Lime with Litharge, and paint the dog with it, it will make him black.”

The book, “wherein are handled secret and undiscovered notes,” treats of invisible writing. We pass over numerous methods—whereby intelligence may be conveyed from one place to another, without fear of detection in the way—and come to the following sublime process, by which words may be bottled for use as wine is.

“To signify to friends all things by a Trunk—Let the pipe be of earth (but led is better) or of any matter well closed, that the voice may not get forth in the long passage; for whatever you speak at one end, the voice without any difference, as it came forth of the speakers mouth, comes so to the ears of him that hearkneth; and I doubt not but this may be done some miles off. The voice not divided or scattered, goes whole a long way. I have tried it for above two hundred paces, when I had no other convenience, and the words were heard so clear, as the speaker uttered them. Upon this it came into my mind, to intercept words spoken by the way, with leaden pipes, and to hold them so long as I pleased close in; that when I opened the hole, the words should break forth. I perceive that the sound goes by degrees, and that being carried through a pipe, it may be shut up in the middle; and if a very long trunk should take away the convenience of it, that many winding pipes might shut it up in a close place. I read that Albertus made an artificial head, that spake at a set time: I might hope to do the same by this invention.”

Book 17, is of Burning, and other glasses: among its experiments we find an approach to the modern Kalsidescope. Here also, we have an account of a glass, by which one of the Ptoleemics saw his enemies at six hundred miles distance! Query—at what height should Ptolemy stand, to enable him to see so far over the surface of the earth, supposing him to have a telescope of sufficient power? Or, should not such an instrument, have a virtue similar to that of the gun, which could shoot round a corner? We here meet with a further specimen of losing a subject in a dust of words—in describing how the glass might be made which would burn at an infinite distance, it is said—

“Yet I think it an unworthy act to divulge it to the ignorant common people: yet let it go into the light, that the immense goodness of our great God may be praised, and adored. Because a proportional Radius doth proceed from the greater Section, from the less is made the greater: to avoid this, make it of a Cylindrical Section, for it is the mean, and let it be set for the axis of the small and of the greater dissection, which may pass through

the middle parallels : this held against the Sun, doth make refraction of the beams sent into it, very far, and perpendicularly from the Centre of a Cylindrical Section ; and in this Art the reason cannot be found, that the beams uniting should part again."

" I have spoken concerning light and heavy, now follow experiments by wind : for these seem to follow the reasons of Mathematicks, and of the Air, and water, and a Philosopher who seeks, to find things profitable, and admirable for mans use, must insist on these things, contemplate and search them out, in no thing doth the Majesty of Nature shine forth more. There are extant the famous Monuments of the most learned Heron of Alexandria, concerning wind Instruments, I will add some that are new, to give an occasion to search out greater matters."

The Proeme or Preface, as in many other matters, is the better part of this book.

The 20th, and last book of Natural Magick, is entitled :

" The Chaos, wherein the Experiments are set down without any Classical Order."

It commences with several attempts, at explaining how sweet water may be extracted from salt. Our author then proceeds to show how a man may disfigure his face, " so that not so much as his friends shall know him." In this he is more happy, and if he fails in telling how sweet water may be procured from salt, he clearly demonstrates, that a handsome man can with a little pains, be made to appear as ugly as his heart can wish. We are told that by painting the hair, and by making scars, and producing swellings in the face, that a man may alter his appearance ! The stinging of bees is prescribed as a sovereign remedy to alter a man's visage ! and poisonous applications to occasion excoriation and ulcers, are warranted to be very effectual.

From treating of experiments whereby impostors may cheat and counterfeit, Baptista proceeds to " the Harp, and many wonderful properties thereof." He is prolix on this subject, and with much simplicity eulogises the excellency of the minstrel's art. He sets out by making a just remark, and one which still applies,

" Music is now more adorned and noble, than it was amongst the ancients (for then it was more rude and imperfect) and yet in our days it doth not perform those operations."

