

fringing thus its sanctification, which was after the captivity of the lost tribes.

They further differ from the Talmudists in the following observances. The Jew throughout the world abstain from these duties which necessity and mercy justify, such as feeding cattle, milking, &c.

This day is to them a day of rest, and peace, and cheerfulness; they dance, sing, and play on instruments. These are of a religious nature, expressive of religious emotions: but are expressly forbidden by the oral law or Talmud. They spend the forenoon of the Sabbath in the way described in the following scriptures, which serve to illustrate their religious habits on that day better than any description of mine. See Exodus. also, 2 Samuel vi. 15; Psalm lxxviii. 25, 26; cxlix. 3: cl. 4.

The afternoon is spent in a very profitable way, quite unlike the Jews elsewhere. They resort to the dwellings of their elders and of religious men, who sit in their places of abode to receive the visits of those who come to them, and instruct them in the doctrines of their scriptures, and make allegories of the lay of Moses. This custom of resorting to holy men on the Sabbath day is a very ancient one; as may be gathered from 2 Kings iv. 23, practised long before the great captivities. They surround these good men until sunset, who pronounce the Sabbath to be ended; the women kiss the hem of their garments, and the men the hands of the elders.

THE SEA.

EMBLEM of everlasting Power! I come Into thy presence as an awe struck child Before its teacher. Spread thy boundless page,

And I will ponder o'er its characters, As erst the glad disciple sought the lore Of Socrates and Plato. Yon old rock Hath heard thy voice for ages, and grown gray

Beneath thy smitings; and thy wrathful tide Even now is thundering 'neath its cavern base—

Methinks it trembleth at thy stern rebuke: Is it not so?

Speak mildly, mighty Sea!

I would not know the terrors of thine ire— That vex the gasping mariner—and bid The wrecking argosy to leave no trace Or bubble where it perished. Man's weak voice, Though wildly lifted in its proudest strength, With all its compass—all its volumed sound Is mockery to thee!

Earth speaks of man!—

Her levelled mountains and her cultured vales, Town, tower, and temple, and triumphal arch, All speak to him, and moulder while they speak:

But of whose architecture and design Speak thine eternal fountains, when they rise To combat with the cloud, and when they fall?

Of whose stern culture tell thy sunless plains. And groves, and gardens, which no mortal eye Hath seen and lived?—

Whose science stretched

The simple line to curb thy monstrous tide, And, graving 'Hitherto' upon the sand, Bade thy mad surge respect it? From whose loom

Came forth thy drap'ry, that ne'er waxeth old, Nor blancheth 'neath stern winter's direst frost?—

Who bath thy keys, thou Deep? Who taketh note Of all thy wealth? Who remembereth the host

That find their rest in thee? What eye doth scan Thy secret annals, from creation lock'd Close in those dark, unfathomable cells. Which he who visiteth hath ne'er return'd Among the living?

Still but no reply?

Do all thine echoing depths and crested waves Make the same answer?—of that one dread Name,

Which he who deepest plants within his soul Is wisest though the world doth call him fool. Therefore I come a listener to thy lore, And bow me at thy side, and lave my brow With thy cool billow—if perchance my soul, That fleeting wanderer on the shore of time, May, by thy voice instructed, learn of God!

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

NEW WORKS.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

From Mrs. Bray's Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland.

Holland has not even the slightest approach to the picturesque in any of its objects. Canals, often like ditches in character and smell, run in straight lines for miles and miles together on every side. Sometimes they are completely covered with duck-weed. Long rows of mop-stick trees frequently adorn both them and the road side. Every now and then you see a Dutch villa or a country-house situated near the road as you pass along, and in these I invariably observed that the summer-house which decorates their gardens is placed close to the side of the

