

**POETRY.**

From the Knickerbocker for January.

**TRUST IN HEAVEN.**  
BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

Trust in Heaven!—when o'er thy path,  
Clouds and tempests come in wrath;  
When thy grief oppresseth thee,  
When obscured thy prospects be,  
When around thee mists are driven,  
Heed them not, but trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when morning lifts  
Up her head, and casts her gifts,  
Light and dew, upon the earth;  
Then she brings the blossoms forth,  
"I shall shine the stars of Heaven!  
For a safeguard, trust in Heaven!"

Trust in Heaven, when there afar  
Burneth many a glorious star;  
Canst thou doubt, when thus their light  
Gleams unshadowed through the night,  
That protection may be given  
To thy pillow?—trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when one by one  
Sweet the waves of hope glide on,  
Leaving thee a wreck at last  
On the shore were they have passed;  
Though thy heart be wrung and riven,  
Still for ever trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—when from its way  
Those thou lovest go astray;  
Strive, still strive to bring them back  
To its straight and thornless tract;  
And that truth may soon be given  
To their spirits, trust in Heaven!

Trust in Heaven!—it shall not fail,  
When the darkest griefs prevail;  
And when death at length shall come,  
When around thee spreads the gloom,  
Pray that thou may be forgiven—  
Place thy dearest true in Heaven!

**THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.**

By Thomas Haynes Bayley.

I dare thee to forget me! go wander where  
thou wilt,

Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the  
saber's hilt;

Away, thou'rt free, o'er land and sea, go rush  
to danger's brink!

But oh, thou canst not fly from thought; thy  
curse will be—to think!

Remember me, remember all—my long endur-  
ing-love,

That link'd itself to perjury; the vulture and  
the dove!

Remember in thy utmost need, I never once did  
shrink,

But clung to thee confidingly; thy curse shall  
be—to think!

Then go! that thought will render thee a dastard  
in the flight,

That thought, when thou art tempest-tost, will  
fill thee with affright;

In some vile dungeon may'st thou lie, and  
counting each cold link

That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall  
be—to think!

Go, seek the merry banquet-hall, where younger  
maiden bloom!

The thought of me shall make thee there en-  
dure a deeper gloom;

That thought shall turn the festive cup to poi-  
son while you drink,

And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy  
curse will be—to think!

Forget me? false one, hope it not! When  
minstrels touch the string,

The memory of other days will gall thee while  
they sing;

The air I used to love will make thy coward  
conscience shrink,

Ay, ev'ry note will have its sting—thy curse  
will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be—I'll haunt  
thee in thy sleep,

In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks, that  
overhang the deep;

Thou'lt shrink for aid, my feeble arm shall  
hard thee from the brink,

And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy curse  
will be—to think!

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**EGYPTIAN MAGIC.**

[From E. F. Lane's Work on "The Modern Egyptians."]

The magic mirror, which certain Egyptians, or rather Arab magicians, are able to call into existence and operation, is either a trick, or a truth, which has surprised many an European traveller, and completely baffled all attempt on their part of accounting for it naturally. Mr. Lane, whose invaluable book on "The Modern Egyptians" has just been published, and who, if he deserves any character, is fully entitled to that of a most minute and thoroughly matter-of-fact inquirer, gives the following account of this wonder upon the authority of his own eyes. We give this extract from his work not for its intrinsic interest alone, but that it may serve to draw attention to the pages from which it has been taken, and in which so ample and so minute description is given of all the manners and customs of the subjects of Mohamed Ali, accompanied with copious and most spiritedly executed wood cuts, as to render the publication one of established and even classic authority. The Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge never patronized a book which reflects upon their judgement more credit. But, to our magician:—

"A few days after my arrival in this country, my curiosity was excited on the subject of magic by a circumstance related to me by Mr. ait, our Consul-General. Having had reason to believe

that one of his servants was a thief, from the fact of several articles of property having been stolen from his house, he sent for a celebrated Mughrebee magician, with the view of intimidating them, and causing the guilty one (if any of them were guilty) to confess his crime. The magician came; and said that he would cause the exact image of the person who had committed the thefts to appear to any youth not yet arrived at the age of puberty; and desired the master of the house to call in any boy he might choose. As several boys were then employed in the garden adjacent to the house, one of them was called for this purpose. In the palm of this boy's right hand, the magician drew, with a pen, a certain diagram, in the centre of which he poured a little ink. Into this ink he desired the boy steadfastly to look. He then burned some incense and several bits of paper inscribed with charms; and, at the same time, called for various objects to appear in the ink. The boy declared that he saw all those objects, and, last of all, the image of the guilty person; he described his stature, countenance, and dress; and that he knew him; and directly ran down into the garden, and apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before the master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.