The volume contains 20 books, 327 chapters, and 409 quarto pages. By skimming along its contents, we may have had some idea of the nature of the work ; recollecting, that in the preface, the author doubted whether the world was worthy of it. It affords a very vivid specimen of the simplicity and ignorance, which generally prevailed among what was called learned and polite society, 170 years ago. When we imagine, the correct beautiful diction, of the present day, the fund of valuable and delightful experiments with which a quarto publication, on the wonders of science, would be now filled — we must be gratifi-

ed, and exalted by a comparison with this remnant of another age. Although our space was too limited, to allow of an adequate notice of so large a work, yet we thought a notice with a few characteristic extracts worthy of securing. The book is very rare, and we have at least, multiplied a portion of its spirit. In the simple elixir of our pages, we have in some measure dissolved this antique gem, and given our readers a taste, if not a draught, of what was intended 170 years ago, for the palates of philosophers and princes alone.

ROBIN HARTREY.—A TALE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Chapter 4.—The Elopement.

THE calm cool night passed away as if unconscious of being at all disturbed by the grief of earth, and the rich sparkling morn of June came in, loaded with its flowers and early fruits, as though all animated nature were banqueters at the genial board. Among those who awoke too sick at heart to enjoy life, was Robin Hartrey. The little cares of the day first intruded themselves on his returning senses—his labours in the garden, and in the field, seemed to call him forth as usual, and with unchanged aspect; but the damp and heaviness which like undissipated vapours clogged the powers of his soul, soon reminded him of their origin, and of the torturing transactions of the preceding evening.

The sparrow sported about his casement, the linnet had already taken its seat on an opposite white thorn, and was pouring forth its simple melody—the lark rising from a neighbouring meadow, demanded attention to its heaven-ward course, by the raptures of its strains; all without seemed happy—and Carlo, Bill's dog, came frisking into the room as he was wont, to invite his old master forth in the sweet morning prime. A sigh was the answer made by Hartrey to these invitations of the irrational world. With an unwonted tremor, he opened his little door, almost fearing to meet his offending niece; but silence and solitude reigned in the little outer apartment. She is not yet up, thought he, and passing through, he was soon amid the fragrance and the dews of morn, which poets so delight to dwell on. Instead of going to any employment, he wandered through the fields by the river side, endeavouring to sooth his troubled mind, amid the varied sweet scenery and renovating breezes.

The hour of breakfast found him again seeking his cottage, not with the loud whistle, or the catch of an old song, which used to give note of his coming; but with that fretted look and suspicious glance, which tells how ill at ease the world within is. And, to his surprise, the windows of the cottage were yet unopened—the

closed door yet shuts the sun beam from the sanded floor—the thrush's cage is not hanging in its usual position—nor is the cat seen basking on its grassy seat under the window. Undefined fears flushed the cheek of Hartrey, but he calmed his mind by remarking, “Kitty wishes to show her temper by neglecting to get her old Uncle's breakfast ready this morning.” Another moment and the truth was known—the solitude which appeared in the cottage when he quit it, still continued; a rap at the door of Kitty's room was unanswered, he pushed it open—she was not there—her clothes lay scattered about, and it was soon evident her gayest and best were missing—the truth was told, Kitty had fled with Cavanagh during the night—the insulter of his gray hairs, the rival of his boy—had carried off in triumph his pretty, and misguided, but still beloved niece, Cathleen O'Brien!—A few enquiries made assurance doubly sure, Cavanagh was seen at the Cove two hours after the row—and one of Cavanagh's confidants in the neighbourhood, moved by the old man's distress, told him, “'twas of no use to be frettin now, Cavanagh and Kitty O'Brien had gone off, and before now they were man and wife.”—This was indeed rendering intelligence; without any remark, the old man returned to his desolate cottage, and with a calmness which seemed to say, the worst was known, sat down in its cheerless little room. The bitter recollections, and the heart sickening anticipations which pressed on his bursting soul, need not be told—but at length his bewildered mind recollected, that he should learn where the fugitives had gone, and as a duty that he owed Bill, and his own honour, should follow them, still to protect his wife's niece from evil, and if no better appeared possible, to see her married to the insidious Cavanagh.—After many enquiries, Robin received the desired information respecting the route of the fugitives, and taking some slight refreshment, and an oaken stick in his hand, he set off on his journey, followed closely by his trusty Carlo. Robin's cottage was about fourteen miles from his place of destination; the declining Sun gave elongated shadows of trees and cottages as he quit home, and plainly indicated, that it should be some time after night fall before he could reach Carrick.