duck-weeded ditches, frequently over-hanging them; so that the company who are seated in these retreats may have the best possible opportunity of enjoying the smell which arises from the green and stagnated waters beneath. However, as the Dutch are the greatest smokers on the face of the earth, (though my husband thinks the German equal them,) the fumes of tobacco may, in some measure, overcome those of the nuisance whose precincts they seem to delight in with a taste so unique. In their gardens may often be seen Chinese bridges crossing some minor or connecting canal. Cupids made of lead, fat, winged, and punchy, are likewise now and then observed on one foot and lifting up the other, as if these attempts at a flying motion had suddenly been converted into a fossil state, for nothing can appear of a more fixed or immovable nature than such heathen gods of Dutch fashioning. Flower beds in stiff rows, and flower-pots no less formally arranged, are also conspicuous adornments in the garden of Mynheer. All is, of course, very neat, for I am convinced the flowers themselves would be scrubbed and dusted would they admit such rough handling. . . . As you drive on you see the speckled cows of Paul Potter and Berghem grazing on every side in low marshy fields, one field being divided from another, not by hedge rows as in England, but by ditches and canals. Cows and pasturage are most abundant; yet I never once tasted butter in Holland that I could eat, accustomed as I had been to the excellent butter of Devonshire. Considering the quantity of fine grass there is in this country, I never could comprehend how this could be, till it was by chance explained to me soon after our return to England. My husband held a court, as lord of the manor of Cudlipp town, near Tavistock, and I went with him to keep the feast; many farmers were present; from one, a most intelligent old man, who had a great knowledge of cattle, I learned, that experience had proved to him beyond all question, that the excellence of the cream from which butter is made, and on which the flavour of butter entirely depends, arises solely from the purity of the water drunk by the cow: no wonder, therefore, that the Dutch cows that suck in nothing better than the impurities of Ditch water in marshy grounds and duck-weeded canals, produce a cream that becomes rancid and disagreeable when formed into butter. And I may here also remark, that the water used generally for drinking in Holland is so extremely unwholesome; that it frequently makes strangers very ill; this is more especially the case in Rotterdam.

REAL LOVE.

From Women's Rights and Duties by a Woman.

The happiness which married life is capable of producing is, in truth, too great to expect to find it often unalloyed. As in nature there is a touch of beauty neither painting nor sculpture can express, so also there is a real love, besides which all the love in poetry and romance seems frigid. The young are warned not to take the romantic passions of the novelist as a description of what they are to expect in real life. Alas! that there should be many who find these imperfect descriptions so much brighter than what they have ever known of man's affection. The sudden violence of passion, its dangers and its crimes, the frenzies of jealousy, the despair of disappointment and desertion, may perhaps be painted with the force of nature. But who could, but who at least ever did, describe the love that carries such evidence of its intensity in every look, in every arrangement of daily life, in every speculation which fancy or hope indulges, that all possibility of jealousy, apprehension, or doubt, is completely destroyed? Before the enthusiasm of such affection, all the flattery of other lips seems cold and lifeless. Petrarch alone has given voice and expression to its deep and fervent emotions; and few are they of his numerous readers who even understand his sentiments. But even his adoration was for youth, and grace, and beauty. Who has ever painted that love which fondly sees the grace of youth and beauty, when both have been gone for years, that love which is never impaired by the common infirmities of our weak nature, the wayward humors of unsteady health, or the temporary languor that checks our better purpose, and which carries the animation of its early spring through all the varied forms of tenderness and care that life requires in its passage from youth to age? If any thing can raise our feeble nature to a semblance of virtue, it is such an affection as this, where the idea of a deserved interest cannot exist, and where mutual tastes stimulate the interests of generous pursuits and give variety to daily conversation. The seductions of ambition or pleasure lose all their danger when there is a being at home whose love and admiration shed a radiance over every course of life. And never yet did hearts, so united, shrink from any sacrifice that could win the other's praise. Seldom indeed are such pictures realized; yet they

exist and might be oftener than they are. But we are such erring creatures that it is better not to expect too much; and as the unseen shafts that are to level our happiness in the dust are ever flying in the air, it is perhaps better on the whole that the feelings of the many should not be too highly strung.

From Thomson's Domestic Management of the Sick room.