"The above relation made me desirous of witnessing a similar performance during my first visit to this country; but not being acquainted with the name of the magician here alluded to, or his place of abode, I was unable to obtain any tidings of him. I learned, however, soon after my return to England, that he had become known to later travellers in Egypt; was residing in Cairo; and that he was called the sheikh Abd El-Okadir El-Mughrebee. A few weeks after my second arrival in Egypt, my neighbour, Osman, interpreter of the British Consulate, brought him to me; and I fixed a day for his visiting me, to give me a proof of the skill for which he is so much famed. He came at the time appointed, about two hours before noon; but seemed uneasy; frequently looked up at the sky through the window; and remarked the weather was unpropitious: it was dull and cloudy; and the wind was boisterous. The experiment was performed with three boys; one after another. With the first, it was partly successful; but with the others it completely failed. The magician said that he could do nothing more that day; and that he would come in the evening of a subsequent day. He kept his appointment, and admitted that the time was favourable. While waiting for my neighbour, before mentioned, to come in and witness the performances, we took pipes and coffee; and the magician chatted with me on indifferent subjects. He is a fine, tall, and stout man, of a rather fair complexion, with a dark brown beard; is shabbily dressed; and generally wears a large green turban: being a descendant of the Prophet. In his conversation, he is affable and unaffected. He professed to me that his wonders were effected by the agency of good spirits; but to others, he has said the reverse—that his magic is satanic.

"In preparing for the experiment of the magic mirror of ink, which, with some other performances of a similar nature, are here termed *durb el mendel*, the magician first asked me for a reed-pen and ink, a piece of paper, and a pair of scissors; and, having cut off a narrow strip of paper, wrote upon it certain forms of invocation, together with another charm, by which he professes to accomplish the object of the experiment. He did not attempt to conceal these, and on my asking him copies of them, he readily consented, and immediately wrote them for me; explaining to me, at the same time, that the object he had in view was accomplished through the influence of the two first words, 'Turshoon' and 'Tur-yooshoon,' which, he said, were the names of two genii, his 'familiar spirits.' I compared the copies with the originals, and found that they exactly agreed:—

"Turshoon! Tur-yooshoon! Come down! Come down! Be present! Whither are you gone

the prince and his troops? Where are the prince and his troops? Be present ye servants of these names!

"And this is the removal. And we have removed from thee

thy veil; and thy sight to day

is piercing. Correct, correct."

Having written these, the magician cut off the paper containing the forms of invocation from that upon which the other charm was written, and cut the paper into six strips. He then explained to me that the object of the latter charm (which contains part of the 21st verse of the Soorat Ckaf, or 50th chapter of the Ckoor-an) was to open the boy's eyes in a supernatural manner—

to make his sight pierce into what is to us the invisible world.

"I had prepared, by the magician's direction, some frankincense and coriander seed,\* and a chafing dish with some live charcoal in it. These were now brought into the room, together with the boy who was to be employed; he had been called in, by my desire, from among some boys in the street, returning from a manufactory; and was about eight or nine years of age. In reply to my inquiry respecting the description of persons who could see in the magic mirror of ink, the magician said they were a boy not arrived at puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a pregnant woman. The chafing dish was placed before him and the boy; and the latter was placed on a seat. The magician now desired my servant to put some frankincense and coriander seed into the chafing dish; then, taking hold of the boy's right hand, he drew, in the palm of it, a magic square. The figures which it contains are Arabic numerals. In the centre he poured a little ink, and desired the boy to look into it, and to tell him if he could see his face reflected in it; the boy replied that he saw his face clearly. The magician, holding the boy's hand all the while,† told him to continue looking intently into the ink, and not to raise his head.

"He then took one of the little strips of paper inscribed with the forms of invocation, and dropped it into the chafing dish, upon the burning coals and perfumes, which had already filled the room with their smoke; and as he did this, he commenced, an indistinct muttering of words, which he continued during the whole process, excepting when he had to ask the boy a question, or to tell him what he was to say. The piece of paper containing the words from the Ckoor-an, he placed inside the fore part of the boy's tacheeyeh, or skull-cap. He then asked him if he saw any thing in the ink; and was answered 'No;' but about a minute after, the boy, trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, 'I see a man sweeping the ground.' 'When he has done sweeping,' said the magician, 'tell me.' Presently the boy said, 'He has done.' The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a *beyruck* (or flag) was; and being answered, 'Yes,' desired him to say, 'Bring a flag.' The boy did so; and soon said, 'He has brought a flag.' 'What colour is it?' asked the magician: the boy replied, 'Red.' He was told to call for another flag; which he did; and soon after he said that he saw another brought, and that it was black. In like manner he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh; which he described as being successively brought before him; specifying their colours, as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did, also, each time that a new flag was described as being brought), 'How many flags have you now before you?' 'Seven,' answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written, into the chafing dish; and, fresh frankincense and coriander seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say, 'Bring the Sooltan's tent; and pitch it.' This he did; and in about a minute after, he said, 'Some men have brought the tent; a large green tent: they are pitching it;' and presently he added, 'they have set it up.' 'Now,' said the magician, 'order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the Sooltan.' The boy did as he was desired; and immediately said, 'I see a great many soldiers, with their tents: they have pitched the tents.' He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and having done so, he presently said that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing dish; and soon after, he did the same with the fifth. He now said, 'Tell some of the people to bring a bull.' The boy gave the order required, and said, 'I see a bull: it is red; four men are dragging it along; and three are beating it.' He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up, and to put the meat in saucapans, and cook it. He did as he was directed; and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. 'Tell the soldiers,' said the magician, 'to eat it.' The boy did so; and said, 'They are eating it. They have done; and are washing their hands.' The