As our traveller quitted the pleasant village of Pilltown, where he took a slight refreshment, and the life of whose evening streets, made him recollect his own deserted home—it was long after sunset. He hurried on, it was but two miles more to the end of his journey, and occupied by his own melancholy concerns, he forgot the legal difficulties which there were to his travelling another rood at that hour. These difficulties may be briefly explained, by stating, that they were occasioned by the insurrection act. An act introduced to counteract the turbulence of the peasantry, and which laid the penalty of transportation on being found out of doors without a good excuse, after sunset. Robin might be well supposed to forget this dreadful difficulty in his way, on account of his fevered state of mind; and also, the act being limited to disturbed

districts, was not in force in the country where his cottage stood. Had he recollected it, he might have deemed his excuse sufficient to prevent the full penalty, but not sufficient to save him from the annoyance of the police, and interrogations before a magistrate, and most probably confinement at the police station at least for the night. The soft brilliancy of the summer moon had lighted up the landscape, which, seen from this road, is allowed by all travellers, to be of surpassing beauty. Heedless of the scenery Robin hurried on; and along the road, which appeared vividly white in the moon beam, he soon descried a group of approaching figures. It was not until the group had arrived within a few yards of him, that he discovered by their caps and bayonet points, that they were the Police! The forgotten insurrection act came at once to his astonished mind. He paused irresolutely—the Police saw his agitation, and mistaking it for guilt, took a more hurried pace to come up to him. The foremost man was within a step or two, when the faithful Carlo, sensible of his master's alarm, rushed forward, and with a determined growl, placed himself in the way of danger; the Police man's bayonet was the next moment buried in the faithful creature's breast, and the howl of his expiring companion roused Robin like an electric shock: his son's favorite, his own good old servant slain in an instant before his face, and in his defence! all the fire of his nature was up, and forgetting every circumstance but the one, he exclaimed—"thunamon deel you cowardly rascal what's that for?"—and twirling his cudgel, it descended with the rapidity of lightning on the head of the sanguinary Police man—the official hero reeled for a moment, and then fell clattering, musket and all, to the ground. Robin was in an instant surrounded and dragged forward by the enraged band, and in the space of a few minutes he found himself immured in their lock up room. This was a dreadful blow to the old man, the great object of his day's solicitude was, to see Kitty on that first evening of her flight—and he finds a prison's walls unexpectedly shut him from his wishes and hopes. Poor and deserted as he was in the morning, he felt with a child's simplicity, that he still possessed his faithful dog, and the little cottage, where his best years were spent; now he has seen his poor servant butchered in his defence, and by his delay from home, his little cottage and household affairs may go to destruction. He lay for awhile in a state of abstracted despair in his prison, but as the moon lighted up the distant hills, and as the breeze moaned by the bars of his window, he felt a frenzied wish to regain his freedom; and gasped with the rage and strength of an untamed lion on being detained from his mountain path, and his intended pursuits. He clenched his trusty stick firmly in his hand, and tried the fastening and strength of the prison door; all was in vain: well aware of the impetuosity of "the boys when they find themselves in a Polis crib," the Blacksmith and Carpenter had done their duty on the apartment. He next tried the iron casement of the window, and with a ma-

nisc's energy endeavoured to wrest it from its bedding in the stones; this was also vain, and as if by way of hint of the fruitlessness of such endeavours, a sentinel outside took the opportunity of Hartrey having grasped the bars, and reaching up, ran his bayonet through the unfortunate man's hand. Robin shrunk back venting a torrent of abuse on his cowardly keeper, and vainly threatening ample revenge in fair play, were it afforded him—a loud laugh, and “wait till you come back from Botany” was the answer he received. And it was a palsyng reply; it fell on Robin's ear as the words of an evil spirit; he knew the stern rigours of the law, and he knew that his acts unexplained, and how was he to explain them? placed him fully within the dreadful penalty. Dreadful on many accounts, particularly at his time of life, and just on the eve of his son's return. Overpowered and stupified by his emotions, and by the intricacy and misery of his situation, he lay silent except for sighs and groans, until the rosy tint, and the carolling birds, told that another blessed day had risen on wretches, who too deeply felt the curse of their nature.