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF THE INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION.

Peculiar effects of medicines sometimes depend on the imagination of the invalid, sometimes on preconceived prejudices respecting the action of the medicines. Many instances of these influences might be mentioned, but three will suffice to demonstrate their power. The late Dr. James Gregory had ordered an opiate to a young man, to relieve sleepless nights under which he had suffered in convalescence from fever. He informed the patient, that he had prescribed an *anodyne* to be taken at bed-time; but the invalid, being somewhat deaf, understood him to say an aperient. Next morning, on the doctor inquiring whether he had slept after the anodyne, he replied, 'Anodyne! I thought it was an aperient; and it has indeed, operated briskly.' A female lunatic was admitted into the County Asylum, at Hanwell, under Sir James Ellis; she imagined that she was labouring under a complaint which required the use of mercury; but Sir William, finding the idea of the existence of that disease was an insane delusion, yet, considering that flattering the opinion of the lunatic to a certain degree would be favorable to the recovery of her reason, ordered bread pills for her, and called them mercurial pills; after a few days, she was salivated, and the pills were discontinued; on again ordering them after the salivation had subsided, she was a second time affected in the same manner; and this again happened on the recurrence to the use of the pills a third time. A lady, who was under the author's care, assured him that opium in any form always caused headache, and restlessness, and vomiting on the following morning; and, on 'tinctura opii,' he found that her account of its effects were correct; but, on prescribing it under the term, 'tinctura thebaica,' which she did not understand, (she read every prescription,) it produced its usual salutary effect; and was continued for some time without inducing the smallest inordinate action. The author has also met with instances where similar prejudice respecting particular medicines were as readily overcome. Nostrums owe the beneficial powers which they occasionally display to this influence on the imagination.

FIRST VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

From Miss Robert's Overland Journey to Bombay.

During our progress up the river, I had been schooling myself and endeavouring to keep up my expectations, lest I should be disappointed at the sight of the Pyramids. We were told that we should see them at the distance of five and thirty miles, and when informed that they were in view, my heart beat audibly as I threw open the cabin door, and beheld them gleaming in the sun, pure and bright as the silvery clouds above them. Far from being disappointed, the vastness of their dimensions struck me at once, as they rose in lonely majesty on the bare plain, with nothing to detract from their grandeur, or to afford, by its littleness, a point of comparison. We were never tired gazing upon these noble monuments of an age shrouded in impenetrable mystery. They were afterwards seen at less advantage, in consequence of the intervention of some rising ground; but from all points they created the strongest degree of interest.

From Taylor's Natural History of Society.

MOSES AND ANTIQUITY CONSISTENT.

In the last century, the Books of Moses were often attacked, and their authenticity impugned, because they mention the existence of vineyards, grapes, and consequently of wine, in Egypt, for Herodotus declares there were no vineyards in Egypt, and Plutarch avers that the natives of that country abhorred wine, as being the blood of those who rebelled against the gods. This authority appeared conclusive, not merely to the sceptics who impugned the veracity of the Pentateuch but even to the learned Michaelis, who concluded that the use of wine was enjoined in the sacrifice for the purpose of making a broad distinction between the religious usages of the Israelites and Egyptians. The monuments opened by modern research have decided the controversy in favor of the Jewish legislator. In the subterranean vaults at Eilithia every part of the process connected with the tending and dressing of the vine are faithfully delineated, the trellices on which the vines were trained, the care with which they were watered, the collection of the fruit, the treading of the wine press, and the stowing of the wine in amphora, or vases, are there painted to the life; and additional pro-

cesses of extracting the juice from the grape are represented, which seem to have been peculiar to the Egyptian people. Mr Jomard adds, that the remains of amphora, or wine vessels, have been found in the ruins of old Egyptian cities, which are still encrusted with the tartar deposited by the wine. It is not necessary to account for the error into which Herodotus has fallen; he wrote long after Egypt had been distracted by civil wars, and then subdued by the Persians, calamities quite sufficient to account for the disappearance of such highly artificial cultivation as that of the vine must have been in Egypt. His statement is most probably correct, if it be limited to the period when Herodotus wrote; and thus viewed it becomes important evidence for the superior antiquity both of the Bible and the Egyptian monuments.