magician then told him to call for the Sooltan; and the boy, having done this, said, 'I see the Sooltan riding to his tent, on a bay horse; and he has on his head a high red cap; he has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it.' 'Desire them to bring coffee to the Sooltan,' said the magician, 'and to form the Court.' These orders were given by the boy; and he said that he saw them performed. The magician had put the last of the six little strips of paper into the chafing dish. In his mutterings I distinguished nothing but the words of the written invocation, frequently repeated, excepting on two or three occasions, when I heard him say, 'If they demand information, inform them; and be ye voracious.'

\* Dark blue is called by the modern Egyptians, *eswed*, which properly signifies black, and is therefore so translated here.  
† A few months after this was written, I had the pleasure of hearing that the person here alluded to was in better health. Whether he was confined to his bed at the time when this experiment was performed, I have not been able to ascertain.

and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse, in hurrying. I am assured that, on this occasion, the boy accurately described each person and thing that was called for. On another occasion, Shakespeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. A short time since, after performing in the usual manner, by means of a boy, he prepared the magic mirror in the hand of a young English lady, who, on looking into it for a little while, said that she saw a broom sweeping the ground without any body holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer.

"I have stated these facts partly from my own experience and partly as they came to my knowledge on the authority of respectable persons. The reader may be tempted to think that in each instance, the boy saw images produced by some reflection in the ink; but this was evidently not the case; or that he was a confederate, or guided by leading questions. That there was no confederacy, I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy who performed the part above described in my presence from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen. I tried the veracity of another boy on a subsequent occasion in the same manner; and the result was the same. The experiment often entirely fails; but when the boy employed is right in one case, he generally is so in all; when he gives at first an account altogether wrong, the magician usually dismisses him at once, saying that he is too old. The perfumes, or excited imagination, or fear, may be supposed to affect the vision of the boy who describes objects as appearing to him in the ink; but, if so, why does he see exactly what is required, and objects of which he can have had no previous particular notion? Neither I nor others have been able to discover any clue by which to penetrate the mystery; and if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope that he will not allow the above account to induce in his mind any degree of scepticism with respect to other portions of this work."

"The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who had been for many years resident in England, where he had adopted our dress; and who had been confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country: I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this said person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said, 'Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped in a sheet.' This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead.† The boy described his face as covered; and was told to order that it should be uncovered.— This he did, and then said, 'His face is pale, and he has mustaches, but no beard;' which is correct.

"Several other persons were successively called for; but the boy's description of them were imperfect, though not altogether incorrect. He represented each object as appearing less distinct than the preceding one; as if his sight was gradually becoming dim: he was a minute, or more, before he could give any account of the persons he professed to see towards the close of the performance; and the magician said it was useless to proceed with him. Another boy was then brought in; and the magic square, &c., made in his hand; but he could see nothing. The magician said he was too old.

"Though completely puzzled, I was somewhat disappointed with his performances, for they fell short of what he had accomplished, in many instances, in presence of my friends and countrymen. On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he was stepping down from from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the head was occasioned by an almost-constant headache;

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**RURAL SPORTS OF ENGLAND.**—Sir George Head, an English tourist and writer of some celebrity, recently performed a tour through the manufacturing districts of England, and has since published an amusing narrative of the sights and adventures which befell him on the way. Sir George witnessed the 'Olympic games' of Southport. Among the most popular of those rural sports was the following: Ten shillings were immersed in a large bowl of treacle and stirred round. Every shilling fished up from this amalgam by any competitor having his hands bound behind his back was the well earned reward of the daring deed. The first candidate was a lubberly lad of seventeen. All preparations were effected in a few minutes, his hands were bound, his throat was bared, he was placed kneeling on the table, the bowl of treacle before him, and was just ready to duck for the prize, when a desperate effort was made by his grandmother to prevent the ceremony. Recognizing the old lady while exerting her feeble strength to make way through the crowd, he grinned clownishly, and as if giving way to a sense of duty, for a moment refrained. It was but for a moment. The sounds of 'Go it Dick, down with your muzzle,' were too animating, and urged by the joint love of fame, money, and treacle, down went his head into the bowl. His countenance more like that of an orang outang than any thing human; the disappointed rage of the grandmother, and the roars of laughter, proceeding from six hundred open mouths in unison, combined, presented, in their way, a picture of real life, seldom, if ever, to be surpassed.

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