That day Robin was conveyed like a felon through Carrick to the county town. And heart broken as he was at his shame and disgrace, he could not avoid glancing at times wildly around, to try might not Kitty be among the group of idle gazers, which his progress attracted. “Surely” thought he, “changed as she is, if she sees her ould Uncle in this misery, she will not laugh at him—if she has a drop of her Annt's blood in her veins it will burn to see Robin Hartrey guarded along like a common robber. Oh Alice, Alice, has all our struggling and hopes come to this!” His eyes still wandered, and he did see Kitty! and she was laughing! she stood at the window of a little inn, and a couple of young women at her side; their white ribbons plainly told of the recent occurrence or approach of a nuptial ceremony—and Caranagh stood by the door of the house, in all the pride of his situation, attended by two or three jovial companions. Robin hid his pale and withered face in his great coat as he passed, and although the eyes of the bridal party were attracted by the Police, he was not recognized; the turning of a street hid them from his view, and he felt that he had passed those objects of his search, of his love, and of his hate, perhaps, for ever. All the strong emotions of a man, of an Irishman, were up; and with difficulty, he forced himself to follow silently the steps of his guard. He soon found—and was pleased that such was the case—the awful tranquility of despair ridding him of his madness, and with a more steady step he went forward recklessly, to meet his fate.

The unfortunate, and in some degree innocent, transgressor of the law, was arraigned before the Judge at assize. The case against him was plain, his terror on being first met by the Police, the attack of his sanguinary dog, and his brutal assault of the Police man, his attempt at breaking prison and subsequent threats, were all proofs strong as those of holy writ, of his criminality. His few incoherent remarks in defence, showing that he was in

search of a runaway couple, and that his dog was first struck, were little more than laughed at; and the sarcastic remarks of privileged libellers fell on his old and independent heart like drops of molten lead. The Judge remarked on his offence, on his hoary hairs, and passed sentence of transportation with all that cold blooded monotony, which is gained by long acquaintance with scenes of sin and misery. Cursing the whole mockery in his heart, and looking to an higher tribunal for redress, Hartrey was hurried off; and placed among a number of other convicts, to be sent in a day or two on board the transports which lay at Cove.

To be concluded in our next number.

THE SHEPHERD'S WORSHIP.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Hrsn'd were the busy tones of gaudy day,
 Sad, but sublime, the mourner Midnight lay
 All blank and voiceless in its shaded lair,
 And beamless as the lonely hearts despair:
 Except, where far amid the starry way,
 The silver Orion, or Arcturus' ray
 Smil'd weakly down, on mead, and mossy dell,
 On babbling stream, and ocean's answering swell;
 Dispelling, from the watcher's path, the gloom—
 As oft religion's better stars illumine,
 The broken heart—where many shades may lie
 Commix'd with streams of light from upper sky.

But bow the haughty head, proud mortal, bow;
 We pass in awe a Prince's threshold now.
 Within these walls a royal group reside,
 Then leave behind, for other scenes, thy pride.
 Prostrate thy stubborn heart, the meek are here;
 And worldly grandeur finds no fitting sphere
 Amid the humble great—its gilded glare
 Is then, but taper in the sunny air.
 Bow thy proud head, for see the portal's low;
 Prostrate thy heart, for here's no courtly show;
 And yet the tinsel pomp of earthly state
 Could never boast a chamber half so great.

Prostrate thy heart, or thy long hoarded pride—
 All vulgar—may this humble room deride.
 Thou knowest velvet roof, and silken wall,
 In court of Kings round royal infants fall;
 And here doth rest an infant King of kings,
 Yet luxury keeps afar her perfum'd wings!—
 Lowly indeed! behold this manger shed—
 See 'neath the babe, the rugged straw-strown bed,
 Dimly the little taper cheers the gloom—
 And lowing oxen share the humble room—
 Lowly indeed! and yet no earthly state,
 Could ever boast a chamber half so great!

The holy patriarch see, stands anxious there,
Gazing abstracted, on his infant care ;
And half adoring, half in love, his soul,
Sees present, past, and future wonders roll.