From the Cardinal Virtues, by Miss Campbell.

A LESSON IN CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

'How beautiful it is, dear mama,' said Evie, with an involuntary glance upwards and around upon the bright sky and soft and balmy air. 'I am so glad it is fine to day. I love a fine Sunday better than any fine day in the week.' 'So do I, my Evelyn,' replied her mama, as she slipped her arm through Roderick's, and joined the children in their walk. 'I love a Sunday too, and always feel inclined to thank God for a peculiar providence when he sends us. Why do you prefer Sunday to a fine day, Evie?' 'Why mama, because everything looks happier on a fine day; and because I am so fond of a Sunday walk; and because I do not like staying home from church on account of the rain; and because—because when I am happy I always like to be quite, quite happy, mama.' Mrs Mackenzie and Roderick laughed at Evie's numerous reasons in favour of a fine Sunday, and then Roderick asked—'And why do you feel so grateful when Sunday is a fine day, aunt?' 'Because my dear,' replied she; 'so many people profit by the enjoyment it brings with it; there are so many who look forward to Sunday for the entire amount of pleasure and relaxation which they enjoy throughout the week, so many who do not even breathe the air of heaven with freedom or joy, except on Sunday.' 'Oh dear mama, who can they be?' asked little Evelyn, in a tone of distress; surely everybody must contrive to do that, however busy they are.' 'No dear Evie, you forget that poor people who are shut up in towns, working in dark close workshops, or in crowded manufactories; they are very different from our happy and healthy peasants, who have no hard work, except such as may be pursued under the pure skies and in the blessed sunshine.' 'Oh how sad, sad, dear mama,' replied Evie, pathetically, 'how I wish there were no manufactories, and that all the poor people earned their livelihood by making hay, and ploughing, or casting peats. Don't you wonder mama, that God does not choose to see his people innocent and happy in the country, rather than having them mewed up in such terrible places as those.' Depend upon it, my Evelyn that God always loves best to see his people happy and innocent,' answered Mrs Mackenzie, 'but if he were to make them all so, against their will, or without any effort of their own, what would be the use of sending them into this world at all—why not take them to heaven just at once, where all is happiness and innocence together?' 'Oh yes, returned Evie, as if recollecting herself, 'I know that everyone is sent to learn how to be good in this world first, and perhaps these poor town people do not deserve to be so happy as our peasantry, hey, mama.' 'I do not think that can be it, dear Evelyn,' said her mama, 'neither could we be at all capable of judging although it were so; but indeed, those very people whom we are pitying have their own sources of enjoyment, which I dare say, they would not exchange for those we consider so far superior.' 'Oh mama,' said Evelyn, in a tone of remonstrance, 'surely that must be impossible; there cannot surely be any one so stupid as that.' 'Suppose, dear Evelyn,' answered her mama, with a smile, 'suppose a little Indian girl brought up amongst rich fruits and beautiful flowers, and under hot sunny skies such as would make you and me faint and droop by their fervour; suppose she were to argue about you, and say, 'that poor little girl, born in such a cold country, not able to venture out of doors without a bonnet and tippet, and obliged to sit in the house all day, and pore over books, instead of running wild among the flowery deserts as I do; I wonder if she is very wicked, that God had chosen to punish her by sending her into so miserable a place; should not you be very apt to laugh at such a foolish child, and wonder at her stupidity, in not perceiving' at once how much more favoured by God you were than a little wild ignorant savage like her?' 'Oh, dear, yes mama, to be sure,' answered Evelyn. 'Well, dear, then you see that one human being cannot judge of another's happiness,' returned Mrs Mackenzie. 'God is so impartial in his distribution of benefits, and had displayed so much wisdom in adapting