Behold the Virgin & other—pure as mild,
Mutely embraces her mysterious child.
Oh ! who may tell the thousand thoughts which move
Tumultuous with her energies of love ?
Oh ! who may tell the sadder, deeper tone,
Which Inspiration's awful wing hath thrown,
In mystic shadows o'er her gentle breast,
Whispering the lonely pomp of her behest ?
Above all women is her unsought reign—
Supreme in honour, and supreme in pain.
What distant pangs before her vision rise ?
Her smiling babe is lamb for sacrifice !
The sword already pierces through her soul,
And thoughts unbidden gather to their goal.
But warmer feelings pour their balmy tide,
Flushing her modest cheek with holy pride ;
Her smiling babe is Israel's promised King !
The blest Messiah whom the Prophets sing !—
Again—and tones to high excitement wrought,
Each lofty scene, and melancholy thought
Pass off like moonlight clouds— a richer glow
Of milder beauty, swells her bosom's snow ;
There lies her babe—whatever scenes await
All vivid to the awful glance of fate—
'There, 'neath her glance, her own lov'd baby lies,
Above all else a mother's feelings rise ;
Lov'd for its innocent and helpless charms,
Lov'd for its smiles, and tearful weak alarms,
Yes, come what may, her smiling infant boy,
Gives to her bosom now, a mother's joy.

But who the fascinating charms may tell,
Which on that baby's budding features dwell ?
The soft and graceful lines—which turn to stone,
When childhood's joy, to manhood's care is grown ;
The dove-like eye—which gathers wilder fire,
As waning years to higher state aspire ;
The pouting lip—which early learns to chide,
As first the giddy world's deceit is tried ;
The glassy brow—which spoils its marble glow,
Too soon, with wrinkled lines of care and woe.
But distant now each harsher thought and line—
For beams of mildest beauty o'er him shine.

And does a halo round his temples play,
Bedimming thus, the feeble taper's ray ?
Or is it but the soft ascendant light
From yonder loveliest planet of the night,
Which thro' this lattice pours in silvery streams
Upon its new born charge, bright arrowy beams ?—
Full easy could the active fancy deem,
That yonder slowly-drifting cloud-heaps teem,
With angel shapes, which all in passing shed,
Soft lightning glances, on this honoured bed.
Oh ! castle, court, or sacred temple's state,
Could never boast a chamber half so great.

And who are those that mute adoring bow,
 Grouping around the infant Saviour now ?
 There is the frost of age—youth's lusty pride,
 And hearts which many tempest shocks have tried ;
 And hearts all willing, yet unbent, to try,
 Approaching storms, from which they may not fly :
 And who are those stark hinds, tho' rugged mild,
 That prostrate bow before the smiling child ?—
 Why they are wont, abiding in the field
 To watch their flocks by night, and careful shield
 Their bleating charge from ill—a shepherd band,
 Men of enduring heart and faithful hand.
 And hark ! a heaven-taught song the rustics sing—
 " Glory supreme to Heaven's eternal King,
 To Earth good will and peace—on Judah's plain
 Messiah's come, to hold his promised reign."
 Fitting attendants—shepherds bow with awe—
 This is the Prince, prophetic Abram saw !
 The babe is Israel's Shepherd, come to save
 His straying flock from an eternal grave ;
 Tis David's son—that shepherd King, who told
 The wonders of this mightier Shepherd's fold.
 Glad then should bowing shepherds hail his sway,
 Group round their Lord, and earliest homage pay.
 Oh ! humble chamber, loftiest state is thine,
 Creation's King accepts thee as his shrine.

Hail holiest group ! tho' wrong and pain await,
 The babe who smiles upon his new born state ;
 Yet who can count the future pomps which swell
 Around his regal seat ?—see baffled hell,
 And vanquished grave, and ransomed earth combine,
 Their awful hosts, to make his triumph shine.

And she who rests in dove-like meekness there,
 Whose soft and downcast looks attest her care ;
 Tho' humble now, and small in worldly note,
 In after times her hymns shall sweetest float
 Upon the softest airs of earth—and they
 Who may not worship, will affection pay ;
 And all shall call her blessed—and her name
 In mildest pomp go down time's troubled stream.

The humble shepherds too, shall be renowned—
 And as this happy day comes yearly round,
 Their memory shall spread a rural tone
 Of fields and flocks, around the Saviour's throne ;
 Their Heaven-taught song shall be on every tongue,
 " Glory, goodwill and peace," in anthems sung ;
 And holiest themes, from hence, in ceaseless chime,
 Shall be re-echoed down the waves of time.

T.